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September 1958



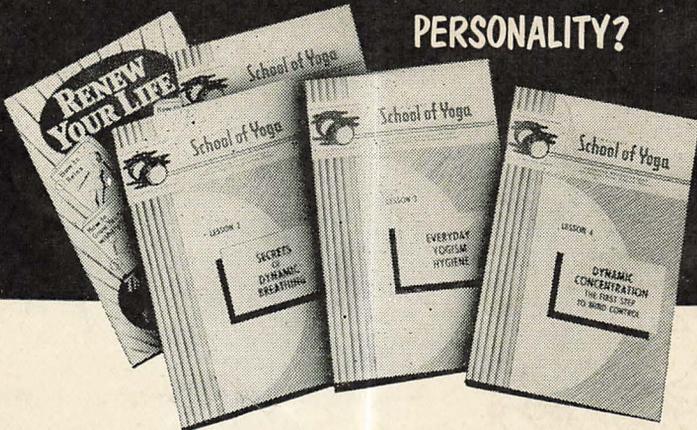
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SEPTEMBER 1958 FATE TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN VOL. 11 - NO. 9 ISSUE 102

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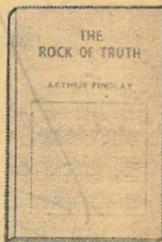
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I See by the Papers...

THE WORLD OF MAGIC

MAGIC IS WORLD-WIDE and exists for everyone, a famous anthropologist recently told a group of physicians. Belief in magic is neither stupid nor evil and modern man, without realizing it, follows many ancient magical thought patterns.

This is the conviction of Paul Fejos, president of the Wenner-Gren Foundation for Anthropological Research, who recently addressed the St. Louis (Mo.) Medical Society.

"Magic is the potential ally of the physician and it is a fully proper adjunct of healing the sick," Fejos declared. "There is a certain magic in the doctor's white coat, his gleaming instruments, his steaming sterilizer, in the minds of many in Western civilization." There is even magic, he believes, in the "manner" of the qualified physician and it is of great psychological value in healing the sick.

On an equally serious level, Fejos pointed to the similarity with which both modern doctor and primitive witch doctor go about their work. Both are equally convinced of the truth of their own knowledge.



If you feel you do not believe in magic, do you preserve keepsakes? Dr. Fejos pointed out that many modern citizens who deny a belief in magic keep souvenirs, keepsakes and objects to which they consciously or unconsciously ascribe magical powers.

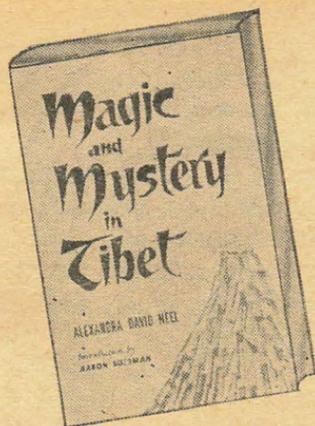


NO COMMENT

THE FOLLOWING LETTER appeared in the May 4, 1958, issue of the *National Enquirer*:

"My husband dissolved into space in front of my eyes in our Brooklyn backyard three years ago.

"I'd sent him out to climb to the top of a clothesline pole to rescue a



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- How the Tibetan mystics can talk with each other over vast distances by a strange kind of telepathy.
- How they run incredible distances without rest, food or drink.
- How they bring corpses back to life.
- How they actually create animate objects by thinking them into existence.
- How they learn to float in air and walk on water.
- How they learn to live naked in zero temperatures by generating a protective body heat similar to that produced by the bee.

Yes, the secret powers long attributed to Tibetan mystics are true. Read the eyewitness account of a foremost scholar whose classic you will cherish forever.

* 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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shirt that the wind had blown off our washline.

"Herman yelled that it was stuck on a rusty nail. As he reached for it, three floors above the ground, his hand seemed to disappear. Then, before my dumb-founded eyes, he was sucked up and faded altogether. I was too horrified to scream.

"I told the police but they laughed at me. The only person who believes me is a kind, elderly man in our neighborhood who studies such strange phenomena. His theory is that my husband disappeared into an invisible atmospheric floating dimension.

"He says more things happen that are stranger than this. Human beings would never believe them all. He says that man is still learning and knows little about the mysteries of nature and of the elements.

"I am writing this because I read in *The Enquirer* that mysterious planetary forces are snatching up men with the purpose of studying them. I fear now that if they ever release Herman he would never be the same husband I knew. Perhaps he would be an enemy.

"God have pity on him. Even if my neighbors eye me strangely I can only pray and hope that they will understand and believe my story some day."—Mrs. George H. Wales, Brooklyn, N.Y.

"NATURE'S HELPER"

I DON'T MAKE rain in any sense," he used to say. "I merely assist nature with the chemicals which are my secret.

"There is always moisture in the air. I focus it, so to speak. That is, I condense it to the point of precipitation over a given territory. There's no magic in my work. It's even simpler than electricity, which is still a mystery to the scientists."

For decades Charles Mallor Hatfield ranged over the world, making rain for money. He was paid as much as \$1,000 per inch of rain that fell.

In 1916 he was offered \$10,000 by the San Diego city council to break a record drought that threatened the city's water supply.

He built huge wooden platforms in the open air and burnt secret chemicals on them. In one day 16 inches of rain fell. The Morena reservoir was filled for the first time in its history, two dams burst and great property damage was done. Hatfield never got his \$10,000 and 20 years later suits against him for San Diego flood damage were still in court.

In 1922 he became a national hero in Italy when he brought a downpour to break a drought in southern Italy. In 1906 he was paid \$10,000 by miners around Dawson City, Alaska, who needed water to sluice gold ore.

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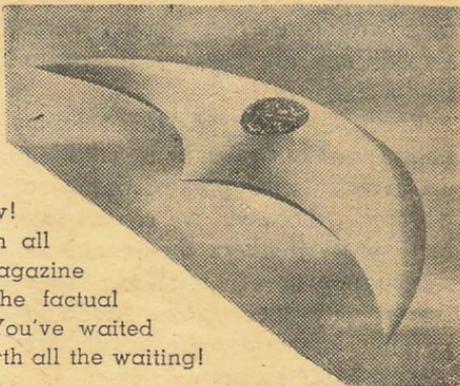
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Last January 12, it recently was revealed, death came to the famous rainmaker at Pearblossom, Calif. Charles Mallory Hatfield, 82, took his secret with him to the grave.



CHANGE OF WEATHER

AS WE WRITE, big news from many different sources is the problem of the polar icecaps. Scientists are concerned about them. Expeditions are being sent out to study them.

Everyone who reads this column knows that our climate is warming up. Exactly what part of the cycle we are in, however, we cannot say for sure—whether the trend is short-range or of such long range that it may open up the Arctic to farming as happened during part of the Middle Ages.

Here is one problem:

Ninety per cent of the world's land ice lies over Antarctica. Its average thickness may be about 5,000 feet. If it were all to melt it would raise the level of the oceans by 120 to 360 feet!

The warming trend of the Earth is now so pronounced that some scientists believe enough of this ice will melt in the next 10 years to raise the level of the oceans by a foot.

It is already plain that some Antarctic ice is receding. Smaller glaciers have retreated; there are

spots of level dry ground at the head of Beardmore glacier which has been called the world's largest.

As a consequence, scientists associated with the IGY program (International Geophysical Year) are measuring ice thicknesses at 50 scientific stations, and other measurements are being taken throughout Antarctica.



THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD

AT THE OTHER END of the world, in the Arctic, changes are even more marked because there is not so much ice there.

Within this century the climate of southern Greenland has changed so markedly that the Eskimo culture there has been wiped out and the economy of northern Norway has been changed.

Arctic ice now covers 12 per cent less area than it did 15 years ago and it is 40 per cent thinner. When it starts to break up it will melt at a much faster rate than formerly.

Russian ships now ply the northern coast of Siberia without difficulty. This is not so much because of Soviet advances as the fact that the climate is changing.

These changes are slow for a while—then they accelerate. Once the entire Arctic ocean opens up, as seems imminent, the average temperatures of northern United

States and Northern Europe would suddenly increase by 10 degrees Fahrenheit, scientists believe.

This in turn would thaw out the immense land areas bordering the Arctic ocean.

Unlike the Antarctic situation, however, melting of the Arctic ocean's ice would not raise the levels of the ocean. The water levels would remain the same—just as the melting of an ice cube in a glass of water does not change the level of the water.

In Antarctica, however, because the ice is on the land, it does change the ocean levels when it melts. Similarly, the melting of the Greenland ice cap would also

change the ocean levels.

How fast are these changes coming upon us?

This we do not know. We do not know whether we have reached the limit of the warming cycle and will slowly head back to another ice age or whether the earth will continue to get warmer.

It has been proposed that the Arctic Ocean be dusted with soot or some other black dust to increase the melting rate. This might open up the millions of square miles of the sub-Arctic regions that are now closed to intensive development. Canada, Alaska and Russia might thrive. But what would happen to the rest of the world?



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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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WHY CLIMATE CHANGES

THERE ARE MANY theories why we have had successive ice ages. One hinges around a general belief that the North Pole migrated to the center of the Arctic Ocean about a million years ago.

While the Arctic was free of ice it produced moisture laden winds that resulted in heavy snow falls that in turn produced the glaciers. Presumably the same thing was going on in Antarctica. When the ocean had been robbed of enough water and sea levels fell to a point where warm ocean currents no longer reached the Arctic, it became covered with ice.

Then the winds couldn't pick up moisture to feed the glaciers, which in turn starved and melted away until the oceans reached a point where the cycle began again.



THE BIGGEST DYNAMO

THE EARTH IS its own biggest brake, according to a theory recently proposed by Dr. Arthur Beiser, assistant professor of physics at New York University.

Dr. Beiser envisions the earth as a gigantic dynamo generating more than a billion kilowatts. In its spin, the metal core of the earth acts as a giant magnet with an electrical field stretching for thousands of miles into space.

As the earth turns, the magnetic lines of force cut across the tenuous ionized gas filling space which acts as an electrical conductor. These in turn exert a drag upon the rotation of the earth. The electricity generated is, of course, lost in space.

The friction of the ocean tides has been assumed to account for the earth's gradual slowing but Dr. Beiser says that the rate of slowing down, though only a few thousandths of a second per century, is 50 times greater than tidal friction alone could cause.



BIG MAN, BIG TEETH?

LAST MONTH WE called attention to the tremendous horde of stone tools found in an ancient African lake bed by University of Chicago anthropologists.

Since then has come news of what may be an even more important find, also in the same area of Tanganyika.

Bones of sheep as big as horses, and pigs with tusks like elephants have been dug out of an ancient gorge by Dr. Louis B. Leakey, director of the Coryndon Museum at Nairobi, Kenya.

The complete skeleton of a Pleistocene sheep with a horn span of 14 feet has been uncovered. There are the bones of huge zebras and

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antelopes and baboons as big as modern gorillas.

Associated with these animal bones are tools made by humans which Dr. Leakey assigns to the "Chelleans" although no human remains of the Chelleans have been found for certain.

Among the tools of Chellean man and the bones of the animals he ate are two giant human-like teeth—larger than anything ever before discovered. These human teeth may be from Chellean man himself or from a type of human that he hunted and ate.

Yet Dr. Leakey does not claim that the size of the teeth indicate they came from a giant human. Maybe the Chellean was a small man who happened to have big teeth, he says.



DECODE EASTER ISLAND SECRETS

ANOTHER AMAZING job of decoding an ancient language has been accomplished—this time by Thomas S. Barthel, a cryptographer of the University of Hamburg.

Barthel has done no less than translate the "talking boards" inscribed with the symbols of Easter Island!

The result of Barthel's work so far is almost certain proof, he says in *The Scientific American*, that the

Easter Islanders did not come from South America as Thor Heyerdahl has insisted, but from Polynesia.

For his monumental task Barthel collected complete lists of the symbols on every talking board in every museum in the world. Eventually he had 12,000 signs which look superficially like Egyptian hieroglyphics but actually are like no known language.

But where to begin, since no living Easter Islander can translate the language?

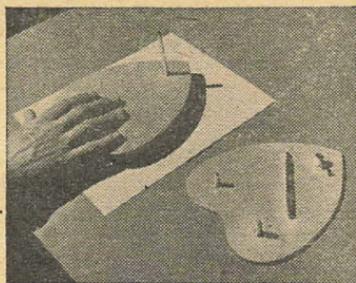
Fortunately, there was a key. Barthel recalled a story told by a missionary to Tahiti a century ago. This missionary had found a Tahitian who had been born on Easter Island and had been a professional chanter.

The missionary, Bishop Tepano Jaussen, asked the chanter to translate a talking board. The chanter sang several songs from the board but they did not make any sense to the bishop. His notebook was lost.

But Barthel traced the notebook to France, then to Belgium, and finally found it in an Italian monastery. With this as a start he has broken the Easter Island language code. He explains that the reason the Tahitian's translation had made no sense was that he did not know enough of the language.

Easter Island writing has 120 basic elements forming 1,000 com-

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pound signs. It is "not unlike" Chinese but is completely different from any South American picture writing.

It may be too early to say whether Mr. Barthel's tremendous accomplishment will really unravel the secrets of Easter Island, however. Most of the talking boards available seem to be mainly religious with no mention of historical events. For example there is a description of the beginning of the world when the god Tane separated the sky from the earth and propped up the heavens.

**MR. HEYERDAHL SPEAKS UP**

THOR HEYERDAHL, the Pacific raft mariner who spent a considerable time in Easter Island, had not yet received word of Barthel's accomplishment when he was interviewed on his Easter Island conclusions recently in London.

Heyerdahl has published a book called "Aku-Aku" which repeats his South American hypothesis. He also declares that there must have been at least three successive cultures on Easter.

He reveals that islanders whose confidence he won took him down into secret caves through terrifying needle's eyes shafts. Here were stored sculptures of an entirely different kind from those which brought Easter its world-wide fame.

An assumption can be made that the creators of the earlier type of statues were conquered by those who later erected the later type. And these people in turn were overthrown by a people who toppled both them and their statues.



NEWS FROM LAIKA

PUT IT DOWN to coincidence but the preliminary U.S. and Soviet reports on the findings of both countries' satellites were made public in this country about the same time on May 1. Both reports agree on important points and both indicate the need for much greater knowledge on what it's like "up there."

Most important finding, and one which offers another obstacle to successful human space flight is discovery of an unexpected band of intense radiation about 600 miles out in space.

Radiation there is 1,000 times more powerful than expected by scientists—so powerful in fact that a space traveler, unless shielded, would receive his weekly tolerance dose of radiation in only one and one-half hours. How far into space the radiation extends is unknown.

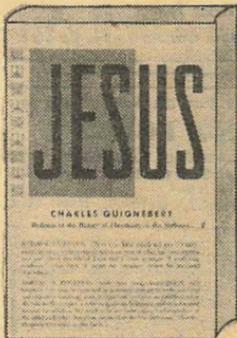
On the favorable side, the satellites showed that it is possible to keep temperature limits within tolerable levels by simple means. It was warmer up there than ex-

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pected. The reports from the satellites also showed: (1) that the problem of collisions with cosmic dust or micro-meteorites is not too great a hazard and (2) that the air up there is 14 times denser than expected—although still incredibly thin.

The Soviet findings generally confirmed those of the U.S. although the amount of radiation discovered was not as high as that reported by the U.S. researchers.

A further unexpected finding was that the heartbeats of the dog, Laika, which the Soviets threw into orbit in their second Sputnik, took three times longer to return to normal after the satellite was in orbit than had been expected on a basis of tests on earth.

The Soviets concluded this was because the unprecedented condition of weightlessness probably affected the dog's nerve centers, controlled breathing and blood circulation.



THE YEAR OF THE YETI?

AS THIS IS being written, Tom Slick, the Texas oilman, is on yet another hunt for the "Abominable Snowman" in the Himalaya mountains. On last year's expedition Slick did not sight a Yeti, as it is called by natives, but he reports that he did follow three sets of the creature's tracks before los-

ing them on the rocky mountain-side. He also collected 15 eyewitness accounts of the sightings with a surprising correlation.

One of the things that Slick did was to show photographs of apes, monkeys, bears, and a drawing of a prehistoric man to mountaineers who reported sighting the creature. Almost unanimously they said it most resembled prehistoric man.

Before embarking on his expedition, Slick told the North American Newspaper Alliance:

"I told a doubting friend recently that I thought the Yeti—as the Sherpas call the Snowman—would be found before the end of 1958. And that the creature would prove to be higher up the evolutionary scale than the ape. . . .

"I believe that today, next week, or several weeks from now a report may come out of that ancient wilderness telling that an expedition member has at last come face to face with a fierce and hairy ape-man, eight feet tall."

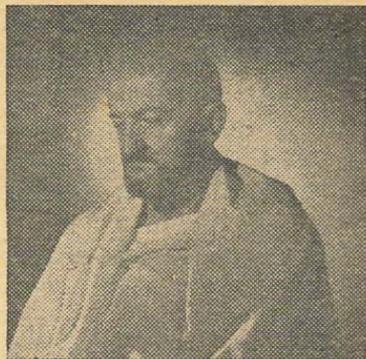


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UFO HOAXERS

THERE HAVE ALWAYS been characters seeking what notoriety they could get from pulling flying saucer hoaxes, but recently they seem even more active than before.

In Biggleswade, England, a machine-tool operator named Frank Russell constructed an aluminum cone about four feet across the base, carried by a hydrogen-fitted balloon at the end of a 200-foot cord. Russell set flashlight bulbs in the cone to simulate windows and a rod attachment to make the contraption rotate. At the proper moment a timing device shut off the lights and fired a skyrocket attached to the device to make it appear that a UFO had taken off with a burst of speed. It was tremendously effective on a dark night. Russell finally admitted his hoax and said he gave it up because he was tired of lying to his wife about where he spent his evenings. Or he may have come up with a magnificent excuse. . . .

Another phony operator, who went to just as much trouble as Russell, is Jerry Sprague, 22, of Bad Axe, Mich. Sprague dressed himself in long blue underwear, a blue cap, blue boots and a blue space helmet. So attired he had a

habit of bounding out in front of cars just after dark—looking like an apparition from another world—or this one. Huron County Prosecutor James M. Umphrey recently released James and two companions without charge on condition that they stop playing space-men.

Back in March 28, possibly in honor of the forthcoming April Fool's Day, a reporter for the Adirondack *Daily Enterprise* dressed a small boy in a play space helmet and gray uniform and took his picture with a local policeman. "The grey-hued midget," said the newspaper, "wore a tight-fitting mask which pumped green gas into holes at the side of his head . . . he is being held for observation at a secret destination."

This story made the national wires and investigators poured into town, forcing a front page retraction by the newspaper.

Also last spring, two engineers released balloons with flares timed as an audience emerged from a lecture on UFO's. A number of fans, quite naturally, believed them to be genuine.



ATOM REPORT

TWO ITEMS IN the news point up new and potentially grave dangers of our heedless atomic tinkering.

A study sponsored by the U.S.

Air Force and conducted by Dr. John Doull, assistant professor of pharmacology at the University of Chicago, provides evidence that long term exposure to minute quantities of nuclear radiation speeds up the aging process. Dr. Doull studied 4,500 mice.

Nuclear radioactivity may create mutated bacteria which will have devastating effects upon the human race, according to a report by Dr. Mahmood Muftic, Iraqi biologist.

Dr. Muftic experimented with a form of mycobacteria tuberculosis, given cobalt radiation.

"The new mutant strain of tubercle appeared; its colonies have thick, creamy, rough surface growth, pigmented ochre-purple and occasionally ochre-violet. It rises on walls of bottles, covers surfaces completely in a short time. After only five days of incubation on Loewenstein media all surfaces were covered. The quantity of growth was about 60 times greater than that of mother-strains obtained from cultures which had no exposure to radiation."

Guinea pigs inoculated with the strain died in the third week. The radiation power of the mutant strain was preserved for many generations, although it diminished in time. There was enough left at the end of the 12th generation to permit an autoradiograph. — *Curtis Fuller*

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SUMER...

the first
civilization

The origin of the Sumerians was shrouded in mystery—now here is what has been learned about their amazing culture.

By John C. Ross

UR OF THE CHALDEES, whence Abraham came, is almost a magic place in the Bible. It was not until our own century that scholars knew where Ur actually was or who the Chaldeans were.

It turns out that they were the people of Sumer, who established what is generally believed to be the oldest civilization in the world—a culture which was in existence even before the days of Egypt.

Yet it is possible that there existed an even older civilization, since there is evidence that when the Sumerians arrived at the mouths of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers

6,000 years ago they were already a civilized people.

Indeed, their own literature says as much. One hymn sings about the savages they found on their arrival: "They knew neither bread nor nourishment nor clothing for covering their bodies. They walked on the bare ground, ate grass with their mouths like sheep, and drank water out of ditches."

The hymn pretty well proves that the Sumerians did come from somewhere else. But from where?

One idea is that, since they represented their gods as standing on mountains, and even built artificial mountains in the form of

truncated earthen towers called *ziggurats* from which to worship, they must have been a mountain people. Since the earliest Sumerian buildings are constructed according to the principles of housing built with wood—which suggests a highland forest origin—there is additional support for this view.

On the other hand, Sir Arthur Keith believes that he has traced the ancient Sumerians eastwards through Afghanistan and Baluchistan to the Indus Valley, 1,500 miles from Sumer. And here, in recent years, the beginnings have been made in unearthing a great culture which may be even older than that of Sumer.

The civilization of Sumeria was the one on which the Babylonian and Assyrian civilizations were later based and the ancients did not hesitate to acknowledge their debt to it—from cuneiform writing to the study of the stars in their orbits.

Nor should we fail to acknowledge a similar debt, for huge parts of our own ways of thought, of mathematics, of religion trace directly back to the mysterious Sumerians about whose origins and race we know so little—except that they were different from the Semitic peoples who replaced them in the Arabian Peninsula.

For example, the arithmetical system of “twelves” and “sixties”

over which we later superimposed the more efficient Semitic decimal system came from Sumer. That is why our clock still reads 12 hours and the longitude and latitude of the earth is figured as 360 degrees instead of on a decimal basis.

The superstition of the black cat, the legal code of Hammurabi, on which part of our own legal thinking is based, under which the state replaced the individual as the avenger of justice, came from ancient Sumer.

The arch in building, according to Woolley, was unknown in Europe until the conquest of Alexander the Great. The Greek architects and later the Roman introduced it into the western world—yet Sumerian doorways were arched with bricks set in true *vousoir* fashion and arches roofed the royal tombs of Ur.

The story of Noah's ark and the flood comes directly to us from Sumeria and archeological explorations have confirmed that there was a flood.

THE STATUES that still exist of the Sumerians show us a race of people with long straight noses, domed foreheads and thin lips. The priests shaved both their chins and their heads. But it is impossible to say for sure whether these representations are naturalistic or conventional. Most of them

also show pop eyes and round bellies.

It is much more difficult to build a model of an ancient Sumerian city than one of ancient Egypt. There is no stone in Mesopotamia; what stone was used there had to be imported. Most of the Sumerian buildings were of mud or sun-dried bricks, though of course there were ceramic fired bricks in smaller quantities. Consequently the remains of Sumerian buildings were more ruined by time than were those of the Egyptian culture.

When the curtain of history lifts on the Lower Euphrates and Tigris rivers we find a land in which rain seldom falls. But it is a land where, like Egypt, the overflowing rivers bring a rich deposit of fertile mud with each flood.

It is inhabited by two peoples whom we know as the Akkadians and the Sumerians. The Akkadians are a Semitic people, perhaps connected with the later powerful Assyrians. They are in the north and the Sumerians are in the south. They speak different languages but they appear to worship the same gods, who have Semitic features.

There was no nation as such in this area at the time. There was not even an Akkadian or a Sumerian nation. Instead there were small cities, or city-states, frequently warring with each other, but again often at peace. They shared com-

mon customs, apparently, and they traded with each other.

They were required to organize because of the elaborate systems of waterways and irrigation systems which they had to build or perish. If it were possible to fly over that land of thousands of years ago the space-traveling pilot would see a fertile country—far more fertile than it is today. He would see broad green fields of grain, and groves of date palms, olive trees and figs, and many kinds of grapes. He would see also pasture lands with sheep, cattle and goats in large numbers.

It was an orderly landscape, surveyed, measured, well-tended, clipped and pruned, and coaxed into fertility with amazing care and diligence. Careful records were kept of the yield of every piece of ground. Surplus grain was stored. As with us, there was a detailed system of taxes.

Each city was dominated by a tower climbing away from the plain. Flights of steps spiraled to its top, where an asphalt platform surrounded a temple to the local god. It was to the god and his priests that a large share of the taxes went.

The chief priest was also the king, judge, chief administrator, and head of the army and navy. He lived in a great palace in the city, wore beautifully woven gar-

ments, was bedecked with jewels and precious ornaments, and was surrounded by his queen and concubines. Musicians played in his garden, or minstrels recited poems to the gods.

The city itself was a swarming mass of human beings, shops, artisans, painters, smiths. Caravans of donkeys brought produce from foreign lands, and sea-going boats were tied up at the quays along the river. In those days the Persian Gulf was more than 100 miles closer to the site of Ur than it is today—and the Tigris and Euphrates had not yet joined but flowed into the sea from separate mouths.

It is a surprising fact that the Sumerians had war chariots—and the wheel—though it was still 1,500 years before a wheeled vehicle was to be seen in Egypt.

The caravans and the trading ships brought metal, lapis lazuli, lumber and even building stones, and carried out the products of Sumer—textiles, weapons, cunningly worked jewelry, and food. The latter is important for Sumer at this stage was able to grow more food than its people ate and so there was a surplus—a surplus of food, of energy, of trading materials.

The land of the two rivers was not unified until 2400 B.C. The cities of the Mesopotamian plain, despite occasional wars, remained

independent until they were united by Sargon I, an Akkadian. Sargon carried his conquests across Syria and Lebanon until he reached the Mediterranean, and his successors penetrated Asia Minor and Persia.

But the land of Mesopotamia, unlike Egypt, has no natural barriers to protect it. The history of the Fertile Crescent is a long tragedy of civilizations springing up only to be successively conquered by the barbarians from mountains or desert. The barbarians would become civilized in turn, grow soft, and in turn be conquered by new waves of barbarians. In a general way this is the history of Mesopotamia and even of the entire world to this day.

Sargon's empire was the first the world had ever seen, so far as is known, but after about 200 years it collapsed and chaos reigned until a remarkable king named Ur-Nammu arose in Ur about 2125 B.C.

Ur-Nammu unified the kingdom again, and called himself King of Sumer and Akkad. The cities flourished and he built a huge ziggurat to the moon goddess Nannar.

During the reign of this unusual man, a system of weights and measures was established and standardized, text books in the Sumerian language were used in the schools. When his dynasty fell about a century later, hordes of barbarians

overran the country. Among them were the Amorites and Elamites who are referred to in the Bible. Some believe that Sumer never recovered from this last attack. When next the Fertile Crescent appears as an organized, civilized community the Babylonians are in control, and though they owe a great debt to Sumer they neither speak Sumerian nor belong to the same race.

The Sumerians possessed national feeling. They realized they were of the same race and called themselves "the black-headed people" to distinguish them from other groups. But their first loyalties always were to their cities, not to the larger unit of the state. As soon as a new king took the throne in Akkad, all the Sumerian cities would revolt and seek to resume their own independence. Obviously what was needed to combat the barbarian raids and invasions was a strong and unified nation but the Sumerians never achieved it and so their civilization fell.

PERHAPS THE GREATEST discoveries of Sumer were made by an Englishman, Leonard Woolley, who excavated Ur. In his diggings, Woolley found evidence of one of the most savage customs of which we have record in antiquity. It also casts light on the faith the Sumerians must have had in their god-kings.

Woolley discovered the royal tombs of Ur, made of stone hauled from far away. Within the stone chambers lay the skeletons of the dead monarchs. But surrounding them were literally platoons of dead bodyguards, ladies in waiting—even the bones of the bullocks, the drivers and the grooms who had probably brought them to the site.

In one chamber lay a number of soldiers of the guard wearing copper helmets, their hands still clutching spears. At the opposite end of the chamber lay nine court ladies still wearing golden headdresses apparently put on for the funeral ceremony.

In the grave of a Queen were murdered court ladies lying in two rows, with a man's skeleton lying at the end of one row. He had been embracing a harp when he died.

The king and courtiers were richly clad. There were helmets and crowns of gold, golden drinking cups, statues decorated with gold and lapis lazuli, golden knives, silver and gold ornaments and jewelry, and an inlaid gaming board.

Woolley examined all the evidence carefully and came to the conclusion that these men and women had walked down a ramp into the burial pits, perhaps under the influence of drugs (there were small cups beside some of the bodies),

and there had voluntarily submitted to being murdered in honor of the dead monarchs.

All of these tombs showed the same general system of burial. First a deep pit was dug, then tombs were built of stone at the bottom of the pit. Entrance to the pit was by means of a steep ramp. Within the stone tombs were laid the bodies of the king or queen, elaborately dressed in fine fabrics with gold and silver ornaments, semi-precious stones, and arranged with a golden drinking cup at their lips. The bodies of the retainers were laid outside.

Some archeologists suggest that the retainers were murdered without their consent, but the orderly rows in which they lay and the repetition of the burials around each tomb suggests that they were killed by their own consent—undoubtedly to accompany the spirit of the dead monarch to wherever the Sumerian paradise was thought to be.

This was a sacrifice even greater than the savage Babylonian gods demanded. Woolley points out that no known text even hints at such practices, nor did any remains of it exist in later Babylon.

It has also been proposed that the awesome rites which must have accompanied these bloody burials may have been connected with the death not of a real king but of a

substitute king. The cover painting of this issue depicts such an event—the crowning of a substitute king.

Originally the idea of a substitute king was designed for periods of crisis when, apparently, men of ability were selected as substitute kings because the real kings were incompetent. But when the crisis was over, the hereditary rulers were faced with the problem of what to do about the substitute. If they spoke with divine authority, obviously they could kill him. If they didn't, he might stay on as king.

Or the idea may have developed as a symbol of the widespread concept that the old king must pay with his life to appease the gods, assure fertility, and make way for young and more virile rulers. But since this was understandably distasteful to the actual rulers, the idea of the substitute king was hit upon.

And so, perhaps every year, a substitute king was selected to reign for a day. He received all the homage due to a king but at the end of the one day he was killed.

In the incident pictured on this month's cover, Enlil-Bani, a gardener, was set up as substitute king-for-a-day by King Erra-Imitti of Issin, member of an early second millenium royal family which followed the Third Dynasty of Ur

but came before the First Dynasty of Babylon.

While Enlil-Bani was on the throne that day, expecting to be killed at nightfall, the true King Erra-Imitti died suddenly in his palace. Immediately the gardner was installed as king and reigned successfully for 24 years.

THE EARLIEST RELIGION

of Mesopotamia was a nature religion. The vital forces of sex and reproduction were worshipped. These were represented by a male and female and a third figure in the form of a young male god who possessed the powers and characteristics of his father. He was regarded as either the lover or the son of the goddess—and sometimes as both at the same time.

This ancient form of Sumerian religion apparently took on new forms after contact with the Akkadians or other Semites. The Sumerians retained their nature worship but added Semitic gods to their former beliefs.

At this time the dominant god was *An* (later *Anu*), who lived in heaven and whose ideogram was the same as that for star. *An* possessed unlimited powers, including those formerly credited to the nature forces. Associated with *An* were *Enki*, the god of the Underworld and later also lord of the ocean abyss, on which the Sumerians be-

lieved the earth rested, and *Enlil*, the god of the wind. There were also *Enzu*, the moon god, *Utu* the sun god, *Nergal*, the ruler of the kingdom of the dead and others.

Each of these gods had a wife, of whom the most important was *Ishtar*. But the nature gods still persisted under such names as *Dumuz*, god of harvests; *Ningizsida*, god of the "wood of life"; *Shara*, god of green things, and *Ningirsu*, god of the river floods. There were goddesses of childbirth, giver of milk, the heavenly vine and the corn ear. A listing of all would require a book.

The cult of *An* was concentrated around Der in Akkad and Uruk in Sumer. Here *Anu* was worshipped along with his daughter *Ishtar* in a temple called *E-anna*. Slowly the importance of *Anu* was surpassed by the worship of *Ishtar* herself. In Sumerian, *Ishtar* was called *Ninni*, but though her worship became more popular than that of *Anu*, the male god was still generally acknowledged to be the greatest of gods. And he continued so until the rise of Babylon and the introduction of *Marduk* by the Babylonians.

A second important god was *Ea*, called *Enki* in Sumerian. He was lord of the ground and of the world underground. This was believed to be a primal sea on which the world itself floated. It should not be con-

fused with the nether regions, however. *Ea's* name means "house of water" and the Sumerians believed that wisdom and knowledge lived in this abyss.

Ea was also considered to be the protector of the human race, and certain traditions make him out to be the creator of mankind, whom he fashioned from clay and into whom he breathed life. He was known also as the "divine potter." It was his forewarning of the Flood that was responsible for the escape of one pair of human beings. The holy water used in religious ceremonies was drawn from his kingdom. He was the protector of every kind of advanced learning.

The third of this great group of three gods was *Enlil*, who ruled the earth. He was sometimes considered to be more powerful than *Anu*, for in defiance of *Ishtar* and *Ea* he ordered the onset of the great flood. His authority had declined tremendously by the time *Marduk* arrived on the scene, however.

THROUGHOUT SUMERIAN lore, in their religion and in their history, we see repeated references to the "Flood."

The Judeo-Christian Bible tells how the Lord said he would destroy man "whom I have created from the face of the earth; both man, and beast, and the creeping

thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them. . . ."

And so after a week the waters came down and it rained 40 days and the waters rose and carried Noah's ark over the face of the waters.

Similarly, a Sumerian epic poem tells how the gods *Anu* and *Enlil* decided to destroy "the seed of mankind". After seven days and seven nights the flood swept over the land and the huge boat containing the human pair who survived tossed upon the great waters.

In the Sumerian tale it is *Ut-napishtim* who decided to build a boat or "ark". The parallel with Noah is almost exact.

The story is told in the first person by *Ut-napishtim* himself, who describes how he "loaded the whole harvest of life" into the boat. All of his family and relations, "the beasts of the field, the cattle of the field, the craftsmen. . ."

The storm lasted for seven days . . . the flood "had waged war like an army." In the distance an island emerged. It was Mount Nitsir, and the boat landed on Mount Nitsir and stayed there.

"When the seventh day came," declaims *Ut-napishtim*, "I sent forth a dove, I released it; It went, the dove; it came back, as there was no place, it came back.

"I sent forth a swallow, I released it; it went, the swallow, it came back, as there was no place, it came back.

"I sent forth a raven, I released it; it went, the raven, and beheld the subsidence of the waters;

"It eats, it splashes about, it caws, it comes not back."

The story of the Flood was unraveled by an extraordinary scholar named George Smith. And curiously enough, there was a flood although it did not destroy the human race. Woolley found a stratum of alluvial clay 8.2 feet thick which did not contain any shards or rubbish. And there were remnants of a civilization beneath this deposit, which perhaps represented an extraordinarily severe flood on the rivers.

No one can study the steps by which the Sumerians painfully built up their tremendous civilization, only to be in turn obliterated by the barbarians, without being reminded of the tragedies which have beset mankind throughout history to our own day.

For we too, can mourn with the

unknown Sumerian poet who beheld the ruins of his city, recited as he wandered about the destruction of Ur:

O thou city of high walls, thy land has perished.

O my city, like an innocent eye thy lamb has been torn away from thee;

O, Ur, like an innocent goat thy kid has perished. . .

Its walls were breached; the people mourn. . .

In its lofty gates, where they were wont to promenade, dead bodies lay about.

In its spacious streets, where feasts were celebrated, scattered they lay. . . .

Its corpses, like fat placed in the sun, melted away. . . .

The old men and women who could not leave their homes were overcome by fire.

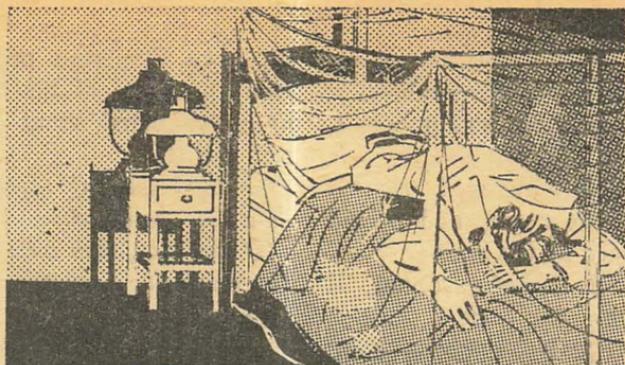
The babes lying on their mothers' laps like fish were carried off by the waters. . . .

*The judgment of the land perished. The people mourn. . .**

*Translated by S. N. Kramer, in *Sumerian Mythology*, American Philosophical Society, Philadelphia, 1944.

THE NATURAL METHOD

A RECENT demonstration of firefighting methods in Oklahoma City, Okla., had to be called off on account of rain. The downpour put out demonstration fires before equipment could be used on them.



A Stranger's Dream

SAVED MY LIFE

I was dying, abandoned by my terrified native servants.

Then a voice in a stranger's dream sent help.

By W. J. Brands

I OFTEN WONDER if my friend Drooglever van Tuin still has the silver cigarette case I presented to him. It contained the inscription: "A friend in need is a friend indeed." I will tell you how it came about that I gave it to him.

Up to 1912 the Java State Railway, running from Batavia to Soerabaya, had to stop its trains overnight at Bandoeng, in the Preanger. This complex of mountains rises like a fort in the middle of the island of Java. Further on only single volcanos dot the flat land.

The existing line traversed the mountains through numerous tunnels and over, sometimes curved, spindly bridges. At night the passage through the mountains was dangerous owing to rocks sliding onto the line. It was for this reason that traffic ceased after dark.

But the stay over in Bandoeng meant a 12 hour delay and for this reason the Dutch Government decided to build a new line starting at Kroja, passing the western foothills to Cheribon, and from there running along the flat north coast

to Soerabaya. My work was to survey the Margasari division, including the big village of Boemiajoe.

While busy there I received an official letter marked *Spoedig*, urgent. It asked for a report on all the instruments I held. Having made out my list I travelled to the headquarters of the new line at Poworkerto. Here I presented the document to my chief, Mr. Van Zuylen. He said, "Really, the matter was not so urgent as you thought. I would like to invite you to have dinner with me but my wife is ill. So you best stay the night in the Poworkerto Hotel and return to your work tomorrow."

I shuddered at the idea of staying at the hotel. It was owned by a Belgian ex-soldier of the Dutch Foreign Legion and his half-caste wife. The soldier used to spend his days behind the gin pait table while his lady, with hands folded in her lap, would sit on the stoop and doze. Javanese servants ran the place. Like most of the small Java hotels the only part of a meal that was cooked there was rice. All the rest was purchased from ambulant food vendors.

After a very poor meal I went to a bed which I soon discovered I was sharing with a swarm of mosquitoes. The *klamboe*, mosquito net, was torn in many places. I got up and called the fat *noonia*. She wad-

dled in, seemed surprised that I was so fussy, but sent for a servant and together they draped a bed-sheet over the net. This remedy not only stopped the mosquitoes but kept out all air as well. After a sleepless night in the heat, I was glad to get back to my mountain village.

One day I was busy at the work which proved most strenuous. My line ran up and down hills, and through terraces about six feet wide and protected by two foot dykes. These terraces were filled with about 18 inches of deep mud. Climbing into these depressions and out again was no joke and I was glad of an interruption when a messenger came to report that a paymaster had arrived in Boemiajoe and wished to see me. I met him and he told me that he had brought 2,000 guilders to pay my men. I was seriously annoyed. My men had been paid and their next payday was not for a fortnight. Meanwhile, I would have to leave the money in the Government rest-house, the *Pasangrahan*. It consisted of only two small rooms and a bathroom. None of the doors had a lock.

In view of this, I called on the only non-native inhabitant, the controleur, Mr. de Klerk. His rank corresponded to that of an Assistant District Officer. I knew that he had an office and probably a safe.

When I reached his place, I saw a lot of bundles in the front. Passing by them, I entered the building. The controleur was most helpful. He declared himself willing to take charge of the money. He said only, "I presume that you will not require it for 10 days. I am just leaving on a tour. My luggage is packed outside."

"This suits me perfectly," I replied. And, after sharing a bottle of beer with him and the paymaster, I went back to work. Suddenly I felt sick, sick enough to have to return to the *Pasangrahan*. My first thought was of the mosquitoes of Poworkerto and of malaria. So I took quinine. But in a few minutes I vomited it and felt worse than before. My assistant the surveyor, Swartz, was due to go to Poworkerto on leave. I sent for him and gave him a letter to the Chief Engineer asking him to send a car to take me to a doctor. He left with the message and I lay on my bed. I got rapidly worse and worse. Unable to stand, I had to lie down. My servant had vanished. I did not even have a drink of water and was forced to rest in my soiled clothes.

Night came, but no car. Outside I heard the clip clop of the village watchmen's wooden sandals. How musical they sounded! Sometimes they would approach the *pasangrahan*. I called out to the men outside. Nobody entered. Day after

day passed. Half the time I lay in a daze; but again my mind would revive and I wondered why I had been abandoned. The fifth day broke. Now, being so weak that I could not raise a hand, I gave myself up. Well, it would be a pioneer's death I thought and closed my eyes to wait for the end.

Then, suddenly, my door opened. Painfully, I turned my eyes toward it. In the entrance stood a Dutch officer. To me he appeared an angel from Heaven. I burst into tears. Then I fainted.

When I woke up again I was lying in the bottom of an open car. The car had stopped, probably to take in water. An old Javanese woman bent over me and touched my face. Then she turned round and I heard her say to the bystanders, "*Soodah matti.*" (He is already dead.)

My next awakening was in a clean bed. On the table by my side stood an electric lamp. Doctor de Graeff was bending over me, "Mijnheer Brands, I am not sure what you have got. It is either typhoid or malaria. My men are now making tests in the laboratory; so you will know tomorrow."

He left me and I fell asleep. The next morning the doctor entered smiling, "Mijnheer, I told you last night that I was not sure whether you had typhoid or malaria. Well don't worry. You got both."

For six weeks I lay in that room gazing at Mount Slamet. It stood like a huge cone, 6,000 feet high, in the middle of the plain. I would see it slowly getting rosy in the rising sun, looking grim with its lava fissured sides in the day, and turning purple when the night was falling. At last I was pronounced fit to travel to Bandoeng for my convalescence.

One night as I sat on the terrace of the club a Dutch lieutenant approached me, "Mijnheer, I am glad to see you are better; you certainly look fitter than you did in Boemiajoe. Your doctor told me in the hospital in Dukowringin that another day without care would have seen your end."

"Were you the officer who saved me? How can I thank you?" I said.

"Don't thank me," he replied. "Thank my dream."

"What do you mean?"

"It is a queer story. You would hardly think it true. I was running a survey line through the hills. We had been camping out for two weeks, when I came within two days' march of Boemiajoe. This made me consider whether I should stop there and rest my men or carry on. Actually the village lay outside my intended work. Then came the strange part. I was asleep one night in my tent when I heard a voice say, Tuan, go to Boemiajoe.

"So vivid was the speech that I woke up and raised myself on my camp bed to see who was talking to me. All I could see was the moonlight on the jungle framed in the open flap of my tent. I then thought that having had the village on my mind during the day, its name had recurred to me in my dream.

"However, the following night, when we were only a day's march from Boemiajoe, the voice called again and so insistently that I decided to give way. That is how I came to the village. I paid my duty call at the controleur's office but his clerk told me that he was away on tour. I was about to leave when he turned round on his chair and remarked, Tuan, there is an *orang blanda* (a white man) lying ill in the *pasangrahan*. I fear that he has cholera; that is what his servants told me before they ran away.

"Is he still alive? I asked.

"Well, cholera on the island kills in 24 hours. I presume that he has died long ago. I am waiting for the controleur's orders, as I have sent him a message.

"I left the fool and ran to the *pasangrahan*. That is how I found you."

"Some higher Providence must have sent you. Otherwise it would have been the end for me. Do you know why the railway people did not help me?" I asked.

"No, I have often wondered about it."

"My messenger, the opzichter Swartz, who took my letter asking for help, duly placed it on the desk of Chief Engineer Van Zuylen. Then he went on leave. Apparently he did not know at the time that my chief would be absent for a fortnight. So, there lay the missive

unattended. It was you who saved me."

Do you wonder that, as a small token of my gratitude, I presented the lieutenant with the cigarette case?

I learned later that of the seven guests who partook of the nearly fatal meal at Poworkerto, six of us went down with typhoid.



THE MODERN DIVINING ROD

PROGRESS HAS affected even the divining rod which for centuries has been used by dowsers to locate underground water. Traditionally, the divining rod has been a fork-shaped branch cut from such trees as willow or peach. Recently, however, a number of dowsers claim to have been successful in locating water with divining rods made of typically modern materials.

Landon C. Himes, county superintendent of buildings and grounds in Phoenix, Ariz., in March, 1958, demonstrated the use of a modern-style divining rod made of two two-foot welding rods. The two slender rods are fitted into two six-inch copper tubes and are free-swinging. Himes said the rods must be held level and six inches apart in front of the user. When borne over a buried water pipe

each swings around and comes to rest pointing in the direction the pipe runs. Himes said he has used the rods successfully in locating underground water pipes.

"Frankly, I don't understand what makes these things work," Himes said. "Several friends have tested them and they started swinging when a water pipe was reached."

Himes stated he got the idea for the rods from an article in a trade magazine which told of their use by W. F. Marklund, distribution supervisor of the Flint, Mich., water department. Himes wrote Marklund and obtained instructions on how to make and operate the rods. Marklund reported he had located numerous water pipes with his own rods—even a water intake that was 16 feet underground.



Sung to death by

BLACK MAGIC



Roy Lang, 14, an Australian aborigine, died mysteriously after a witch doctor placed a curse on him and his family.

Can "suggestion" explain what happened after a witch doctor condemned this native family to death by black magic?

By Michael Hervey

THE AUSTRALIAN aboriginal tribes are among the most primitive people on earth but they have very rigid tribal laws and taboos, and apparently effective ways of enforcing them.

For instance, all eligible females must marry the man chosen for

them by the chief of the tribe. If a girl refuses or marries someone else the *kurdaitcha*, witch doctor, will "sing her to death".

Singing to death is done by the *kurdaitcha* who chants daily before a piece of magic bone. He intones the words: "May your blood turn

to stone. May your bones become rotten and crumble." He continues this for at least a month. The person at whom the bone is pointed soon sickens and eventually dies. No medicine on earth can save her.

Many cases of singing to death have been reported in Australia during the past 30 years. Dr. Adolphus P. Elkin, professor of Anthropology at Sydney University since 1933, has made an exhaustive study of the subject and he says there usually is nothing physically wrong with the victims but, although doctors may combat the symptoms of the sickness, they are powerless to fight the psychological effect of the curse. In Dr. Elkin's opinion the only cure is for the victim's medicine man to convince him that the curse has been lifted. In other words, it is another case of mind over matter.

The rules which the medicine man himself must observe in order to cast the spell successfully are rigid also. He must have no contact with any other human being; he must not wash himself; each night before going to sleep he must place the magic bone under his head until he dreams of his proposed victim. After this dream he seals each end of the bone with bee's wax so that the soul of the victim is imprisoned within the bone. The bone is then thrown into the fire. As the bone is consumed

by the flames the doomed person will die in horrible agony.

Recent singing to death murders took place in Australia towards the end of 1956 when an entire native family, living not far from Marree, incurred the wrath of the tribe.

Nita Smith, a 20-year-old lubra, employed as a domestic at a sheep station in Anna Creek flouted a kingly edict and married Andy, an aboriginal sheep shearer. Consequently the young couple, their 10-months-old child, the bride's 14-year-old nephew, Roy, and her parents, were condemned to death by the *kurdaitcha*.

During the night of November 17, 1956, a witch doctor unexpectedly appeared while the couple were putting the child to sleep. The sinister looking old man, his eyes glaring, pointed a bone at the baby and pronounced the curse, whereupon the poor mite immediately started to suffocate. In a few minutes the child was dead.

When the death of the infant was reported to the police they arrested three suspects, aged 60, 45, and 40 respectively. The terrified couple refused to identify the *kurdaitcha*. Nita told the police that the women of the tribe had cut her long black hair back to eye level as a prelude to her own death.

The police investigation served to scatter more than 200 natives,

including nomads and cattle stockmen who had been holding a corroboree in the neighborhood, while awaiting the deaths of Nita and her family.

A day or so later Nita's nephew, Roy, was found lying unconscious not far from the corroboree site. He was taken to Port Augusta hospital. After being placed in an oxygen tent he rallied for a short while but was unable to explain to the police what had happened to him, or how he came to be found at the creek.

He soon lapsed into unconsciousness again. In his delirium he gabbled of frightful devils which he seemed to see dancing around him, chanting: "May your bones go rotten! May your blood turn to

stone!" From time to time he tried to sit up, his hands clawing the air as if to ward off some evil attacker. Towards morning he uttered a frightful scream, clutched at his throat and fell back dead.

Nita's parents fled from Anna Creek and nothing more has been heard of them.

The latest drugs and the best doctors in the land were enlisted in the struggle to save Nita and her husband, but slowly they have started to waste away. Nobody believes they will manage to survive the curse, least of all the luckless couple involved. For, as Professor Elkin remarks, "When an aboriginal believes he has been 'sung to death' nothing much can be done to help him."



THAT BUSY DEVIL

By Paul Steiner

A DOUGLASVILLE, GA., minister asked a parishioner to sketch Satan to illustrate one of his sermons. As the artist worked a storm burned his fuse box, stopped the water pump, toppled a fence and knocked a hole in the ceiling. Said the minister, "My friend is now sketching an angel. . ."

Revivalist Billy Graham recently was dictating notes for a sermon on the Devil when his

dictating machine caught fire. The preacher finished his notes in longhand and hurried to the auditorium where thousands were waiting to hear him. But on arrival he discovered that he had lost the notes.

Rev. Graham explained, "Something like this always happens when I preach on the Devil. In some places there is a tremendous concentration of satanic power. . ."

THE
Pulsing Honeycomb
FROM SPACE

What was this football-shaped object that landed in a Miami yard? It pulsed, was translucent—and weirdly intangible.

By *Faustin Gallegos*

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 28, was a special day for the Gallegos family. It was pay day for the Miami Police Department and, since I am a detective, my wife had aroused me from my sleep at approximately 9:15 a.m. to get an early start on her shopping.

I dragged myself reluctantly out of bed and after washing and dressing I walked into our living room to speak to my wife and mother about shopping matters and other dreadful problems that confront men when pay day arrives.

I was standing approximately in the middle of our living room, looking through two large double windows into our back yard, when suddenly a white ball, about the size of a large medicine ball, drifted from the sky and made a landing in my back yard.

As this happened my mother, Thelma, was sitting in a rocking chair facing the front of the house and was not in a position to see the white ball descend. My wife, Dorothy, was sitting on the couch and had a clear view of our back yard where she was in a good position to see the falling white ball.

I asked my wife if she had seen anything fall from the sky and land in our yard and she said that a large piece of paper or some white object had fallen and come to rest near the two large windows. My mother said that she had seen a white reflection on the right lens of her glasses.

I asked my wife to go out into the yard and see what it was. She stepped out and immediately called mother and me to come to see the strange-looking object that had

come down. I ran out and there at my feet was the strangest looking substance that I have ever seen.

What I had thought was round had changed its shape and was now about the shape of a football. It was approximately 20 inches long and eight or 10 inches high.

The strangest thing about it was its body, which seemed to be made up of thousands of minute cells resembling those of a honeycomb. It was not white as it had appeared when it fell, but was clear like glass. Amazingly this translucent object was pulsating over its entire body.

It was clear enough for us to see the inner as well as the surface body and the entire thing was pulsating. It is very difficult for me to describe the pulsation of the inner and surface body of the material. Although it moved its body, it did not leave the spot where it had landed.

We stood over the object for five or 10 minutes, discussing it and its fall from the sky, and I finally made up my mind to touch it. My mother objected strongly. She was afraid that it might have something to do with guided missiles or perhaps that I would get radiation poisoning.

At any rate I was very curious and I felt that I had to touch the substance. I slowly shoved my right index finger into the pulsating ma-

terial and to my amazement I could feel nothing. I withdrew my finger at once and saw that I had left a hole in the material the size and length of my finger.

This was the first time in my life that I had been able to see and touch an object yet be unable to feel it.

Then I got down on my hands and knees and made an attempt to smell the substance. There was no odor. Then I touched it again, pulling my finger from stem to stern along its "body." Again I had no sensation of touch but my finger gouged a furrow its entire length. I noticed that nothing clung to my finger—it was as if what I saw before my eyes actually wasn't there.

By this time my wife had reached the point where she too could not resist the temptation to touch it. As Mother and I watched, Dorothy seized the pulsating substance with her right hand. Her results were the same as mine. She made a hole in the material but could feel nothing.

My wife then went to our next door neighbor, Mrs. Peggy Townsend, and invited her into our yard to see the strange object. Mrs. Townsend too was dumbfounded. While we were discussing this strange event, the four of us noticed that our glob of material had begun to shrink from all sides—as if it

were collapsing in upon itself. I quickly asked my wife to get a jar so that we could trap part of it. She brought me a pickle jar and I succeeded in filling the jar with part of the material that was left.

The rest of the object remained upon the ground for a short while but we saw that it was "melting" away very rapidly. Soon there was nothing left to show where it had been—not a single trace. We looked over the ground and grass carefully for signs of moisture, imprint, burns, or anything that would show it ever had existed. We could find nothing.

Meanwhile I noticed that the material I had trapped in the jar had stopped pulsating although it still retained its bodily structure. I sealed the jar with a lid. I then shook it vigorously to see if shaking would have any effect on it but I could see none.

As you can imagine, thoughts were racing through my mind as to what this odd stuff might be. I decided finally that it must be the result of some kind of weather phenomena. I called the United States Weather Bureau and told the weather man what had happened and described the material to him.

He told me that he never had seen nor heard of any weather phenomena that produced the kind of thing I described to him. After

my telephone conversation with him and with another man in the weather office we left home for the police station.

There was still material in the jar when we left home. The drive to the police station took us approximately 20 minutes. We noticed soon after leaving for the station that the substance had begun to shrink. We still hoped it would last until we arrived at the police station so that we could have both colored and black and white photographs taken of it.

But we arrived too late. All the material in the jar had disappeared before we arrived.

From the time I saw the white ball in the sky to the time it vanished I would estimate that 45 minutes to one hour elapsed.

At the police station we uncapped the jar for inspection but could find no trace of moisture or anything else to establish the fact that anything but pickles had ever been in the jar.

When I returned home I received a call from a local newspaper, the *Miami Herald*. They printed a story about what had happened and as a result we had many inquiries and visits to the place where the object had landed. One man tested the ground for radioactivity but the reading was negative. Another took samples of the earth where the substance had lain.

I was an invited guest on a radio program that discussed UFO's.

As a result of this publicity I learned that many other people had seen a similar substance in the past. A woman from Arkansas called and told me that in 1955 she had witnessed a falling object which behaved exactly as the one we had in our back yard.

A captain of detectives of the

Miami Police Department told me, in the presence of an inspector of police, that on the same day the material had landed in my yard an unknown substance also had landed in his yard. Our homes are several miles apart.

I believe firmly that both substances are related in body and in origin. I have no idea what the material might be but I do know it comes from the sky. . .



THE SHORTEST LENGTH IN NATURE

PROF. WERNER HEISENBERG of the University of Goettingen, Germany, recently announced his belief that he may have discovered a new constant in nature—the “shortest length.” In a new mathematical theory Professor Heisenberg postulates a length of one-billionth of a millimeter. Within this unimaginably tiny space, according to the 56-year-old Nobel Prize winner, occur all interactions of particles within the nucleus of an atom.

Professor Heisenberg, who is one of the founders of nuclear physics, seeks to achieve a single explanation of all events in nature. His theory, if proved correct, thus would subject all of nature to a single rule. His mathematical calculations, he said, tend to show the “beautiful simplicity” of the universe

when reduced to its essential components.

Professor Heisenberg believes he has achieved an accurate theoretical explanation of physical events that take place within the nucleus of an atom. The atomic nucleus once was thought to consist of a single proton, but physicists since have learned that it consists of a number of atomic particles which interact in a manner not yet understood.

One implication of the Heisenberg theory is that the nucleus of any atom—not just the unstable, “heavy” atoms such as uranium—is subject to splitting or fission by applying energy to it. Professor Heisenberg believes that the exact amount of energy necessary to split any nucleus can be calculated.

SPACE TRAVELERS *in* 1870?



The Denton family claimed to possess unusual powers
—and one of these was the ability to visit other planets.

By Mitch Martin

THE NEWS that a family named Denton of Wellesley, Mass. had been visiting the planet Mars regularly in the years between 1860 and 1873 created no great excitement in this country. It is possible the Martians may have been disturbed by the presence of these foreign, unidentified spirits.

The observations made by the Dentons on Mars are strangely prophetic now in view of the flurry of unidentified objects being reported.

The Dentons were a family of means and culture who believed in a spiritual universe as well as a material one—a universe that contained all that is, as well as all that

ever has been. They explored this universe in an effort to add to man's knowledge of himself, the world he lived in and the world he came from.

William Denton, head of the family, lectured and wrote continuously of his experiments and findings. He was convinced that there was scarcely anything which could not be made known to man through psychometry. A personal relic of Shakespeare could in half an hour reveal more of the bard to the Dentons than his biographers have been able to unearth in 200 years. A pebble from the streets of Jerusalem contained more information

for them than a library full of books on Jewish history.

"I have known a little dust from a copper knife to reveal the story of the ancient copper-miners of Lake Superior," Denton said.

To psychometrists, or "psychometers" as Denton called them, the secrets of ancient times were open as a field in the sunshine. "We have only to open our spiritual eyes to discover them!" he said.

In 1845 William Denton began conducting psychometric experiments with the assistance of his sister, Anne Cridge, his wife, and later his young son, Sherman, all of whom were "sensitives". They shared his belief in the domain of the spirit which had been so little investigated. That his findings were rejected was to be expected.

"It is easier, by far," he wrote, "to believe in the dishonesty, or at least the self-deception of those making the experiments, than to credit the marvels that they relate."

However, Denton was determined to prove to the world that psychometry could be a boon to mankind. His first sensational proof came in 1860.

"When the oil excitement broke out in Pennsylvania," he wrote, "Mrs. Denton psychometrized a specimen of *Favosites Gothlandica* containing petroleum in its cells, and saw at once its animal origin,

and that it had no necessary connection with coal or carboniferous beds." At the time all scientists attributed its origin to vegetable matter.

Denton and his wife wrote three books about their geological, astronomical and archaeological examinations which are now collector's items. The contents of those books are a storehouse of the most fabulous information—information which is gradually being proven to be in complete harmony with facts re-discovered in this generation. Denton lived to see many of his facts verified.

Early in his career as a psychometrist Denton discovered that when he placed an object upon his sister's forehead, she saw visions which generally had a direct connection with the history of the object, a history unknown to his sister by normal means.

"I had not experimented very long before I discovered that visions were not only presented to the internal eye," he wrote, "but sounds to the internal ear . . . the eagle's scream, the volcano's bellow, the low wind's sigh, all were as readily heard as if the sensitive had been present at the time, and the bodily senses thus influenced.

"At first," he explained, "the sensitive, or psychometer, is generally a merely passive spectator, like one who sits and observes a

panorama; but in time he becomes able to influence the visions, that is, pass them along rapidly, or retain them longer for a close examination. Then the psychometer, at times, dwells in that past whose history seems to be contained in the specimen. Like a free spirit unhindered by a gravitating body, he moves over its savannas; dives beneath its waters; soars to the summits of its loftiest mountains; visits its caves, and watches their tenants; or plunges into the fiery craters, and sees the rushing floods as they are belched from the earth's hot hell.

"At length," he went on, "the psychometer becomes released even from the specimen. At will he leaves the room, passes out into the air, looks down upon the city, sees the earth beneath him like a map, or, sailing still higher, beholds the round world rolling into darkness or sunlight beneath him. He drops upon island or continent, watches the wild tribes of Africa, explores the desert interior of Australia, or solves the problem of the earth's mysterious poles."

Denton insisted this wonderful power of psychometry was not confined to a few; though there were but few, he admitted, who could exercise it in its highest manifestations.

"Those persons who can see objects with the eyes closed are

generally persons who have a large natural endowment of this faculty," he wrote. "The objects are sometimes landscapes, and sometimes faces of various persons (sometimes known but generally unknown) that are most frequently observed when the seer is perfectly passive, and hence most readily just before sleep."

His suggestion was to have such persons take a specimen of any kind and, placing it upon their foreheads, close their eyes and then observe the images that presented themselves to their internal vision.

"They will be able," he wrote, "in many cases to observe the connection between the images and the specimens. Sometimes the images may appear to be entirely foreign, but a more accurate knowledge of the history of the specimen might show them to be remarkably appropriate."

He pointed out, however, that a speck of dust upon the surface of the specimen might call up images entirely distinct from those that belonged to the specimen itself.

"This is most likely to occur when the history of the specimen is not particularly impressive," he wrote.

Denton stated that he believed at least one in every 10 women had such visions, and at least one in every 20 men had undeveloped psychometric abilities.

"Notwithstanding the disbelief of materialists and material scientists," he wrote, "there lie realms beyond the domain of physical science abounding with objects of intensest interest, and whose existence can be demonstrated as positively as that of the trilobite in the palaeozoic time; though, for ages, the world's keenest observers never dreamed that it had a being.

"There is more of man than the scalpel ever dissected, or the eye of even the microscope has beheld; and infinitely more of the exterior universe than any physical sense has yet discovered. There are countless myriads of stars that we never saw, and had it not been for powerful telescopes, used only by a few, we should have had no knowledge of their existence."

Denton's dream was to bridge, by means of psychometry, the chasms of history and peer into unrecorded ages and nations whose early history was lost in darkness.

"The ancient manuscripts, paintings and other works of art which still exist," he wrote, "are doubtless still instinct with the spirit that produced them, and capable of revealing to psychometric exploration the living realities with which they were once connected. At present, these relics are barren of significance. Their hidden meaning lies waiting the future explorer, as the hieroglyphics of Egypt awaited the

arrival of Champollion to interpret their significance."

In February, 1867, Denton was given a fragment of an elephant's tusk unearthed by gold-miners near the Stanislaus River, Toulumne county, California. He placed it upon the forehead of his son, Sherman.

"His eyes were closed but otherwise he appeared to be in a perfectly normal condition during the time and could readily notice what took place in the room; frequently laying down the specimen, joining in the conversation, and then going on with the examination."

Sherman spoke of visions of white hot lava running down the bed of the Stanislaus River, of a forest-fire, and elephants and Indians running to escape a heaving volcano.

In 1867 there was no known evidence that such a volcanic eruption had taken place in California, or that elephants had existed there. Nevertheless, a year later at a meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Professor Whitney who was state geologist of California, exhibited a human skull, said to have been obtained at a depth of 130 feet below the surface, *under four beds of consolidated volcanic ash, known locally as lava.*

"Apart from anything connected with this skull," Professor Whitney

reported, "the labors of the survey clearly demonstrated the fact that man and the mastodon and elephant had been contemporaneous in California."

A *shabti* from a Theban tomb in Egypt was used on Sherman who immediately envisioned a woman's head and a lion's body.

Later when he placed the specimens on his sister's forehead, she said, "This takes me to a curious place under-ground; it is artificial. There are dead bodies. It looks like a catacomb. They must have been embalmed; for I can see their faces. Some bodies are laid down; others seem to be standing."

When Denton gave Sherman a fragment of the skull of a mummy from Egypt and asked what he saw, Sherman described a great dark room, in a large building, filled with dead bodies covered with white cloth and spider-webs.

"The bodies are wrapped and wrapped in cloths a great many times. . . ."

In later years, Denton found that specimens were not always needed for their explorations. On October 17, 1869 at 4:30 in the afternoon he opened a map of the eastern hemisphere and asked Sherman to look at it.

"Go east," he commanded, "till you can see the sun rise."

Sherman closed his eyes and reported seeing an ocean and strange

islands. He spoke of being up so high he could see Europe, the Mediterranean, and the British Isles.

To skeptics this must sound like nonsense but Sherman, in speaking of Australia, said he saw a large body of salt water like a sea in the center of Australia. At that time there was no record of any such body of water in the wilds of central Australia. However, 70 years later a researcher going through Denton's book noted that such a body of water was discovered and explored for the first time in 1930.

"The labor of a working-man's lifetime would hardly buy a first-class telescope," Denton wrote, "and when bought, he could but faintly discern the outlines of land and water on a planet as distant as Mars. Tens of thousands possess telescopes as much better than that as sunshine is brighter than candlelight; all they need is a knowledge of their own powers, and a little instruction in the way to make use of them. With these telescopes they can not only see the outlines of land and water, but they can see water, rocks, plants, homes and people, and watch these people as they follow their daily avocations.

"A telescope," he continued, "only enables us to see; but the spiritual faculties enable their possessors to hear, smell, taste, and

feel, and become for the time being, almost inhabitants of the planet they are examining."

In this fashion Denton believed the secrets of our solar system, which scientists sought so earnestly to penetrate, could be revealed.

His first astronomical observation was made in 1866.

"We were in the orchard in the evening after supper," he wrote. "Venus shone like a young moon in the western sky and I said to Sherman, 'look at that star; and then shut your eyes and tell me what you see.'

"Sherman described trees, animals that were half fish and half muskrat, and water that was heavy but not wet. This was the first of a number of experiments in outer space, achieved by choosing the object, then closing the eyes." To visit the planets, Denton would instruct his psychometers to "go into space as far as you can."

The examination of Mars by various members of the Denton family is of more than passing interest today, though at the time it was considered too fantastic to be seriously considered. At that time, psychometry was looked upon as a parlor game.

Sherman went "out into space" as far as he could, at his father's command, and reported that there were people on Mars who looked astonishingly like earth people. He

said that they soared above traffic on individual fly-cycles and seemed particularly fond of air travel, as many as 30 persons occupying single large flying conveyances.

At this time aluminum was scarcely heard of, yet the Dentons reported it was widely used on Mars for building materials, flying machines and cooking utensils.

Denton predicted that "when we have discovered some easy method of reducing its abundant ores, we shall probably use aluminum as commonly as the people on Mars use it."

All the information unearthed by the Denton family was published. It presented a fascinating saga of ancient Egypt, Syria, Europe and Asia. Denton wrote of primitive races of black men in Italy, of a race of giants, of bird-eaters and cave-dwellers, of maggot-eaters and stone-throwers, of the Swiss lake-dwellers, of gigantic, hairy Indians who once occupied ancient America and looked more like apes than men.

His findings were ignored. He was looked upon as an eccentric crank, although his motives were of the purest.

"Psychometry," he wrote, "will shed much light upon the spiritual nature of man. Every successful psychometric experiment is a revelation of its wondrous powers. I sometimes listen with breathless

awe to the statements of psychometers as they unravel the profoundest mysteries of Nature, and I see that we possess powers we have hitherto considered the exclusive property of the gods."

Denton was convinced the men on Mars had studied our planet and traced us out as a people in 1873.

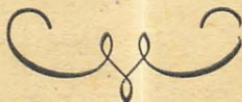
"I believe we can in time learn to hold communication with them. Perhaps they are psychometers!" he wrote.

In view of today's interest in unidentified flying objects, it seems that Denton's amazing report of 90 years ago of his family's psycho-

metric explorations through outer and inner space merits attention.

Perhaps the development and encouragement of more psychometrists might help to throw some light on a confused world.

At any rate the amazing Dentons, who penetrated the past of our planet for the benefit of the botanist, the geologist, the historian, who soared through outer space to study the planets, to discover other worlds in our solar system, have left a wealth of astounding possibilities needing further experimentation by those of us who hunger to know more of time, and space, and God!



RUN ON THE BLOOD BANK

By Paul Steiner

AFTER BEING burned in an accident at Camp Roberts, Calif., a private of Wapato, Wash., received a much-needed blood transfusion at an Army hospital. When he glanced at the label on the bottle, he read his own name and realized that his life was being saved by a blood donation he had made two weeks before.

After giving a pint of blood to a mobile blood bank that visited U.S. Navy headquarters

in Tokyo, a sailor started back to his post and collapsed on the way. Shipmates carried him back to the blood bank, where he quickly got his blood back.

This sort of coincidence does not happen only to military personnel. A day after giving a pint of blood to a Houston, Tex., hospital bank, John T. Brown was severely cut by a power lawnmower. Requiring a transfusion, he also got his own blood back.

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

I TALKED WITH JESUS

By Mrs. M. A. Griggs

IN 1916, when my youngest son was nine months old, I feared we were going to lose him and I worried all the time. This youngest son had cried most of his life and to quiet him I carried him in my arms practically all day long. He was very thin and had grown but little.

One Sunday evening my husband and my oldest son went to sleep in another bedroom. I eased the baby down on the bed to sleep. I felt I did not know what to do with my time when I was not carrying him as usual, so I opened my Bible which was on a washstand beside the door and read a few verses in it. The verses seemed to have been written directly to me.

I stood and thought a minute. I realized I had not read my Bible nor had I prayed since the baby was born because I had had so much trouble with him. I just didn't know what to do for him while he was crying, which was practically

day and night.

I eased myself down beside the baby, buried my face in my pillow and said a prayer. I told my Savior I wanted to know if God's love ever had been revealed to me, for I thought, surely if he ever had revealed his love to me, I would have prayed and thanked him regularly each day, as I had done before the baby was born.

A few seconds after I had prayed Jesus came and sat down on the end of a trunk beside my bed. He quoted several Scriptures to me to prove that I had been born again. I thought He was the most quiet-spoken person I ever had heard.

I remember He said, "Don't you know that you have passed from death into life because you love the brethren?"

I told Him I loved all Christians and He gave me many other quotations. When He convinced me that God had revealed His love to me, He got up and walked to the center of the room, which never had been sealed and had only the shingles

overhead. He was barefooted and wore a long black robe. He turned, looked back at me and said, "Don't worry any more. I will be with you forever." Then he rose and I watched Him go through the shingles just as smoke would. Soon my baby was well and I was happy.—*Marietta, Ga.*

WARNING AT THE WINDOW

By Richard Lee Marocco

TEN YEARS AGO my profession was burglary. As a matter of fact, during that period of my life my "mind" could have been considered synonymous with the verb "to steal." Let me emphasize at this point, however, that I have paid my debt to society and have lost interest in this immature and selfish activity.

My illegal gains went as quickly as they came. One evening, with my finances at a low ebb, I set out to break into the office of a lumberyard in Delphi, Ind. I had learned that on one of the desks was nailed a cigar box which usually contained a considerable sum of money.

I studied the lumber yard office and with a practiced eye determined my means of ingress. The windows were tall and not overly wide. They were susceptible to a cleverly administered jimmy, or even to a simple screwdriver. A screwdriver, in fact, was my "standard" and often my only tool.

Storm windows obstructed my progress, but I was certain they would offer only slight resistance to a skillful attack. The window I chose was situated in such a manner that I could not be seen by passers-by.

• Within seconds the storm window was down and I began working at the window itself. Much to my astonishment, the window resisted my efforts. I applied more skill and ingenuity—but all to no avail. The window refused to open.

In a fit of rage, I lifted my arm, intending to shatter the glass of one of the large panes with the heavy handle of the screwdriver. Suddenly I had a feeling of danger. I realized that the noise of breaking glass might rouse the neighbors and caution returned to me.

I resumed the task of jimmying the window. As I worked, the eerie feeling of impending disaster crept over me once more. The longer I pried at the window, the stronger the warning sensation became. At last, more out of deference to my sense of impending disaster than to the stubborn resistance of the window, I abandoned the project. It would be no exaggeration to say that something *forced* me to abandon the project. Although I have experienced fear during other burglaries, the lumberyard job was the only one I ever have abandoned without gaining entrance.

Two weeks later I attempted another burglary and was apprehended. I will omit the process by which a felon is given his merited reward and will say only that the wheels of the law turned with the utmost dispatch.

One evening after I had been sentenced and was awaiting transfer to the nearest home of correction, I was called out of my cell and led to a chair in the sheriff's office. I was left in the company of a state trooper who sat watching me with a friendly smile on his handsome face.

After questioning me about various burglaries that had been committed in surrounding counties, of which fortunately I had no knowledge, the officer leaned forward and asked, "Richard, were you in Delphi about two weeks ago?" Suspicion must have been written all over my face, because he hastened to assure me, "There are no charges—I just want to satisfy my own curiosity."

I admitted I had been in Delphi at the time, but I emphasized that I had attempted only to enter a certain lumber yard office and had committed no actual crime.

He squinted his eyes at me and asked, "Why didn't you go in?"

I explained my difficulties with the window. He shook his head and dropped his first bomb:

"Richard, that window was un-

locked! The storm windows were designed to keep burglars out, or at least to give them a little trouble. But once that was out of your way, all you had to do was raise the window and climb in!"

He was sincere and I had to believe him—but I could not explain my failure to open that infernal window.

Then he dropped a second bomb: "Did you know, Richard, that there was a man in that building?"

Gears began to creak in my numbed mind and I caught my first glimmer of the workings of fate. With my tongue glued to the roof of my mouth, I shook my head. The officer went on:

"Well, there was. All the while you were at that window, he was standing next to it with a gun in his hand. He told me that he was going to blow your brains out the moment you stuck your head into that room!"

THE FOURTH CABIN

By Sophia Vajda

I WAS married in 1933 during the Depression and when I thought there would be more jobs soon, I was overly optimistic, as are all young people just crossing the threshold of married life.

I had thought moving to California with my Mother would be very glamorous and exciting, but I was mistaken. I missed the young

people I had known back East all my young life. Then I met my husband and after we had been married six months, we decided to go East to meet his folks and also to see if it would be easier for him to get a job there. He also was an Easterner and only recently had arrived in California.

We arranged to leave by car with a man who was going back to Illinois. As our destination was New York City, we planned to take a bus the rest of the way, which would save us a lot of money we didn't have.

We started out early in the morning and found the man had taken two more passengers, a young woman with a baby two months old. She had left her husband and was going back to her folks in the East.

Our trip was uneventful until we saw it was getting dark. The last town was too far for us to turn back to, so we decided to keep going until we reached some place of habitation. Roads were not in as good condition as they are now and motels were few and far between.

We finally found a motel by the time it became dark. To save a few dollars, the other girl and I rented a cabin, taking the baby with us, while my husband and the driver slept in the car.

I helped carry some of the other girl's packages while she carried

the baby to the cabin. It was a very dark night and the only light we had to guide us was from the headlights of the car. The motel owner told us to go straight down an incline until we came to the fourth cabin, which was the one we were to have. There was no road to speak of only some marks in the dirt that other cars had made.

The driver had parked the car facing the cabin so that we could see our way there. We went in and found two cots and a dresser. The girl put her baby in an open drawer, all bundled up, and we both retired immediately as we were exhausted.

I immediately fell asleep and started to dream. I saw the car in which my husband and our driver were sleeping coming straight toward the cabin and behind the cabin I saw a cliff. The car was gaining speed and I realized that if I didn't stop it, it would crash into us and go over the cliff with us, killing us all.

I woke immediately and woke the girl, telling her of my dream. She wasn't too convinced, but she picked up her baby and I hurried her outside. Then I ran up the incline toward the car. It was moving slowly and soon would gain momentum. I yelled to wake the driver, but he failed to hear me as the windows and doors of the car were closed and locked.

The car gained more speed. I pounded on the window at the back of the car and finally woke my husband. He opened the car door, saw the car was moving and realized what was happening. He woke the driver by yelling, "Put on the brake!" just in time to stop the car from crashing into the cabin. The driver had forgotten to put on the emergency brake. The car was directly in line with the cabin, which wasn't much wider than the car.

The other girl and I returned to the cabin. I fell asleep again and this time rested well. I woke to my husband's knocking on the door. It was just growing light and to satisfy my curiosity, I went to see what was at the back of the cabin. We all looked and about five feet behind the cabin was a sheer drop down a cliff. If the car had crashed into us, it would have taken all of us with it to the bottom.—*North Hollywood, Calif.*

THE DISTANT VOICE

By Elmer Juedes

I AM A man of 65, born and raised on a farm near the village of Germantown, Wis. Since we were located only 16 miles from the city of Milwaukee, it was only natural for Dad to take his farm produce to Milwaukee and of course buy his family needs there.

Farming in the early 1900's was

mostly hand labor and working with horses—no tractors in those days. I can well remember when Dad got up at one o'clock in the morning to get ready to take a load of 40 bags of potatoes to market, a round trip of over 30 miles. He would return home between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, himself and the horses very tired.

At the age of 10 during the summer months my work was to feed about 16 hogs, seven horses and 150 chickens. Was this all the work for me? I should say not. I had to take 26 head of cattle to pasture. Then I had breakfast. By nine o'clock I was in the field hoeing corn or potatoes—something unheard of today.

You may ask, did I ever have time off? Oh, yes, Sundays. First I had to go to Sunday school, after that I could visit the neighbor boy or go fishing down to the river or go visiting with Mom and Dad. Mom and Dad were good to us children. We were well clothed and had plenty to eat. Did we have to obey? I should say so! Young folks that may read this, I want to say this to you: It was not as hard to obey as it may seem to you. We knew no disobedience, therefore it served no hardship on us. We all liked our parents.

In 1917, after I was married and living on a rented farm, I witnessed

a phenomenal situation during a brief visit to my father. He was in the barn feeding cattle, when all of a sudden he said something had happened to Ma and Herb, Herb being my youngest brother. He said he had heard Ma cry out, "Oh, God, help us!"

So I asked him where were Ma and Herb. He said they had gone to visit Aunt Emma with the car.

Being there with my own car, I told him let us drive out to Aunt Emma. When we got there we found that Ma and Herb had had an accident in the car. The rear right wheel came off while the car was going down a steep hill. Mother said she had used the very words Father had heard. Aunt Emma and the steep hill were 20 miles from Dad's place.—*West Allis, Wis.*

CURES AT THE "IRISH LOURDES"

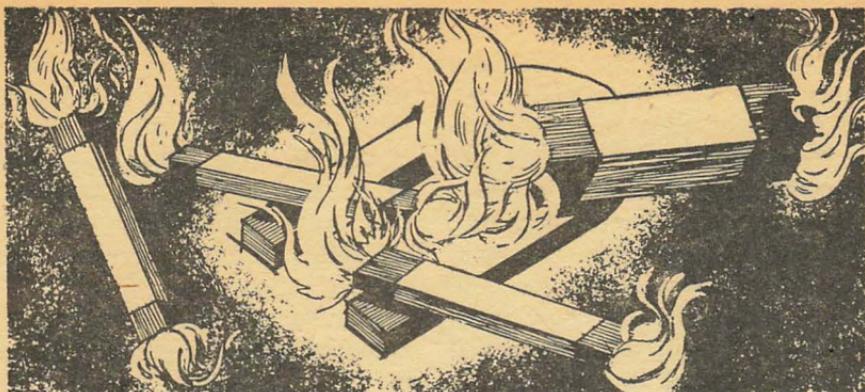
THE VILLAGE of Knock in County Mayo is becoming known as the "Irish Lourdes" because of miracle cures which reportedly have taken place there. According to an article by Beatrice Coogan in the British publication, *The People*, many doctors already have been amazed by evidence of the healings at Knock.

Among the reported cures is that of Bridie Hopkins, 14, of Leeds, who was taken to Knock after an injured bone in her leg became diseased. She said that when she received the blessing at the shrine the numbness in her leg disappeared and was replaced by a prickling sensation. Four months later her leg was found to be healed.

Another case is that of Nicholas Doyle of Bray County, Wicklow, who at the age of 10 fell victim to rheumatic fever. His heart was so severely affected that he was confined

to bed and was not allowed even to pass the time knitting, a hobby he had learned from his mother. He was taken to Knock and a few days later, although doctors had forbidden him even to knit, he reportedly was riding a bicycle.

The reputation of Knock as a healing shrine is based on a miracle which is said to have taken place almost 80 years ago. During a famine in the village 15 of the inhabitants claimed they saw the figures of the Virgin Mary, St. Joseph and St. John at one end of the little Catholic church in Knock. They described the figures as being bathed in a white light. They also told of seeing an altar, above which was a lamb surrounded by golden stars. Roman Catholic Church authorities questioned the villagers and stated they were convinced that an authentic vision had been witnessed.



THE MYSTERY OF OD

What are the strange emanations which "sensitives" claim to see issuing from magnets and other objects?

By Sibley S. Morrill

IF Baron Karl Von Reichenbach, a leading scientist and industrialist of 19th Century Germany, was correct, one out of four of you reading this article can easily detect the existence of a strange force which most modern scientists, except Einstein, have emphatically denied.

The name of this strange force is *od*, or *odyle*.

According to Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, *od* is "an'al-

leged force or natural power supposed to produce phenomena of hypnotism and to be developed by various agents such as magnets, heat, light, chemical or vital action."

However, this is not the Baron's definition. While the Baron would have agreed about hypnotism, he undoubtedly would have preferred to emphasize other more important things; for example, the relationships between *od* and electricity

and magnetism, the Northern Lights as a manifestation of od, and a host of other matters showing the connection between od and the commoner phenomena of life.

Exactly what od was, of course, the Baron never knew. No more than anyone today knows precisely what electricity is. But he was able to find out what it was not, as well as much of what it could do.

He determined that it was not heat, electricity or magnetism. But it excited feelings of heat and cold, sensations of acute pleasure and displeasure. It passed easily through bodies that are continuous in structure—a wire, a human being, a piece of china, a crystal—but did not pass so well through woolen or cotton cloth. It always accompanied magnetism, but was found in a vast host of phenomena in which no magnetism was involved. Any solid or liquid could be charged with it. It gave off a flame, sparks and smoke with as wide a variety of color as the ordinary spectrum. And it existed to varying extents in all bodies, organic or inorganic.

He proved its existence to his own satisfaction and to the satisfaction of hundreds, even thousands, of others including some of the most eminent scientists of his time. But to the majority of contemporary scientists the Baron's efforts at proof brought only an unscientific anger.

The anger of the scientists is strange because they could easily have put the Baron's theories to immediate proof. That they failed to do so leads one to wonder if they were afraid they might be compelled to admit the Baron was right.

The Baron's simplest proof consisted of getting a group of people to sit in a laboratory for from one to three hours in total darkness. At the end of that time, various electro-magnets in the room were turned on. The electric current flowing through them would quickly release powerful odic force which, in turn, immediately gave off an odic light visible to any persons in the room who were sensitive to it.

There was no possibility of fraud. If a person claimed to see the odic light, he was asked to tell what time it was by his watch or to pick up some object without groping. If he could do these things then obviously there was light for him in the room which remained totally dark for others.

The Baron was essentially a practical scientist. He was the leading meteorist of the day, discoverer of creosote and paraffin, the foremost steelmaker of Germany, and the owner of valuable agricultural and chemical industries he had created as well.

Furthermore, neither at the time

he first suspected the existence of od, nor subsequently, was he ever himself sensitive to it. Not once did he himself ever see the odic light.

Being a man of great wealth, he could afford to test his theories. Accordingly, near Vienna, in his magnificent castle of Reisenberg, which commanded a view for 190 miles in one direction and 140 in the other, he constructed a spacious laboratory and equipped it with every kind of magnet known to science, plus a variety of other equipment.

He set about gathering a group of "sensitives." At first he felt that sensitives were to be found only among persons in poor health. But as he proceeded with his experiments, he discovered that sensitivity was common among those who were well also, in the proportion of about one to four in the general population.

Sensitives could be found most easily, he wrote, among those who, although in good health, have a "disturbed or restless sleep . . . become faint or sick in churches or theatres . . . or who are very sensitive to strong odors and to unpleasant sounds such as shaving and sawing."

He found them in all walks of life, men and women, physicians, scientists, nobles, tradesmen, farmers, teachers, government officials.

With so many and such a variety of persons introduced into his laboratory, or dark chamber, from which the "slightest trace of light" had been excluded, it is difficult to see how the majority of scientists could later reject the Baron's experiments out of hand. Especially in view of the results.

Take the case of Dr. Neid. The physician, "a healthy, vigorous man in an extensive practice" and of a "lively and cheerful disposition," saw "flame-like and smoke-like emanations from bar magnets of eight and 24 inches, and also from horse-shoe magnets of one, seven and nine bars. The flames on the northward poles were more than one-half longer than those on the southward." (An important point to the Baron since it had to do with his theories of the flow of odic force through the globe.) "Open horse-shoes also appeared clothed in a luminous downy vapor. The flame over the nine-bar horseshoe rose to more than a yard, both polar flames having united to form one column, above which a luminous vapor, or cloud, rose to the roof. Even the steel hand of his watch . . . was, in the dark chamber, so luminous that he could tell the hour by its light."

Baron Von Oberlander, "of a most vigorous constitution and iron health," saw a "large nine-bar, horse-shoe magnet, covered over

the poles with a great blazing light about as thick as a man and reaching nearly to the ceiling."

Johanna Kynast, 22, daughter of a Viennese baker, saw only a 20-inch flame on the nine-bar horse-shoe, but it was still bright enough so that for her it "illuminated all surrounding objects."

M. Demeter Tirka, 40, a Greek wholesaler in Vienna, in perfect health, saw a variety of odylic lights about the magnets. The lights were bright enough so that "all objects close to them were distinctly illuminated."

Examples such as those, however, culled at random from the scores given in the Baron's *Researches On Magnetism*, were still not quite enough for the scientist and so, one day, when he came across a carpenter who had gone almost totally blind from cataracts but who it seemed might be a sensitive the Baron hustled him off to his castle. The carpenter, one Johann Friedrich Bollman, 56, had been blind for years following an unsuccessful operation. He was "quite blind to all shape and form of things," the Baron wrote, "but not entirely insensible to light generally. The poor man has no longer any crystalline lens, but the retina is healthy . . . he can perceive dimly diffused light and color, but no form . . . if a lady has on a green or red shawl, he sees the col-

ors, but he would experience exactly the same impression from a green branch or a red door. . . .

"I prevailed on him to spend the night at the castle and took him next morning into my dark chamber. After having been there an hour, the blind man saw a number of luminous phenomena which I, with good eyesight, could not see; and when we moved about among the odylo-luminous objects, it happened probably for the first time since men have existed that the blind led him who possessed his sight. For Master Bollman led me and thus we exchanged places. . . . To him the odylic light had dawned which to me was invisible. . . .

"He saw a small pocket horse-shoe magnet as a luminous spot on the table where it lay. He did not at first perceive, when close to it, a long, single-bar, horse-shoe, but when I removed it to the distance of a pace from him and detached the armature, he saw a sudden flash of light which disappeared after a few seconds. This he saw on only one pole, and when I made him place my hand on it, I found it, even in the dark, by means of the sign upon it, to be the northward pole. . . . Odylic light, therefore, penetrated through the vitreous humor and was received on the nervous expansion of the retina like ordinary light, but he had no sense of the forms of the magnets,

flames, vapor, sparks, but only that of diffused light."

At this time, hypnotism, or mesmerism, happened to be very much in scientific disfavor. Most scientists said it was absurd and should be forbidden—even though men like Dr. James Esdaile, of Edinburgh, only recently had performed 261 painless operations with no other anesthesia than hypnosis, and with only five and one-half percent mortality. Therefore, when the Baron said a common claim by the mesmerized—that they saw "flames issuing from the points of the operator's fingers"—was probably correct and that the flame was odylic, his opposition seized on it as a subject of ridicule.

Another, even more ridiculous contention of the Baron's was that od was the probable explanation of such phenomena as the Walpurgisnacht, the devil's dances on the Blocksberg and other German mountains. The Baron had the audacity to write:

"It is a fable widely spread in Germany . . . that ghosts, witches and devils assemble for their hellish dance by night on the Blocksberg. Everything in the world, even such a fable as this, has a cause or origin, and we can now see that this myth is not destitute of a natural foundation. It has long been known that high on the Brocken there are rocky summits which are

strongly magnetized and cause the needle to deviate. More minute investigations have proved these rocks contain disseminated magnetic iron ore. The necessary consequence is they send out odylic flames. Now when persons of high perceptive powers for odylic light happened to come on such places on a dark night, as must often have been the case with hunters, charcoal burners, wood-cutters, poachers, etc., they necessarily saw, on all sides, delicate flames of different sizes and colors, flaming up from the rocks, and in the currents of air flickering hither and thither. Who could blame these persons, imbued, no doubt, with the superstitious feelings of their age, if they saw, under these circumstances, the devil dancing with his whole train of ghosts, demons and witches."

Equally absurd, to his enemies, was the Baron's explanation of why people are so afraid of graveyards at night. He said the bodies of the dead give off an odylic flame which completely disappears as final dissolution takes place. Sensitives inevitably see the odylic flame rising from new graves, and the brighter the flame the newer the grave. Over a period of years he took several sensitives to cemeteries at night. The experience of all of them was typified by that of Mlle. Reichel who, in the first graveyard he took her to, "very soon saw a light and

perceived on one of the grave mounds, along its whole length, a delicate, fiery, breathing flame." Over other nearby graves the flame played in a form of "luminous vapor." He took her to a big cemetery in Vienna, and "wherever she looked she saw masses of fire lying about, a dense vaporous mass of fire midway between a mist and a flame. But it was only over the newer graves; there was no appearance of it over the older ones."

The Baron was not to be too discomfited by criticism centering on his explanations of hypnotism, grave lights and the Walpurgisnacht. He already had won the approbation of a few of the most outstanding scientists of his time. The *Annals of Chemistry*, published by Baron Von Liebig, one of the greatest chemists of the age, in early 1845, contained Von Reichenbach's *Researches on Magnetism*.

The work made a favorable impression on Dr. William Gregory, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Edinburgh, who promptly translated it into English. Its good reception in Britain was speedily followed by approving remarks from the great Berzelius, of Sweden, known to every chemist as the discoverer of the electro-chemical seriation of elements.

To cut the ground from under any further charges of fraud, the

Baron arranged for Gunther, court photographer at the royal court of Berlin, to take pictures "under scientifically controlled conditions and in the most intense darkness." The odic light used was that from "crystals, magnets, finger-tips, bodies affected odically by chemical reaction, friction, sound, heat, masses of metal and amorphous bodies charged with od."

When the photographs were completed, he had plates made and sent them, along with four essays he had prepared, under the title of *The Laws of Odic Light* to a magazine published by a Prof. J. C. Poggendorf. The magazine, *The Annals of Physics and Chemistry*, was regarded as something of a scientific bible. Poggendorf published the first series, but refused to publish any more on the grounds they were "too controversial" and "had aroused too much displeasure among the Berlin physicists."

The Baron promptly countered with the demand that he be allowed to put on his experiments in Berlin. After some months he won a reluctant permission. The experiments, however, were not allowed to be conducted as the Baron wished. Instead of waiting until they had witnessed an experiment, the professors actually took over the conduct of the experiments. Poggendorf himself interrupted the photographic demonstration to change

the conditions. He reversed the glass plate so as to separate the sensitized surface from the light source by the thickness of the glass.

"If the so-called od light is really light," he said, "it must be capable of penetrating glass just as daylight does."

But even in the face of such obstacles the Baron did not give in. He continued his efforts to gain an impartial hearing. In 1867, soon after giving a series of lectures at the Imperial Academy of Science in Vienna, he went to Leipsic to call on Prof. G. T. Fechner, one of his foremost critics.

Fechner, who later admitted having criticised some of the Baron's books without having read them, consented to witness a new experiment of the Baron's without interrupting it.

It was conducted with the aid of a sensitive by the name of Mrs. Ruf. After seeing it, the professor asked the Baron's permission to conduct it himself.

"With Reichenbach's ready good will," as F. D. O'Byrne says in his introduction to the Baron's *Letters On Od and Magnetism*, he "repeated it under his own conduct several times with all the scientific precautions that either he or Prof. Erdmann, his colleague at the University of Leipsic, could devise. As a result, he admitted unequivocally that the conclusion was altogether

in favor of the possession of abnormal power by the sensitive—call it odic power or by whatever name you will—quite inexplicable by any scientific theory known to him.

"This was Mrs. Ruf's deflection of the magnetic needle by attractive and repulsive passes made merely in its vicinity by her fingers, hand and even elbows. A single finger deflected a one-inch needle enclosed under glass in an ordinary compass-box to quite unmistakable extents, and that repeatedly, under his own and Professor Erdmann's conduct and under the most varied conditions and precautions, while Reichenbach sat in a remote corner of the room. The finger-tips of the one hand held closely together deflected the needle from 40 to 50 degrees, while passes made with either of her elbows deflected it as much as 90 degrees."

Though Professor Fechner, after the Baron's death in 1869, published a book in which he admitted careless criticism and the success of the Baron's last experiments, it was too late. As the article on the Baron in *Allgemeine Deutsche Biographie* of 1888 concludes, "Od was no longer talked about and today is quite forgotten." Ridicule and vilification had won.

And so some doubt remains as to whether the Baron, his hundreds of sensitives and men such as Ber-

zelius, Von Liebig, and Dr. Gregory were on the right track in their investigations of od. Further experiments only will remove it.

Surely, experiments to prove or disprove the validity of od are worthwhile in view of the fact that Einstein, in answering a question by his biographer, Antonina Vallen-

tin, as to the possible existence of a "human fluid" such as od, instead of denying its existence said, "It is possible that there are human emanations of which we are ignorant. You remember how sceptical everyone was about electric currents and invisible waves? Science is still in its infancy."



THE HAUNTED APPLE TREE

A STRANGE story of ghostly foxhounds that haunted an apple tree recently was told by Lt. Col. T. A. Lowe in the British magazine *Tit Bits*. The story, he said, was told to him by a Yorkshire farmer named Ames.

Every year the apples on a tree in the yard of Ames' farm withered before they could be picked. After unsuccessfully trying every remedy, Ames related, he noticed that the blight coincided with another strange occurrence—the sound of foxhounds barking under the tree. Ames had only one dog, a female, on the farm.

One day Ames and another man heard the ghostly hounds at the tree and hurried up in time to see a misty figure in the green and black garments of a huntsman flailing about with his arms as if fighting invisible attackers. They heard the snarls of unseen foxhounds and had the feeling of being in the

midst of a violent struggle.

Inquiry by Ames revealed that in 1860 a pack of hounds was kept in the yard of the farm. The hunting master, a kindly man, was killed in an accident. The new master was a drunkard who abused the dogs. One day they attacked him and tore him to pieces under the apple tree.

Lt. Col. Lowe wrote that he suggested Ames blow a hunting horn to call the ghost hounds away from his apple tree. Ames enlisted the aid of a local master of foxhounds and one night, at the apple tree, the man cracked his whip and called to the ghostly dogs. Suddenly, Ames said, they heard the padding and baying of the invisible hounds. Although the huntsman's teeth chattered, he managed to blow the "Going Home" call on his horn. At once, Ames said, the noises faded away and the two men were alone.



Our Apartment had to be EXORCISED

We could no longer endure the weird nightly noises and visitations—so we sought help from the Church.

By Katherine Frederick

IN JUNE OF 1940 I sold my country home in northern Michigan and moved, with my mother, Katherine Hein, into a spacious second floor flat on Prospect Ave., S.E., Grand Rapids, Mich. For six of the intervening years since then I traveled constantly and have had many addresses so the number of the house has gone from me. I remember, however, that accustomed as I was to the quiet of an isolated,

country place, noises annoyed me. But there were noises in that apartment which terrified both mother and me.

Every night, as soon as I was asleep, there would come a bang on the attic floor, much as though someone took hold of the back of a chair and struck the floor with terrific force. We heard footsteps up and down the hallway until dawn. There was nightly tramping in the attic,

and up and down the attic stairs.

Sometimes the sounds resembled the loading and unloading of a railroad car, or of a ship. We seemed to hear the moving, scraping and throwing of boxes and crates. These noises emanated from inside walls which sometimes cracked with an explosive noise, and under floors which creaked.

We did not know what to do. We could rest only in the daytime and after daylight in the morning.

Mother complained that the springs of her bed were pushed up and down when she was trying to sleep. One afternoon, while she lay on her bed, a woman dressed in dark blue and wearing a felt hat suddenly appeared. She had dark blotches on her face. After standing before the bed for several moments she disappeared.

One night as I lay trying to sleep, I felt that I was being strangled. To my horror I could neither speak nor call out. I tried to say "Go away", and thereupon I felt the pressure on my throat released. There was a depression of the bed springs, as though someone invisible sat there, on the edge of the bed. I said, "Go away" a second time, this time audibly. The springs rose slowly and the bed became level.

My sister, Mrs. Maida S. Hustling, then of Detroit, who was visiting us, complained that she saw a dim, hunched-over figure move from

the closet in her room, past her bed, and into the hall. This occurred regularly, every night, shortly after she retired. This figure was that of a man and was usually followed, although sometimes preceded, by the figure of a woman. The man was tall and stooped; the woman always was dressed in dark clothes and wore a hat.

As the months from June to January passed, the noises and annoyances became unbearable. Whenever I went into the attic, always in the daytime, I felt someone touch my shoulder. Always I had the feeling that someone was close behind me when I descended the stairs.

The noises were loudest on Wednesday nights and we began to dread Wednesdays. Several nights before New Year's Mother said, "This is getting worse. We must do something".

"But what?", I asked.

We did not wish to move, as we expected to leave for the West the following summer. Since Mother was Catholic, I decided to go to Saint Andrew's Cathedral with my story. I was given an interview with one of the priests who was extremely skeptical and suggested that it "could be bats".

"No," I said, "the attic is screened. There is nothing of the kind up there."

He said, "Squirrels, then."

I said that, so far as I know,

squirrels are not nocturnal, and could not make the noises. I added that if he wished to help me I would be grateful. If he did not wish to help me, there was no use discussing the matter further. He promised to send another priest the following day, to look into our problem. On my way home, I wondered how we could endure another night of those noises.

The next morning an assistant to the Bishop came to see us. As we sat in the living room, he said that he too sensed something supernatural in the apartment. We talked at length about haunted houses and he said that sometimes people are only annoyed, as in our case, but that in other instances the faculties of persons seem to become possessed. When greatly afflicted persons are brought to the priests, he said, sanity tests by reputable physicians are required. If they are judged insane, the matter is not within the scope of the Church. If they are sane, then it can be assumed that such individuals are under occult influence and the priests use their ritual, consisting of prayer, possibly fasting, and in the course of time such afflicted persons regain control of their faculties, and their conduct returns to normal.

Then he went through the attic, into every nook and corner, open-

ed storage closets, went down the stairs and throughout the apartment, then into the basement, always praying as he proceeded. He explained that undesirable, unwanted entities cannot resist the expelling force of the prayers and the ritual, but that it might be necessary to employ the procedure more than once. On leaving he said, "You were right, and should you hear anything further, do not hesitate to call me again."

When I turned out the light that night, I heard footsteps and a creaking of the floor. Then, as though someone had tried to enter and could not, or was, by some force, compelled to retreat, the noises ceased. Thereafter, we had peace.

Later I remarked that I never would have believed that the apartment could be so peaceful. We learned from neighbors that the apartment had been vacant many times and that tenants never had remained more than a few weeks.

Could discarnate entities have been attempting to expel us?

Several persons had died there. Could they, for reasons we do not understand, voluntarily or involuntarily, have extended their stay on earth?

Were they pleased to be released?





The Amazing **KLUSKI-GUZIK SEANCES**

PROBABLY THE GREATEST diversity of psychic gifts ever presented to mankind was displayed in the seances of two Polish mediums, Franek Kluski and Jean Guzik. The phenomena of these two mediums was always presented under controlled conditions and observed by great scientists, police officials, artists, and other reputable people.

It often has been charged, and

sometimes justifiably, that mediums who make their living by acting as a bridge between the living and the dead will employ stratagems to fool those who call on them. This does not apply to either Guzik or Kluski. They were both men of means who did not use their gift of true mediumship to earn money. Their seances were usually held in university laboratories, in Warsaw and in Paris—in rooms without

windows, behind locked doors sealed with adhesive tape upon which countless reputable witnesses wrote their names in ink.

As an additional safeguard against trickery all of the circle and the medium were chained and padlocked together. Lead seals, like those used today to seal railroad box cars, sealed them into an unbroken, unbreakable circle.

Let us study the report made by Professor F. W. Pawloski, Professor of Aeronautical Engineering at the University of Michigan, who spent his Sabbatical vacation in Europe during the year 1924. After considerable effort he was invited to attend several seances with Franek

the room, the levitation of heavy tables, lights which darted around the room, luminous eyes, heads, arms and complete apparitions of human forms visible in red light, and other appornts.

Professor Pawloski states that immediately after the lights were turned off, apparently by spirit entities, he heard loud raps from all parts of the chamber which had a 12 foot ceiling. This was followed by bluish stars floating about the room. Other colored lights moved at terrific velocity. Of this Professor Pawloski said, "When these lights came within 16 inches distance I saw that they were human eyes. In a few moments the eyes

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

Incredible forms materialized at the seances of these great Polish mediums—dogs, birds and Neanderthal man.

Kluski. Professor Pawloski stated in his article in the *Journal* of the American Society For Psychical Research that Mr. Kluski is an educated man, a member of a reputable family, and himself a prominent business man.

Pawloski very apparently felt there was no possibility of fraud or trickery in what he saw, heard, smelled and felt during the seances. This included raps from all over

developed into a human head, then a hand that was luminous. The hand moved around the head as if to show itself to the onlooker, the eyes looked at one intently and the face smiled most pleasantly. On request the head would shoot toward the questioner by the shortest route (frequently across a table)."

Professor Pawloski also stated that questions asked mentally were answered orally and correctly by the

medium. At one seance where no chains were used members of the circle were levitated high into the air, he said. Kluski was seen to float over the heads of the sitters just as D.D. Home did also, many times in the presence of witnesses.

With deceit, trickery or the presence of confederates absolutely impossible, according to the many witnesses, many spirit forms were seen walking or floating around the room and were photographed by magnesium flares. These photographs show both the spirit and the medium. One form accompanied by a tame lion materialized and walked around the circle. A primordial man, probably a Neanderthal man of over 25,000 B.C. often materialized. His presence was recognizable by means of three out of five senses. Dogs, cats, squirrels, a mink and a large bird of prey materialized and moved about the circle. The dogs jumped up on the laps of those present and licked their faces. The bird of prey was photographed. These statements are fully confirmed by over 100 men whose names are known to the history of science.

According to Pawloski, and many other observers, a rather elderly man often materialized. He was completely luminous and visible to all observers. When Professor Pawloski first saw him he was just materializing in a corner of the room

some distance from Kluski, who was plainly visible at all times. This unworldly visitor wore a high, conical hat. He walked majestically into the very center of the circle, in the meantime speaking in a grave, powerful voice, in a language that none of the witnesses understood. He was believed to be an Assyrian priest of Baal, or Bel, or Moloch. There was a very strong odor of ozone about this entity.

Please consider Pawloski's statement that he was facing the medium, who was continually visible, while at the same time the priestly presence stood behind and to one side of Pawloski, far from Kluski. Long after the apparition dematerialized the odor of ozone remained. As ozone is formed when an electrical discharge is passed through gaseous oxygen, it seems logical to assume that those ancient wise men knew much about the forces of nature which we moderns have yet to learn.

A very interesting experiment conducted in the seance room involved the creation of paraffin molds and plaster moulages. This was said to be done by spirits dipping parts of their materialized bodies, for instance hands, into melted paraffin for an instant. This paraffin then solidified into a sort of glove and the spirit hand then dematerialized, leaving a perfectly formed glove with all the individual

Author of numerous articles in FATE and in other magazines, and of a recent book, Dr. W. D. Chesney lives in Milton Junction, Wis. He inherited an interest in psychic research from his father, who studied law in Abraham Lincoln's law office and attended spiritualistic seances with Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln. He studied medicine and later did post-graduate work in Europe. In 1922, while director of research for a Milton, Wis., firm which dealt with all phases of light, he discovered the photosynthesis of vitamins by various light wavelengths. He also invented the first fluorescent lamp, he says. Since his retirement he has devoted himself to writing.



markings, scars, wrinkles, sebaceous glands, hair follicles, clearly outlined. A suspension of plaster of Paris is then poured into the paraffin glove and permitted to harden.

Skeptics have claimed that they can produce such moulages, but they always will fail until they are themselves spirits because it is impossible to withdraw a human hand from a paraffin glove since the breadth of the hand exceeds the narrowness of the wrist. The paraffin gloves are so very thin and delicate that the utmost care must be exercised in handling them.

Some persons claimed that Kluski carried these objects into the seance room with him. This is absurd because he went into the room absolutely nude if ladies were not present. Furthermore, some experi-

mental skeptics got caught in their own trap when they secretly introduced colorless dyes into the melted paraffin in the seance room. The gloves were formed just as before. And chemical tests showed the dye to be present in the paraffin gloves but not on the hands of the medium or other members of the circle.

Moulages of infant's, women's and men's hands were made and sent to the moulage specialist C. Gabrielli in Paris, at 10 avenue de Saint Ouen. After weeks of study this expert reported that nothing but human hands could have modelled them and yet, he wrote, "We, as specialists in moulage making, have made many attempts to produce such gloves as you submitted to us. These attempts were complete failures. Our conclusion

is that it is impossible to understand how these moulages were produced. It is a deep mystery to us."

Professor Pawloski told me when I talked with him that he saw very heavy tables picked up by some unknown force and, in absolute darkness, carried over the circle to be deposited in the very center of the sitters. To demonstrate power and control, the leg of a very heavy table was set for a moment on Pawloski's shoulder, then moved on to light gently in the middle of the seance circle.

On one occasion when the seance terminated the medium was found to have disappeared from the locked, sealed seance room. He was later located in a room some distance away in an unconscious state.

Professor Pawloski wrote, "I am perfectly convinced we are on the threshold of a new science and probably a new era. It is impossible for anyone to reject or deny these phenomena, and it is impossible to explain them by clever trickery."

Franek Kluski also had great powers of clairaudience and clairvoyance when he was not in a trance state. Few mediums have been able to perform his wonderful automatic writing.

Among the witnesses to the Kluski phenomena who stated their belief that there was no possibility of fraud or trickery were Sir Oliver Lodge, Colonel Ocholowicz, Dr.

Jankowski, Dr. Geley, Dr. Richet, Count von Schrenk-Notzing, Schiaparelli (discoverer of the Martian canal system), and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

Their signed statement read in part, (translated from the French): "There were some strange materializations in the forms of animals which cannot be doubted. We have been able to prove this in our recent experiences at the Polish Institute of Metaphysics."

* * *

These same men had much the same thing to say in regard to the other great medium, Jean Guzik. After their experiments with the Guzik phenomena they drew up and signed the following covenant: "We simply affirm that the phenomena obtained with Jean Guzik is neither explainable by illusions or hallucinations, either individual or collective, or by any deceit or fraud whatsoever."

The Guzik seance of May 26, 1923, is worthy of special mention. It was held at the special request of Prince Stephen Lubomirski, in his palace, a place where Guzik had never been. The medium was stripped to the skin and given a pocketless suit of tights. The usual system of chaining the circle together was followed. The first and the last members of the circle held Guzik's hands and controlled the movement of his legs with their own. Guzik

This plaster moulage or cast of a spirit hand was obtained in a Franek Kluski seance. A spirit is said to have dipped its materialized hands into melted wax. When the wax solidified, the hands were dematerialized, leaving a sort of glove with wrinkles, pores and hair follicles clearly outlined. Liquid plaster then was poured into the glove and allowed to harden.



was entranced. Within minutes small lights appeared and danced about. Two of them approached Jelski. Suddenly the two became part of a fully formed woman. She spoke to him at length and finished the conversation, "I am Sigismond. All conditions are right. Have con-

fidence in me. I am going to take a heavy chair, apport it to the table, and place the heavy chair on it."

This seance was reported by M. Gravier, President de la Societe Polanaise d'Etudes Psychiques. He wrote, "We heard a great confusion

in a cage containing the chair. The cage door opened with a bang; I had the impression of a heavy object passing over my head and being set down lightly on the table. I could see what appeared to be a luminous column in the chair seat. It looked like the figure of a man. We awakened the medium, turned on the lights and saw the heavy chair on top the table."

In seance after seance members of the circle announced that they were being heavily touched by unseen hands. They felt gentle, soft noses thrust into their pockets. Tables and chairs were teleported about the seance room despite the fact that the medium was immobilized.

In both the Kluski and Guzik seances there seems to have been a great number of completely luminous materializations, the lights in pairs that became human eyes set in smiling pleasant faces and highly luminous portions of the human form—lips, eyes, hands, etc. The lips moved in speaking, the muscles of the faces changed in smiling, the movement of the eyes and eyelids was normal.

At least 20 reputable witnesses announced the presence of cats, dogs and squirrels that were sufficiently materialized to withstand petting. They reported that these animal spirits rubbed against them, nibbled them and licked their hands.

Through the seances of Guzik and Kluski we know exactly how Neanderthal man looked, how he dressed, a close approximation of his size, and that he had no apparent language. If we can accept the evidence presented at these seances we know he had a psyche, a soul that was fully capable of further evolution.

Dr. Gustave Geley wrote: "A strange being materialized and is described as having the form of a man, with an apelike face, but a high, broad forehead. The face and body are covered with coarse curls of hair. The arms are long, the hands long and very powerful. He is mute and seizes the hands of the sitters and licks them as would a pet dog.

"We have called him Pithecanthropus. He often materializes at these seances. At the seance of November 20, 1920, one of our members felt the large simian head of this ancestor of all men resting on his shoulder. He reached his hand and carefully felt Pithecanthropus. The hair was long and coarse and inclined to be kinky. He seized the hand of another sitter and licked it with a warm, moist tongue. One notes the sweetish, somewhat disagreeable odor of wet dog which persists quite some time after he dematerializes."

The press and nearly all books of reference refuse to give their

readers information about this most important subject that has ever confronted mankind, *survival*. Our great encyclopedias have little or nothing about the known fact that Queen Victoria, Lincoln, Edison, Beecher, Gladstone, Swedenborg, Crookes were Spiritualists. Why is this true?

But civilization marches on despite unaccepted proof or even mention of that which people most desire to know.

I am personally comforted by the positive knowledge furnished by the Guzik and Kluski seances that you and I will live on, despite so-called death, into eternity.



THE PITTSFIELD GHOST TRAIN

A NUMBER of Pittsfield, Mass., residents believe a ghost train frequents a stretch of track between the North Street Bridge and the Junction.

John Quirk at the Bridge Lunch said he and several customers saw the phantom train one afternoon in February, 1958. He said it consisted of a baggage car and five or six coaches. He described the train in great detail and added that he was able to see even the coal in the tender.

Railroad officials, however, insisted that no steam engine had operated on the line for years. They said no train had

passed Union Depot or the Junction at the time one was claimed to have been seen.

Another sighting of the phantom train was reported early in March, 1958. Timothy Koutsonecolis and Steve Strauss, Bridge Lunch employees, said the train passed in full steam at 6:30 one morning. Several customers in the lunch room at the time also claim to have seen it.

The men said the train was highballing east toward Boston as on the previous occasion it was seen. And as before it consisted of a baggage car and five or six coaches.



SHARE ALIKE

SHARING THE same room in Lakeview General Hospital in Battle Creek, Mich., Don E. Davis, 60, and Don W. Davis, 55, strangers to each other, became acquainted. They compared their ills and found each of them was hospitalized with pulled back muscles.



FRANK EDWARDS' REPORT

From all over the world have come conflicting descriptions regarding the beings who are said to ride in flying saucers. Here is an analysis of these reports and a discussion of how much truth they contain.



SPACE MEN — OR MONSTERS?

SILENTLY THE gleaming, disc-shaped object settled toward earth. The landing spot had been well chosen for its isolation. The disc hovered at an altitude of about 200 feet for several minutes, as though its occupants were taking a last look around before actually touching down. Then, lightly as a feather, it floated to rest in a small clearing. An aperture appeared, as though a close-fitting panel had been removed and out stepped—

What?

In the numerous reports of landings, of which the above account is typical but hypothetical, the re-

ports agree up to the crucial point where something or somebody steps out of the space craft. From that instant forward its every man for himself! The discs have allegedly disgorged a wide variety of occupants from an almost infinite number of origins.

It is at this point that every serious researcher in the field of ufology must pause for decision. Which story do you believe? Are the occupants of these craft gorgeous girls in coveralls who charm with their tinkling voices? Or are they gnomes in shiny metallic suits who say nothing intelligible but

who clobber their would-be contactors with swift, powerful blows? Or—heaven forbid!—are the space travelers who come our way hideous cyclopean giants with fetid breath?

Admittedly it is more delightful to consider the gorgeous girl approach. The supply of such creatures on earth has never come close to meeting the demand. Holding out the possibility that they may some day come streaming in to us from outer space is a fascinating idea not to be lightly tossed aside.

Scoffers point out that the intergalactic cutie now reportedly arriving by space ship is, in their opinion, only the modern counterpart of the fairy princesses who peopled the dreams of our ancestors.

To this line of reasoning the believers can reply, "Let them scoff! Perhaps fairy princesses *were* space girls who were given the best title of the time. If, as science says, the thunderstones of the Middle Ages are the meteorites of today, then what is so strange about fairy princesses being today's space girls? If you can believe one, the other is acceptable by the same yardstick!"

Orthodoxy will retort that there is nothing valid on either side of that argument; that space girls are as non-existent as fairy princesses. But in taking this position they leave themselves open for a broadside at close range: Much of mod-

ern science is founded on what is known as nuclear theory, which, like space girls and fairies, may be nonexistent. It is accepted by those to whom it sounds plausible and for whom it fills a need.

But while we are exploring this aspect of the controversy we must not overlook what may be a reason why gorgeous girls would be sent out in space ships. In terms of human experience it would seem logical to open intergalactic relations with the best possible approach. What could be more acceptable to the human race than a beautiful, kind and intelligent young lady who could tell us what was on her mind in tinkling bell-like tones while she read what was on our minds by some sort of telepathy? When we deal with unknown races we must be prepared to deal with unknown processes and motivations. To those (and they are legion) who can accept this equation, the presence of beautiful females in the space ships is a perfectly reasonable development. Whether she came here in a bonafide space ship or, as some detractors say, in a Bristol lamp shade is of relatively minor importance. There are many who are convinced that the space girl is for real and that all others are counterfeit.

This brings us to the gnomes.

More numerous by far than all other types of space craft opera-

tors combined are the small, humanoid characters who appear frequently in the reports from many parts of the world. This makes them no more real, nor more chimerical, than either of their competitors in the space operators contest which we are discussing. But more people have reported seeing "little men" than any other type. And an examination of the records shows that more of these "little men" reports cropped up in late 1954 than at any comparable time. Venezuela and Peru were especially productive, whether by chance or for some reason is still a matter of conjecture at this moment.

Because of the large number of these reports we may find it worth while to examine a few of them.

In Peru, S.A., a group of teenage boys had been hunting in a mountainous region and after an uneventful day they were trudging down a brush-bordered path, homeward bound. According to the story they later told to the authorities it was about mid-afternoon when they noticed a shiny, metallic object in a deep ravine near their path. At first they thought it was a plane which had come to grief but it was unlike any plane they had ever seen. It was smooth and round with a low dome. And it had not crashed, apparently, for it was not even crumpled.

What was it, then?

The boys crossed the road and plunged into the brush on the other side, making their way through the dense undergrowth toward the object. The boy who was leading the procession was carrying the only weapon they had, a rusty old shotgun. Suddenly, he later told police, a stocky little man jumped out of the thicket, seized the gun and tore it from his grasp. Before any of the boys could strike back they were flung about in the brush, helter-skelter. One boy tumbled past their assailants, three in number, and managed to hang on to the sharpened hardwood stick he had been carrying. When he scrambled to his feet he swung the club like a baseball bat and struck one of the little men across the shoulders. The boy said, "It felt like I had struck a piece of stone. It stung my hands so that I dropped the club."

The boys were skinned and bruised by the encounter but not really hurt. They scrambled back up the embankment to the road and ran for their village, about three miles away. They did not see the "little men" for more than 30 seconds all told. Nor did they see the shiny craft take off. A search party later found the shotgun about 30 feet from the marks the boys had made sliding down the steep embankment. Other than

that there was nothing to corroborate their story of the encounter.

From Venezuela, in late 1954, came a spate of "little men" reports. There were so many and from such credible sources that the U.S. government sent a plane load of specialists to interview some of the witnesses and examine the spots where some of the incidents had reportedly occurred.

One such case in Venezuela dealt with an officer and a private of the Army who noticed two small men or boys probing around an ornamental hedge beside the highway. They ducked into hiding as the car approached and this convinced the soldiers that an investigation was in order. They stopped the car and walked over to the hedge. Their report says that they found themselves confronted with two very small men who wore what appeared to be aluminized coveralls. The creatures' faces were dark brown and covered with short dark bristles. They had deep-set black eyes, flat noses, and small mouths with very thin lips.

Other than that, the troopers had no time for taking mental pictures of their strange visitors. The little men seized them and threw them about "like loaves of bread" as they later ruefully described the experience to authorities. The encounter lasted only a few seconds but it was enough to dispell any

ideas of investigating which might have lingered with the soldiers. Cut and scratched, their uniforms torn by the rough treatment, they picked themselves up off the highway and scrambled back into their car. They did not see their antagonists enter the shiny disc-shaped thing which was rising from a nearby garden but it was in that direction the creatures had run.

In many parts of Europe the fall of 1954 produced a bumper crop of reports that little men had been there, in an odd assortment of flying vehicles. France, Italy, Spain, Ireland, Portugal, Holland, Germany—all contributed their reports. Many of the reports described incidents in which the visitors scrambled into their flying discs and sped toward some nation under Soviet domination. The flying saucers may have flown over the Iron Curtain but reports of their activities never came back through it. (Let it be understood that if the UFO's were Soviet devices the Russians certainly would have discontinued the manufacture of rockets and airplanes long ago . . . which they haven't done.)

Many of these 1954 reports were published in *FATE*, especially in its serialization of Aime Michel's excellent volume *The Truth About Flying Saucers*. Let us deal only with a typical case.

Near Rhiems, one rainy night in

October, '54, two French workmen were stumbling along the railroad tracks, on their way home from work. They were not talking to each other because the wind-driven rain made it difficult. They were just plodding along, heads down, through the storm. In the pitch blackness they collided with something that was sitting astride the rails. It was wet and hard, apparently metallic, and it stopped them in their tracks. Fumbling around it in the inky blackness, they were surprised by the sudden appearance of what appeared to be a very small man clad in a light colored garment of some sort. He grunted something, scampered out of sight, only to reappear a moment later from the other side of the object that was blocking their path. Neither man saw the creature clearly but both agreed that he was there and that he was not there a few seconds later as the object shot into the air and vanished, streaming blue sparks behind it. Visibility was bad at the scene of this incident but against the lights of a house a short distance away the Frenchmen had enough of a glimpse to convince themselves of what they had seen.

Other Europeans told similar stories. Some reported seeing odd-looking little men in full daylight.

Here in our own country the two best known "little men" re-

ports came from Hopkinsville, Ky., in August, 1955, and Brush Creek, Calif., earlier. The Brush Creek incident dealt with a report by a prospector there who told of seeing, on more than one occasion, a shiny, circular craft which landed briefly while a "little man in a shiny suit" filled a pail with water and passed it up into the craft through a circular hole in the bottom. Moments later, said the prospector, the little fellow would climb a little ladder into the craft and it would soar away.

At Hopkinsville, a family was reportedly terrorized by small, manlike creatures who tried to enter their farmhouse after disembarking from a weird disc-like object. The family fought off the fantastic visitors for hours with a fusillade from shotguns, rifles and pistols. Descriptions of the alleged intruders varied considerably from one member of the family to another, but that should be understandable for if they saw what they claim to have seen they must certainly have been badly shaken. Newspaper reports, carelessly written, indicated that the family had told about seeing luminous little green men. This appears to have been the figment of some reporter's imagination for later investigators, seeking facts instead of foolishness, were told that the creatures were small and manlike, not glowing or greenish,

and very rugged fellows who promptly got back into action once they had been bowled over by a shotgun blast at close range.

As you see, these "little men" reports are numerous and widespread but they share one common characteristic—the little fellows are rough and tumble characters well able to take care of themselves, a splendid asset to chaps millions of miles from their home base.

Oddly, I do not recall having heard a single "little man" report from Australia, New Zealand or Africa. Possibly I have overlooked the reports.

Now—the monsters!

The two outstanding "monster" reports are those which occurred (or were reported) in West Virginia and Canada. The Flatwoods monster was described by the several persons present at the time as a huge thing, possibly 10 feet tall, clad in a dark green or blue garment like a diver's suit. When first seen it had its head (a kind of ghastly bubble) caught in the low hanging limb of a tree. It was scooting its feet, or whatever it used for feet. It gave the impression of something ponderous; it also gave off an odor which sickened the horrified onlookers. Nearby was a pulsating red light, presumably on the object which was seen settling in that area—and which led to the formation of the

searching party that found the monster.

The Canadian incident, sometimes called the Galt Monster, deals with the report of a disc-shaped craft which landed in daylight in open country and from which emerged a creature of most unusual description. The thing was about 12 feet tall, had six arms, and each arm reportedly ended in a claw instead of a hand. Green in color, it reportedly had three-toed feet at the end of rather short legs. Why it came across space to land barefoot in Canada is a phase of the mystery beyond our ken.

Here you have the three best known types of creatures reportedly seen in and around the devices lumped together under the generic name of flying saucers. Whether all of them are presently engaged in scrutinizing us is a matter of conjecture. At this stage of the UFO investigation by civilians, shut off from the facts gathered by the military, we can say with certainty only that the odds, numerically speaking, favor the "little men," but a more delightful prospect leads us to hope that the gorgeous girls are true too. And the monster? Phooey!

We know so little about our own planet and so infinitely less about other planets that we can only speculate on space travelers and their origin; and ours is not even

moderately well informed speculation.

From what we *do* know of the laws of nature, as they apply on earth, we assume that similar conditions produce similar results, over a long period of time. If this holds true throughout the universe then there must have been, and probably still are, other planets with intelligent beings somewhat similar to ourselves—although not identical in all respects. Planets with less gravity than our own might develop creatures of greater size than those we know. Planets with much greater gravity, by the same token, might produce creatures which by our standards would be diminutive. Planets with conditions similar to our own could conceivably produce a race of beings similar to ourselves.

In this connection you might read a study by Professor Jan Gadomski, director of the Astronomical Observatory of the University of Warsaw, Poland. Entitled *The Star Ecospheres Within A Radius of Seventeen Light Years From The Sun* it was incorporated into the records of the International Astronautical Federation at its Rome meeting in 1956. It is particularly pertinent to the subject before us at this moment, for it says:

“The ecosphere is a zone covering a certain range around the sun in which the radiation intensities

and their effects upon the planetary atmospheres are such that life on planets in that zone is conceivable. In our solar system this zone extends approximately from Venus to Mars.”

Professor Gadomski applied this concept to other stars and he and his colleagues came to the conclusion that there are at least 16 relatively near stars which may have planets within life-supporting ecospheres. He named Sirius A, Altair, Alpha Centauri B and please note, the next star after the sun, Alpha Centauri A.

This means that science is gradually awakening to the possibility that intelligent life may exist elsewhere in our own solar system and probably does exist in neighboring solar systems.

By our present standards of propulsion communication between solar systems is inconceivable. But this is not a substantial yardstick for measuring feasibilities, as we well know, for only 50 years ago the idea of an overnight trip from New York to Paris would have got you a lunacy hearing.

Nuclear science is nothing more than organized tampering with the basic forces of the universe. It may “unlock the secrets of the stars” and eventually it may take us to them. Then will we learn the truth about the gorgeous “space girl?”

Will we find the rugged “little

men" on some gigantic planet now unknown?

Will we find the "monsters" to be nothing more than by-products of a nuclear age out of control?

And will we discover that the same type of intelligence that finally takes us to the stars brought the inhabitants of the stars to us, long before?



THE 24-YEAR VOYAGE OF A GHOST SHIP

ONE OF THE strangest of sea mysteries is that involving the three-masted ship *Marlborough*, which sailed for 24 years with everyone aboard her dead. Early in January, 1890, she left Lyttelton, New Zealand, bound for her home port of Glasgow. She carried a mixed cargo, several passengers, a captain named Hird and a crew of veteran sailors.

The *Marlborough* never reached Glasgow and in April, 1891, an inquiry was held. At this time it was reported that the crew of a ship sailing near the Straits of Magellan had seen the *Marlborough*, apparently in good condition, soon after her departure from Lyttelton. The men at the inquiry could find no explanation why Captain Hird had sailed around South America instead of Africa.

The *Marlborough* was not seen again until October, 1913, when the crew of a sailing vessel sighted her in a cove of Tierra del Fuego, the desolate southern part of Argentina. As the ship appeared stranded, the mate and several of the crew rowed over to her in a small

boat to investigate.

They found the *Marlborough* silent and lifeless. Her masts still were intact, but her sails hung in rotting shreds. A green mold covered everything. The passengers and crew were scattered about the decks and interior of the vessel, their bodies shrunken and mummified.

What had happened to those aboard the *Marlborough* was a mystery. The ship's log had rotted away. There were no signs of violence. The investigators only could theorize that those aboard the vessel had died of food poison, or of thirst after having been becalmed under a blazing sun until the fresh water supply had been exhausted.

It was considered unlikely that the *Marlborough* had been stranded in the cove for most of the period she had been missing. Since she was soft with rot, she would have been smashed to fragments by the storms that pound the coast of Tierra del Fuego. It appeared, therefore, that she had reached the cove only a short time before she was discovered.

Cheiro's TRUE PREDICTION for Shackleton

The famed palmist studied the hands of his mysterious visitor
—and told of an enterprise that would end in death.

By Brigadier C. A. L. Brownlow

IN FEBRUARY, 1912, a telephone bell rang and a lady's voice asked the famous Cheiro if he would give an appointment to a celebrated musician whose identity, it was desired, should be kept concealed.

A meeting was arranged for the afternoon of February the 12th. On that day at the appointed hour a man with flowing beard, long hair and a dark cloak thrown over his shoulders was ushered into Cheiro's reception room. Then he was received by Cheiro, the impressive society palmist, immaculate in frock coat, pearl tie pin and

high white collar. The palmist's soft Irish voice welcomed the stranger with that charm of manner that could melt any cold aversion.

The unknown musician spoke a few words with a foreign accent, then having seated himself laid a music roll he was carrying on a side table and spread forth his hands for Cheiro to examine.

The palmist bent over them, searching their hidden meaning with his expert scrutiny. He forgot the stranger's appearance and what it might imply. He was aware only of the significance of the lines re-

Cheiro was the pseudonym of Count Louis Hamon, celebrated palmist and clairvoyant, who made many amazing true predictions. He died in 1936.



corded on his hands and of the clairvoyant associations he picked up with them.

"You," he said to the musician, "I see as a born leader of men, as a man brave and bold above the average. You, Sir, court danger and fearlessly face most perilous tasks. You are even now engaged in planning one of the most hazardous enterprises of your career."

Suddenly the impassive figure of the man was moved to speak, as if against his will; "Tell me," he asked, "will it be successful?"

"Only", Cheiro replied, "in that you will escape losing your life, whilst engaged upon this venture."

"And after?" the man asked.

"After that, you will carry out a similar enterprise and when engaged upon this second venture then, I fear, you will lose your life, about your 48th year."

The man laughed, "I suppose you might call my life interesting, eventful and hazardous?"

"Yes indeed," Cheiro answered. "Just the sort of life that would suit Shackleton, the explorer."

Then to Cheiro's astonishment the man rose, pulled off beard and moustache, cast aside the cloak



and dropping his foreign accent exclaimed, "Well, I am Shackleton."

In July, 1914, the great explorer set forth on the Antarctic Expedition during which his ship *Endeavour* was sunk. With some companions he just escaped with his life after great perils and dangers.

In June, 1922, he was in the Antarctic for a second time. During this expedition Shackleton was taken ill aboard his ship and died—at the age of 48 years.

Cheiro's prediction had proved correct.



NO. 3 - How to

By Desmond Dunne

Here is the amazing Yogism method of "Deep Contraction." It requires only simple and natural movements—yet can stimulate your entire system and give you greater energy.

THE ROAD TO LONG LIFE and happiness is a pleasant road. It may not seem easy at times for some but it is really worthwhile in the long run. There are four "milestones" to pass before reaching the end of the road—a four-way plan for living more happily. It is, therefore, necessary to study and practice all four.

Last month we saw the benefits to be derived through the first step—*Deep Relaxation*. Now let us examine the second step—*Deep Contraction*.

Like *Deep Relaxation*, *Deep Contraction* is simply the extension of a fundamental process normally given little attention. Basically it

is movement of a special kind . . . movement that takes place under dynamic and controlled conditions.

During this movement, while some muscles are stimulated strongly, others are allowed to rest completely—thus extending to these remoter areas the good effects of relaxation.

This interweaving of Yogism technique is most striking in the case of deep-seated internal organs which, during *Deep Contraction*, are either activated or relaxed in a way that could not otherwise be achieved. Yogism can, therefore, be of great benefit to people of all ages.

Not to be overlooked are the bio-

Stretch For Better Health

chemical changes resulting from Deep Contraction. This is one reason why British doctors have recommended Yogism so readily. A whole chemical system is set in motion when groups of muscles are dynamically engaged in a prolonged stretch. The resulting secretions and burning-up processes revive and cleanse all internal parts of the body.

You feel alive—as you have never felt before!

Exercise for the various parts of the body is just as necessary to well-being as relaxation and it need not be unpleasant. I claim that the most stimulating of all physical exercises are *natural*, spontaneous body movements. Good examples are the yawn (a passive form of muscular contraction); the running jump to clear a small obstacle (an active form of muscular contraction). Far from frightening, these are simple movements which give a sense of satisfaction absent in physical culture. The latter is a "drill" while my plan is a perfectly normal procedure.

This does not mean, of course,



that physical culture is a bad thing. But, for all its worth, it can learn from Yogism.

Reg Park (a leading authority on Western physical culture who won the titles "Mr. Britain", "Mr. Europe" and "Mr. Universe") said of Yogism:

"I have studied the Yogism course, and I feel it will be a wonderful help to many on the look-out for something to help them improve. It will give them the incentive they need. It will help them to derive the utmost benefit by creating a healthy mind and body. I am sure Yogism will prove a boon and a blessing."

Jock McAvoy, the famous middleweight boxing champion of the

British Empire, who retired undefeated, is another who spoke well of Yogism. He said:

"I have studied Yogism and consider it of great benefit. In my opinion, it is absolutely invaluable to anyone engaged in athletic pursuits of any kind, but especially boxing. I have myself derived great benefit from the course and put inches on my chest and felt much better generally. I think this Yogism should be taken by everyone, including amateur and professional boxers."

MY SYSTEM of Deep Contraction is not concerned with "developing" individual parts of the body. I focus attention on the whole man and create a balanced mental-physical combination—not simply muscular strength. Deep Contraction aims at stamina, staying-power, vitality and sound nerves . . . all of which modern man needs badly.

The muscle-groups and skin areas which are not normally exercised are galvanized into action. First the skin is stretched, pulled this way and that. The whole epidermis is given a tonic blood-flush and this is very important. In a piece of skin the size of a postage stamp there are some three million cells, a yard of blood vessels, four yards of nerves, 100 sweat glands, 15 oil glands, 25 nerve endings!

These figures indicate the complexity of our physical organism. So, when you engage in a skin-stretch, a vast and complicated part of your system is nourished. The deposits formed by lack of exercise make the muscles, tendons and nerves "set" and sluggish—a condition which often leads to rheumatism and other painful ailments.

Deep Contraction loosens all the muscle-groups and, by stretching them, breaks down harmful deposits. Waste is washed away and the whole physique made trim and healthy. A lubricant known as synovial fluid is secreted and this helps to disperse it. Lymph, a substance made up of plasma, is stimulated and the cells of the body which feed on it are thus actively fortified.

Deep Contraction is, therefore, just right for those who recoil from violent exercise. There is a physical and mental inter-action. The stretching must not be done jerkily or haphazardly. All one's attention must be concentrated on the development, build up, and maintenance of the stretch concerned. It is impossible to practice Deep Contraction while thinking of something else.

The traditional Yogic *asanas* not only call for a certain amount of agility but many are impossible to master without years of practice. Therefore I have broken down sev-

eral of the most important into easy stages suitable for Western uses.

To begin with, the Western student should confine himself to simple, natural, impromptu *stretches* of his own devising. There is a sound reason for this. He should start his stretches (1) while sitting down, (2) while lying on his back, and (3) when in a standing posture. Henceforth, every day, stretch in each of these postures in turn, and *give at least five minutes to the process.*

The vital aim is to encourage your body to stretch *slowly*, this way and that, holding each stretch for a minute or more if possible.

Stretch your neck, chest arms, back and waist—let the movements be natural, smooth and, above all, prolonged. During each stretch try to contract as many muscles as you can trace. Beware of sudden, jerky movements. Stretch slowly, gradually building-up and, equally gradually, playing down the amount of energy and muscular tension involved.

In particular, pay special attention to your waist and back. These are the areas of the abdominal organs and the spine and, more than any other part of the body, they have the power to bring the changes you seek. In the abdominal region are the internal organs concerned with digestion and elimina-

tion. The spinal column—that great trunk-line of the nervous system with connections to every extremity of the body—also directly influences health.

DEEP CONTRACTION is a natural process. However, if you need prompting on the exact form, let us assume you have just finished your period of Deep Relaxation—the opposite state—in which your body has been “at ease”.

You are lying on the floor, your feet are outstretched, arms by your side, face upwards. The relaxation period has ended. Now, try lifting your legs from ground level. Do it *very* slowly, holding your legs stiff and pointing them straight out in line with your body.

Immediately you will become conscious of a variety of contractions extending from your feet, up your calf to your thighs, and still on upwards to your abdominal region. Hold this stretch as long as possible; then, *gently and slowly* lower your feet to the floor in one smooth, controlled movement—and rest! Then you will know that you have completed the first step in the mastery of two potent Yogic *asanas*—“*Sarvangasana*” and “*Halasana*”.

Now, sitting up on the floor, try to grasp your toes or ankles with your left and right hands, bending your trunk and keeping your legs

well outstretched. Continue to bend as deeply as possible and hold the position for some time before gradually loosening your grip and returning *slowly*, remember, to the upright position. Again you have indulged a natural stretch—but you have also taken the first step to another advanced Yogic exercise, "*Paschimottanasana*", which is noted for its value in energizing the abdomen and spine.

Next, lie in the horizontal position—this time with your face to the floor. Keep your legs straight out behind you and rest your hands on the floor in a line with your shoulders. Now try to elevate your body by pressing down on your hands. After some regular daily practice you will be able to lift your abdomen off the floor. And you will have performed part of the *asanas* known as "*Bhujangasan*"—yet another famous stretch for the spine.

Finally, stretch in the standing position. This you might do by placing your hands on your thighs and, after expelling your breath, attempt to lift your abdomen with your muscles, holding it up. This, again, is part of an ancient Yogic *asana*—the first step to "*Uddiyana Bandha*".

The foregoing stretching-routines are suggestions. You also should try stretches of your own. Any natural body-stretch can be per-

formed at this stage with immediate benefit provided you stretch *slowly, deliberately*, dynamically and hold it for as long as you can without straining. This is the secret and is vital to success.

Spend five minutes or so on these contraction exercises every morning or evening—*after* your Deep Relaxation period. Either period has its advantage. In the morning you will practice while your stomach is empty, which is the ideal state; in the evening your muscles will be more responsive and you should be able to increase the intensity of each contraction.

Any time of day is suitable provided two or three hours have elapsed since taking food. Never do your Deep Contraction immediately after a meal.

Your mental attitude, too, is important. Don't make the mistake of performing the exercises as a physical culture exercise. Spend some time on each stretch and study closely each action and sensation . . . pause to relish and enjoy it. Be ready to feel the good it is doing you there and then. There will be no doubt in your mind afterwards.

I could fill pages with diagrams and descriptions of intricate Yogic *asanas* but, at this stage, I purposefully refrain. Much harm occurs when Westerners attempt complicated

Yogic postures without the essential preliminary "warming-up". Moreover, the advanced *asanas* can best be learned in a step-by-step fashion. For this reason I do not allow my students to attempt the traditional *asanas* until they have undergone a month or more of natural, instinctive, "home-made" stretches.

No reader should neglect the foregoing hints because of their

apparent simplicity. The acid test is *trial*. Spend at least five minutes daily in Deep Contractions of the type described and in seven days, I promise you, you will feel greater elasticity and a new physical and mental exhilaration.

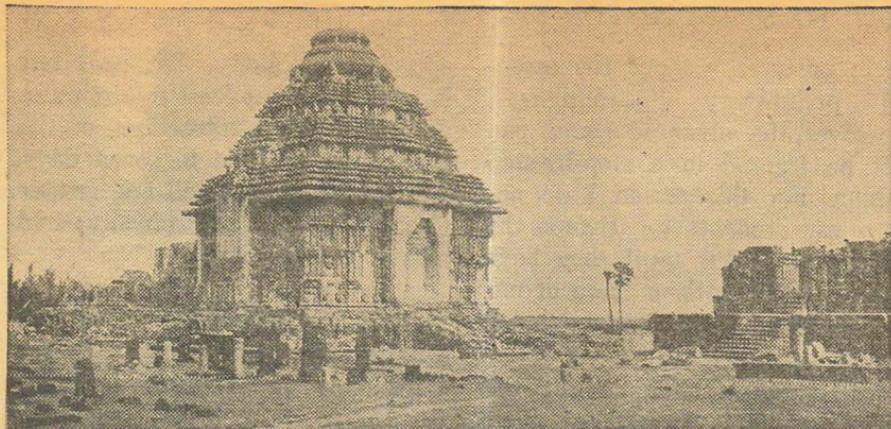
NEXT MONTH: Desmond Dunne will introduce you to the third step in Yogism—*Dynamic Breathing*.



MORE THAN BARGAINED FOR

AS FLETCHER WOMACK backed his car into a garage in Blytheville, Ark., he accidentally stepped on the accelerator. The car leaped backward and knocked a hole in a brick wall, the damage to which caused a large overhead door to fall on the car. The impact jarred the car's automatic transmission into forward gear and it plowed into another car. Womack, who had come to the garage for a 35-cent auto part, ended up with a \$1,700 repair bill.





The Black Pagoda at Konarak, India, is a scene of adventures related here by author.

RESCUED by a GHOST

I was in danger of being abandoned in the river—but then
a strange lady appeared. She stood on the water.

By Ethel Rayson

BEFORE THE Second World War I lived in India and was frequently employed to write travel pamphlets meant to encourage English and American tourists to visit the great sub-continent.

One year, about the time the monsoon rains were due in Southern India, I was asked to visit the Black Pagoda at Konarak, in the province of Orissa, and to write a folder about it. I gladly under-

took this rush job because I long had yearned to see the remote monument which has been described as being, for its size, "the most richly ornamented building—externally at least—in the whole world."

I was deeply interested also in the tradition that in the days of sailing ships the Pagoda attracted mariners by means of the lodestone lodged in its masonry, luring them

to their deaths. The name "Black Pagoda" was invented by English seamen because seen from the Bay of Bengal it appears to be dark colored, in startling contrast to the "White Pagoda," home of the great god Juggernaut and his world-famous car, at Puri a few miles distant.

To agree to go to Konarak was easy enough. To get there, as I found to my dismay, was a very different matter. When I arrived at Puri by train I was informed that it was impossible to reach Konarak by car as I had arranged to do because the first rains had broken earlier than usual and the rivers were unfordable. My alternative was to attempt the 20-mile journey along the sands by bullock cart. The driver, who had been recommended to me, reckoned that if I left Puri in his cart about 6 p.m. I ought to reach Konarak the following morning about 6 a.m. This would allow me 12 hours for sightseeing while the bullocks rested and we would then travel back to Puri during the second night. I engaged two carts, each with a driver. My two servants were to sleep in the second cart so that they would be rested and able to look after me on arrival at Konarak.

By the flickering light from the smelly oil lanterns the drivers, clad only in grimy loin-cloths, looked

extremely sinister. Even my two servants, though more respectable in appearance because they wore khaki uniforms, were sullen and sulky. However, it was too late to call off the trip and my journalistic instinct forbade me even to entertain such a thought.

Despite the jolting and bumping, I must have fallen asleep, probably lulled by the roar of the waves breaking on the nearby sandy shore. I awoke with a start, in the middle of a dream, to find that the bullock cart had stopped. By the light of the electric torch attached to my wrist I saw that the hands of my watch pointed to 2:00 o'clock. According to schedule we should have been about two-thirds of the way to Konarak. I squirmed out of my sleeping-bag, undid one of the flaps at the back of the cart and looked out. My hands and arms were soaked immediately and the sound of swirling water told me that the cart was stuck in the bed of a fast-flowing river. I blamed myself for having relied on the drivers and gone to sleep. I wondered whether the drivers and my servants had succeeded in jumping to safety. I was convinced that if they were to choose their skins or mine, they would not hesitate to let me drown.

I wriggled to the front of the cart, untied the curtains and peered out. At that moment the moon

appeared from behind a cloud. I saw that the two servants and the driver in the other cart, next to mine, were clinging together, their eyes bulging with fear. As soon as my driver caught sight of me, he prostrated himself in front of me, banging his head on the floor of the cart as a sign of lamentation.

I was so relieved to find that I was not alone that I tried to cheer the men up and to share with them the remaining scraps of my fast-ebbing courage. I told them that I was going to pray that we should not be swept into the ocean and that when dawn came we should manage to reach the river bank in safety.

To my amazement all four men jabbered in chorus, "You will be saved *Mem-Sahib*. The *Burrah Mem-Sahib* (Great Lady) told us so. She could not make a mistake."

I decided that fear had addled their brains and that now, in addition to my other troubles, I had four lunatics to contend with. I thought it wise to humor them, so I asked them gently, "What *Mem-Sahib* are you talking about?"

Hesitatingly and tearfully they eventually confessed that, just as I had suspected, they had planned to climb to safety by means of the boughs of some overhanging trees and to leave me behind in the cart. However, before Atchi, my bearer, who was the most agile

of the quartet, could clutch a branch a dignified, grey-haired lady, clad in European fashion, had appeared to them. She had stood still on the water and had spoken in their own dialect. She commanded them not to leave me. Furthermore, she warned them that if they disobeyed her and did not stay to help me they would all be drowned. From their description of the mysterious lady I believed that they had had a vision of my mother. She had lived in India for many years and on her deathbed, several years previously, had promised to watch over me always.

By the time the men had finished talking about their strange experience it was daybreak. The rain had stopped but we saw that our predicament was very serious because the river was still rising. We wasted much precious time endeavouring to induce the bullocks to draw the carts to the nearest bank, on the Konarak side, but the animals would not budge and finally I persuaded the drivers to unharness them. With considerable difficulty I managed to climb onto the back of one bullock where I made Atchi sit in front of me so that I could see what he was up to. The two drivers and Irannah, my second servant, mounted the other three bullocks and eventually we reached the sandy shore which had been transformed into a bog.

A few stray coolies appeared from some miserable mud huts to stare at us and, by promising them lavish baksheesh, I persuaded them to help push and pull the carts out of the water.

This salvaging was a lengthy business. Moreover, there was no going back. It was essential to continue to Konarak in order to join another path which, if sections of it were not washed away, would eventually take us back to Puri. By the time we reached the Black Pagoda it was sundown so I had to spend this second night in the *dak* bungalow, a scantily furnished rest-house in which travellers could rent accommodation. I arranged to start my sightseeing at dawn on the morrow, in order to inspect as much of the carving as possible before returning to Puri.

After a bath I seated myself on the verandah and started to read and to munch some very moist sandwiches. I told the servants to have their food but to remain within earshot. I was beginning to relax when suddenly peace was shattered by a strange man who clambered onto the verandah out of the darkness. He stood before me stark naked and questioned me insolently about my reasons for visiting the Black Pagoda. He told me, as I already knew, that it was dedicated to Surya, the Sun God, and that erotic sculpture is its decoration.

Approaching the main temple earlier I had noticed a separate structure disfigured with red paint and smeared with oil. Scraps of sacking hung in the doorway served as curtains and weird sounds issued from behind them. I now thought it highly probable that this man, who seemed to be under the influence of drugs, had been taking part in fertility rites. The Sun God always has been worshipped as the generative force. The man may have been a dabbler in Black Magic also. At any rate he gazed at me unblinkingly and I realized that he was trying to hypnotize me. With an effort I turned my eyes away from his and shouted for the servants. To my relief they appeared immediately, instead of dawdling as was their wont. They followed me into the bedroom where the man was fingering my possessions, either with a view to stealing them or in order to cast a spell on them.

Both Atchi and Irannah exclaimed together, "It's no use for you to attempt to injure or rob our *Mem-Sahib* because she is a white witch. When she is in danger a *Burrah Mem-Sahib* appears and protects her. You will drop dead if you try to molest our *Mem-Sahib*. Understand?"

The man gave a howl of terror and leapt from the room into the surrounding blackness.

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That night, despite the heat, I bolted the doors and shutters and slept undisturbed. Probably my reputation as a white witch had been noised abroad!

In the morning I admired the magnificent statues of Surya, symbolic of the morning, noontide and afternoon sun. Before weathering and the neglect of centuries had wrought havoc at the Black Pagoda the sanctuary was linked to the audience chamber and the two structures together represented the chariot of the Sun God. The carved horses and elephants are so life-like that, but for the remote location of the Konarak temple, the statues would certainly have been removed and placed in one of the great museums of the world for all to see.

I eventually arrived back in Puri some 24 hours behind schedule. The search party which had set out to look for me met me trudging beside the bullock cart along the track where the mammoth car of the great god Juggernaut is drawn once a year by thousand of pilgrims. The sound of English voices startled me. I felt dazed, as though I were returning from another world. And I believe that, except for a loved one who really did return from another world, I should never have been able to come back to Puri.

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THE MAN IN MY HOUSE

By Gertrude Mummert

IN 1937 we sold our farm in Maryland and went to York, Pa., where we rented a house for several months.

A few nights after moving in I felt something heavy on my chest while in bed. This occurred for several nights and kept me from sleep.

I was psychic and felt that something about the house was not right. I asked whatever it was to leave me in peace. I was exhausted from the numerous chores of moving and needed rest.

One day when I was alone in the house I was impelled to look at the stairway. I saw a man standing there and watching me. I never had seen him before. He wore a light brown shirt and dark blue trousers. I noticed that his left arm had been amputated and the empty shirt sleeve was tucked under his belt, which was black. I was too frightened to move.

I did not know how the man had entered the house, for the doors always were locked. As I stared at him I was amazed to see him disappear before my very eyes.

I went to my mother, who lived a few doors from me. She had a visitor, a Mrs. Ruby. I must have been quite pale, for both asked me what was wrong. I told them about the man I had seen in my house. He had seemed so material that I assumed he was a living person.

Mrs. Ruby said my description of the man fitted that of a Mr. Wineholt who had killed himself with gas. She asked me where I lived and when I told her she said it was Mr. Wineholt's house.

A short time later I was alone in the house again. I was in the dining room and felt impelled to look up. There stood Mr. Wineholt.

I was determined to find out what he wanted, so I spoke his name and questioned him. I heard him say, "What are you doing in my house?"

I explained, "We rented it. You do not live here any more. You are dead."

"No," he said, "I am not. Get out of my house. You sleep in my bed. It's my bed and this is my home."

I had a difficult time convincing him that he was dead. I pointed out that he had committed suicide in the kitchen by taking gas. It



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seemed he did not remember and was somewhat surprised by the information. I told him I would pray for him and in this way help him to find his way to higher spirit planes. This apparently released him from his earthly bonds, for that was the last I ever saw of him.
—Dover, Pa.

THE INVISIBLE VISITOR

By Carol Bird

ONE NIGHT in February, 1934, when I was a young girl and lived in Milwaukee, Wis., I was asked to baby-sit for two neighborhood children, Teddy Grahame, a boy of seven, and his five-year-old sister, Vera. Their mother had died in 1930.

I was playing games with them when suddenly and simultaneously they looked toward the door of the nursery. Then, jumping up from the floor where we were "building a castle" with blocks, they ran toward someone invisible to me. They reached out their arms, their faces alight with excitement and love. Looking upward as though at someone much taller than themselves, they seemed to lean against this person.

Then they returned to my side, smiling happily. It appeared that the unseen (by me) visitor had gone.

"Who was it?" I asked, astonished by the strange scene I had witnessed.

"Why, Mama," replied Teddy.

Little Vera nodded. "My pretty mama came to see me," she said. "She kissed me."

Knowing the children's mother had died when they were too young

to remember her, I asked them to describe her.

Teddy said, "She is very pretty. She has black hair and big blue eyes."

Vera added, "Her hair was fixed like mine." She pulled at her pig-tails. "And she wore a real soft nightie."

When Mrs. Theodore Grahame, Sr., the children's paternal grandmother, returned home, I asked her to describe the children's mother. "She was a tall, lovely brunette, with beautiful, deep blue eyes. She was a devoted mother and every night she went to the nursery to tuck the children in bed, her dark hair in long braids and sensibly wearing a warm flannelette night-gown on cold nights like this one."
—Lake Worth, Fla.

HELP FROM BEYOND

By Mrs. C. H. Chamberlin

MY FATHER, W. H. Pollard, was a doctor, as was his father before him. In 1892 my father was practising in Salina, Utah. His father had been dead many years.

In the fall diphtheria broke out in the little town. One of Father's diphtheria patients was a Mrs. Wilson, a young woman with three small children. Father, thinking of her babies becoming motherless, had a driving desire to bring her through alive.

In those days there were no anti-toxins or antibiotics like we have today. If my memory serves me right sugar of lead was the accepted remedy for diphtheria. Sugar of lead is a deadly poison if given in too large a dose.

One day, calling on Mrs. Wilson,

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Father found her in a grave condition. He gave her all the sugar of lead that he dared. Then, turning his mind from his other patients entirely, he sat down beside her bed. He knew he had done all he could. Her recovery or her death were out of his hands. But he felt impelled to stay there and watch her, for she was getting worse.

Hours passed. Evening came. Mrs. Wilson's husband brought a lighted lamp and set it on the table. He looked at his wife, shook his head and went out. Father could offer him no encouragement. But Mr. Wilson's grief-stricken face kept turning like a knife in Father's heart. Suddenly he cried out:

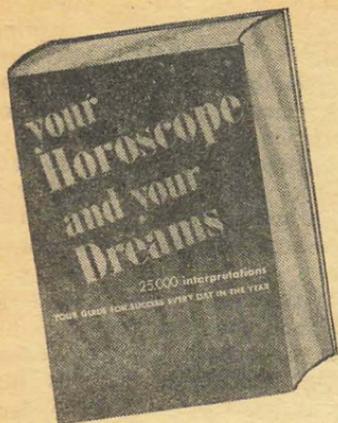
"Surely, there is some way to save this woman's life. If there is any help for her anywhere in the universe won't someone point it out to me?"

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when a standing figure appeared at the foot of the woman's bed. It was Father's father. In some way, although no words seem to have been spoken, Father said his father indicated that a certain amount of sugar of lead was to be given to Mrs. Wilson.

Father hesitated. That amount would kill her. His father, emphatic and impatient, insisted that the medicine be given. Feeling that the woman was dying anyhow, Father measured out the medicine and, with difficulty, administered it. His father stood watching, then with a smile of approval left as suddenly as he had come.

Mrs. Wilson recovered and the way in which it was accomplished proved to my father that we live after death.—*Los Alamitos, Calif.*

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By Mary Hohneck

I NEVER WILL forget December 13, 1941. Near midnight my husband hurriedly prepared to leave for work on the graveyard shift at the shipyard. He dashed up and down the stairs three different times to get forgotten necessities, a locker key, his pipe and his flashlight.

These trips often make me wonder if fate had ordained his rendezvous with death. The blacked-out train that struck his car was late; ordinarily when he passed that railroad crossing, only three blocks from home, the train already was gone.

The next nine nights unfolded like jerky scenes in an old movie tragedy. First there was a tall policeman, regretfully telling me of the accident; then the swift but careful ride to the hospital. Everyone was so kind, for I obviously was expecting a child.

The next picture blurs past quickly: my husband's terrible, labored breathing; the strip of white bandage around his head, so pathetically inadequate to cover the hidden basal skull fracture. Gentle hospital nuns led me out of his room. Later the doctor came and said, "He's gone."

I spent the next four nights in a hospital bed and have vague memories of ice bags and huge white pills.

After I returned home, four more days and nights dragged by while I paced the floor. My neighbor, Phyllis, begged me to sit down, but I brushed her aside, saying, "Don't try to stop me. I'll go crazy if you try to keep me quiet."

The ninth night I sagged into bed, drained of energy. For some peculiar reason sedatives fail to affect me, and doctors say really heroic doses are needed to put me out. For this reason I had been getting along with very little.

Faithful little Phyllis, who refused to leave me, sat in the living room with the radio turned low.

My mind ran in dizzy circles. Then a strange bluish light appeared at the foot of my bed. The room seemed to fade away while it was there. My mind was drawn to the light as if by a magnet, so that I was aware of nothing else. There was a pleasant, cool mistiness; I felt as light as a feather, blissfully free of fear and worry.

A hand smoothed the hair from my forehead and Bonnie's familiar voice spoke softly into my ear. "I am sending Bob to help you get some money. Always invest it as a nucleus; all of your life use it as a nucleus."

I strained my eyes to see into the mist and stretched my hands out to emptiness. My sharp cry of despair brought Phyllis and the light vanished. The room instantly returned to normal.

I tried to explain the incident to Phyllis, but she smiled and said, "If you fall asleep quickly again, you may learn more."

The next day the telephone rang and a strange voice said, "You don't know me, but my name is Bob Canelli. I witnessed your husband's accident. Please let me know if I can be of any assistance." After giving me his telephone number, he told me that the accident had been constantly on his mind and that he hoped to help me.

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The contributors in the field of parapsychology, Drs. J. B. Rhine and J. G. Pratt of Duke University, Dr. William R. Birge of Rensselaer

Polytechnic Institute and H. Addington Bruce of the A.S.P.R. develop their points of view on the question as derived from the present and future stages of parapsychology. Psychoanalyst Emanuel Schwartz evades the main issue to study the psychodynamics of why the question has come up. Martin Ebon of *Tomorrow* Magazine pictures the need for increased research with increased facilities for investigating the entire field embraced by psychic research and parapsychology.

The theologians draw pictures of the various beliefs and dogmas of the various religious groups as to survival and this is surveyed from the point of view of the Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, Islamic, Hindu-Buddhist, and Tibetan-Buddhist faiths. All seem to be acceptable presentations of the various points of view except that Cornelius Van Til's remarks on Protestantism represent a very small portion of Protestant opinion. They appear to be a most reactionary presentation of the dogmas of John Calvin and not representative of most interpretations of Scriptural authority or of

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C. C. L. Gregory in a short paper questions the validity of the current scientific practice of attempting to explain complex phenomena by the behavior of individual parts. He believes the method is outmoded but a fetish of the materialists which they dare not give up.

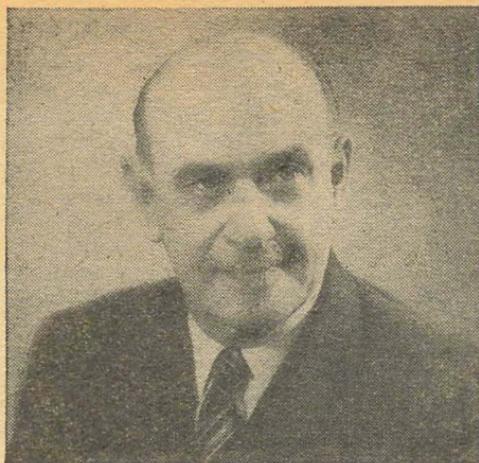
The book makes stimulating reading. Mrs. Garrett has included seven well-selected survival cases from the field of psychical research, all indicating that there is a survival problem to be dealt with. In her introduction, she states that the answer to the main problem is "not yet." However she points out the directions in which future research may move and the new techniques in present-day research which bear directly on the central problem.

Those interested in the survival question will find this symposium illuminating as well as a clear presentation of the current status of the problem.—*Edmond P. Gibson.*

NEW WORLDS BEYOND THE ATOM, by Langston Day, in collaboration with George de la Warr. Vincent Stuart Publishers Ltd., 55 Welbeck St., London W. 1. 136 pages, 25/s. (\$3.50)

To those interested in modern radionics and radiesthesia, I commend this volume as indispensable.

This is an exciting, breathtaking book about the "network of vibrations, waves and influences" that impinge on everything, animate and inanimate, by far the greater portion remaining unperceived. Mention is made of proof that every cell is a radio transmitter and receiver, a



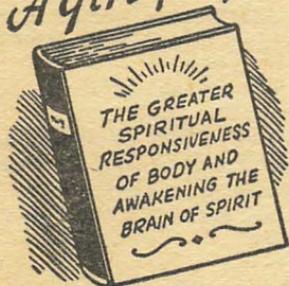
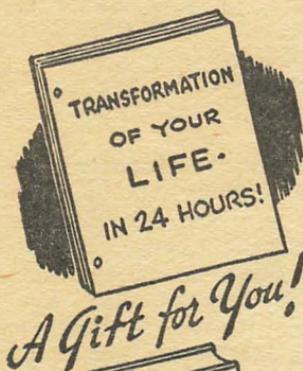
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De la Warr's experiments have led him to conclude that "all forms of energy are manifestations of one basic Cosmic Energy, or Universal Mind." Hence he endorses the statement of Plotinus that "the most irrational theory is that elements without intelligence should produce intelligence."—*Arthur E. Powell.*

THE CREATIVE POWER OF MIND, The Scientific Use of Your Thought for Abundant Living. Edited by Willis H. Kinnear. Prentice-Hall, Inc., Englewood Cliffs, N. Y. 351 pages, \$4.95.

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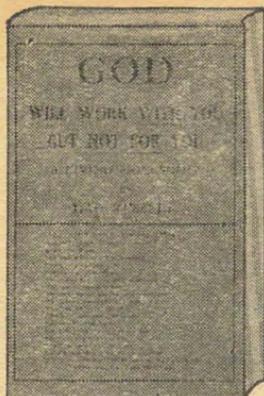
Mr. Willis H. Kinnear, editor of *Science of Mind Magazine* has found that some of the most important scientists and thinkers in this country and in England do not share in that point of view. Nobel prize winners such as Heisenberg, Max Planck, Sir Charles Sherrington and Rabindranath Tagore look far from the field of materialism and find a philosophy of energy and mind.

An impressive group of physicists support their point of view. They are Donald H. Andrews, C. D. Coulson, George R. Harrison, Raynor C. Johnson, Paul E. Sabine, C. F. Weisacher, and Sir Edmund Whittaker. Likewise in other fields of science we find astronomers Harold Shapley and Gustave Stromberg presenting a non-material philosophy. In biological fields N. J. Berrill, Edmund W. Sinnott and Pitrim A. Sorokin support a point of view supporting the creative dynamic power of the mind. Ashley Montagu, well-known anthropologist, contributes a study on the creative force of love.

Arnold Toynbee, who one would expect as a philosopher and historian to look into the future with pessimism, writes a fascinating article, "I am an Optimist." Dr. Joseph Banks Rhine of Duke University has written a study entitled "New World of Religion."

The opinions expressed in this anthology are very diverse from their points of observation. Some writers treat the subject philosophically, others have found how to put creative mind to work. The writers who have contributed to this collection include 29 scientists, five philosophers, nine religious leaders, and

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Edmond P. Gibson.

THE CASE FOR PSYCHIC SURVIVAL, by Hereward Carrington. Citadel Press, New York. 157 pages, \$3.50.

This highly technical book is aimed at discovering whether "controls," or others speaking through a medium, are separate, distinct entities, or merely "subconsciously elaborated", split-off aspects of the medium's own personality. The methods employed were the Bernreuter Personal Inventory Tests, Page's Behavior Analysis, and Jung's stimulus word list, applied first to the medium in a normal state, then while in trance. "In every case," it is claimed, "they indicated two diverging and opposite personalities with distinctly different intellectual backgrounds."

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While perhaps too technical for the average student, the more advanced and mathematical should find the exposition of great interest and, in fact, of transcendent importance.

The medium was Eileen Garrett, with her control Uvani, the Arab, and a secondary control Abdulatif.—
Arthur E. Powell.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

SPURTING UFO

On April 23, 1958, at 9:17 P.M., I saw in the eastern sky an unidentified flying object which was unlike any aerial phenomenon I ever have seen. I was in Searcy, Ark., standing in an open area. The object was about one mile from Searcy, slightly north of east. It appeared to be at a 45-degree angle from the horizon to the zenith and at an altitude of 5,000 feet. It traveled from south to north.

The object, orange-white, as if on fire, very brilliant and round, was about 20 times the apparent size of the average "falling star" (meteorite). It appeared suddenly and traveled horizontally without deviation. The complete distance it traveled was about 25 to 30 degrees declination, or almost two miles. It moved in three equal "spurts." That is, it streaked one-third of the distance that I saw it move overall, stopped momentarily, or at least slowed considerably enough to give me the impression that it stopped, accelerated another one-third of the total distance, stopped, rapidly traveled another one-third of the distance and disappeared abruptly.

It left a trail that remained visible two-thirds to three-fourths or the entire distance from the point of appearance to the point of disappearance, or about 70 per cent of the observable distance. This

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trail discontinued as suddenly as the object disappeared, and at the same moment. The object was visible for about two and five-tenths to three seconds. Since it traveled between 25 and 30 degrees declination, this would mean its velocity was over 2,700 miles per hour (using 25 degrees declination and two and five-tenths seconds). This calculation, of course, does not take into consideration the pauses occurring in flight. The maximum velocity of the object must have been considerably more than 3,000 miles per hour.

The sky in the area where I sighted the object was perfectly clear. Information in this report was recorded immediately after the sighting.—*William Kirk Floyd, Searcy, Ark.*

MYSTERIOUS FLARES

I read in the May, 1954, issue of FATE that mysterious green and red flares had been seen near Lake Superior. I swear in complete sincerity that I saw the same thing. The flares appeared to come as close as 25 feet to the ground. They were mysterious-looking and were completely silent. This sighting took place last fall at the Lakewood district outside of Duluth.—*Willard Moore, Jr., Minneapolis, Minn.*

STAR-LIKE OBJECT

At approximately 7:10 P.M. on Sunday, April 20, 1958, as I sat on my front porch looking westward toward the Hollywood skyline, I saw a star-like object appear suddenly as if out of nowhere. It was as high as a blimp usually is seen and shone beautifully, seeming as bright as a thousand stars together. It looked

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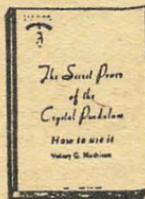
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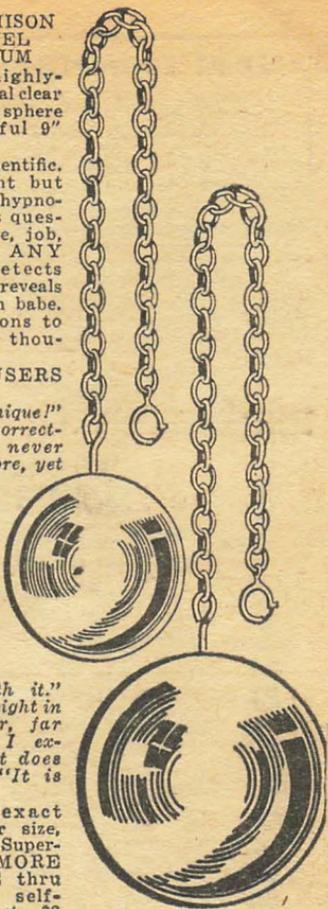
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like the planet Venus come to earth. It glided smoothly along, at an even level, going northward toward the sparsely populated area of the Hollywood mountains.

I was rather skeptical about the existence of UFO's, but I now am convinced they are a reality. What I saw could not have been anything but a UFO.

A dozen searchlights probed the sky in that area afterwards. Apparently I'm not the only one who saw the UFO.—*Thelma Robertson, Los Angeles, Calif.*

PROOF OF AN INTERVIEW

I read in the Report From the Readers department of the July issue of FATE a letter from Mr. Faust F. Werner, who is critical of my article on Therese Neumann. Besides offering two corrections, Mr. Werner implies that I had not interviewed Fraulein Neumann at all.

First let me say that Mr. Werner is absolutely correct in that Fraulein Neumann was not declared "Blessed" or "Holy," but that St. Therese of the Child Jesus, instead, received these titles. The error occurred in the notes in German made by my interpreter.

The interpreter did not use the word "Saint" as a title when taking notes. Instead the notes read that Fraulein Neumann related how, on April 18, 1923—the same day that Pope Pius XI declared Therese "Blessed"—her sight came back. And that two years later the Pope declared Therese "Holy" and she was cured. The mistake, I believe, is a natural one. I subsequently have checked several books on the Neu-

mann phenomenon and I find that Mr. Werner's criticism is more than justifiable.

As to Mr. Werner's doubts as to whether or not I actually interviewed Fraulein Neumann, it seems to me he has no foundation whatever for his statement. That Fraulein Neumann is a person difficult to interview is indisputable. That my interpreter and I interviewed her and the others, however, is corroborated, proven fact. If Mr. Werner will take the time to pen a letter to Fr. Neumann, her brother, Dr. Seidl, or Father Naber, I'm sure my assertion will be confirmed, as I was one of two military personnel ever to conduct a formal round of interviews with them and I doubt

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they would forget the circumstances.

As additional proof, the following persons accompanied Fischer and me on a subsequent trip to Konnersreuth and learned from Father Nabner that the interviews, as I related them, did in fact take place: Mrs. Anthony Ingrisano, wife of Air Force Major Anthony Ingrisano; and Father Merfield, Captain, U.S.A.F., former Roman Catholic chaplain at Landsberg Air Base.—*Charles B. Harnett, Springfield, Ill.*

TOAD MYSTERY

I was greatly interested in the article, "The Day It Rained Frogs," in the May issue of FATE.

Some years ago I had a strange experience with toads when I lived on a farm. I had a splendid well 27 feet deep with 13 feet of water in it all the time. After being used for some years the water began to taste of decayed animal matter. So one day I went to work emptying the water from the well, first by pump, which did not reach the bottom, and then by pail and rope.

When I had completed the task, I counted 35 little toads, some dead but the majority alive. The question is, where did these toads come from? The well was tightly covered, and the toads could not have gotten in from the top. Then how did they get in? Was it by an underground water course?—*J. Tough, Edmonton, Alta., Can.*

DESIGNS IN FEATHER CROWNS

I have read several letters about feather crowns in FATE over the years. I have been greatly interested in them ever since I was a boy.



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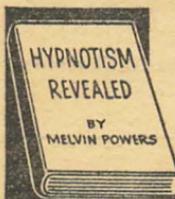
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Being a painter and paper hanger, I meet many people, and I always ask them about feather crowns. I find that most young persons never have heard of them, but most of the older ones have. You would be surprised how many of them have one or two.

I have read many different theories regarding feather crowns. I recall one theory that they are caused by a raveling in the pillow. Perhaps some are, but I have seen one that had black feathers in it as far as you could see, although the pillow it came out of had in it feathers of every color you can find on fowls.

I also have seen crowns with designs worked into them with differently colored feathers. I recall one that had a sort of pin-wheel design on one side of it. I have seen crowns of all sizes and shapes—round, oval, square with round corners, and long like a cigar. One lady told me she had found a crown with a hole in the center, like a doughnut.—John Haynes, Doe Run, Mo.

CLARIFICATION

The article, "Trance in the Courtroom," on page 93 of the April issue of FATE gives a wrongly slanted account concerning me. You state unsubstantiated charges made by Mr. Werra. In view of this, I am certain you will print a rebuttal.

I can send you a recorded tape made by Radio Station WOKY in Milwaukee, wherein Mr. Samuel Schrinky, counselor for Mr. Werra, defines his charges against me. Also on this tape is my response in defense.

Mr. Schrinky said that I had

Mrs. Rose Werra under a hypnotic spell. In this present day and age, for anyone to use the term "spell" in connection with hypnotism is a clear indication of their ignorance of the science of hypnotism.

Mr. Schrinsky mentions a recorded tape of Mrs. Werra in a regressed hypnotic state. Anyone at all familiar with hypnotism will know that the hypnotized subject supplies the answers to questions asked by the hypnotist. The recording will show clearly that Mrs. Werra told us—Mr. Sylvester Werra (her former husband) and me—that she and I were man and wife during the days of the Revolutionary War.

My demonstration in the privacy of Judge Neelan's chamber was clear proof that any hypnotic hold on Mrs. Werra was only imaginary. I was teacher to both Mr. and Mrs. Werra.—*Jacob Apsel, Milwaukee, Wis.*

COLLISIONS WITH SKY ICE?

I've read of a bean storm in Van Nuys, Calif., three-cornered hailstones in Long Beach, a 20-pound chunk of ice falling in Whittier and another of 50 pounds in Firestone Park. How come? I am a curious cuss and when I hear something strange or out of the ordinary, I am disturbed until I get some more dope on the situation. So I got out my copy of Charles Fort and did some research. Eureka! I find that falls of ice from the sky are not so unusual.

Recently two planes crashed near Okinawa. Some time previously three jets crashed in nearly the same place. No SOS. No survivors.

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Then there was the liner from Hawaii. Same.

Did these planes run into chunks of ice? In any case, something happened too quickly for the radioman to get out a call. In the case of the transport and jet "collision" at Okinawa, it seems that the planes were traveling in the same direction, that is, they were en route from the Philippines. Doesn't it seem strange that the pilot would not see the running lights of another plane at 7:45 P.M.? Even a small light can be seen for a great distance. There was nothing in the report about visibility. It may have been foggy.

On April 7, 1958, the *Long Beach Independent Press Telegram* published a report of a U.S. seaplane that crashed, burned and sank on April 6, "three miles off shore," just like the transport and jet and the three jets of Okinawa. Coincidence? One wonders.

Both of the Okinawa accidents took place at night. People on shore reported a "big flash" for the three jets and three distinct flashes in the case of the transport and jet collision.—C. J. Fortner, *Long Beach, Calif.*

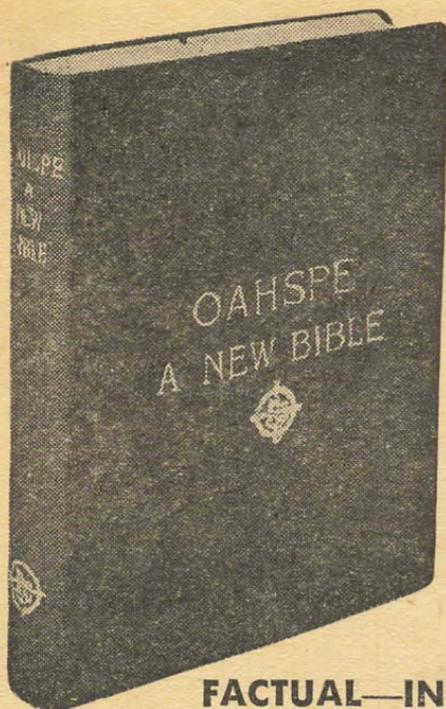
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Some time ago I wrote to the pastor of a church, asking permission to hold a revival in his church. He said he regretted that his church schedule would not permit it.

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stamped envelope, ready to mail, and then lay down on my bed.

A short time later a voice spoke loudly from the center of the room: "Mr. Ray, why are you writing to that man? Don't mail that letter. You committed that problem to me to solve for you."

I got out of bed, picked up the letter and wrote on the back of the envelope: "God has spoken in a loud voice, forbidding me to mail this letter." I also wrote the date, March 6, 1958, on the envelope, and I now have this letter filed away with valuable records as a memento of the incident.—*Edgar Ray, Indianapolis, Ind.*

LOCH NESS SERPENTS

Reading the article, "Yes, There Is A Loch Ness Monster," made me recall an incident related to me by my aunt when she visited me about eight years after World War I. There was a great deal of comment about the Loch Ness monster in the papers at the time, and when I spoke skeptically of the matter to my aunt, she was very indignant.

She said the summer before she had visited a small village on the shore of Loch Ness and the old folk had told her that summer all the villagers had gone to the shore to see a pair of serpents swimming along. She insisted the villagers were honest folk and would not have made up a story like that. She believed there was an underground passageway from the sea. She was then 75 years old.

My cousin, who for some time lived inland in Trinidad, spoke of the danger from pythons. She told me that once they found a huge

python sleeping in the gutter in front of their house. The houseboy cut it up as it had swallowed a young pig and was helpless.

I asked my cousin where the pythons came from. She said they came down the Amazon and swam over from the coast.—*Maude Kaperlian, Kingston, N.Y.*

A SHARED DREAM

My husband and I are accustomed to dreaming the same dreams and nothing in this connection quite surprises us any more—yet one dream did.

We were living on a small island off Vancouver Island in Canada at the time, as completely isolated from the civilized world as we could be. One morning we compared dreams as usual and found we had dreamed of a large boat guiding itself onto the island. It seemed that none of the passengers were excited or anxious about getting their luggage.

My husband and I, who seemed to be aboard, leisurely went to our cabin and began to remove our luggage. The passengers were helped into lifeboats for the short distance to land. They were joking and laughing about how funny it was to see an ocean liner boarding an island.

Three days later we heard the news about the captain of a liner falling asleep and his ship grounding. The newspapers headlined it and it was the scandal of the year. The amazing thing about this incident is that my husband and I witnessed it three days before it happened.—*Rhio La Violette, Cloverdale, Calif.*

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THE RUINED PHOTO

On February 3, 1958, I attended the funeral of a distant, aged relative, "Uncle" Albert Parten, at Midway, Tex. My trusty color slide camera was at my side as usual and the conditions were a photographer's delight. The sunshine shone in under the funeral canopy, brightening the casket and the surrounding flowers for perfect color exposure. The casket was open for viewing the body as it had been brought from Baytown, Tex.

This was a perfect opportunity for a final picture of "Uncle" Albert. I hesitated to take a picture of a corpse, but my hobby won the decision. I doubt that many noticed the slight click of my camera.

Later, after I had exposed the remainder of the roll of film, about four more frames, the camera jammed on the rewind—the only time this ever has happened. I opened the camera back slightly in a dim light in the hope of locating the trouble without ruining the un-rewound film. There was no apparent difficulty and I was able to rewind the remainder.

When my color slides returned from the processor I was shocked to discover not only that I indeed had ruined part of the roll by opening the camera, but that precisely enough of the film had been ruined to prevent showing the body. The closed end of the casket and the flowers in that part of the frame were lovely—but the rest of the frame, which would have shown the open end of the casket, was blank. Did "Uncle" Albert not want his picture taken?—*Marvin M. Monk, Bryan, Tex.*

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