

October 1960

35c

**TRUE STORIES OF
THE STRANGE AND
THE UNKNOWN**

FATE

PDC

MAGAZINE

Articles

Three Secrets For Your Adventure in Faith

Marcus Bach27

Flying Saucers—Top Secret

Major Donald E. Keyhoe36

Peter Hurkos and the Jackson Family Murders

Curtis Fuller49

Photographers Analyze UFO Picture

Harlan Wilson70

**Psychic Phenomena and the
Bewildered Psychoanalyst**

Nandor Fodor80

Stories

Aunt Caroline's Tryst With Death

Peggy Maurine Gregson33

The Day My Premonitions Came True

Israel J. Weinstein46

Lady Wetherby's Snake-Lover

Cheiro61

Espanto—Dread Curse of the Zapotecs

Henry J. Santon74

Hypnotizing by Telepathy

Alwyn Stevenson89

PLUS . . .

6 BIG
FEATURES

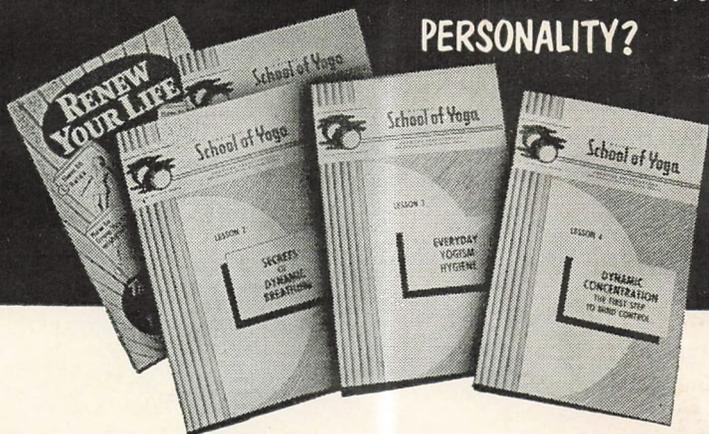
**"Vampire" Arrested in Argentina . . . Latest News
. . . Crisis at the Fairy Mound . . . My Proof of
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FATE

ARTICLES... TRUE REPORTS ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

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Photographers Analyze UFO Picture *Harlan Wilson* 70
Psychic Phenomena and the Bewildered
Psychoanalyst *Nandor Fodor* 80

STORIES... DRAMATIC ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

- Aunt Caroline's Tryst With Death *Peggy Maurine Gregson* 33
The Day My Premonitions Came True *Israel J. Weinstein* 46
Lady Wetherby's Snake-Lover *Cheiro* 61
Espanto—Dread Curse of the Zapotecs *Henry J. Santon* 74
Hypnotizing by Telepathy *Alwyn Stevenson* 89

FEATURES... NEWS AND NOTES ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

- I See by the Papers *Curtis Fuller* 6
Fear Can Be Fatal 32
The Fourth State of Matter 35
"Vampire" Arrested in Argentina 45
True Mystic Experiences *The Readers* 55
Crisis at the Fairy Mound *Raymond C. Otto* 69
Signals From a Test-Tube Brain 79
The Great Parade of Phantoms 88
My Proof of Survival *The Readers* 93
New Books 101
Report From the Readers *The Readers* 109

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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"It is my opinion life exists on Mars or Venus . . . For traveling there, nuclear power for rockets is promising. When we get it, we'll have space ships of 100 tons or more, about the size of Columbus' Santa Maria. The kind of people who go off on space journeys will be like Byrd flying over the South Pole . . . like Perry going to the North Pole."

— Dr. Harold Urey
Scientist and Nobel Prize Winner

MUSIC FROM OUT THERE

LET'S TAKE time to comment on the scientific disagreements about life on other worlds.

Such life exists. It doesn't. We're going to get there soon. We aren't. It's discouraging to those of us who realize our ignorance to listen to men who ought to know disagree with one another.

On the one hand, for instance, Dr. Harlow Shapley, Professor Emeritus of Astronomy at Harvard, raises some very sharp questions about the idea that other intelligences in the universe are trying to communicate with us. This idea is behind some of our own nation's radio astronomy work, for example.



Dr. Shapley feels that while organisms probably exist on planets out there they are too far away to make communication practicable. It could easily take 20 years to get the answer to one question, for example. Meanwhile, what has happened to the man who asked the question?

This sort of thinking is nonsense to Dr. R. N. Bracewell, a Stanford University professor and co-author of a leading text on radio astronomy.

Dr. Bracewell suggests that a communications satellite may already have been dispatched by another civilization, may even now be in orbit around our sun. Dr. Bracewell says that this satellite may



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Dr. Bracewell notes that in 1927, 1928 and 1934 strange radio "echoes" were heard that never have been adequately explained. He says that it is possible that these were transmitted by such a radio satellite. The echoes in question seemed to be reflections of radio pulses from Holland. Such a pulse travels at a speed that takes it around the earth in one-seventh of a second. But these "echoes" came back after three to 15 seconds. The delay must indicate that they were reflected from something in space.

The Stanford scientist doubts that the National Radio Astronomy Laboratory at Green Bank will get results from trying to contact the three nearest stars thought capable of having habitable planets. He reasons that for a good chance of success there ought to be about 1,000 star candidates, which encompasses an area of 100 light years. Scanning such an area over generations is much too big a job, he says. The most practical way to do it is by a satellite storing information. And that's why he thinks such a satellite from out there already may be orbiting about our sun.



EVEN FARTHER "OUT THERE"

DO YOU WANT to know how far some of these scientists think

creatures on other planets may have evolved?

Dr. Freeman J. Dyson, of the Institute of Advanced Study at Princeton, recently wrote in *Science* that it is reasonable to believe that intelligent beings in some areas would long since have expanded to the uttermost levels of their available living space.

What would they do then? Well, Dr. Dyson suggests that having reached the limits, they might set about "disassembling" a planet like Jupiter, for example. Then they might rearrange the matter into a shell completely enclosing their star — the source of energy. Such a shell, assembled at a distance of about 186 million miles from a star like our sun, would completely enclose it and be only two or three yards thick.

Dr. Dyson has now proposed that astronomers try to detect such hidden stars by infrared radiation.



ON THE OTHER HAND . . .

BRTAIN'S TOP astronomer, Dr. Richard Van Der Riet Wooley, the Astronomer Royal, recently attacked talk of interplanetary travel. "It's utter bilge," he says.

"The whole exercise of a genuine landing on a planet and a safe return is so difficult and expensive that the value of the thing should be seen in some proportion," he declared.

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Another difficulty, of course, is the hazardous radiation of the Van Allen belts, which circle the earth and would peril any space traveler.

The radiation belts of other planets may be even more dangerous. Two Caltech scientists recently estimated that Jupiter has a radiation belt about 100 trillion times that expected from the Earth's belt.

That would be mighty hot for a space man.



SOME SECOND THOUGHTS

IT IS IRONIC that man should dream of conquering space when his information is still so fragmentary.

For example, Dr. Paul W. Hodge, of Harvard College Observatory, suggests that our measurements of the universe may be wrong because we have been using a faulty "yardstick."

E. E. Salpeter, of Cornell University, reports that a type of star called a "neutron star" would be so dense that a particle of it the size of a dust grain would weigh more than the biggest ship.

And, in contrast, our own sun appears to be truly dense only in its center—a relatively small core. The rest of it must be pretty thin and gassy. The National Academy of Sciences has reported that a pile of men weighing as much as our sun would be 5,000 times hotter. The sun is hot only because it's so big.

Well, make what you wish out of all this. We prefer to forget it.



CLOSER HOME

IT PUZZLES us—and we hope it puzzles you too—that some men are sure about what's going on in Space and on Mars but are mighty doubtful about things happening every day on Earth.

In Portage, Pa., near Johnstown, last July 3, Mrs. Dixie Lewis, 22, was hanging up clothes in the back yard of her mother's home, at 608 Makin Street, when she heard a loud swooshing sound. She looked up, saw something slamming down from the skies, and barely jumped aside in time to be missed.

It was, of course, a chunk of ice. It hit with a thud, made a deep indentation, and broke into pieces scattered over a 40-yard area. Two small boys playing in the back yard miraculously escaped being hit by the shattering pieces, which appeared to break along sheer lines into flat platelets.

Police Chief Victor Fukas said the original chunk of ice must have weighed about 25 pounds. He said it was light green, smelled like soap.

Henry Rockwood, chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau at Pittsburgh, said: "The only logical conclusion is that the ice came from iced wings on an airplane."

He didn't explain why that would smell of soap!

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NIGHT MUSIC

JUDGE C. C. CRAVATH is a veteran jurist of the Laguna Beach-San Clemente Judicial District of California. He lives in Laguna Beach.

Last June Judge Cravath faced a mystery which had not been solved at press time.

Late at night, the Cravath's piano would play — after the judge and his wife had retired for the night. It had happened on two successive nights when the judge revealed the strange case.

The piano hadn't been used for years. But in the stillness of the night, notes were being struck on it. They were strong notes. We weren't able to make out whether the piano actually played a tune but it was playing something.



A CRY FOR HELP

MRS. EMMETT G. North was home alone in Aina Haina, Hilo, when the tidal wave warnings sounded in the Hawaiian Islands on Wednesday, May 25. Her home was in the threatened area.

But Mrs. North was unable to save herself — by the usual means. For she is crippled. She is unable to go downstairs. She is unable to get to her feet if she should fall.

After she heard the radioed warning, Mrs. North called her husband's office. He was out of town on business. Richard Webb, an of-

fice worker, called police, tried to get an emergency announcement on the radio. Finally he talked to Civil Defense.

No use! Webb was told that no help could be dispatched to Aina Haina. He called Mrs. North frequently to reassure her.

But, although Mrs. North's body is crippled, her mind is not.

A visitor to the Islands from Idaho, Thomas Powers, 70, drove past the North home looking for friends. He did not even know there was a tidal wave alert in the Hawaiian Islands.

But after he was past, some sense told Powers that help was needed. He turned his car around and returned to the North home. He assisted Mrs. North into his automobile and drove her to safe ground.

How could Powers have known help was needed? He could not even have heard Mrs. North's calls for help if she had called — which she didn't. That is one reason Powers had not heard the radio alert.

He is deaf.



OUT OF THIS WORLD

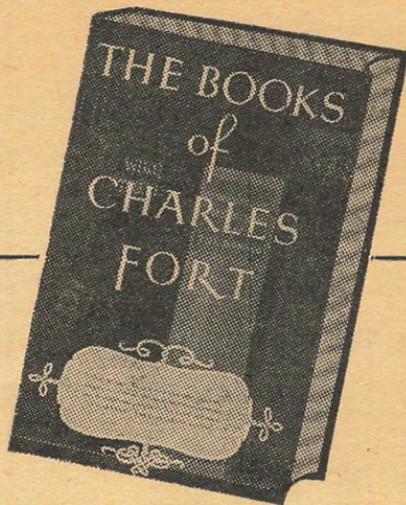
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of three Alabama men who vanished without a clue after a Saturday night drinking party more than four years ago. Mysterious "tips" still are frequently received in Alabama about the whereabouts of Billy and Robert Dye and Dan Brasher. Recently Alabama authorities ruined a 50-foot section of new highway. They had been assured the men's bodies would be found beneath it.

There's no mystery about such disappearances to Samuel Shenton, a 56-year-old sign writer of England. Mr. Shenton is secretary of the International Flat Earth Society.

Mr. Shenton decided in 1920 that accepted doctrines about the universe are false. The earth is flat, like a plate, he says. "When you travel around the world back to the point where you started, it is just like walking around the edge of the plate. Beyond the edge is a vast ice barrier—from beyond no man has ever returned."

Shenton believes the sun is only 32 miles across. It is a flat luminous disc. So is the moon. The world never moves, he says. Night and day are controlled by the sun's movements. The earth, of course, has a roof over it, but it's too high up to keep the rain off.

Now, according to Mr. Shenton, many of these missing people just walk right off the edge of the world.

Beyond the solid ice barrier, he believes, may be the thousands of missing people who will never turn up.



A THEOLOGY OF HEALING

THERE IS AN increasing interest in religious and spiritual healing among the established churches. There are many reasons for this; we suspect an important one is that psychology and psychiatry have proved through the studies of psychosomatic medicine that the mind clearly influences bodily ills.

The influence of such groups as the Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship is

increasing. There is, at least in the Western countries, a trend away from materialism and toward a more balanced outlook of what a man really is — he is more than 98c worth of chemicals.

Recently the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., after four years of work, has suggested a "theology of healing" built around certain basic convictions:

1. "All healing is of God, whether it occurs through what we call natural law or according to laws which we do not yet know."

2 Medical science, which utilizes the understood principles of God's

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natural law to facilitate healing, is a providential blessing and no Christian should scorn it nor consider it as an inferior substitute for reliance on faith.

3. Christians should pray for the recovery of the sick, and they may properly ask health not only for others but for themselves.

4. Prayer is efficacious for healing.

5. But "healing does not always come to those who pray for it," however ardent their faith. "God is to be worshipped, not used," and "it is a presumptuous notion that human faith can, as it were, work miracles constantly." In other words, God's answer is sometimes no.



PROGRESS IN HEALING

SCIENCE, meanwhile, continues to progress, slowly but surely, toward understanding of what the Presbyterian Church, U. S. A., calls "God's natural law."

Dr. Eugene S. Turrell of Milwaukee recently told the American Medical Association that there is a link between the patient's mental and emotional state and death during surgery. Anxiety may rob the body of energy needed to defend against disease, Dr. Turrell says. Depression and anxiety after an operation slow the healing process. Therefore, Dr. Turrell recommends that surgeons sometimes should de-

lay an operation until the patient's feelings improve.

One of the most prevalent mental diseases is schizophrenia. Psychiatrists have been unable to agree that there is a physical basis for this disease. But now Dr. Charles E. Frohman and his associates at the Lafayette Clinic of Detroit believe they may have discovered a clue to physical causes of schizophrenia.

They have found in the blood serum of its victims a substance that appears to interfere with the conversion of starches and sugars in foods into energy. Schizophrenics, it is noted, are often extremely lethargic. Work is proceeding . .



ABOUT SOME LITTLE BEASTIES

WHEN THINGS get slow (as if they ever did) we can always turn to the Loch Ness monster or the Abominable Snowman or some other curious and unknown creatures, because the papers are always full of *them*.

A friend recently sent us a clipping from a year-old copy of the Worcester *Telegram & Gazette*, describing the unusual experiences of Beppo the circus clown in search of the Loch Ness monster. Beppo is a 31-year-old Englishman named John Newbold. He is an experienced skindiver. Beppo was down under Loch Ness water for 10 minutes one day last year and came

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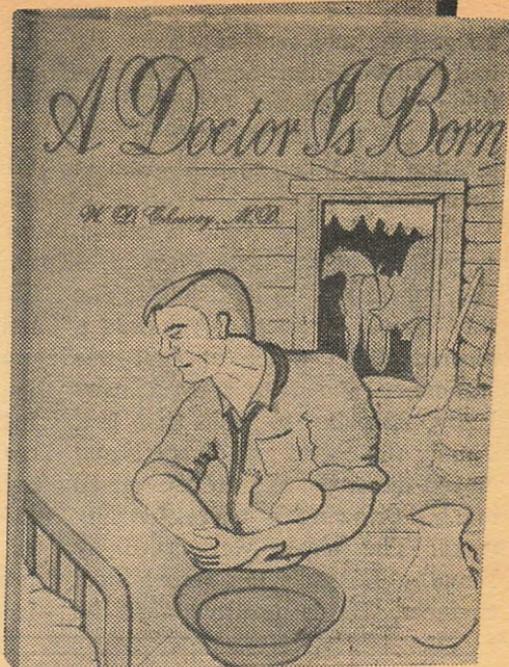
about medical trade unions, malpractice, kick-backs, fee-splitting, unnecessary surgery, ghost surgery, food poisons, poison sprays, drug monopoly, medical rackets and a host of other crimes against the traditions of the Hippocratic Oath. These are the lifetime notes of a General Practitioner, now too old to practice, but determined to reveal the evils that medical monopoly bottled up for a half-century. Here is a fearless indictment, backed up by documentary proof, of the terrible menace to public health of power-mad and money-mad medical associations, to say nothing of the all-too-many doctors to whom their Hippocratic Oath is meaningless.

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up gasping and semi-conscious. He had no recollection of what if anything had happened to him down there. He was given artificial respiration and taken to a hospital in Inverness.

Meanwhile, last June a movie, supposedly of the Loch Ness monster, was shown on British TV. The shot lasted 40 seconds, showed a blurred object which at first was stationary and then moved away lazily, swerving to right and left. Finally the object gained speed and moved down the loch at around 10 m.p.h., throwing a white foaming wake. The movie was taken by Timothy Dinsdale, an aeronautical engineer. He is positive that he

photographed the genuine monster after he had spent six days of watching.

Describing "Nessie" in some detail, Dinsdale claims he took the photographs at 9 A.M. April 23. First he saw a reddish-brown hump nearly a mile away across the loch. The "hump" had a blotch on its left flank. There was no fin, but a pronounced ridge ran along the back. In motion it threw a "pulsating" wake and looked just like the conning tower of a submarine, Dinsdale says. The creature came within 400 yards of him and he estimated its neck was six feet and its body he judged to be at least 30 feet long.

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ANOTHER SEA SERPENT

THE BRITISH are taking very seriously the sighting of an unknown sea creature a year ago by Tex Geddes, an experienced mariner, and James Gavin, an engineering inspector. The two men were fishing near shore when they spotted the creature, and watched it from a point two miles away until it came within 20 yards of their dinghy.

Geddes describes the head as reptilian, somewhat resembling a turtle's head. The mouth appeared to have distinct lips. The animal's back rose sharply to a kind of saw-toothed ridge. He estimated the back was eight to 10 feet long at the water line. It seemed to have

a long neck and dived gracefully. No teeth were visible. The mouth was described as "cavernous" and red. It may have had something resembling a flipper. The back was four or five feet wide at the water line, but rose to a knife-like edge at the top. The creature breathed very noticeably — which means it could not have been a fish. Gavin described the sound of its breathing as a "loud, roaring, whistling noise." The creature was in view for over an hour. It made no attempt to molest the pair and they didn't bother it either.



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CITY STATE

had a mystery on their hands last June. In a drainage ditch less than a mile from the business section of Oklahoma City, and hundreds of miles from the nearest salt water, someone found a dead 21-inch hammerhead shark. Maybe it was a prankster. Maybe not.



Maybe this is a mystery too but Prof. Joseph Hickey, of the University of Wisconsin wildlife management department, reports that birds are flying farther north than they used to. Several Southern species are now pushing into the northern states and going ever farther north. These include the blue wing warbler, tufted titmouse, cardinal, mockingbird and turkey vulture.



Is the ferocious piranha fish on its way out? It is if the Brazilian Government has anything to say about it. Fishing Service technicians believe they have found a way to poison the piranha without hurting other types of fish.

These blood-thirsty little fish are so vicious that ranchers wishing to drive their herds across a ford must sacrifice at least one steer by leading it downstream from the crossing, letting some blood and driving it into the water as a victim for the killers. Only then can the rest of the herd cross in safety.

Some thousands of square miles

of Brazil have rivers infested with piranhas and now Brazil is going to purge its rivers with the powdered roots of a jungle shrub called *timbo* which appears to kill piranha but is harmless to other fish.



For years white men of New Guinea have regarded the native's tales of a so-called dragon lizard as pure mythology. But a couple of months ago two Administration officers in Port Moresby turned up with the skin and lower jaw of a giant lizard which they found in a village only 70 miles away. The creature appeared to be at least eight feet in length and to have teeth nearly an inch long. Australian scientists believe the lizard may be related to the Komodo dragon, which is capable of killing men and pigs.



CHASING NOAH'S ARK

IN OUR BUSINESS we must report many futile searches. Some are worthwhile, we believe, because one never knows what lies at the end of the rainbow.

But some are wild goose chases and one of these later is the periodic search for the original Noah's Ark.

Even if we all should grant that there was a flood in the old-fashioned sense and Noah's Ark did indeed land on Mt. Ararat, by what miraculous power of wood preservation

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could it still be in existence?

Yet expedition after expedition goes off bravely to Turkey and later returns empty-handed and discouraged.

The latest of these showed up in Ankara, June 9. The expedition had been prompted by an aerial photograph that showed a boat-like object (what did Noah's Ark look like, anyway?). George Vandeman, in charge of the team, reported that all they found was a boat-shaped natural formation, apparently caused by a landslide.

Those of you who are itching to make a world-shaking archeological discovery, please stay away from Mt. Ararat and forget Noah's Ark.



THE GRAVITY OF GRAVITY

IS THE FORCE of gravity getting weaker? Scientists have been speculating about this for the past 20 years.

If it does, we're in trouble. There may be some advantages to a weaker gravitation system, of course — such as making space flight easier — but if gravity gets less we're in for it.

No one can predict everything that would happen under such circumstance. But here are some for instances . . .

If gravity weakens, the earth's circumference will grow slightly larger each year. The outer shell

of the planet will crack. Present cracks will grow wider. We've already got enough cracks! The National Geographic Society says there is one single fracture, 45,000 miles long, that encircles the globe and then some.

The reason the moon has only traces of atmosphere and Mars has very little is primarily because neither of these heavenly bodies has enough gravity to hold the atmosphere. The speed of the electrons around the atomic nuclei of gases is so high that they go spinning off into space.

Is a world a world without any air?



BURNING ROCK

ESTES JOHNSON, 48, of 4310 W. 154th St., Los Angeles, was digging in an excavation for the Golden State Freeway through Burbank one day last June. His shovel struck a milky white, glassy rock.

"It was warm to the touch and seemed to radiate its own heat," Johnson said. He tossed the rock into his pickup truck and drove it home. When he got there, the paint in the truckbed where the rock had lain was eaten away "right down to the bare metal" he told a reporter for the Los Angeles *Examiner*.

He didn't want to touch the rock again so he wrapped it in his yellow shirt — which immediately

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turned to a very bright red.

He poured water on the rock. It bubbled and sputtered. The water turned pink. By this time Johnston was beginning to worry. He noticed that there was a burning sensation in his fingers. The skin began to peel from the palms of his hands.

He called Lennox Sheriff's station and asked them to cart the thing away. A Geiger counter showed the Sheriff's men that the rock was not radioactive.

What else it was they didn't know. We're waiting for a further report.

**SOLUTIONS, SOLUTIONS**

WE DISCUSS this little item with a kind of breathless amusement. Ronald H. Robey of the General Dynamics Corp., San Diego, recently told the American Meteorological Society *his* theory of green fireballs and green sky glow.

Do you know what Mr. Robey suggests?

He suggests that there are chunks of cosmic ice scattered through space, perhaps from an exploded comet, and these "ice meteorites", if we may call them that, give out the green glow when they enter the earth's atmosphere because they contain frozen nitrogen compounds.

Mr. Robey made a laboratory test of similar compounds under deep freeze conditions and found

they give out the same kind of bizarre light.

The thing we find so interesting about Mr. Robey's theories are (1) they admit the existence of "green fireballs" and (2) they admit the existence of cosmic ice.

There's been all kinds of ice falling all around us for years and Mr. Robey is just about the first scientist we've heard admit it.

One point about the green fireballs, though. Even if Mr. Robey's theory about their color is correct we still haven't read an acceptable explanation of their behavior.

The man who has investigated them most, Dr. Lincoln La Paz, really doesn't know. And as for the color, he's found traces of copper in the air after such sightings. This would also explain the green color.



PRETTY SMALL

A YOUNG German physicist, Dr. Rudolph L. Mossbauer, 31, who is now at Caltech, has suddenly found himself famous.

He has invented a technique for measurements far more sensitive than anything previously achieved — on the order of one part in one hundred million million.

The system is called, not surprisingly, the "Mossbauer effect." It is based on the constancy of the gamma rays emitted by the excited nuclei of certain crystals.

— Curtis Fuller

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Foreword by Dr. Jean Bordeaux

Let us keep these wondrous minds of ours open as we delve into the mysteries of self-hypnosis. The author, through patient years of studying hypnosis and self-hypnosis, has translated some of these potentialities into actualities; and wants the reader to know what he has discovered.

The reader of this book must begin to realize the riches that lie in this vast sub-continent, "the sub-conscious." Our task is to mine these riches, bring them to the surface, and use them for fuller living.

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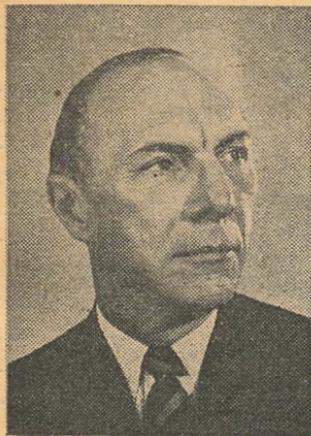
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THREE SECRETS

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By Marcus Bach

Dr. Marcus Bach is a famed theologian, a brilliant lecturer and the author of eight popular books. He recently resigned as professor in the School of Religion at the State University of Iowa to devote full time to his studies of the basic materials of religion, which take him to all corners of the world.

Those who seem favored by chance have found a source of unlimited power—here is how you too can tap it.

THERE ARE three secrets to successful living; actually they are three in one. And though you may sometimes feel you must travel far and wide to find techniques to live by, chances are these techniques are waiting for you in your own back yard — especially if you have the wish and the will to engage in the adventure of the secret place, the secret concept, and

also engage in the secret experiment. Others have done it. So can you.

AZEN BUDDHIST in the temple of Sojiji, Japan, gave me a helpful hint for strength and tranquility. He had shown me the meditation room where he and his fellow monks sit on a dais in absolute immobility for an hour every morning and where they are disci-

plined to the blink of an eyelid. His own poise and inner power were so remarkable that I was happy when he told me his secret.

He said, "I never leave my place of meditation."

His meaning was clear. Every moment of the day, no matter where his work or duties took him, he kept within himself a vision of himself seated in meditation. That was his mooring. As he went about his many tasks, wherever he might be, he visualized himself there on the dais where he had found harmony with his true nature, his deepest self, and where he was guided by an understanding of truth.

Anyone who has ever gone on spiritual retreats or who has his morning meditation has a good idea of what the monk was driving at. He had learned the secret of the secret place.

People in many religions in various parts of the world have made it a major ingredient in their adventure in faith. So can we. When the world gets too big and rough, when we feel we would like to resign from the human race, when things get in a tangle and life gets full of knots, we can meet these situations with absolute calm and control if we have a point of spiritual polarization—a place and a period in which we have found our true self. The more intense our

lives, the more we need this mystic mooring. The greater the quest, the more we need the "tied to" place. And then we need to learn the art of never leaving it. For you can put it down as a provable fact that those whom Fate seems to favor, have a secret: the secret of the secret place.

It can be an actual place like a room or an office, a chapel or a grove, but it develops rather quickly into a state of consciousness. It is a vibration to which you attune yourself as you see yourself spiritually localized in the meditation room. Life's tensions come along and you distill them with the knowledge that, like the Zen, you are here, but you are also *there*. Every disharmony becomes a test for evidence that you can *harmonize*. Every crisis is an opportunity for an adventure in faith. In these moments you are called upon to make practical the mystical mood, when the nature of experience reflects the nature of reality.

Emerson once said, "Man is a god in ruins."

But the ruins are never so great but that we cannot find our true self if we have a secret place in which it was once revealed to us. We are never so mutilated but that the vision of our godlikeness can heal us. We are never so lost, but that we can find the way, especially if at some time of the day, at some

hour in our busy careers, at some point in our fast-tempoed lives we have recognized the divine nature which is our real Self.

The best focal point for this recognition, as far as Christians are concerned, is the "indwelling Christ." The localization of His consciousness, in those who believe, makes this the secret strength in the secret place. For there is within each of us the same limitless creative power which was demonstrated in the man Jesus. So when the Zen, who meditated upon the "Buddha-mind," asked me how the Christian meditated upon the "Christ-mind," he already recognized the oneness in the Divine Self.

"Who were you, Jesus?" he mused. And I said to him, "He was God come down. Not a God who can be formed into an image or set upon a wall, who longs for routine prayers or liturgies rehearsed and dramatized. But a God who loves and hopes and weeps with men because He lives as one among them. Who were you, Jesus? You were the I that I would be, the Son of God whose sonship I clearly feel and know when I am truly with you. You were the expression of the best in man, the best that man in his upward climb has been able to perceive and in whose perception I perceive myself. Who were you, Jesus? You were the Spirit of God incarnate. Not something to

explore or to explain or even to examine, but a spirit to experience by the indwelling light which is mine and everyman's. You were a power and a presence, known and to be known, whose secret source is ever waiting in the secret place.

IF THE FIRST secret was suggested to me by a Zen, the second was sparked by a Hindu businessman with whom I was riding in a taxi in old Delhi one day. We were in Chandni Chowk, which means the "Street of Moonlight," and as we honked our way through the torrent of pedestrians, holy cows, rickshaws, and vegetable vendors, we passed a group of outcasts huddling in the shadowy corner of a bric-a-brac building. There they sat in their rags and tatters, fanning away the disease-bearing flies.

After some reflection my well-dressed Hindu companion said quietly, "Once I sat there as many are still sitting today."

I looked at him again, realizing that the distance between the outcasts and his station in life represented 1000 years. I asked him what had changed him. What worked the miracle? What triggered him to action while others still sat dejected on the timeless stones?

All he could say was that one day a thought came through to him that said, "This life is the best life you will ever have in this lifetime, rise

up and make the most of it."

I wanted him to tell me more, but he would say only, "I got to thinking and in thinking I came to myself."

I never passed through the "Street of Moonlight" after that without thinking about this miraculous transformation of an outcaste. He taught me the secret of the secret concept. It is this: life is not a series of fragmentary, dis-related events, but one inter-related, interwoven experience of continuity and purpose and the *realization of this truth awakens within us a slumbering potential.*

Most of us make the mistake of looking upon events in life as isolated breaks, good and bad. We think that every tragedy stands alone as a unit, that every triumph is a mountain peak above the norm of life. The secret of the secret concept assures us that nothing is accidental. Chance is God at work. A hunch is the whisper of the Divine. What we call destiny is cosmic purpose. Coincidence is Karmic law. We make our lives by this realization. We break them when we disregard this immutable law.

Life resolves itself into a point of view. When the thought broke through, the outcaste could have said, "It is not for me. I'm supposed to sit here on these stones for the rest of my life. This is my Fate. Something I did in a previous

life has put me here." Instead he said, "Something I did in a previous life commands me to rise! This, too, is my Fate!"

The secret of the secret concept says that all things are inter-related *for good* because the essence of God is goodness.

An analyst of the work of the mystic Jacob Boehme put it this way, "Human apprehension is admittedly limited. The nature of this limitation is that what in God's comprehension is ONE is, to human apprehension, TWO. 'The darkness and the light are both alike to Thee, O God,' but to man it is given to think of two conditions, two circumstances. Thus the actual ONE thing becomes for men TWO things as darkness and light, weakness and strength, truth and falsehood. In all men, sight tends to be a surface sight alone and not only that, man does not see all even of what is on the surface. He never sees all of the surface of the ocean, much less the depths."

If you can realize yourself as being a greater person than you are, rest assured that your "karma" is trying to get through to you with the command, "Rise up!" If you ever have even the most fleeting vision of yourself as a better individual than you are, count it as proof that the better YOU is lurking just beneath the surface. Your Fate is always your highest

good. Anything less is perverted thinking.

Imagine what would happen to you if you lived with the secret of the secret concept and really believed that all things are inter-related for *good*. You could not be frustrated. You could not be neurotic. You could never be less than your best. The distance, as I have said, between an outcaste sitting on the ancient stones of Chandni Chowk and a successful businessman in a taxi is 1000 years; it is also a mere instant of self-realization!

IF THE FIRST secret was suggested to me by a Zen, and the second by a Hindu, the third was imparted to me by a Christian, though he is certainly something of an eclectic. He has been called a genius, a phenomenon, the man with the Midas touch. More than 10,000 chiropractors reflect his life and teachings. Under his leadership the Central Broadcasting Company grew to be the largest in the Midwest. He became president of Stereocolor. He has written more than 20 books. He builds oriental gardens, manages more than a dozen enterprises, and has created the largest non-medical school in the world. To all who know him, he is "B. J." You do not compliment him by calling him Dr. Palmer or Colonel Palmer, even though the titles are well-

deserved. And if you say to him, "B. J., how have you been able to accomplish so much in one lifetime? How do you do it?" His answer will be, "I don't. *Innate* does it all."

And what is Innate? Innate is the secret of every great man's secret experiment: God actively at work in the individual. Or, had we better say, the individual actively at work in God? A man does not "force God" or "entreat God" or even "seek God." A man simply becomes aware in body, soul, and mind that the limitless power of God is operating in him wholly and completely. Innate is the power of God coming in on man's right of way. It is divine Intelligence flooding the clear channel between God and man.

The truth is, success is more a matter of intake than of outreach. Most people are desperately trying to "make good" or "be successful" or "beat the other fellow." The prophets preached a different kind of gospel. Jesus, more than any other, put it on the line when he gave us the tip about seeking first the Kingdom of God. His teaching was so simple; we insist on making it complex and losing it in the shuffle of life. But every once-in-awhile someone comes along and takes it out of the realm of theology and platitudes and translates it into a workable formula.

"Innate," B. J. says, "means taking the words of Jesus at face value and really making God an associate in the life of business and the business of life. Jesus healed. Others can heal who work in accordance with God's law. Jesus took the small things of life and made them large. He took the large things and made them larger. He needed people who, although close to their illusions, could so train themselves that they could take away those illusions and get His vision of service."

Such is the secret of the secret experiment. It means that we take the major aspirations or problems of life into the laboratory of the spirit-

ual adventure. We may find them part of the psychosis of larger problems or of dreams beyond dreams, but whatever they are, we are going to open the flood gates of our lives to the interpenetration of the Divine. When Innate is in contact you are successfully in tune with the Infinite.

WE HAVE mentioned three secrets; we have mentioned three religions; they are all rooted in the common ground of faith. These secrets, together with the faith from which they are inseparable, are your keys to a great adventure in living — with them everything is possible.



FEAR CAN BE FATAL

ANXIETY and despair can kill, according to Dr. Jerome D. Frank, professor of psychiatry at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine. In a recent talk before an audience of priests, physicians and teachers at Johns Hopkins Hospital, he stated that illness may be a vicious circle, creating emotions which intensify it.

Dr. Frank expressed the belief that in both medical and religious approaches to illness the patient must be shaken out of his apathy by emotional excitement. The patient, he said,

cannot be cured by mere intellectual understanding of his problems.

Stressing the importance of faith in both medical and religious attempts to cure sickness, Dr. Frank related a case in which a faith healer was asked to pray for three afflicted women without their knowledge. The healer's efforts were without result until the women were told that he was praying for them at a certain hour. The next day each of the three women showed a distinct improvement.

Aunt Caroline's Tryst With Death

By Peggy Maurine Gregson



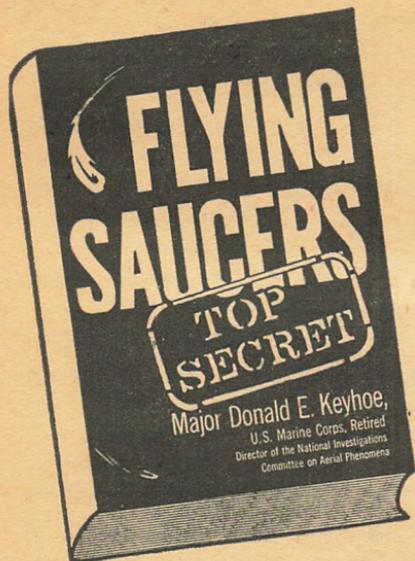
This author was privileged to witness the happy ending to a lifetime of waiting, for death brought back Aunt Caroline's Confederate bridegroom.

WHEN I WAS 10 years old I went on a visit to a big cotton plantation in Helena, Ark., to spend a month with Great Aunt Caroline. I recall clearly how depressing I found the atmosphere of the once gorgeous mansion; how silent I found the rooms which a generation ago had rung with the

laughter of beautifully gowned people on my aunt's wedding night. As I wandered through the lonely house I thought many times of the story I had heard of the way they had danced there in the big front hall under the glittering chandeliers, had toasted the bride and groom, and had listened to the strains of

FLYING SAUCERS

TOP SECRET



By Major Donald E. Keyhoe

MAJ. DONALD E. KEYHOE'S latest book, *Flying Saucers, Top Secret*, states that the United States Air Force conceals and censors news of UFO's or "flying saucers" but in reality believes them to be space ships.

While it is difficult to understand the reasons for such a cover-up if it exists (Keyhoe believes it

A noted investigator claims the U.S. Air Force is suppressing UFO reports—and cites as evidence a series of amazing cases.

is because the Air Force fears a general panic if the truth becomes known), the author presents persuasive evidence that this is true. The following four cases are from Major Keyhoe's new book.

CASE NO. 1

"VILLAGE IN THE OCEAN"

IT HAPPENED in 1956. Cruising at 19,000 feet, a Navy R7V-2 transport—a four-engine *Super-Constellation*—was flying west across the Atlantic Ocean. The next stop was Gander, Newfoundland. Final destination, Naval Air Station, Patuxent, Md.

The night was clear, visibility unlimited.

In the senior pilot's seat, Comdr.

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George Benton was checking the dim-lit instruments. (Since the commander and most of his crew are still on active duty, names have been changed.) At 34, Benton had a decade of Navy flying behind him. He had made the Atlantic crossing more than 200 times.

Back in the cabin were two extra Navy air crews, en route home from foreign duty. Most of these men were asleep.

As Commander Benton finished his cockpit check, he glanced out at the stars. Then he leaned forward, puzzled. A few minutes before, the sea below had been dark. Now there was a cluster of lights, like a village, about 25 miles ahead.

Benton looked over at his copilot, Lieut. Peter J. Mooney.

"What do you make of those lights?"

Mooney peered down, startled.

"Looks like a small town!"

"That's what I thought." Benton quickly called the navigator, Lieut. Alfred C. Erdman. "We must be way off course. There's land down there."

"It can't be land." Erdman hurried forward from his map table. "That last star sight shows —"

He broke off, staring down at the clustered lights.

"Well?" said Benton.

"They must be ships," said Erdman. "Maybe a rendezvous for some special operation."

"They don't look like ships," said Benton. He called Radioman John Wiggins. No word of any unusual ship movements, Wiggins reported. And no signals from the location of the lights. If they were ships, they were keeping radio silence.

"Wake up those other crews," (in all there were nearly 30 men aboard), Benton told Erdman. "Maybe somebody can dope it out."

In a few moments, two or three airmen crowded into the cockpit. Benton cut off the automatic pilot, banked to give them and the men in the cabin a better view.

As the transport began to circle, the strange lights abruptly dimmed. Then several colored rings appeared, began to spread out. One, Benton noticed, seemed to be growing in size.

Behind him, someone gave an exclamation. Benton took another look. That luminous ring wasn't on the surface — it was something rushing up toward the transport.

"What the devil is it?" said Mooney.

"Don't know," muttered Benton. He rolled the *Constellation* out of its turn to start a full-power climb. Then he saw it was useless. The luminous ring could catch them in seconds. The glow, he now saw, came from the rim of some large, round object. It reached their altitude, swiftly took shape as a giant disc-shaped machine.

Dwarfing the *Constellation*, it raced in toward them.

"It's going to hit us!" said Erdman.

Benton had known normal fear, but this was nightmare. Numbed, he waited for the crash.

Suddenly the giant disc tilted. Its speed sharply reduced, it angled on past the port wing.

The commander let out his breath. He looked at Mooney's white face, saw the others' stunned expressions. Watching out the port window, he cautiously started to bank. He stopped as he saw the disc.

It had swung around, was drawing abreast, pacing them at about 100 yards. For a moment he had a clear glimpse of the monster.

Its sheer bulk was amazing; its diameter was three to four times the *Constellation's* wing span. At least 30 feet thick at the center, it was like a gigantic dish inverted on top of another. Seen at this distance, the glow along the rim was blurred and uneven. Whether it was an electrical effect, a series of jet exhausts or light from openings in the rim, Benton could not tell. But the glow was bright enough to show the disc's curving surface, giving a hint of dully reflecting metal.

Though Benton saw no signs of life, he had a feeling they were being observed. Fighting an impulse

to dive away, he held to a straight course. Gradually, the strange machine pulled ahead. Tilting its massive shape upward, it quickly accelerated and was lost against the stars.

Commander Benton reached for his microphone, called Gander Airport and identified himself.

"You show any other traffic out here?" he asked the tower.

"We had something on the scope near you," Gander told him. "But he wouldn't give an answer."

"We saw it," Benton said grimly. "It was no aircraft."

He gave the tower a concise report, and back at Gander teletype messages were rushed to the U.S. Air Defense Command, the Commanding Officer, Eastern Sea Frontier, the Director of Air Intelligence and the Air Technical Intelligence Center.

When the *Constellation* landed at Gander, Air Force Intelligence officers met the transport. From the start it was plain they accepted the giant-disc sighting as a fact. For two hours, Benton and the rest were carefully interrogated, separately and together: How close did the object come? What was its size . . . estimated rate of climb . . . any electrical interference noted . . . what happened to the luminous rings?

From the answers to scores of questions, the majority opinion

emerged. The flying disc was between 350 and 400 feet in diameter, and apparently metallic. No interference with ignition noted; instruments not observed and radio not operating during this brief period. Time for the giant disc to climb to the transport's altitude, between five and eight seconds, indicated speed between 1,400 and 2,200 knots; the disc had accelerated above this speed on departure.

Not all the men in the cabin had seen the luminous rings. Of those who had, most were watching the huge disc approach and did not see the "rings" disappear. If they, too, were flying discs, in a rendezvous as suggested, they apparently had raced off while the other one was checking on the *Constellation*.

At one point, an Intelligence captain asked Benton if he had seen any indication of life aboard the disc.

"No, but it was intelligently controlled, that's certain." Benton looked at him closely. "That size, it would hardly be remote-controlled, would it?"

"I couldn't say," replied the Air Force man.

The Air Force people refused to answer questions or reveal what the Gander Airport radar had shown about the object's speed or maneuvers.

Word was flashed ahead. When

the crew landed in Patuxent, Md., they were interviewed again — this time by the Navy.

Five days later, Commander Benton had a telephone call from a scientist in a high government agency. The man was cleared by the Navy. He appeared, showed his credentials, listened to Benton's report.

Then he unlocked a dispatch case and showed him some photographs.

The object the Constellation crew had seen was like the third picture Commander Benton was shown.

"That's it," Commander Benton said. "Somebody must know the answers if you've got photographs of the things."

The other man took the pictures.

"I'm sorry, Commander." He closed the dispatch case and left.

CASE NO. 2

"SHOOTING UP THE UFO'S"

ONE AFTERNOON a Washington friend of Keyhoe's office manager sent a photostat copy of an Air Force letter. A month before the friend had written to Gen. Nathan Twining, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and asked him some pointed questions.

The letter had been relayed to the Air Technical Intelligence Center at Wright Patterson Air Force base, Ohio. Dated July 12, 1957, it was signed by Capt. Wallace W. El-

wood, Assistant Adjutant.

The key paragraph in the letter admitted that Air Force pilots had fired on "flying objects they could not identify but which were later determined to be conventional objects."

Keyhoe questioned Captain Elwood by telephone and was referred to Captain Gregory of Project Blue Book. Captain Gregory referred him to Theodore Hieatt, a civilian who was Deputy Chief of Intelligence at the Air Technical Intelligence Center (ATIC). Keyhoe continues . . .

"I PRESUME you've been briefed, Mr. Hieatt. It's clear the Air Force pilots thought these objects were hostile."

"Why?" Hieatt asked crisply.

"Captain Elwood's letter states: 'The orders to pilots are to fire on an unidentified object only if it commits an act which is hostile, menacing, or constituting a danger to the United States.'"

"That is correct."

"Then the pilots must have been convinced those UFO's were either menacing them, or were a danger to this country. Otherwise they wouldn't have fired."

I waited. Mr. Hieatt didn't answer.

"To commit menacing acts," I said, "the objects would have to be guided, directly or by remote

control. Who controlled them during these attacks?"

But Mr. Hieatt wasn't an Intelligence expert for nothing.

"I haven't seen the letter. I don't know the facts. I'll check and call you back."

The phone clicked.

Later Hieatt called back.

"Major Keyhoe? I've reviewed that situation. The objects the pilots fired on were foo-fighters."

"Foo-fighters? But the Air Force claims the foo-fighters were only illusions from war nerves."

"The pilots fired on foo-fighters," Hieatt said patiently, "and foo-fighters are conventional objects."

"How on earth can an illusion be a conventional object? Do you mean those pilots just imagined they saw hostile objects?"

"The pilots fired on foo-fighters, and foo-fighters are conventional objects . . .

"In the future," he said when I thanked him, "address your questions to the Chief of Staff, at the Pentagon."

FOR THOSE who are unfamiliar with the word "foo-fighter," the name is a term given by Allied pilots in World War II to strange lights that followed their airplanes. Sometimes the lights flew with them in formation. Sometimes they darted about. Sometimes the lights were seen during combat. At first

pilots concluded they were some new enemy invention. But they never were captured; they never harmed any aircraft, and little was ever decided about them. Later the Army Air Forces stated they were merely hallucinations and didn't really exist. However, they were reported from both European and Far Eastern theaters by both sides in the conflict. This was several years before Kenneth Arnold reported the first "flying saucers"

But in his telephone conversation, Major Keyhoe impaled Hieatt on the horns of a dilemma. If the "foo-fighters" were illusions or didn't exist, then why was the Air Force firing at them? But if, as Hieatt insisted, they were "conventional objects" it would be fascinating to know what they really were. If our readers wish to find out, we suggest they take Hieatt's suggestion and write to the Chief of Staff at the Pentagon.

CASE NO. 3

"THE HUGE, DARK SHAPE"

ON THE FIRST of August, 1955, shortly after 9 P.M., Mr. W. M. Sheneman, owner of a radio and television store in Willoughby, Ohio, drove up to his home on Chardon Rd. As he got out of his car he saw a large circular object, with a red light on the front rim, come down over a nearby field.

At about 800 feet, the machine stopped and two beams of light shot down. As the glow illuminated the ground, Sheneman saw several windows around the edge of the hovering disc.

"At this point," Shenemen reported, "I became badly frightened and ran back toward the house. I was so scared I ran past my car, parked with the motor running. I felt the occupants of the object were following me. As I ran up the drive it was right overhead, moving in the same direction I was running.

"My wife met me at the back door and said, 'Turn the outside lights on before it hits the house.' I said, 'Hell, no, turn them off and maybe it will miss it.' Our two children were terrified and quickly got under the dining room table to hide."

After a minute, the Shenemans fearfully ventured a look from the back porch. By now, the disc's lights were turned off.

"Dorothy and I stood there and stared up at it," Sheneman stated. It was a huge dark shape, he said, hovering less than 200 feet above the ground. "It must have been between 80 and 100 feet in diameter. It was so large it extended over the major portion of our house, the breezeway and beyond the attached garage. I never heard any noise, but Dorothy insists she

could hear a very faint soft humming."

Abruptly, the strange machine moved over a wooded area nearby. The Shenemans saw a dome on top, lit up by a white glow from inside. Then the disc raced away, leaving them badly shaken.

In 1956, Sheneman revealed the story to friends. One of them sent a report to ATIC (Air Technical Intelligence Center), and later, during a conference at the Intelligence Center, three Cleveland investigators urged a personal investigation.

ONE NIGHT an ATIC major visited the Shenemans, questioned them closely, then told them they had seen a test of a Canadian Avro vertical-lift device developed for the United States Air Force. To back up his claim, the Intelligence officer showed the Shenemans a glossy print supposed to depict the Avro machine in flight. Actually, this was only an artist's conception of what the device would look like, since not even a mock-up had been built at that time. The first model was not completed until 1959 and it is still being tested.

For three hours, the Air Force major tried to persuade Sheneman and his wife to sign an admission that this was what they had seen. They both refused.

CASE NO. 4

"THE BIG AIRLINER CHASE"

IT WAS 9 P.M. on April 8, 1956, when American Airlines Flight 775 took off from New York, bound for Buffalo by way of Albany, Syracuse and Rochester. At 10:20, the twin-engined Convair cleared Albany Airport, with Capt. Raymond E. Ryan, 43-year-old veteran, at the airliner's controls.

Ryan banked to the left, to pick up the course to Syracuse. Suddenly a peculiar fluorescent glow appeared on his right.

"That's an awfully bright light," he told First Officer William Neff. As Neff peered out on his side, Ryan watched the light warily. It couldn't be a plane's landing light—it was too brilliant, almost blinding. Something strange seemed to be hovering over Schenectady.

Both pilots watched, puzzled, as the Convair drew abreast. Captain Ryan started to veer away, to keep a safe distance. Instantly the strange object whirled through a 90-degree turn, then shot ahead of them. In those seconds, Ryan estimated, it had accelerated to about 900 m.p.h. He knew then it was no jet.

After a few moments, the UFO quickly decelerated to the airliner's speed, then gradually dropped back. As it slowed, its brilliant glow faded out. Afraid of hitting the mystery machine in the dark, Ryan switched on the Convair's landing lights.

Just before the powerful beams lanced ahead, the UFO's glow returned, with an orange tinge. It was obviously pacing the plane, though keeping well ahead.

Captain Ryan radioed Griffiss Air Force Base, near Rome, N.Y. When he reported the UFO, the Griffiss tower immediately told him to cut off his landing lights. After he complied, Griffiss called back.

"Now we can see an orange object near you. Our radar isn't on but we're going to scramble two jets. Keep on watching the object and report what you see."

By this time Stewardess Phyllis Reynolds had come into the cockpit and had seen the unknown machine. To avoid frightening the passengers, Ryan told her not to mention the UFO. Since it was dead ahead, it could not be seen from the cabin.

The Griffiss tower told them to change course and follow the UFO.

Under Civil Aeronautics regulations there was no authority for military control of an airliner. Any deviation from an officially approved course would be the captain's responsibility, to be fully explained to the CAA and his company. But this was an Air Force order with a note of urgency, and Captain Ryan obeyed. Turning away from Syracuse, he followed the unknown machine. It was now heading northwest across New York

State, its speed still reduced, as if to let the Convair follow.

Up ahead, where the lights of Oswego ended, Captain Ryan could see the dark expanse of Lake Ontario. The UFO began to pick up speed. The Convair roared over Oswego, and the shoreline passed beneath. The UFO, moving faster and faster, was headed up toward Canada.

Abruptly, Ryan changed his mind. Air Force order or not, he would not risk his passengers' lives. He banked, swung back toward Syracuse.

On the return flight, Ryan and Neff puzzled over the missing Air Force interceptors. With their high speed, the jets had had ample time to catch up with the Convair.

Perhaps the CAA tower operators at Syracuse would know the answer. Radio contact had been lost with Griffiss Air Force Base and the Syracuse tower had relayed Ryan's messages. He knew they would monitor all the Convair-Griffiss communications.

But when Ryan called Syracuse, the CAA men told him they had no word on the jets. The UFO, he learned, had been sighted by CAA tower operators at Albany and Watertown. But none of them knew what had happened to the interceptors, and the Griffiss tower now was silent.

Under the usual Air Force pro-

cedure, the Convair crew would immediately have been warned not to reveal this chase. The CAA men were automatically silenced by JANAP 146. But Ryan was not under security. Whatever the cause, the pilots were muzzled too late.

When Flight 775 landed at Buffalo, the airport tower staff and American Airlines' operations men already knew the story. Following normal procedure, Ryan had radioed his report before landing. The Buffalo *Evening News* learned of the chase and a reporter reached Ryan. On April 10 the newspaper ran the story.

"This was absolutely real," Ryan was quoted. "I'm convinced there was something fantastic up there."

PROOF OF THE COVER-UP

WHEN HE became Director of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, Major Keyhoe decided to investigate this case further.

Everywhere he went, he found there was a cover-up. The pilots were muzzled. Their company, American Airlines, denied everything. The Government agencies involved joined in the denial.

Keyhoe obtained an official copy of the CAA investigations report. It contained a statement from Captain Ryan:

"I did not deviate from course at any time. I did sight an object

and it was witnessed."

Keyhoe then went back to the Buffalo Evening News. Lenord Kreuger, assistant city editor, declared that the News would back its story 100 percent.

Major Keyhoe next went to the Civil Aeronautics Board whose safety bureau investigated. The report signed by Vice-Chairman Chan Gurny quoted Captain Ryan as not deviating from his course. The report also said that scheduled time for the flight is 49 minutes and that the actual elapsed log time was 48 minutes. The Board concluded that this schedule could not have been maintained if the plane had deviated from its course.

Meanwhile American Airlines Vice-President Willis Player wrote Keyhoe:

"I find that Captain Ryan states unequivocally that he did sight an object. He also states unequivocally that he did not chase it. His flight time between Syracuse and Albany confirms that statement."

These statements ordinarily would have ended the matter. Despite the Buffalo Evening News declaration that its story was accurate there appeared to be no other confirmation.

But there was!

Captain Ryan, First Officer Neff, and Bruce Foster, a Bell Aircraft Company engineer, had been interviewed on Buffalo Station WBEN-

TV at 2:30 P.M. April 16, 1956.

And NICAP Member Neal M. Palmer had taped the show!

Ryan and Neff were clearly quoted throughout. They had witnessed a UFO. They had been in contact with Griffiss Air Force Base. They had been ordered to

pursue the object. They had pursued it! There it was — their voices on the tape.

So there had been a conspiracy to cover up after all! Except for Palmer's accidental recording UFO investigators would have been made to look like fools again.



"VAMPIRE" ARRESTED IN ARGENTINA

FOR ALMOST a week early in February, 1960, women in the town of Monteros, in north-central Argentina, were terrorized by the late-night attacks of a "human vampire." At least 15 women, it is reported, fell victim to the nocturnal marauder.

All of the women lived alone and had been sleeping with open windows because of a heat wave. They hysterically told of being suddenly pounced on by a vampire-like attacker, who bit deeply into their necks and drank the blood.

Finally, early in the morning of February 14, two policemen on patrol duty in the town heard a woman scream. As they ran up, they saw a cloaked fig-

ure dash from a house. They chased the fugitive into a cave on the outskirts of Monteros.

While one of the policemen stood guard, the other ran back to town for reinforcements. When the additional police entered the cave they found the "vampire," who wore a black hat and cloak, in a deep sleep.

Taken to police headquarters, the suspect identified himself as Florencio Roque Fernandez, 25, a stonemason. He admitted he was the "vampire" who had been biting the throats of women in the town, but he could give no explanation for his actions.

"I don't know what made me do it," he told the police.



SHARING THE BREAKS

JIMMY HANSON, 11, and Marty Dunn, 12, of Minneapolis, Minn., were classmates and noted for being close friends who often did things together. Recently Jimmy broke his right arm in a fall from a swing at school. While playing basketball in the school gym, Marty broke his right arm in the same spot.

I knew in advance I would find each of the lost objects—and I knew just when and where I would find them. It was . . .

The Day My Premonitions

Came True

*By Israel J. Weinstein
As told to Dr. W. E. Farstein*

IN 1940 I WAS living in the Homewood district of Pittsburgh and as a professional violinist I was working in the orchestra of the Stanley Theater, downtown. Late one February morning as I was preparing to leave my home to go to my job, I got a feeling such as I never had had before. It was a strong premonition that I was going to find a bunch of keys on the sidewalk on Penn Avenue somewhere in the block between Highland and Center Avenues; that it would happen late at night, while I was on my way home from the theater. I



mentioned all this to my wife and she laughed at me. She told me to forget it and hurry up or I'd miss my trolley.

But I didn't forget it and, sure enough, at 11:00 P.M. that night as I was walking up Penn Avenue from Highland to where I would transfer to an 88 car I saw something gleam on the sidewalk. I picked it up. It was a little leather folder, and I felt chills go up and down my back when I found it contained half a dozen keys fastened to clips.

When I got home I showed my wife the folder and reminded her

of my premonition of that morning. She laughed and brushed off the occurrence as "a coincidence."

The next morning, right after breakfast, I again got a premonition. That night, coming home as before and in the same block as before, I would find a comb. I told this to my wife and she again laughed. But, strange to say, at 11:00 P.M., I did find the comb in just about the same place where I had found the keys. When I came home I showed the comb to my wife. She waved it away as "just another coincidence."

The next day, just as I was leaving the house to go to work, I again got a premonition. This time I would find a long, yellow lead pencil in about the same location as before, at the same time as before. I mentioned this to my wife and she wrinkled her nose and walked away without comment. Returning home that night I found the yellow lead pencil as I had predicted. I showed it to my wife but she only shook her head and changed the subject.

The very next morning—I remember it was a Friday—I got my fourth successive premonition. This time I felt that I would find a \$10 bill in the same block as before, under the same circumstances. I mentioned this to my wife and she shrugged her shoulders and walked away into the kitchen.

That night, when I finished the

last show at the Stanley, I began to think about my premonition and to wonder if it would come true.

As usual, I got off the 73 trolley at Penn and Highland. As I walked up the next block to transfer to an 88 car I scrutinized the sidewalk pretty carefully. But this time I saw nothing but concrete. I felt let down.

When I got to the car stop I entered the lobby of the Sheraden Square theater to wait for my 88 car. The lobby is deep—a good place to stay on a cold, windy February night—and there were a dozen others waiting for their cars. Finally one of them said that there was an 88 coming, and four or five hurried over to the street car platform. I tagged along, the last one of the group, still hoping I would find the \$10 bill and looking carefully at the sidewalk. I saw nothing. Then just as I was about to mount the first step of the car, I did see something green on the ground in the semi-darkness. I stooped and picked up a paper oblong and looked at it as I stepped up into the trolley. It was a beautiful, crisp, brand new \$10 bill!

When I got home, I immediately showed the \$10 bill to my wife. She laughed uproariously. "Who are you trying to fool?" she said. "You just made the whole thing up. A big joke."

I finally stopped trying to con-

vince her. She wouldn't believe me. But this last vindication of my premonitions had frightened me. To forestall any more such occurrences, I decided to change my route coming home. Thereafter, I disembarked from the 73 car at Center and Highland and took a 75 car, instead of an 88, to Homewood.

This meant that after leaving the trolley I had an extra block to walk of an evening, but it was worth the trouble, because it gave me peace of mind.

I don't like premonitions. They upset me. I fear them. I don't want them. And I have had none, since that time.



NEW WONDERS OF THE PAST

THE Romanian newspaper *Scinteia* reported recently that 2,000-year-old streets, temples, canals, aqueducts and graves have been discovered at Contana City, on the Romanian Black Sea Coast. Also found was a stone and brick construction with walls six feet, six inches thick and a 2,400-square-yard mosaic, said to be one of the largest in the world.



HOUSE OF FIRE

DAVID CRAIG of Cody, Wyo., recently was roused from bed by an explosion and fire in the kitchen of his house. Nobody was hurt and firemen extinguished the blaze. A few days later Craig connected his house for natural gas and started a heater fire to dry it out. Gas from a leaking line ignited and this time the house was all but blown to bits.



THE CLOCK STOPPED

IN 1908 Rocco Matteucci installed a street clock in front of his jewelry shop in San Francisco, Calif. It was considered one of the most beautiful clocks of its type in the city, and Matteucci proudly wound it every Monday. Recently the clock stopped running for the first time in 51 years. A few hours later Matteucci, 81, died.



Peter Hurkos
and the
Jackson Family Murders

Worthwhile clues were lacking and the Dutch telepath was asked to help. Could his "radar brain" track the killer?

By Curtis Fuller

DURING THE month of June, 1960, there was enacted in the state of Virginia a sequence of events that can only reflect unhappily upon public attitudes toward psychic phenomena and ESP.

In the center of the stage was Peter Hurkos, the Dutch telepath, a man of admitted psychic ability. Not exactly standing on the wings were various newspaper reporters, police officials, and Dr. F. Regis Riesenman, a psychiatrist, who lives in Falls Church, Va.

The events around which these principals revolved was a tragic murder case of which the readers of FATE have been kept informed. The case began with the mysterious disappearance of the Carroll Jackson family of Apple Grove, Va.

They vanished while driving along a rural highway in January, 1959.

No word, no clue, of the family was found until March 4, 1959, when the bodies of Jackson and his 1½-year-old daughter Janet were found lying under a brush pile in a wooded area near Fredericksburg, Va. Eighteen days later, the bodies of Mrs. Jackson and 6-year-old Susan Ann, 6, were found in a shallow grave near Annapolis. All had been murdered.

County, state and federal authorities cooperated in a nationwide search for the murderer. The FBI alone investigated 1,475 suspects. But no worthwhile clues turned up until late in the Spring of 1960.

Then Peter Hurkos came onto the scene and a series of strange

and fantastic events followed.

Hurkos, as the readers of this magazine know, (see *Hurkos Reads The Future on Channel 10*, February, 1960, FATE) is a Dutch telepath and psychometrist who has had some remarkable triumphs in his career. He acquired his abilities, he says, after a skull fracture in 1943. Hurkos' real name, incidentally, is Peter Van Der Hurk, but he is known as Hurkos, although for some reason the Washington newspapers persisted in calling him "Herkos."

Peter Hurkos was called into the Jackson case by Dr. Riesenman, 50, who is on the staff of St. Elizabeth's hospital. As a psychiatrist Riesenman had been interested in the case for a long time because the murderer was obviously a psychopath and might strike again. Dr. Riesenman himself paid Hurkos' fee of \$100 per day plus expenses, because he felt that the police were stymied.

Hurkos flew in from Miami, Fla., and Dr. Riesenman met him at the airport in Monday, June 6. The following day, Dr. Riesenman introduced Hurkos to Capt. Charles M. Lindsay and Inspector Jack Hall of the Virginia State Police.

The four drove to the Jackson home in Apple Grove and then to the site near Fredericksburg where the bodies of Mr. Jackson and Janet were found.

From the first, Hurkos seemed to get startling results. "He knew the first couple of hours," Dr. Riesenman later said. "He had a mental picture of the killer's face, plus a mental picture of the killer's home."

Some of Hurkos' "messages" were later to prove out in startling fashion.

ON WEDNESDAY the investigators went to the place where Mrs. Jackson's body had been found in Maryland. They also visited the place where Mrs. Margaret V. Harold, a 36-year-old Arbutus, Md., mother, had been shot to death in June, 1957, as she sat in a parked car with an Army sergeant.

At this place, Hurkos "got the feeling" according to the men accompanying him. He said, "I see the same face as I saw before . . . I also see how the crime was committed."

On the way back to Washington, Hurkos described the killer in more detail . . . "his hair was bristly . . . hangs down in front." Dr. Riesenman took notes as Hurkos talked. He visualized a man with two scars on his left leg and a tattoo on his arm.

And then he began to visualize the man's home—two-toned in color with a chair in the yard outside. Then he described the woman's face.

"I could see her hair style, the hair flattened toward the back of her head and with a center part. She also had two missing upper teeth and a pointed nose."

Dr. Riesenman discussed this description with police and they agreed that it fitted one of their suspects. They drove to the house which was in Vienna, Va., and found that the suspect had moved. Yet it was the identical house that Hurkos had "seen" in his inner mind and which he had described.

By evening police had located the new home of the suspect — but it is noteworthy that the man had lived in the house Hurkos described at the time of the Jackson murders.

The man was arrested that night, but Hurkos was so exhausted by his efforts that he could not go on and the suspect was released.

The next day Dr. Riesenman and Hurkos went to the suspect's house and interviewed his wife while the husband was at work.

Hurkos began by telling the woman about her past. He reminded her of beatings her husband had given her. Dr. Riesenman described the interview in detail.

"Remember the six beatings?" Hurkos said. He even got up and enacted, with emotion, and sat down and cried."

THIS WAS Hurkos' effort to convince the woman that he knew

everything about her husband's behavior.

At one point in the interview the wife said, "I can't lie to this man. He knows everything . . . just like God. I have never said anything before because my husband threatened to kill me and the children."

Her husband had acted "funny" about the time of the unsolved murder of Mrs. Harold in 1957, the wife said. He also acted "funny" the weekend the Jacksons vanished.

In 1957 he had gone away for two weeks and returned without saying where he had been. He also was gone the weekend the Jacksons were killed.

After each absence, she said, her husband would pace the floor, pressing his hands to his head and muttering, "Oh, what have I done!" When he returned in January, 1959 he also had been drinking.

The wife went with Hurkos and Dr. Riesenman to the police station and police later picked up her husband. He was grilled by the police, Hurkos and Dr. Riesenman.

On the face of things, it looked like a strong lead to the murders, if nothing more. But at precisely this point things began to fall apart.

The husband denied killing the Jacksons. Yet when Dr. Riesenman pointed out that he had had certain amnesia episodes he admitted, "I can't be sure."

The questioning lasted four hours. During this period, Dr. Riesenman suggested the desirability of hospitalizing the man.

"I felt he was potentially dangerous," Dr. Riesenman said, "so we set the hearing up."

The hearing then held was technically legal but under the circumstances took practically the form of a kangaroo court—at least in the public's eyes.

A sanity hearing was called by Fairfax County Court Judge J. Mason Grove at 1:45 A. M. At that unusual hour a lunacy commission was convened, consisting of Judge Grove, Dr. Riesenman, and Dr. Jesse R. Cover, Fairfax jail physician.

The commission found that the suspect was mentally unbalanced and committed him to the Southwestern State Hospital for the insane. No criminal charges were placed against the man and under Virginia law his name was withheld.

Technically, of course, the commitment had to be made at the request of the man's wife.

Technically, also, no charges could be brought against him because apart from the wife's statement there was no evidence whatever against him that would be admissible in court.

IT MAY be properly asked, therefore why normal judicial pro-

cesses did not take place, with normal criminal investigative procedures.

The commitment was for 90 days. Dr. Riesenman felt that 90 days of treatment would help clarify the accused man's testimony if and when he was formally charged. It also may be that the police felt it would be well to keep him in storage while they conducted a more intensive investigation.

Nevertheless, the commitment roused substantial criticism. While admitting that the hearing was technically legal, the Washington *Sunday Star*, in an editorial titled "Crystal Ball Justice," called the proceedings "weird" and asked why it was necessary to ship a man "off to an insane asylum at 2:00 o'clock in the morning?" The *Star* obviously felt that the suspect's rights had been violated.

The American Civil Liberties Union also investigated the matter.

More and worse was to come. In an appearance on WMAL-TV Hurkos, who continued on the case for a time without fee, predicted that more evidence would turn up in the case in 14 days.

He was absolutely correct. At the end of June the FBI announced the arrest of an entirely new suspect in the crime and seized Melvin David Rees of Hydesville, Md., member of a long respected family in the community. Rees is a musician and

the FBI said it had very strong evidence against him.

Meanwhile, the truck driver who had been spirited off to Southwestern State Hospital in the dead of night was quietly released.

THIS UNFORTUNATE case should remain an object lesson on the pitfalls awaiting those who try to make practical use of extrasensory abilities.

Was Hurkos getting impressions? No doubt he was.

He says, "When I do these things I feel vibrations. These vibrations are translated into mental pictures. As time goes on, the pictures fit together to form a pattern. Some of them formed into something like a continuous movie strip, showing me what took place at the scene of the crime."

The problem with psychic impressions of this nature, as every researcher in the field has learned, is that they are apt to be random, without direction, and that the percipient's mind often becomes inextricably involved in what he perceives.

Often there is a "spill-over" of psychic impressions from one mind to another. What Hurkos may have been "receiving" in his mind was not psychometric impressions from the scene of these separate crimes, but a "spill-over" from the minds of police officials present who had

their own ideas about who the suspects were and where they lived.

Throughout this case there is woven a puzzling admixture of truthful impressions which were later verified. Only in the final decision did Hurkos appear to be wrong. Unfortunately that was the critical one. Let us examine some of the ways in which Hurkos was correct . . .

Dr. Riesenman met Hurkos at the airport and identified himself by showing him his wallet. Hurkos caught sight of a photograph of Dr. Riesenman's father in the wallet. He quickly described the older man's poor health. He was correct.

At the Riesenman home he walked over to a picture of Dr. Riesenman's mother and described the details of her last illness and death. He was correct to the minutest detail.

Hurkos is apparently always a showman. In the midst of the murder investigation, he entertained a number of Falls Church residents by telling them correctly obscure details of their lives.

Although he was apparently wrong in the suspect he finally named, he was correct in pointing to a man who had been suspected of the crime and had been investigated, and against whom damaging new evidence was immediately forthcoming.

It is part of the whole puzzling

structure of right-wrong guesses that Hurkos correctly identified the house where the suspect lived at the time the crime was committed, though he was no longer living there. Hurkos was even correct in describing the two color tones of the house and the fact that there was a chair in the yard outside.

He accurately described the face of the suspect's wife.

It is noteworthy that at this point the policeman in the car announced that a man questioned in the Jackson murder investigation did live in a home with a chair out front. And he said that the man and his wife did indeed resemble the persons Hurkos was describing. Here is clear evidence for the possibility of what we have called telepathic "spill-over."

The matter is complicated, and we could continue speculating in-

definitely. For example, we might surmise that the policeman in the car while Hurkos was giving his descriptions was, whether he knew it or not, a very strong "broadcaster" of telepathic impressions. Perhaps, indeed, such strong human "broadcasting stations" are responsible for many of the contradictions in this field and when they are present they overpower more subtle extrasensory signals.

We choose to use the comparison with broadcasting because that is the comparison that Hurkos himself uses. In Europe Peter Hurkos is known as the "Man with the Radar Brain." Even Hurkos admits, however, that his radar is fuzzy at times, although clear as a bell at other times.

Yet even in this case Hurkos had a last word. "I'm not finished yet," he says.



HAVE CARS—CAN'T TRAVEL

AS THE result of a contest sponsored by the *London Daily Mail*, Douglas Barnes of London won seven new autos worth \$15,860. Barnes never owned a car and is unable to drive.



CATASTROPHE FOR CHRISTMAS

AFTER a friend gave her a black cat for Christmas, 1959, Mrs. M. J. Cater of Guildford, England, reported, the following things happened: She tripped and bruised her shin, and within the next five hours broke two cups, left her purse on a bus, had a quarrel with her mother-in-law and tore her stockings.

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.

HOW DO I KNOW?

By Helen Harriet O'Mara

I HAD LEFT Long Island College Hospital School of Nursing where I was a student, and was on my way home for a 30 day vacation. I took the subway to Grand Central station where I picked up my reservation on my way to the small town in northern New York where my family lives. My thoughts were entirely on the 30 days ahead and the forthcoming delight of doing as I pleased for the next four weeks. After my long months of student nurse's life a reunion with my affectionate family would be a welcome relief.

At Grand Central I hadn't stood by the big clock in the center of the station more than five minutes when the gate slid back and the bored, tired, but still amiable ticket conductor called, "All Aboard!"

In spite of my readiness three persons were ahead of me in line to board the New York Central *Lake Shore Limited*. I took my place in the line, my ticket clutched

firmly in my left hand, my bulging suitcase in my right. The first person was through and the second was handing his ticket to the conductor when suddenly I panicked.



HELEN HARRIET O'MARA

Mrs. O'Mara at present is completing her Master's degree in Nursing Service Administration at Syracuse University, after 14 years of nursing service in the Armed Forces.

I felt a cold chill creep from the nape of my neck down my spine; my hand that held the ticket was shaking, and it seemed I couldn't move an inch. But I knew I must get out of that line! I turned, mumbling, "Excuse me, please," and bumbled back toward the safety of the big terminal floor. People stared at me as I almost ran toward the Big Clock. There I leaned my back against the marble shelf. No sooner had I done this, feeling a relief beyond words and not knowing why, than I began to tremble all over. The terminal had not seemed warm before but now perspiration trickled down my face. My hands were slippery wet. My suitcase slid to the floor.

I just stood there! I didn't care how I looked or who looked at me. This was the place for me—not in the line leading to the *Lake Shore Limited*. I must not take that train!

My family expected me at 7:30 the following morning and now, since I had no intention of taking that train, I would have to call home. I decided that *after* the train pulled out I would tell them that the train was gone but that I would board the morning train. I checked my bag in an overnight locker, deciding that I had best return to the Nurses' Home for the night.

I called home and my mother answered. I told her the train had left but that I would be on the

morning train without fail.

Mother said, "Oh, Helen, we're so disappointed. We were all figuring that in about 12 hours you would be here. Now we'll have to wait until night. What are you going to do now?"

"Well, I've checked my bag and I'm going back to the Nurses' Home. I'll stay there tonight. I'll tell you all about it tomorrow night," I said.

"What do you mean, Helen?" Mother asked.

"I don't know, yet. But watch tomorrow's paper."

I continued talking to Mother a few moments more, at the same time wondering what I meant by these strange remarks.

I went back to the Nurses' Home. I don't remember that my sleep was restless that night. In fact, I have a dim recollection of being so thankful I was in my hideous room that I found it wonderfully welcoming for once. I was indeed thankful; but I didn't know why!

I waked at 6:00 o'clock the next morning, hurriedly dressed, signed out again and ran to Joe Ralski's corner drugstore where I bought a newspaper. Headlines screamed: "LAKE SHORE LIMITED LEAVES TRACK AT LITTLE FALLS".

There followed an account of the tragedy in which a high school

friend, Jimmie Tallon, was killed along with many other passengers and crew members. The train had left the tracks shortly before midnight on April 19, 1940, plunged across a highway and into a rock embankment. Pullman cars were ripped open, smashed and piled along the right of way.

Well, there it was.

Another strange experience for me! I wonder how I know ahead of time about these approaching tragedies. I am thankful that I do know, of course. Through the years my premonitions have concerned events involving me, have concerned meeting or missing persons whom I should meet or miss.

I still "play my hunches" even though it often seems silly at the time. But *how do I know?* — *Syracuse, N. Y.*

THE STORM

By Al Schroeder

LATE ONE afternoon in October, 1920, I was driving on a dirt road leading into a small town in Wisconsin when a violent thunderstorm struck. I managed to get to a small restaurant, have supper and get directions from the restaurant owner to the home of an acquaintance where I thought I could spend the night. There were no hotels. The rain was still coming down in sheets when I introduced myself to the wife of my friend at her door.

She welcomed me with what seemed genuine relief saying that she was pleased to have a man in the house on a wild night like this, as her husband was in St. Paul on business and she and the children were alone.

The storm increased; the rain and wind slatted against the house; the thunder and lightning were almost continuous. The lights glowed and dimmed, sometimes leaving the house in darkness.

I noticed that the woman became more agitated as the storm worsened. She paced the floor and alternately pulled the curtains trying to shut out the storm and raised them to stare into the darkness.

I was seated at the dining room table writing my daily report. She sat down in a chair across from me looking driven and distraught.

"I hate storms," she said. "The things I see in them frighten me terribly, although I should be used to them by this time. They certainly are moving around tonight."

I did not know who *they* might be, but she continued.

"People who have only the usual perception are fortunate. I remember the first time I realized that I could see things not visible to most other people. We were living in Pennsylvania. It was early spring and two girl friends and I were coming home from school. Suddenly I saw great flocks of birds fly-

ing above us — thousands of them, all kinds and sizes. But they weren't really flying. It was as if the wind was blowing them along, and they were dead.

"I told my friends about them but they couldn't see any birds. They thought I was play acting.

"I went home and told my mother who nodded and said, 'So you have the power, too.' She explained that it would be better not to tell what I saw.

"Late one evening that fall Mother and I were in our front room when we heard someone walking with a cane come slowly up our walk. It was quite dark but I saw a shadowy figure coming up our steps. The door to the vestibule opened and we heard a cane rattle into the umbrella stand. Mother opened the door but there was no one there. She started to cry, saying, 'Your grandfather is dead.'

"It was true, Grandfather had died that evening in Altoona, Pa.

"The following spring a neighbor boy, a good friend of mine, fell into a stone quarry and was killed. A few days after the funeral as I came along the street I saw him sitting on the steps of his home. Then he vanished."

I was staring at the woman in amazement but she was lost in her own reverie. After a pause she spoke again.

"When my father bought this

farm he was able to buy a half section with good buildings on a tax title. We soon found out why.

"It was a night like this. I had stepped outside to get some towels that had been left on the line on the back porch and as I took down the last one I glanced around and nearly fainted. A man stood in the yard in the rain. He was dressed in city clothes. The entire side of his head was crushed in. He was dead. Yet he seemed to beckon to me. I rushed into the kitchen. My mother glanced at me and nodded, 'I have seen him too,' she said.

"A few nights later one of our horses got the colic and my father stayed in the barn to care for him. After about an hour the horse got to his feet and unconcernedly began eating his hay. Father picked up his lantern and as he turned to leave the barn the figure of the man with the crushed skull stood before him.

"My father was stunned and frightened. It was the first apparition he had ever seen.

"The ghost backed slowly from the barn beckoning Father to follow. When it reached a wagon that stood in the yard it raised it's hands to it's head in a gesture of agony and slowly sank into the ground.

"Father came into the house, white and shaken. After he had told us what he had seen Mother said thoughtfully, "This is no wander-

ing spirit. He is here. His soul cannot rest and his spirit cries for help. We must dig where he disappeared and if he is there we must give him Christian burial.'

"We had dug down only five feet when we found his remains. We buried him from our church, in our cemetery and never saw him again."

The woman stopped talking. She seemed more composed and I suddenly noticed that the storm was over. There was only the sound of water dripping from the eaves and the faint rumble of thunder in the distance.

My friend's wife looked at me. "You are fortunate," she repeated, "that you cannot see what is out there in these wild storms." — *Johnson Creek, Wis.*

LOST AND FOUND

By Helen Buchanan

MY STORY dates back to the year 1910, the year of Haley's Comet. I was between the ages of 13 and 14 and staying with my Aunt Helen and Cousin Lottie Kerr, in Titusville, Pa. My own family had a farm a mile and a half east of there.

I loved staying at my Aunt Helen's. My reason for being there at that time was that she was very ill and wanted me by her side. I spent many hours holding her hand when she felt badly. In fact, I was

with her when she died.

After she passed away my cousin was shocked to find that her mother's gold watch was not among her things. It was strange because no one ever went into my aunt's room but Lottie, the housekeeper, and me. I felt awfully bad about it. A short while later, a very strange thing happened. I had a dream. Aunt Helen came to me and told me where to find the gold watch and chain. She said, "Look under Lottie's bed, open the seam in the carpet, and in a knothole in the floor you will find the missing watch."

My cousin told me I was talking nonsense and to forget it, but I couldn't.

So I did as Aunt Helen asked me. Under the bed I could see where the seam of the carpet had been opened and drawn together again. I opened it and there was the watch and chain, resting in a knothole in the floor.

I was so excited. I ran quickly to my cousin and showed her what I had found. She couldn't believe her eyes.

It turned out finally that the housekeeper had hid the watch there the day of Aunt Helen's funeral, while we were all away from the house.

The incident was put in the *Titusville Herald* at the time and is true in all details. I am now

nearly 64 years old—but it is as clear to me as if it happened yesterday. — *Highland Park, Ill.*

SECRET OF THE CHAIR

By Monica Morano

SOON AFTER we bought it 13 years ago I discovered it was no ordinary chair.

It looked innocent enough. Large, comfortable, attractively upholstered, it looked like many other chairs. But one day, sitting in it, I found it was a demon in disguise.

I kept the terrible experience to myself. Frank would only laugh! So on some casual pretext, I persuaded him to move the chair into the guest room.

Still the chair lured me and each time I found myself helplessly pinned to the seat.

Always, when I first sit down in it, I'm so sure of myself. Go on, I say, I dare you to try it again. But within minutes my resistance crum-

bles under the veil of sleep that folds down over me like a sheet covering the dead. My eyes begin blinking. Voices start screeching in my ear; mixed voices, harsh, young, old, male, female, all taunting me by suggesting that perhaps this time I may not wake up. Then the dreams come, grisly dreams . . . and suddenly it's over and I'm awake, head pounding, eyes aching.

Last night I went into the guest room again. Only to *look* at the chair, I told myself. Odd, how suddenly old and shabby it looked.

Later I asked Frank if we should get it re-upholstered. He startled me by the look on his face as he answered, "No! Let's get that thing out of the house."

He must know the secret, too.

The chair is still in my home and I find an inexplicable reluctance on my part to let my husband haul it out of the house. — *Hasbrouck Heights, N.J.*



ANACHRONISTIC ACCIDENT

SKIN divers searching the ocean floor about five miles off the coast at Seaside Heights, N. J., discovered that a sunken commercial ship of the 1890's had been involved in a strange accident. Cradled among the corroded wooden timbers of the vessel was the wreckage of a small training plane of the type used at the beginning of World War II. The 20th Century plane apparently had crashed some 20 years before in exactly the same place where the ocean had swallowed the old ship in the late 19th Century.





Lady
Wetherby's
SNAKE-LOVER

There was a strange reason why beautiful, young Lady Wetherby gave a cobra the affection she denied her husband.

By Cheiro

LADY WETHERBY had married General Sir Henry Wetherby in her 18th year. He was more than 20 years her senior, a distinguished soldier who had just been made governor of one of the southern provinces of India.

"What a handsome couple," everyone exclaimed, as they came down the red carpeted steps of St. George's in Hanover Square together and were met with showers of

rice, worn-out slippers and the other conventional atrocities of a church wedding in London.

They had left at once for India. He to take up his position as governor, she to fill her role of social engagements as a governor's wife.

She knew little about the country she was about to visit. Although she had been born there when her father, the late Lord Midenton, was governor of the same province

to which her husband now had been appointed.

As the only child of Lord and Lady Midenton, she had been brought up strictly. No nun in a convent was ever more shielded from the world than was the Honorable Dorothy Midenton in her early life.

In her 14th year her mother had died. Without waiting six months her church-going father married his mistress, an ex-chorus girl he had been keeping for the past 10 years.

Dorothy was sent to live with a spinster aunt in London.

The ways of Fate, however, are strange. In spite of everything the Honorable Dorothy captured the heart of General Sir Henry Wetherby when they met for the first time at a church bazaar. Sir Henry was the most sought after man in London at that particular moment.

The spinster aunt was only too glad to get such a responsibility off her hands. She already had noticed how men turned to look at Dorothy whenever she took her shopping. Although dressed in the simplest style her lithe, slender figure, so full of grace and magnetic charm, stood out in sharp contrast among the more gaudy fashions of the day.

For the church bazaar the spinster aunt had turned her out in a simple dress of white muslin; everything she wore was white even to a white rose in her hair.

Sir Henry Wetherby, catching sight of Dorothy, felt that here, at last, was something he had dreamed about, a vision in pure white, a symbol of innocence.

He was a man of quick decisions and indomitable will. He made himself agreeable to the aunt who was flattered by the attention of such a distinguished personality. He was invited to call and did so, the very next day. As he was so shortly leaving to take up his governorship in India he lost no time in declaring his intentions and the wedding was quickly arranged.

SOME FEW years later I met Lady Wetherby on her return from India. Without giving her name she made an appointment through my secretary. I can never forget the afternoon in May when she came to my house. It was the beginning of a friendship that lasted until her death.

I quickly divined her curiously constituted nature. I told her of the failure of her marriage and its approaching break-up. She looked me straight in the face and said, "But such a thing is not possible. How can my husband divorce me? I am not like other women; I have had no lovers and never will have. I do not care for men."

Then she added abruptly, "Tell me, Cheiro, do you believe in reincarnation? I learned something

about it in India. It has intrigued me. Tell me first what you think. Then I will relate my experience."

A curious sensation came over me. Glancing up from her hands, our eyes met, and I realized I was in the presence of a woman who was anything but normal. Could I tell her frankly the thoughts that were rapidly forming in my mind? I felt I could — so I let myself go.

"Yes," I said, "I believe in reincarnation. I have my own queer theories about the subject but please remember they are only theories and may not be worth any serious thought.

"I believe that the lower forms of life are slowly and steadily striving to raise themselves a stage higher by incarnating, if they get the opportunity, either in the bodies of humans or by becoming so closely associated with them that when their span of life is over they have become superior to the position in which they were created. The law of evolution may apply not only to mankind, but may play its role equally well from the lowest forms of life up to the highest."

I could see my theory interested her. There was a question in her half-closed eyes.

Very thoughtfully, she said, "I cannot explain how much your theory appeals to me. Tell me if you can, through what series of incarnations I have passed."

I know I may be criticized for the answer I so impulsively gave. I know I had no right to "sit in judgement" on that strangely constituted woman and yet I felt it would be still worse to deceive her.

I could not hold back the thoughts rapidly pressing through my mind. "You are not a normal woman," I answered, "in fact, you are not really human. For this reason, as you yourself admit, you have never loved any human being and never can. You attract men by your beauty but you can give them nothing in return. You admit that your husband is everything a woman could desire but you could not respond to his affection and your marriage has never been consummated. You have passed through many incarnations, from the lowest expression of life to where you are today, the very highest of your type perhaps, but not human, not even animal."

"You have told me the truth," she interrupted. "I will now tell you my experience in India. It coincides exactly with what you say. My husband had a wonderful position but I could not enter in any way into his social life or be of use to him in his ambitions. I detested meeting people and showed my dislike openly. He reproached me at times, yet he was kindness itself; but the breach widened between us year after year.

"My greatest desire was to wander off alone as far as I could into the jungle. I had no fear of animals or snakes, in fact, the latter seemed always to welcome me.

"On one of my rambles I struck a path that led me to one of the many ruined temples that may be found in that part of India. At first I thought I was alone but I found to my surprise that it was inhabited by a very old Yogi.

"He greeted me as if he had known me all my life. Leading me to a deep recess carved out of the solid rock that supported the high-arched roof, we sat down under the shadow of an image of Buddha.

"Well, child,' he said, 'What is it you wish to ask?'

"I do not know,' I answered, 'I have found my way here by mere chance.'

"He smiled. 'There is no such thing as chance. You have been led here for some purpose. Tell me, what is it that is troubling your mind?'

"Well', I blurted out, 'explain, if you can, why it is that I am different than all other women?'

"He replied in almost the same words you used today: 'Because you are not human. Your soul has not reached that incarnation yet.' Then he went on, 'You see, my child, I am very old. I lived here even before your own father was governor of this province. I remem-

ber as if it were yesterday, at your birth how upset your parents were that you came into this world a girl and not a boy.

"There was something strange about you even then. One afternoon, when you were only a few months old, your ayah left you in your little cot on the verandah outside your mother's windows. When she returned she saw a snake, a full grown King Cobra, coiled around the cot with its head resting on your pillow.

"The woman, knowing the dangerous nature of the snake, screamed with terror. Your father rushed out, but before he or the servants could do anything the cobra disappeared down the side of the verandah. From that day, my child, you had no fear of snakes.

"This incident so upset your mother that she never rested until your father resigned his position and returned to England. The curious part of it all is that 20 years later your husband received the same appointment and brought you back here to the very place in which you were born.'

"And am I then the reincarnation of a snake?' I asked the Yogi.

"He hesitated for a moment, then looking at me very calmly he said, 'Yes, I believe that is the answer to the mystery of why you are different from other members of your sex.'

"That evening as I left my bath I caught the reflection of my body in a mirror. I noticed for the first time that the lines of my figure were not those that women are supposed to have. I looked lithe, supple and double-jointed. I had neither breasts nor hips. When I put my feet together my entire form took on the appearance of a snake.

"I remembered that I had accounted for the dazzling whiteness of my body by the fact that my skin seems to peel off once every year while a new layer takes its place. Since then I have read that such a thing is one of the characteristics of snakes.

"I did not feel in any way distressed at the old Yogi's revelation. On the contrary, I felt that at last I understood why I was different and the knowledge made me happier than I had ever been.

"The next afternoon I again climbed up the path that led to the temple where the old man lived. He had a wonderful philosophy of life that explained many of its mysteries. I finally arranged to come to him at least once a week and listen to his teachings.

"On one of these occasions a young cobra, a magnificent male specimen, came in from the jungle, moved slowly across the stone floor and lay down with its head resting on my feet. I was not frightened in the least. I felt that it would do

me no harm. I put my hand down and softly stroked the back of its neck. From that day on, whenever I went to the old temple, the same cobra would silently creep in and lie down at my feet.

"I gave him the name of Bob on account of a peculiar motion he made with his head. Months passed; I became so engrossed in the Yogi's teachings that I neglected my social duties as the governor's wife more and more. I had reached the point where I could not bear the regular routine of dinners, receptions, and the openings of institutions and charities.

"I felt I had nothing in common with the empty-headed women that came to show off their dress or with the men in their resplendent uniforms. My husband protested again and again. I made efforts to fit in with his wishes but it was no use; my thoughts always went back to the ruined Hindu temple and the feel of the cobra lying on my feet.

"One afternoon the Yogi abruptly announced that the time had come when I was to leave India and return to England.

"'Impossible,' I said. 'We have only been here four years. My husband will never abandon his political ambitions. Besides, he has grown more accustomed to my indifference to his social engagements lately. He does not even protest when I keep to my own rooms.'

"The old man shook his head. 'You are quite wrong, my child. You do not understand the world and its ways. The Governor will very shortly announce his resignation. I can see you on a steamer returning home.'

"'But how can I leave Bob?' I asked.

"'You will not leave him,' he answered. 'You will take him with you to London. He is interwoven with your Fate, even if he must be your undoing.'

"A few weeks later my husband announced he had sent in his resignation; we would leave by the next P. & O. liner from Bombay.

"'Your decision seems very sudden,' I said.

"'No,' he replied. 'I have contemplated it for months.'

"Reaching the ruined temple that afternoon I was surprised to find that the Yogi had a wicker basket for Bob — the snake was already in it, sleeping peacefully as if prepared to go.

"'I will take him to the boat,' the old man said. 'You will have no difficulty if you keep him in your stateroom.'

"A week later we sailed. My husband had engaged two separate cabins. I found the wicker basket on my couch. It was padlocked and the key was in an envelope addressed to me. When I opened it Bob put his head out, gently rub-

bing it against my hand, at the same time emitting a curious low sound which he always did when contented or happy.

"My husband never came to my stateroom although he was always courteous and attentive when we met for meals or walked on the deck together. He knew nothing about Bob until we passed through Customs on the Thames. Then, as I unlocked the basket and Bob stuck his head out, he started back in surprise, but recovering himself said, 'Tame, of course?' I nodded and nothing more was said.

"At the hotel where we again had separate rooms I released Bob from his captivity. Slowly uncoiling from the basket he stretched at full length on the couch. His gaze followed me wherever I went in the room. Meanwhile he made the low sound that meant he was happy.

"I did not see my husband till the next evening at dinner. He had been out, he said, finding a flat for me and had decided on one in Kensington, overlooking Hyde Park.

"I asked, 'where will you stay?'

"'Do not trouble about me,' he answered. 'I am going up to the north of England to my own people there. I am tired of the political life, so intend to go into business.'

"'But,' I stammered, 'are we not to live together again?'

"'My dear,' he smiled, 'we *never* have lived together!'

"The next day I moved over to the Kensington flat with Bob and my maid as my only companions. Sir Henry came in once to see that I was comfortable. He left London the next day and I have not seen him since, although that was two years ago now. I am quite happy in my own way. I can do what I like, go where I like. I do not have to be pleasant to other women or flatter men who bore me. My greatest pleasure is to go every day to the Zoo to feed the animals or pass hours in the serpent house.

"Bob has grown to be a full-sized cobra and, although it may seem unnatural, I absolutely love that creature as I never loved anything in my life before. Yet, I do want a man friend, someone who understands me and to whom I can at times express my thoughts. I do *not* want a lover."

She stretched her hands across the table to mine. "Will you be my friend?" she asked. "Will you come and see me from time to time?" There was such a lonely, pleading look in her eyes I could not refuse.

A few days later I rang the bell at Lady Wetherby's flat. She welcomed me warmly and even Bob did not appear to resent my presence. I became a weekly visitor there.

Then one day I read a sensational story in the newspapers. It ap-

peared that a man and his wife who had the flat above Lady Wetherby's, coming home late at night from the theatre, had met a large cobra coiled round the banisters of the staircase leading to their apartment. The wife screamed and fainted as her hand came in contact with the head of the snake, which apparently had been fast asleep. The occupants of the other flats rushed out on the landings. Police whistles were blown. In the general consternation Lady Wetherby appeared in her door and Bob crawled quietly back into her rooms.

Unusual pets like snakes are looked upon askance in respectable flats in London. Lady Wetherby's landlord insisted on her leaving at once. Not caring to risk a repetition of the incident, she took a house with a garden for Bob.

A few weeks later London society read with astonishment that General Sir Henry Wetherby had applied to the Courts for an annulment of his marriage, giving as the reason that it never had been consummated. Lady Wetherby did not enter any opposition and in time the Courts pronounced the marriage annulled. In a few months Sir Henry married again — this time a widow.

FOLLOWING THIS I was absent on a lecture tour in America

for several years. On my return, one morning I found a note from Lady Wetherby which ran as follows:

"My dear friend: I have read that you are back in London. I am very ill; do come to me as soon as possible."

I went that afternoon to the house she had taken on the Chelsea Embankment. As I was expected, I was taken at once to her bedroom on the second floor. There I started back in horror at her appearance. This once beautiful woman was now reduced to a mere shadow of skin and bones. I could almost see through the white hands she stretched out to welcome me. Although it was a hot afternoon in June, two eiderdown quilts were failing to keep her warm.

The snake lay by her side the full length of her body and close to it, as if trying to give her some of its life. It also seemed to be dying. White scales every now and then closed over its glittering eyes. It was a horrible sight that will live forever in my memory.

Speaking slowly but very distinctly, she said, "My friend, you have come but barely in time; this illness commenced about a year ago — just a wasting away, no pain; I have had the best doctors in London but they failed to arrest whatever this malady may be. One and all have given up my case as hope-

less. I am alone here except for my companion, Miss Willowby, who has devoted herself to me day and night. I cannot last long now. Something tells me that the end will come soon—perhaps before morning.

"I know I can depend on you to carry out my wishes. There is no one else who can do what I want done. Promise me that you will do whatever it is that I am going to ask."

I took her hands in mine. "My dear friend," I said, "I will carry out your desires."

"I know," she continued, "that Bob will not live after I am gone. When I am dead I want you to take him away, put him to death painlessly by gas, cremate his body, cremate mine also, put our two ashes together and throw the urn far out at sea. Promise me this," she now could only whisper, "and maybe in our next incarnation we will meet again."

"I promise," I answered. "I will do exactly as you ask."

She sank back on the pillows and for a few moments hardly seemed to breathe. Miss Willowby came in. I told her I would come back in the morning at 9:00 o'clock and left the room.

The next morning I returned. Miss Willowby met me at the door. There was no need for her to tell me that it was all over. The Angel

of Death made his presence felt all through the house.

We went upstairs to the bedroom. The windows were open; the fragrant air of the June morning stirred the lilies lying at the feet of a Buddha by the side of the bed.

I shuddered when I thought of my promise to take the snake away. Bob was lying in the same position as I last saw him, with his head on her shoulder.

As I approached the bed I noticed the white scales were drawn

like curtains over his eyes. There was no occasion for me to be anxious about my dreaded task. Bob also had died during the night.

I put his body in the wicker basket and had it cremated. Lady Wetherby's body was cremated also. Following her wishes to the letter, we placed the ashes of both together. A few days later Miss Willowby and I took a boat at Southampton and threw the urn containing the ashes as far out as we could into the sea.



CRISIS AT THE FAIRY MOUND

By Raymond C. Otto

AT THE town of Wexford, Ireland, one day in May, 1958, some men from the state electricity board began digging a hole in a little mound for erection of a light pole. As soon as the townspeople saw what was happening they told the men that no light pole ever would stay put in that particular spot.

The mound, they explained, was a fairy rath and everyone in Ireland knows that fairies who live in such raths resent being disturbed.

The electricity men just scoffed and finished the hole. They popped in the pole and carefully tamped the earth back in around it.

The next morning the pole was loose. "It was the little people," the Wexford folks said, shaking their heads.

The workmen came back and reset the pole, but the next morning it was loose again. Then the scientific-minded electricity men dug a hole six feet wide, put the pole in the middle and rammed the earth around it so firmly they were certain nothing could shake it. The following morning the pole was as loose as ever.

Finally the electricity men gave up. They dug another hole four feet outside the rath and set the pole there. It is still standing and is as steady as a rock.

What is this strange, blurred shape? Surprising opinions as to its identity are obtained when expert . . .

photographers analyze **UFO** picture

By Harlan Wilson

THE ACCOMPANYING photograph has been variously called an authentic UFO photograph, a blurry mess that doesn't show anything, and "one of the most sensational photographs of the 20th Century."

The photograph and the accompanying analysis of it are published here through the courtesy of four persons — Frank Edwards; Norbert Gariety, editor and publisher of SPACE; C. W. Fitch of Cleveland, Ohio, who obtained the photograph for us, and the editor of the newspaper *Wiener Montag*, of Vienna, Austria, where it first appeared.

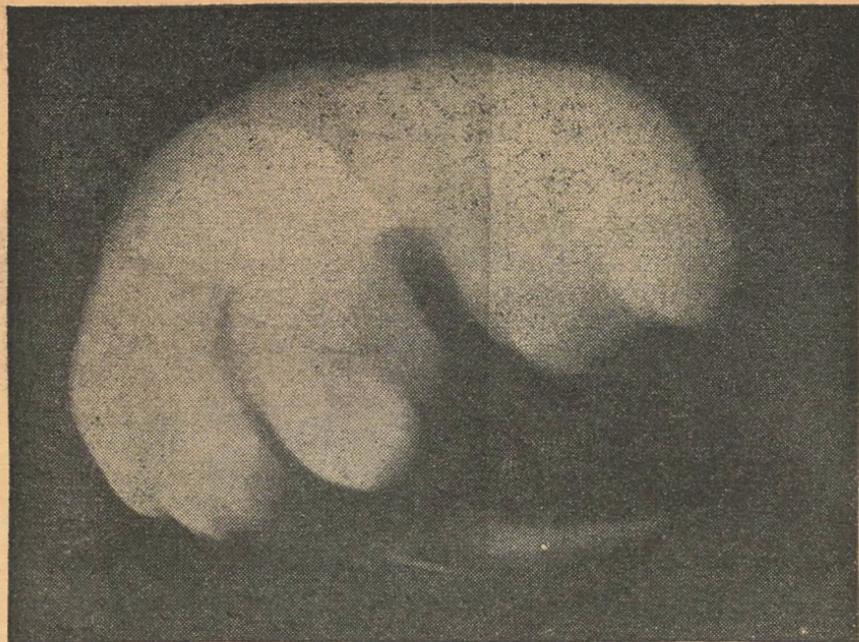
At 1:30 A.M., March 2, 1960, Edgar Schedelbauer of the *Wiener Montag* staff was returning from a visit with his elderly father at Wildon in the district of Leibnitz near the Yugoslav border.

He was riding his motorcycle be-

tween Labuttendorf and St. Viet am Vogau when he perceived a bright glowing object above the forest. It was obviously rotating and, as Schedelbauer watched it, crossed a



Newspaper *Wiener Montag*, of Vienna, first ran photo of mysterious object.



Photo, here enlarged, shows milky-white shape, described as obviously rotating.

long clearing by the road and descended in a half circle, still rotating. When about 50 feet above the ground it suddenly stopped.

Schedelbauer let his motorcycle fall into the ditch beside the road, grabbed his camera, which he was carrying on a shoulder strap, and took the accompanying photograph. The object hovered within sight for six or seven seconds.

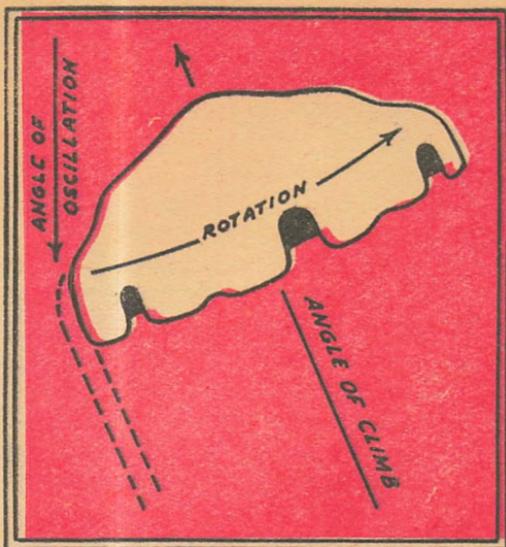
It seemed milky-white and Schedelbauer described it as looking like a "giant spider." He could feel heat coming from it. Suddenly the object darkened. What had been a

low humming noise changed to a deep throated, jet-like roar, and the UFO disappeared in the direction of Radkersburg.

Schedelbauer later was questioned closely but stuck to his story. "The camera is my witness," he said. "Besides, I felt the heat. For three days great red spots showed on my face and hands, but they neither itched nor hurt."

The meteorological station of Vienna said that the object could not have been a balloon nor any other meteorological instrument, nor ball lightning, nor a meeteor.

Drawing is based on study of clues in photo, which is said to indicate slow shutter speed. Object is deduced to have been rotating and rising, as well as having a lateral oscillation. Allowing for blurred outlines produced by these motions, familiar UFO shape is arrived at.



MR. GARIETY and Mr. Edwards, both experienced photographers, have drawn on their professional knowledge to verify the authenticity of this photograph.

Gariety has been a professional photographer for 13 years, two of these years in newspaper photography.

He has deduced that the photo was taken at a rather slow shutter speed. Though the exact speed is not known, Gariety assumes it to be 1/50th of a second.

"Second, the object was rotating," Gariety says, "and at the same time going upward. Depending on its speed, during the time the shutter was open it could have moved up-

ward anywhere from five to 15 or more feet.

"This being the case, then we would have a sharp outline at the top of the object, and a blurred, hazy and somewhat weaker exposure at the bottom. If the lights were concentrated on portions of the lower structure of the object, and rotating, then we would naturally get blurred fingers of light, extending from the bottom of the object due to the movement.

"Now suppose we cover up most of the lower portion of the UFO, that part representing the light in motion effect: Now we have one of the distinctly familiar saucer-shaped objects that has been seen and

photographed the world over on numerous occasions.

"So in view of the circumstances, Mr. Schedelbauer's previous lack of knowledge on the subject, and the photographic analysis, we can come to only one conclusion, and that is the same as the editorial staff of the *Wiener Montag*.

"The photograph is legitimate, no fake, one of the most sensational photographs of the 20th Century."

Frank Edwards has expanded on Gariety's analysis, based upon his 30 years of experience with photography — movies, trick photography, aeriels and miniatures are all covered in Edwards's experience.

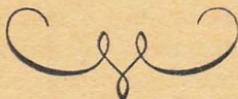
He confirms Gariety's main points. "The photograph appears to have been taken at a relatively slow shutter speed, perhaps 1/50th of a second. The object was rotating at an unknown rate and rising at an unknown speed. This would give a sharper outline of the object in the direction of its movement (upward in this case) and a somewhat blurry outline on the lower edges."

Edwards then adds these conclusions:

"Keeping in mind the original description of the object as glowing white, therefore highly photogenic, a close look at the picture indicates a lateral oscillation, visible on both sides of the lower fringe as a grayish blur at the extreme edges on the outside. This means that the pronounced bulges on top of the object were in reality somewhat less pronounced, having been exaggerated by the lateral motion.

"The dark finger projecting into the object from the bottom center of the picture shows that it was rotating to the right, or counterclockwise, as it rose. The length of the dark blur and its general conformation show that the white 'fingers' themselves are misshapen by the rising, turning motion and the lateral oscillation."

By working backward through the clues in the picture, Edwards gets an original shape like the accompanying drawing. Obviously it is a conventional and familiar UFO shape.



CLUBBED BY CHANCE

DURING a pinochle game W. Leland Pitts of Lincoln, Neb., fanned his cards after a deal and was amazed to find that he held all 20 clubs from the double deck. According to calculations by mathematicians at the University of Nebraska, the chances of drawing such a hand are one in 883-quadrillion.

ESPANTO

DREAD CURSE OF THE ZAPOTECs

A strange illness struck Jose. The Indians said it was Espanto—and that only magic could save his life.

By Henry J. Santon

AT THE BASE of Oaxaca's holy mountain, Monte Alban, lies the serenely peaceful village of Xoxo. The peace of this small Indian community is rarely disturbed—except during an occasional Espanto when angry gods send devil forces upon the earth to punish an individual or a whole tribe.

One of Mexico's best known historians and anthropologists, a faculty member of the University of Guanojuato, has told this story of Jose Lopez' Espanto.

The people of Xoxo seldom make concessions to modern life or to new ideas which would change their sacred ways of living. Guadalupe Lopez, born 28 years ago in one of the small adobe houses on the outskirts of this historic pueblo knows the gods' wrath and penalties. He

has remained faithful to the customs and traditions of his Zapotec tribe. As Guadalupe tends his father's field he uses the same primitive tools his ancestors worked with many generations ago. Yet, he knows more about maize and the mysterious cycles of plant life than do most graduates from modern agricultural colleges.

He reveres and respects nature and recognizes the forces which sustain him and his field. When angry storm clouds send down crop-killing hail, or when a drought brings clouds of insects to eat his grain he knows what evil powers express their anger.

The Catholic Church, to which his ancestors were converted by Spanish missionaries, denies the existence of such powers. It considers

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Henry J. Santon has contributed articles to a variety of American and European publications. Born in Austria in 1913, he came to the U. S. A. in 1938. He served for five years with the U S. Counter Intelligence Corps in Germany, and was awarded the Purple Heart, two Bronze Stars and several citations. He recently received a Master's degree in English and Literature from Los Angeles State College.



it sinful to believe in anything but the One God. Yet, after every brief Sunday service, the people of Xoxo practice their own ancient rituals. Their helpless priest patiently admonishes his congregation, believing that only time can rid his flock of their superstitious beliefs.

When the Espanto struck Jose, Guadalupe's younger brother, the priest's prayers and those of the family proved worthless. Old Senora Lopez ordered an expensive patent medicine from a mail order house in Mexico City but even this wonder drug, said to cure all external and internal disorders, did not break the Espanto.

The Catholic priest, a gentle and most patient man in ordinary circumstances, seemed to lose his control whenever he heard the ominous word Espanto. Trying to ex-

plain Jose's sudden illness as an ordinary pesedilla, or nightmare, he pounded his fist on the table as he angrily denied the reality of spells and curses.

But Jose's condition went from bad to worse. The slightest noise gave him the jitters. Normally he had a good appetite, but now he found it difficult to eat his tortillas. He became so frightened of the dark that Guadalupe had to be with him every single moment.

Calm contemplation, one of the gifts handed down by the Zapotecs to every member of their tribe, had suddenly left Jose's mind and body. Over night he had turned into a frightened possessed creature. Afraid of nature, of his own people, and even of his gentle donkey, he began to hear voices, which no one else could hear. His tortured nerves

made him imagine that Pinto, the neighbor's old dog, was a vicious jaguar; and the glorious skyline of the sacred mountain became an image of Cocijo, the God of Rain.

At times Jose broke into heated argument with himself or people he imagined to be present. To Guadalupe these monologues made no sense at first, but as he paid more attention to his brother's verbal defenses it became clear that Jose was talking about some intruders who had attempted to defile the sacred mountain.

A team of archeologists from Mexico's University had come to Xoxo several months before intent on excavating a presumed buried city. They set to work hoping by digging to separate myth from historical fact. Most villagers resented their intrusion. Some felt called upon to defend the resting places of their ancestors. While the people of Xoxo discussed this interference with their privacy, a group of radicals took the matter into their own hands. Who actually ambushed the group of scientists, nearly killing one, remained a secret, even to the people of Xoxo. The Mexican Government made an attempt to discover the ringleaders but could not uncover the slightest evidence. Scholars on Indian culture were sent to Xoxo to explain the importance of these excavations. In describing the advanced culture

and civilization of the early Zapotecs, they hoped to win the villagers' confidence.

The town elders listened patiently but when their spokesman expressed their own philosophy, that civilizations were mere stepping stones in man's search for deeper spiritual insight, the experts were baffled and speechless. Trained in their field, they were completely unprepared to wage philosophical warfare.

As Guadalupe listened to his brother's ravings, he wondered if Jose had taken it upon himself to become the instrument of the Gods' revenge? Guadalupe recognized a twofold danger. If Jose was permitted to go on with his self-induced frenzy it would be only a matter of days before his identity became known. Shielding him from the law would be difficult and dangerous. And even assuming this could be done, how long could Jose endure the physical strain of his torture?

Jose's kinfolk suggested a call on the *gobeche huina*, the local medicine man, whose potions of herbs and roots had silenced many pains in the past. The old parents, willing to try anything found Guadalupe so fiercely opposed to this that they began to wonder how much Jose's Espanto already had influenced their older son.

Pained to add to the grief of his

parents, Guadalupe resisted an impulse to divulge his secret and his doubts concerning the medicine man's ability to cope with Jose's case. All agreed that something had to be done very soon to save Jose's life. They reconstructed many times the chores Jose had performed the day the Espanto had struck. It was not difficult to determine what he ate and drank. They even recalled what the weather was like, but nothing out of the ordinary came to their attention to explain his sudden change.

It was Guadalupe who broke the silence. Looking at his suffering brother, shivering under a heavy zarape in spite of the stifling heat, he got up from his mat and put his hand on Jose's shoulder.

"I'll take him to the *benihucagua* tonight," he announced to his startled family.

The *benihucagua*, an ancient seer, lived by himself in the hills, isolated even from his own people. On rare occasions when he came to the village the people of Xoxo avoided him. Mothers even called their youngsters to come indoors; but he did not seem to mind the distance they kept from him. The weatherbeaten old man's emaciated frame defied any guess as to his age. It was common knowledge that many of the villagers and even strangers from far off communities visited his primitive cave but not

one had ever talked about his visit. The people of Xoxo seemed to ignore the old man's existence.

Nobody knows for sure in what period the *benihucaguas* started their mysterious practice of communicating with spirits known only to them. It must be assumed, however, that people had provided for their livelihood long before our Christian era.

One could almost sense the family's relief as Guadalupe suggested this last and final step. Even Jose, whose mind had wandered off to strange and far away places, looked up. For a moment his red rimmed eyes seemed to plead with his family, who already had silently approved.

As Guadalupe got himself and Jose ready for the long walk their mother filled a small sack with provisions for the old seer. A generous slice of smoked meat together with beans, onions and peppers was all they could offer the mystical healer for helping their kin. Only faint nods of their heads served as goodbye when the two sons set out into the lengthening evening shadows.

They walked quietly through the village without meeting any one. Calmly following the brisk pace of his brother Jose inhaled the cool evening air; his arms hung at his sides. He was completely unaware that Guadalupe occasionally glanced

at him, wondering whether it was the fresh air or the prospect of help that made him seem more relaxed.

The dirt road led them over gentle slopes into hilly country where mounds and boulders tested their sure-footedness. From somewhere over the hills came the distant baying of dogs guarding cattle homeward bound. Overhead a lonesome, hungry hawk circled the sky defying the twilight and sanctity of the approaching night. The brothers moved like two silhouettes through the early night until their trained eyes saw in the distance the faint flicker of light which was their destination.

As they approached the hermit's dwelling, part shack, part cave, gradually came into focus. The old man sat near the entrance. He did not lift his eyes from the flickering flames. A slight nod of his head, accompanied by a guttural sound, was the only welcome he extended to the two brothers. No words were exchanged or necessary. Jose followed the old Indian into his dwelling. Guadalupe remained outside, occasionally feeding a dry twig to the small fire.

The seer led Jose to an oddly shaped block of wood and motioned him to sit down. A pleasant, faintly spicy odor filled the sparsely furnished room. A number of earthen bowls were stacked on a primitive table which took up one wall.

The opposite wall was covered with several big ceramic vessels. The dim light obscured the details of the fresco decorations on the pottery but intensified the weird and gruesome look of a huge green mask hanging on the wall. Its tremendous headdress immediately identified it as Cocijo, the God of Rain, whose greenish hue symbolizes that most precious liquid, blood.

The *benihucuagua* removed his stained zarape. His once white, homespun shirt draped his thin body loosely and gave him a ghostly appearance. From underneath his mat he brought out a branch of leaves and began to wave these ritualistically as soft and soothing tranquilizers, before Jose's face. The old man's penetrating eyes found and held those of his patient.

After a moment of silence the old seer began to speak. His power of concentration arrested Jose's rambling mind at that point where the oppressed feeling had overcome him on that ominous day. As in a trance Jose related how his sleep had turned into a torture and how he had struggled during that night to fight off forces he could not identify. From that nocturnal experience, he went back verbally into his past, relating his thoughts and feelings toward his family and his community, revealing a deep rooted uncertainty. His conscience, torn between two forces, was un-

decided which god to serve. For a long time his monotonous voice flowed uninterruptedly to the rhythmical sway of the ritualistic fan. When Jose finally stopped talking, the seer got up from his crouched position and reached for a bottle-shaped container.

In a loud, distinct voice he called Jose's name into the narrow opening. Then he placed the bottle to Jose's ear so that he could hear the echo coming from the hollow jar. Then, putting his hand on Jose's forehead, the *benihucuagua* firmly declared that Jose's soul had

returned to his body, that the spell was broken. Reciting some ancient phrases in the tradition of the Zapotecs, he tapped his patient gently on the shoulder and stepped outside to allow Jose to awaken gradually.

It was past midnight when the two brothers returned to their village. Now happily Jose was no longer afraid of the dark. Relaxed but tired, he greeted his old parents who had stayed up to pray for his recovery. To whom they had prayed remains as much a secret as the *benihucuagua's* method and power of breaking Espantos.



SIGNALS FROM A TEST-TUBE BRAIN

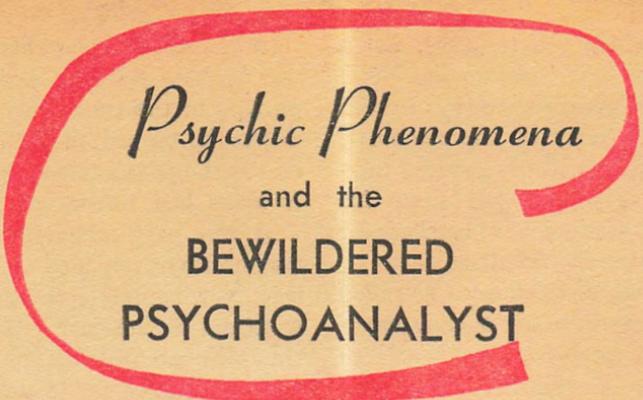
A GROUP of scientists at the medical branch of the University of Texas recently announced having received electrical signals for as long as two weeks from pieces of chick embryo brain tissue kept alive in glass tubes. The achievement is believed to be the first in which brain signals have been received from tissue maintained in a completely artificial medium.

The research was reported by Drs. Alastair W. B. Cunningham, Marshall Daughtery and Billy J. Rylander. They stated that the success of their experiment was made possible by the discovery of the exact combination of ingredients neces-

sary to make synthetic tissue fluids correspond to natural ones.

The signals they received were described as step-like combinations of positive and negative electrical pulses lasting from a half to one-and-a-half seconds. They were "not unlike signals generated in the whole brain," said Dr. Cunningham, 37.

Scientists hope the new research will make it possible to map out the functional development of the brain and reveal precisely when and in what structures electrical activity first appears and how it spreads throughout the tissue.



Psychic Phenomena
and the
**BEWILDERED
PSYCHOANALYST**

Psychic happenings baffle even the experts. Can light be shed on them by the psychoanalytical approach?

By Nandor Fodor

PATIENTS COME to a psychoanalyst because they are not well adjusted to the demands of life. They cannot handle their conflicts, cannot use their talents to the greatest advantage. They suffer from fears, phobias and guilt feelings. They develop mental and physical symptoms. They defend their ego with fantasies, by suppression, repression and projection. They sublimate or develop escape mechanisms of many kinds.

If the patient is a Spiritualist, the psychoanalyst finds himself in a territory almost totally unexplored by his profession. He is nonplussed

by evidence of physical phenomena he has never encountered before, and he is startled by a variety of subjective (mental) phenomena of which, at best, only telepathy and clairvoyance are in any way familiar.

As far as mental phenomena are concerned, the predominant question in the psychoanalyst's mind is: what is the role of the medium's or agent's unconscious mind in all this?

He cannot seriously consider the cause of a mediumistic message as being a "discarnate intelligence" until he has tested every other ex-

THE AUTHOR

A practicing psychoanalyst in New York City, Dr. Nandor Fodor also is a noted psychic researcher. He is the author of nine books, the latest being *On the Trail of the Poltergeist* and *The Haunted Mind*. He is a member of the New York Academy of Sciences, the American Psychological Assn. and the National Psychological Assn. He also is on the editorial boards of *Psychoanalysis* and the *Psychoanalytic Review*.



planatory function of the subconscious mind. Only after that could he consider the possibility of survival of human personality after death—at least as a working hypothesis.

The problem of physical phenomena is quite another matter. Unknown bio-physiological powers of the human organism may some day explain them.

There are mysteries of the mind, mysteries of the body, mysteries of the body-and-mind and mysteries arising from the Cosmos in which

our human life is immersed.

Spiritualism, for example, is only one system of interpretation—a way of looking at the phenomena. In my opinion it is as biased and stubborn as psychoanalysis often is. But it is positive in the sense that it has organized and kept alive the belief in and the study of ancient mysteries.

The outstanding contribution of Spiritualism to psychoanalytic therapy is the help its believers receive in conquering their fear of death, in banishing suicidal desires and in

revitalizing religious faith by a new belief in God and immortality. Not only do Spiritualists get a new lease on life from their belief but they also are provided with guidance on a highly moral and ethical basis for the conduct of everyday life.

They find a bridge from a materialistic to a spiritual concept of life and the system satisfies the archaic cravings of their psyche by putting an end to their isolation and loneliness in the universe. By using man's gregarious instinct and by opening vistas of cosmic usefulness after death, Spiritualism provides a better answer to human needs than other existing systems of religion, philosophy and scientific inquiry. Hence, as a system of healing Spiritualism can count on the stamp of approval of many psychoanalysts.

THE NEXT approach to Spiritualism is the investigation of the strange personalities of those persons who call themselves mediums. Do they belong to the ordinary run of neurotics or psychotics and, if so, does this affect the phenomenal issue? Are they intermediaries — as the word medium suggests — between two planes of existence or is their claimed communion with the spirits of the dead a mechanism of escape from reality?

A reincarnation fantasy may bol-

ster ego feelings with "memories" of a greater life in the past, and thus give support in the tribulations of the present existence. A mediumistic fantasy may sublimate a sense of inadequacy by missionary service, in which case the mediumistic function works as an auto-suggestion for self-therapy.

The complicating factor is the state of trance. In what ways is trance distinguishable from normal sleep, hypnotic sleep, drug-induced states, religious ecstasy or cosmic consciousness?

Is the entranced medium ruled by his own unconscious alone or does he act as a receiving station for the unconscious of others with varying ranges of sensitivity? Is he in an altered state of personality, or is he possessed by another mind whether in the body, discarnate or purely phantasmagorical?

Are the spirit controls (guides) a new type of secondary personality, created by the mass suggestion of the mediumistic developing circle or are they entities in the class of the Daemon of Socrates, the Devil of Cromwell, the familiars of witches, or the Jungian archetypes of the Mysterious Fellow Traveller or the Guardian Angel of religion?

Is there a possibility that the human psyche, in a parthenogenetic fashion similar to the division of the cells, may give birth to another, junior self? In the light of this

query, are split or multiple personalities strictly morbid or are they evolutionary manifestations of an unsuspected human potential?

The mediumistic message itself presents a number of fascinating problems, whether it comes through trance, clairvoyance, clairaudience, table turning, crystal gazing, automatic writing or painting. A message which is not evidential for the sitter, hence not even of telepathic origin, may reveal the contents of the medium's own unconscious. The gibberish called speaking in Red Indian or other outlandish tongues may be decipherable in the same manner as strange words created in dreams yield their secrets to the psychoanalytic association process.

What is the essential difference between a medium and a non-medium?

In the few cases in which I have had the good fortune to psychoanalyze mediums, I found nothing unique to their unconscious. Non-mediums can have experiences that mediums consider their special preserve.

I do not consider myself psychic but I have had telepathic dreams with my patients; recorded precognitive experiences also in dreams; had cosmic visions in mescaline stupor; heard a ghost chorus over the Bay of Biscaye at dead of night; was awakened, together with my

SOME "SUPERNORMAL" MYSTERIES

Among the physiological and mental mysteries that human beings constantly encounter, Dr. Fodor lists the following:

- Fire walking
- Claimed cases of savage magic
- Scarless wounding and hibernation of buried Indian fakirs
- Water divining
- Hypnotic feats
- Production of lights by the body
- Production of perfumes or stenches by the body
- Stigmatic wounds and the visions of religious ecstasies
- Speaking in tongues during religious revivals
- Miraculous healings at shrines
- Weeping madonnas
- Curses and spells for destruction
- Fanaticism for achieving
- Knockings around the beds of the sick or dying
- Coincidences beyond statistical probability
- Factors of good luck or misfortune in destiny
- "Spirit guides" or "guardian angels"
- Mental prodigies, genius, inspiration, insanity
- Illumination (experiences under mescaline, lysergic acid and other drugs)
- Death-bed visions
- The extraordinary tales of those who died but were medically revived

wife, by the "ghost" of my banished dog to whom we felt exceedingly guilty; had a strange auditory experience in Maidenhead on the shore of the Thames after the most frightful electric storm I ever lived through, and I heard my grand-

father speak from his coffin in the cemetery when, as a small child, I was scampering up and down a ladder that leaned against the cemetery wall.

These experiences cover a lifetime. The scarcity of them is the best argument against calling myself clair-sentient or clair-audient. Nor am I clairvoyant because, in addition, I have had what are called monitions of approach.

One reads of short-range, traveling, X-ray clairvoyance or psychometry (which I am tempted to call historic clairvoyance), but this classification is incomplete. Non-mediumistic varieties are also in existence. I would call geodesic clairvoyance the sensing in advance of earthquakes, the reaction of dowsers to underground water, oil and minerals and the strange barometric premonitions of people well ahead of, or contrary to, meteorological forecasts.

There is also the inventor's clairvoyance. Nicola Tesla had a vision in his mind of the motor that, for the first time, transformed alternating current into direct current and laid the foundation for the electric power industry. Horace Goldin personally told me that his magical tricks were presented to him in dreams.

One may have visions of the living or of the dead without being a medium. Some people claim to see

fairies, elementals, Dwellers on the Threshold or the Devil. Grindell Matthews, who invented a death ray, claimed to hear sounds below the normal auditory level and came with me to haunted Ash Manor House to act as a sonic detector of ghostly presences — if any. Dogs hear in the supersonic range. Some people may see into the ultra-violet band of light, like ants.

If extra-sensory perception is E.S.P., there should be an E. Ph. A. for extra-physiological ability. Robert James Lee, a pensioner of Queen Victoria tracked down Jack the Ripper by sniffing at his trail like a dog. I had two secretaries who could recognize people, and sense their qualities, by their smell.

Instances exist in which people smelt death before the event, sometimes at a distance in the form of olfactory, telepathic hallucination based on precognition or on actual decomposition which may begin hours before death. This probably explains the death howl of dogs. And there well may be an odor of sanctity and of evil, as claimed in religious literature.

Blind persons develop a kind of radar like bats and use their fingers for a kind of tactile clairvoyance. Some other persons have an orientating ability similar to that of migratory birds in earthly space (as an opposite to clairvoyant roaming through the etheric expanse,

and there have been electric girls and magnetic men whose feats also stretch into the extra-physiological range.

All this is no argument against similar or other strange things that mediums can do. It is rather in support of claims of still greater mediumistic mysteries. Levitation of the human body counteracts gravitation in an unknown manner. The nearest understanding we have comes from the semi-levitation of famous dancers. But their technique does not give us a know-how for practical application. The future of economic space travel may depend on this secret.

Think of materialization and ectoplasm, that mysterious formative material from which phantom shapes appear to be built in a dark seance room. It issues from the human body and returns into it. Hence, materialization can aptly be called a somatic dissociation. Telekinesis and poltergeist activities reveal a projection of neural energy.

Fire resistance is somatic invulnerability similar to scarless wounding and the hibernation of fakirs. Piero Cassoli calls attention, in his study of the fire walk, to rapid epidermal modification. While this appears to be a fact and is supported by the cool sensation of the fire walkers, it does not explain why their stockings do not burn. It is necessary to postulate some insulat-

ing element between the fire and the fire-walkers but, as is often the case, we gain nothing by speculative descriptions.

One could consider apports as objectified messages from the unconscious as I did in the case of the Chelsea and the Thornton Heath Poltergeists. The alternative to teleportation is ambulatory amnesia. Spatial amnesia might be a better term but new names do not help to unravel mysteries. Preposterous as Charles Fort's presumption is that teleportation is Nature's way of making a new distribution, a persistent study of psychic phenomena is bound to drive one to the conclusion that there is an occasional interplay of cosmic energies with human affairs which, through the unconscious as a receiving or transmitting station, plays blindman's buff with us. We do not have any terms to define it, but we can find wonderful words for the lesser mysteries. Psychic photography is "pictorial projection;" "dermography" (letters or impressions appearing on the human skin) is obviously a form of stigmatism.

NOW HERE is where psychiatric "explanations" may enter this picture. They "explain" what may be going on in terms of human motivations. They "explain" why the particular psychic accomplishment took the particular form that it did.

But they do not "explain" how such things can happen.

For instance, elongation of the human body may well be symbolic of a desire to increase mental stature; psychic lights and perfumes must obviously result from the body chemistry; the dropping of temperature in the seance room during physical phenomena must be a physiological form of heat conversion but calling it such does not make it more comprehensible.

Does the psychological "escape motive" offer any explanation?

All spiritual yearnings produce escape fantasies. After my stupendous mescaline visions I implored Dr. Hubert, a fellow analyst who drove me home, never to give me the drug again, no matter how persistently I would ask for it because I would not want to live in this world any longer if I could live through the blissful visions and awareness that appeared to be millions of years ahead of our times.

Astral projection, visions of one's own double may well be escapes from material bonds, teleportation from the trammels of space; while materialization or transfiguration would help us to escape from our body image. But the motive is only a small part of such stories and of no great help. Haunted houses are saturated with the projected memories of the dead but how do these memories persist and how are they

activated into visibility?

Again, just as there are wonders this side of Spiritualism, so there are some beyond it. Rain making is a discredited department of savage magic but a study of Ronald Rose's accounts is of intense psychological interest because of the implied cosmic participation. The belief in shape-shifting or changing into animals is also dead wood for us, but it is intensely alive among primitives. It is an escape from the human level and it may well be the means of satisfying, by the sexual orgies that are often associated with it, the basest desires of the Freudian Id without incurring a feeling of guilt, also providing enactment of an archaic desire for power by the murderous ferocity of wild beasts. But that does not explain everything. We know what happens when a savage, in a ritual orgy, is said to be changed into an animal; but what happens when an animal appears in a materialization seance?

Are we facing an archaic regression, a protean need to return to a long-abandoned form of biological organization which suggests a disturbing parallellism with Freud's death instinct on a racial scale — or do we take a plunge into the Anima Mundi where, living or dead, animals may have as legitimate place of existence as human beings?

Animal materializations do not represent the only direction from

which we arrive at a protean problem. The miraculous restoration of wasted bones and cancer-destroyed tissue at Lourdes are signal post for the same bewildering consideration. Ectoplasmic phenomena may well point the way, at some future date, to successful body-restoration by re-binding the radiated energies and substances.

The protean faculty that is thus indicated may have power over time because the somatic changes in miraculous healings are characterized by instantaneity. If the ability has power over time, why not over space? Apports and the passing of matter through matter may be understood through such an approach. If any prophet was ever lifted up (and disappeared) by "the Spirit of the Lord," the key to teleportation must also reside in the human psyche.

Mind Over Space (the preliminary title of my new, impending book) may sound like a catch phrase but mysterious disappearances of human beings have been reported throughout the ages. The appearance of some of these people elsewhere in a dazed and near-psychotic state, at the same moment, is no greater test of credibility than other wonders of parapsychology.

Will it help to invest this pro-

tean power with four-dimensional attributes? Perhaps. At least it permits us a wonderful fantasy: a surgeon operating through the fourth dimension within the human body without cutting it open. No one can set the limit to the healing powers of the human body and the mysterious operation of the human psyche.

Human survival is a vastly important problem but it is not the only thing that will work a revolution in human life.

We must conclude that neither Spiritualism nor psychoanalysis is capable of solving the multitudinous problems of psychic phenomena.

From the contribution of each, ultimately a total view of man and his function in the Cosmos may emerge. However, the final answer may not be found in the objective or subjective nature of things and phenomena observed — not even in demonstrated cases of human survival.

Vastly important as Survival is, at present it leaves the mystery of the human personality unsolved; it only carries the human problem one stage beyond. Perhaps this beyond is the threshold of a many-dimensional state of existence of which we do not have a glimmer of understanding today.

THE GREAT PARADE OF PHANTOMS

ONE OF THE strangest stories of Civil War days was related by Nevyle Shackelford in *The Lexington* (Ky.) *Leader*. The story, he wrote, was based on an old, yellowed newspaper clipping furnished by Elmer Little of Mt. Sterling.

On the afternoon of October 1, 1863, Moses Dwyer, along with members of his family and a group of Union soldiers who had stopped for a drink of water, sat on the front porch of his mountain top home discussing the course of the war. The weather was hot and dry. The sky was cloudless and not even a breeze stirred.

Suddenly one of the group on the porch gasped and pointed at the sky. Over the tops of the adjacent hills appeared an immense number of "rolls," which were described as resembling cotton or smoke and being about the size and shape of doors.

In perfect order the mysterious objects passed swiftly through the sky, directly above the amazed witnesses on the mountain top. They were so numerous that more than an hour was required for them to pass.

Dwyer and his guests were even more amazed when sud-

denly the scene shifted and, in the deep valley below, "thousands upon thousands" of what appeared to be human beings came into view, moving rapidly in the same direction as the "rolls." The apparitions were "men" wearing white shirts and trousers, but they were not of uniform size, some appearing to be very large and others very small. They marched with strictly military precision but bore no guns or other weapons.

Some 30 or 40 in depth, the phantoms strode across the valley and began ascending the almost insurmountable mountains that surrounded it. Their arms and legs, according to the report, distinctly could be seen in motion, and they stooped forward as men do when ascending steep terrain. About an hour was required for this ghostly parade to disappear over the top of the mountain.

On October 14 the same unearthly procession was witnessed by 10 Confederate soldiers and a number of citizens at Runger's Mill. The scene reportedly was identical to the first, except that it lasted for only one hour whereas the first had covered a period of about two.



A hypnotist for 25 years, the author is past president of three hypnotists' societies.

Hypnotizing by Telepathy

By Alwyn Stevenson

The girl was half a block away, completely unaware of the experiment—but she obeyed my mental command to sleep.

THE FOLLOWING incidents are authentic and, at the same time, almost incredible.

I have been a professional hypnotist for the past 25 years. The novelty has long since worn off and I am no longer interested in the "kick" of having a subject stick to a chair or in making his shoes feel tight. As past president of the Illinois Society for Hypnotic Research it has been my duty to delve into the secrets of telepathy

coupled with suggestion, a relatively unexplored field. The following incidents constitute my first practical adventures into the realm of the mind.

Up to this writing I have discovered that induction of hypnosis by concentration can be accomplished only with highly conditioned subjects and the subject then can be awakened by mental command also. While under hypnosis the subject will react to no

mental command to perform an action such as raising an arm, shaking the head, etc.

I stress the fact that in all of the incidents mentioned here the subject was *always* unaware of the presence of the operator and at no time was the subject given any indication that he or she was going to be "thought" to sleep.

I am going to relate four incidents. All will be logically explained and, to my mind, serve as proof that the key to positive and successful results in the field of mental telepathy lies in the use of hypnosis as a medium for thought transmission.

While stationed at Camp Halobird, just outside the city of Baltimore, I was an instructor in the Counter Intelligence Corps. In the evenings I gave demonstrations of hypnosis for the enlightenment and entertainment of the men stationed on the base. As a result of these nightly shows I had many excellent conditioned subjects.

The first incident occurred one evening in the Post Exchange at the base while I was standing in a phone booth waiting for a long distance call-back. As I stood there, idly, one of the men stationed at the camp entered; he was an excellent somnambulistic subject and had been put in the hypnotic state by me several times. He walked over to one of the tables, a soft

drink in his hand and sat down with his back to me. A thought crept into my mind: Wouldn't it be wonderful if I could put this subject in a hypnotic state without resorting to a written or verbal command or visual signal of any kind? I decided to try.

I closed my eyes, faced in the general direction of the subject and thought to myself, forcibly, one word over and over again: "Sleep . . . sleep . . . sleep." I thought of nothing but the mental picture of the subject seated at the table, and this one word. I had done this for less than half a minute when I heard the sound of breaking glass. I opened my eyes and to my utter amazement I saw that he had slumped over the table, his glass tipped and spilled, and a soft drink bottle lay shattered on the floor where it had fallen. I left the phone booth and hurried over to the table. I checked thoroughly for the signs of hypnosis. He was in a deep sleep. I awakened him and he could give no explanation as to why he went to sleep nor did he have the slightest premonition of sleep coming on him.

I spent a wakeful night trying to reason out the cause and effect of what I had witnessed. Did I perhaps unconsciously whisper the word "sleep" as I was concentrating, and did he hear it? This was impossible, for the table where he

had been sitting was a good 20 feet from the phone booth, and the door to the booth was closed. The subject was under a *verbal* post-hypnotic command to sleep, at my order, but this incident involved only a *mental* command. I firmly resolved that I would again attempt this experiment at the earliest opportunity.

It came three days later.

I was passing one of the restaurants on the field and through the front plate glass window I noticed three girls seated at a table, one of them a civilian typist and an excellent subject. I entered the restaurant through the kitchen in the rear of the building, for I did not want her to see me, and ended up in a washroom with a brick wall between the subject and myself.

Once again, I closed my eyes and concentrated forcibly on the word "sleep". In about 30 seconds I heard screams and excited talk coming from the dining room. I went in to find that not only had the subject gone into a hypnotic state — a burning cigarette lay in the palm of her hand! She, too, had slumped over the table. Her friends thought she had fainted. I awakened the girl and she also had had no feeling of the hypnotic state coming on.

The next seven times I tried this experiment on various subjects, I met with complete failure. I was

led to the eventual conclusion that only *certain* subjects can receive telepathic impulses.

My next success was accompanied by an unusual phenomenon. I was passing a supply room one evening when I saw another conditioned subject of mine seated at a desk with his back toward me. I made no sound, stared at the back of his head and attempted to put him to sleep by mental command. Again, success! He collapsed in his chair. I entered the room to awaken him and what I saw staggered me. On a pile of blankets in a far corner of the room lay another of my subjects sprawled out loosely — unmistakably in a deep state of hypnosis. I had not even been aware of his presence!

I am sure that the reader can well understand my feelings at this time. I was confronted with a, as yet unexplained, phenomenon of my own doing. I, of course, knew that a phase of telepathy was involved. Was I on the verge of a discovery? Did I have unusual powers? Was there more to hypnosis than I had thought? All of these questions bothered me and, finally, an incident occurred that was frightening enough to make me fearful of conducting any further experiments in thought transmission, using hypnosis as a medium.

I had mentioned my experiments

to a friend, a professional magician and hypnotist and owner of a Baltimore magic shop. He was very skeptical. I hoped that I eventually would get a chance to show him that what I had told him was true. This opportunity came on a Saturday afternoon during one of my visits to his shop.

When I entered the shop I noticed, sitting in the back room, a young fellow of about 17, a familiar subject and well conditioned. He did not see nor hear me enter as he was studiously looking through a magic catalogue. I motioned to my friend, the owner of the store, that I wished him to keep quiet and silently hoped that this boy would react to the mental command to sleep. My attempt was futile, there was no reaction at all: he was one who did not "take" telepathic suggestion. My friend gave me an I-told-you-so look.

Then something happened that bowled me over causing me a few fearful moments although, after my years in hypnosis, I thought I had seen it all.

There were hurried footsteps on the stairs and a clerk from the corner drug store came into the room. He knew me as a hypnotist because I had once hypnotized a

girl who worked in the store as a soda clerk. Fortunately he also knew I was a magician and that I spent many hours in the magic shop.

While I was trying to put the subject in the magic shop to sleep, the young lady in the store fell to the floor *hypnotized* . . . half a block away! I hurried to the store where they were administering smelling salts to the girl — to no effect. My tests showed deep hypnosis.

The explanation?

A psychologist gave this opinion: In telepathic experiments, such as are conducted in the laboratories of Duke University, they constantly are looking for the ideal team for experimentation — a good "sender" and a good "receiver" — to achieve the rapport necessary for controlled experiments. The opinion of the psychologist was that I happened to be a good sender and, under hypnosis, a *potentially* good receiver becomes an *exceptionally* good receiver.

I have no other explanation. I only know that the psychologist told me one other thing — and because of it I hesitate to go further. The psychologist said: Be careful! Telepathy knows no distance!



My PROOF of Survival

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

"TO WATCH OVER HER"

As told to Val Spiers

IN 1913 MY SISTER lay ill with scarlet fever. The doctor had told us it was not serious, that she would be up and around in a couple of weeks.

My boys were away at summer camp and I was staying with Sis to take care of her and her 11-month-old baby, Lura Luceal. Everything was going well until one day when I heard Sis sobbing.

"Sis, what is the matter?" I asked. "The doctor said you will be Okay in a few days. Why cry now?"

"The doctor is wrong, I know," she sobbed. "I don't really mind so much for myself but why do I have to leave Lura? She is so tiny. What will happen to her?"

Sometime later after she had stopped crying she said, "If only I could watch over her until she grows up. Do you suppose God might let me do that?"

A week later Sis died. She had tuberculosis along with the scarlet fever and at that time there were no wonder drugs to combat such a combination. Once she started hemorrhaging it was all over.

My brother-in-law remarried when Lura was two and although I begged him to let her stay and grow up as a sister for my two boys he refused. They moved away from me and it nearly broke my heart.

Years passed and the stepmother didn't want Lura to know anything about her mother's folks. All our gifts were returned to us unopened; letters, the same. There was nothing we could do about it.

Then my mother died and left my sister's share of the estate to Lura. It was necessary for her to make a trip west to claim the inheritance.

It was a shock to meet Lura at the depot. She looked just like her mother.

As old folks will do, I showed Lura old family pictures, and she seemed to enjoy going over them with me. All of a sudden she selected one and held it up, "Who is this? Who is this lady?"

"My dear, don't you know? Have you never seen a picture of your mother?" I asked, shocked.

"Oh, no," she said. "Mom wouldn't let me see any. And the things she told me about my mother were

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horrid. But this lady is beautiful."

"Your mother was beautiful and so good!" I said and spent the rest of the afternoon telling her about her mother.

"Tell me," she said, "How was my mother buried?"

I explained that her mother had been buried in her long white wedding dress.

"And her hair! Was it long and brown! Was it flecked with gold and ever so gently curly?"

"Yes, child why do you ask?" I answered.

"Oh," she cried, her eyes shining through the tears. "Now I know who the lovely lady was that came to visit me. Once when I was very unhappy, I prayed and prayed. It was just after I had learned to read. The Bible stories I read on the sly intrigued me. And a lady dressed in a long white dress and with long brown hair came to me and smiled and said, 'Be patient, baby; be patient.'

"Oh, Aunt Peggy, how I loved that lady. Every time I grew unhappy she would visit. Sometimes she would just smile. Sometimes she would just nod her head as if to say, 'you are doing okay.' And I always felt better and would sing about the work all the next day."

I told her how her mother had prayed to be allowed to watch over her until she grew up.

"Oh, Aunt Peggy," Lura said sadly. "I am almost sad I have grown up. She doesn't visit me any more." — *Boise, Idaho.*

I'VE HEARD FROM CARRINGTON

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

A QUARTER OF A century ago
I became acquainted with

Hereward Carrington, an honest, sincere researcher in psychic affairs, at the Margery seances in Boston, Mass.

Shortly before he died in December 1958, I wrote him a letter praising his article, *Mathematical Proof Of A Spirit World*, published in FATE Magazine. His wife's letter reporting his death, which I received early in 1959, was a shock. Since then I have felt his presence and I have been trying to find a reputable medium in an attempt to get infra red photographs of him.

At last I have found such a medium, although her husband forbids her to practice her mediumship, believing that it is the work of the devil. For this reason I cannot give her name.

A clergyman in St. Paul, Minn., wrote me suggesting this woman

as a good medium with whom to try to contact Carrington. About March 1, 1960, I went to see her at her home in a suburb of Milwaukee, Wis. I took with me complete apparatus for taking psychic pictures. When everything was ready the white light was switched off, leaving a good red light burning. We engaged in small talk for about 15 minutes when the phosphorescent trumpet slowly rose into the air, at least eight feet from the medium. A fairly strong voice came through. It identified itself as the voice of Hereward Carrington. I believe it was Carrington because he spoke of our visits together in Boston and thanked me for my yet unpublished article about Margery which has since appeared in FATE Magazine.

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have not used higher mathematics for at least one-third of a century. I could not extract the root of a number if my life depended on it. I had accepted every formula in Carrington's mathematics article. But now he said, "I want you to write to FATE and correct the formula for the fifth root of a number. The way it is shown would indicate five times the square root, not the fifth root."

The entranced medium took my ball point pen from my pocket and wrote the correct formula: $\sqrt[5]{}$ instead of $5\sqrt{}$ as it appeared in the original article.

It is evident that Carrington gave me information during this seance that was unknown to me and to the medium. This information was correct. I went immediately to a book store and purchased a copy of *Accelerated Algebra*, by Hills and Mazziotta and checked it. I accept this as positive proof that Dr. Carrington still lives and is as anxious to prove immortality as when he lived among us.—*Milton Junction, Wis.*

VOICES OF THE DEAD?

By June Fite

THE DAY HAD been a nightmare. The confusion, emotional shock and many duties of planning the double funeral for Mom and Pop had been hard to bear and we all went to bed exhausted. Mother's brothers and sisters, Pop's brothers and sisters, my husband, his brother, his brother's wife and I had had no serious differences of opinion until it came time for ordering the graves and the marker.

From the time Mom and Pop had met until their deaths they had gone

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through life hand in hand. Mom had worked in the fields beside her man; Pop had helped in the house. Truly they had been as one.

But now it was the concensus of the group that two graves and two markers would "look best." A strange force within me caused me to face them all with a loud "No! We can't separate them now!"

We had gone to bed with this decision still pending. After all, I was only a daughter-in-law. Why should I object? I didn't know why but I did object.

I have no idea how long I'd been asleep when I awakened. My husband and I were in the bedroom across from the old storeroom where we had put the bloody suitcase and other belongings we had claimed from the wreckage of the death car. I heard voices. Wonderingly, I listened. The voices came from the old storeroom.

Mom's voice said, "Oh, Clydie, I just can't bear it if we are to be put in separate graves."

Frozen, I listened.

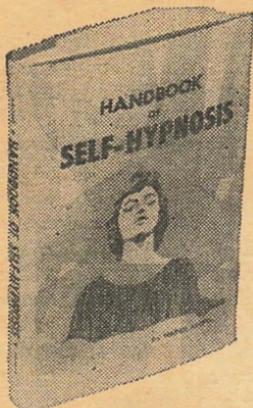
"I can't bear being all alone. I have been at your side too long," Mom continued.

Then Pop's voice, which I'd know anywhere, answered, "Hush now, Mary girl, they aren't going to. They won't separate us." And he sighed as I'd heard him do so many times when he was comforting her in life.

The next day dawned and my thoughts continued to race. The selection of the markers wouldn't take place until after the burial. The grave was now! I jumped into our car and drove to the cemetery. When I told the caretaker that we wanted a common grave I felt soft

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Harry Arons is Editor of HYPNOSIS Quarterly and author of MASTER COURSE IN HYPNOTISM, TECHNIQUES OF SPEED HYPNOSIS and numerous magazine articles. He is Director of the ETHICAL HYPNOSIS TRAINING CENTER and founder and National Executive Secretary of the Association to Advance Ethical Hypnosis. He is also the original Chairman of the Guidance Clinic for Retarded Children, Essex County, New Jersey.

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caressing breezes about my face and neck. I felt they were the spirits of my loved ones, that I had pleased them.

Again that night I was wakened by the voices. Mom was weeping, "Clydie, I'm so afraid they will have two stones." Again Pop whispered reassurances. My mind whirled. Tossing and turning, I waited for the dawn and normalcy.

This was the day of the funeral—August 7, 1952. The common grave caused much speculation. I remained aloof, contributing nothing to the solution of the mystery. That evening the pros and cons of the marker were argued until, wearied of it all, my husband and I stole upstairs to bed.

For the third time I was waked from a sound sleep by the voices from the old storeroom. Alone, I promised a double marker and all grew silent.

Day dawned. We trailed down to the monument company. For the second time I stepped out of place and took the lead. While the others were shopping among the stones and reading inscriptions I filled out the order blank for a common stone. I even chose the inscription: *Together Through Eternity*. Surprisingly no one seemed to question my doing this. They almost seemed relieved.

My last night in the old family home in South Dakota was undisturbed. All was silent in the old storeroom. I felt as if a great burden at last had been lifted from my heart.

Had I really heard the voices of the dead? I don't know. But why not? — *Norman Okla.*



NEW BOOKS

THIS BEAUTIFUL ONE, by Beth Christopher. Pageant Press, New York, 1960. 73 pages, \$2.50.

Subtitled "A Fantasia of the Christ Life," this is an elaborated version of the Gospel account, based on the psychic readings given by the late Edgar Cayce. Narrated vividly and warmly, it gives new depth to the familiar Gospel figures and happenings. Of particular interest is the author's description of the unrecorded life of Christ, which has many points of similarity with the speculations of scholars of the Bible and the Dead Sea Scrolls.—*Guy Archette*.

FOUNDATIONS OF TIBETAN MYSTICISM, By Lama Anagarika Govinda. E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York, 1960. 311 pages, \$6.00.

Today, with Tibet overrun by Red Chinese armies intent upon destroying its ancient racial and cultural heritage, it is indeed timely to find a book offering further insight into mystical practices and philosophy of that once-isolated land.

As one might expect, the mystics of Tibet are divided on numerous

issues and many conflicting schools have arisen. We are told that the author, a European living with his wife in the Himalayan foothills, is "a member of the Tibetan Buddhist Order"—a misnomer, for these orders are many—and that he was initiated into the Kargyutpa school of semi-reformed Buddhist Lamas by "one of the greatest spiritual teachers of modern Tibet," Tomo Geshe Rimpoche.

What is now revealed, however, is something less than the foundations of Tibetan mysticism. Since it is admitted that "each school of meditation and each particular sect has its own system, which is maintained by tradition and passed from Master to pupil," it is not surprising that the author gives little more than the restricted teachings of his own Master. He takes no notice of the principal Tibetan Buddhist school, the Geluggpas, whose chiefs, the Dalai and Panchen Lamas, head the official reformed church.

But even if "this classic work" lacks "the true breadth and scope" promised by the publisher, it affords remarkable clues towards a clear understanding of certain Buddhist

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Tantra beliefs, beliefs which, it is affirmed, are not founded upon abstract logic or metaphysics but upon psychological experience. Unhappily, almost nothing is said of the author's own spiritual adventures.

Stripped of its apologies, profound digressions and futile rationalizations (e.g., the "awakening of Kundalini," the Inner Fire in the Psychic Centers of the Yogi, is "the awakening of the libido"—a definition calculated to please neither Freudian nor Yogi), the thesis of this work is familiar. Mankind, originally "mind-created spiritual beings, nourished by joy" and soaring through space "self-luminous and imperishable in beauty," has, through successive stages of delimited consciousness, so descended into matter that today we are principally aware only of our passing selves and ephemeral possessions. It should be our goal to emulate the Buddha and to experience again our divine first estate.

How is such a tremendous transformation to come about? By a "turning-about in the deepest seat of consciousness" when, during meditation, intellect is replaced by "intuition" and a direct perception of "higher dimensions." Various aids are provided: *yantra*, *mantra*, *mudra*, or symbols in color, form, sound and gesture.

Examples are given and analyzed, the chief being the famous Tibetan *mantra*, OM MANI PADMA HUM. But the principal impetus for the *Sadhaka* (devotee) is "the inspiring muse," *Dorje Naljorma*, who appears only after preliminary exercises of breathing (*pranayama*), purification, devotion and recep-

tivity accompanied by the symbolic visualizations and *mantras*.

Then, concentrating upon the psychic "Navel Center" imagined within his "ethereal body" (one of five bodies he is required to visualize), the Yogi perceives a *Dakini* or (in Tibetan) "a *Khadoma* of brilliant red colour, surrounded by a halo of flames." This, it is explained, is one of those beings which "according to popular conception, are divine or demoniacal."

The final stage is reached when the devotee in meditation "becomes one with the divine form of the *Khadoma*."

This may be well and good, but if it is not simply an achievement of auto-suggestion or self-hypnosis, the author still fails to say how the *Sadhaka* can be sure his *Dorje Naljorma* is not a demon and he its plaything. We are told that this is so with those who "believe in spiritualistic seances" and who become the deceived prey of ethereal ghouls.

Likewise the sacred Tibetan book, *Jetsun-Kahbum*, official biography of Milarepa, who Lama Anagarika calls "Tibet's greatest poet and saint," cautions against temptations from "sprites and elementals" who appear to guide (or misguide) the Yogi with alluring prophecies. Of whether or how the Buddhist Tantric Yogi guards against such deceits, nothing is said. All we are told is "that all divine forms of appearance are to be understood as the experiences which constitute the path of meditation . . ." i.e., welcomed!

Presumably the guiding Lama is to lead the disciple safely through such dangers, for we are told that

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neither yoga nor *mantra* is effective without a Master and his initiating ritual. But how is one to choose the right kind of initiation and initiator? In the final analysis, the aspirant is thrown back on the despised intellect: "the only guidance that there can be is the guidance by that inner light, the power of consciousness which gradually through discrimination and understanding, grows into knowledge and wisdom."—*Walter A. Carrithers, Jr.*

THE EXPLORATION OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM, by Felix Godwin. Plenum Press, New York, 1960. 200 pages, \$6.50.

The New York *World-Telegram* has termed Felix Godwin's definitive book "staggeringly impressive," and this reviewer fully concurs. The Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory feels the work is a "potentially valuable contribution to the literature of astrophysics."

Another indication of the worth of the book is that noted rocket authority Willy Ley provides an amiable and typically interesting introduction.

What makes *The Exploration of the Solar System* unique is its astonishingly comprehensive coverage of almost every conceivable facet of space flight—including probable conditions on alien planets, the problems that must be and will be overcome to get us there, and the complex and elaborate instrumentation required to decipher conditions on other worlds.

Felix Godwin first became absorbed in space travel when he was 12 years old. From that age onward, he spent most of his spare time designing rockets and space

ships. Now 19, he currently is working towards his B.S. degree at the University of London.

The work is replete with mathematical formulae, but most persons with some orientation in the physical sciences probably will find it within their comprehension. Unfortunately the book is deficient in illustrations, both in quantity and quality, and appears to be somewhat overpriced.

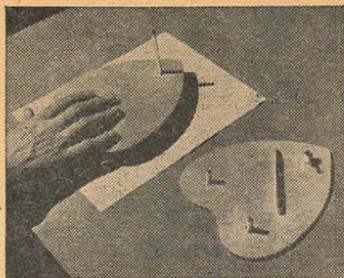
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MIND POWER, by Ernst William Nagel. Exposition Press, New York, 1960. 77 pages, \$3.00.

The author has made an attempt to shed light on that darkest of mysteries—the human mind. The corners into which he pokes his lamp are indicated by the chapter headings, "Mind Power," "The Five Senses," "Sensory Perception," "Conscious Mind," "Concentration,"

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A GLIMPSE OF LIFE IN THE WORLD TO COME, by G. Canby Robinson, M. D., Venture Press, New York, 1959. 85 pages, \$2.75.

Two sisters, experimenting with a Ouija board, believed they had contacted their father and three sisters in the spirit world. The author is the husband of one of the sisters. His book records the most noteworthy communications received, some of a religious and philosophical nature, others containing wisdom and humor.

Dr. Canby has served as president of the Association of American Physicians, and as vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. He was awarded the Medal for Merit by the President of the United States in recognition of his work as National Director of the American Red Cross Blood Donor Service throughout World War II. He is Lecturer Emeritus in Medicine and Preventive Medicine at Johns Hopkins University.—*Guy Archette.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

GOLD-RIMMED OBJECT

On Friday, December 4, 1959 (or Friday, November 27, 1959), about 5:15 p.m., while returning home from work on a bus on North Miami Avenue, I sighted a circular object traveling northwest to southwest. I saw it for only four seconds or so as it was traveling fast.

The sun was bright and in the sky were numerous horizontal, puffy clouds. The outer rim of the object shone like gold and its center was eggshell color with a slightly yellowish tint. A few streaks appeared to follow in the wake of the object. It seemed to travel for about 60 feet, according to the distance at which I viewed it, and then it disappeared behind the clouds.

The UFO model on page 33 of the February, 1960, issue of FATE resembles the object I sighted. The object did not fly edge-on or tilted but with the flat side toward me.—*Anna T. Ochipa, Miami, Fla.*

UFO DREAM AND REALITY

In August, 1959, I acquired an eight-inch reflecting telescope for use in my hobby, astronomy. For many nights after I got my 'scope, I scanned the heavens in search of a UFO but to no avail.

One night in March, 1960, I had a dream which differed from all the others I have ever had because

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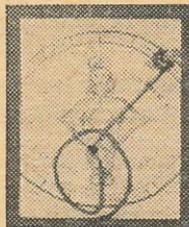
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of its reality. In the dream I was at the controls of my telescope when suddenly a disc of blue light entered my field of vision. I then dreamed that I sketched the outline of my observation in my notepad.

One week later (March 18) I recalled my dream and that night I got out my telescope to see if the dream had any truth in it. Nothing happened and about 11:00 I decided to take a look at the "Ring" Nebula in Lyra before going in.

As I adjusted my 'scope, I saw the disc I had dreamed of. It entered the field on the north side and remained in view for about 30 seconds. I was using 180 power (which is high) and I saw ports with light coming from inside the UFO. It was exactly as I had seen it in the dream. There was an unexplained power shortage after the UFO disappeared into the sky.—
Van Wilkinson, Lakewood, Calif.

CONFIRMATION

What you have read about the Siskiyou rain rock of Ft. Jones is true. I was one of the CCC boys at Orleans, Calif., in 1941 and back for a visit in the area 10 years later. I was talking with my mother, who was with me, about the rock as we walked before dinner. The rock sits in the open beside the Ft. Jones museum and as we passed near it, although the sun was shining, fog puffs came in behind us and, so help me, it started to sprinkle! — *Warren Anderson.*

I want to comment on the article written by Dr. Marcus Bach on *Why I Believe In A Life Beyond*, in the July, 1960, FATE.

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Lillian Callon, Indianapolis, Ind.

FROM AN AUTHOR

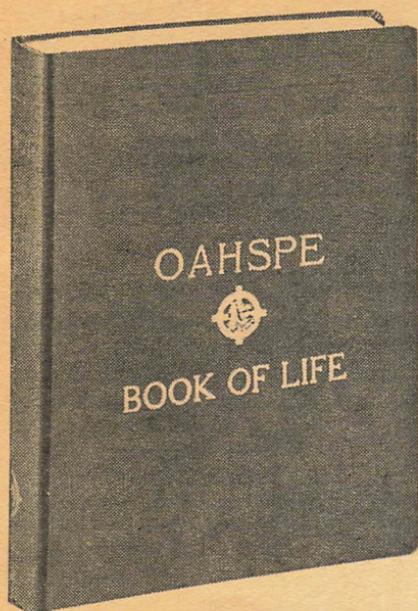
Mr. Warner and I were delighted with the treatment given our story in the May issue of FATE. Pete is very happy about the whole thing and sends his thanks for the opportunity to tell his story. I hope that he will find Eddie someday and if FATE and our story are of any help, so much the better.

Several months ago you ran a True Mystic Experience by Donald Mann who lives here. I have since gotten to know Mr. Mann and listened to his story first hand. I then went to the farm in question and spoke to the owner who is Am-ish, and not too talkative. While he would not admit to anything out of the ordinary happening on his farm I could tell by his reaction when I recounted the story in FATE that it wasn't new to him. I also noticed the beginnings of a foundation for a new house. He probably subscribes to the local theory that "a ghost won't harm you if you keep away." — *Rayn Shawk, Lebanon, Pa.*

SASQUATCH??

One day in 1930 I saw a vacated store building in Joplin, Mo., plastered with signs and went to investigate. The signs told of a monster inside which had been captured in some far-off place. The signs suggested it proved that human and animal blood had mixed.

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Memory fails me on details such as the street and the date. But the creature itself I will never forget. It had the general proportions of a human being and was about the size of an average adult. It was covered with soft, silky hair, longer on its head than on its body. Its face was dark but had no hair. And it had the saddest eyes I have ever seen. It cried in a whimpering voice all the time.

I have written this in the hope it will aid in the search for information on the Sasquatch. There are bound to be other persons who saw this creature and who probably remember more about it than I do. —
Mrs. Sherman Poole, Prospect, Ore.

TRUE SIGHT??

On page 10 of the May, 1960, FATE is an article titled "The Girl Who Sees Without Eyes." I want you to know this special blindfold may be bought from magic supply houses for around \$3.50. Or you can make one by taking two pieces of black cloth, one opaque, the other thin enough to see through, and sewing them together on one side and both ends. Then when adjusting the blindfold, push down the inner opaque cloth and look through the thin outer cloth.

Of course, when this blindfold is put on anyone else it is reversed so that the inner cloth does not drop down and expose the trick. —
Cecil D. Clayton, Henderson, Ky.

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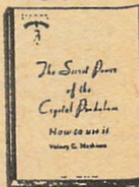
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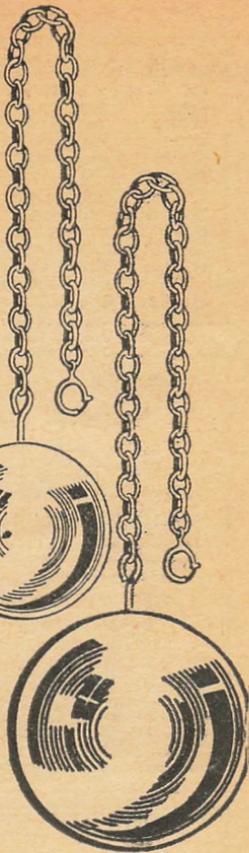
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If this young lady is ready for a test, I would like to apply the bandages and then watch her "read."

My associate, Marc Owen, will put up \$1,000 that says he will be able to duplicate any effect that she does. Yet he claims trickery as his method. — *The Amazing Maurice, Miami Beach, Fla.*

Reading about Margaret Foos in the July, 1960, FATE reminded me of an early experience of my own, in a coal mine.

I went to work in the mine in Ohio at the turn of the century when I was 14. In the early autumn of 1902 I was asked by my big brother's buddy to work on the electric coal cutting machine on the night shift while he played for a dance with his orchestra.

I was the youngest kid who ever dared to tackle such heavy work but I had helped my older brother a few times. Two men had to move the machine around on skids with crowbars and I had learned the way it could be done without wasting a lot of energy.

Just after sunset I struck a match to light the wicks of our paraffin

lamps and then we descended the airshaft because that was a slightly shorter way to travel.

This section of the mine had been worked out many years ago and there were slabs of rock and large chunks of coal strewn along the old manway. There were also some high rock falls we had to climb over. These had happened when the rooms caved in and the rock caved in across the manway also.

We had gone about 25 yards, after climbing over the third pile of rock which had fallen about a week before, when suddenly our lights went out. We struck match after match but they only fizzed and would not burn. After we had struck our last match I realized that they must have closed the end of the manway and there was not enough oxygen for a match to burn. I explained this to my brother and he moaned, "Oh, my poor wife and children."

"Don't worry," I said. "I can find the way out of here."

"You don't know which way to go any more than I do," my brother exclaimed.

"Oh, yes, I do. Here take my dinner bucket and stand still while I find the power lines just at one side of the manway."

"Don't touch those wires. They'll kill you," my brother ordered.

"No," I said. "Last week's cave-in caused a short circuit and the power line is dead. Just stand still so I can get my direction by feeling those wires."

I found the wires and then stepped sideways until I was in front of my brother and told him to hold onto my coat tails. By feeling with both hands and feet I was soon

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back to the last rock pile we had climbed over. I suggested brother feel where I placed my feet so he could follow me. This rock pile was nearly 10 feet high. When we reached the top I suggested he stand still until I found the place to climb down. Then I guided his feet and he followed safely.

To encourage him that we were still in the manway I told him to feel of the water at the side of a little trail along one side of the manway. He was slightly encouraged but was still afraid we might veer off into some of the old workings and get lost.

After a few minutes more we came to the next cave-in and brother followed me safely. But now the trail zigzagged around large chunks of coal and I barked my shins a few times before we finally reached the last cave-in.

A few minutes later I said, "Here we turn right. See there is the air-shaft."

"Thank God!" sighed my brother. "I never expected to see daylight again. I still cannot understand how you found the way to get out of there."

We climbed the 80 feet up to the surface and then I went to a farm house nearby to borrow some matches and we reentered the mine. At the bottom of the airshaft I marked a skull and crossbones on a board and placed it at the entrance of the old manway to warn other miners. Then we walked down the adjoining entry now used for a new manway. We were a half hour late to work but we made it up. Everything went fine for the rest of the night.

I am now 74 but remember very

vividly this particular night when I had to "see without eyes." —
K. H. Isselstein, Spokane, Wash.

ON MENTAL IMAGES

In Dr. Volney Mathison's letter in the July FATE it appears that Dr. Mathison believes that electroencephalography can either prove or disprove Mr. Rapport's theory of mental images. I doubt that Dr. Walter would appreciate his name being mentioned as an authority for such a belief. Dr. Walter is certainly one of the leaders in this field. However, there are others. It just so happens he is the only one who has written a comprehensive, popular book on the subject, *The Living Brain*.

He has attempted to show that there is some relationship between

the alpha brain rhythms and the ability of a person to think in terms of visual imagery. It appears that people who think mainly in terms of visual images produce very little alpha, while those who think in auditory, kinesthetic or tactile terms produce strong persistent alpha rhythms. In the average person, who can think either way, the alpha is strong with the eyes closed and the mind and body relaxed. With eyes open, or when the person is mentally engaged with some problem, the alpha tends to be suppressed.

Dr. Walter suggests that the alpha rhythms represent a scanning process—a search for pattern. These brain frequencies, therefore, represent merely the fact that the person is or is not thinking in

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terms of visual imagery. (They actually represent much more, but that is not relevant to the above discussion.) Dr. Walter nowhere attempts to prove or disprove the storage of discrete mental images per se.

Using Dr. Walter's work as a means of disproving Mr. Rapport's theory of mental imagery is not valid or appropriate. Nor can the theory be disproved by electropsychometry, since the "surge responses" are merely electrical representations of neutral activity in the nervous system brought about by emotionally-induced hormonal changes. It does not represent changes in the cerebral cortex, where thought and imagery take place.

In addition, Mr. Rapport specifically says, "I propose here that the brain is not concerned with images of any kind. Its function is entirely confined to closing and opening its nerve circuits . . ."

So why bring in Dr. Walter and the EEG? So far as electropsychometry is concerned this does not reflect mental imagery. It reflects emotional responses. — *Muriel Griebel, Dover, N. J.*

AUTHOR'S CORRECTIONS

I was pleased to find that my article (*The Riddle of Aging*, July, 1960, issue) was not what you would call "butchered" after all. Most of it seems to be there, although numerous words were eliminated, unless I made a mistake in counting.

However, frankly, I didn't feel very good about some typographical errors that were made. The worst one is on page 79. One of the sentences should read: "I was *not* told that man ages simply because . . . ;"

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the word "not" was left out and so the sentence said exactly the opposite of what it should have said.

On page 81, column one, bottom paragraph, "of the" is wrongly repeated after the word "hormone." It sounds like I'm saying that the hormone itself grows.

On page 82, column one, bottom paragraph, you say that "Something which is absent in the area of a wound must be the cause of the reduced rate of cell regeneration . . ." This is unfortunate because my idea is that this thing which is absent is only *one* cause (one of two causes). That is, the sentence reads like the contour limits are the only cause of reduced cell regeneration because of the use of the word "the" instead of the word "a."

I believe that Dr. Tonna of Brookhaven and many other scientists very strongly think (and have for years) that the contour limits have an important relationship to aging; but, of course, I also suspect that the irregular life energy transmission plays a part and that this is the real determining factor in bringing about aging, since the presence of the contour limits itself would at least allow *enough* cell regeneration for permanent youth if it weren't for the other factor. Of course, most readers know that I also hold the other factor to blame, but some may have been confused.

At any rate, my principal objective has been served—that of getting all these ideas published.—
Leon J. Ricks, Altadena, Calif.

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