

NOV 60

FATE

MAGAZINE

November 1960

35c

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

Articles

Lyndon B. Johnson Calls For UFO Alert
Curtis Fuller 27

Mummified Victims Of The German Bogs
Frank Volkmann 35

Did The Chinese Discover America?
Paul Brock 50

Live To Be 100
Walter M. Germain 70

Inventions By Intuition
W. B. Edwards 85

Stories

My Voyage To Eternity
Etna Elliot 30

Africa's Two Most Powerful Wizards
Guillan Hopper 42

The Murderous Wraith
Edith M. Wilson 63

John Wesley—Psychic Investigator
Paul Lambourne Higgins 76

Two Watches Stopped For Death
David Faubion 88

PLUS . . .
6 BIG
FEATURES

Neighbors of Neanderthal Man . . . Latest
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UNKNOWN Vol. 13—No. 11 Issue 128

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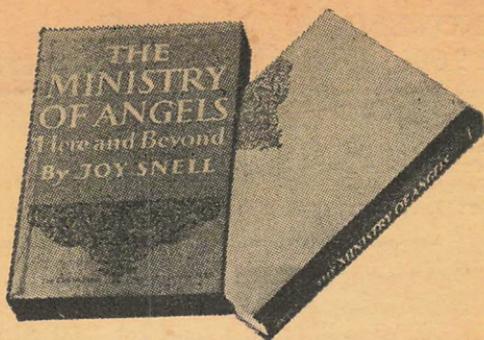
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Contents

Vol. 13—No. 11
Issue No. 128

Publisher: CURTIS FULLER
Editor: MARY FULLER
Managing Editor: CHESTER S. GEIER
Foreign Editor: MIR BASHIR
Art Director: SYDNEY BARKER



FATE

ARTICLES... TRUE REPORTS ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

- Lyndon B. Johnson Calls For UFO Alert..... *Curtis Fuller* 27
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Inventions By Intuition *W. B. Edwards* 85

STORIES... DRAMATIC ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

- My Voyage To Eternity *Etna Elliott* 30
Africa's Two Most Powerful Wizards *Guillan Hopper* 42
The Murderous Wraith *Edith M. Wilson* 63
John Wesley—Psychic Investigator *Paul Lambourne Higgins* 76
Two Watches Stopped For Death *David Faubion* 88

FEATURES... NEWS AND NOTES ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

- I See By The Papers *Curtis Fuller* 6
"Making Contact" 55
The Wheel Of Fortune *Paul Steiner* 56
True Mystic Experiences *The Readers* 57
Neighbors Of Neanderthal Man 62
A "Dead Doctor" Prescribes 69
The Symmetry Of Anti-Matter 87
My Proof Of Survival *The Readers* 91
New Books 101
Report From The Readers *The Readers* 109

Published every month by CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY, 845 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. Second class postage paid at Evanston, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Subscribers should notify us of address changes 30 days in advance, giving both old and new address.

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QUOTE OF THE MONTH

We must begin to look at life and its incidents not as separate experiences but as an interrelated continuum. — Marcus Bach

SUMMER SEASONING

LAST SUMMER was, as are most summers to FATE readers, a wonderful, wacky time in which all manner of strange and unexplained things happened.

There was, for example, the occasion on which Miss Elizabeth Stockwell of London, England, was walking in Piccadilly Circus and suddenly a rainbow trout appeared, flopping on the pavement in front of her.

Miss Stockwell picked up the trout and rushed it to a nearby fish shop where it was placed in a sink full of water and swam about briskly.

The trout weighed a pound. Our correspondent records that it wasn't even raining at the time — raining rain, that is!



FLYING MATTRESS

IN THE Year of Our Lord 1960 — June 27, to be exact — a red and yellow plastic air mattress took off from the private outdoor solar-



ium of Mr. and Mrs. Vincent L. Varuolo of Highpoint Drive, Penn Hills, near Pittsburgh, Pa., and wandered away in the sky.

The Varuolo mattress had never flown before it suddenly became airborne around 3:00 P.M.

The mattress was just part of the standard swimming and sunbathing equipment at the Varuolo home before the event. Both the Varuolos recall there was a sharp gust of wind, but they expected the mattress to come back to earth. They quickly counted heads among their six children when it didn't. Fortunately, all six heads were still there.

Next door, S. W. Hardiman was on a ladder painting his house.



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He watched the mattress floating off, too. So did Mrs. Robert H. Anderson, who lives down the block.

Last time anyone saw the mattress it was a red-and-yellow speck growing smaller in the afternoon sky, and about as high as the airliner and the private plane which flew past it.



IS HER FACE RED!

ANYTHING can be done and now the *British Medical Journal* reports the case of a middle-aged housewife who drank tomato juice when she was down in the dumps. It cheered her up, she explained, and her consumption averaged out around three and a half pints a day.

But alas, she turned the color of a ripe tomato herself and it was some time before the doctors found out why. Seems that an analysis of her blood disclosed relatively large quantities of carotene, which gives carrots their color, and lycopenene, which puts the red in tomatoes.

Then they knew. The doctors performed a kidney operation and took her off tomato juice. Now she's back to normal.



BIG FOOT, LITTLE FOOT

HUMBOLDT County, the same California area that a couple of years ago gave us the still un-

solved mystery of a local Abominable Snowman called "Bigfoot" has now come up with a creature that we take the liberty of calling "Littlefoot." Actually there are three "Littlefeet" — presumably Mamma, Papa, and little "Tinyfoot."

The Humboldt Standard of Eureka, Calif., quotes "an-old-time resident" (not identified by name) as stating that he came across the tracks of a Lilliputian-sized family in the wilds of upper Jacoby Creek. There was one set of broad foot prints about two inches long, another slimmer pair, somewhat smaller, and between these two sets appeared to be those of an infant. Tinyfoot's prints were less than half an inch long, which would make him really teeny weeny.

Anonymous trappers report they have seen the tracks before and the creatures that make them are extremely shy and come out only at night. The little fellows are so small, in fact, that their tracks show only in the fine dry dust along the trails.

A woman who lives in Jacoby Creek canyon confirms all this and adds that the "Tinyfeet" people are a nuisance. She complains that they obtain their supply of milk after dark by raiding her cat's dish on the back porch.

Our advice is to feed her cat inside.

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THE GHOSTLY BAND OF BOREHAM WOOD

NO LESS an authority than the Associated Press reports that a veritable orchestra of ghosts is assembling in Boreham Wood, England.

It began with a ghostly bugler whose 2:00 A.M. concerts at a housing development keep the countryside jumping. A citizen posse sat up nights trying to capture the culprit—to no avail.

The bugler now has been joined by an equally elusive drummer.

"It's no joke and it's too much," declares Robert Prior, a member of the posse. "A bugler was bad enough, but now a drummer . . ."



FAR, FAR WORSE

THE BIG HUM of East Kent is far, far worse.

The Big Hum is an elusive, deep-throated humming noise that only persons sensitive to the lower sound registers can hear.

Nobody knows what causes it; nobody knows where it comes from. It has been discussed in Parliament and in military circles. The Ministries of Science, Supply and Aviation; the General Post Office, the Electricity Boards and Lord knows who all else disclaim any responsibility for the noise.

Complaints have come in from all over England but most of them

seem to center in Kent.

Tom A. Cullen of NEA Service interviewed Novelist Edward Hyams and his wife, who started the furore over the Big Hum. Hyams hears the noise only occasionally but his wife hears it often.

"It's low-pitched and intermittent," she explains. "It is stronger inside the house than outside, louder at night than during the daytime; and on weekdays it's worse."

Mrs. Hyams has had hysterics twice over the Big Hum. An electronics expert tested her hearing, found it was extraordinarily sensitive, which could account for her hearing the Hum more often than other persons hear it.

The Hyams were relieved when they began to receive letters from other persons who heard the Hum.

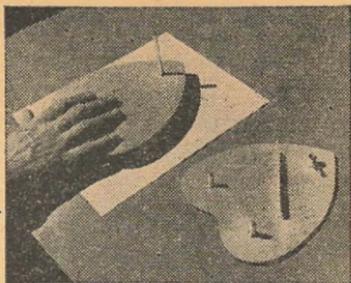
Nonetheless, some persons are skeptical about the whole thing. Maybe the skeptics have poor hearing.



SOMETHING DOWN THERE

THIS SORT of thing must be terribly frustrating to folks who feel there is an answer to everything. At 3:00 A.M., Friday, July 15, the 24,000-ton Panamanian flag tanker *Alkaid* with a full cargo of crude oil ran afoul of a submerged object just as it passed

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under the Williamsburg Bridge over the East River in New York City.

The collision ripped a huge gash in the starboard side of the big ship, forcing the captain to beach her near the United Nations building to keep her from capsizing. Later the ship was hauled off and towed to a dock.

What did the *Alkaid* hit? No one knows at this writing. The riddle was still unanswered after two days of Coast Guard hearings. The Army Corps of Engineers is responsible for the Harbor waters and two of their harbor boats swept the area repeatedly, dragging a device of metal pipes and chains designed to become entangled with any obstruction. The equipment was set for various depths but failed to find any object capable of piercing the ship's steel hull.



SEA SERPENTS

NOW THAT the Scots have organized a gigantic scientific hunt to run down the Loch Ness monster, innkeepers and merchants in the vicinity are afraid that the scientists will indeed find "Nessie." Once the creature is identified the mystery—and the tourist business—will both come to an end.

At Gloucester, Mass., in July, half a dozen persons said they spotted a sea serpent just off the

coast. Harry and Warren Heath described it as a "strange water animal with a black and white head and two bulging eyes." Harry apparently got the best look at it. He said it was about 15 to 16 feet long and "looked like the shallow keel of an overturned whaleboat." The Heaths are lobster fishermen, and the animal surfaced within 30 feet as they were tending their traps. It remained in view for several minutes.

Just why these alleged monsters should be so big and yet so scarce is a good question. There is supposed to be such a creature in Manitoba's Lake Winnipegosis. On Sunday, July 24, 20 persons picnicking in Manipogo Park, 33 miles north of Ste. Rose, claimed they saw a giant serpent with humps and the ability to travel through the water at 15 m.p.h.

A. R. Adam, a Ste. Rose implement dealer, declares he tried to keep up with the animal by running along the shore and could see three distinct humps and estimated that about six feet of the creature was out of the water at one time. The head was flat but not raised above the water. "It really dived under when we came close," he declared. The creature has been seen intermittently for the past 25 years, and is even called by the friendly name of "Manipogo."

Dr. J. A. McLeod, professor of

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zoology at the University of Manitoba, views the accounts with skepticism but launched a one-man investigation nonetheless.

Skeptics point out that the height of the sea serpent sighting season almost always coincides with the height of the tourist season.



END OF SUMMER

CLERGYPMEN, moralists and federal and state drug officials will have something to wrestle with in the case of a new ruling by Judge Yale McFate (what's in a name?) of Arizona's Maricopa County Superior Court to the effect that peyote is not a habit-forming drug and an Arizona law that forbids its use violates both the state and federal constitutions.

The test case was brought by Mrs. Mary Attakai 35, a Navajo of Williams, Ariz., who was convicted in a justice court for illegally possessing peyote.

Mrs. Attakai testified she used peyote during religious services of the Native American Church of North America, to which an estimated 200,000 Indians belong. She contended that peyote is "a herb of sacrament and a medicine of prayer."

Judge McFate quoted from testimony given during the trial by Dr. Omer C. Stewart, a professor of anthropology at Colorado University.

Dr. Stewart has spent several years studying the use of peyote. He has used it and it produced "bright, vivid colored hallucinations of places, but at no time was I out of control with my environment."

Judge McFate said that evidence presented at the trial indicates that peyote is not habit-forming, not a narcotic.



THE PSYCHIC POLICE OFFICER

ONE DAY last fall, Patrolman Donald M. Sabel of Grosse Pointe Woods, Mich., was cruising

with a new officer, Patrolman Robert Sass, when they heard another scout car get a holdup report. All that the radio message told was that two vaguely-described bandits had taken cash and jewelry after tying up Mr. and Mrs. Leslie T. Lambardi in their home.

For no explainable reason, Officer Sabel directed his partner to swing their scout car along Mack in the vicinity of the side street mentioned.

It was a warm evening and there were many strollers about, but Officer Sabel asked Officer Sass to pull up as he saw a man enter a

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restaurant. Sabel walked up to the startled suspect, asked him a few questions, and arrested him on the spot after finding he had nearly \$500 and a woman's wristwatch on his person. Sabel took the man to the scene for identification while fellow officers were still questioning the victims. The criminal confessed on his way to the police station.

Last winter Sabel saw a parked car on Hawthorne near Goethe. He turned his scout car for a second look and the car tried to pull away. Inside were two nervous youths. Police were questioning them at the station when a call came in from Mr. and Mrs. John Heberling that they had just found their home ransacked. The youths confessed.

Picking out an unidentified and undescribed bandit in a crowded street within 60 seconds after his crime was discovered and solving a burglary before it is even reported are the kind of thing that happens frequently to Officer Sabel.

Safety Director Vern C. Bailey explains Sabel's success as an example of "fast thinking and good judgment. With diligence they can produce what seem like pure flashes of inspiration."

Sabel himself tries to silence any talk of his supposed "powers." He prefers to credit his arrests to the use of his five "regular" senses.

Whatever it is, it works. Last summer, Patrolman Donald M. Sabel became the first police officer ever to receive a department citation in Grosse Pointe Woods.



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Last April 18, George S. Thommen, in an article published in the Newark *Evening News*, predicted that June 22 would be an excellent day for Floyd Patterson to fight, but a mighty poor day for Ingemar Johansson.

Thommen, of the Biorhythm Computer Company, was supplied data on the two men and said that Patterson would be in top physical condition while Johansson would be in low condition. In addition, he said that Patterson's "sensitivity" cycle, which encourages optimism would be high while Johansson's would be critical.

As everyone knows, Patterson clobbered Ingo.



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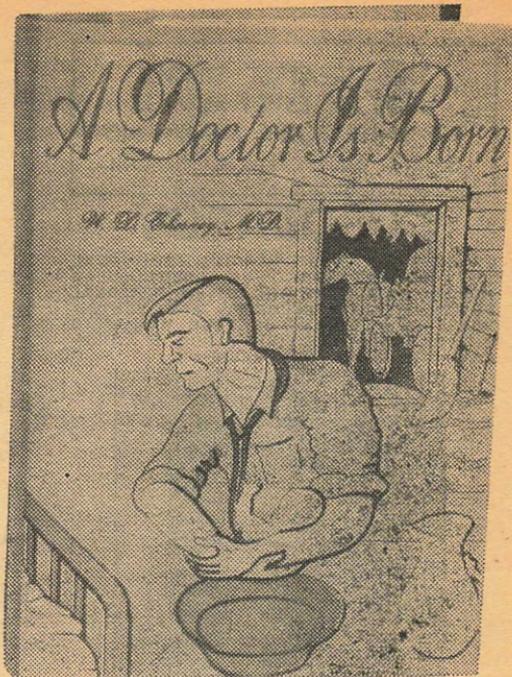
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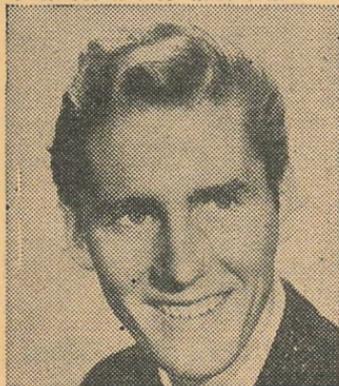
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Philadelphia, swears this is true, and she has evidence to prove it.

Mrs. Matthews was lying on her living room sofa recently when she looked up and saw a huge red ball of fire come through the closed living room window and through the Venetian blind without harming either.

Her first thought was that the atomic bomb had fallen. She buried her face in the sofa and said: "Oh! Lord, not like this!"

The ball of fire continued through the living room, passed into the dining room and went out the closed dining room window, making a sizzling noise as it moved through the house.

Mrs. Matthews telephoned her husband who came home from work, took one look at her and began to cry because of Mrs. Matthews' proof. Earlier that day, Mrs. Matthews had a full head of hair. As the ball of fire passed she had felt a tingling sensation in the back of her head and put her hand up.

The back of her hand was burned; and all the hair fell out of the back of her head, leaving it hard and as clean as her face.

There were burned places on her scalp.

* * *

If Mrs. Matthews' story is true, fantastic and inexplicable as it may be, it could go a long way toward explaining some of the mys-

terious burnings that have been reported in this magazine.

On July 16, for example, Mrs. Rose Howe, 74, of New Braintree Road, Barre, Mass., was in the yard of her home. Suddenly she began to scream. Her cries were heard by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Drake who live upstairs in her home. They rushed down to find Mrs. Howe's clothes aflame from the waist up.

Drake came to her aid with a fire extinguisher but Mrs. Howe was taken to Worcester City Hospital in critical condition.

As we write this, the question is, how did Mrs. Howe's clothes become ignited? There was no explanation for this at our press time.



EYELESS SIGHT

RONALD COYNE, 17, may be another Margaret Foos. Recently in Winnepeg, before the congregation of the Rev. James Spiers' Faith Temple, Ronald demonstrated what he claims is proof he can see from an empty eye socket.

Ronald lost his right eye when he was seven years old. With newspaper reporters looking on he removed his plastic eye. His good eye was bandaged and taped. Then he read material held in front of his eyeless socket.

Ronald admits there have been

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times the "miracle" hasn't worked. This has occurred when he went to doctors about his sight. He explains this on the ground that they were "unbelievers."



THE WEEPING VEGETABLES

SOME RECENT discoveries by Dr. Lafayette Ronald Hubbard, a U.S. millionaire who lives in England, raises serious questions about the ethics of vegetarianism.

The vegetarians, many agree, have a higher moral code than meat eaters. They believe it is wrong to kill animals, and the pious Hindu who is careful not to crush an ant or a beetle may feel properly self-righteous about his high ideals.

But aren't vegetables also living things?

Yes they are, and perhaps something more than we have always imagined them to be. Dr. Hubbard takes the most delicate electronic measurements of plants under varying conditions, including life and death.

He has found that fruits will register the fact that they are sliced into — in a sense a tomato screams when it is peeled. Delicate instruments can measure the death throes of a cabbage.

If all this is indeed true, professional vegetarians face a dilemma. For when they sit down to eat their salads, they are murder-

ers no less than you and I when we attack a steak.



DREAM OF CLINTON H. ELLIOTT

CLINTON H. Elliott's mother had been dead for 40 years — ever since Clinton was 26. At 66, Clinton was still a sandhog, still working daily out from his home in Cambridge, Mass.

One night late in June, Clinton's mother came to him in a dream. "Son," she said to him. "You'll be joining me on the 23rd."

Clinton told his wife, Annie, about the dream next morning.

"Mamma told me my days are limited and I'm going to get ready," he said. He began to put his affairs in order. On July Fourth he took his four daughters, three sons and many grandchildren out for a celebration.

"It's the last Fourth I'll be able to spend with you," he told them. He made arrangements for his funeral and said goodbye to his fellow-workers on the new East Boston tunnel project.

They teased him a bit, but he told them that he was going for sure on the 23rd.

On that night Clinton was standing with 40 other sandhogs due to start a three-hour shift when a telephone call came for John M. Gunning, operator of a heavy duty crane associated with the project.

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Clinton went and fetched Gunning and returned to wait for the shift to start. And then, without warning, the tall steel boom of the crane buckled and fell across the shack. It killed three men, one of whom was Clinton H. Elliott.

Gunning, the crane operator, was a veteran of 15 years. He said safety precautions had been taken and the automatic brake was on. He has no idea what caused the crane to crumple. The crane and boom were inspected twice every eight hours and had just been okayed 30 minutes before.

Two girls, 10 and 12, across the street at the time, were among the most important witnesses. "We saw a big flash," they said. "Then there was a great big noise. It looked like that big thing was melting. And all the men started running."

One who could not run fast enough was Clinton Elliott, a lame man. How did his unconscious mind know 27 days before that a steel boom would crash toward him and that he would not be able to escape it?



CURIOUS GHOSTS

IT IS IN the nature of alleged communications with the dead that conventional persons want little or nothing to do with them. The problem is much like Method-

ist Church bishops trying to deal with the poltergeist in the John Wesley home.

Such a hot potato now appears to have been handed to the Church of England by the late Rev. W. S. Pakenham-Walsh, who left a diary purporting to record more than 30 years of conversations with the restless ghost of Henry VIII, the king with many wives.

The Rev. John D. Pearce-Higgins, vicar of Putney, a London suburb, says there are "staggering implications," whatever that means, in the Rev. Pakenham-Walsh's diary. The documents are now in the hands of the Anglican Church's Psychical Research group.

Pakenham-Walsh was a friend of Pearce-Higgins. When Pakenham-Walsh died in May at the age of 62 the diary was turned over to his friend. Pearce-Higgins says Pakenham-Walsh was a man "utterly devoid of self-delusion." His records, Pakenham-Walsh said before his death, are no more sensational than many parts of the Bible.

Among the claims in the documents are:

- Henry refused to believe he was dead.
- Anne Boleyn often appeared and spoke of her unhappiness while waiting to be beheaded in the Tower of London.
- Through the prayers of Anne

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and Pakenham-Walsh Henry's soul was finally redeemed.

• There is a document signed by Henry's ghost.

"Many churchmen are frightened of all this, but it has to be admitted," insists Pearce-Higgins resolutely.



CONFLICTING TESTIMONY

LATE SATURDAY and early Sunday, January 16-17, several hundred curious spectators in the Lake Milles Lacs area of Minnesota watched a huge unidentified object and a display of flashing lights for more than eight hours. The object was gone when daylight came.

Highway patrolman John Hogan told UPI at Crosby, Minn., that spectators included five state highway patrol squads and sheriff's deputies along with the other spectators.

They saw an object estimated to be the size of a two-story house with nine flashing lights of amber, green and red. The object appeared to move up and down slowly between altitudes of around 500 to 1000 feet.

SAGE installation at Duluth did not pick up anything on its radar tracking screen.

The Associated Press reported on the sighting from Brainerd, Minn. It quoted Deputy Sheriff Bud Kiss-

keys of Crow Wing County as saying the lights were red, white, blue, orange and green.

Kisskeys said, "There was one big cluster of lights that looked like a Christmas tree way out on the lake about 10 miles. You could see other lights, one at a time, along the shoreline. I drove to the spot where I thought one would be but it always seemed as far away no matter how long I drove."

A rapid calculation by the editor of this column reveals that such a speed would have permitted this particular meteor to circle the earth nearly 30 times during the eight hours it was under observation. Thus according to this, what was seen was not a stationary object at all but the same meteor appearing nearly 30 times during the eight-hour period and flashing vari-colored lights each time it appeared. Anything else was obviously just an optical illusion!



P. S.

AUSTIN, TEX. — Occupants of a blacked-out car fired five .32 caliber bullets through the picture window of the B. C. Guerrero home. One slug crashed into a picture of Christ hanging on the living room wall. It knocked a hole through the glass and shattered it but the picture itself was not even scratched.

— *Curtis Fuller*

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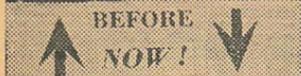
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Lyndon B. Johnson Calls for

The Democratic candidate for vice-president lights match for fireworks in Congress with demand for close watch on new UFO developments.

UFO Alert

By Curtis Fuller

THE MOST POWERFUL man in the United States Senate—and a man who may become vice-president of the United States—has revealed his interest in flying saucers and instructed an important military subcommittee to report UFO sightings to him personally.

The man, of course, is Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson, Democratic Vice-Presidential Candidate. His interest is revealed in a letter made public early in August by Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe, executive director of NICAP—the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, a privately financed research group.

Senator Johnson wrote to Keyhoe in his capacity as chairman of the Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee of the United States Senate. His letter is dated July 6 but was not made public until a

month later. A reproduction of the letter accompanies this article.

Senator Johnson's letter to Major Keyhoe states that not only is the subcommittee keeping a close watch on the field of UFOs but has "standing instructions to report to me any recent significant sightings of unidentified flying objects along with an analysis of the conduct and conclusions of the Air Force investigation of each such sighting."

It is interesting to speculate on what Senator Johnson means by the word "conduct", but it is generally agreed that it refers to repeated criticisms of the Air Force policy of denying the existence of UFOs while at the same time continuing to investigate them not only in this but in other countries.

The wording of Senator Johnson's letter not only reveals his interest in flying saucers but sug-

gests he is prepared to join forces with others critical of Air Force secrecy policies in regard to UFOs.

NICAP has been trying for years under Major Keyhoe's leadership to break the Government censorship. At the same time he made Senator Johnson's letter public, Major Keyhoe released a statement accusing the United States Air Force of a "wrong and dangerous" policy in allegedly suppressing UFO information.

The statement said that NICAP had carefully evaluated hundreds of UFO sightings by military and airline pilots, missile trackers and other experts over the past three years.

"It was the majority conclusion that UFO's reported by these skilled observers were unknown devices under intelligent control," Keyhoe's statement continued.

One of those agreeing with Major Keyhoe is Vice Admiral R. H. Hillenkoetter (USNR) who formerly headed the Central Intelligence Agency.

"It is imperative that we learn where the UFO's come from and what their purpose is," Admiral Hillenkoetter recently warned. He and Major Keyhoe express fears that unrecognized UFO's could accidentally set off a war with Russia. Keyhoe claims that several false air alerts have already occurred in the U.S. and that some were caused

by Air Defense radar operators' mistaking "UFO formations" for possible enemy aircraft.

It is significant that a similar fear has been expressed by French Gen. L. M. Chassin, Coordinator of Allied Air Forces for NATO. General Chassin has urged world governments to study the possibility that flying saucers exist "if only to avoid the danger of global tragedy."

NICAP has been developing a dossier of evidence on the existence of UFO's to present to Congress. These items include the following:

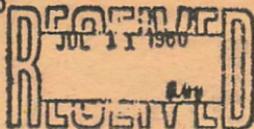
- Unusual sighting evidence, including a close-up observation by a Navy commander who admitted the object frightened him; a well-known scientist's sighting; an encounter with a giant flying disc by a Navy plane.

- Air Force contradictory statements which prove that something is being concealed.

- A Top Secret Estimate of the Situation drawn up in 1948 whose existence the Air Force has denied but has now recently confirmed. The secret conclusion is that UFO's are interplanetary spaceships. Yet members of Congress were told no such document existed.

- An extract from an AF Intelligence Report describing explosions near an Air Force transport that led the plane's captain to conclude that his aircraft was being shot at

July 6, 1960



Dear Major Keyhoe:

Thank you for your recent communication enclosing the Digest of Documented Evidence on Unidentified Flying Objects recently prepared by the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena.

Letter to Major Donald E. Keyhoe reveals interest of Senator Johnson in subject of UFO's.

I have referred your interesting material to the staff of the Preparedness Investigating Subcommittee which, at my direction as you know, is keeping a close watch over new developments in this field with standing instructions to report to me any recent significant sightings of unidentified flying objects along with an analysis of the conduct and conclusions of the Air Force investigation of each such sighting.

I certainly appreciate your thoughtfulness and consideration in forwarding this type of information to me from time to time as it becomes available.

Sincerely,

Lyndon B. Johnson
Chairman, Preparedness
Investigating Subcommittee

Major Donald E. Keyhoe
Executive Director of NICAP
1536 Connecticut Avenue, N. W.
Washington 6, D. C.

by an unknown object. The report also describes unsolved disappearances of Air Force transports in the same area.

With this ammunition, and apparently with Senator Johnson's

support, it looks as though there will be some lively UFO fireworks in Congress in 1961. Those who have been crowing that "flying saucers are dead" may find they are just now coming to life.



MY VOYAGE TO ETERNITY

The radiant figure beckoned me—and I followed along a bright trail that led me to a new, happier life.

By Etna Elliott

HOLD TO the lion's ruff," said Jesus, "and follow me." That is what he told me.

I was just out of the hospital after undergoing a major operation and the doctors had told my family that it would be necessary for me to undergo a second operation before I could be well again.

When I blew out the light in the little kerosene lamp on that blistering hot California night in 1929, my heart was breaking; my body seemed made of lead and I did not

think I could possibly face another day.

As I got quietly into bed beside my restless husband my heart went out to him for I knew the burden he was carrying. We had three children and very little food in the house and did not know where the next week's supply would come from. We were living in a little shack on a mining claim in El Dorado County near Auburn where my husband was prospecting, trying to find a little gold or take out

a pocket, as he called it.

"Oh, God!" I prayed, "what can we do? Oh! What can we do? Show me the way. There must be a way."

I lay there in the hot, sticky darkness with my eyes wide open. My husband and children all were sleeping; I could hear their even breathing and I thought, "Oh, God! Give them a break; they are deserving."

Finally I became quiet and rested. I felt cool and comfortable for the first time in weeks. In a sort of semi-conscious sleep I was fully aware of my home surroundings and all the little noises of the night. I could hear the dog moving around outside and, at the same time, I suddenly felt myself standing where it was very cold and dark.

Before me was a great iron fence at least eight feet high; each iron rod in it was about four inches apart. There was a great gate there, tightly closed, and on the other side of the fence from me were scores of people. They were the most terrible people; wild, gaunt, ragged people, some without eyes, some without teeth and hair, crippled, deformed, mean, savage people, all very tall, towering above me and all reaching through that iron fence trying to get at me. It seemed as if they all hated me and wanted to tear me apart. The

whole dark, terrible scene closed around me with an unknown terror. I remember it very clearly!

For some reason not known to me I had to go through that gate. I *had* to get on the other side of that fence. As I would step toward the gate, the terrible people would all make a wild, screaming lunge for me, stretching their arms through the bars, trying to reach me.

I was numb with fear but I had to get through. I thought, "Oh! if I could only wake my husband." For I still was conscious of his presence in bed beside me at the same time that I was standing alone in that cold, windy darkness, facing that insane mob of inhuman people.

"Oh! God," I cried, "what will I do?"

Then I heard a voice, a very familiar voice it seemed, a kind, loving, sweet voice say, "Fear not."

And then I saw him. Oh! the wondrous beauty of that scene and what followed. If I could only tell you what I saw and felt, if I could just give you one glimpse of the dear face of Jesus! But I can only try to tell you as nearly as possible since there are no words to express what I saw and heard and did.

I could now see Him plainly in his bright-colored robe, standing on the other side of the fence from

me, behind and above this crowd of people. There was a shining radiance all about him and a beautiful smile on his face — the sweetest, loving smile I ever have seen on a face! The other people did not seem to hear or see him; they still reached for me. I looked over their heads and up at Jesus and he reached His hand out to me and said, "Hold to the lion's ruff." Instantly beside me was a monstrous lion. He rubbed against my body like a huge kitten.

All my fear vanished. The cold wind stopped blowing and I was warm and comfortable. Jesus, reached His hand out to me and said again, "Just hold to the lion's ruff."

I placed my right hand on the giant lion's neck and into his big fluffy mane, as I had always called it. When Jesus called it the lion's ruff, that was the first time I had ever heard it called so.

I got a good handhold and hung onto that blessed lion, then I looked up at Jesus and He was smiling. His smile gathered me in and made me one with him. He beckoned for me to come to Him and said in that very gentle voice, "Now, just hold to the lion's ruff and follow me." Then the gigantic lion and I started walking toward that gate and all that mob of terrible people. They all were lunging and reaching out with clawing hands, trying to get ahold of

me, when the lion gave a terrible roar. He first turned his head to one side, then to the other, roaring each time. The gate began to swing open and back, pushing the mob of screaming people back and behind it. They still did not see nor hear Jesus but they did see the lion and were afraid. They drew back, cringing behind those bars, stumbling back into the darkness.

We walked through that gate to Jesus waiting on the other side with that same sweet smile. He beckoned me to follow Him and as He turned I noticed for the first time that He carried a cane or rod as high as His head. It had a crook or elbow at the top and was so shiny that it blended in with the radiance all about Him.

He started walking up a steep narrow trail that shone so brightly it looked like a trail of bright, shiny mirrors. The lion and I were right behind Him, I still clutching the lion's ruff. At first it seemed I could not lift my feet, they were so heavy and I was so tired and the trail was so steep, but as we advanced up that trail I became light as a feather and moved with little or no effort. The lion seemed so happy at this improvement that he frolicked like a pup.

Now Jesus was drawing a little farther ahead of me but at every little bend in the trail He would stop and turn to beckon me on and

up that bright, narrow trail with Him. This trail wound up through the sky just like a trail winds up a mountain. On each side of the trail was a beautiful blue mist or vapor.

At last Jesus entered into such a bright radiance that He was fading from my sight. Just before He vanished He turned again and beckoned me to follow. He stood holding to His Staff and watched me for a minute or so with that dear look on His face that I have seen on the face of young mothers as they watch their babies wobbling on their tiny legs for the first time.

I was still conscious of my earthly surroundings. Yet, I was on that trail with the lion, in the bright light of Jesus. Then I felt my fingers release the lion's ruff and his great body moved reluctantly away from mine.

I found myself sitting upright in bed watching the trail and that bright light and the shadowy lion all disappear into a fading mist. I sat there motionless for I don't know how long, watching the wall as if it were a blank movie screen.

I cannot remember any sensation or feeling. I seemed to be in a daze, not even conscious of having a body. I got quietly out of bed, put on robe and slippers and went out into the night under the bright moon and stars. I looked up at the sky and tears began to fall. I could not stop

them. I felt lonely and sad and I also felt a deep quiet joy, a special kind of joy I never had felt before. I felt free and safe and for the first time in years I felt the blessedness of security!

I had acted upon the word of Jesus and held to the ruff of that heavenly lion and strength and courage had poured through me. I had walked unafraid to Jesus' side and followed Him to safety and freedom.

Now, where was my fear, my sick, weak body, my dark, dreary thoughts, my sad, heavy heart? Somewhere on that trail with Jesus they all had vanished, leaving me free, clean and whole. I now knew that I would follow Jesus on into eternity. I would never again be afraid.

Day was now breaking. The birds began to twitter and move about in the trees. I have oft' times wondered if my feet were touching the ground as I faced that beautiful morning sunrise. I was so happy I could have shouted, although I found myself very quiet as if the whole world must be hushed before the majesty of what I had seen.

I returned to the cabin, dressed quietly and started breakfast. The family awakened and all flocked to the kitchen, as usual. As their eyes fell upon me they stopped, they looked and they saw the miracle that had taken place. It

shone in my face, the tilt of my head, the lift of my shoulders. I hadn't noticed before, but I was standing up straight for the first time in months.

I tried to tell them where I had been, what I had seen and done, but to this day I don't think they heard a word I was saying. They just stared at me.

My mother arrived at the cabin about noon, as was her daily habit, expecting to find me worse as she had each day before. To her great astonishment, I had a large washing on the line and was preparing lunch for the family.

As she stepped out of the car I came to the cabin door and said "I am healed." And I threw my arms around her and lifted her right off the ground.

I can tell you now that I never had that second operation. And not only was I healed but I felt 10 years younger, and for days I had the sensation of walking on air.

My husband found his pocket just a few days after my walk up that trail with Jesus. Some of the quartz in the rich vein was half gold and it assayed \$1586 per ton and there were many tons of it. No doubt many of you have seen specimens of our gold quartz for it was on exhibit at the California State Fair for several years and in many of our larger banks.

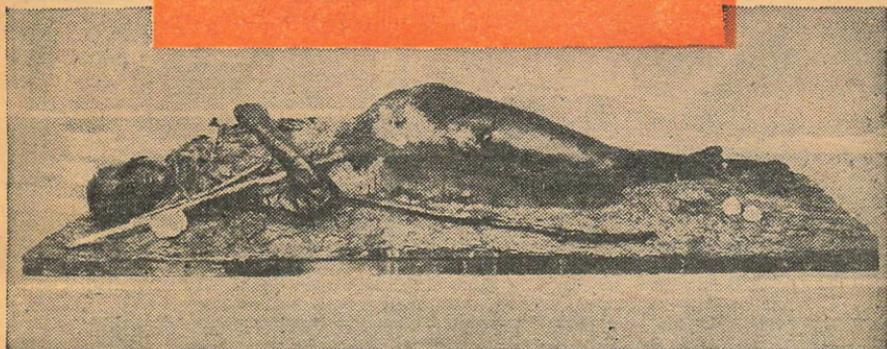
I followed Jesus from sickness and poverty into health and plenty; into peace and happiness. I was completely healed, for my doctor said, "I have seen several miraculous healings and this is one also."

EDITOR'S NOTE: We were intrigued by an odd incident in connection with the above story. A few years ago we received an original manuscript of "My Voyage To Eternity." We asked Author Etna Elliott for additional details, but heard nothing from her. After a lapse of time we returned the story.

She wrote us: "I almost fainted when I received the story from you, with a note saying you had accepted it but had not received the information you required. I looked into the strong box in which I had kept the story for at least 15 years. It was gone. I had not sent it, for the manuscript was yellow with age and I would have retyped it before sending it to you.

"The only way I can explain it is that 'My Voyage To Eternity' should have been given to the public before and when I neglected to do so, some Higher Power took the matter into its own hands."

MUMMIFIED VICTIMS of the GERMAN BOGS



Typical of well-preserved corpses found, body of a teen-aged girl with blindfolded eyes was dug up in Windeby Moor, Northern Germany, in December, 1953. UPI Photo.

2,000-year-old bodies found in peat beds bear evidence of weird deaths that pose a mystery for archeologists.

By Frank Volkmann

THE DISTINGUISHED Danish archeologist, Peter Glob, was lecturing to the students of Aarhus University in Jutland one day in May, 1950, when he was interrupted by a telephone call from the police. Peat-cutters working in a bog near the village of Tollund had uncovered the body of a man. This was not the first time the police had been called to investigate a body that had lain in the peat for

centuries and this time they wanted an archeologist with them.

At the bog Professor Glob was confronted with a strange and remarkable sight: "In the peat cut, nearly seven feet down, lay a human figure in a crouched position, still half buried. A foot and a shoulder protruded, perfectly preserved but dark brown in color like the surrounding peat, which had dyed the skin. Carefully we re-

moved more peat and a bowed head came into view.

"As dusk fell, we saw in the fading light a man take shape before us. He was curled up, with legs drawn under him and arms bent, resting on his side as if asleep. His eyes were peacefully shut; his brows furrowed and his mouth showed a slightly irritated quirk as if he were not overpleased by this unexpected disturbance of his rest."

Around the neck of this man, drawn chokingly tight, was a noose formed of two leather thongs! The peat-cutters had been right after all—this *was* an unsolved crime. But it was 2000 years old—or so Professor Glob judged by the seven feet of peat that had accumulated over the body.

The man was naked save for a cap and a belt. The cap was made of eight pieces of skin, with the fur inside, and had a chin strap. The belt was of leather and tied around the waist in a loop.

The man had been hanged and then laid in the bog. But why? The man's face, which was finely preserved, bore an intelligent expression and did not look at all like the face of a criminal. And would a criminal have been stripped of his clothing and carefully laid out?

Many such questions passed hurriedly through the Professor's mind as he puzzled over the strange human relic. But the answers would

have to wait for swift action was required to prevent decomposition now that the body had been exposed to the air.

It was again covered with peat and the section of bog containing it was cut loose and placed in a wooden box. Thus it was transported to the National Museum in Copenhagen. Here, under brilliant arc lights began the probe into the 2000-year-old murder mystery. The body itself was turned over to skilled conservators to be preserved. The archeologists meanwhile commenced a search into old documents and newspaper files. They were quickly rewarded. Astonishingly enough they found that 100 similar finds had been made in Northern Europe in the last two centuries.

The majority of these date from the early Iron Age (2000 years ago). Some are from a later period. A few are from the middle ages. Some of the bodies were undoubtedly those of criminals executed and thrown into swamps.

The Roman historian Tacitus, writing of the Germanic tribes in 98 A. D., records several modes of execution: "Traitors and deserters are hanged on trees; cowards, shirkers, and the unnaturally vicious are drowned in miry swamps under a cover of wattled hurdles. The distinction in the punishment implies that deeds of violence should be paid for in the full glare

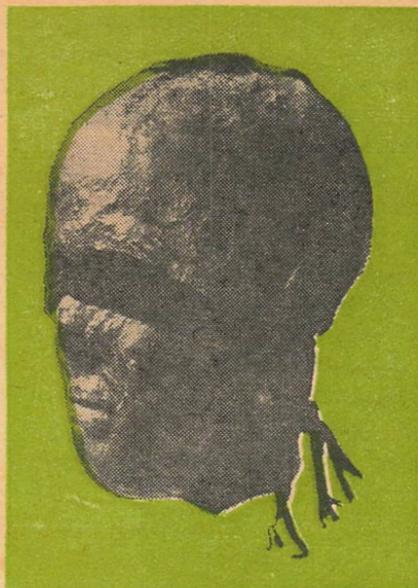
of publicity but that deeds of shame should be suppressed."

Other victims seem to have been witches and vampires. These had stakes driven through their breasts or were pinned to the ground with forked sticks apparently to prevent their return to haunt or otherwise molest the living. However, archeologists believe that most of the bodies represent sacrifices to the ancient gods.

The one striking feature of all the burials was the lack of grave furnishings. A few of the bodies appeared to be fully dressed, some wore only a cloak or skirt but most of them were stark naked. This contrasts sharply with the lavish furnishings that normally accompany European burials of this period and it supports the theory that this group of interments have a special significance.

One of the earliest such finds on record was made in 1797 near the town of Undelev in Southern Jutland. It was the body of a middle-aged man clad in a leather cloak and shoes and was found lying under three branches of hazel. It was faultlessly preserved and so life-like that it frightened the finders who hastily reburied it.

In 1835 the body of a woman was uncovered in a bog in Harold-skaer near Vejle. She was dressed in a leather jerkin and was pinned down with forked sticks and two



Head of girl found in Windeby Moor shows amazing preservation. Acid in swamp water has "tanned" her skin.

boughs arched over her body. Undoubtedly she had been feared as a witch. Antiquarians who examined the body at the time identified her as the Norwegian Queen Gunhild. She was the notorious consort of Erik Bloodaxe and legend has it that she was lured to Jutland by King Harold Bluetooth who later drowned her in a peat bog. Modern authorities, however, completely discount this story.

Unfortunately most of the early accounts of bog burials were so incomplete and poorly described that they afforded the archeologists little useful information. The most im-

portant record uncovered went back no further than 1946. It described the discovery of the body of a man found in a bog near Borremose in Himmerland.

This well-preserved body was found at the six-and-a-half foot level of the bog and was seated cross-legged, head bent forward. Around the neck was a noose of braided cord knotted at both ends. The back of the skull was bashed in, probably from a heavy blow, and the right leg was broken above the knee. These injuries could have been inflicted before or after hanging or, for that matter, after the body was placed in the bog.

This body was naked except for a cloth hat found near the head and a piece of leather under the feet. A 55-inch stick of birch lay directly over the body.

A year later, in 1947, the body of a woman was found in the same bog. She was stretched out full length, face downward, and the back of her skull also was badly crushed. She was dressed in an ankle-length woven dress with a strap extending over the right shoulder.

These two discoveries aroused little interest at the time and were not even reported in the press. It was not until the finds at Tollund bog — which were given wide publicity — that they became known to the public. People far and wide now

became intensely interested and archeologists scoured the bogs of northern Europe seeking more ancient bodies.

Then in 1951 Dr. Karl Schlabow, a German antiquarian, reported his discovery of a body in a peat bog in Schleswig Holstein in Northern Germany. It was the perfectly preserved body of a 14-year-old girl. The cause of death could not be ascertained although a blindfold was still in place over the girl's eyes and the left side of her head was shaved. She was completely naked save for a collar of oxskin around her neck. Another body later was found nearby; it was of a 40-year-old man in a poor state of preservation. He had been strangled with a wand of hazel.

With the news of these additional finds Professor Glob's interest grew. He seemingly had opened a Pandora's box of exciting new discoveries. Word was sent to peat-cutters throughout Denmark and Northern Germany to keep an alert eye open for human remains in the bogs where they worked. Archeologists anxiously awaited further discoveries. They did not have long to wait. In May, 1952, the beautifully preserved body of a man was accidentally disinterred in a sphagnum bog in Nebelgaard, near Grauballe in Central Jutland — only a few miles from the bog where Tollund Man was found.

Like most of the previous finds this body was completely naked but the cause of death was horribly different. Grauballe Man had not been hanged, instead he had had his throat cut from ear to ear!

The body was lifted from the grave where it had lain for approximately 2000 years and brought to the Prehistoric Museum at Aarhus. Here a team of scientists worked on it for many months. Experts of the Museum's medical faculty extracted the liver so that it could be subjected to age-determining radio-carbon analysis. A committee of three dental surgeons examined the teeth and made out, in the name of "Grauballe Man," a regulation dental card. X-ray technicians worked, while professional photographers snapped endless pictures. The Danish police even took fingerprints—they are, perhaps, the oldest now on record.

Most important of all the scientists enlisted the expert aid of the Danish Guild of Tanners in an effort to preserve the entire body. Earlier finds had been allowed to decay or rot; even Tollund Man had to be discarded, except for the head, because no adequate method of preservation was available. Luckily the Tanners Guild was able to save all of Grauballe Man and he is now the proudest possession of the Prehistoric Museum. Thousands of visitors every

year pass before the glass case where he finally has come to rest. With what seems like indecent curiosity they stare at the oldest lifelike representative of their race. Certainly it must be a strange feeling to look into the eyes of a man who was a contemporary of Jesus; a man who, if he had not himself seen, must surely have talked about, a certain Italian general named Caesar who was then wreaking havoc in the northland.

The question that visitors invariably ask the Museum attendant is how this man met his death and how he came to be buried in a swamp. It is these questions that Danish and German archeologists have been asking themselves ever since the bog burials came to their attention.

One might suppose, offhand, that since most of the victims had been hanged these persons were merely criminals. But only after the adoption of Christianity was hanging regarded as a dishonorable means of death. In ancient times it was connected with sacrifices to the gods and was thought to be a desirable way to depart from the world. Hanged men belonged to Odin (or Woden), one of the great gods of the Teutonic pantheon.

There is an old legend, for example, where Odin demanded the lives of King Vikar and some of his warriors as payment for aid he

had rendered them in time of battle. Vikar's people were naturally unwilling to go through with the sacrifice so Odin attempts a ruse with the help of Vikar's foster brother. He puts a noose around the King's neck and thrusting at him with a reed says, "I now give you to Odin." In an instant a bowed branch to which the noose is tied springs up and strangles the king. The reed meantime is transformed into a spear, Odin's weapon and symbol, and pierces Vikar's body.

This legend seems particularly relevant as it describes a ritualistic hanging as a sacrifice to Odin and also gives an account of a reed changed into a spear. Is this an explanation for the sticks that are frequently found with the bodies? Did the stick represent Odin's magical spear?

The lack of clothing on most of the victims is another common feature of the burials and would seem to have special significance. Certainly the peoples in this part of Europe did not normally go around in the scanty raiment found on the bodies in the bogs. Except for a few months in the summer the climate in this area is cold and damp.

Equally significant facts are revealed by the man of Borremose, found in 1946. His hands were so smooth and uncalloused as to suggest that he never had done a hard

day's work. Who, excepting perhaps priests and wizards, did not work in this savage epoch? And the rope around the man's neck was cut short and the ends were twisted to resemble metal "torques" which were common in Iron Age Europe. Hundreds of these have been found and they were always offerings to gods.

These and other curious details indicate that the bodies in the bogs were not ordinary victims of murder or public execution, but were human sacrifices to appease dark gods. But to which gods were they sacrificed and why?

Professor Glob says, "The general belief is that such naked hangings were ritual sacrifices in connection with the great spring fertility festival of antiquity."

Such festivals are found in every country of the world in pagan times and they were designed to stimulate the reproductive powers of the universe and assure a rich harvest in the fall. Vestiges of these festivals survive to the present day in the shrovetide revels of Denmark and the fasching carnivals of Germany. Originally they seem to have centered around a fertility goddess called *Nerthus*.

The Roman historian Tacitus has a passage describing the rites of this goddess in his book, *Germania*: "(The Germans) believe that (the goddess) enters into human affairs,

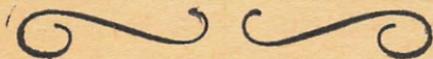
and travels about among the people. In an island of the Ocean there is a sacred grove, and in it a holy chariot covered with a cloth. Only the priest is allowed to touch it. He knows when the goddess is present in her consecrated place, and in all reverence accompanies her as she is drawn about by cows. These are joyful times and places which the goddess honors with her presence, and her visit makes holiday. People begin no war, do not take up arms, all weapons are put away; peace and quiet only are then known and welcome, until the priest leads back to her holy place the goddess, now wearied of mortal fellowship. Then the wagon, the covering-cloths, and — if one cares to believe it — the divinity herself, are washed in a hidden lake. *These services are performed by slaves whom the same lake presently swallows up.* Hence spring the secret terror and sacred ignorance about something which is seen by those alone who are doomed to immediate death."

The worship of Nerthus was very old in Germany but was not adopted in Denmark until about 500 B. C. Tiny bronze figurines representing the goddess and dating to this period have been found there. They depict her as a naked woman with exaggerated feminine

characteristics, much like the "Venus of Willendorf" — the great Earth Mother of Paleolithic times. Around the necks of these images is a twisted double torque resembling the noose of Tollund and Borremose man.

Professor Glob, who has done the most toward solving the riddle of the bogs, sums up his theory thus: "When one looks upon the face of Tollund Man, wonderfully preserved for 2000 years, one cannot see in his expression that of a criminal, tortured and hanged for some brutal crime. It is rather the face of a man who in supernal exaltation took the noose around his neck knowing that he went to his great goddess, to Nerthus and her fair handmaidens and that by his death he ensured the life of his people for the coming year."

A news dispatch from West Germany under the date of December, 1959, reported the finding of the body of a man in a bog near Neumuenster, about 40 miles from Kiel. It was "well-preserved" and estimated to be 2000 years old. Antiquarians guessed that it was the "product of some strange kind of administration of justice." It was found at the 13-foot level of the bog. This latest find is still being studied.



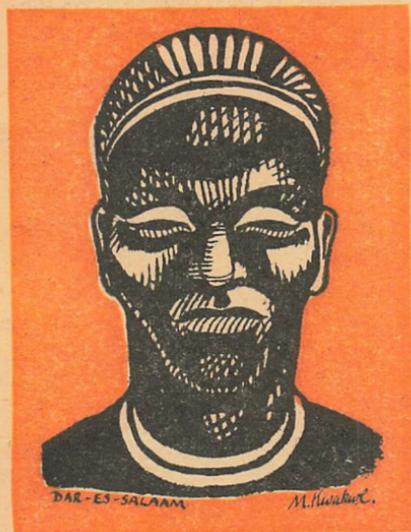
Africa's Two Most Powerful Wizards

Meet Nzige who used a deadly snake as a walking cane, and Nguvumali who had an uncanny ability to detect evildoers.

By Guillan Hopper



The author is a former British Colonial Service Officer in Africa and has traveled over most of that continent.



Influence of Nzige the One is said to extend even beyond Africa. Sketch is by one of his followers, Mensah Kwakwe.

NZIGE THE ONE, is today the most powerful witch doctor in Africa. His influence reaches from the shores of the Mediterranean to the Cape of Good Hope and from Zanzibar westwards to Accra, capital of the new free state of Ghana.

Wherever one travels in Africa, be it on the slopes of Kilimanjaro, the forests of the Belgian Congo, or the deepest shafts of the gold mines of the Rand, one encounters Africans who cherish the little carved ebony head which is the badge of those who believe in the magic of the man who has become known as Nzige. (pronounced En-zee-ghee) the One. In some parts of Africa he has a price on his head; in oth-

ers he is received as an honored guest.

The unseen domain of Nzige the One is spreading rapidly and is no longer confined to the frontiers of the Dark Continent. Men of African descent born in the West Indies and other parts of the Western World, having learned of this African sage, have come to confide in him and accept his advice. Not only Africans but many white men, including myself, have confidence in his outstanding wisdom and respect for the almost unlimited influence which his organization wields in this modern world.

When I first met Nzige in Zanzibar in 1951 he told me that he had come from Livingstone, near the Victoria Falls, and that he had several thousand followers with whom he communicated. Today the followers of Nzige possibly run over the million mark because in Ghana alone he claims more than 4,000 followers; in Central Africa possibly 15,000; in Nigeria more than 300,000; and in other parts of Africa, including the Union of South Africa, Portuguese East Africa, and the Belgian Congo, this remarkable wizard controls the destiny and prosperity of at least 500,000 people.

Nzige is a tall, sardonic-looking man with heavy-lidded eyes and a great deal of personal magnetism. His hands are long and slender —



Ngvumali had unusual extrasensory abilities. He and his followers wore a horn fashioned from a single clump of hair.

the hands of a healer. He spends hours, days and weeks with the Elders of his Circle, engaged in the study of ancient magical methods. He speaks and writes fluent English and says that in the years to come English will be the language of the African continent.

"The English and the Americans," he said to me, "have been our friends. Our experiences with other nations have not been so happy. It is prophesied that we shall

always remain friends despite minor difficulties from time to time."

During the Mau Mau trouble in Kenya, Nzige the One was always against the murderous gang of fanatics whose thirst for blood led to the death of so many Africans. Unknown to the white top brass administrators he was aided and encouraged by many of the lesser officials who now aver that Nzige did as much as anyone to end the Kenya blood-bath.

"Why the slaughter? Why the hatred? Why the hurry?" Nzige asked. "By 1972 Kenya will be ruled by the Africans and there will be peaceful white men living happily in the land. It is written!"

The first time I ever saw anyone use a live snake as a walking-stick was at Igalula, near Tabora in Central Tanganyika, in 1955, when I attended, as guest of honor, a meeting of Nzige's "Inner Circle of Elders." And it was Nzige himself who carried this unique cane. At first I took it to be an ordinary cane covered with snakeskin and I commented on the excellence of the work.

"Yes, it is excellent work," said Nzige, "because He who made it has made all things — even you Bwana Guillan, your powerful *Serikali* (Government) and your mighty Queen!"

With that he rubbed his walking-cane swiftly upward with his right

hand whereupon it collapsed onto the ground and slithered away into the grass.

Even when one sees such things it is hard to believe them. For a moment I felt that I was under Nzige's undoubted hypnotic influence and Nzige saw the doubt in my eyes.

"What you have seen was true," he assured me. "That *nyoka* has bitten one of my people. Until that person recovers I have told the snake that he will remain as a slave. See! I will call him back."

He raised his cupped hands to his lips and gave out an extraordinary echoing hiss. The snake slithered out of the grass to him. Nzige reached down, took it up in his hands, stroked it and the reptile again stiffened into a walking-cane.

That reptile was a black-necked spitting cobra — one of the most deadly snakes in Africa!

In 1953 Nzige, taking his life in his hands, went into the heart of Kenya's Aberdare Mountains to attend a rendezvous with the self-styled General China. Travelling by night Nzige was also perilled by the presence of British troops who shot on sight any African moving through the Aberdare forests after dusk.

General China, wearing a string of homemade medal ribbons and an African version of the Iron Cross, at first received the famous witch doc-

tor haughtily. But Nzige remained calm. He ignored the famous title of "General" and addressed the Mau Mau leader by his real name which but few of his men knew.

"Waruhio, son of Itote," said Nzige, "I knew your father, who was a good man. And because of that I come to warn you. In a few weeks we shall come to the end of this year. You have just that period to make peace with your own people and with the white men who have never harmed you."

General China snarled, "I shall never make peace with the whites — and those of the Kikuyu who side with the whites will be killed by me!"

"Then," said Nzige smoothly, "I must tell you that in the first moon of the New Year you will be hit in the throat by a bullet from a gun fired by one of your own people. And you will give yourself up to the white men who will find your hands dripping with the blood of the innocent. Both whites and Africans will sentence you to death and you will die, not from your wounds, but like a jackal in a spring trap — by the neck!"

On January 15, 1954, General China was leading his gang of bloodthirsty killers against a village near the town of Nyeri. They were suddenly confronted by a troop of Kikuyu Home Guards whose first volley routed the Mau Maus. Their

"General" was left behind, staggering around clutching at his throat. He had been hit in the windpipe by a bullet fired by one of his own people — a loyal Kikuyu tribesman. A month later he was sentenced to death by a court composed of white men and Kikuyus, and was hanged in Nairobi that same year.

It is said in Zanzibar that Nzige is the grandson of the great East African traveller and slave-trader Hamed ben Muhammed ben Juma el Marjebi, known to the people of Africa as "Tippu Tib." It is said that from his grandfather he inherited a mysterious Arabian book of prophecy which has given him uncanny powers to foretell the future. I knew of the existence of this ancient book and I was anxious to own it. The book is mentioned by the American, H. M. Stanley, who was well acquainted with Tippu Tib. The book is credited with having forecast the collapse of the German Colonial Empire in Africa. It also predicted the end of the Portuguese dominion north of the Zambesi River. I scoured the alleyways of Zanzibar for ancient books of Arabian magic. True I accumulated a great number — most of them valueless.

Then one day . . .

"Bwana Hopper," said the weird-looking individual before me. His head was innocent of any hair save

in one small circle. At first glance this appeared to be a horn about three and one-half inches high growing out of his head. On closer examination it proved to be a solitary clump of hair twisted into the semblance of a horn.

"Bwana Hopper," said my horned African. "You are seeking for Nzige the One . . . ?"

"I have heard of Nzige the One but I do not seek him," I replied. "I seek a *kitab* (book) which once belonged to he whom we call Tippu Tib."

"Yes," said the stranger, "then you are seeking Nzige the One because he is the owner of this *kitab* and he is the *kitukuu* (great-grandson) of Hamed ben Muhamed ben Juma el Marjebi whom we call Tippu Tib."

"And who are you?" I asked.

"I am Nguvumali and you are Guillan Hopper, an official of the Government. You were once a soldier; you have been a sailor; you have had three wives and you have one daughter by the first wife. Your third wife is beloved by the African people. You will find happiness in Africa but you will never return to your native land. You will die in Africa."

Well, for me this was quite a lot to swallow. For one thing I was not supposed to be in Zanzibar. I never before had set eyes on this horned African. And even the authorities

knew nothing about my two previous marriages nor of the existence of my Brazilian daughter!

"Nguvumali is a name the meaning of which (Power and Money) is plain to me," I said. "Why did you not join to those two words yet another — *werevu* (wisdom) because it is also clear that you possess knowledge that is denied to other men?"

"Knowledge, power, and money are given by Mungu to those who seek these things honestly and do not misuse them," said the great African witch doctor Nguvumali.

That was the beginning of our friendship which ended only as I followed his earthly remains to their last resting place at the head of Mzimbazi Creek to the northwest of Dar-es-Salaam in Tanganyika.

On the night of Tuesday, August, 27, 1957, I was sitting on the verandah of my house which stood at the mouth of Mzimbazi Creek where the creek flows out into the Indian Ocean. From the mangrove swamps at the edge of the creek came the throaty calls of a million frogs. Mosquitoes hummed menacingly and the old chameleon perched in the boughs of a delicately perfumed ylang-ylang shot his immense tongue out every now and then to grab off one of the dreaded anopheles. Away in the distance, from the village of Konduchi, came the soft thuds of an African drum. O-

verhead the gentle breeze set up a spasmodic crackling in the fronds of the coco palms. At the back of it all, from Mzimbazi Bay, came the lulling murmur of wavelets breaking on the white moonlit sands.

Then the telephone bell shrilled.

I answered. It was my friend Nick Hutton, then Editor of the Tanganyika *Sunday News*.

"Guillan," said Nick, "Nguvumali the witch doctor has been killed in an automobile accident at Mtoni. I know that you are an old pal of his — will you go out and cover the story?"

I was shocked. Nguvumali is — no, I suppose I must say *was* — one of those persons with whom one never connects death.

"Okay, Nick — I'll get out there."

The old bus had overturned. Some of the passengers had been injured. Only one had been killed — Nguvumali. His body was carried off to the morgue of the Sewa Haji Hospital and later handed over to his sons who took it to their home in Sikukuu Street. Throughout the night the sons and followers of the great wizard endeavored to bring life back into his battered remains. I was not admitted and indeed refrained from even requesting permission to attend these mysterious rites. But I stood out in that dusty dilapidated street

and heard the dull thudding of the drums, the velvety tones of deep African voices uttering incantations which had their birth long before the first white men ever stepped onto the African continent. The air throbbed with mystery. Whiffs of incense (bought from the Indians in the market) wafted out through the closed shutters.

Then the cock crowed and the sun came up from east of Zanzibar and we knew that Nguvumali was dead — the last but one of the great African witch doctors.

Only then I remembered my assignment. Why had I waited there all that night in squalid Sikukuu Street? Had I really believed that this man with the horn of hair on his head would rise from the dead?

I resolved to get back to facts. I would not rely on my own knowledge of Nguvumali.

I went first to the District Commissioner in Dar-es-Salaam, the famed Tim Harris — a down-to-earth, straight dealing British administrator for whom the African people have the greatest respect.

"Tim," I said, "old Nguvumali — what do you think about his — his — let us say supernatural powers?"

Tim Harris looked at me keenly. "Guillan," he said, "you know that I don't believe in mumbo-jumbo."

I nodded.

"But just the same, the fact re-

mains that there were things which old Nguvumali pulled off which were — well . . .”

He broke off and put on a comically official “face”; “there were no reasonable explanations for some of the things which he did!” he concluded lamely.

I then went to see Eric Loveluck who had been District Commissioner in Nguvumali’s home territory. Eric Loveluck is a man who really understands the Africans and is in complete sympathy with them.

“Nguvumali had supernatural powers,” he told me frankly “but there are things which I cannot relate . . .”

I interviewed more than 20 persons before the time came when I followed my old friend Nguvumali to the head of Mzimbazi Creek.

There had been the time when a series of ritual murders took place in the Rufiji River area. The civil authorities were at their wits’ end. Little children were vanishing. Parents were mourning. The people were terrified. And, of course, as I well know, the District Commissioner must have been worried stiff. Because everyone knew that it was the work of *Wa-chawi* — evil wizards.

When at last the white officials and the African detectives were forced to admit their defeat they held a *baraza* (public meeting) and one of the members of the audience

made the suggestion that they should send for Nguvumali.

“Who is Nguvumali?” said the presiding official.

“He is one who can fight the powers of darkness and dispel the strongest black witchcraft,” was the reply.

Nguvumali arrived accompanied by five young followers, all wearing the horn of hair. From hut to hut the mighty witch doctor strode *smelling* (they actually sniff), until at last he came upon a witches’ den. He poked into rubbish with his long fingers, unearthed the bones of a baby’s foot, a little tooth and — dramatically, pointed to three old hags who confessed on the spot!

In Kurasini there had been a tale of murder and of hidden loot. Nguvumali came to the place as a stranger to find that the police had been unable to unearth a single suspect in three days work on the case.

Nguvumali entered the mourning household. In one corner sat a mourning woman. In another corner a group of the dead man’s relations chatted. Nguvumali sniffed.

“You,” he said, thrusting his nose in the direction of a young Arab, “murdered Yussuf on the night of the full moon. And you have hidden his money — there!” And the great wizard pointed into the burning fire. They put out the fire and raised the flagstone which formed

its base. Underneath they found the hoard—nearly 200 English golden sovereigns.

Outside Nguvumali's humble dwelling in the village of Kilangwa near Kilwa he had erected a tiny straw-thatched shelter standing about four feet high. Beneath this palm roof lay a strange mound with the green grass shoots protruding here and there. It was a mountain of East African shillings—each worth 14 cents U. S. currency. No one would dare to touch it.

"Not even the white men," said Nguvumali to me one day with a grin.

I saw Nguvumali cure a man who was suffering from what appeared to be paralysis of the wrist. We were in Morogoro. Nguvumali took up a bottle of what I knew to be water from the Indian Ocean and smoothed the liquid over the man's hand. He then proceeded to straighten out the man's hand, worked each finger separately and left him competely cured.

I asked Nguvumali for an explanation.

"There were no bones broken, there were no signs of damage—so it must come from his brain. He dare not resist me, because I am Nguvumali, so now his hand works again and he is happy."

Nguvumali has left his own

monument in Dar-es-Salaam. In the King George V Museum there is a great case of witch paraphernalia collected by Nguvumali on his long tours throughout Tanganyika.

"Some of the stuff ponked like hell," said the lady curator of the museum to me. "We had to ditch it. But we kept a lot of the most interesting items."

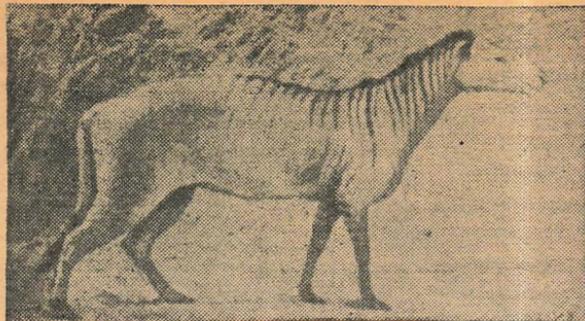
Nguvumali also claimed to be a medium although he had never heard of the word. One day when we were in Bagamoyo together he told me that he received messages from a German who had been killed whilst fighting against the British during World War I. "He told me always to assist the English," he said simply.

Three nights after we had buried the witch doctor Nguvumali in the foothills at the head of Mzimbazi Creek I was again sitting on my verandah looking out to the sea, with the creek whispering softly through the mangroves. Then suddenly there came a strong breeze from upstream—an unusually strong breeze.

"Your friend Nguvumali is talking to you," said my wife, the woman who understands Africans.

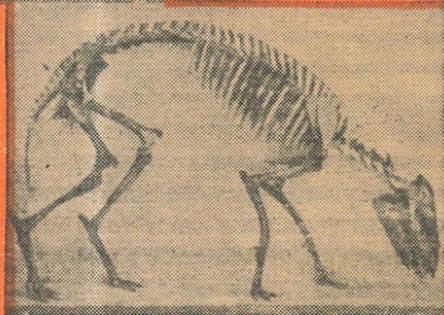
From that day on until I left Dar-es-Salaam Nguvumali sent me his message of goodwill and with this article I salute his memory.





Species of horse which once existed in New World may have been "beast of burden" mentioned by Chinese explorers.

DID THE CHINESE DISCOVER AMERICA?



Old records, verified in many details, indicate a Chinese exploration of Central America in 500 A.D.

By Paul Brock

EVERY SCHOOLBOY, including the Red Chinese schoolboy, knows the right answer to the question "Who discovered America?"

The Red Chinese answer, however, is apt to differ from that given in our own history books for the Communists are now claiming—and with some very real justification—that the Chinese reached

America by way of the Northern Pacific as early as the 5th Century A.D., more than 500 years before the Norse voyagers, and more than 1,000 years before Columbus sailed from Spain.

The Red Chinese claim may at first seem ridiculous but closer examination shows it could be true. China's history, which Western experts consider fairly trust-

worthy goes back for 4,000 years and the last half of this history is based on strictly contemporary authority.

The Chinese had knowledge of many countries lying far from China. More than 2,000 years before the birth of Christ an ambassador from a country far to the West wrote out his credentials in symbols now known to be the cuneiform or wedge-shaped writing of Assyria or Babylonia.

We know from the buried records of the Euphrates valley that civilization was flourishing in China from a date long before the records were made—a fact which helps us believe in the general trustworthiness of even very early Chinese history.

The Roman Empire was well known to the Chinese. Several embassies from Rome to China are recorded by the Chinese, but left no trace in Western annals. They have been proved accurate by the mention of the name of the emperor reigning at the time the Chinese said the Roman Ambassadors were present in China.

At a very early time the Chinese had made considerable progress in the art of navigation. There is no reason to doubt that centuries before the Christian era they were acquainted with the properties of the magnetic needle and used some kind of mariner's compass. There

is evidence of their accurate knowledge of the coasts of the Northern Pacific as far as Kamchatka. Full accounts of that territory were given by their writers in the 6th and 7th Centuries.

The distance from China to Kamchatka is given with great exactness. Mention is made of the Aleutian Islands to the east of it and of the custom the inhabitants of these islands had of painting their bodies. Knowledge of the Alaska coastal regions is clearly shown in the old Chinese records.

At the end of the 5th Century the Chinese discovered a country lying a great distance to the southeast of Alaska. It is now believed they discovered Mexico or part of Central America. The evidence for this discovery, now being widely taught throughout Red China, is based on the report of a Buddhist priest named Hwei-Shin, which was entered in the official annals of the empire.

Hwei-Shin returned to China from a long journey to the east in 499 A.D. and he stated that he visited a country which he named Fusang, after a Chinese plant which resembled one growing in the newly-discovered land. He describes in detail the country and its people and says that he was preceded in his journey by five mendicant Buddhist monks who introduced the religion of Buddha

into Fusang in 458 A.D.

The name Fusang occurs several times afterwards in Chinese writings but there is no distinct record of any Chinese having visited the country after Hwei-Shin. The evidence rests almost entirely on the reports of this priest, and it has to be considered whether he really did, as Red China now claims, actually reach some portion of the American continent.

Such a voyage was not impossible and certainly those persons most interested in making such a voyage at that remote time would have been the missionaries of Buddha. The long and arduous pilgrimages undertaken by the monks to acquire knowledge of the original sources of their religion and to spread its message in new regions are well known. Some Buddhist pilgrims were away from their country as long as 20 years, wandering over the mountains and deserts of Central Asia, encountering far greater hardships than they would have faced on a voyage to America.

Some researchers have represented Hwei-Shin as a liar and impostor because of certain incredible statements in his narrative. For instance, he stated that to the east of Fusang there was a kingdom inhabited entirely by women. Hwei-Shin, however, does not claim he visited this Amazonian country.

Other researchers suggest that Hwei-Shin visited Japan. However, Japan had been known to the Chinese by another name, and from the 6th Century on the two countries were in constant contact. One Chinese historian, Li-yen, names Japan as the first stage on the road to Fusang, which he places far to the east of it. Many of the details concerning Fusang are quite inapplicable to Japan. And Buddhism was introduced to Japan, as stated clearly in Japanese records, in 552 A.D., and not, as Hwei-Shin says of Fusang, in 458 A.D.

Since Japanese authors mentioned Fusang under the name of Fou-So obviously they did not identify it with their own country. Their writings indicate that it was situated in some part of what is now Mexico or Central America.

Chinese annals refer to a period more than 10 centuries before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. Therefore, it certainly was not the Aztec monarchy which Hwei-Shin visited; nor even the Toltecs, those somewhat mysterious and apparently more highly civilized predecessors of the Aztecs. His journey was made in the dim, pre-Toltec period. This age was, in all probability, one of higher culture than succeeding periods when the vast cities, whose ruins still astonish us, teemed with peo-

ple and were the centers of a mighty empire.

Obviously then, we can't expect that the details Hwei-Shin recorded to correspond in all respects with the manners and customs in America at the time of the Spanish invasion. Customs, handed down through hundreds of years by one people to another, change with time and successions of races. Yet, it is astonishing how many of the details in the Chinese record do agree with known facts about the inhabitants of Mexico and Central America.

Hwei-Shin tells us, for instance, that the people of Fusang had a monarchical government, with different orders of nobility, as was the case in all Central American states of which we have any knowledge. He speaks of their reckoning time by cycles of years, which we know the Aztecs did. They had borrowed this concept from their predecessors. He mentions that royal processions were accompanied by the sound of horns and trumpets. This was also true in Mexico. The houses in Fusang were built of wood; so were the houses in Central America. The stone buildings were invariably temples and palaces.

Iron was unknown in Fusang, a fact which evidently surprised the Chinese traveler for he thought it was unusual in a land which had

attained such a high degree of civilization. This exactly corresponds with what we know of the civilized races of America, none of whom had discovered the art of working iron. Copper, silver and gold were used but were not considered of much value and were not used as mediums of exchange. This, also, is consistent with established facts regarding the Mexicans and their kindred nations who did not attach as much value to the precious metals as their European visitors. They used pieces of tin and bundles of cacao-seeds for money.

The most striking point of coincidence, however, between Hwei-Shin's account and the customs of the inhabitants of Central America is his report of a plant which was used variously by the people he described. He calls it a Fusang tree, a name properly applied to a Chinese plant not growing in the New World. At first this seems confusing. The description he gives of this tree, however, is quite inapplicable to the Chinese plant but corresponds exactly with the features and properties of the maguey or American aloe. This plant served a variety of uses for the Mexicans and their kindred nations. Hwei-Shin mentions nearly all of these with accuracy. He says that the fruit and young shoots of the Fusang tree were used for food, that

paper for writing and a kind of linen cloth were made from its bark. This is all true of the American aloe, even today.

In view of such evidence it seems very probable that the Chinese monk was recording what he actually saw in Central America in the 5th Century of our era. Those of his statements which do not agree exactly with what the invading Spaniards reported of Mexico and her neighboring countries might easily have applied to the state of things more than 1,000 years before.

Hoei-Shin says that the people of Fusang used beasts of burden. But the Aztecs did not. It is quite possible, however, that the more civilized predecessors of the Aztecs may have done so. In fact, it is difficult to see how the vast stone structures, now in ruins throughout Central America, could have been built without the aid of animal labor.

The only real difficulty is Hoei-Shin's statement that horses were used in Fusang. The horse, certainly, was unknown in America at the time of the Spanish conquest. But the New World did possess an indigenous species of horse which survived till a comparatively recent era. It is doubtful, however, that it survived as late as the 5th Century A.D. It is more probable that the Chinese character for

horse was applied by Hoei-Shin to some animal resembling it, as often happens in language.

The Communist claim, then, that the Chinese were the first discoverers of America has much in its favor.

Is further confirmation available from native American sources?

The Aztecs employed a kind of picture writing resembling the hieroglyphics of the Egyptians. Some of their manuscripts have been preserved, with Spanish interpretation attached. None, however, go back as far as the 5th Century.

Even of the history of the Toltecs the immediate predecessors of the Aztecs, little is really known. At the same time there is some ground for believing that the Buddhist religion was introduced into Central America at a remote period. The Aztecs and other tribes record a traditional king named Quetzalcoatl whose reign was regarded as "the golden age."

Quetzalcoatl was worshipped as a god after his death and many now regard him as a purely mythical character. It is possible, however, there was an historic king by that name. And it is worth noticing that the most prominent feature in the tradition of Quetzalcoatl is his opposition to the bloody sacrifices which were practiced so widely by the Mexicans and other tribes. He is said to have abolished

them altogether during his reign, and to have substituted offerings of flowers.

If historical facts are the basis for these traditions it is quite possible that they may be a misty history of Buddhism introduced into America in 458 A.D.—as recorded by Chinese annals. If Buddhist missionaries found their way there they certainly would have condemned the uselessness and wickedness of bloody sacrifices.

Certain sculptures have been found in the ruins of Central American cities which are thought to represent sacred emblems of the Buddhist religion. The most remarkable of these looks like the head and trunk of an elephant, found on the walls of Palenque. The elephant was totally unknown in America but was a religious symbol used frequently among the Asiatic Buddhists. It is difficult to see how it came to be carved in

an American city, except under the influence of visitors from Asia. Other supposed Buddhist symbols have been observed on monuments, but are of a more uncertain nature.

None of these facts do more than lend corroboration to Chinese claims. Perhaps one day fuller confirmation will be discovered. It may be written on the many mysterious, inscribed stones of Central America. Inscriptions are still being discovered on the ruins of Mitla, Copan, Palenque, and other cities of Central America. They are wholly unlike the Aztec picture-writing, and one day they may tell us some truths. Perhaps in the depths of some yet unexplored ruin may be discovered a bi-lingual inscription, like the famous Rosetta Stone. It is even possible that the names of Hwei-Shin and his companions will be inscribed on some monumental stone and their voyage be thus recorded.



COAL AT THE POLES

LARGE coal deposits are situated within 300 miles of both the North and South Poles, according to Dr. Paul A. Siple, United States Antarctic explorer. He believes that some 300-million years ago the polar regions must have been much warmer and thickly covered with forests. Although it is known that the poles move a little, he recently told a conference of army scientists in Washington, D. C., the great climactic differences indicated by the coal fields suggest that in the remote past the shifts must have been huge.





The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

A forger in Nampa, Ida., picked a name at random from 7500 listings in the phone directory and then tried to cash a check signed K. R. Isbell in a store. He was promptly seized and held for police because the manager of the store was K. R. Isbell.

In 1958 a Fort Dodge, Ia., family hadn't lost a member in 68 years. The family circle totaled 98 persons. Its patriarch, W. E. Warnes, was 102. Mrs. Warnes was 93. In the family were five children, 16 grandchildren, 41 great-grandchildren and eight great-great-grandchildren. There hadn't been a death in the family since 1890.

Hearing a neighbor scream, Mrs. Ella Ryan, of New York City, looked up and saw a child's body falling from a sixth floor window. Mrs. Ryan ran forward and managed to catch the child and to

break its fall to the concrete sidewalk. Only then did Mrs. Ryan discover that the youngster she had saved was her own daughter, Dolores.

In Knoxville, Tenn., Clyde McCloud lost his false teeth when his car struck a utility pole as he was returning from a Christmas party. He had been in an automobile accident, the Christmas before and lost his false teeth at that time also.

Alfred Hack of Saline, Mich., escaped unharmed when his car collided with another car but was killed by a truck as he crossed the highway to phone police about the accident.

Mrs. William Gear of Passaic, N.J., lost her wedding ring outdoors near her home a month after her wedding. It wasn't until the other day that she found it — on her 44th wedding anniversary.

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.

THE VANISHING CARRIAGE

By Dr. Leon W. Dean

WHEN I was a student at Mt. Herman School in Massachusetts, in 1910 or '11, a friend, Robert A. Healy, and I had the habit of taking long walks during our weekly holiday, which fell on Monday instead of the usual Saturday.

One evening as we were making our way along a deserted country road we came upon an old church standing isolated beside it.

At the same time we saw, approaching through the dusk from the opposite direction, a horse and old-fashioned carriage. When the quaint old rig reached the church yard we were astonished to see it turn in at the weed-grown drive. As we watched it passed out of sight behind the church, disappearing in the direction of the wagon sheds.

The time of day, the loneliness of the spot, some mysterious quality about the ancient vehicle, caused us to follow it. The driveway ended at the sheds and we searched through them but horse and carriage

had vanished. We could find no trace of them.

We never forgot the experience and often spoke of it when we met in later years. However, we were never able to remember just what township we were in. We were some distance away from the school and probably either in Bernardston or Gill township — *Burlington, Vt.*



DR. LEON W. DEAN

SPECIAL DELIVERY

By Olga Jaros

IN JULY, 1957, I ordered a set of books which I thought might help me in various puzzle contests. About a week later when a medium-sized carton arrived addressed to our house, but with no name or return address on it, I concluded that it must be my set of books.

No one else was expecting any packing so I eagerly carried it up to my room and excitedly tore it open. I was dismayed at what confronted me. It was not my set of books but about six small rows of printed cards, all italicized, presumably to be filled in by some religious organization upon the death of one of its members.

Puzzled and annoyed at this mean turn of events I tried to collect my thoughts as to the best procedure to follow in order to locate its proper owner.

Suddenly I was seized by a strong, compelling urge "to hurry up and look at those crumpled pieces of newspapers surrounding the cards!"

This, I decided, was utter nonsense. I stubbornly refused to yield to this idiotic premonition but again I was silently, forcefully commanded "to open up those newspapers, you fool!"

Hesitantly, I followed this fantastic premonition and opened first one torn, crumpled piece of news-

paper and then another. Upon opening the third piece of newspaper section I saw that it was part of a New York daily printed just two days before. A black-bordered obituary column seemed to shriek up at me!

As I glanced down the list of names, right in the center of the page my eyes became riveted on the death announcement of my sister's husband.

This sister, confined in an institution for many years, had been released only a few weeks before. Due to circumstances beyond our control we had lost contact with her husband and his family who had thought it best to exclude themselves from us although they had been rearing my sister's only child since birth.

My two other sisters and I discussed this new knowledge. By calling up the funeral parlor we learned that my sister's husband had died of a heart attack in a candy store. Knowing he was a veteran of World War II, we contacted the Veteran's Administration and now my sister has some share of the comforts which his pension brings.

If I had not been compelled, by unknown forces, to smooth out packing papers she most certainly would have been deprived of this money which she desperately needs.

Not many days after this unusual occurrence a woman rang our doorbell and inquired about a lost package. She explained it had been inadvertently addressed to our street and it just happened that our house number corresponded to hers. She went away with her package—which had told us something we needed to know.—
Elmhurst, N. Y.

MY DAUGHTER WAS TELEPORTED

By Barbara Taggart

I HAVE A daughter, Sonette, who was 16 at the time of this incident. She was a junior in high school, a good student, attractive, sociable and full of fun. I have been interested in E.S.P. for some time but she has shown very little interest in this subject.

On a Saturday afternoon, September 27, 1958, Sonette and I drove up to our summer home at Lake Geneva, Wis. We were expecting out-of-town company for Sunday dinner and had decided to bring up the groceries Saturday and get everything ready. My husband, Joe, was to follow Sunday morning and our guests, from Madison, Wis., were to arrive at noon.

Our summer home is built on the side of a hill. We go up 16 steps to a small landing, from there the stairs turn and we climb eight more steps to another landing. The front door or rather porch door of the



BARBARA TAGGART

house opens off this landing.

Sonette and I stopped the car in the car port. Sonette got out first carrying her school books, typewriter, hoola hoop and a small sack of groceries. She reached the bottom of the flight of stairs, approximately 30 feet from the car, about the time I started out of the car with my bags and bundles. Sonette started up the steps and as I reached the foot of the stairs I heard her call, "Mother, mother, come here quick."

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Come here, quick," she called again. Then she added, "How did I get in here?"

For an instant I didn't grasp what it was all about. Then I saw Sonette inside the porch, still holding her

pack of books, typewriter, hoola hoop, and bag of groceries. And I had the house keys in my hand!

I rushed up and tried the door. It was locked. I had her try it from the inside but it would not open. Then I used my keys and went in.

I questioned my daughter at length as to just what had happened and she told me that she reached the first landing, then, all of a sudden, she was inside the house. She says the last thing she remembers about the stairs is getting to the landing. My daughter had no reason to fool me or make a joke of this as we were not discussing anything of this nature. Anyway, she had no keys. We both were baffled.

Since that time I have questioned her about this experience and she always says the same thing, that she didn't try the door or even set her packages down. She merely found herself inside on the porch.

Sonette never refers to the experience but I often think of it. When she was three and four years old she quite often seemed to know things before they happened. However, this faculty seemed to leave her and since that time, until September, 1958, nothing unusual happened. — *Rockford, Ill.*

HELP INDEED

By Doris Enfield Hicks

IN 1955 I lived next door to a respected family in Charleston,

W. Va., whose husband and father had drinking difficulties. Although he was aware that it was an illness and his solution was in refusing that first drink, he occasionally slipped. Each slip was followed by deep remorse and hardship for his family, since he usually managed to lose his pay check one way or another.

One night the state police picked him up several miles from home. He was alone, confused and without money. His car was impounded and his license revoked.

His daughter, 12-year-old Sue, and I were great friends. She spent nights with me since I lived alone. She was especially close to her father and firmly believed prayer could save him from this weakness.

One night shortly after his driver's license was reinstated he failed to come home at the usual hour. We immediately began worrying and several friends went out to look for him without avail. By 8:00 that night we were sure something was wrong. His wife was walking the floor, sick with worry. Sue and I, at my house, tried playing canasta but could not keep our minds on the game.

Finally Sue said, "I know Daddy has had a drink and if the police pick him up again he will be taken to jail."

I tried to calm her but my own apprehension was not reassuring.

I remarked, "There is nothing we can do except wait and hope."

She brought me up short by saying, "Yes, there is something we can do except wait and hope."

Her faith was so forceful that I agreed we would pray together.

At 9:00 o'clock we saw his car turn into his driveway which had a sharp turn on a steep bank. We watched the car slowly creep down the hill and I remarked, "There is a man wearing a dark suit with him, helping him steer the car."

Sue said, "Perhaps he is a policeman who decided to help him home. I'll run home and see who he is and check on Daddy."

While she was chasing across the lawn to their back door I watched the man in the dark suit gently take Mr. Jones by the arm and help him to the front door, where he was met by his wife. He did not return to the car, so I assumed he was a friend who had entered the house with them.

Within a few minutes Sue came racing back and said, "Mother put Daddy to bed and he is already asleep. She said he was asleep when he arrived home—and to tell you the pay check is safe. And, you know, there was no man in a dark suit—he was alone."

Then Sue and I both knew who the man was. We knew our prayers had been answered. The man in the dark suit was a guardian angel.

—Lockbridge, W. Va.

IN THE GARDEN

By Elizabeth Riordan

DURING MY pregnancy my husband and I lived with in-laws. It was an unhappy situation.

During the day I was under constant strain until about the third month when one night I dreamed I was walking in a beautiful garden. I heard soothing, uplifting music although I could not see the musicians. When I awoke I felt refreshed, all tension was gone. Somehow that day was more bearable.

Then I noticed that whenever I had a trying day that night I would again dream the same beautiful dream. As the months passed the dream came more frequently. It was always the same.

After my little girl was born the dream ceased but I often thought about it. When Patricia was about four, in 1931 or '32, I took her to a Flower Show at Convention Hall in Philadelphia. The Hall had been transformed into a breathtakingly beautiful garden. In the background there was music—soothing, uplifting music! I was startled.

"This is my dream," I thought. "My dream has become a reality!" I felt as though I had been transported to another world.

At last I realized Patricia was

tugging at my skirt. When I looked down at her I saw her eyes sparkling excitedly. She grasped my hand and pulled me down to her level. As I stooped beside her, she said softly, "Mother, we've been here before, haven't we? We've been here lots and lots of times, haven't we?"

"Yes, darling, we've been here lots and lots of times, together."

Patricia now has children of her

own. I never have dreamed the dream again. But even now sometimes certain strains of music, a flower, the soothing shade of a tree will revive the memory of that dream and fill me with peace.

Is there a logical explanation for this experience? I do not know. But I hope someday I will find that garden again and perhaps then I can stay there forever.— *Riverside, Calif.*



NEIGHBORS OF NEANDERTHAL MAN

THE FINDING of evidence that early modern man lived side by side with Neanderthal man in what is now the Middle East recently was announced by Dr. T. Dale Stewart of the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D. C. His conclusions are based on studies of bones from two caves in Palestine and from one in Iraq, 600 miles to the northeast.

Discovery of the Palestine bones was made 30 years ago in the et Tabun and es Schul caves on Mount Carmel by Dr. Dorothy Garrod of Cambridge University. The bones from the two caves, about 100 feet apart, puzzled scientists at the time. They were uncertain as to whether the inhabitants of the caves were undergoing evolutionary change, or whether there was a hybridization of a Neanderthaloid and a modern type.

Skulls from the et Tabun

cave obviously were Neanderthal, while skulls from es Schul showed many similarities to those of modern man. Further, pelvic specimens from es Schul showed distinct differences from a single Neanderthal-type pelvis found in et Tabun. But since the latter pelvis was the only one in existence, it could not be ascertained whether it was distinctly Neanderthal.

Finally, in 1957, Dr. Ralph Solecki of Columbia University unearthed the remains of three Neanderthals from Shanider cave in Iraq. Comparing the pelvic bones of the Shanider specimens with that of the et Tabun specimen, Dr. Stewart found that all matched. This, he believes, indicates that the et Tabun and Shanider specimens were representatives of a local Neanderthal type which probably became extinct, leaving the es Schul people to develop into modern man.



THE MURDEROUS WRAITH

I was alone in the house—alone with the apparition of a dead woman approaching me with menacing hate.

By Edith M. Wilson

As told to C. V. Tench

AS I STARED about the comfortable living room fear of something vague and dreadful held me in its thrall. I felt something had been stretching out groping, icy hands to touch me ever since a few days before when, in August, 1938, I had arrived at this old home at 2668 Uplands, in Victoria, Canada, as Harry Wilson's bride. Hate was abroad in the house, making its

presence known by a score of malicious acts, leaving behind tangible evidence such as was now all about me. Pictures hung askew, an overturned flower vase dripped water onto the rug. An exclamation escaped me as I saw that the covering of the new chesterfield had been ruthlessly ripped and torn.

Burning with anger I examined the damage. The cloth looked as if

it had been slashed with some sharp instrument. Deliberate damage this time, not merely things over-turned and pictures twisted askew. The sight strengthened the vague suspicion I had held since the trouble started; a human agency was at the bottom of it all. Seething inwardly I made my way to the kitchen.

"Mary!" I flung at the woman standing over the stove. "I won't stand for it any longer!"

Mary looked up. "Won't stand for what, ma'am?" she asked.

"This hateful business of upsetting things in the living room every night. This time you've gone too far; you have deliberately cut the covering of the chesterfield."

"Ma'am!" Mary straightened up to her full bony height, her pale eyes cold. "I've noticed the condition of the living room every morning since you've been here, and I leave it like that knowing they is signs meant for you and the master, not me. Them things is done a'tween midnight and dawn, but I don't do them."

"Then how can you account for it?" I asked angrily. "There are no animals in the house and only three people; Mr. Wilson, you and I."

"It ain't my doings," Mary persisted.

"Then —" I began, and stopped, staring at Mary curiously. She was defiant yet scared — of what?

Again dread of something unknown gripped me. "Then who is responsible?" I finished.

"It ain't me, ma'am," whispered Mary as she stared beyond me, her pale eyes fixed.

"Mary, I don't believe you and I warn you that if it happens again I shall discharge you."

A grim, expression showed in Mary's eyes. "Mr. Wilson might have something to say about that, ma'am. I was housekeeper to him and his mother for nigh on 20 years and I've looked after him for the 10 years since his mother died."

"That's just it," I said hotly. "You've had the running of this house for so many years you resent my coming here as the new mistress. During the short time I have been here you have done all you can to annoy me and to frighten me. You have brought a dreadful, hateful influence into what should be days of ideal happiness. You —"

My voice broke and tears filmed my eyes, causing Mary to extend a bony hand and touch my shoulder. "I don't hate you, Mrs. Wilson. In fact, I'm right glad to see the master happily married, especially after all the troubles and sadness he's had. He's older'n you by a good 10 years, but I could see right from the first it was a love match. And I'm content with my place and I don't want to leave."

I half believed her, but as I recalled the slashed chesterfield anger and suspicion again flooded me.

"Oh, I'd like to believe you, Mary, but how can I? If you are not responsible then —" I broke off with a little gasp as stark horror now showed in Mary's eyes.

Her lips quivered as she replied, "Don't ask me, ma'am, ask the master. It's his place to tell you."

"What do you mean?" I was suddenly cold. "Ask Mr. Wilson what?"

Mary twisted shaking hands in her apron. "I was hoping that Mr. Wilson would notice for himself, ma'am, but as you always breakfast in the nook and the living room's always straightened up afore he gets home, he don't know that there's anything wrong."

"And I've not told my husband because I thought the trouble would stop once I had won your liking," I answered shakily. "But Mr. Wilson is bound to notice the damaged chesterfield tonight so I must tell him. And I'm sure that he will believe as I do, that you are responsible."

"No, ma'am." Mary's hands pleated folds in her apron. "He'll know. God help him, he'll *know*."

"Mary, I dislike mysteries and half-truths. Tell me! How can Mr. Wilson put things right?"

"He must stop hating," Mary re-

plied hollowly. "Mr. Wilson is a strong man and he fights his enemies, meets hate with hate. But that's bad, as I've told him many times. Only one thing can overcome hate that comes from beyond the grave, that is forgiveness. Mr. Wilson must forgive."

"Bu-but, Mary, what do you mean by hate that comes from beyond the grave? Whom must Mr. Wilson stop hating?"

"*Her!*" It was a hiss. "All this is *her* doings!"

"*Her!*" I repeated. "Please explain."

"No, ma'am, I daren't." Mary was trembling. "If the master don't choose to tell you what happened before he met you, then I mustn't. Please, ma'am, don't tell Mr. Wilson what I've told you. Just tell him about things being disturbed and then I'm sure he'll tell you about *her*. Then, ma'am, *Plead with him to forgive*. And until the master does forgive, ma'am, don't you ever stay alone in this house between midnight and dawn. *She* is watching you — and *waiting*."

Watching and waiting! Mary had voiced it exactly. At first I had put the sensation down to being unaccustomed to Mary's quiet slipping about the house in the course of her duties. But if Mary was to be believed it was something else, a *malignant presence* that did not belong to this world.

Mary said softly, "I've frightened you but I had to warn you. I don't dislike you, ma'am; I like my new mistress. But unless the master forgives —" Her voice trailed off.

"I shall tell Mr. Wilson tonight," I said.

As the day wore on my conviction that Mary must be responsible returned and my fear again gave way to healthy anger. Well, I would tell Harry tonight and no doubt he would put Mary in her place. It was time some action was taken.

Thinking this, I was only vaguely aware of the telephone ringing, of Mary's shrill, agitated voice as she answered. Then Mary entered the living room. She was obviously upset.

"Please, ma'am," she said. "I'd like to get off right away and not come back till morning. Could you fix the master's dinner?"

"Why, of course, Mary," I agreed. "Is something wrong?"

"Yes, ma'am," Mary nodded. "My younger sister who lives here in town has been hurt in a car accident. That was her husband on the phone. He wants me to look after the children for tonight; says he'll get another woman tomorrow."

"Oh! I'm sorry. Yes, leave at once; I can manage all right. And," sympathy prompted me to add, "don't worry about what I said this morning. I won't say a word to my

husband until you are back."

"For God's sake no, ma'am! Don't put *that* off!" Mary exclaimed. "I hate to leave you even for a few hours until Mr. Wilson gets home. Tell him, ma'am, and beg him to forgive. And, for God's sake, don't stay here alone after dark."

Again fear spread its chill about me but I fought it off.

"You're all upset, Mary," I said quietly. "Now run along; I'll be quite all right."

Mumbling what sounded like a prayer Mary turned and left the room.

Hours later the telephone rang again. I hastened to answer. A warm glow suffused me as I heard my husband's voice, but the glow changed to a chill as I understood his message. The case he was working on would go to the jury in the morning, so he must stay in his office and prepare his final address. Would I mind his not coming home for dinner? Would I go to bed at my usual hour as he might not get home until after midnight? Because I loved him I forced a cheerful agreement. I did not tell him that I was entirely alone. I did not tell him of my silly fancies. But as I hung up the receiver and returned to my book desolation gripped me. I felt that some vague, malignant *thing* was chuckling in sadistic silent glee. I was alone in the house

and it soon would be dark.

A lonely snack in the kitchen was my dinner, but the hot coffee revived my drooping spirits and I returned to my book refreshed. With the lights glowing cozily the living room was cheerful. But gradually loneliness grew upon me, loneliness and something else. I was finding it hard to concentrate upon the printed pages.

Getting to my feet I walked towards the piano. But halfway across the room I stopped. My heart stood still. I could have sworn that from the shadow of a far corner there came a hollow, malevolent chuckle. I stared. There was nothing there. Of course, there wasn't! I forced myself towards the piano, sat down and struck a chord.

Then I screamed, swung wildly round on the stool—and saw nothing. Malignant eyes were glaring at me, creeping, whispering, evil was there in the room with me. I *felt* it! I *knew*! Yet I could see nothing but the familiar furniture and outlines of the room.

I fought the terrible fear which engulfed me with cold reason. I struggled desperately with the impulse to phone for Harry. But I must not give in to this awful fear of nothing. Once more I turned and struck a chord on the piano. Then as I played my nervousness subsided. I felt that the liquid notes of the sonata were keeping away

the influence of evil.

But I could not play on indefinitely to protect myself with an unseen barrier of sweet music that hate could not penetrate. As I ceased playing and got to my feet something seemed to stir in the hall. So that was where it was; that was where it had retreated from the music.

Calling on every ounce of courage I crossed the room, flung open the door leading to the hall and switched on the light. There was nothing there. I re-entered the living room. My eye fell on the clock. It was past 11:00; past my bedtime. But not for anything would I leave the lighted living room and make my way upstairs. Now, as I collapsed into a big chair, my nerves commenced to give way.

Perhaps Mary was right after all. Suppose Mary had been telling the truth, who was this woman she referred to as *Her*?

Harry would explain. He should be home soon. A silent plea welled up from my heart as I thought of him. I had asked him nothing about his past life, I must ask him. If this *Her* was an old sweetheart, perhaps a wife, then I must know. I couldn't go on like this.

But the whole affair might be an invention of Mary's and my own imagination was doing the rest. Why—I sat up straight as the thought struck me: perhaps Mary's phone

call had been a pretense. Perhaps she was still in the house!

Then came an even more shocking realization. If Mary was doing all this then Mary was mad. I was alone in the house with a maniac!

Because I am basically healthy-minded and practical, I walked across the room and fetched the revolver from a drawer of Harry's desk. Then I settled myself to watch and wait. But because I had labored all day under strong emotional stress drowsiness assailed me. I dozed.

It was the musical tones of the clock chiming midnight that roused me, caused me to sit up straight and stare about me. The revolver lying in my lap recalled everything. The same death-like stillness prevailed. Midnight, and Harry had not yet returned. Perhaps I had better phone him; he could have fallen asleep over his desk. I half-rose to my feet, then stopped as I saw something move in the shadows of the dining-room. Something was *moving towards me!*

I could not repress a scream as a woman, *who was not Mary* slowly advanced. Blind, stark terror engulfed me as I shrank back in my chair in a frantic effort to get away from the approaching form of a young woman no older than myself, but with a face that was a mask of dread, menacing hate. The

skin was livid, the eyes dead and glassy, yet gleaming with malignancy. The vivid lips writhed as the *thing* mouthed unheard words. The hands, out-stretched and claw-like, opened and shut in silent frenzy. I clutched the arms of the chair. The revolver was forgotten. It could avail me nothing against this!

Now the *thing* was upon me and another scream escaped me.

The door flung open and Harry appeared.

"My God!" he exclaimed as he saw *her*.

The *thing* halted, glaring, its eyes now upon Harry, its expression one of frustrated hate.

"Lois!" Harry exclaimed. Then he cursed; a deep, bitter curse. It recalled Mary's words.

"Harry!" I said. "You must not curse her; you must forgive."

"*Forgive!*" There was hate in Harry's voice. "Forgive — *that!* She almost wrecked my life! On the eve of our wedding she ran away with another man. Returned later and wanted me to take her back. I refused. I told her I hated her."

"Harry!" I tried to stop him.

"Then she spread lies about me, almost ruined me, and because she was ruined herself she took her own life. Even at that she left behind a letter than blamed me for everything. And she said that she would hate me from the grave. And this is

how she is doing it." He advanced furiously toward the *thing*.

"Go!" he ordered.

Mouthing soundlessly the wraith slowly retreated.

And then I was tugging at my husband's arm. "No, no, Harry!" I pleaded. "Not like that. If you love me, dear, forgive her. Forgive her right from your heart! Otherwise she will continue to wait and watch, will return whenever I am alone. Harry, for my sake, for God's sake, forgive her!"

I was breathless, clutching his arm, staring into his face. That awful, undead *thing* also watched, its eyes glittering and baleful.

Then Harry's eyes became quiet,

almost tender. His voice became soft. Hands out-stretched he advanced towards her stopping within a pace of that undead presence.

"Lois," he said "my wife is right. Out of hate can come nothing but anguish and suffering. From forgiveness and love comes sweetness, Lois, sweetness and rest. You wronged me, Lois, but I forgive you because you are long dead and I want you to *rest*."

Slowly the malignancy died out of the dead eyes. I thought it was replaced by an expression of wistfulness and relief.

Then Harry and I were alone. Apparently for all time the wraith of a dead hate was gone.



A "DEAD DOCTOR" PRESCRIBES

A THRIVING medical practice from beyond the grave reportedly is being conducted in Cairo, Egypt, by Dr. Hamed al-Ghawali, a physician who died in January, 1960. Serving as "assistants" are the dead doctor's widow, son and three daughters, who claim that his "spirit" prescribes for the ill persons.

The clinic is said to have become especially popular with old-fashioned Cairo husbands who are unwilling to have their

wives disrobe for male doctors.

Patients who visit the clinic are ushered into the consulting room as usual. Instead of a doctor, however, they see only a basket covered with a white cloth. The basket contains a pen and the usual prescription forms.

After the "examination," the patient is presented with a filled-out form. The dead doctor's family claims that his "spirit" holds the pen and writes out prescriptions.



LIVE TO BE

100



By Walter M. Germain, Ph. D.

A former inspector in the Saginaw, Mich., Police Dept., Walter M. Germain is author of the book *The Magic Power of Your Mind* and of magazine articles on the relation of mind to health.

Man essentially is a self-repairing machine. Can his mind control this machine—and give it a longer span of life?

THEORETICALLY," says Dr. Linus Pauling, Nobel prize winner in chemistry, "man is quite immortal. His bodily tissues replace themselves. He is a self-repairing machine. And yet he gets old and he dies and the reasons for this are still a mystery."

Writing in *The Biology Of Death*, published while he was professor of biology at Johns Hopkins University, the late Prof. Raymond Pearl postulated the unique theory that in the beginning the uni-cell was potentially immortal because it was sufficient unto itself without any evidence of a death-process. It provided within itself everything necessary to its existence — food, air, elimina-

tion, etc.—and multiplied merely by the process of division, each cell always dividing into two and so on. Of course, if this method had continued "ad infinitum" the whole universe would have been overrun with protoplasm and, as Professor Pearl pointed out, there would have been no development of higher characteristics.

It was the grouping of the cells into complex structures by God's divine plan of evolution (the "urge of evolution," Professor Pearl called it) that necessitated specialization of function which, in turn, brought the death-process, through the failure of some group of cells to carry out its duty to the whole. The disturbance, interesting to note, is

always brought about by some recalcitrant cell. Although Professor Pearl believed that the death-process originated in connection with the attainment of higher characteristics, he did not believe that death was ever a necessity. His theory was that it is caused by the lack of a regulatory process by which each group of cells could be made to fulfill its duty to the whole body.

The late Dr. Alexis Carrel advanced a similar thesis that death is not inherent in the individual cell, but is only the fate of more complicated organisms, in which different types of cells or tissues are dependent upon each other. The incident of death of complex organisms, Carrel believed, could be traced to some rebellious cell in the delicate balance of the whole associated community of cells and tissues which constitute the complicated multicellular organism of a human being.

Obviously immortality of the human body is possible; but highly improbable in this age of materialism," modern life being what it is—a complication of conflicting mental, physical and moral factors working toward the destruction of the human personality rather than its immortality.

Granting that there are numerous causes which contribute to the upsetting of "the delicate balance

of the whole associated community of cells and tissues," isn't there a predominant factor in the "biology of death"?

In other words, what is the true origin of disease?

Dr. Hans Selye, director of the Institute for Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal, claims that "stress—not germs, heredity or other causes—is the true origin of disease."

If this is right then it can safely be said that the difference between health and sickness, longevity and an early death, can be equated as: Anabolism versus Catabolism.

Webster's dictionary defines the biological meaning of Anabolism as "Constructive metabolism; opposed to catabolism." And the definition of Catabolism is "Destructive metabolism; opposed to anabolism." The definition of metabolism includes both anabolism and catabolism: "The sum of the processes concerned in the building up (anabolism) of protoplasm and its destruction (catabolism) incidental to life; the chemical changes in living cells, by which the energy is provided for the vital processes and activities, and new material is assimilated to repair the waste."

One-hundred years ago, Phineas P. Quimby made the important discovery that in order to remain healthy the human organism must maintain a proper balance of molec-

ular activity which is determined by a definite arrangement of chemical elements. His clairvoyant insight into the mechanism of the human organism revealed to him three biological facts which have since been verified by medical science: 1. The endocrine gland system regulates molecular activity. 2. The endocrine gland system is controlled by the subconscious mind. 3. The regulation of molecular activity through subconscious control of the endocrine gland system produces either anabolism or catabolism according to the emotional nature of the particular instinct involved.

In an article published in FATE Magazine entitled *Dr. Quimby, Pioneer Parapsychologist*, Lee R. Gandee states:

"Quimby postulated that the concepts held in the subconscious are materialized by this process. Accordingly the mind, accepting an idea and given the stimulation of emotion, sets into action a chain of molecular activities which, by increasing the vibration of some atoms and retarding that of others, so alters the structure of the cells that they conform to the idea held, be it one of health or sickness. This, Quimby believed, was an established law of nature and his technique was to replace the concept of disease with one of health, to remove the harmful emotions in the sufferer.

"Quimby believed that healing had religious significance because he considered God had established the original balance of a healthy body and healing resulted in a return to this balance.

"Thus, to him health with its resulting happiness was God's intention for man and he loved God for this beneficence, so he termed his method the Science of Health and Happiness, with God its ideal."

Medical science tells us that during the nine months from conception to birth, development of the human organism is a virtual repetition of evolutionary processes which required millions of years to consummate: ontogeny recapitulates phylogeny.

It seems incredible that a human being was, to start with, a single cell! And in that cell were all the inherited characteristics of the mature individual!

As the single cell divides, its various properties are arranged into numerous systems. The endocrine gland system includes the pituitary, thyroid, adrenal, and sex glands. Their function is to secrete chemical substances called hormones directly into the blood stream. A network of nerves serves as a two-way communication system by which the brain sends messages to the endocrine gland system and the functional organs of the body, and by which the brain receives

messages from the countless cells of the body and translates them into sensations and appropriate mental and physical responses. Medical science usually refers to these two basic systems as the neuroglandular system.

And medical science tell us that the vital processes of metabolism (i. e. anabolism and catabolism) are regulated by the neuroglandular system.

The thing that most medical scientists seem to overlook is the fact that the functions, sensations, and conditions of the body are controlled by the brain — not *by* but *through* the neuroglandular system.

There are two main parts to the human brain. 1. A racially older, instinctive and emotional part consisting of the basal ganglia and lower portion. For the sake of convenience this part of the brain will be called the subconscious mind. 2. A racially newer, reasoning and judging part consisting of the cerebral cortex and middle portion called the conscious mind.

The subconscious mind controls the involuntary functions of the body through the medium of its autonomic nervous system. The conscious mind controls voluntary bodily actions through the medium of its motor or cerebro-spinal nervous system.

The processes of the human organism which produce conscious

thoughts and actions involve both levels of the intellect and the two sets of nervous systems.

The so-called subconscious mind is the seat of man's racial memory which determines the nature of mental and physical reactions to stimuli from both within and without the human organism according to previous experiences, fixed habits and/or "conditioned reflexes."

The middle segment of the basal ganglia (subconconscious mind) called the thalamus generates an electrical force by which experiences of the past and present, in the form of instincts or inborn urges, are expressed in thoughts, words and/or actions.

Emotions are instincts in action; hence it can be said that the human organism is motivated by human emotions.

The electrical force generated by the thalamus simply provides the power by which the nervous system conveys directions to the endocrine gland system and to the various organs of the body.

Every cell in the body generates atomic energy by the revolution of its electrons around protons. By this means bodily cells communicate with the brain. For instance, when one stubs his toe the experience is transmitted to the brain as an electrical force — atomic energy — of individual cells passing the impulse along the nervous system to the

brain for interpretation as a sensation, such as pain. The atomic energy generated by the countless cells of the body make it possible for the human organism to experience extra-sensory perception and psi phenomena through the interaction of the physical body with the etheric body.

A full explanation of how stress activates the destructive processes of metabolism, catabolism, is far too complicated to be elucidated here. However, simply stated, negative (destructive) attitudes produce emotional stress, which in turn causes the medulla or center part of the adrenal glands to secrete excessive amounts of adrenalin into the blood stream. This "triggering" of the human organism's "defense mechanism" is accompanied by greatly increased action on the part of such vital organs as the lungs, heart, liver and pancreas; and by harmful stoppage of digestive processes. In other words, emotional stress disrupts harmonious functioning of the human organism. When stressful emotions become chronic and habitual, psychosomatic ills result which, over the years, eventually culminate in mental ailments and/or degenerative diseases such as heart trouble (including high blood pressure, hardening of arteries, clots and strokes), arthritis, diabetes, cancer.

On the other hand positive (con-

structive) attitudes activate the cortex or surface part of the adrenal glands to secrete cortisone-plus hormones into the blood stream. These hormones stimulate the processes of organic repair medically known as creative metabolism.

The importance of positive attitudes is disclosed in the following assertion by the late Dr. Alexis Carrel, a great biological research surgeon, "The chief characteristic of the miracle is extreme acceleration of the processes of organic repair."

The alarming incidence of juvenile delinquency, crime, mental ills, and degenerative diseases is unquestionably due to catabolism.

These are stressful times! The prospects of the cold war becoming more and more intense makes it imperative that everyone take steps to avoid the ravages of emotional stress, especially at night — because bodily cells are renewed only while one sleeps.

There is an occult phase of the cold war which, in my opinion, is largely responsible for the alarming increases of mental ills and degenerative diseases. That Russia is using psychic phenomenon (ESP) as a potent "secret weapon" is highly probable. Russia is exerting every possible effort to wreck the economy of the free world by undermining our system of free enterprise. To accomplish this the Rus-

sian leaders realize that they must first demoralize the health and morale of the American people. Ways and means of doing this are many and varied; but the most subtle of all is the psychological hate campaign they have fomented among 600,000,000 Chinese Communists.

Russian scientists know that telepathy is the occult means of communication between subconscious minds. Time and Space do not limit telepathy. These scientists realize that intense hatred will have harmful effects upon the health of an enemy; they know it will likewise harm those who use this powerful, destructive emotion. Russia fears the potential strength of China so she is attempting to kill two birds with the same stone. China's hate propoganda will weaken the Chinese as well as the Americans it is telepathically directed against.

As previously mentioned the subconscious mind controls the functions, sensations, and condition of the body. The important function of creating new cells for the body every 11 months is directed by the subconscious mind. Processes of organic repair, I believe, are accomplished by mental stimulation of

the parasympathetic nervous system which causes the cortex, or surface of the adrenal glands, to secrete cortisone-plus hormones into the blood stream.

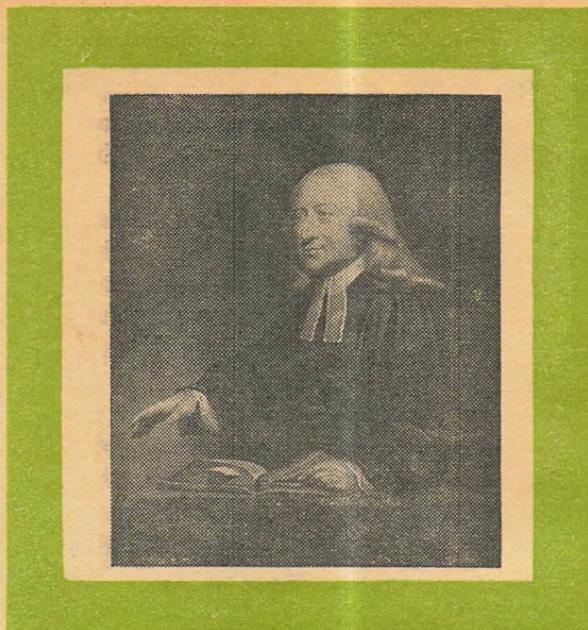
Medical science has not yet identified the so-called "plus" hormones essential to this creative function.

If the subconscious mind is disturbed by stress (either from within or without) while one sleeps it cannot activate the processes of organic repair, which are essential to health and longevity — because stress causes the medulla or center of the adrenal glands to secrete adrenalin into the blood stream instead of cortisone-plus. And excessive adrenalin is harmful, especially when this occurs night after night for a long period of time.

This may explain why so many persons die prematurely between the ages of 60 and 80, while a comparatively few others who enjoy peace of mind (emotional tranquility) live to be 100. Medical science claims that under favorable conditions modern man has a potential life span of 150 years.

"There's no reason why you shouldn't live to be 100," Dr. Arthur H. Steinhans told members of the Detroit Rotary Club on September 9, 1959.





JOHN WESLEY
FOUNDER OF THE METHODIST CHURCH
PSYCHICAL RESEARCHER

By Paul Lambourne Higgins

FROM THE DAYS of Old Jeffrey's haunting of Epworth rectory, John Wesley had a prodigious interest in the supernatural. Almost every facet of what we have come to call psychical research appealed to him. Often he travelled miles out of his way to investigate un-

usual and strange phenomena.

While he exerted the care and thoroughness of a scientist, the essential basis of his investigations was religious. Believing that God's power far transcends man's little concepts and that the wonders of His universe never cease, Wesley

A ghost called "Old Jeffrey" led this famous preacher to explore the psychic world—with amazing results.

was an ardent supernaturalist. Those phenomena which elude man's understanding and defy explanation by natural science were, to Wesley, clear evidence of the Providence of God. These were the things dear to his heart.

Wesley was born at Epworth, England, in 1703, the 15th of the 19 children of the Reverend Samuel Wesley and his wife Susanna. He was a brilliant scholar at Ox-

ford University and an ordained priest in the Church of England. With the aid of his brother, Charles, also an Anglican priest and the author of 6500 hymns, John founded the Methodist societies within the Church. This evangelical movement helped to rekindle the fires of faith in tens of thousands of men and women. Travelling by horseback to all parts of the British Isles, he preached to great

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Paul Lambourne Higgins has been pastor of the Hyde Park Methodist Church in Chicago since 1952. One of the founders and the first president of Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship (1956-60), he is now vice-president and chairman of the Research Committee. He holds B.A. and M.A. degrees from Whittier College and a D.B. degree from the University of Chicago Divinity School. He is the author of *Preachers of Power*, 1950, and is a contributor of articles to *Christian Advocate* and *Church Management*. The accompanying article is based on a chapter from his new book, *John Wesley: Spiritual Witness*, which will be published by T. S. Denison & Co., Minneapolis, in the fall of 1960. Price \$3.00.



throngs both in the churches and out of doors, stressing a personal experience of Christ. Directing the vast work of the Methodist movement, writing scores of books, this indefatigable preacher did more to revive spiritual religion than any other man of his century. Active to the time of his death in 1791, he saw Methodism spread from Britain to America on its way to encircle the globe.

To understand Wesley as a psychic investigator it is important to remember both his scholarly interest in research and his faith in a God whose scope of activity far exceeds man's thought and concept.

Wesley considered dreams and visions sometimes come from influences and entities beyond the self. He believed there are points where one individual's consciousness may touch the consciousness of others; there are times when a message, divine or diabolical, can reach the mind of a dreamer. Wesley's frequent and meticulous recording of unusual dreams, his own and those which others related to him, reveal much more than an ordinary curiosity in this area. He saw a contemporary religious significance in dreams as fully as in the Biblical accounts of Jacob and Joseph. He considered it important to discern the messages which the dreams contained, believing they sometimes were intended to lead

the recipient to God.

He relates an account of a Welsh woman he visited at Holyhead who had been unsympathetic toward her husband's piety until she began to have some unusual dreams. Seeing herself as standing in the open air, there suddenly appeared a messenger in the clouds, with a spear in his hand, then another with a broom, and still another with an hour-glass, as though the time was short. This so deeply affected her that from that time she began to seek God with her whole heart.

When Wesley was 45 years old he fell in love with Grace Murray, an attractive and talented young widow who was devoted to the Methodist movement. In the Fall of 1749 he heard that she might marry another preacher. Suffering great heaviness of heart, he prayed that God would show him the answer in a dream or vision. He then had a vivid dream in which Grace was executed. Wesley interpreted this as meaning she was clearly cut from his own life. He was quite correct as, a few days later, word came Grace Murray had married the other preacher.

Another dream played a providential role in the building of the preaching house at Newcastle. This was to be the largest Methodist chapel in England. Wesley had a meagre and insufficient fund for the building when in the winter of

1742 he received this letter from a pious Quaker gentleman:

“Friend Wesley, I have had a dream concerning thee. I thought I saw thee surrounded with a large flock of sheep, which thou didst not know what to do with. My first thought after I awoke was, that it was thy flock at Newcastle, and that thou hadst no house of worship for them. I have enclosed a note for 100 pounds, which may help thee to provide a house.”

A remarkable account is given of Anne Brookes, a young woman of unblamable character, from Oldham, who had totally lost the sight of her right eye. In his Journal for April 12, 1784, Wesley records that she told him: “I dreamed one night that our Saviour appeared to me; that I fell at His feet, and He laid His hand upon my right eye. Immediately I waked, and from that moment have seen as well with that eye as with the other.”

Mr. Wesley felt too that some dreams were influenced by a diabolical force. He said that Satan could reach certain persons more easily in their sleep than when they were awake. Nevertheless, whatever dark and difficult force one might face, there was always help through prayer to Christ. This was Wesley’s repeated counsel. To support his view he quotes from the Bible, the Church Fathers, and from his own personal experi-

ences. The Lord Jesus empowered His disciples to cast out devils (Mark 16:17), and Paul and Peter are depicted in the Acts of the Apostles as using this power in the name of Christ to exorcise evil spirits. By taking the shield of faith a Christian, Paul says in Ephesians 6:16, is “able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.”

Wesley believed that the Christian has the invisible help of angels and spirits, and in his liturgy of The Office of the Saints, he invokes the assistance of the holy angels.

Wesley believed in spirit communication and felt that the experience of the nearness of the eternal world is at the heart of the Christian religion. He believed this because it was Biblical, and because he could give contemporary examples of communication with departed spirits. The Biblical accounts of angelic beings and spirits being in touch with the prophets and the apostles, and the vivid Old Testament references to the medium of Endor establishing contact between Samuel and Saul, the New Testament story of Peter, John, and James witnessing Jesus’ visit with Moses and Elijah, were experiences which Wesley took seriously as revealing the nature of the spiritual world.

Wesley did not believe every story that came to him, but insisted on thoroughly investigating unusual

phenomena. Nevertheless, there remain many accounts in his writings of individuals he knew personally who talked with spirits. Time and again he asserts that he accepts these experiences as facts.

He had confidence in a devout young woman named Margaret Barlow, who had frequent conversations with an angel. This spirit told her, among other things, that Wesley's brother Charles had recently died and was in heaven. Miss Barlow had never known Charles Wesley. Wesley, inspired by his interview with her, said, "There was a wonderful power in her words . . . they did good to my heart."

He contended that much good could result from Miss Barlow's experiences "provided those who believe and those who disbelieve her report have but patience with each other."

Because of his own experience and study, as well as his religious faith, Wesley had no difficulty in believing that departed spirits can communicate through psychic impressions and dreams, and can make direct contact through noises, spoken words, apparitions and ghosts. His first experience had been with Old Jeffrey, the ghost at the Old Rectory of Epworth, in the winter of 1716-17. The lengthy and careful reports his parents and sisters wrote to him concerning the

unusual manifestations while he was in school in London formed the basis for his life-long interest and conviction.

A sense of the presence of departed loved ones seemed characteristic of the Wesleys.

Susanna, the beloved and highly intelligent mother, said, "I have frequently been as fully assured that my father's spirit was with me as if I had seen him with my eyes."

John stated in a letter to Lady Maxwell: "I have myself many times found on a sudden so lively an apprehension of a deceased friend that I have sometimes turned about to look; at the same time I have felt an uncommon affection for them. But I never had anything of this kind with regard to any but those that died in faith. In dreams I have had exceeding lively conversation with them; and I doubt not but they were then very near."

From time to time over a period of many years John Wesley was conscious of the invisible presence of Fanny Cooper, a dear old friend of his early days in the ministry. When Hannah Ball, who helped to found the first Sunday Schools in the Methodist movement, wrote to him in 1780 regarding her own experience concerning communication with a beloved spirit, he replied: "I see not any reason why this

union should be destroyed by death. I cannot conceive it is. I have myself, since her death, found a wonderful union of spirit with Fanny Cooper; and have sometimes suddenly looked on one or the other side, not knowing whether I should not see her."

Wesley was interested in recording accounts of those who went into the trance and were in touch with another world. He was anxious that trance experiences not be over stressed, but at the same time he felt that such experiences have a valid place in the religious life. The one warning Wesley gives is that such gifted individuals should remember to be humble, always approaching such an experience in a spirit of reverence and love toward God.

Wesley was never afraid of the Devil or satanic influences. He recognized that there are good spirits and evil ones, just as there are good men and evil ones. He describes one occasion when he was with a friend, two little girls and the coachman in a chaise: "About two miles from the town, just on the brow of the hill, in a sudden both the horses set out, without any visible cause, and flew down the hill like an arrow out of a bow." The coachman fell off the box, and the horses took full speed, turning suddenly in the most unexpected directions. Wesley, calm through

it all, told the frightened children, "Nothing will hurt you," and they immediately stopped crying. As an authority on horses as well as psychic manifestations, he carefully listed nine reasons why the event was caused by unusual forces, holding, for instance, that quiet and tame horses do not behave in this manner, that the coachman landed on his head without being hurt at all, that the turning short through a gate at full gallop was in a way no coachman in England could have done, and that the chaise swung again and again to the edge of each ditch without going into it. He asserted: "I am persuaded both evil and good angels had a large share in this transaction; how large we do not know now, but we shall know hereafter."

In a day when a growing interest in materialism was causing many to give less credence to the supernatural, Wesley held firmly to a belief in witchcraft. He said he had more proof for witchcraft than he had for most of the natural experiences of life.

When he had evidence for that which he could not explain, he simply admitted that man cannot understand "the smallest grain of sand, or spire of grass. I know not how one grows, or how the particles of the other cohere together. What pretence have I, then, to deny well-attested facts, because I

cannot comprehend them?"

At times Wesley became fiery in his defense of the supernatural and openly defied the skeptics as enemies of Christianity. "While I live I will bear the most public testimony I can to the reality of witchcraft," he said. At the same time Wesley called for patience and understanding among those within the Church who were at variance on these issues.

While preaching in Wales one summer day in 1746, Wesley met a poor woman who had been freed from a diabolical power through her conversion to Christ. He tells how she was bewitched through the efforts of a wizard named Francis Morgan and suffered various torments until she was delivered by God.

Mr. Wesley felt that those who reject the accounts of witches and apparitions as old wives' tales also renounce belief in the Bible and respect for the wisest men in all ages and nations. They know, he firmly asserted, "that the giving up witchcraft is, in effect, giving up the Bible; and they know, on the other hand, that if but one account of the intercourse of men with separate spirits be admitted, their whole castle in the air (Deism, Atheism, Materialism) falls to the ground."

After stating that both reason and religion support the validity

of witchcraft and other types of supernatural phenomena, Wesley gives case after case of reliable, intelligent, and sane individuals who had seen spirits and had witnessed many types of unusual spiritual manifestations. His writings disclose a considerable knowledge of clairvoyance, clairaudience, precognition, prophetic dreams, and spirit discerning.

In his Journal for May, 1768, Wesley speaks with respect of a pious mediumistic woman named Elizabeth Hobson. He devotes nine pages to the account, describing each of her psychical experiences. Miss Hobson, who had been a sensitive since early childhood, said that her neighbor, John Simpson, went to sea. Then some days later his spirit began to appear to her each night. When she was finally able to engage him in conversation, he told her he had drowned and wanted her to help take care of his children. He told her two of his children would not live long and that he would appear before the death of each. All he said had come true.

When Miss Hobson's brother died in Jamaica, he appeared at her bedside in England at that very moment.

Mr. Wesley commented with interest on how "a spirit finds no difficulty in travelling 3000 or 4000 miles in a moment!"

Mediumship, whether called by that name or another, was used sometimes by the early Methodists. One of Mr. Wesley's preachers, Jonathan Catlow, was accustomed to preach in his sleep. He really was a medium and was at his best in trance. If he began preaching while asleep at night, word was sent out to the congregation. A considerable number would come, while Catlow pitched the tune, led the singing, gave the exhortation, and proceeded with a sermon. On one occasion a visiting clergyman interrupted him, and there ensued a theological argument. When the heckling cleric departed, Catlow sang the Doxology. This service would last about an hour and a quarter. In the morning Jonathan Catlow would know nothing of this.

Wesley's Journal describes in detail the woman in London who was possessed and had such strength that with only slight exertion she could break any ropes with which she was bound. She said she belonged to the Devil. When a group of Methodists began to pray for her she shrieked; her face became distorted; her body swelled as if ready to burst and at times became as hard as iron; she writhed in agony. The men continued praying for several hours, until the woman cried out: "Lord, save, or I perish." When she accepted

Christ, she became calm, her countenance changed to joyous peacefulness.

Wesley saw in his work and ministry the hand of the Divine and the assistance of the angels. He fully believed that so long as he did what God wanted him to do, he would receive guidance and aid for his every need. Many and well known are the incidents illustrating his reliance on the Lord for money.

When he was preaching in Leeds in 1758 he had some unexpected expenses and was short of money. A man whom he had never known gave him a letter which contained a bill large enough to cover his needs. Wesley praised God, saying, "Is not the earth the Lord's, and the fullness thereof?"

He selected his texts with the assurance that Divine aid prompted him. Sometimes he preached upon the words which first met his eye as he opened the Bible. At other times he took the text upon which his finger fell. He did not consider such methods superstitious but believed that a supernatural power guided both his mind and body even in the most minute details.

This active power of Providence shaped the very forces of nature, Wesley believed. On a number of occasions when he was scheduled to preach and it was storming he prayed for the storm to subside so

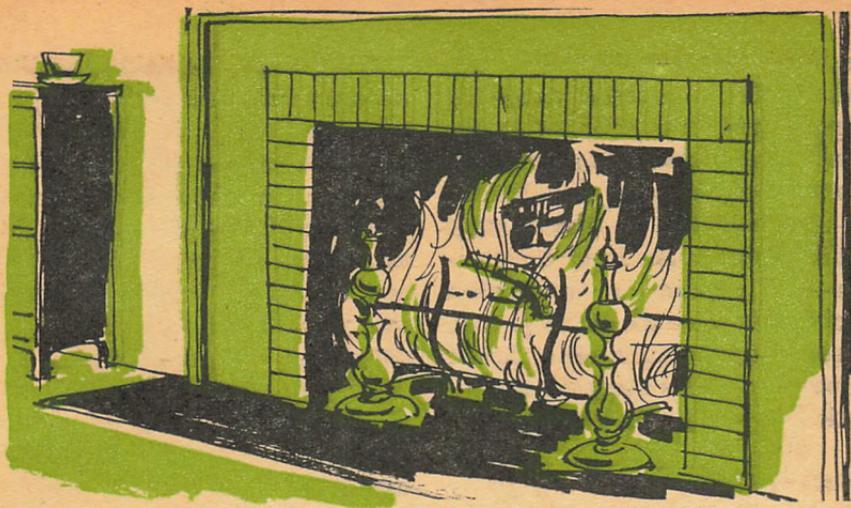
he could proclaim the Word. Then he carefully records how the rain ceased. He was never comfortable under a hot summer sun. More than once he notes that while preaching he asked God to relieve him from the heat, after which a cloud would appear to give shade until the sermon was over. On some of his many voyages from England to Ireland Wesley experienced bad storms. He records how one great storm subsided after he prayed, and how, on another occasion prayer brought Divine aid to save the ship from crashing on the rocks. He states these experiences with a pure and simple faith that these phenomena represent the activity and response of the Divine Intelligence.

While Wesley was with Thomas Greathead, a linen-draper and Methodist layman, and a few other friends in the country near Sheerness, in 1767, a foaming bull came charging toward them. It was not possible for the men to escape. Wesley took off his hat, knelt on the ground, and said, "Let us pray." The bull came to a dead stop, looked at Wesley, and then passed by without injuring anyone. The men then sang a hymn of thanksgiving. To those present it was clear that the restraining hand of God had been present.

While Wesley did not approve the theological views and apocalyp-

tic writings of Baron Emmanuel Swedenborg, still he admired the noble character of that great man. At one time he very much desired an interview with the famous seer, but he did not speak of his wish to anyone. To his surprise a letter came from Swedenborg, dated February, 1772, stating that the writer had been informed by the spirit world that Wesley wanted to see him in London. Wesley replied, seeking a date several months in advance. Swedenborg answered with the word that he could not make the appointment at the time suggested as on the 29th day of the next month he was departing this life. The record shows that Swedenborg's prophecy was accurate. The date of his death was March 29, 1772. Wesley revealed these interesting facts to his ministers.

Throughout Wesley's life he felt his own amazing experiences could only be accounted for by his faith in a wise and powerful God. Wesley believed in the Biblical miracles and in contemporary miracles because he believed in God. The Divine Intelligence guiding life and the universe is far greater than can be conceived by man and when one enters a life of spiritual adventure, one finds endless frontiers and the purposeful and protective guidance of God and His holy angels. This was John Wesley's faith, born of his own experience.



INVENTIONS by INTUITION

Did I contact a higher level of reality
when I saw the fiery vision of an improved gun design?

By W. B. Edwards

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

William B. Edwards, technical editor of *Guns Magazine*, is a consultant, inventor, collector and author. He is owner of the Benet Arms Co. and the Munitions Import-Export Co. His books include "The Story of Colt's Revolver," "The Guns of Independence Hall," and the forthcoming "Guns of the Civil War."

SOME YEARS ago, when I first became interested in arms designing during World War II, I pondered on various ways of making guns with simpler mechanisms.

Important in any gun is a mechanical system for closing the breech of the barrel securely during the moment the cartridge is being discharged. This breech lock may take many forms. In the Browning machine gun, for exam-

ple, it is a steel square block that rises up in a mortise extending through steel rods attached to the barrel. It also rises into a notch cut into the breech block, thus locking all parts together. A disadvantage of this design is its linear construction—it requires a mechanism much longer than the cartridge and, consequently, a search for a shorter action always has occupied the attention of those who would perfect it.

Such a shorter action is actually in use in the Maxim machine gun and may be familiar to you as the "bent knee" toggle joint construction of the Luger automatic pistol breech. In this arm, the toggle links collapse when the gun is fired, allowing withdrawal of the spent cartridge case and compression of springs making ready to reload the next shot. The toggle breaks exactly like a knee being bent. But a disadvantage of this design is that the toggle joint rises high above the gun during the recoil phase. This could be inconvenient in, say, a rifle held close to the face. Such a design was actually tried in the Pederson toggle-joint military rifle. When tested in the prone position, the toggle-joint kicked up rapidly and notched the brim of the testing officer's new felt campaign hat. This naturally produced a negative test report!

Puzzling over this one evening

after retiring, I lay in bed with my arms crossed behind my head, dozing. Suddenly I opened my eyes wide and on the blackness of the night-time ceiling I saw, in an outline of yellow light as clear as a neon tube, a graphic layout for a new design of breech mechanism that would result in much less toggle motion than the Luger or Pederson type, yet be no longer overall than that popular design. The concept was, my patent attorney told me, patentable. At the time (1944) I had too little funds to pursue the thing further and although I made extensive drawings and still retain the idea as a possible novel gun mechanism, it has not been appropriate to follow through on it.

* * *

A SECOND TIME this occurred was one winter evening several years later, while I was visiting relatives in Connecticut. Seated before their fireplace watching the flames, I suddenly saw a second "fire" outline more intense than the flames themselves. It was simply an irregular polygon of roughly rectangular shape. But it also could immediately be adapted to a whole new field of automatic pistol mechanisms involving securely locked breech principles with safety for high power use.

Some years later I observed that a somewhat similar form had been

used in a never-produced Mauser pistol which I had, up to that time, never heard of. Now, whether somehow an illustration of that pistol, such as a drawing from its patent, had come to my attention but not been recognized and then returned again in a fiery outline, or whether somehow I was suddenly in communion with some intelligence beyond human agency, is a question.

* * *

ARE THESE two examples flashes of intuition? Of insight? Or are they visions? Are they some-

how communicated from outside my consciousness? These are questions not easily answered. I do not even guess at the answers.

Yet, even Freud suggested the existence of a vast continuum of conscious reality beyond the immediate perception of the average person but which some fortunate people may "plug into" somehow — and from which these few fortunate may receive flashes of knowledge and solutions to problems not available through known, familiar thought processes.



THE SYMMETRY OF ANTI-MATTER

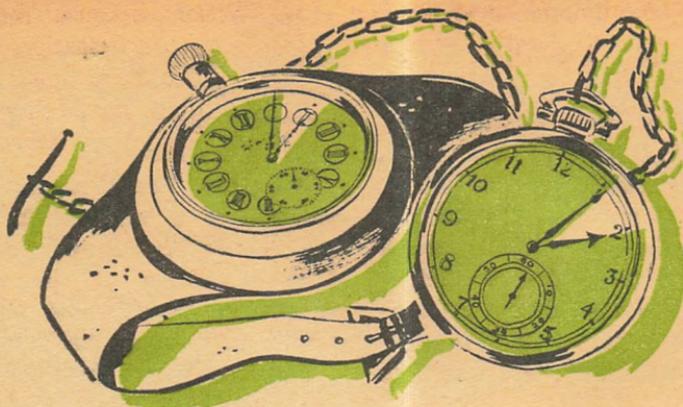
THAT anti-matter is symmetrically identical to matter, except in its electric charge, has been indicated by a systematic study of the behavior of protons and anti-protons carried out at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory at the University of California.

Scientists have theorized that entire galaxies, consisting of stars, planets and perhaps even living things, may be composed of anti-matter. On earth, it has been found that a particle of anti-matter survives for only a fraction of a second before meeting a like particle of mat-

ter, whereupon mutual annihilation results.

In the experiments at the Lawrence Radiation Laboratory, particles were accelerated to one-billion electron volts in the laboratory's great Bevatron, then shot into a bubble chamber. The resulting proton annihilations produced star-like lines of bubbles, which were photographed in three dimensions. The strong inter-actions resulting from the impact of the highly energetic particles were found to display the mirror-type symmetry known as conservation of parity.





TWO WATCHES stopped for DEATH

They had run faithfully for years, but now they were silent—the hands of both pointing to the same hour.

By David Faubion

I OFTEN HEARD my older sisters speak of the way our mother could “see things before they happened” but not until after her untimely death did the real meaning of those remarks come to me.

My family was of rather modest means and before my birth my father had taken up, in 1906, a homestead along the Barlow Trail in what was then a wilderness area of Oregon. Busy highway U. S. 26 now runs through the little settlement that bears our family name.

There I was born and lived to late childhood. Mother often confided in me because, as she said, I was the only one she could talk to without being ridiculed. Ridicule does so much damage to the soul of the mocker, she said, she did not want to be the cause of harm to the soul of another. I have regretted all my life that I was too young to grasp all she told me about the “unseen”, “the other side of life”, and the many other “planes” of the “real.”

When Grandmother died Mother received a small share of the estate. She used a part of the money to buy a good wrist watch. She wore this watch constantly until the night of her death. The round, gold Waltham always had a special meaning to me. Perhaps because of the way Mother had acquired it. The watch had become more a part of her than any of her other simple possessions. I was very happy when my father handed it to me to keep. Since it was not a small watch, by replacing the cloth band with one of leather it's plain design became masculine enough in appearance so that I could wear it.

Several years after Mother's death in April, 1928, I married the daughter of a prominent Oregon political figure, Harry Lane. Years before, on the eve of his election to the United States Senate, he had traded an engraved gold watch he had carried since his graduation from medical school, to a dear and lifelong friend with this remark, "Mac, I've always wanted that plain, simple little watch because it's more in keeping with my way of life." The plain, simple life he led earned him the affection of his colleagues in the Senate who referred to him warmly as the Home-spun Senator. His ability to foresee future events amazed those close to him. He became one of the "Willful Five", so-called by Wood-

row Wilson because they voted against our participation in World War I. The hard fought Senate battle in those hectic days in 1917 and the ensuing criticism of his heroic stand hastened his death and his simple thin-cased Elgin watch eventually became mine, also.

Early in 1945 my wife, Nina Lane Faubion, was stricken with cancer. She had traveled in the Andes mountains from 1925 until 1929, collecting archeological relics and was warned at that time by the Indians of the Andes that if she entered the caves of the ancient peoples and disturbed their tombs she would die of cancer. This prophecy was now to be fulfilled.

We lived in Azalea, a small town in a rather isolated part of the state and because of World War II it was impossible to get an ambulance and a hospital room at the same time for weeks on end. That was the most difficult time of my life. Not because of the 24 hour watch I kept at my wife's bedside, but because of my helplessness to bring her some degree of comfort or a moment of relief from pain. There can be but one Source from which a cancer patient draws the strength to endure the suffering that is beyond the imagination of those who have not seen. The will to live in those last days would

seem to stem from a knowledge that a miracle is at hand to drive the beast from the body and that life must be clung to until the miracle is manifest. So it was with my wife, while I, though in perfect health, was rapidly weakening from mental anguish and lack of sleep. But here again, the war and not a chance to find help.

One night, shortly after midnight, as I sat in my bedside chair, I was sure that the limits of my endurance had been reached. My wife's agonized cries pounded on every inch of my body, pleading for the help I could not give. I felt that the end was at hand for us both and was trying to fight back welcoming thoughts of it when my mother appeared before me. With a radiant smile, she held her arms outstretched as if to lay hands on the throbbing foreheads before her. Then she vanished. When I turned to look at my wife she was breathing evenly in sound sleep. I sank back into the chair and did not awaken until the telephone rang at 8:30 A. M. It was the ambulance company telling me that a hospital room was available and though it was Sunday they were ready to move my wife. We left for the Eugene hospital, 155 miles away at 11:30 A.M.

I rode at my wife's side in the back of the ambulance. She talked

about some of the interesting places we had seen in our travels and mentioned the many times we had been over this road together. Then she slept. Just before reaching the hospital I looked at my mother's watch. It read 2:05 P. M. I knew it was later than that. I drew my father-in-law's watch from my pocket and it too read 2:05. We went on to the hospital and I saw to it that nothing was left undone for my wife's comfort.

The next morning, after checking with our doctors, I took the timepieces to a reputable watch maker. When he opened them he found that both balance shafts, the very hearts of the watches, were completely shattered. They were repaired at once and I hastened back to the hospital. As I entered the room my wife greeted me with a smile and informed me that she had suffered no pain since we left home.

I made it a point to be close by from then on, especially in the afternoons. I read to her each day and she seemed to enjoy every hour that passed. Thursday afternoon she interrupted my reading. "I saw a very lovely woman the night before we left home," she said. "It would seem that it was your mother."

Those were her last words.

Both watches read 2:05 P. M.

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.

UNEXPECTED VISITOR

By Fern Harn Larson

MY MOTHER, Lydia Florence Harn, passed away very suddenly when my daughter, Beverly, was 16 years old. They had been very close.

The first week after her grandmother died, Beverly was depressed and spent much of her time in her room alone.

About two weeks after Mother's funeral Beverly was lying on her bed reading when she felt someone sit down on the bed beside her. She looked up and saw her grandmother who leaned over and gave Beverly the softest kiss on her cheek. Beverly described it as like a gentle little breeze stopping for just a moment and then going away.

Mother told Beverly not to be so lonely—that it was beautiful where she was. Mother also stated that some of her old friends had helped her over the shock of changing from physical to spiritual life.

Beverly told me that her grandmother was wearing one of her usual house dresses and an old sweat-

er that she had always worn around the house on chilly mornings. Her hair was combed as the girl had fixed it before the funeral. This was different than Mother combed it so that is why Beverly noticed it especially.

Before Mother left she told Beverly that if she could she would visit again. Beverly said she then felt she was alone but that she never saw her grandmother leave. She was there and then she wasn't.

As soon as she realized what had happened Beverly became hysterical and called us to her room where she narrated this experience and pointed to a small indentation plainly visible on the side of her bed where her grandmother had sat. — *Ponca City, Okla.*

FEAR FORGOTTEN

By Lillian Owens

A HOLLOW CORE of fear blew like a storm through the room where I sat watching my father die. This was in 1931, on August 29th.

My father knew that he was dying and he felt no peace. We had talked long into the night, wondering

and praying for a sign to ease his fears — something to hold onto. He wanted a sign to tell him that he had not believed in vain, a sign to tell him that life continued after death.

Then the cold chill of the room seemed to recede. Father sat up in his bed, a thing he had been unable to do for the past month. A glow of soft, warm light gradually filled the room, dispelling the chill and fear. Father smiled, the smile of love I'd seen on his dear face so often as a child. The glow increased.

Now I, too, could feel the presence of the Christ as Father said, "They are all here! My dear friends! Surely you must see them too."

At the sound of Father's voice I looked toward him. Standing at his side, with arms extended, was a radiant vision of the Christ, ready to welcome my father to his home in the Hereafter.

With a smile of contentment on his face Father lay down again. His last words on this earth were, "Now I understand, and I know that I am going to a greater life."—*La Puente, Calif.*

ASSIGNMENTS WITH DEATH

By J. P. J. Chapman

DURING World War I when I was an air mechanic in the R.N.A.S. I became seriously ill. I was sent to a big depot called the Crystal Palace and a most unsatisfactory place from a health point of view. It was severely overcrowded and an epidemic of spotted fever, German measles and pneumonia broke out all at once.

This was in January, 1917.

I remember my arrival at the Crystal Palace on the outskirts of London. It was a bitter day and the vast glass building was without heat and terribly drafty. That same night the Silvertown Muniton factory blew up. The blast brought down a vast quantity of glass but luckily there were no casualties from this—although the Palace was now more drafty than before.

I knew I was seriously ill with German measles plus complications but did not realize it was touch and go.

On one particular night I fell into a fitful sleep; gradually peace seemed to descend upon me; I no longer cared what happened. Perhaps it was a dream but I found myself wandering around some strange place. I was happy to be rid of my sick body. Then I met my mother who had died when I was 12. She was pleased to see me and we had a long talk. It was all quite natural. That she was "dead" did not matter.

She said, "If you will follow me you need never go back. Why don't you come?"

I told her I did not wish to die, that there were many things I wanted to do and besides I loved a girl and did not want to leave her (that girl is now my wife). Nevertheless, Mother took my hand and led me on. I found my resistance and desire to return fading. But somehow I realized it was a case of "now or never." I drew my hand away saying I would go back. A sad look came into my mother's eyes and she began to dissolve.

I regained consciousness to find the sick-bay steward and the doc-

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tor at my bed side looking quite concerned.

* * *

A couple of years later in the same war (how those years dragged) Mother visited me again when I was with a Squadron. It was an R.A.F. station about five miles behind the lines. Our machines were for observation—R.E. 8's. The boys called them *Harry Tates* after a famous comedian.

We were raided one night with a real Blitz. The Gothas were oom-aaahing overhead as they frequently did, but it was not much good taking any notice. I was awake, listening. Suddenly I heard my mother's voice say, "Quick! *Quick!* Get out of bed! Lie flat on the floor!"

I thought I imagined it.

Again the voice said, "Get out!" I jumped from where I lay—and

none too soon. At that very moment I heard a bomb swooshing down, then an explosion. It seemed the end of the world. In the next hut all were killed, blown to bits. Most of the men in ours were either killed or wounded by flying fragments.

I had escaped because I had lain as flat as I could on the floor. I had heard the fearful tearing noise over my head and felt a cold wind. When I finally got up and lit my torch I saw that the corrugated iron of the Nissen Hut over my bed was perforated like a pepper pot. One large bomb splinter had ripped to shreds the blankets where I had been lying.

* * *

In 1932, after I was married, I went down with pneumonia. We were staying with my wife's people

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down in Devon, close to Sidmouth. One evening I told my wife that I had almost reached the point of no return but I would use all my will power not to die. That night again my mother came to stand by my bed. She seemed bathed in a green light, but the intense blue of her eyes shone as she held out her hand to me with a smile, saying, "Come."

I took her hand and felt myself rising from my sick body without any effort. Then I thought of my wife and our small son. I withdrew my hand and said, "No."

My mother faded away and I seemed to sink into myself again. Again I had recovered.

The curious thing about these three visits from my dead mother is that on the occasions when I was ill Mother wanted me to go with her—yet when my life was in danger she saved me—why?—*Poole, Eng.*

SAD LITTLE GHOST

By Trudy Van Riper

OVER ON A MOUNTAIN about eight or nine miles from our little town of Kerrville nestled in the mountains of central Texas, is a grave. In 1921 a German family lived in a shack on the side of one of these many mountains. They had a little boy about eight years old who always had been sickly. He died of a fever in 1921 and his parents buried him on the mountain-side where he had played. Standing over his grave is a large liveoak tree which bends slightly, as though to protect the child.

In 1958, early in the year, I left

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my own little boy with my mother and drove near Bandera to a ranch. My brother was planning to do some work on a car and asked me to see the people for him. I was driving along the highway when I saw the mountain with the liveoak tree bending out and over the rounded end of the hill. It was a beautiful day and I decided to stop and walk up the mountain. I did not realize it was so far until I had started to climb. It was not a steep climb but I became tired and stopped under the big tree. I leaned back against it, breathing hard. While I sat there catching my breath, I heard a whimpering sound. I looked around and there, standing not 15 feet from me, was a little boy. He looked about eight and had long blonde hair and blue eyes. He wore blue jeans and a faded blue shirt that made his eyes look too large for his face. He was crying. I thought he was lost and got to my feet.

"Are you lost?" I asked him.

He shook his head and said, "I lost my red ball. I threw it up into the air and now I cannot find it."

I laughed and said, "Well, all that goes up must come down." I told him I would help him find his ball, thinking it had rolled down the hill.

"Do your folks know where you are?" I asked.

He nodded his head and said, "Oh yes, I play here all the time."

I suggested looking at the bottom of the hill for the ball and walked down a ways from the tree. I turned and said for him to come on and look here too. He started towards me, stubbed his toe and

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fell headlong in the dirt.

I ran to him and leaned over to help him up. My hand went through him and before my very eyes he vanished. I was so shocked that for a minute or two I couldn't move. After I recovered I left the place and went back to the highway to my car. When I got home I asked my mother what she thought about my experience. Well, my mother is not one for such things and she said that I must have fallen asleep and dreamed it. But as she and my father lived close to Bandera, a few miles from the mountain with the liveoak tree, in 1921 she did tell me the story of the German family and their little boy buried on that mountain under the tree.

If I fell asleep and dreamed this little boy, wasn't it strange that I dreamed of him as I slept on his grave? Especially as I never had heard about him or his grave that I can remember!

But I believe that I really saw the little boy. I know he disappeared beneath my hands, for I was gripped with panic for a moment as he faded before my eyes.

I did not see a grave, for there was nothing under the tree but a pile of stones. There certainly was no marker, just a few lonely scattered irises.—Kerrville, Tex.

A LAST GOODBYE

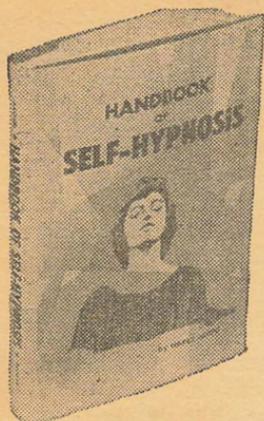
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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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ing of cancer. Mother had lost 100 pounds and was as easy to handle as a small child.

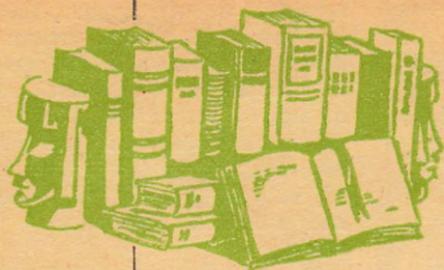
One night I went upstairs, bone-weary, hoping for some sleep while my father took up his vigil by Mother's bed. It was dead of winter and the wind was blowing hard. Not man nor dog was in sight as shroud-like swirls of snow made the air smoky in a world of fury. At least that's how the world seemed to me that night.

I just had fallen into a sound sleep when I suddenly was jerked awake by the door opening. To my amazement my mother, who had not been out of her bed in six months, came slowly into the room and sat down beside me. Feeling great concern for her I quickly hopped out of bed, hoping to get her back downstairs. Then, without having uttered a word or a sound, she changed from a woman in a white nightgown to something or other in long trailing wispy gray garments and she floated away from my grasp to the ceiling. Then she circled the room several times. I stood petrified.

I could hear the loud ticking of my clock and looking at it saw that it was midnight.

Just then I heard my father call out for me to come quickly, Mother was sinking fast. When I reached her bedside she had breathed her last.

Every night after that I waited for her to return but she never did. I think it was her way of saying goodbye to me. I will always believe this, although I have never again experienced such a phenomenon. — Benton Harbor, Mich.



NEW BOOKS

THE MEANING of MASONRY, A Popular Guide to the Values of Ancient and Modern Freemasonry, by Lynn F. Perkins. Exposition Press, New York, 1960. 188 pages, \$3.50.

The author has devoted almost his entire life to the field of education and to the interpretation of Masonic ritual. He was Superintendent of Schools for the State of New York from 1931 to 1958.

His object in this book is to show that Masonry is more than a gathering place for the gregarious. The symbolism which disguises the hidden teachings and mysteries of Freemasonry in the Masonic ritual is replete with references to psychical and spiritual truths that are of universal value and that are to be found in all of the mystery religions of the past.

Mr. Perkins finds that many a Masonic neophyte tends to brush off the complicated symbolism of the ritual as "mumbo-jumbo" or as a relic of the Middle Ages. He shows that the ritual conceals esoteric teachings of great value and in special chapters he deals with religious and philosophical parallels in other occult fields. He shows

where the ritual contains the ancient wisdom of the Bible, of Plato and the Gnostics, of the Hermetic teachings from Egypt, and of the school of Pythagoras.

Mr. Perkins explains also how the knowledge of the ritual can be expanded into a true understanding of the ancient teachings through independent study, and how the neophyte can at the same time develop himself along the lines of the Yogic master, the Buddhist adept, or the Christian saint. His study is a serious attempt to raise the Masonic ritual and its study to the high level of the teachings from which it was derived. This best can be accomplished, he believes, through instruction for the initiate and his later self-development through self-education along the lines he has outlined. — *Edmond P. Gibson.*

THE GREAT PROPHETS, by Ruhi Afnan, Philosophical Library, Inc., New York, N. Y., 1960. 457 pages, \$5.00.

According to the author, religion is the revelation of God's purpose in stimulating the spiritual development of man. Since this purpose permeates all religions that have

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appeared or will appear, they thus may be seen as one perennial religion, reborn and reformed at the hands of successive prophets or messengers of God. The religions may differ because of the different environments in which they appeared, but the purpose that underlies and animates them always is the same.

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TIME, SPACE AND CIRCUMSTANCE, by Roy Eugene Davis, Roy Eugene Davis Publications, Garrett Park, Md., 1960. 119 pages, \$2.98.

This "manual of techniques for better living" is a complete revision of some earlier published works by the author, apparently including *Come Ye Out*, reviewed in the July 1959, issue, and contains added material.

Essentially an inspirational, self-help book, it discusses such topics as "Regenerated Body," "How to Meditate," "The Law of Abundance," "Cosmic Consciousness," "The Extension of Awareness," and "How to Live in Heaven Now." Several of the chapters close with simple exercises or techniques which the reader may practice, and the book includes a supplement giving

the key techniques in concise form.

This is a noteworthy book of its type, showing a long step forward in the progress of its young and dynamic author. However, many of its concepts seem to be on a rather abstract mystical or metaphysical plane and we felt, as we felt with *Come Ye Out*, that the book is somewhat too sketchy and over-simplified to cover adequately the large expanse of territory over which it sweeps. — *Guy Archette*.

MYSTIC MIRROR, by Arnold Mowbray. Beach News, Brooklyn 29, N. Y., 1960. 24 pages, \$1.00.

"Truths taken from 20 teachers" in the fields of ancient mysticism, psychosomatic medicine and modern metaphysics are summarized in this attractive, lavishly illustrated booklet. The author is a metaphysical practitioner who has spent over 20 years in the study of religion. Although his booklet is small, it contains a wealth of wisdom which the reader is unlikely to find elsewhere in one volume. Inspirational in nature, the booklet contains definite suggestions for those seeking health, prosperity and peace of mind.—*Guy Archette*.

SPACESHIP TO THE UNKNOWN, by Margit Mustapa. Vantage Press, New York. 243 pages, \$3.95.

This book is somewhat misleadingly titled, although it does contain fairly brief mention of three "saucer" or UFO sightings. Essentially, it is an autobiography of a Finnish-born woman, now aged 61 years, who came to the U.S.A. in 1947; divorced "a drinking husband"

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in 1948 to marry Andrew Mustapa, who died in 1952. Mrs. Mustapa has run a course through Spiritualism, Goethe esotericism, theosophy, Rosicrucianism, discipleship of Krishna-murti and serves up generous helpings of all of these in somewhat disorganized fashion.

The average reader cannot fail to be led by both title and book jacket, which is covered with flying discs, to the belief that there is something in these pages about the UFO question. The three "sightings" the author describes are run of the mine, two being of whirling discs seen afar, and one sighting of "cigar-shaped" aerial objects.

The greater part of the book is simply Mrs. Mustapa's life story, mingled with her "philosophy," if one may so dignify the hodgepodge of some noble sentiments, personal emotions and tatters of the garments of Krishnamurti and Goethe. She tells us of having first sent the manuscript to a "conservative and cold publishing company in Helsinki," which rejected it with the comment that she should "forget all about writing until (she) became more concrete in (her) thoughts;" to which this reviewer adds, "Amen."

Many pages are consumed by this lady's impressions of various handsome men whom she glimpsed in this country in the past eight years, some in passing automobiles, some on the streets, in bars and other prosaic places. Again and again, she conceives the notion that these passing strangers are space men who have dropped in on planet Earth, disguised as humans, and that they converse with her by telep-

athly through the back of her skull.

We would not deny that with the subjective "conversations" with strangers whom she thinks "space-men" and "supermen" are mingled some sincere musings on religion, God and mankind. Yet the occasional meditations are diluted with ever-recurrent imaginary "contacts" and trivia from some of her jobs as cook and as dishwasher in the U.S.A.

Summary: Finnish cook serves potpourri on saucers. — *W. Jerome Beaumont.*

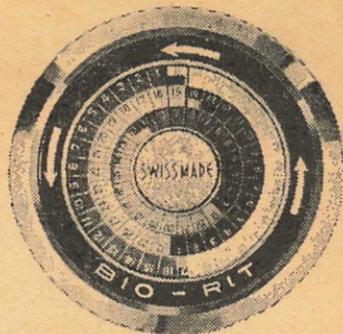
STRANGE PROLOGUE, by Alberta M. O'Connell. The Christopher Publishing House, Boston, 1960. 297 pages, \$4.75.

Although written in the third person, this book basically is the life story of the author. It describes a colorful and eventful life as a celebrated concert singer and, in later years, composer of music.

During her singing career, the heroine of the book (who we may assume is the author) became interested in metaphysics. Later she joined a mystical brotherhood and studied astrology and numerology. Although, it is related, she did not play the piano and knew nothing of musical composition, she found, by attuning herself to "cosmic vibrations," that complicated symphonies poured from her as if she had studied music all her life. Occasionally, it appears, her musical problems were solved by visions of deceased friends who had been musicians or singers.

The greater part of *Strange Prologue*, however, is concerned with the material rather than the mystical and metaphysical, and read-

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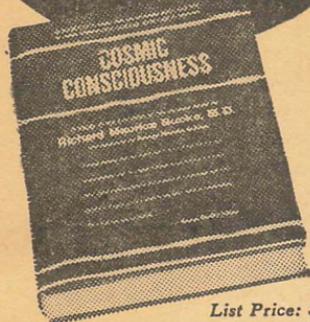
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ers with an appetite for the latter will find little to sink their teeth into. — *Guy Archette.*

OEDIPUS AND AKHNATON, by Immanuel Velikovsky. Sidgwick and Jackson, London, 1960. 25s (\$3.50).

The author of *Worlds in Collision* and *Ages in Chaos* presents the intriguing theory that the Eighteenth Dynasty Egyptian Pharaoh, Akhnaton, or Amenhotep IV, was the original of the Greek Oedipus myth.

Oedipus, according to the myth, blinded himself in despair when he discovered that he had murdered his own father and cohabited with his own mother. Although lacking definite evidence, Velikovsky speculates that Akhnaton, like Oedipus, blinded himself in grief, or at least developed blindness as the result of a neurotic condition. Moreover, there appears to be no authority for the theory of an incestuous relationship between Akhnaton and his mother Queen Tiy.

A pacifist, idealist and dreamer, Akhnaton sought to push Egypt up a path of religious reform by replacing the old polytheistic religion of Egypt with a monotheistic one, in which *Aton*, a personification of the divine power behind the solar disc, was worshipped as the one true God.

Velikovsky lends an air of authority to his theory by quoting copiously from the works of many foremost Egyptologists, but it may be argued that these quotations are taken out of context. Despite the loose fit of theory to historic facts, this is a work of skill, power and erudition.—*Regie Stecher.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

ON MOMENTARY SURVIVAL

The letter from C. J. Fortner in the August FATE apes not just Charles Fort's subject matter but his literary style as well. I'd think someone is pulling your leg, or Mr. Fortner is one of the world's bolder pirates.

Also, the account of Languille's execution is not so unique as C. V. Tench seems to think. Albert Camus, in his essay *Reflections On The Guillotine*, mentioned a number of such cases, including that of Languille, and without saying they were from any "secret archives."

In one well-known case the severed head of Charlotte Corday is said to have blushed under the hands of the executioner. Another severed head is alleged to have sought absolution from a priest, closing its supplicating eyes only after the absolution had been granted. The French have dozens of tales of this kind, all of somewhat dubious authenticity.

In his essay Camus stated that Doctors Piedelievre and Fournier reported to the Academy of Medicine: "The blood rushes from the vessels according to the rhythm of the severed carotids, then coagulates. The muscles contract and their fibrillation is stupefying . . . The mouth tightens, at certain moments, into a dreadful grimace. It is true that the eyes of a decapi-

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tated head are immobile, the pupils dilated; fortunately they cannot see and if they exhibit . . . none of the characteristic opalescence of a cadaver, they at least have no capacity for movement; their transparency is that of life, but their fixity is mortal. All this may last minutes, even hours, in a healthy subject. Death is not immediate—thus each vital element survives decapitation to some extent. There remains, for the physician, the impression of a hideous experiment, a murderous vivisection followed by a premature burial."

On the basis of this most recent, and exhaustive, study, we apparently must reject the possibility that Languille, or anyone else, has spoken or had any capacity for speech or action following execution by guillotine.

However, it is not difficult to understand how spectators at guillotine executions may come to believe such things. And the stories, even if apocryphal, may serve a useful purpose—giving rise to public horror which will eventually abolish the guillotine along with other methods of capital punishment.—*R. E. L. Masters, Springdale, Ark.*

FLYING SAUCER DELUSION

I have tear sheets of Dr. Meerloo's original paper, "The Delusion Of The Flying Saucer," which appeared in a medical journal, *The American Practitioner — Digest Of Treatment*, in October, 1958.

Being in sympathy with Frank Edwards' obvious indignation I thought you might like to know something about the learned doctor.

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I called my wife who was sleeping and she also saw this form moving in the sky.

It was not an airplane, nor a star or planet, nor the reflection of a searchlight. The night was clear and the stars were visible. I live in a place where the residences have big lots and it is quiet and peaceful.

The form was at an approximate angle of 40 degrees from the horizontal plane and was moving slowly at approximately 40 degrees from the vertical—to the southeast. It faded gradually and disappeared completely at 3:24 A.M.

I am an attorney at law, also a pharmacist, and when I was discharged from the army I had the rank of captain. These remarks are made only to demonstrate that I have some training in observation and objective analysis. — *A. L. Garcia Martinez, San Juan, Puerto Rico.*

CORRECTION

Dr. Swann, whose name was referred to in the article, *Psychic Portrait Of Jesus On A Handkerchief*, in the March, 1960, FATE, written by Mrs. Mabel Love called me last night about the article. He remind-

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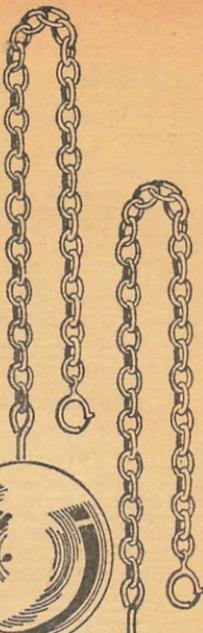
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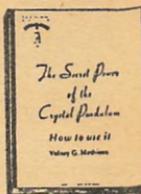
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ed me that neither he nor Dr. Nash were present at the time the incident referred to by her occurred. I did know that he was not the one to telephone to Mrs. Ford in Wilmington. Dr. Swann greatly regrets this misstatement.

Mrs. Love, herself, is greatly disturbed by the misstatement and told me that the misstatements were given to her in writing but that she was sorry she had neglected to check with me before she wrote her article. — *Melvin L. Sutley, Philadelphia, Pa.*

I deeply regret the misinformation contained in an article of mine in FATE Magazine. I alone am to blame for the errors in the article, with one exception as in my original copy I did not say Dr. Swann made the telephone call as Mr. Stott and Mrs. Ford both told me Melvin Sutley had made the call.

I attempted to reach Melvin by telephone and learned he was out of town. Thereupon, I received the list from Mr. Stott. I dislike very much placing the blame for this on Mr. Stott and I suppose he had no idea how important it was to stick to facts. I trust Dr. Swann and Dr. Nash and Melvin Sutley will pardon what was really a grave error.

In all the years I have worked as both writer and editor I have always had a reputation for integrity and it is devastating indeed to realize that I could make such an error in my old age. — *Mrs. Mabel Love, Sharon Hill, Pa.*

I believe that Mrs. Love's integrity in this matter is not under question. Hers was an "honest"

mistake and because I have made such mistakes I like to think everyone makes them. I am sincerely sorry to think that the persons incorrectly named may have been inconvenienced and displeased. But I do wish to point out that the main point of the article, the appearance of the psychic portrait of Jesus on the handkerchief, was correctly reported.—Mary Margaret Fuller, Editor.

ON SEEDS

I have listened to thousands of sermons in my adult life, being past 86 years old now. I was born in Germany on April 8, 1874. But I never have heard any sermon or priest quote the dietary law as stated in Gen. 1. 29; "And God said, Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree, in which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat."

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Your article, *Village Of The Long-Lived*, verifies this as it states that over 20 in the small village of about 500 persons are over 100 years old and still strong and active. Their vegetarian diet of fresh tomatoes and peppers, both containing seeds, are without a doubt the reason for their longevity.

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ous churches are still missing and neglecting God's law. Spiritual or faith healings are never lasting and sickness soon returns in one form or another. This is my experience in over 50 years of drugless healing in New York City where I was charged with "prescribing" and once given a six-months suspended sentence.—*Leonard J. Hartmann, Southold, L. I., N. Y.*

A TINY VOICE

A friend of mine has two male parakeets. There is a little mirror in their cage. Towards evening she covers the cage and the "budgies" go to sleep. If, when all is quiet, she turns toward the cage and says, "Mirror, mirror, on the wall, who is the fairest of them all?" after a while a tiny voice from within the cage answers, "You!"

My friend swears she never taught the birds anything and, besides, how would they know that she was addressing them when what she says is spoken in the normal tone in which the conversation is carried on in the room?—*Sam Winer, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

MATHEMATICAL GENIUS

While looking at some old magazines recently I came across a FATE for December, 1953. I read with great interest an article *Numbers On The Brain*, by Frank L. Remington.

My very deep interest in this article is due to the fact that I have a six-year-old son, Kim, who is a mathematical wonder.

Kim has never been to school (he entered in September after this letter was written) and has never

been taught any arithmetic. However, he can give the days, hours, minutes, and seconds in any given number of years, figure interest, add columns of numbers, quickly halve or quarter a large number, understands fractions, counts money with ease and works with figures in millions and billions.

This is all mental arithmetic, without pencil or paper.

He undoubtedly has a photographic memory—knows all the 34 presidents, in any order, and can say his multiplication tables including 12s.

He has taught himself to read and has some 40 or 50 books to his credit.

Kim otherwise seems a wholly normal little boy and enjoys all the little boy games. He is the fifth child in a family of six. The

four older children are honor students but none possess the ability that Kim has.

Our youngest child is only four months old.

Kim has never appeared before a large audience, nor do I want him to, but our home is open to friends interested in hearing him perform.

I would like to get more information about child prodigies in order to better understand my own youngster and guide him to the best advantage. I would appreciate any information you are able to give me.
—Mrs. J. J. Galland, Wapato, Wash.

FIREWALKING

One of my earliest memories is of seeing older children pick up coals of fire and juggle them from one hand to the other. I had an old

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By FRANK EDWARDS,

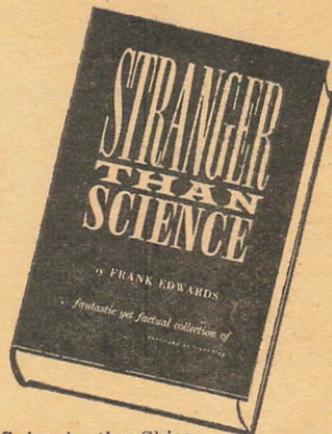
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great-uncle who picked up live coals to light his corn cob pipe.

Other young friends of mine used to see who could run barefoot in the coals and hot ashes after a plant bed or brush pile had been burned. It takes nerve and accurate timing to firewalk.

A man in Florida heats sheet metal red-hot and walks on it. Of course, he cannot hesitate between steps. He just maintains a smooth moderately fast gait. I don't believe a firewalker ever pauses in his walking. — Cecil D. Clayton, Henderson, Ky.

J O Y IN THE SKY

I was reared by my grandparents in a small country village. After supper one evening I was watching the clouds in the sky when, suddenly, three letters appeared for one brief moment. I couldn't explain the color but one often sees the same shades in the sunset. The letters were probably about a foot high and they appeared side by side. They spelled J O Y.

That brief vision, or whatever it would be properly called, has remained in my memory and many times I have wondered about the possible significance of such an experience.

It is not unusual for me to have a dream come true. I often dream events with uncanny accuracy before they happen.

I would be interested in an explanation of this vision in the sky.
— Kathleen M. Arsenault, Amherst, Nova Scotia.

TELEPORTATION

On May 4, 1960, at 5:30 P.M.

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