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FATE

MAGAZINE

May 1960

35c

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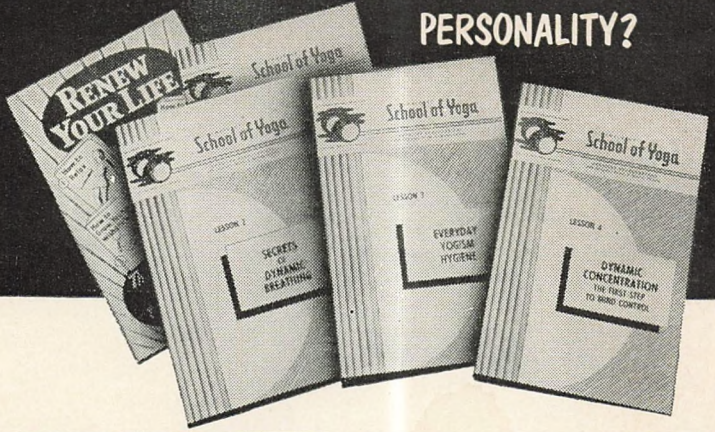

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- ☐ ☐ Do people like you?
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MAY
1960

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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Si taajabuni, waana Adanu, mambo yalio duniani

(Do not wonder, O sons of men, at the things which are in this world)

—From the Swahili, quoted by Dr. Bernard Heuvelmans in *On the Track of Unknown Animals.*

WHAT WOULD YOU do if your three-year-old daughter insisted that she remembered being born at the hospital, told you who was in the room at the time, and how her body wasn't the first she ever had?

This situation recently was faced by Mrs. Maxine Farnum of Tucson, Ariz., whose daughter Jannene told her this and reported confidently that in a previous life she had been killed by a car while crossing a street in a rainstorm. Jannene says—she remembers that her previous name was C. C. but she doesn't know whether she was man or woman, child or adult.

Jannene Farnum was born in St. Joseph's Hospital, Houston, Tex., on July 5, 1956. Recently Mrs. Farnum returned with Jannene to Houston to check the files of the *Houston Post* to see if she could

find a record of fatal accidents prior to Jannene's birthday. The file indicated that it had indeed rained that day in Houston but there was no report of a fatal accident in the city.

"The accident could have happened anywhere," Mrs. Farnum commented. "Even if I find an accident here and take Jannene to the spot and she recognizes it, people will say it is silly.

"We live in a time where other people look askance at this. But I believe my daughter's story."

THE MAN WHO DIDN'T BELIEVE

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don. It is not documented for obvious reasons.

There is a well-known scientist in Britain who must remain nameless. We ourselves do not know his name, but the Society For Psychical Research refers to him as "Dr. Johnson." One thing we do know about "Dr. Johnson" is that he had a distinguished war record.

It happens that one evening "Dr. Johnson" was mounting the stairs of his home when before him suddenly appeared a luminous little man, about five feet, three inches tall and heavy-set. His body seemed to be composed of luminous ribbons, with a mass of ribbons wrapped around his head like a shawl. Even though the little man himself was incandescent, he did not illuminate any of the area about him.

Now since "Dr. Johnson," like so many other distinguished scientists, knows definitely that there is no such thing as a ghost he concluded that he probably had seen nothing at all.

The next night he again saw the luminous apparition plodding up the stairs after him, and he saw it several additional times too. "Dr. Johnson" continued to believe he had seen nothing, although perhaps he may have had a suspicion that he was hallucinated. Nevertheless, he was too concerned about his reputation to mention the apparition to any one.

But one night "Dr. Johnson's" wife was climbing the stairs to her bedroom and she saw the luminous little man just ahead of her. She uttered an exclamation and the apparition turned around. She noticed deep-set eyes and observed that although the feet did not touch the stairs the knees were bending as though it required physical effort for the man to climb.

"Dr. Johnson's" wife does not share the inhibitions of her husband. She mentioned the apparition to him and he confessed for the first time that he had been seeing it as well.

They confided in close friends. Even so it took about a year to persuade "Dr. Johnson" to sign an affidavit as to these facts—and then he did so only under the pseudonymn of "Dr. Johnson."

TWO LITTLE CASE HISTORIES

"DR. JOHNSON'S" apparition is the kind of thing that people have been seeing since there were people to see.

Recently the Straits *Times* in Singapore reported that the "ghost" of a Japanese soldier is walking the corridors of the military forces headquarters there. The apparition appears in full military uni-

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form carrying a rifle with a fixed bayonet. It is headless, yet it has a voice. Several soldiers say they have had their blankets flung about the room, heard knocks on the door and the noise of heavy boots marching in the corridor.

In Suva, Fiji, noisy "ghosts" last November plagued an Indian family living in the suburb of Tamavua. Stones rained on the house even when police patrolled the yard. While police stood guard part of the iron wall of the house was suddenly pushed out from the inside as if by a battering ram. But there was no one in the house.

"TRUE SIGHT"

PERHAPS SOME of you saw the TV program "People are Funny" on January 15 and 22. On this program Margaret Foos, a teen-ager, appeared to demonstrate that she could see while completely blindfolded. Here's what Drew Pearson had to say about this in his *Washington Merry-go-Round column*:

"Washington, D.C. — Government psychiatrists are literally gasping over an astounding demonstration presented the other day by a railroad worker who claims he can teach the blind to see.

"He is William Foos, who tried out his teaching method on his

teen-age daughter, Margaret. Wearing a "foolproof" blindfold, she baffled 25 top Veterans Administration experts by reading the Bible, tracing jagged lines, playing checkers and identifying random objects.

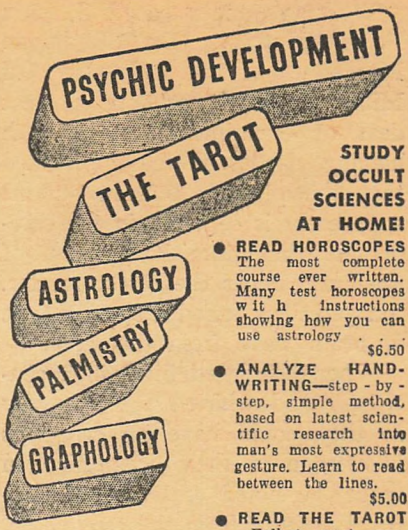
"What this column witnessed was either a modern miracle or the greatest trick since Houdini.

"The Doctors came away shaking their heads. One psychiatrist, turning to this column's representative, mused out loud: 'It's conceivable some new portion of the brain may have been discovered.' "

Dr. Louis Allen Selzer, Los Angeles biologist, said: "In my opinion this demonstration of 'True Sight' is the only authentic scientific demonstration of ESP. It can be demonstrated in 100% of trial experiments; whereas any demonstration of ESP out of Duke University has been a small significant percentage increase. This break-through will become one of the finest scientific advances in the World that has been applied to mysticism."

SEXTANT IN THE BRAIN

BIRDS AND FISH and animals —if not men—have a built-in sense of direction that permits them to travel thousands of miles without any landmarks observable to humans.



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Working under a U.S. Air Force contract, Dr. Rudolpho Margeria, of the University of Milan, in Italy, has done a great deal of experimental work with homing pigeons. He has discovered that the pigeon's built-in sextant apparently is centered in the cerebellum, that primitive portion of the brain under the cerebrum. Dr. Margeria has found a specific type of brain wave from this area.

When he placed birds in a centrifuge and whirled them rapidly so they could have no conscious knowledge of their orientation in space, he noted outbursts of electrical activity from the cerebellum. Each burst lasted as long as 20 seconds and Dr. Margeria concluded that the "geodetic center" was trying to set the confused bird on a straight line by extraordinary activity.

Such a direction finder may exist in the human brain, but if it does either it never developed fully or has deteriorated from lack of use.

ANOTHER TALKING DOG

A GROUP OF British newspaper reporters swear that this is true, although they admit that it took place on New Year's Day. There's a talking dog in England!

His name is Corky and he's owned by Tony Ounsworth of Drighlington in Yorkshire. Ounsworth's family runs a tavern called "The Spotted Cow" and he claims that Corky invariably greets guests with the words "Good Morning."

Several reporters vouch for Corky's ability but one of the most unusual interviews of which we've read took place between a representative of the *Yorkshire Post* and Corky:

Reporter: "Good Morning."

Corky: "Good Morning."

Reporter: "Are you a smart dog?"

Corky: "I am a clever lad. Very clever. Very clever."

Reporter: "Where's your pal Carlo?" (Carlo is a Labrador who also belongs to the family.)

Corky: "He's gone."

(As a matter of fact, Corky lied. Carlo had gone off to fetch his collection box. The reporter left and was not believed until he had produced two independent, honorable and completely sober witnesses.)

They say Corky has a voice a little like Louis Armstrong's—Louis' singing voice, that is. Corky can't play a musical instrument, however.

POSTSCRIPT

RECENTLY WE described the trials of Daniel O'Connell, the hungry alcoholic, who had been

"If people on earth could obtain just one glimpse of this!"

Why does Joy Snell, author of this book, make this joyous statement? Because she believes she has the ability to see into the next world. And what she sees is a secret so startling that she feels bound to share it with you in

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arrested 32 times over the past 10 years for breaking into the pantry of the Dominican Fathers in Ottawa. O'Connell was almost always apprehended sitting surrounded by food which he had taken from the good Fathers' refrigerator.

The great mystery was: "How did O'Connell get into the monastery?" The Fathers never could find out and O'Connell never could remember—or so he claimed.

Years ago it was discovered that O'Connell entered by means of the coal chute. This was promptly locked and his visits halted for a while, then resumed again. There was no sign of how he entered. Every lock was bolted, every window latch secure.

Alas, the mystery now has turned out to be no mystery. O'Connell had merely discovered a nearly-forgotten passageway that ran from the basement of adjoining St. Jean Baptiste Church to the monastery. O'Connell made one mistake. He fell asleep in the church basement near the passageway and the young priest who found him solved the mystery.

ICE FALLS CONTINUE

A CHUNK OF ICE plunged out of the air on December 24 and smashed through the roof of a house in London. It brought

down the ceiling of a top floor flat and smashed the dining table.

Another chunk of ice the size of a basketball fell from the sky during December and crashed through the roof of Clarence Webster's home on Cox Crow Road, Toms River.

Meanwhile, newsmen have been complaining that data about the 40-lb. chunk of ice that fell near Toccoa, Ga., last October has been wrapped in red tape and put away in a deep freeze. In short, there is no real information about it, although officials hint they know the facts.

REMOVING THE GUESSWORK

ARCHEOLOGY STANDS on the brink of a series of major break-throughs greater than the discovery of Carbon 14 dating.

In the Carbon 14 system, scientists have been able to determine the age of organic material by measuring the residual radiation left from the original Carbon 14 known to have been in the object on a basis of weight or bulk. This is possible because all organic materials contain a fixed amount of Radioactive Carbon 14 which decays at a known rate. So, by determining the amount left, the ma-

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terial can be dated.

But now new methods much more accurate than the Carbon 14 method, applicable to many mineral as well as organic materials, and capable of measuring much older artifacts are under development.

One method measures the known changes that take place in crystal structures such as pottery. Another method can detect the faintest mineral traces. Still another measures the direction of the earth's magnetic dip "frozen" into the material.

The new methods have proved that the metal in Bronze Age knives found in Britain and Ireland came from Central Europe. The gold objects dug up at Chichen Itza have been proved, by a certain silver content, to come from Colombia, 1400 miles away, Mayan pottery is being classified according to its points of origin. Eighteenth Century copies of ancient Chinese porcelains have been sorted out by observing the manganese content of the cobalt blue. Here is a science that is just beginning.

SOME THINGS TO INVESTIGATE

A LOT OF MYSTERIES are going to be solved in the next few years now that scientists can see so clearly into the past—that is, they are going to be solved if archeology can keep up with all the new discoveries. Here are a few that have turned up recently . . .

- University of Chicago archeologists have unearthed tools in Western Iran believed to have been fashioned at least 100,000 years ago.
- Soviet archeologists have discovered gold objects weighing more than six and one-half pounds and believed to be at least 2,500 years old in excavations near the Sea of Azov. Included are a gold necklace and a massive golden neck ring covered with designs of panthers.
- Helge Ingstad, the Norwegian Arctic explorer, is convinced that the "Vinland" described in Icelandic sagas as the place of repeated Viking landings is probably Rhode Island. On the site of the Greenland farm home where Norse Chieftain Torfinn Karlsevne lived 1,000 years ago Ingstad has discovered (1) a flint arrowhead (souvenir of battles with the "skraelinger"?) and (2) a chunk of anthracite coal. The only anthracite desposits on the east coast of North America are in Rhode Island.
- In Narragansett Bay, Jackson Jenks, a skin diver, has discovered a submerged stone tower 60 feet high whose top is 40 feet below

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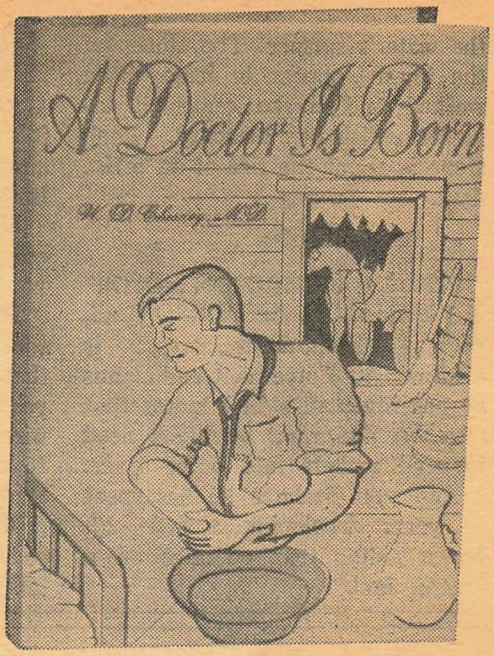

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the water's surface. The stones of the tower appear to have been worked and to be cemented together without masonry. Each stone is about the size of an office desk.

"ATOMIC MAGNETIC ION MOTOR"

HERMAN P. ANDERSON, 42, of Allison, Tenn., says he is a former Air Force pilot and claims he has invented a new motor that may be just what scientists need to send rockets into outer space.

Anderson declares he has spent 11 years developing a little 22-ounce motor that operates on a "secret fuel."

"I've tested it a couple of times in private and it will go up to 5,000 feet and when I cut it off it auto rotates right back to just about where it started if there isn't any wind," Anderson declares.

He tested it for newsmen but only let his machine climb to about 100 feet because it was windy.

Power for his motor, says Anderson, is a secret radio-active fuel that can operate the motor for two years. The motor itself has no wires and only one working part. It converts its energy to power through a drive-shaft.

The U.S. Air Force has evaluated Anderson's motor but it isn't talking. "A report has been sent

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to Washington," according to USAF's official statement.

Meanwhile, Herman Anderson berates the Government for failure to pay proper attention to his work. "I got no sense at all from these people," he declares of the Department of Defense.

When USAF's report is made public we shall know whether the Department of Defense got any sense at all from Herman P. Anderson.

A NEW LOOK AT OLD MONSTERS

SPRING TRADITIONALLY is monster season—because anyone who reports a monster is automatically wacky and spring is a time of increased wackiness. Hence, the more spring, the more wackiness, the more monsters.

In the cases reported here, though, it happens not to be true.

* * *

A very good monster story comes to us from Bordeaux, France, via Reuters. There in January an unidentified blue-gray "sea monster" about 13 feet long, 10 feet wide and weighing several tons washed up on Cape Ferrat beach in the Bay of Biscay. It somewhat resembled a huge sea elephant, although there are none in this area. It had a flat head, webbed feet 6½ feet long, thick black hair.

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For a long time there have been stories about "giant lizards" nine feet long in the wilds of Trinity County in Northwestern California. In January, Vern Harden of Pioneer, an animal handler, walked into the office of Stanford Biologist Victor Twitty and said that he had caught a giant salamander on a piano wire leader baited with a piece of deer meat. He said it measured eight feet, four inches long. Capt John D. Hubbard of Paradise, supervisor of field research for Santa Clara University and an expert on salamanders, thinks there may be some truth to the story even though the so-called "giant" salamander of California is only one foot long. Hubbard thinks the giant salamanders—the eight-foot variety, that is—may be found during a four-to-six-week period in the fall when the lakes dry up, leaving several wells which go to bedrock. "This whole thing sounds utterly fantastic, but it isn't," Captain Hubbard told William Boquist of the San Francisco *Examiner*. "And next fall we expect to prove it. If I have to I will lead an expedition from the university myself," says Captain Hubbard, who is 82.

* * *

Footnote on the Abominable Snowman. "There ain't no such animal," declares Prof. Kirill Stanyukovich, leader of a nine-month

Soviet expedition to the mountains of Central Asia. Professor Stanyukovich scoured the Pamir Mountains, he said, used more than 20 rams and goats as bait, spread nets and sprinkled sedatives. They even hunted Snowmen with specially trained bloodhounds. But he didn't turn up a single Snowman. The Soviet expedition had about as much luck as U.S. hunters scouring the area around Eureka, Calif., late last fall, with such experienced Yeti hunters as Thomas Baker Slick, the Texas oil multimillionaire.

* * *

Meanwhile, a Japanese scientific expedition in the Himalayas reports it photographed footprints of a junior-sized snowman, known to the Nepalese as a "minor yeti", locally called a "mite." Prints were fresh, measuring five inches long, and looked exactly like the footprints of a full-grown man who had walked naked on the snow, the Japanese reported.

COMPLICATED PROBLEM

WE TAKE THE liberty of quoting from the "respectable" *Moonwatch Newsletter* published at Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory. All Moonwatch Team Members are informed that:

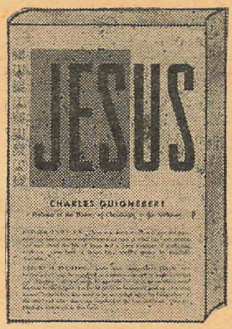
"The Smithsonian Observatory in pursuing a meteoritic project is

JESUS

an intimate, objective story of His Life

WHAT WAS HE LIKE?

WHAT DID HE SEEK?



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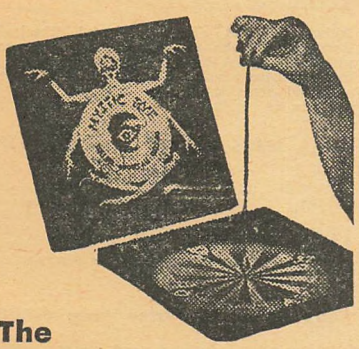

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particularly anxious to obtain reports of the observation of extremely bright meteors, in the hope that one or more of these objects may be recovered for investigation. Dr. Fred L. Whipple, Director, has requested that Moonwatch help by reporting these objects. The report should be only of meteors *at least as bright as the full moon* . . . newspaper clippings of such observations will be particularly welcome. As many observations as possible of the same object should be forwarded, even though discordant, because several individual observations will tend to position the place of impact more nearly accurately."

"TAKE PARTICULAR CARE"

MOONWATCH Headquarters calls attention to a matter of "general interest" to Moonwatch teams—the problem of "unidentified satellites." A deep suspicion arises that the term "unidentified satellites" may be a euphemism for something else—what we do not know.

At any rate, the *Moonwatch Newsletter* quotes with approval from the *Satellite News Bulletin* of the British Interplanetary Society.

In one case the Isle of Wight Moonwatch team with eight observers on duty on Friday-Saturday, 15th August, "concerning Operation

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12," had set up equipment to time transits across the meridian. Mr. Smith "was astonished and unprepared to deal with a series of five sightings, these coming along two separate but not widely different tracks—approximately 35 degrees-45 degrees elevation. Three south-going objects were in view for about two minutes, and one of the north-going objects was timed for about three minutes . . . "

Another "unscheduled satellite" was observed by another team member on October 14, and two others at another unspecified time. These experienced observers confirm that the objects they saw were not aircraft, meteors or other known objects.

What were they, then?

Why, obviously they are "unidentified" or "unscheduled" satellites.

As for their being anything else, the British Moonwatch letter solemnly warns members:

"Particular care must be taken not to confuse the above comments with the popular comments on 'U.F.O.'s.' It is exceedingly undesirable to become associated with these 'sightings'—or the persons originating them—or even to provide any apparent indication that the Moonwatch observers are in any way supporting sightings made by such observers. This is a particularly important point and on no account should any indication be

given to others that a discussion even remotely concerned with U.F.O.'s is taking place."

Moonwatch contends that these "unscheduled satellites" are probably the busted up pieces of perfectly legitimate satellites that were perfectly legitimately launched by perfectly legitimate Soviet, British and American rocketeers.

What they might have been before Sputnik I went into orbit is an interesting question.

YOUR GUESS IS GOOD

THE LIFE-ON-MARS controversy is in again, out again, on again—as usual, but recently two out of three important scientists, discussing the problem at an academic conference, felt that there must be life on the Red Planet.

Dr. Hermann J. Muller of Indiana University, a Nobel prize winner, said Mars is the only planet in the solar system where "half-way suitable conditions for the origination of life may have occurred." Dr. Muller said he would wager that life on Mars would prove to have its base in some kind of genetic nucleic acid.

Dr. George Wald, Professor of Biology at Harvard, expressed "uneasiness" with Dr. Muller's view that artificial chains of nucleic acid form copies of themselves in the laboratory and thus are man-made forms of life. —*Curtis Fuller*

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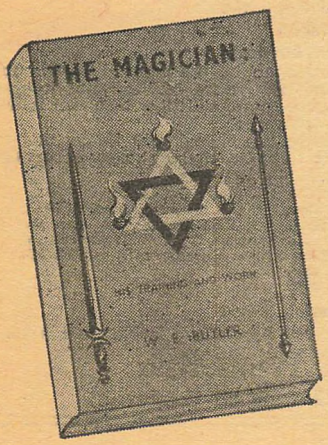
By W. E. Butler



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UNITED STATES REPORT:

IS THERE LIFE ON MARS?

Here are the latest discoveries and conclusions of U.S.A. science regarding life on Earth's neighbor planet.

Compiled by Fate Editors

IN 1931, FOREST RAY Moulton, a world-famous astrophysicist, stated categorically that mankind would never venture into Space:

"Many a story has been written of some miraculous journey to the moon or Mars," wrote Moulton in his textbook Astronomy. *"There is no hope, however, that such a wish will ever be realized. The difficulty of escaping Earth's gravity is insuperable; the problem of directing a journey through celestial spaces and that of descending gently to rest on the surface of another gravitating body are equally formidable. Only those who are unfamiliar with the physical forces involved believe that such adventures will ever pass beyond the realms of fancy."*

Times have changed. The crackpot rocketeers of yesterday are the respected scientists of today and the conventional men who believed that there could be nothing new under the sun have had to back down another step.

Few men doubt today that manned space ships will one day cross the black distances between the Earth and Mars and our own Moon and eventually venture into the

spaces between the stars.

And what will they find there?

They will find life. Many authorities agree on this, including Harlow Shapley, astronomer emeritus of Harvard; Thomas Gold, astronomer of Cornell Unversity, and Hermann J. Muller, the Indiana University Nobel prize winner. These men have arrived at similar conclusions even though they speak from differing viewpoints.

Shapley goes up and down the country outlining his theories. They also are explained in his book *Of Stars And Men.* His viewpoint is based on the everwhelming statistics of Space. For on the basis of chance alone there have to be hundreds of millions of inhabitable planets. And if planets are inhabitable, in his view, there is overwhelming chance that they are inhabited.

"Probably life got started also on Mars, Planet No. 4," writes Shapley. "The chemical make-up of the Martian atmosphere and the climatic conditions are considerably different from ours; but there the urge to evolve is as likely, or at least was as likely, as here on No. 3. The oxygen shortage, however, keeps Martian organisms (if any) in low estate."

IN A COMPANION article last month, "Russian Report: Is There Life on Mars?" FATE's editors quoted G. A. Tikhov, a corresponding member of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. Tekhov photographed Mars through colored heliofilters, observed the changing colors throughout the seasons, and concluded that they parallel the changing colors of the evergreen taiga in Siberia. He also discovered the hitherto unknown fact that if vegetation exists on Mars, it need not and does not show chlorophyll but photographs white. The same is true of Earth's Arctic plants.

Now our own American Astronomer William M. Sinton of the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz., has added to the evidence that life exists on Mars.

Like Tikhov, Sinton came to his conclusion by analyzing the light reflected from Mars. He established a standard of what passage through the Earth's atmosphere has done to sunlight and compared this with the reflection of sunlight from Mars.

He worked with infra-red light because some of its wave-length bands are absorbed by organic-molecule plant life and he used the giant 200-inch telescope of Palomar Observatory with super-refined instruments.

Sinton discovered that reflected infra-red from six regions of Mars all showed that part of the light in these bands had been absorbed in Mars. The amounts varied from region to region. They were small in

the light-colored areas (which are assumed to be deserts) and large in the dark areas, which may contain vegetation.

The wave length patterns fit very closely those which Earth's own organic compounds—especially plants—give off in the infra-red spectrum.

One wave-length band in the reflected infra-red from Mars was an enigma at first because it never had been found in any plant on Earth. Later, however, it was found in one variety of algae on Earth, and the wave-length was produced by the carbohydrate molecules of the algae.

Now all this scientific language says in essence that the most refined tests man has been able to develop indicate there is life on Mars. Astronomer Sinton doesn't go quite that far, saying only that Mars probably contains the same big organic molecules of which living things on earth are composed, and also carbohydrates which are the kind of molecules that feed earth's animal life.

Sinton's observations were made during the close approach of Mars in October, 1958, and which was announced to the general public only last November.

For all his cautious scientific language he declared that "Growth of vegetation certainly seems to be the most logical explanation for the appearance of organic molecules on Mars."

HOWEVER there are plenty of other reasons for believing that life exists on Mars. The most important is the conclusion that life exists throughout the universe—even in Space itself.

What are the reasons for this conclusion?

First of all, Dr. Melvin Calvin of the University of California recently reported the discovery in meteorites of molecules which resemble the basic constituents of genetic material on earth. From this he concluded that conditions favorable to the development of living forms exist in space.

These chemical forms are primitive, it is true, but they are the basic molecules or structural units of nucleic acid, the stuff of which the heredity-transmitting genes are made.

He believes that these primitive chemical forms probably existed at one time on earth before biological forms arose. He and other scientists theorize that simple chemicals like carbon and hydrogen were joined together into progressively more complex molecules by the energy of cosmic rays, ultra-violet light and electrical storms. Eventually nucleotides evolved, then the nucleic acids and the chromosomes, carriers of the genes. The heterocyclical pre-biological forms as such no longer exist on earth, having long since been used up in the formation

of the more complex biological molecules.

The existence of such chemicals in meteorites suggests that the same process which Dr. Calvin believes took place on Earth now goes on in Space.

In other words, life is inevitable.

MAYBE EARTH'S life did not begin on Earth but somewhere out in space. Maybe the earth was merely "seeded"—and maybe the "seeding" was deliberate!

This science-fiction concept comes from no less an authority than Cornell University's Astronomer Thomas Gold.

Maybe, suggests Gold, life was even brought to Earth by Space ships! Maybe it existed outside Earth for billions of years. Maybe it always existed.

The Earth, we know, is at least several billions of years old. Life, as far as we know, has existed on it for only one of those billions of years. It began as a microscopic-sized particle and developed slowly —to the point where now the descendents of the original microbes will soon be visiting the planets of other solar systems—and possibly seeding them.

Why do this?

"Most of the planets will have unsuitable conditions for us to live there freely, but if they have no life on them, it is still possible that they can be contaminated with some form of micro-biology brought along by the space travelers," says Gold. "Low forms of life are adaptable to a great variety of conditions, and so it is likely that they will stay on the planets while the space travelers will not."

After a billion years or so, the seeded planet itself will have developed life forms advanced to the point where they too can travel in space and advance the work. And meanwhile new planets in new galaxies will have formed to receive the new seed. Such planets may not have existed when the original seed was cast upon the planet that is now colonizing.

"Space travelers," says Gold, "may have visited the earth a billion years ago, and from their abandoned garbage forms of life have proliferated so that the microbe will soon have another agent capable of spreading them farther afield."

WHETHER GOLD'S theory is correct or not, more and more astronomers are coming to agree that life must exist elsewhere in Space.

Dr. Otto Struve, director of the new National Radio-astronomy Observatory at Green Bank, W. Va., recently declared that new discoveries have forced scientists to revise their thinking. For if the conditions

of life exist elsewhere, then life exists elsewhere. And the chances are that some of this life is more advanced than man and some is less advanced than man.

Struve believes that other beings live in space and that although they may not know of our existence as a fact, they suspect it just as we suspect their existence!

Struve told questioners after his speech at one of the Karl Taylor Compton lectures at Massachusetts Institute of Technology last November that if a distant observer has the necessary intelligence and technology he would be aware that Earth is today emitting waves of radiation that it did not emit 50 years ago! He also believes it might be possible to detect atomic explosions set off far above the Earth by observing fluctuations in the Van Allen radiation belt.

There are few stars within 20 light years of us, but there is a chance that they have planets with life on them.

As a result, Prof. Phillip Morrison and Giuseppi Cocconi of Cornell University have proposed that we should try to record artificial radio signals from these other stars to see if we are being signalled.

Cocconi and Morrison declare that "a reliable estimate of the probabilities of (1) planet formation, (2) origin of life, and (3) evolution of societies possessing advanced scientific capabilities suggests that stars of the main sequence with a lifetime of many billions of years can possess planets, that of a small set of such planets, two (Earth and very probably Mars) support life, that life on one such planet includes a society capable of considerable scientific investigation . . ."

Since such societies might maintain themselves for ages, they conclude, that "near some star rather like the Sun, there are civilizations with scientific interests and with technical possibilities much greater than those now available to us."

They believe that to the residents of such a planet, our own sun must appear as a likely place for a new society to evolve and for science to develop. "We shall assume that long ago they established a channel of communication that would one day become known to us, and that they look forward patiently to the answering signals from the Sun which would make known to them that a new society has entered the community of intelligence."

Cocconi and Morrison expect that radio communication would be carried on at 1420 megacycles because that is the characteristic emission line of neutral hydrogen. And as a matter of fact, the Green Bank radio-telescope under Dr. Frank B. Drake will begin the search this Spring. It is of 85-foot diameter

and can detect signals beamed into space from any star within 8.6 light years, which is twice as far as Alpha Centauri, our nearest star-neighbor.

THE BIOLOGISTS and the astronomers are in agreement, then. Life is not only possible in Space, it is virtually inevitable.

Dr. Herman J. Muller, the distinguished Nobel Prize Winner and biologist of Indiana University, has drawn up one of the best reasoned arguments for life existing elsewhere in the Universe.

Dr. Muller begins with the astronomical evidence that some 10 per cent or more of stars, according to present theory, have families of planets.

On such planets there is all kinds of evidence that where there is a distribution of elements like those in our solar system, organic compounds are produced in the gaseous and liquid envelopes of moderately warm, moderately-sized planets by the action of ultraviolet, cosmic and gamma rays and electric discharges on the pre-existing hydrides.

Some of these compounds interact to produce more complex molecules which serve as raw material for the replication of nucleotide chains, which represent the backbone of life as we know it.

From this point proceeds the first faint beginning of protoplasm as we know it. Differential selection and multiplication of the rare mutants that happen to be most advantageously constructed will cause "these primordea of life to evolve into increasingly diverse types." These become ever more effectively and complexly organized for survival and multiplication under the varied conditions existing on a given planet.

Whether compounds other than nucleotide chains can be a basis of life, Dr. Muller doesn't know. No other forms of life have been found to be established on Earth, however.

But even if life is restricted to these materials, it is "prohibitively impossible" that the same steps in the evolution of life would be found on other planets as exist on Earth. Life on other worlds would have a different biochemical structure for its protoplasm and metabolism than our own plants and animals.

"It is therefore highly unlikely that it could serve us for food or vice versa."

"However, if based on nucleotides and protein its life operations, like ours, would be confined to a temperature range between the freezing and boiling points of water. And it would eventually have to derive its energy from light."

Dr. Muller expects that plant-like and animal-like types would both develop in a life system on an-

other planet. But they would be totally different from our own. "It is absurd to imagine other worlds with organisms classifiable as grasses, insects, molluscs, fish, reptiles, birds or mammals, and to suppose that human beings evolved there is about as ridiculous as to imagine that they speak English. For evolution is compounded of both consequentialism and accident."

Nonetheless, anologies to earth's forms will have developed because only a few main types are feasible. Learning would arise independently in diverse kinds of animals. "However, our earth's history shows how rare a combination of evolutionary circumstances is required before intelligence becomes great enough, and aided by enough communication and symbolization to allow cultural evolution, civilization, and science. Thus it would be only on a small percentage of planets with as old and ample a biological evolution as our earth's that beings possessed of scientific knowledge have appeared.

"However, so explosively rapid is the development of science that, on the vast majority of planets on which it has appeared it would be far beyond the stage of that tender seedling which we science teachers have in our own charge on earth."

Dr. Muller lists factors which would cause planets with scientific cultures to be scattered at enormous distances from one another. But even this difficulty would hardly have been enough to have kept beings far more advanced than ourselves from ever having reached the earth if Space travel, according to Einstein, were not limited to the speed of light.

He concludes therefore, that "it is likely that the spread of man through space will for eons remain unchallenged by other intelligent beings and that we will not meet them before we ourselves have evolved to a far higher level. Nevertheless, it is to be anticipated that even the restriction set by the Einstein formula will not prevent us from a step by step expansion, across the light years. And long before we come across our peers or betters we shall have discovered and subjugated a wealth of forms of diversely evolving life which, even though not as advanced as ours in intelligence, can nevertheless increase enormously the richness of our experiences, our understanding, and our control over our own domain of existence."

Dr. Muller, in a sweeping vision, has synthesized the current scientific view of life in Space. It exists because it is inevitable. Many forms are undoubtedly more intelligent and scientifically advanced than man. But because of the vast reaches of space, it is unlikely that we will encounter such life soon. Certainly,

though, it is not impossible.

As for life on Mars specifically, all evidence indicates that it exists. But if Dr. Muller's reasoning is correct, the overwhelming chance is that it is not highly developed—at least it has not had a chance to develop a scientific culture.

Dr. Otto Struve's view is slightly different. He grants that we have "neighbors." He believes them to be "distant." He believes they know we exist. But he asks, do they think enough of us to bother to get in touch with us, or are they convinced it wouldn't be worth their time?

THE "SPIRIT GUIDE" STRUCK OIL

ABRAM JAMES, one of the most successful operators in the early days of the oil business, credited his strikes to the help of a "spirit guide" whom he affectionately called "Lalah."

According to a story told about James, "Lalah's" first oil strike was made in the year 1867 in a farmer's field about midway between Titusville and Pithole, in Pennsylvania. While engaged in a peaceful conversation with three friends, James suddenly jumped from the carriage in which he had been sitting, leaped a fence and raced to the northern end of the farm field, where he was seen to jerk convulsively and then to fall to the ground.

When his friends reached him, they found him lying pale and rigid. He recovered after several minutes and explained that he had been seized by his "spirit guide," who had led him to a spot where oil was to be found. James had marked the place by thrusting a penny into the earth.

Although his friends scoffed at his "spirit guide" story, James borrowed money and built an oil well at the spot he had marked with the penny. A short time later oil from Harmonial Well No. 1, as James named it, flowed in at the rate of 130 barrels a day.

During the years that followed, James often claimed to have been visited by "Lalah," his spirit guide. Each time he went through a spasmodic dance and fell to the ground, marking the spot with a penny—and each time he found "black gold." His only known failure was an 1800-foot dry well costing $6000.

The late Edgar Cayce, of Virginia Beach, Va., was famed as a clairvoyant healer. While in trance, he gave medical advice, or "readings," which reportedly benefited many hundreds of ill persons all over the world.

MIRACLES were my Father's Business

I was seriously burned, but I knew that Father could make me well—by going to sleep for me.

By Edgar Evans Cayce
As told to Vaughn Shelton

VIRGINIA BEACH had a few modern houses in 1926 but the one we could afford was the other kind, with no central heating. My morning ritual in wintertime called for a dash from my warm bed to the fireplace in the living room.

The particular November morning I am speakng of was a frigid one, so I backed up to the hearth while waiting for Mother to bring my clothes. I must have gone too close, or perhaps an exploding pine knot fired an ember at me. There was a sudden wave of pain, flames curling round my legs and someone screamed and screamed. It didn't seem to be me—but it was.

Mother smothered my flaming wool pajamas with the shirt she'd been bringing. Father came running and they carried me back to bed. Soothing words quieted my sobs and an unguent dulled the edge of the pain. When the little oil heater was brought from the kitchen I even stopped shivering now and then.

But it was serious. My whole back was burned; my left leg was charred and blistered from ankle to buttocks. Among the anxious whispers I heard the word "doctor."

At eight you can sense an ultimate emergency. Before it had always been someone else—my brother's burned eyes, my mother's "incurable" tuberculosis, some relative's distant, academic distress. Now it was I, sheathed in pain and awfully afraid.

"No, no! I want Daddy to sleep for me! I want to get better!"

"Hush, dear. Hush and lie quiet." They slipped out of the room and I strained to catch the whispers in the hall. Mother came back and picked up my hand and kissed it.

"Lie very still now and think of God. Daddy's going to give a reading for you."

She was gone again and I lay very still the way she said and my fear drained away with a kind of magic. But it wasn't magic; I guess you'd call it faith. My father was Edgar Cayce.

Just what a "reading" was, I couldn't have said. I knew my father could lie down and put himself to sleep; then Mother would ask him questions and he would answer in a calm, faraway monotone. His secretary, Gladys Davis, who lived with us, would sit nearby, listening intently and making strange symbols in her notebook.

I didn't need to understand. I was only eight and I judged all things by their results. And the results were always good when Father went to sleep for someone.

Even at eight, despair and hope were very real to me. I had seen the former so often in the faces of people who had been ringing our doorbell as long as I could remember. People came to see my father when there seemed to be no other source of hope.

Sometimes they'd talk with him. Mostly they'd just follow him to his study where the big leather couch was, and Mother would be there to speak for them. The door would close and I'd idle out by the gardenia bushes near the front porch and wait, very curious.

When they came out their despair would be gone and it usually took them a long time to say goodbye. They'd wring Father's hand and say "thank you" over and over. The women often cried, but in a happy way.

These were the ones I saw. There

were many, many others who did not come to our house, but wrote or wired their appeals to Father. He'd give the readings and Gladys would type up the pages and mail fat envelopes addressed to places all over the world.

However, it wasn't so much the changes wrought in strangers that convinced me, but the many things that happened in our home. Some of these I remembered. Others had been retold so often by visiting relatives that I *thought* I remembered them.

When the family lived in Selma, Ala., where Father had his photo studio, there was a terrible accident. My older brother, Hugh Lynn, had exploded a whole tray of flash powder in his face.

The doctors said he'd be blind for life, at least in one eye. One proposed that the worst damaged eye be removed in hopes of saving the other one. Hugh Lynn, like me, had begged for a reading. Father's sleeping voice prescribed a poultice which a local pharmacist who believed in Father had made up and they used it. When my own crisis came I remembered this, and knew that my brother's eyesight was perfect and he wore hardly a trace of scar.

Mother's sickness before I was born had been just as grave. It was tuberculosis, too far advanced for a cure before it was detected, so they said. A reading described a course of treatment and she recovered completely. At different times, both my parents had had appendicitis. Readings told one to have an operation and the other not to —and both had enjoyed full and final recovery.

With only a vague idea of what the word meant, I knew my father was "clairvoyant" when he slept, and that he was *different* from the fathers of my playmates. I was rather proud of the difference. I hadn't yet realized what a burden and responsibility it was.

Father hated the difference. He wanted to be just like other people. All his life he had worn his differentness like a hair coat. I've often wondered if he fished and gardened with such zeal because he liked to—or if it was his way of trying to prove to the neighbors how normal he really was.

But his efforts to conceal the many psychic faculties he had, even while awake, were futile and everybody knew. The tall, slightly stooped gentleman with a Kentucky accent and the mild manner of a country clergyman was pointed out as "Doc Cayce," a very strange duck.

Father could see lights around peoples' heads—an aura that told him all about them. For his children, this was a built-in lie detector, revealing the state of our consciences at a glance. We never tried

to deceive him about anything.

Once I remember he was quite worried about a neighbor lady who had no aura. A day or so after he mentioned this to Mother the lady died. Another time he passed a woman he didn't know on the steps of the post office. He paused at the top of the steps, then turned and hurried after her. Touching her elbow he said, "Please don't go on an auto ride today!"

She just stared at him and he retired in embarrassment. But that evening she rang our doorbell. She said she had been directed to the house from her description of Father. Because of his warning she'd cancelled a date to go riding with a friend that day. The friend had gone alone and had a serious accident. The woman was puzzled but grateful.

Father's relationship with God *had* to be a close and constant one. Every time he gave a reading on someone's critical ailment he risked disaster—misapplication of the information and blame for the consequences. He read the Bible through each year and, I suspect, prayed oftener than most people. As a result, his Sunday School class at the Presbyterian church was the most popular one at the Beach.

Since he never set a price on his readings and gave many without mention of payment, we lived a rather hand-to-mouth existence, seldom more than moderately comfortable. From the strange way the things we needed were provided when we needed them, I was sure Father had some sort of special arrangement with God.

One particular winter was marked by extreme cold and a shortage of funds. Most days we wore our overcoats around the house. I remember a shivering breakfast when I squinted up during the blessing to watch the smoke-like vapor of Father's breath. He was asking God for some firewood.

Toward the middle of the morning there was a knock at the door. It was a light company foreman. He said his crew was going to cut down an old wooden pole out front. If we could use the kindling they'd be glad to saw it into fireplace lengths and stack them on our lawn.

The faculty which Father took the greatest pains to conceal from everyone but Mother was his occasional ability to see people who weren't visible to others. He had experienced this phenomenon since early childhood and felt it branded him as a freak.

A loud rapping at the door one night wakened the whole family. Father went down to answer it and we could hear the murmur of his voice. Hugh Lynn peeped down the stairs and there was no one

else there. Next morning Father told Mother that a young lady who had worked at his studio in Selma had died. Presently a letter from Alabama brought official word of the sad event.

Every now and then a research psychologist or other professional investigator would make a pilgrimage to Virginia Beach to expose Father as a charlatan. He welcomed them even when they insulted and denounced him in front of his family. He always said that if it were all a fake he wanted to be the first to know. They'd investigate for days at a time, observing a number of readings and asking hundred of questions. Then they'd leave with puzzled faces and admonitions to "keep up the good work no matter what the skeptics say."

Some of our visitors were on the exotic side.

Late one stormy evening a dark, courteous gentleman rapped at the door and said he had come all the way from India to see Father. He had developed the formula for a new antiseptic for internal as well as external use. It wasn't perfected to his satisfaction and he wanted a reading to find the flaw. The one that was given pointed out the missing elements in the formula and suggested some other improvements. Shortly afterward the inventor put his revolutionary antiseptic on the market. For many years it sold in drug stores throughout the country under the trade name of Atomidine.

A friend of our family owned an articulate and rather sophisticated parrot. When he went on a trip the bird stayed with us and had the run of the house. About dusk one day a couple of men who had heard some remarkable things about Edgar Cayce came to call. They were ushered into the living room to wait for Father. They had just seated themselves when a hollow voice from the shadows across the room said, "Hello. What do you want?" Father caught up with them at the front gate and explained about the parrot.

Living in a summer resort before the days of television, our family spent many of the winter evenings playing games. Father joined in, but only in the ones where winning was a matter of pure luck. One time, when Hugh Lynn irritated him by insisting that he play bridge, he demonstrated how he could read every card in an opponent's hand without seeing the faces of them.

This was the sort of thing I thought about as I lay there with my back burned to a crisp waiting for my reading.

Presently Mother came back and kissed me again. She said the read-

ing had been given and everything was going to be fine. They put cooling, healing dressings on through the day and night, and changed them often for many days and nights. Even at that it was several weeks before I could get up and move around. At intervals, check readings were given on my condition, for the shock to my system had been profound.

This happened in 1926. I still have some of the scars, but the healing was complete. The use of my critically burned left leg wasn't impaired and I played football, baseball and basketball in high school and tennis in college.

Throughout my youth I thought of Edgar Cayce as a very special and unusual father who could do almost anything because of his lifelong, personal arrangement with God. Much later I came to understand that he was an example of both conscious and subconscious psychic ability developed to a remarkably fine point and completely dedicated to the service of mankind. His accomplishments went far beyond the taken-for-granted household miracles I had lived with.

With only nine years of ordinary schooling, he had the mind of a master physician when he entered that trance-like state I thought of as sleep. In that state he could discourse authoritatively on *any* subject—history, pre-history, geology, electronics, philosophy, creation, life after death,—even on the future. In trance he could speak a score of foreign languages fluently—although he spoke only English while awake. His information, so the readings said, was derived from attunement to the *universal mind,* of which all individual minds are a portion. In the realms explored by his articulate subconscious mind there were no mysteries.

The sum total of Father's work is a vast file of nearly 15,000 transcribed readings and their case records, now in the custody of the Edgar Cayce Foundation at Virginia Beach—a mother lode of documentation for students of that mystery of mysteries, the human mind, and a towering testimony to the transcendence of the human soul.

In 1943, Father's first biography, *There Is A River* by Thomas Sugrue, was published. Shortly afterward a national magazine carried an article on Edgar Cayce and his readings. More than 25,000 pieces of mail descended upon him in a period of weeks, mostly from people appealing for his help. He tried to help them all and soon readings were scheduled for more than a year ahead. The mental, physical and spiritual strain of 10 or 12 readings a day (two a day

was normal) broke his health at the age of 67.

In December, 1944, I had just been transferred to Florida after a two-year tour on Trinidad, building Army radar installations, when the word came. I obtained compassionate leave to fly home. Hugh Lynn was in Europe with the fast-traveling XX Corps of General Patton and couldn't be notified.

On January 5, 1945, I stood with the others under a glowering winter sky and wasn't surprised to see how many mourners there were. He had slept for me so many times. He had slept for so many, many others who had no hope except in Edgar Cayce.

Just then the intellectual significance of his life and work seemed unimportant compared to his demonstration that *service* is full and sufficient reason for living, that God is the rewarder of those who try to do His work. To Edgar Cayce, He was the Friend who had trusted him with the keys to the kingdom of the mind—and who also supplied the firewood.

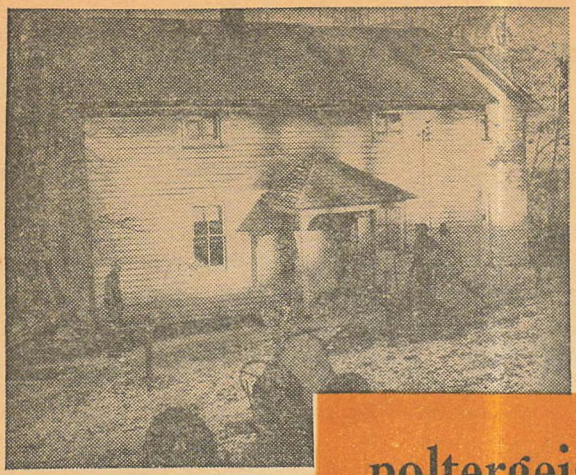
THERE IS ALWAYS A BORELLI

By Dr. W. E. Farbstein

Flying artificially has been attempted in all ages. In Greek mythology Daedalus attached wings of wax to the body of his son Icarus . . . Archytas is said to have made an artificial flying dove about 400 B.C. . . . Friar Bacon, in 1273 A.D., maintained it was possible for men to fly and predicted flying would be in general practice... Bishop Wilkins said, in 1651, that in the future it would be usual to hear a man call for his wings as one now heard him call for his boots . . . but Borelli, about 1670, showed the futility of all these expectations! (*Haydn's Dictionary Of Dates*, 1841.)

WIND AT WORK

MR. AND MRS. Mose Bellanger of Neenah, Wis., were amazed at what happened when a sudden wind tore a storm window from their attic. The window was carried around a corner of the house and stacked neatly with a pile of other storm windows in the family garage.



poltergeist evicts couple in Millville, Iowa

Compiled by United Press International

All photos by U.P.I.

A house is home even when humble—but not when haunted, according to an elderly couple who fled theirs.

IN A NARROW, tree-studded, rocky valley at the end of a winding branch off Split-Level Road sits the "ghost house" of Millville, Ia.

Strange, unexplained happenings began in this house about Thanksgiving time (1959) and within three weeks drove elderly, crippled William Meyer and his wife from their life-long home.

Meyer, bedfast since July, 1959, when he broke a hip in a fall, said an unoccupied chair rocked of its own accord, small objects in the house were hurled across the room as if thrown by unseen hands, dust appeared from nowhere, furniture toppled.

Unable to find a natural cause for the phenomena, Meyer and his 77-year-old wife took refuge from the "spooks" at the home of Mrs. Meyer's sister, Mrs. William

Blume, in Guttenberg, Ia., 10 miles away.

When Meyer observed his 83rd birthday on January 2, 1960, it was the first time in his life he had been away from home on his anniversary.

"I built that house with my own hands. I lived there and that's where my two children, Elmer and Mildred, were born . . . and where Mildred died. It was home. But I'll never go back. I don't want to die there."

Meyer was born in a crude log cabin only a few yards from the spot where the house stands, along a meandering creek between two sharp, rocky bluffs where he later built the house to which he took his bride, Anna Marie Kickbush, after their wedding May 6, 1903.

Meyer felt secure in the remote, rugged valley three miles back from Iowa Highway 52 that winds its way along the Mississippi River and through the foothills north of Dubuque.

Atop the gorge in which Meyer and his father, Christ, before him built their homes, sprawls 80 acres of level farmland which responded to the "green touch" of the sturdy German family and provided amply for their frugal wants.

The first hint that something was amiss in the Meyer household came when Meyer, bedded down in the cramped living room, was showered with a fine, powdery dust.

"It came from nowhere. It spread a thin film over everything in the room. There was no vibration, no noise . . . just a cloud of dust that spread through the room and settled on everything."

Mrs. Meyer, working in the kitchen, was unaware of anything unusual until her husband called her to his bedside.

"There wasn't any dust in any of the other rooms . . . only in the one where William was," the genial woman recalled. "We weren't scared then. But we were curious about where that dust came from, and why it appeared only in the one room."

The events that followed soon

An Upper Iowa University student watches oscilloscope during investigation of phenomena in Meyers home.

convinced the elderly couple that "haunts" had taken over their home. On December 17, 1959, they surrendered occupancy and "let the ghosts have it."

The "spooks" made their presence further known by hurling a fresh egg across the room and splattering it against an outside doorway at the foot of Meyer's bed. Pills from a medicine bottle inside a kitchen cabinet were suddenly showered across the floor of the adjoining living room where Meyer lay. Mud was splattered against a window of the room . . . at a time when the ground outside was frozen.

The crowning blow that decided Meyer to give up his life-long home came December 17 when a heavy electric refrigerator on a porch-pantry toppled over with a loud crash.

However, their departure did not end the strange goings-on at the Meyer house. Their son, Elmer, locked up the house . . . but the doors refused to stay locked. Once when he was in the house a stick of stove wood slammed against a window, shattering the glass.

Several times groups of neighbors, determined to disprove the "ghost story," tried to spend a night in the house but none had the courage to stick it out.

One group placed a water glass on a flower stand and laid a pencil across it. As they watched, the glass suddenly shattered, spilling water on the floor. The pencil broke.

Another time, a ship captain decided he would "lay the ghost" once and for all. With several friends he went to the Meyer house to spend the night.

A 265-pound hunk of man, Captain Patrick Livingston sprawled on the bed which the invalid Meyer had vacated. His companions clustered in the kitchen.

"I was lying there peacefully, certain that this ghost stuff was all the bunk, when suddenly a wooden kitchen chair did a skid-bounce about eight feet across the floor," Livingston said.

"I yelled to the others but by the time they came in all was quiet.

"I accused them of having strings attached to the chair to make it move, but they denied it. And there was no evidence of any strings."

Things quieted down and Livingston was again left alone in the room.

"The next thing I knew I was on the floor with the mattress on top of me. The bed never moved . . . the mattress just flopped over and threw me with it."

Livingston, who captains a tanker on the Great Lakes but lives in Guttenberg, said he "felt a little vibration at first" then he was unceremoniously dumped off the bed.

"No one else in the house felt any vibration and nothing else in the house was disturbed . . . just me and the mattress."

Livingston and his friends left the house after that. They returned a couple hours later "after we got our fortitude back." They stayed until about 1:30 A.M. but nothing more happened.

Of the moving chair and the flopping mattress, Livingston said, "I saw it happen . . . and I felt it . . . but I still don't believe it."

Sheriff Forrest Fischer was called down from the county seat at Elkader, 20 miles away, shortly after the strange events started at the Meyer home. At first he thought the whole thing was a hoax. Later he reserved comment and assigned two special deputies to watch the unoccupied house constantly for evidences that the "ghosts" were receiving human assistance. The guards saw nothing to indicate that anyone was in or around the house except those authorized to make investigations by the Meyer family or the sheriff.

Fischer, himself, was startled on one visit. He accompanied a news reporter and photographer to the house. After letting them in he returned to his car for a flashlight so they could probe the dark, damp basement. As he threaded his way back across the crudely terraced, weed grown yard, past a tangled raspberry bramble, Fischer said an empty syrup bottle seemed to "jump" out of a cardboard carton and shatter on the porch step.

John W. McCormick, UPI staffman from Des Moines, tests bed reported to have thrown a 240-lb. investigator.

Fischer and the men inside the house accused each other of "playing tricks."

That's when Fischer's disbelief in the supernatural was shaken. He was anxious to clear up the "ghostly mess." It was beginning to have political repercussions.

The Meyer "spooks" became the main topic of conversation at Millville taverns and around the wood-fired stove at the grocery store and around the more modern oil-burning space heater at the service station.

One 76-year-old man blew the "head" off his stein of beer and remarked, "I've voted Democrat all my life . . . and I voted for Fischer all six times he ran for sheriff . . but if he's going to believe in ghosts I won't vote for him again."

Fischer was beseiged with long distance telephone calls from newspapers, radio and television stations, with scientific investigators of the supernatural, and with curiosity seekers.

"Some days I hardly had time to eat for answering the telephone and listening to 'ghost' questions. This thing took up most of my time and there was other work a sheriff should be doing."

Prof. J. Gaither Pratt, a specialist in abnormal psychology and extra-sensory perception at Duke University, asked for permission to visit the Meyer house. Fischer discouraged the professor, hoping that a natural explanation would turn up.

Fischer did grant the request from four University of Iowa psychology and sociology students and another group of physics majors from Upper Iowa University to spend a night at the "haunted house."

The Upper Iowa students set up geiger counters, an oscilloscope, an electrometer and an ionization chamber in the house. They measured atomic radiation, atmospheric electricity, earth vibration and other natural conditions which, if out of balance, might explain the Meyer "ghost."

The University of Iowa students were interested in the possibility of a poltergeist or some other abnormal psychic cause. Their work was conducted under the watchful eyes of a group of newsmen and women making up a party of about 25 in the cluttered house. Until nightfall the work went smoothly. Scientific gadgets were read every 15 minutes and the results recorded. The psychology-sociology majors interviewed members of the Meyer family and neighbors.

But word of the students' "Operation Ghost" spread rapidly through the little town of Millville and the surrounding countryside. A crowd of spectators gathered. They shot off firecrackers, made weird ghostly noises that echoed through the rock-rimmed valley, shouted disparaging remarks at the students and their "scientific gadgets," and uttered obscenities about the three women news reporters.

With the assistance of a deputy sheriff, and threats to call the State Highway Patrol, the crowd of men and women, some with babes in arms, finally dispersed at 3 A.M.

Through all the commotion, the students maintained the 15-minute readings on their instruments.

When quiet finally settled over the valley, lights in the house were turned off and conversation limited to essential comments about the scientific equipment around which the Upper Iowa students clustered in the kitchen.

The poltergeist-seekers from the University of Iowa retired to the litter-strewn upstairs bedrooms to watch and wait for abnormal occurrences.

Outside a full moon cast an eerie glow into the valley, throwing weird shadows off the craggy rocks, the bare-limbed trees and occasional gnarled pines. The air was crisp and cold. It was a perfect setting for ghosts and goblins. One student, looking up the roadway that winds across a narrow bridge over a rock-bottomed creek, remarked, "It wouldn't take much imagination to believe I saw the headless horseman galloping by."

By daybreak, nothing unexplainable had occurred and the scientific equipment showed no unusual fluctuations. Jack Lorenz, Assistant Professor of Physics at Upper Iowa, summed up the night's research his way, "There were no unusual physical phenomena and no psychic phenomena observed."

The psychology-sociology majors from the University of Iowa failed to find a poltergeist but did have a first-hand lesson in mob psychology.

One described the events of the night this way: "It was a great example of restraining with restraint." He referred to the calm manner in which the investigators and observers inside the house responded to the antics of the crowd outside, ranging from the atmosphere of an hilarious chivararee to the belligerence of an alcohol-inspired mob.

The next weekend, Sheriff Fischer estimated that 2,000 persons drove back into the hilly woodlands to see the "haunted house." A roadblock was set up a half-mile from the ramshackle house with its peeling white paint that had catapulted Millville into a national prominence. But most of the tourists, some of whom had driven hundreds of miles, left their cars and walked the remaining distance.

Later, Professor Pratt sent a Northwestern University researcher, Stanley Krippner, to the house for an on-the-scene inspection. After several hours of observation using a variety of scientific equipment, Krippner decided the Meyer house may have been "haunted" by living persons.

He said "the unconscious force of living people" might have caused furniture and small objects to shift about.

Just who possessed the unusual power was not determined.

Krippner scoffed at the "ghost theory" and said the "supernatural"

happenings were the "result of some intelligent motivation."

A similar explanation was given a few years ago following an investigation of a "haunted house" on Long Island, N. Y.

Most of the incidents occurred when only Meyer and his wife were in the house. At other times their grandson, Gene, 16, was present. But on no occasion did anyone in the Meyer family actually see anything occur. They just saw the results after being attracted by sound or movement.

The only exception was Seaman Livingston's experience with the "bouncing" chair and the "flying" mattress. And he was the only actual witness to those events.

But the 125 townspeople of Millville put little faith in his story. They say he was either drunk or looking for publicity, or both. He got publicity. He denied being intoxicated.

Members of the Livingston party admitted, however, that they "had a couple of drinks" before going to the Meyer house the first time and they built up their "fortitude" for a return trip at a Millville tavern.

In Millville homes and businesses, strewn for a half-mile along the leeward side of Iowa Highway 52 between a high bluff and the Mississippi River flat, townspeople give little credence to the "Meyer ghost." They remain calm.

There is no fear or concern that "goblins" may have wandered down from Spook Cave, a mysterious underground river a few miles north. But they are bewildered by the nationwide interest taken in what they believe to be a hoax, the result of overactive imagination, or simple coincidence.

Some advanced the theory that Mrs. Elmer Meyer might have had a hand in driving the elderly couple from their home out of vengeance or in hope of moving into the house herself. The Elmer Meyer family lives in a tumble-down, added-to shack about a half-mile from the William Meyer home in the same valley. By comparison the parental home is substantial, even though it lacks any modern conveneince except electricity.

There were reports of a long-standing feud between Mrs. Elmer Meyer and her mother-in-law.

Another theory advanced by the townspeople was that young Gene Meyer was "having sport" with his invalid grandfather and nearly-deaf grandmother. But Gene staunchly denied any complicity in a "ghost scheme."

Winter weather closed in on the craggy, ravine-slashed Millville area shortly after the University students' "Operation Ghost." That ended the parade of curious tourists. Sub-zero weather and road

blocking snow drifts took over as the chief conversation piece across the bars and around the pot-bellied stoves of Millville.

In the Meyer house the sad, soft eyes of Mrs. Meyer's parents, Carl and Fredericka Kickbush, still survey the shambled rooms from their oval-framed portraits on the living room wall.

Those 50-year-old portraits of a man and wife long dead were the only objects in the Meyer house to maintain their poise and equilibrium through all the strange events that drove their daughter and her husband away. Through the ensuing weeks the house was probed, prowled and pillaged by hundreds of scientific investigators, curiosity seekers, souvenir hunters and vandal-minded invaders.

Upstairs in one of the hurriedly evacuated bedrooms, in a clutter of old letters, farm records, drying beans and rodent defecation lies the ornately framed birth certificate of Anna Marie Kickbush written in German script, and the license for her marriage to William Meyer decorously framed in faded artificial flowers . . . discarded remnants of nearly 57 years of life in the hand-fashioned house from which they were driven by fear of ghosts.

PROPHECY OF THE BLANK PAGE

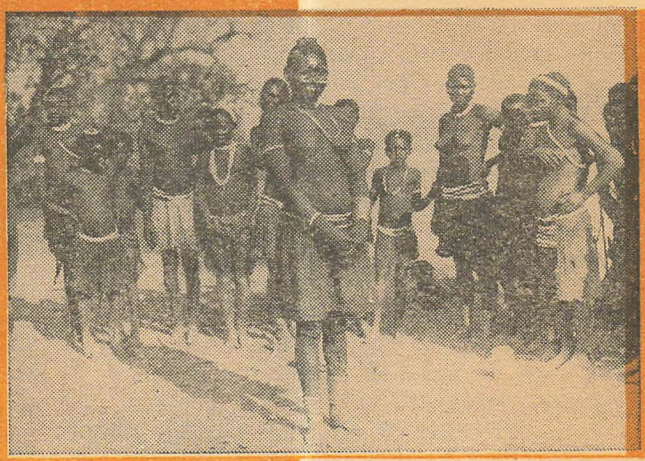
HOW a blank page in a diary apparently predicted the death of Andrew Verdie, a noted British publisher, has emerged as one of the strangest stories of the great bombing raids over London at the threshold of World War II.

Andrew Verdie, 70, was killed on May 10, 1941, when London's famed Alexandra Hotel, of which he was a resident, was struck by bombs in one of the heaviest air raids the city ever had experienced.

Some weeks after the tragedy Andrew Verdie's son, James, made a chilling discovery. James Verdie was director of a firm, owned by his family, which produced a trade diary. In going through his late father's effects, he came across his father's copy of the diary. He found that the page for May 10—the day on which Andrew Verdie died—was completely blank. It lacked not only entries and print but even the date.

Verdie ordered a check made of every available copy of the diary. All were found complete and correct. Only his father's copy evidently had contained a blank page for May 10—a day that proved tragic.

the WITCH DOCTOR who made a MONSTER



Members of the Wanyiramba Tribe in Central Tanganyika, Africa, huddle together for safety after mysterious attacks on tribe by "lions."

The man wanted a lion, or at least a good substitute—and the witch doctor knew exactly how to furnish one.

By Guillan Hopper

A GREAT STRETCH of what is known as lion country lies to the west of Singida in Central Tanganyika south of the great African lake, Victoria Nyanza. The area is fairly well populated by two tribes, the Wanyiramba and the Wasukuma. There is no love lost between the tribes because the Wasukuma are invaders who gradually have assumed dominance in the region.

At one time during my 15 years

as District Commissioner of the "Southern Lake" district an unusual number of persons began to fall prey to lions. In 12 months at least 50 people were taken by lions under circumstances which seemed highly suspicious. In the first place, they were confined to a small area despite the fact that similar lion country lay to the north and south. Added to this was the fact that 95% of the victims were Wanyirambas. Tanganyika is United Nations trust territory so, of course, the authorities gave orders for the matter to be investigated.

In three cases the remains of the victims clearly showed knife wounds. Yet the surrounding sandy soil was peppered with lion pug marks.

Whenever there is a mystery in Africa one must first seek out the witch doctor and in this case I very soon discovered that a strange magician, one Ketyuka, had been brought into the district earlier on by one of the local headmen, a man named Asumani. I learned too that the lion killings had started on the very day of the witch doctor's arrival in the district. And, although the strange *nganga* had since returned to Sukumaland, from whence he had been brought by Asumani, the lion killings continued.

So I journeyed up to a little village outside Nzega where I soon ran down the witch doctor.

He wore the usual fantastic headdress composed of a pair of horns set in the mane of a lion. He had the customary *dawa* belt—a leathern thong hung with small buck horns carrying medicine. There were rattles on his ankles and he was dressed in a kilt of baboon skin.

"Ketyuka," I said to him. "I have followed the trail of a lion which killed a young herdboy in the country across the Wembere river and that trail has led me to your hut."

He screwed up his rather monkeylike features, his eyes glittering calculatingly, "Yet, Bwana, there is no lion within my hut and I do not see its trail?"

"Still, I can smell the lion," I replied. "Why did you go into the country of the Wanyiramba people?"

"Is it their country in truth, Bwana? Surely there are as many Wasukuma as there are Wanyiramba living there? Shall the Wasukuma be denied our medicine which is far superior to that made by the Wanyiramba *ngangas?*"

"Medicine is one thing and murder is another. Do you know what *Serikali*—the Government—do with murderers, even though they appear as lions? They hang them by the neck until they are dead!"

A grey tinge appeared under his black skin. A little while later he began to tell me in the usual ramb-

ling African style a little story which showed me the very tricky problem I was facing.

"Bwana," he began. "Once there was a man who came to his *nganga* with 100 shillings (about $15 U.S.) in his hand saying: 'Wise one, I would like a lion which would obey me and protect me from my enemies. I would pay this money for such an animal.'

"Now as you know, Bwana," said the witch doctor, "100 shillings is a great deal of money. With it one might buy two cows—two cows such as those." He nodded across to where two scraggy-looking native cows were grazing by his hut.

"Now the training of a lion can be done," he went on. "But it is a long task. One has to catch simba when he is a baby and before he is trained the man might have spent the 100 shillings. In the center of wisdom, in Zanzibar, where I have been and where *ngangas* are taught many things, a man can learn how to change men into lions . . ."

For more than an hour he related to me one of the strangest stories I have ever heard in Africa which is the home of all things dark and mysterious even today.

It was obvious to me from the beginning that old Ketyuka was telling a story about himself.

In Zanzibar, where there is a "college" for witch doctors, there he had been taught the art of hypnosis. Indeed, before we parted company, he demonstrated on one of his own tribesmen by causing the man to believe that he was a baboon. The subject of the experiment jumped around like a baboon, barked like a baboon and chewed up a number of raw ears of corn.

To earn his 100 shillings Ketyuka had hypnotized one of his apprentices into believing that he was a lion. He caused the youth to walk around on all fours, to eat raw flesh and to pounce on and kill live goats. In short the boy became a lion-man and a dread menace. He was equipped with heavy steel "paws" and led around by Ketyuka on a lead with a collar about his neck. Then the day came when the lion man was handed over in exchange for 100 shillings.

The purchaser, I discovered later, was a man named Muhandi who dreamed of becoming the Feuhrer of the Wasukuma people. Knowing that across the Wembere River his fellow tribesmen were at loggerheads with the Wanyirambas thither he went, leading his lion man.

In the Singida district he sent out his pet monster on bloody forays which accounted for the deaths of dozens of Wanyiramba men, women and children.

The moment man-eating lions become active in a district the first person to hear about it is the Government Game Ranger who at

once starts an investigation which usually leads to the sudden death of Simba the Lion. But on this occasion there was a difference. For one thing the attacks had all been made during daylight which is rather uncommon. The Game Ranger made a report which must surely be one of the queerest documents ever to find a home in a government archive.

He suggested a number of theories including the following:

1. They may be genuine lions operating under the control of some person or persons. I do not infer "magic" but just a bit more than any of us understand. The African has lived for generations much closer to lions than we have.

2. Tame lions, possibly cubs brought up in captivity and allowed to run wild to a certain extent, and which, trained to behave like savage dogs, still obey their master and are under control.

3. I may have been fooled by the tracks and the whole thing is done by witch doctors dressed up as lions, who even eat the flesh!

Whilst the authorities were considering this fantastic missive Muhandi was approached by two women from a village far to the southwest, a place called Kipala, near Dodoma. These two hags had a domestic problem. One of them, Gio, had married for a second time. Her husband Zama had been insulted by the son of the first marriage whose name was Gomo. It appeared that Gomo had flung his stepfather's bow and arrows out of the hut—an extreme insult. The two old women were willing to pay 100 shillings to have Gomo dealt with by the lion man. So Muhandi moved, with his gruesome pet, to within striking distance of Kipala. At this juncture Zama died and under African tribal custom the two women now became dependent on Gomo so his death was out of the question. Yet he must be made to suffer and the ancient fiends decided that his little daughter, five-year-old Mwajuma, must die.

Once again the lion man struck during the day but the child happened to be with her mother who saw her little daughter carried off into the bush. She gave the alarm and tribesmen followed the lion man's trail. They caught him and found the remains of the child's body. Then, for some unfathomable reason—probably they were afraid—they released the lion man who made off into the bush.

This time the authorities acted swiftly. The two old women were arrested and they denounced Muhandi as the owner of the lion man. All three were solemnly tried and sentenced to death. And the East African Appeals Court decided that "a lion man obeys the behest of the person or persons in control of

it at the time. Therefore, a lion man's keeper is responsible for all acts the beast might do however long after it might be separated from him."

The final act of the drama was played out in strange surroundings. Muhandi appealed to the Queen of England, Elizabeth II, whose learned judges, Lord Reid, Lord Denning and the Right Honourable L.M.D. de Silva, met at the office in Downing Street, London, near the Prime Minister's residence at No. 10. But they too decided against Muhandi who at last, together with the two old hags, met his end on the gallows.

Thus ended the great lion man scare in Tanganyika.

The lion man himself, that mysterious unknown, is still at liberty somewhere in the wild country west of Singida. His creator, Ketyuka, the witch doctor, still dispenses his charms in the foothills near Nzega.

FLORIDA'S POOL OF THE DEAD

THE fossilized bones of hundreds of persons reportedly have been found in Little Salt Spring, about 10 miles southeast of Venice, Fla., a small community near Sarasota, and five miles from the Gulf of Mexico.

William Royal of Venice, 55, is credited with exploring the spring and discovering the bones early in July, 1959. A former Air Force colonel and an amateur archaeologist and skin-diver, Royal estimated that the spring contains the remains of more than 1,000 persons.

Royal said he found most of the bones on the sloping sides of Little Salt Spring, about 25 feet below the surface. Other bones were scattered in caverns more than 75 feet down. He described the spring as funnel-shaped, roughly 300 feet in diameter at the top and narrowing downward for 50 feet to a point where its diameter is about 100 feet.

Hearing of Royal's discovery, a number of anthropologists and geologists conducted underwater explorations of the spring and the caverns. One of the investigators, Dr. John Goggin, Associate Professor of Anthropology at the University of Florida, said he considers the spring to be the site of one of the most important archaeological finds ever made in Florida. He estimated that the bones in it are over 500 years old. He pointed out that the spring—hidden in high grass and palmetto range country—is located in a part of Florida about which little is known. Some authorities, he said, believe ancestors of the hostile Caloosa Indians inhabited the region some five centuries ago.

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.

HEALING BY MIND POWER

By Gudrum Whitfield

BECAUSE A MOTHER'S deepest feelings are brought into action when anything concerns one of her children this is the time she is most apt to experience a demonstration of the power of the mind, perhaps to the bewilderment of interested onlookers.

When my son, Carlyle, was four years old a consultation of three doctors resulted in the decision to remove his appendix immediately and I was asked to which hospital I wished to take him.

Now, normally I do exactly as the doctor directs but this time without volition on my part, these words popped out, "No hospital. I'm taking him home." I surprised even myself.

Reaching home, I put an ice pack on the boy's stomach and read to him after explaining that it was time for a nap, that the ice pack would make him more comfortable and that when he awakened he would feel well.

The doctor had stipulated that the laboratory technician must come to the house and take the boy's blood count every two hours. He came only twice because he found everything normal both times and now after 25 years my son is a healthy, husky young man who has never had an attack of appendicitis since that long-ago day.

When Carlyle was six years old, in 1936, he fell off the high apparatus in Walla Walla, Wash., Pioneer

GUDRUM WHITFIELD

Park, landing flat on his back. We dashed him to St. Mary's Hospital where the doctor told us that the distended stomach, high temperature and other symptoms indicated serious internal injuries and he stayed with us until midnight.

I had done a lot of praying, thinking and visualizing since the minute of the accident. In other words, I had tried desperately to contact Universal Mind. So now, before my son fell asleep, I admonished him to thank his Creator for his strong, healthy body and to know that he would wake up in the morning to go home. It takes real will power to put your troubles in the hands of Divine Providence and forget them. We both slept.

The nurse and doctor checked and rechecked in the morning.

"There is no explaining this sudden change of conditions," they declared. We went home for breakfast and by 9:00 o'clock the young rascal was in the top of the Sycamore tree. Again it took self-control to keep from crying out that he should stay on the ground but it is wonderful that he never has had the slightest fear of high places.

It was in his eighth year that I took Carlyle as a lone back seat passenger when I was driving my mother to see fabulous Coulee Dam. I caught glimpses of him in the rear-view mirror as he ate the orange I had peeled and segmented for him and then bent down to pick up the wax paper he had dropped on the floor.

Then I saw the car door fly open and the boy sail out as if he had sprouted wings. I came to a sudden stop and ran back to find him on the gravel shoulder of the road, bleeding and unconscious.

With the help of a passing motorist and the State Highway Patrol we got to the hospital in Wenatche where the surgeon sewed up seven big head gashes and then studied the X-ray showing a skull fracture that even I could see.

"Get the boy's father here," he said. "There is very little hope."

Again I disobeyed the doctor, and put my subconscious to work. The result was that both the doctor and the nurses could only exclaim that medical science could not account for Carlyle's recovery, that God performs wonders in different ways.

Carlyle grew up safely and healthily to serve seven years in the Air Force, from which he was discharged with the rank of First Lieutenant.—*Montclair, Calif.*

IDENTICAL DREAMING

By Bob Lee Austin

EARL KEYS had had a number of disturbing dreams in his life, but none as disturbing as the dream he had during a night in

January, 1949. In this dream Earl and an unknown man were walking in a graveyard when suddenly two specters came from two separate graves. One of the specters looked exactly like Earl; the other one looked exactly like the stranger walking with Earl. In other words, the two men had come face to face with their ghosts.

In the dream the four of them were to participate in a fight. Earl was to fight his own ghost, and the unknown man was to fight his ghost. The losers were to return to the waiting graves. So, regardless who lost or won, Earl and the unknown man with him would soon be in their graves.

It wasn't so much the direness of the dream that upset Earl as it was the vividness. It seemed real. And Earl slept no more that night.

When six o'clock came Earl rose, ate breakfast and told his wife about the dream; then he got in his car to go to work. But the car wouldn't start. He had to catch the bus which meant he would be late for work.

Every seat on the bus was occupied but one. Earl sat down, still thinking about the dream. About 10 minutes later another man boarded the bus. This man's name, it was learned later, was Woody Collins. The only vacant seat was beside Earl. Woody sat down. The two men rode in silence for about five minutes; then Earl asked Woody if he knew what time the bus arrived at the Hudson Body Company (Detroit, Mich.)

Woody said no, that this was the first time in two years he'd ridden to work on a bus. "And I wouldn't be riding it this morning if my car had started."

"Yeah? That's the same reason I'm here. My car wouldn't start either. Besides that, I only got two or three hours sleep last night." He laughed mirthlessly. "I had a bad dream last night, and wasn't able to go back to sleep."

Woody stared at him, dumbfounded. "No kidding? I had a bad dream last night too, and I couldn't go back to sleep either." Then Woody Collins described his dream to Earl Keys.

Earl couldn't believe what he was hearing, for the man sitting beside him had dreamed a dream identical with his own.

Woody Collins had been the unknown man in Earl Keys' dream, and Earl Keys had been the unknown man in Woody Collins' dream. Both men worked at the Hudson Body Company; both were from the same county in Kentucky, but they had never met before. —*Flint, Mich.*

THE WITHERED TREE

By Ada Belle Flenner

WHEN MY FATHER, William Orr Bain, passed away in

Oakland, Calif., during the night of December 17, 1928, many strange and peculiar things happened to some of his close friends and relatives. I will relate one phenomenon which baffled all of us.

In California we have many beautiful flowering shrubs and trees. One of these is the Abutilon which comes in red, yellow and white. It grows outside in this climate and most of the year, including Christmas time, is covered with beautiful bell-like flowers. My father was very fond of this tree-like shrub, having had one when we lived high in the mountains. There it grew in a small wooden tub and was our most prized indoor plant.

In Carson City, Nev., the climate is cold in winter and hot in summer and the Abutilon must be grown indoors there also. My father's closest friend of a lifetime, Charles J. Rulison, lived in Carson City. Father decided to send him a very nice Abutilon, well rooted, strong and healthy, for Christmas. The Rulison's placed the plant in their home in a large receptacle in good clean, vitalized earth, watered and kept it well for about three years. It bloomed profusely and they were very proud to have it constantly covered with yellow bells. Many people came to see it and it grew to the ceiling, filling their bay window. They were always very careful to have the room at an even temperature especially in the month of December. Extreme care was given this plant, so what happened to it after three healthy years was not due to anything that anyone was able to think of.

On the morning of December 18, 1928, the Rulisons arose as usual. When they went into their living room their huge Abutilon, which had been in full bloom, lay prostrate, bent over on the floor absolutely dead. They could not believe their eyes because the night before it had been perfectly healthy, standing green and lively in the corner. Now the leaves were dried; when you picked them up in your fingers they fell to dust. The main stalk also was dry and withered. They tried to revive it by watering it, but to no avail. They took it out of the tub and examined the roots but they were dead and dry too. They put it into a large pan of water in the sink; they tried everything, but finally decided it was dead.

About noon the next day, December 19, they received a telegram telling them of my father's death and they made immediate plans to come to Oakland to the funeral. They told us about the Abutilon shortly after their arrival. And it is true, this large tree-shrub died the very same night my father died.
—*Oakland, Calif.*

HAND ON MY HEAD

By Chester E. Hall

THE FIRST OF seven times I cheated death was during the war-to-end-all-wars. On July 14, 1918, (French National Holiday) at 12:10 A.M. we of the Rainbow Light Field Artillery were in sacrifice position near Chalon-Sur-Marne off the Suippes Road, in an abandoned trench system. We were to hold down the German attack which was known to be due through the daring and heroic efforts of several French officers and one private who had penetrated deep inside German lines and fought their way back with storm troopers as prisoners. These prisoners broke and gave valuable information.

As Corporal in the horse section of Light Artillery it was my duty to bring up ammunition. At 11:30 P.M. it was found we did not have sufficient—so harness and hitch—mount up and go get 10 caissons full of shells. Just like that! Go get them! Where? Oh! Back there!

Really it is not more difficult to buy mink coats at Woolworth's with Confederate 10 dollar bills than to convince the guard at an ammo dump (when you find one) that you are who you are and Colonel So-and-So said, "Get shells."

But we got a load—10 caissons —then we got lost and somewhere in the dark we passed the German infantry moving up. We whispered, "Wie gehts" and swallowed hard. To the many answers to our greetings we kept still, turned around, and at 3:45 P.M. pulled into the revetment. By this time tempers were short and those fortunate not to have drawn this detail were tucked in their fox-holes. We had no holes and the German artillery fire was searching every gully, road, and inch of ground that four years of fighting along this same line had taught them existed.

My assistant stumbled over some baled hay and sacks of oats left by the supply regiment for our horses. We piled this up as a barricade and lay down behind it. At least it provided some shelter from a direct hit. The fear was draining out of our throats somewhat by this time and decided we could grab a few moments of precious sleep.

I took off my pistol belt which was loaded with two canteens, one extra in case, a first aid box, cartridges, a musette bag. All this just did not allow one to assume a prone position. As I bent forward to put the heavy belt on the baled hay I felt a hand on my head. This hand pushed me down so hard the rim of my helmet went more than an inch into the hard chalk soil. And at that exact moment a shell

tore through my service belt, cut the handle of my 45, took one canteen away with it, and exploded a few yards behind us.

If that hand, or force, or you name it, had not pushed me very forcibly down my head would have been completely severed from my body.

When I got my heart back down out of my mouth and could talk I turned to thank my assistant. To my surprise he was not there. He told me later he had gone to tie up a loose horse and then couldn't bear to come back for he had seen the shell explode and he was sure I was dead.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

VANISHING HAY RICK

By Inez M. Weijo

IN THE WINTER of 1924 I was returning from a logging camp with four friends when we all saw the same apparition at the same time.

It was just dusk and the daylight was going fast when our car stalled in the new fallen snow near an old country school house out of Embarrass, Minn. This school house has since been torn down. Eino Erickson, who now lives in Duluth, was the driver of the car and he got out to look for a shovel to clear away the snow. Eino's two sisters who still live in Embarrass, and I also got out to help clear the road by kicking a trial some distance ahead to make travel possible.

Suddenly we all saw a load of hay coming towards us. Mrs. Erickson, who still sat inside the car, saw it too. Two men sat on top of the hay load. As it came abreast I jumped aside on my side of the road. Martha jumped to the other side of the road. Just as the team drove between us it disappeared. Whereas Martha and I had been unable to see each other from the sides of the road because the hay rick was in the way, we now stood facing each other in amazement.

"What ever happened to the team of horses? Where did it go?" Eino and Ailie came running to us out of breath. Mrs. Erickson called these same questions from the car. To say the least, we all were stunned and could think of no possible explanation for a hay rick that had vanished from before five pairs of eyes and almost within reach of Martha and me.

When we had recovered somewhat we looked for a trail to show us where the wagon had been, but we found none.

To this day we are just as puzzled as we were when it happened. The only proof of this strange happening is that four of us are still alive to report it as a true fact. —*Ely, Minn.*

Psychic warnings of PELEE ERUPTION

By Alson J. Smith

The old Volcano did not menace the city, experts said—but there were many omens of disaster.

AT 7:51 A.M. on the morning of May 8, 1902, a clerk in the post-office at the capital city of Fort de France on the island of Martinique was talking by telephone to a clerk in the post office at St. Pierre, the island's largest city, some 15 miles up the coast. Finishing their discussion of a mislaid mail pouch, they talked in a desultory fashion about the weather and the diminished activity of Mt. Pelee, the supposedly-extinct volcano which had been spraying the countryside with ashes for the past two weeks. Suddenly the clerk at Fort de France heard two distinct thuds and a gasp of surprise from his colleague at St. Pierre. Then the line went dead. The clerk at Fort de France waited for a minute, shrugged, and put the receiver back on the hook.

All attempts to re-establish communication with St. Pierre failed.

The next news the outside world had of St. Pierre came on the following day. Early that morning a ghostly vessel drifted into the harbor of Castries, Santa Lucia. At first glance she appeared to be covered with snow. But that could not be, for these were tropical waters. As she drew closer it became obvious that the gray-white mantle was not snow but volcanic ash, inches deep on the deck. Here and there the ash had blown away to reveal a charred hull and superstructure. About the deck lay the fire-blackened bodies of men. Other men, terribly burned, sat propped

against the pilot-house.

As the stricken vessel entered the port, the harbor-master grabbed a megaphone and called, "Who are you and where do you come from?"

A broken, weary voice replied, "I am Captain Freeman. We are the British ship *Roddam*, and we come from hell. You may cable the world that St. Pierre no longer exists."

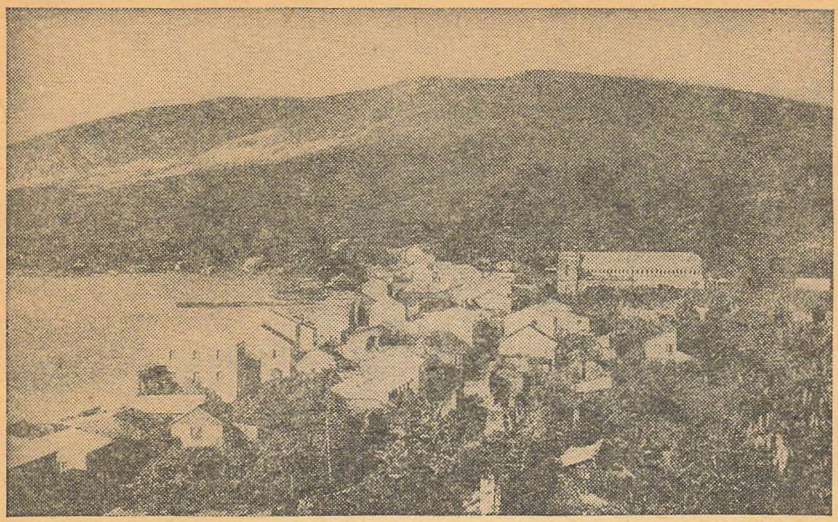
Thus did a shocked world receive the news of the greatest disaster of modern times. A gay, proud city of 40,000 had been incinerated in less than a minute's time by a single fiery blast from Mt. Pelee. Compared with Pelee's 40,000 cremated victims, other and better publicized natural disasters fade into comparative insignificance. The Johnstown flood took only 2500 lives; the Galveston tidal wave 5000; the San Francisco earthquake less than a thousand; the Chicago fire only about 300. The eruption of Vesuvius which buried Pompeii and Herculaneum in 79 A.D. killed between 800 and 1500. Only the man-made cataclysms of Hiroshima and Nagasaki and the explosion of the crater of Krakatoa in the Straits of Sunda in 1883 (36,380 dead) are comparable to the destruction of St. Pierre.

The St. Pierre holocaust was preceeded by a variety of psychic signs and warnings, any one of which, if heeded, could have saved the lives of the entire population. A few did obey their daemons and saved themselves. But not many.

St. Pierre was undeniably a gay city, so much so that when news of its destruction reached a former U.S. consul to Martinique, Col. Julius G. Tucker, his first reaction was that "it was simply the history of Sodom and Gomorrah repeated".

St. Pierre proudly called itself "the Paris of the Antilles", and its street life was a kind of a perpetual carnival, with flashing-eyed *bequets* (light-skinned girls) on their high balconies flirting with strutting young bloods in the narrow streets below and, after dark, making love more or less openly in the *savanes* (parks) and on the beaches. The *beguine* at the Bal Lou-Lou was uninhibited and shocking to English and American eyes. At the gallodrome, the betting on the nightly cock fights was feverish. And the principal industry was the making of rum—the city boasted an even 100 distilleries—which did nothing to diminish the gayety. Lafcadio Hearn was enchanted by St. Pierre, calling it *le pays des revenants*—a place of dreamers to which one inevitably returned. To writer Alec Waugh, it was "the loveliest city in the West Indies".

But the town had a solid side. If pleasure was the chief pursuit of its 30,000 island natives, business was the almost-sole concern of its 10,000 French colonists. It had



The city of St. Pierre, Martinique, was a scene of desolation for many years after the eruption of 1902. U.P.I. photo shows a view of ravaged city as it appeared in 1929.

four banks, a splendid Lycee, a theatre, a public library, a good hotel, a military hospital, a convent, two orphan asylums, many churches, and a magnificent cathedral. It was indeed a lovely place, stretching for a mile along a crescent of beach and extending back from the azure sea up a slight incline towards the 4500-foot heights of Mt. Pelee. A colossal white statue of the Virgin Mary towered over the city from the escarpment of the Morne d'Orange, a tall cliff at the southern edge of town. From the blue sea and white beach pink and lemon-colored stucco houses with red tiled roofs marched in irregular terraces towards the green mass of the mountain. Water from mountain springs flowed in the gutters and bubbled from fountains in the *savanes,* keeping the city pleasantly cool.

St. Pierre was beautiful and so was the mountain which was forging its destruction. "Grandfather Pelee", the citizens of St. Pierre called it indulgently. It had no noticeable volcanic cone, and its ancient crater was now filled by a deep, cool body of water called Lake Palmiste. The lake was a favorite picnic site for the young men and women of St. Pierre's two social societies, *Les Intrepides* and *Sans Souci.* The volcano itself was considered extinct; not since 1851 had there been any activity. The predominant jungle green of Pelee's

slopes was colorfully broken by gray-green tamarind, blood-red hibiscus, scarlet tamarisk, blue obelia, and brown banana plant. Little wonder that the people of St. Pierre loved picturesque and friendly "Grandfather Pelee".

The first eerie premonition of what was to come came from the snakes. The poisonous little *fer-de-lance* had been deliberately introduced into Martinique many years before by French planters who had released them on the heights of Pelee to dissuade their slaves from escaping into the mountains. The bite of the *fer-de-lance* was almost invariably fatal. About the middle of April, planters on the outskirts of St. Pierre were amazed to find their fields suddenly invaded by the vicious little snakes which customarily confined themselves to the old lava beds and crevices near the top of Pelee. Terrified field hands refused to work. Snakes by the hundreds were killed not only on the plantations but in the streets and on the lawns of St. Pierre and its suburbs, Precheur, Ste. Philomene, and Fonds St. Denis. At the same time, hikers and picnickers around Lake Palmiste, at the top of Pelee, reported that there were no snakes to be seen up there.

The snakes, impelled by some strange extra-sensory perception, were deserting Mt. Pelee. But why? Nothing seemed amiss. There were no smoke streamers, no volcanic rumbling—nothing.

In St. Pierre the sophisticated citizens shrugged off the snakes' sudden abandonment of Mt. Pelee and went about their business as usual. The priests in the churches, the learned professors at the Lycee, the smug governmental authorities preparing for an election paid no attention to the snakes. They were above such nonsense.

Things were different in the back country. Here Catholicism was only a thin veneer over a primitive combination of Cuban *nanigo* and Haitian *obeah*. The black obeah doctors, grasping the deadly little *fer-de-lance* firmly behind the head, held the wriggling snakes aloft in the flickering fire-light deep in the rain forests on the lower slopes of Pelee, and earnestly tried to learn just what it was that the snakes knew. And while the rada-drums beat in mournful cadence, the obeah-men solemnly told the circle of anxious black faces what the snakes' flight from Pelee meant: "There is a curse on the mountain and it will be destroyed!"

A day or so after the snakes abandoned the top of Pelee, picnickers who climbed the mountain suddenly became aware of a strange silence on the heights. Finally they realized what it was. There were no birds, although this was the northern migration season and Mar-

tinique was squarely athwart one of the busiest flyways. Not a birdsong, not a twitter, not the rustle of a wing broke the uncanny silence. Like the snakes, the birds had abandoned Pelee. In the back country the obeah-men noted it and repeated their previous warning: "There is a curse on the mountain and it will be destroyed!"

Heeding the obeah-men, many natives left their ramshackle homes on the mountain's flanks and shuffled into St. Pierre, carrying their belongings in bundles on their heads. Behind the three-foot-thick walls of the city, they thought, they would be safe from whatever awful fate awaited the mountain. St. Pierre became clogged with refugees, to the vast irritation of the authorities and the sophisticated city-dwellers.

The snakes, the birds, and the obeah-men were not the only ones to feel a strange apprehension about Pelee. Early in April, even before the *fer-de-lance* departed from the heights, an American tourist in St. Pierre, Mrs. C. M. Craig of New York City, had a terrifying dream. One night, after many sleepless hours during which she was filled with a vague, nagging apprehension, she fell into a troubled sleep. She then had a vivid dream in which she "saw" her husband and brother, who were vacationing with her, standing in a rain of fire which seemed to be coming from a black cloud over Mt. Pelee and finally being killed by two half-crazed natives who were trying to find shelter from the fire. When she awoke, bathed in perspiration, Mrs. Craig told her husband and brother about the dream. They laughed, but Mrs. Craig insisted that the dream had spoiled the vacation for her and suggested that they leave St. Pierre at once. They protested but finally gave in, and the Craigs sailed for New York in mid-April on the last trip north of the Quebec Steamship Company's *Roraima*.

On April 15, a pretty, feathery plume of white smoke began drifting up from the summit of Pelee. Professor M. Landes of the Lycee went up to investigate and reported that the smoke was coming from one of the old craterlets of the 1851 eruption. To a naive tourist who asked if maybe the smoke didn't indicate that the volcano was about to become active, a city official replied tolerantly: "No, Grandfather Pelee is our friend, not our enemy. We have nothing to fear from him. Maybe he smokes a little. Is it such a crime for an old man to smoke?"

Meanwhile, half a world away in the Transvaal, a young British officer by the name of J. W. Dunne had just come off *trek* and was encamped with the Sixth Mounted Infantry near the ruins of the town

of Lindley. One night he had a vivid and unpleasant dream. In it he seemed to be standing on the upper slope of a mountain, looking towards its summit. A curious white formation covered the ground. Up towards the summit were numerous fissures, and from these a gray-white vapor spouted and hissed. In his dream Dunne said to himself: "It's the island! Good Lord, the whole thing is going to *blow up!*" Frantically he tried to save the 4000 people (the number was very definite) who were in danger. He went to the *French* authorities (that too was definite) and begged them to round up ships to remove the 4000 potential victims. They paid no attention. He saw himself clinging to the heads of the horses drawing the carriage of *Monsieur le Maire* (the Mayor) and shouting at the official: "Listen! Four thousand people will be killed unless—" At that point he woke up. For days the dream nagged at him. A volcanic explosion on a French island was going to cause a terrible loss of life, something within him kept insisting. But there was nothing he could do about it. (This dream is one of the many recounted in Dunne's book *An Experiment With Time,* published in 1927.)

By mid-April, sailors in the smoky waterfront cafes along St. Pierre's Place Bertin were commenting uneasily on some bad omens. At sea, large ground-swells were appearing suddenly in clear weather, out of a calm sea. There were many waterspouts—always a sign of danger—and the water was unaccountably warm. On April 23 the trans-Atlantic cable broke and the French Cable Company sent the grappler *Pouyer Quartier* to find the break. The grappler returned with the astonishing news that the cable-break had been caused by an inexplicable drop of more than 1000 feet in the ocean floor about eight miles off St. Pierre. To the vague apprehension and premonitions of disaster of the snakes, birds, and obeah-men could now be added the uneasy feeling of the sailors that some unnameable evil was lurking in the vicinity.

None of these things, however, made much of an impression on the vast majority of St. Pierre's citizens. An election was scheduled for Sunday, May 11, and the city blossomed with colorful election posters. Thursday, May 8, was a *fete du jour,* Ascension Day, and the two social societies, *Les Intrepides* and *Sans Souci,* were busy making floats for the parade that would be a principal feature of the fete. True, the feathery plume over Pelee had thickened to yellow and occasionally a fine ash fell on the city. It was treated as a joke, like snow in Florida. *Bequets* sprinkled the ash in their dark hair, and one

French lady enclosed some in a letter she mailed to Paris, along with the information that no one in St. Pierre was in the least frightened by Pelee. (Arriving several days after the fatal eruption, it had an effect quite the opposite of the one intended!)

From April 25 on, however, Pelee insisted on at least being noticed by the fun-loving citizens of St. Pierre. Towards evening of that day the yellow streamer over the mountain turned to black and, with a thunderous roar, leapt 1000 feet into the air, where it fanned out into a mushroom-shaped cloud that blotted out the stars and rained ashes on the city. A continuous dull roar came from deep within Pelee's throat. From then on the mountain was mantled in a black haze, and on several days the street lights in St. Pierre had to be turned on at noon. The ash-fall was so great that no one could venture into the streets without a handkerchief over nose and mouth. The city was filled with refugees from the country who needed no obeah-men now to tell them that there was a curse on the mountain. They crowded the churches, chanting Hail Marys and begging for absolution.

A couple of hundred people left the city, but for every one who went 10 came in from the country.

On the night of April 28, a Saturday, Pelee erupted with a roar that was "like a naval battle at sea", and an inky-black cloud with a dull red glow at its center shot 10,000 feet into the air, its darkness illuminated by the explosion of huge electric stars of volcanic lightning. The churches were thrown open and jammed with terrified crowds of country folk. All night long the priests performed weddings and baptisms, heard confessions, and granted absolution.

Incredibly enough, it was only the refugees from the country who showed any signs of panic. The priests, the professors, the authorities, and the politicians all poohpoohed the idea that the city was in any real danger. The daily paper, *Les Colonies,* printed almost nothing about the volcano, devoting most of its columns to the coming election. It did run a brief editorial chiding the panicky refugees and their "alarmist" obeah-men:

> *"Mt. Pelee is no more to be feared by St. Pierre than Vesuvius is feared by Naples. We confess that we cannot understand this panic. Where could one be better off than at St. Pierre?"*

Governor-General Mouttet took two steps to allay the apprehension of the refugees. First, he ostentatiously moved his own residence from Fort de France to St. Pierre, taking quarters at the hotel, second, he appointed a Scientific Vol-

cano Expedition, consisting of army engineers and professors from the Lycee, to go to the top of Pelee and make an estimate as to the danger to the city. The expedition reported the eruptions were coming from a new, small cone which had thrust itself up through a dry lake bed about 600 yards from the summit. The old main crater was still securely plugged by Lake Palmiste. The worst was over. St. Pierre was in no danger in any case, because the arrangement of valleys was such that any lava flow from Pelee would be channeled off into the sea before it could reach the city. Not a single person had yet been injured by the volcano's recent activity, the Expedition pointed out. The only victims had been a few horses, overcome by sulphur fumes.

The report of the Scientific Volcano Expedition reassured almost everybody except the refugees. The obeah-men had consulted their dark oracles again and now they stated ominously: "There is a curse on the city as well as on the mountain and it also will be destroyed!"

At this information, the refugees began to stampede out of St. Pierre. Governor-General Mouttet was beside himself with anger. "Who are you going to believe," he raged at the frightened country-folk, "our learned scientists and engineers, or your ignorant, savage witch-doctors?" The refugees answered by packing their pitiful possessions and thronging the roads out of town. The Governor-General ringed St. Pierre with troops and forced them back into the city, although some escaped. An edict was issued: no one could leave St. Pierre except by official permission. The Governor-General sought not only to avoid panic but to insure a large turnout for the election on May 11.

Pelee, as if concurring in the report of the Scientific Volcano Expedition, calmed down. But heavy rains drenched Martinique and the old dry lake bed through which the new volcanic cone had been thrust filled with water. On May 5 one side of the lake bed gave way and a wave of mud and boulders 20 feet high roared down the valley of the Riviere Blanche, just north of St. Pierre, burying a sugar mill and killing 30 men. St. Pierre was shocked but the Scientific Volcano Expedition immediately pointed out that the tragedy was due to the rains and not the volcano.

On the evening of May 5 the Italian bark *Orsolina* dropped anchor in the harbor and began loading sugar for Le Havre, France. Her captain, Marrino LeBoffe, looked hard at Pelee; he was from Naples and he had great respect for volcanoes. Pelee, however, was on good behavior by this time, a thin, yellow plume of smoke drifting lazily from the summit being

the only indication of recent activity. But Captain LeBoffe could not sleep that night. He was filled with a nameless, oppressive dread.

All during the day of May 6 Captain LeBoffe's sense of imminent, appalling danger grew. He never had experienced anything like it. It was a feeling definitely associated with Pelee and St. Pierre, and yet it was not a mere healthy fear of a volcanic eruption but a kind of a psychic sickness that suffused his entire being.

By the morning of May 7 he could stand it no longer. He went ashore and informed the shippers that he was sailing at once. They protested. The *Orsolina* wasn't half loaded. No matter, the Captain said, he was sailing anyway. They assured him that St. Pierre was in no danger. He shrugged. The shippers became angry and said clearance papers would be refused him and he would be arrested when he reached Le Havre. Unmoved, he returned to the *Orsolina* and issued sailing orders. Two French customs officers boarded the bark and threatened him with arrest if he tried to sail without clearance papers. Looking significantly at his watch, Captain LeBoffe replied: "Gentlemen, I'm going to sail from this port in less than an hour. If you want to go ashore, now is the time. If you stay with me, I assure you I will take you to France!"

Twenty-four hours later the *Orsolina* was on the sea-trace for Le Havre; Captain LeBoffe's feeling of nameless dread was gone; and the shippers and customs officers lay dead in the ruins of St. Pierre.

The last hours of the doomed city were pleasant and lively. Except for a comparatively mild eruption at 4:30 A.M. on May 7, Pelee was subdued, mantled in white ash that gave it the appearance of a snow-capped peak in the Alps. The sun shone brightly, the sea was calm, and the air clear and warm with just a faint odor of sulphur in it. It was the eve of a feast day, people were in good spirits. *Les Intrepides* and *Sans Souci* put the finishing touches on their colorful floats. The priests and nuns decorated the churches and prepared the altars. The theatre was crowded and so was the Select Tango. Only the refugees detracted from the pre-holiday gayety. They clustered gloomily about the churches, squatted dejectedly in doorways, roamed the streets aimlessly, and schemed to circumvent the soldiers and get away from the city the obeah-men told them was doomed.

Whatever anybody was doing, it was for the last time!

May 8 dawned bright, warm, and clear. The great bells of the cathedral pealed out the call to 8:00 o'clock Mass. The *Roraima* arrived in the harbor from New York and

the passengers lined the rails for a curious look at white-mantled Pelee and the colorful awakening city decorated for its *fete du jour*.

What the tourists lining the *Roraima's* rail actually saw was one of the most grisly sights ever beheld by human eyes.

At exactly 7:51 A.M. there was an earth-shaking explosion. Every face in the city and aboard the 18 ships in the harbor turned instantly towards Pelee. A great, livid tear had appeared on the face of the mountain about 500 feet below the summit. As thousands watched in fascinated horror, the tear lengthened and widened into an ugly red mouth that reminded some of the muzzle of a giant howitzer pointed directly at St. Pierre. Only three or four seconds after the first explosion there was a second and mightier blast, a thick black cloud glowing with fiery particles of gas shot out of the spreading fissure, spread almost instantly to a width of five miles, roared down the valley of the Roxelane River, pounced on St. Pierre, incinerated the city and everyone in it in a flash, and howled out to sea, destroying 17 of the 18 ships in the harbor and filling the boiling water with wreckage and bodies. Only the *Roddam,* partially shielded from the full impact of the cloud by another ship and with steam already up, was able to limp out of the shattered roadstead. Five of her crew of 17 survived.

For three minutes the blackness was so impenetrable that one crewman on the *Roddam* could not see another standing right next to him. Then the veil was lifted and the blasted city could be seen.

It was a silent, blackened tomb. There was only the crackling of the flames and the occasional explosion of a rum cask. St. Pierre was dead. Not a soul in the city proper escaped—not a human, not a dog, not a mouse. There were no injured.

There was one temporary survivor, although he, too, would eventually succumb to his burns. He was Auguste Ciparis, a drunk and a thief, who was the sole occupant of the jail's underground solitary-confinement cell.

Five of the *Roddam's* crew survived to tell the awful tale, and some 30 persons were rescued from the harbor later in the day by the French cruiser *Suchet*.

About a week after the tragedy, copies of the London *Daily Telegraph* arrived in the Transvaal, and Lieutenant Dunne read the front-page headline:

VOLCANO DISASTER IN MARTINIQUE
Town Swept Away
AN AVALANCHE OF FLAME
Probable Loss of
Over 40,000 Lives

His dream had been wrong in

one respect. There were 40,000 victims, not 4000. He had been off by one digit.

Days later the eminent volcanologists came from France and the United States to investigate. They told the world that the explosion which wiped out St. Pierre had been caused by steam, created when the ocean floor dropped and permitted millions of gallons of sea water to rush into the base of Pelee, where hot viscuous magma millions of years old seethed and bubbled like a gigantic witch's cauldron. Pelee had become a great overheated boiler with its safety valve—the ancient crater—securely plugged by Lake Palmiste, the charming picnic site. The new cone thrust up through the dry lake bed had been inadequate. When the pressure became intense enough the steam had simply found a weak spot in the mountain wall and had blown it out. Along with the steam burning clouds of gas particles had been emitted from the volcano—bits of hot lava surrounded by an emulsion of gas. This emulsion had made the black cloud practically frictionless, enabling it to spread almost instantly to a width of five miles and to attain a speed of 125 miles an hour. These fiery particles, heated to a temperature of 1100 degrees centigrade, had been the killers, literally burning out the lungs with a single intake of breath.

For years the ruins of St. Pierre were uninhabited. Gradually a few fishermen came back, erecting make-shift shanties in the corners of the old walls. Today there are some 4000 people there, mostly fishermen and their families. There is a Volcano Institute, a Select Tango, and quite a few bars. The cathedral has been restored. But the cruise ships do not stop for the harbor has never been completely cleared. The jungle has grown back, and it is only from a plane that one gets a true idea of the immensity of the tragedy. From there one can see block after block of ruined walls, cobbled streets, and broken fountains that the jungle has reclaimed. And one can see the great gray scar down the valley of the Roxelane which marks the fiery cloud's course from Pelee to sea.

And yet—this greatest tragedy of modern times was clearly previsioned. Mrs. Craig "saw" it and saved herself and her family. Dunne "saw" it, although he was unable to do anything about it. The skipper of the *Orsolina* felt it and saved his ship and his crew. Even before the drop in the ocean floor that let the sea into Pelee's base the snakes and the birds had deserted the mountain. The obeah-men made an uncannily-correct interpretation of the activity of the snakes and the birds. The army engineers and scientists were wrong.

The MAGICANS' SECRET

By Herman Yerger

Here's the never-before-told story of a series of weird incidents centering around photos of the late Houdini.

THE MAGICIANS' secret concerns the late Houdini, acknowledged peer of all the Modern Magi. This secret has been shared by a select few over a long period of years. The very fact that we were magicians prevented our divulging the secret: (a) The public would have said no matter how thin we sliced it, it is still baloney,—because we practice trickery. (b) The press, if they wrote the stories at all, would likely have claimed we were trying to cash in on Houdini's publicity, seeking to hitch our wagon to a star.

Our secret concerns the famous agreement Houdini had with his wife, to contact her, if possible, in the event that he died first.

Millions remember Houdini as the man who *proved* that Spiritism is pure bunk. Many thousands of "Spiritualists" hate him because his many exposes of fraudulent mediums brought their religion much unfavorable publicity.

Nevertheless, Houdini believed in spiritual immortality. His chief objective was not to debunk mediums. He desperately wanted to find a genuine medium to help him contact his mother's spirit. Often, when visiting his mother's grave he would prostrate himself on it for hours at a time, begging her to speak to him.

After his death the newspapers made much over the fact that Hou

dini, who was supposed to be an arch enemy of spiritism, had left a secret code and message with his wife, as a challenge to any medium to prove the authenticity of spiritism.

The magician's secret is that a few of us believe Houdini did give some proof of life beyond the grave.

Mr. X., a magician whose hobby is occult science, told a few of us this story: "Several of Houdini's friends were visiting with me in my study discussing his illness. At that time we had learned Houdini was failing fast. A few hours after my friends had gone, I was looking at Houdini's picture on my mantel shelf and thinking of praying a silent prayer for his recovery. At that instant Houdini's framed photograph, sitting slightly behind a small mantel light, slowly moved out to the front of the shelf and crashed to the floor, shattering the glass in front of the picture into a thousand pieces. At that moment, somehow, I knew that Houdini had died.

"Almost simultaneously with the crash of the picture my phone rang. One of the magicians was calling to tell me that Houdini was dead. Later a check-up proved the time of his death and the crash of his picture were only minutes apart."

Despite the fact that, when performing on the stage, we magicians thunder about occult science, mysterious forces and strange unseen powers, the majority of us are very materialistic.

We loved and respected Mr. X. and believed his story, nevertheless, we felt that the picture episode was just a coincidence.

Seven years later, those of us who were still alive learned of another picture episode that concerned Houdini, and this, too, occurred on a Hallowe'en night. (Houdini died on Hallowe'en night 1926.)

Madame LeRue (not her real name) was a fake medium who specialized in visiting small towns and presenting what she called her *Bombay Whispering Spirit Seance.* This seance was conducted in a dark room. Madame's luminous trumpet would float around and her spirit guide would whisper messages through it to the sitters in the circle.

At one time, according to Madame's story, Houdini played her a dirty trick. She was about ready to lower the boom on a wealthy widow when the widow's son induced Houdini to visit her seance in disguise, for the purpose of exposing her. This he did by putting lampblack on the mouthpiece of her trumpet when the lights were turned out.

At the completion of the seance, the black ring around Madame's mouth gave ample proof that she had been taking the customers.

She not only missed out on the big money deal she had cooked up, but she also had to fold up her cabinet and silently steal out of the state.

Madame nursed her anger at Houdini and kept it warm until his death. She then used another *nom de plume,* and circulated the story in the small towns where she played that the famous Houdini was her spirit guide.

To prove Houdini really was her guide, she allowed herself to be handcuffed and the key holes of the cuffs sealed before she went into her trance. At the conclusion her hands would be free, the cuffs would be lying on the floor, the seals on the locks still unbroken. (The cuffs were trick cuffs purchased from a magic supply house.) In this way Madame cashed in on Houdini's publicity, satisfied her craving for revenge, and appeased her warped sense of humor.

In 1933, exactly seven years after Houdini's death, on Hallowe'en night, Madame was beginning her seance in Taylor, Texas. The committee had placed the handcuffs on her and she entered cabinet. Before the little green light, burning in front of the photograph of Houdini, could be extinguished a loud crackling noise was heard and the picture of Houdini crashed face down on the bridge table. Then the little light winked out, apparently of its own accord. At that instant Madame let out a shrill bellow, "Lights! Please help me—somebody!"

The house lights were turned on at the main switch but even then the little green light remained unlit. The extension cord to the green light was turned off although no one had been near it.

Madame was lying in a crumpled heap just outside her cabinet, gasping for breath. She told me some unseen something began choking her when she went into the cabinet. She told the spectators, however, that she'd had a heart attack.

Next, for some unknown reason neither the handcuff keys nor the gimmick would open the trick cuffs. They had to be sawed off with a hacksaw.

Madame was so frightened she refused to accept a penny from any of her sympathetic friends for her appearance and refused to continue with the seance.

The loud crackling noise had been the glass breaking in front of Houdini's picture. And the break formed a perfect W—the first letter of Houdini's real name, which was Weiss.

All of this was too much for the Madame. That was her last seance. She spent the rest of her days managing a small side show in a carnival. She wanted nothing more to do with Houdini, vowing if he'd leave her alone she'd darn sure

leave him alone. She believed that Houdini's spirit had punished her for her lies.

Let me hasten to explain that neither of these episodes impressed me very much. I felt they could be coincidences that perhaps yet may be explained by natural phenomena. But my own uncanny experience with a photograph of Houdini, along with the other two episodes, has given me food for thought.

Many of us professional magicians would couple a Houdini seance with our magic show on Hallowe'en night because it was a drawing card and assured us a packed house.

Seven years after the Madame's memorable seance, I decided to present my 14th Houdini Hallowe'en seance and magic show in Austin, Tex. It was my custom to devote only about 10 minutes to these seances and then give a magic show, the seance being just a drawing card.

I placed a small trumpet, a pair of handcuffs, and a picture of Houdini on the table and introduced the local medium who was to conduct the seance. All lights were cut off with the exception of a 25 watt green light in front of Houdini's photograph.

The Medium was talking when suddenly a loud clap of thunder, followed by flashes of lightning, ushered in one of those freakish electrical storms. Lights went out, women screamed. Then almost as suddenly as it began the storm was over.

When the lights came on, every thing appeared normal to every one but me. I was standing near the table and when I looked down I saw that the picture of Houdini had been torn into little pieces and stacked neatly in a small mound in the center of the table. With lightning flashing momentarily it would have been impossible for anyone to approach the table without my seeing him.

I'm no mathematician, but it seems to me that the odds are staggering against these related picture episodes being mere coincidences.

A few magicians are inclined to believe that Houdini's picture and a small light must have been in some way connected with Mr. and Mrs. Houdini's secret pact. Many friends of the late Mrs. Houdini told us that she kept a small light burning in front of her husband's picture night and day until she died.

Remember, each time Houdini's photograph was involved in a manifestation, a small light was burning in front of it!

Now, since Mr. X. and Madame LeRue are both dead, and I have retired, I see no reason for withholding this, perhaps, final link in the chain of Houdini mysteries.

A remarkable experiment in translating a poem from an unfamiliar language shows another instance wherein . .

YOU CAN USE YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS

By Trebor H. Tims

BEING A NOVICE in ESP and Metaphysics, I have hesitated to make known the results of my experiments in the use of the subconscious. However, I have decided to add my evidence to the growing accumulation of knowledge on these subjects.

A number of years ago, my wife and I attended a series of lectures given by a prominent metaphysician and learned her formula for utilizing the subconscious to accomplish ends desired for oneself or others. After some experimentation we succeeded in locating a stolen watch, collected a long past due business account, found a husband for a young lady friend of ours and best of all received a letter from a woman in a distant city, who testified that after trying out the formula she had been able to resume her household duties after being bedridden for several years.

We had another personal demonstration of the powers of the subconscious mind in which I was most concerned.

My wife was raised in Germany and has attempted, several times, to teach me her native language but finally, discouraged at my indifference or perhaps ignorance, she gave up her attempts. So, after 30 years of marriage to her I still know only four or five sentences.

One day my wife looked up from a book she was reading and remarked, "My I wish you could read this in German. Here is a poet who teaches that even a creature as small as a bird may use its subconscious mind to delve into its previous existence!"

I expressed my surprise and

"Das Voglein auf dem Weinachtsbaum"

("The Bird in the Christmas Tree")

Das Vöglein auf dem Weihnachtsbaum.

Ich hatt' ein Vöglein, das war wunderzahm,
Daß es vom Munde mir das Futter nahm.
Es flatterte bei meinem Ruf herbei
Und trieb der muntern Kurzweil vielerlei,
Drum stund das Thürchen seines Kerkers auf
Den ganzen Tag zu freiem Flug und Lauf.
Im Käfig war es aus dem Ei geschlüpft,
War nie durch Gras und grünes Laub gehüpft,
Und hatte nie den dunklen Wald geschaut,
Wo sein Geschlecht die leichten Nester baut.

Und wie der Winter wieder kam ins Land,
Das Weihnachtsbäumchen in der Stube stand,
Da fand mein schmuckes, zahmes Vögelein
Neugierig bald sich in den Zweigen ein.
Wohl trippelt es behutsam erst und scheu
Dem Rätsel zu, so lockend und so neu,
Doch bald war's in dem grünen Reich zu Haus,
Wie prüfend breitet es die Flügel aus:
So freudig stieg und fiel die kleine Brust,
Als schwellte sie der Tannenduft mit Lust.
Und wie er nie vom Käfig noch erklang,
So froh, so schmetternd tönte sein Gesang!
Zum erstenmal, berauscht vom neuen Glück,
Kehrt es zu seinem Hause nicht zurück.
Hart an das Stämmchen duckt es still und klein
Und schlummert in der grünen Dämmrung ein.

Und sinnend sah ich lang des Lieblings Ruh,
Wie erst dem Spiel, dem zierlich heitren zu . . .
Als durch des Vogels Leib mit einemmal
Ein seltsam Zittern wunderbar sich stahl;
Das Köpfchen mit dem Fittig zugethan,
Fing es geheim und süß zu zwitschern an:
. . . Im Traum geschah's . . . und Wald und Waldesweh'n.
Schien ahnungsvoll durch diesen Traum zu geh'n.

. . . Und seltsam überkam's mich bei dem Laut!
Was nie das Tierchen lebend noch geschaut,
Des freien Waldes freie Herrlichkeit,
Nun lag es offen da vor ihm und weit . . .
Mich aber mahnt es einer andern Welt,
Und mancher Frage, zweifelnd oft gestellt,
Und dieses Leben deuchte mir ein Traum,
Wie der des Vöglein's auf dem Weihnachtsbaum!

Hermann Schmid.

THE BIRD IN THE CHRISTMAS TREE

I had a little bird that was so tame
To partake of food from my mouth, it came
And fluttering playfully at my call,
Played hide-and-seek about the hall;
So the door of his prison stood open a space
For freedom of flight about the place.
Having been born from an egg in the cage
He had never dwelt in the green foliage—
Had never seen the deep forest shade
Nor the airy nests his kind had made.

One day when Winter spread o'er the land,
A Christmas tree in the room did stand;
Then my sweet birdie in wonder was seen
To perch himself in the branches so green.
But carefully first and shy did gaze
About the strange and welcoming maze;
Then soon felt at home in that kingdom of green
And spreading his wings his feathers to preen.
His little breast vibrantly rose and fell
As though breathing his fill of the pine-tree's smell.
And never before from his throat had come
So joyous a song as he now sung,
And as though o'erwhelmed by some potent spell
He did not return to his prison cell
But crouched 'gainst the trunk, so small and quiet
And slept in the arms of the green twilight.

Then as I watched him, thinking of the day—
Meditating on his happy, cheerful play—
A strange vibration shook the tiny thing.
And from the darling's throat hid 'neath his wing
Came sweet twitterings, mysterious and low.

Then in sub-conscious vision, seemed to go
The dream vision of the birdie, in my mind:
The flight through mighty forests with his kind;
The sky so blue, the air so fresh and clear;
The mountains tall, the flowers so dear;
And freedom of life to him was opened wide
As through his mind this vision seemed to glide.
And strangely was I moved by the scene
That never this birdie in his life had seen:
The sheen of waters, the meadows so green—
Yet hid in his mind the picture had been.
It recalled to my mind another life—
Another sphere free of sorrow and strife
And the sweet tender song my birdie had sung
Aroused thoughts of the better world yet to come
And my pre-existent state appeared to me
As the dream of the bird in the Christmas tree.

Hermann Schmid

Poem in German is shown with Author's English translation. He says he lacks knowledge of German, but obtained the translation in experiment with harnessing the subconscious.

interest and asked her to give me a quick translation in English, which she did. I then told her that I was really sorry and wished I had the knowledge necessary to put the poem into English and still keep the style of rhyming each two lines as was done in the German poem. My wife explained that even if I could translate the ver-

ses it would be extremely difficult to keep the meaning and the rhyme, as German grammatical arrangement is in reverse of English.

The poem was entitled, *Das Voglein auf dem Weinachtsbaum.* In English this is *The Bird in the Christmas Tree.*

The story tells how a tame canary owned by the family often was permitted to leave its cage and flit about the room for a short time. A few days before Christmas a pine tree from the forest was brought into the house to be trimmed in the usual way for the holiday season. Although the canary had been raised from an egg in a nest in the cage and never before had experienced the presence of a tree, yet it persisted in roosting in the pine tree, cuddled up against the branches and went to sleep there. With its head tucked beneath its wing, it uttered a faint twittering as if it was enjoying a dream of flying in the forest with others of its kind.

My wife suggested that I try out the formula for harnessing the subconscious to get a rhyming translation, and I knew what I was up against for often I have teased her by repeating a supposed speech, in broken English, by a German farmer who, looking out of an upstairs window, saw his iron-gray mare escape from its tether and called to his son, "John, John, look the window out, run the backstairs down, see the gray-iron mare tied loose mit the stable out." This always brings a tired look of disgust from my wife, and I only repeat it as an example of reverse grammatical arrangement. Another example is the title of a recent song, *Throw Mamma From The Train A Kiss;* instead of "throw Mamma a kiss from the train."

The upshot was that I arranged a quiet evening, making the usual preparations for a relaxed sleep by taking a bath, doing a few simple exercises—I retired to my den. I placed the open book of poems by my bedside, with a pad of paper and a pencil. Then, comfortably settled in bed, I commenced the usual concentration of commanding my unconscious mind to get me the translation with rhyming at the end of the lines like the German copy. I gave myself this instruction time after time, concentrating upon the desired result, until I fell asleep with the words of command still on my lips.

The next morning when I awoke my first thought was, "How have I succeeded?" Looking at the pad, I found two pages filled with my hand-writing. Upon showing this to my wife and comparing it with the original we were delighted to

find the translation was fairly good and that each two lines rhymed. However, my translation was not complete, it was only for half of the poem.

The next night I followed the same routine, except that I commanded my inner mind to give me the rest of the translation missing from my first night's try.

I may have used a different wording than before, I do not remember. But when I awoke the pad was blank. However, ringing in my ears were the words of the first line of the missing stanza. This I immediately wrote down, and the other lines followed in sequence, until finally the poem, translated into English, was completed as I had commanded my subconscious.

I have furnished a photostat of the original poem from the book entitled, *Himmelan,* by Herman Schmid. Also, please read my translation into English as it was written on the scratch pad at my bedside. Anyone familiar with German may make his own comparison. You may judge this experiment and its results for yourself.

QUEERLY ADVANCED AGE

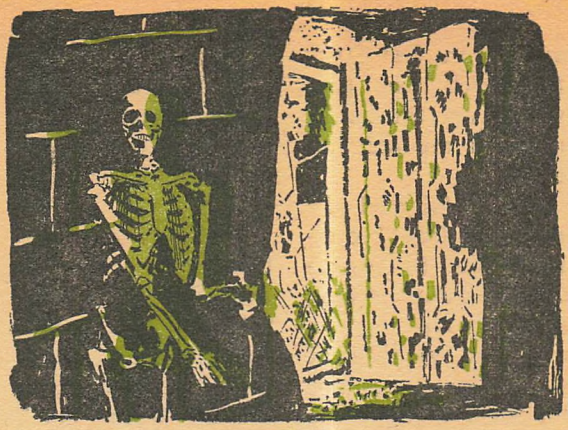
By David Gunston

Charles Charlesworth (1829-1836) was a physical rather than a mental prodigy. Born in a tiny Staffordshire village in England he was a normal child until the age of four.

Then he suddenly began to seem much older and before long had the appearance and manner of a man of 70. His face grew long whiskers, first grey and then white, and his voice became cracked and croaky after the manner of the aged.

By the time he was actually seven years old he was in every way an old, old man. His hair was white and falling; his little features were wizened and wrinkled; his tiny hands were knotted and gnarled. He walked painfully; his posture was bent and his movements creaky.

Perhaps this phenomenon was caused by some strange glandular maladjustment that could be put right medically today. But in 1836 knowledge of such things was scant and poor. Charles Charlesworth died, looking like an old man over 80, when he was actually only seven.



A British archeologist reports that during the excavation of an ancient Mycenean tomb he and his men found, inside the chamber,

the BONES that WALKED

By A. J. B. Wace

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THE SAINTS IN Greece occasionally have curious epithets. In Attica all know St. John the Hunter. In Naxos there is St. George the Drunken and in Thessaly you will find St. Nicholas the Murderer. Now too in Argolis you will hear of St. George the Vampire.

The little church or rather shrine dedicated to that saint is in a kind of open cave which is really the entrance to a Mycenaean rock cut chamber tomb and it lies on the outskirts of the village of Thymari at the base of the tangle of hills at the western foot of Mount Arachnaeus. If you go to the village and visit the shrine you will probably be told fantastic tales of the Vampire and the English archaeologist who was afterwards killed fighting the Bulgarians. The exact circumstances of the case you will probably not be able to discover. Even those of the village most closely connected with the events which led to the dedication of the shrine have allowed more freedom to their

imaginations than they should. The village priest Athanasios nowadays is in his dotage and his cups, and not competent to give a credible or even a coherent version of what really took place and the part he played. Evesham himself is dead, because as you know he was killed on the Salonika front in 1917. Our foreman (for it all happened when Evesham was excavating the Mycenaean site he had discovered at Kastraki near Thymari) died of diabetes some five years later. Of the two watchmen one was killed while serving in the Serres Division on the Macedonian front in 1918 and the other was lost somewhere in Asia Minor in the disastrous retreat in 1922. I am therefore the principal survivor for I was the only other archaeologist with Evesham at the time unless you count our technician and mender Spyros, but his mind was always far more concerned with dressing up so as to make an impression on local damsels. So it is, I think, desirable that I should put on record as soberly and straightforwardly as I can all the various happenings. Then those who think it worth their while to read what I have written can judge for themselves and adopt any explanation they please. I propose therefore, in what follows to put down without prejudice the events as they occurred and as I observed them at the time. I have refreshed my memory by my note book.

As I have written elsewhere, Evesham discovered the important Mycenaean settlement on the hill of Kastraki round the chapel of the Panagia Makrembolitissa in the spring of 1911. Kastraki itself lies in the plain, surrounded by vineyards dotted with fruit and olive trees slightly separated from the foot of the main ridge on which the village of Thymari itself stands. Below Thymari towards the base of the slope and opposite Kastraki Evesham found, when he began his excavations, a cemetery of Mycenaean rock-cut chamber tombs the existence of which he had suspected when he first explored the site. The excavation itself was carried out during June and July when the fine, dry weather made the work go easily. The expedition consisted of Evesham, myself, Jack Stuyvesant, a travelling student from Yale and a distant cousin of Evesham, and David Jones, a Welsh architectural student from Cambridge, as surveyor and draughtsman.

After the excavation had been in progress for about a month and we had cleared half a dozen tombs in addition to our exploration of the inhabited site and the Cyclopean walls on Kastraki we found one day the entrance passage of what promised to be a large, rich,

and important tomb. The passage, cut straight into the rock of the sloping hillside as an open gallery, was wider than the rest. There were also other peculiarities which we noticed as we proceeded. Usually, in the soil, fragments of pottery and occasionally small objects are found which have been thrown out of the tomb on some occasion when the family vault was reopened to admit a fresh tenant. Here, however, we found literally nothing at all in the soil we dug out, sifted, and observed with special care. Further, the work was impeded by great masses of large stones and heavy rocks, which looked almost as if they had been deliberately placed there by the ancients to annoy any archaeologist of times to come who might try to violate the sepulchre.

Finally, in front of the door of the tomb itself the whole width and height of the entrance passage was blocked by a solid mass of stone. I remarked to Evesham that it had probably been purposely built up in this manner by the original owners of the tomb to protect their ancestors and their treasures from the investigations of any Schliemann of the future. Old Manoles, our most experienced workman, expressed the view that the ancients had done this to prevent "them" from getting out, but he did not specify what he meant by "them". He did, however, one day call my attention to the fact that on the surface of the hillside above the chamber of the tomb there was no vegetation. True, on a barren rocky Greek hillside like that little does grow except Greek sage, thyme, spurge, and similar plants that can resist the summer drought; but here even such herbage was absent.

After some days of hard work we removed the mass of stone and then found before us the doorway of the tomb. This again was most securely walled up with gigantic cyclopean blocks of the hardest limestone, tightly fitted together with great skill and with all the joints carefully packed with yellow clay. When they saw this our workmen and even our foreman rubbed their hands and said we were bound to find great treasures of gold inside, for only to protect gold or "ivory statues with diamond eyes" would any man ever have gone to such trouble. When the heavy job of removing these great blocks had gone on for two days Stuyvesant, badly stung by a scorpion which came out of a crack between two boulders, had to return to Athens for treatment. He was accompanied by Jones whose spectacles had been shattered by a splinter that flew off one of the rocks when he was testing it with a crowbar, and he could not

continue his work without procuring a new pair.

Our workmen began to speculate and even to bet on what we should find in the tomb. Gold was the dream of all, and our foreman who had absorbed a little knowledge of antiquities suggested, to tickle our archaeological palates, bronze mirrors with carved ivory handles, sculptured steatite jars, engraved sealstones, golden tablets with mysterious signs. Old Manoles, however, with a dry chuckle foretold that there would be nothing in the tomb but the bones of a donkey, and put forward the theory that it was all a great prehistoric practical joke devised by Odysseus for the discomfiture of tomb robbers and resurrectionists.

Finally one Thursday we removed the last stones and were able to enter the chamber which, owing to the solidity of the blocking wall in the doorway, had less than half a metre of fine soil on its rock floor. To our surprise and to the dismay of all the workmen except old Manoles, there was no gold visible. No vases even of clay, still less of precious materials, and no objects of any kind were to be observed anywhere. Indeed there was only one skeleton and that lay against the center of the back wall, flat on its back, with its head to the west. It was too late that afternoon to begin to remove the soil from the tomb and sift it in search of small objects or jewellery. So we picked out one of our trusted men and appointed him watchman to sleep in the doorway of the tomb that night to prevent unauthorized interference.

We had rented for our headquarters a large new stone-built house with a fine first floor balcony on the edge of the village. Evesham and I shared a room and in it kept the boxes containing the more important finds. Early on the Friday morning just before dawn we were awakened by a violent knocking at our door and in burst the watchman. We hastily lit the lamp and saw him standing before us wild-eyed and all of a tremble. He asserted with many appeals to the Virgin and the saints that all had gone well till about half an hour before. Then he became aware of a rustling sound and a slight rattle as of bones. Evesham said it was someone coming up the entrance passage from outside making a noise to frighten him. The watchman denied this and said the noise was within the tomb. He had called out a challenge but received no answer. Then something touched his foot and he lost his nerve and ran to tell us. We summoned our foreman and the three of us, armed with good electric torches, went to the tomb. We could see no signs

of any disturbance in the entrance passage and so walked carefully up it searching the sides with our torches. As we reached the entrance the first rays of "rosy fingered dawn" shot across the sky and at the same time we heard a cock crowing. We explored the tomb chamber itself in great detail but found no signs of disturbance except that the skeleton seemed to have been moved slightly and in the soft earth of the tomb there were odd marks as if a bird with curious feet or a peculiar reptile had dragged itself over the floor. The foreman bluntly expressed the view that the watchman had entered the tomb and had begun to rifle the skeleton, when something interrupted him and so he had invented the story of something mysterious and imagined he could prove his good faith by running to tell us.

The next day we carefully cleared out all the fresh earth from the tomb and sifted it thoroughly but without finding anything. We also cleaned and photographed the skeleton most carefully. On it and round it there was nothing, but among its ribs was a curious bronze spearhead of a type which Evesham said had been found only at Mycenae itself, in Thessaly, and in Santa Maura. Evesham removed the skull from the skeleton which was in remarkably good condition and said we must keep it safe for the craniological museum in Athens. He also took the spearhead and put it gently into a stout cardboard box lined with cotton wool. The skull which was wrapped in cotton wool in a palm leaf basket, and the spearhead in its cardboard box we locked up in a strong wooden box with a stout padlock. It stood between our camp beds and on it Evesham kept some of his personal belongings, such as an ikon of St. George and a New Testament in Greek which the Abbot of Stephani had given him not long before on his birthday.

To guard the tomb that night we selected another watchman, for Evesham decided we would remove and pack the rest of the skeleton the next day. This man had served in the royal Evzone bodyguard at Athens and had shot two wolves on Mount Arachnaeus. There was thus no fear of his courage and our foreman and the village doctor both guaranteed his absolute honesty. Further we knew him as a first-class workman and had great confidence in him. He took with him an old six chambered revolver and a heavy cavalry sabre and set himself to watch in the doorway determined to make short work of any intruders.

Towards four o'clock on the Saturday morning the whole vil-

lage was aroused by the wild echoes of revolver shots and presently our fearless watchman came running with his story. He, like his predecessor, had heard a rustle and a rattle as of bones coming from inside the tomb. He could see nothing either in the entrance passage or in the tomb itself. He challenged but could obtain no answer. So then he fired four times into the tomb itself and the last two shots down the entrance passage to clear the way. Then his nerve shaken by the reverberation of the explosions and the flashes of the shots he had come to tell us. Again we went and explored the tomb. We found all in order, with the watchman's goat hair cloak where it had fallen from his shoulders and in the entrance passage his empty revolver and the cavalry sabre where he had dropped them in his flight. Only in the tomb itself we found the skeleton had disappeared and again we noticed the curious reptile-like tracks across the little soft earth still remaining on the floor. Evesham was puzzled. I thought the villagers were playing some game at our expense and suggested they were probably in collusion with the watchman to rob the tomb and had found some secret hiding place of treasure.

That day our foreman went to Argos to attend the weekly market and bring back some badly needed supplies. Evesham and I spent most of the day in the tomb. We swept up the rock floor very carefully and sifted all the earth and dust but we found nothing. Not even a potsherd rewarded our efforts. We had to work alone because not one of our workmen would come into the tomb with us. We stopped work as usual about five o'clock because Saturday was pay-day. Then after paying the men and writing up our accounts and checking the results we sat down to our well-earned supper. It was sometime after dark and the moon now past the full had risen when our foreman returned from Argos. He handed to us his marketings, and we observed that he seemed rather white and nervous. So Evesham asked if anything had gone wrong. He replied that he had often heard tales of things that wandered about the hills after dark especially in the watercourses but he had never before believed in such tales. We asked further why he was now inclined to believe them.

"Listen," he said, "to what has just happened to me and my horse."

He was just approaching the village on his return and had reached the bottom of the slope up which the bridle path runs. This goes zigzag up the hill protected on either side by a low stone

wall to keep a clear track among the dry herbage and passed not far from the Mycenaean cemetery we had discovered. Soon after it begins the ascent the bridle path crosses a dry watercourse. By the time he reached this the moon had risen. As he rode his horse across the watercourse it began to show strong signs of nervousness. It fidgeted, jibbed a little, and then displayed a desire to bolt. When he reined it in hard the horse neighed and then dropped its head and tried to kick. The foreman could see or hear nothing. He looked around and behind him and at the sides of the path but the moonlight revealed nothing, no living animal, no human being which might cause a horse to shy. After he had passed the watercourse and was following up one of the zigzags his horse was more nervous than ever and fidgeted violently. He too himself then heard or thought he heard a rustle and rattle as of bones in the dry herbage behind the low stone wall at the side of the path. Still he could see nothing. Finally he became cross and turned in his saddle and called loudly to the unseen.

"Come out and show yourself!" he shouted, "I am not afraid of you. I have a gun. Don't be so cowardly. Come out and show yourself! I am not afraid!"

Nothing appeared. There was no answer. Soon the path came abreast of a small chapel of the Virgin on the edge of the village. His horse became normal again and whinnied for its feed. There was no rustling or rattling. Still there had been something. What was it? Do such things really exist? Or are they mere imagination? Evesham suggested it was imagination and that the horse had shied at shadows cast by the moonlight for horses are often frightened by moon shadows more than by sun shadows.

"Don't I know my own horse?" asked the foreman indignantly. "I know it felt or saw something. Though I never believed them before, such things exist apparently." After more conversation about the excavation and its affairs the foreman bade us good night and we retired to bed.

When we were in bed before I extinguished the light I asked Evesham if he did not think we had better lock our door and shutter the window.

"Now, Cassius, don't be a silly ass!" he objected. "Who is going to attack us here? We are far safer in this village than anywhere else in the world. You could not be safer in Piccadilly Circus surrounded by six of the biggest London bobbies. Also I tell you flat I am not going to have the window

shuttered. Who would want to frowst on a gorgeous moonlight night like this?"

The foreman's story, however, must have told on my nerves because I slept badly. I dozed fitfully and did not seem able to sleep properly. My blanket slipped off, the mattress was lumpy, my pillow would not keep straight and the very frame of the camp bed seemed to find every bone in my body. I also had dreams, bad dreams, nightmares. I felt unseen danger was threatening me, threatening us, and I helpless and powerless could do nothing. Finally I seemed to be awake and thought I could hear the danger creeping nearer and nearer with a rustle and a dry rattle across the bare boards of the floor. I dreamt that in my despair I crossed myself fervently and called loudly on the Virgin in Greek. Then I really awoke and heard the echo of my cry in the room. I seized the electric torch by my bedside and flashed around. I could see nothing except that the night breeze had apparently set our door ajar. Alongside me Evesham lay sleeping peacefully with his right arm outstretched just touching the ikon of St. George. Reassured I switched off the torch and curled myself up in the blanket and slept till day at last broke clear and sunny.

That day, Sunday, the church bells in the village were ringing all day to keep off evil spirits and all devils. The priest Athanasios after the morning service went in full form to Kastraki. He took the ikon of the Panagia Makrembolitissa thence in solemn procession with chants and incense through and all round the village before returning it to its chapel where St. Narcissus is buried. In the afternoon he came and had a long private talk with Evesham who never told me what it was all about. I can only surmise from what followed.

The next morning when we should have resumed work after breakfast at about half-past eight Evesham first bade the foreman summon all the men to the tomb. Then he went to our house and came back with the basket in which the skull was packed and the cardboard box containing the bronze spearhead. Accompanied by the priest he laid the skull as near as he could in the position in which he had found it and placed the spearhead where the ribs should have been. This done the priest withdrew to vest himself. He came back in ceremonial procession accompanied by the priests of two or three neighboring villages also fully vested. With them was a company of boys as acolytes bearing lighted candles, censers,

crosses, vessels of holy water with sprigs of basil, and other ritual appurtenances. The priests went round all the tomb sprinkling it with holy water and censing it frequently while they intoned appropriate prayers. This done, led by Athanasios the service for the exorcising of evil spirits was chanted. Evesham and I with our foreman stood in the tomb just behind the priests and there were also in the tomb some of the bolder spirits among the villagers including old Manoles. The more timid remained outside in the long wide entrance passage or else gathered on the hillside above whence they could peer down into the tomb. As the service reached its climax there was a sudden violent gust of wind which swept up the entrance passage into the tomb. The candles, the sole illumination, for the sun was overcast, flickered strongly for a few moments and then went out. We were plunged into complete darkness and in the sudden hush heard a rustle and a dry rattling followed by the sound of metal striking an object. The next instant there was indescribable confusion. All almost with one accord began to call loudly on the Virgin, the Almighty, the archangels and all the hosts of the saints and at the same time to rush madly for the entrance to escape. Our foreman, a tall and powerful man, put one arm round Evesham and the other round me and propelled us by main force through the crowd and along the entrance passage into the daylight and open air. The whole tomb and its entrance passage emptied as if by magic in spite of the turmoil. As the congregation recovered its breath, quick excited talk began to enquire what had happened.

"Did you see him? We saw him!" some of the acolytes cried, crossing themselves. They were asked whom they had seen.

"The saint in armor on the white horse," they replied in chorus. They declared that he, spear in hand, had dashed into the tomb with a rushing wind just before the candles were blown out. Neither Evesham nor I had seen anything of the kind, but Evesham said he was going back into the tomb to see. Ignoring the protests of the villagers and accompanied only by our foreman and by the village priest Athanasios we lighted candles and re-entered the tomb. The floor was covered with fallen candles, ikons, crosses, censers, holy water vessels, springs of basil, service books, and all the ritual objects which the religious had dropped in their panic. We turned our candles to the center of the back wall of the tomb. There was the skeleton complete as we had first found it lying on its back

with its head to the west. Sticking upright among its ribs in the region where its heart would be if a skeleton could have a heart was the bronze spearhead. In front of it also, by some miracle, standing upright was an ikon of St. George which someone had dropped. The priest and our foreman as they collected the fallen objects said that all would be well.

The same afternoon the villagers under the leadership of Athanasios and our foreman walled up the tomb again, but they left the ikon of St. George, the skeleton and the spearhead exactly as we had found them. When the walling of the doorway, which was done solidly and thoroughly, was satisfactorily completed a small niche with a half roof was made in the front of it. Another ikon of St. George was placed in it with a lighted oil lamp hanging before it. St. George, they said, it must be, for he was the patron saint of Evesham himself and of the kings of England and of Greece and was accustomed to deal with dragons and all evil things.

When I revisited Thymari on my return to Greece in 1919, I found that the pious villagers had enlarged the little shrine in the entrance passage of the Mycenaean tomb into a sort of small chapel which they were now calling St. George the Vampire. I lit two candles, one for Evesham and one for the unhappy soul within the tomb.

Prof. Alan John Bayard Wace, the author of this fascinating true story, was born in 1879 and today at 81 is considered to be one of Britain's foremost classical scholars. A decade ago Professor Wace was honored for 50 years of work in archeology and the magazine The School *devoted 12 pages to a tribute to him. For many years Professor Wace was associated with the British School at Athens. It was during his archeological work in Greece that the events described here took place.*

THE RETURNING CAR

IN Newark, N.J., Andrew Lindsey reported to police that his 1955 sedan had been stolen from in front of his home. Several hours later police found the car parked in another part of the city and it was towed to a parking lot. A short time later police investigated a car driven by two youths—and discovered that Lindsey's sedan had been stolen again.

Photos on this page show uncle of Stephen Schloss, German journalist, as he appeared during life. On opposite page is a recent sketch of the dead uncle by England's psychic artist Frank Leah.

DEAD MAN sits for PSYCHIC PORTRAIT

By Fred Archer

Reprinted from PSYCHIC NEWS

Amazing proof of identity came after the psychic artist sketched the features of a dead man he never had seen.

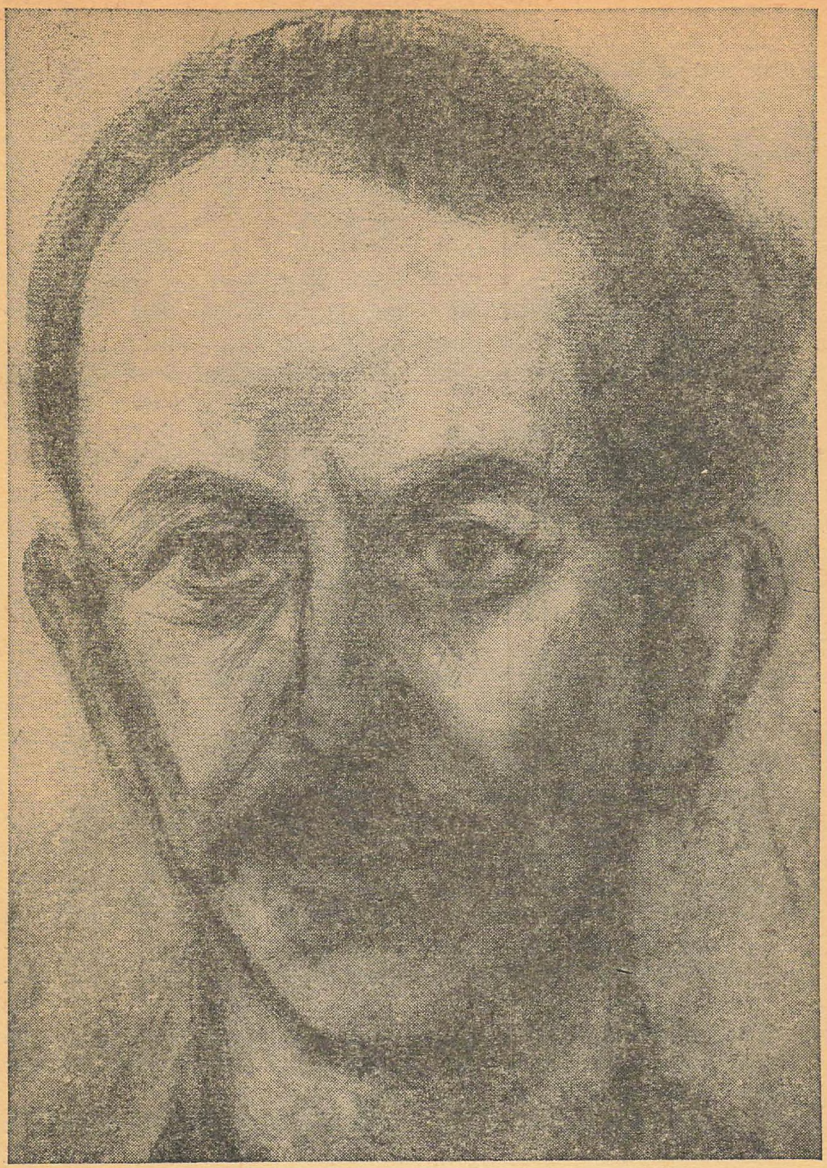
BEFORE THE science editor of *Das Neue Blatt,* who writes under the name of Stephen Schloss, came here some months ago he wrote to ask my co-operation.

He knew that Britain was the leading country in psychic matters and wanted to investigate mediumship and other aspects of the subject.

I met him when he came and put him in touch with those who could best help him. The result has been a long series of articles in his paper introducing German readers to the work of many British mediums.

From this office Schloss phoned Frank Leah, to later receive an astounding psychic portrait. It is one of the most convincing examples of Leah's remarkable mediumship that I have ever seen.

Over the telephone Schloss suggested the artist should portray his



dead uncle, a man he had not seen since he was eight years old.

Leah went to work on the portrait.

"When I called on him later on," wrote Stephen Schloss, "he showed me a portrait which clearly exhibited the general features of my dead uncle."

"Well, how do you like it?" asked Frank Leah with, says Schloss, "an undertone of pride in his voice."

"The similarity is surprising," replied the journalist. The eyes in particular were exactly as he remembered them: but he was not so sure about the forehead—it did not seem wide enough on the drawing. The chin came out well, so had the cheeks.

Something was wrong though with the moustache—but the journalist was not absolutely sure what exactly it was—he only remembered his uncle as he saw him when he was a little boy.

"What he looked like in his later years, I have no idea. Really, I am rather uncertain," he told Leah.

"It's always the same story," the artist complained. "People come to me and say: 'Please paint this or that dead relative of mine: I have no photo of him: naturally I know exactly what he used to look like, but still I would like to have a picture of him.'

"Yes—and when I produce the first drawing, these people cannot remember anything at all any more."

Schloss told him he had had a funny feeling when he talked to him on the 'phone. Leah seemed surprised.

"That's a new one on me," he commented, "at any rate I have nothing to do with that. The only explanation I can offer is that your dead uncle wanted to show himself to you because you were thinking about him so strongly.

"This portrait," he went on, "is going to give us a lot of trouble, I can say that much already—your uncle has never tried to show himself before.

"And why should he after all?" Leah asked. "Just imagine you are already in the beyond. Most likely you would have other things in your head than to aid your nephew in his parapsychological experiments."

Over a cup of tea, Leah told Schloss that he had been unable to see his uncle distinctly: "I had just a few glimpses of him, like a person approaching you in a fog at a distance of about six yards," he said.

Generally, however, he saw his subjects far more clearly and could rough sketch them "within a matter of seconds."

But he could not do this in the case of Schloss's uncle. In fact it seemed to the journalist that Leah

looked at him reproachfully. He asked Leah whether this particular case was giving him any physical discomfort.

Leah, he said, gave a bitter laugh. He held out his hand. It was ice cold.

"I die every time such a case crosses my path," said the artist. "A spirit like this one won't leave you alone once he's made an attempt to make himself visible. They're worse than women—they fuss and torment me all day."

He slapped his stomach with the flat of his hand, making a loud noise. "Here," he said, pointing to his solar plexus, "there's a tugging and a pulling—it's almost unbearable."

After that meeting, Schloss still wondered if Leah had really drawn his dead uncle's portrait. Some of the features seemed to belong to him all right. Of others he was not so sure. They did not seem to belong to the uncle he remembered from childhood.

That evening, Schloss sent the following telegram to his mother in Germany: "Urgent. Send by express airmail all available photographs of Uncle Karl. Will explain everything later."

Twenty-four hours later he received several snapshots of his uncle, including one small portrait. Some of the pictures showed his uncle shortly before his death.

Looking at these later photographs, Schloss understood immediately what had happened.

Leah had drawn the elderly man —represented in the later pictures —not the man Schloss remembered from childhood.

"It was this elderly man—almost unknown to me, whom Mr. Leah had drawn. The psychic artist had made the impossible possible!

"Frank Leah had, in fact, drawn a true, natural portrait of my uncle . . . There is no way the result of the experiment could be classified by modern science."

Could Leah have tapped his subconscious, wondered the journalist? No, he could not have done so, for he had never seen his uncle late in life.

Nor could there have been any trickery. "It was impossible for the artist to obtain photos of my uncle before he finished the portrait."

TRICKS OF THE TRADE

A CARPENTER named Preston L. Carpenter reported a theft with an odd angle to police of Little Rock, Ark. Someone, he said, had stolen his carpenter tools from his house on Carpenter Drive.

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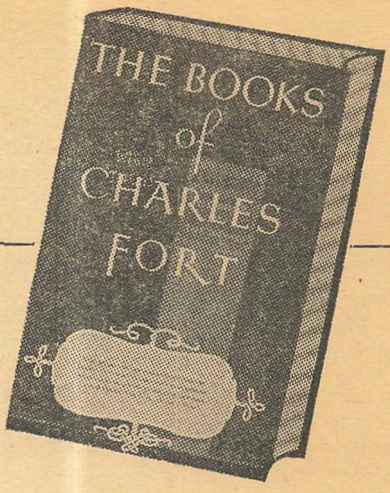

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FROM "THAT OTHER PLACE"

By Mildred Walker Case

MY BROTHER Jack, born September 14, 1939, and many years younger than I, warned me one day while we were playing golf that he would have to leave us all very soon; that we must accept God's will.

Jack and I had been practicing on the small putting green which separated my parent's home from my husband's and my home. I asked him whatever he was talking about and said I didn't think it at all funny to joke about such a thing.

He said, "Sis, this isn't a joke. There must be something I can do in that other place which is much more important than anything here on earth. I must go and very soon, but I shall let you know so you will not be too shocked."

A few months after this conversation my husband and I left for our place in Florida to spend the winter. Mother and Dad left for Bermuda, so Jack remained at home with just the housekeeper. We did not want to take him out of school as he was just 15 and his soccer games meant the world to him.

We did not worry about Jack. He had had his regular yearly examination by a doctor the month before and he was in perfect health. He was too tall for his age and needed to put on some weight, but many 15-year-old boys do.

We had been south a month when one night, having retired rather early with too much sunburn, I awoke to see Jack standing by my bed. I reached out, grabbed and kissed him, and told him how happy I was

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to be surprised in this way. I thought he had taken a plane down and would most likely spend a few days with us.

My brother said in a quiet voice, "Sis, this is *it!* I am going, so get your bags packed, and hurry. I won't be able to wait for you but I want you home so when Dad and Mother arrive you will be there to soften their shock."

I at once started packing my husband's clothes and my own and doing the things necessary to close up a house.

My very psychic husband came down a few hours later after receiving a phone call from the housekeeper telling of my brother's death. He showed no surprise at seeing the packed bags. He merely took me in his arms and told me how wonderful God is to us, his children. We had had a wonderful brother for a short while and we should think of it that way, instead of as a great loss, he said.

The housekeeper, who has died since that time, told us that Jack's last remark was, "Call Sis, tell her that this is *it*. She will know what you mean. You see, I must go." You can imagine how the poor woman felt. We had phone trouble, the wires were down someplace, so by the time she succeeded in getting a call through to my husband Jack had been released approximately five hours. As near as I am able to figure it out, when Jack appeared by my bedside he had been dead about two or two-and-one-half hours.

My parents and I were very new in our study of the psychic at the time of Jack's death and we kept him earthbound for almost two years, through our self-pity. Since then, which was 20 years ago, Jack

has talked with me many times and has helped me with my studies. He tells us that there is no confusion where he is and that he has been able to do much good.

You can imagine the comfort I receive when Jack comes to me and says, "Sis, all is so happy here! Keep on with your lessons. Keep on doing good and spreading love."

I try very hard.

—*Sarasota, Fla.*

MY UNSEEN COMPANION

By Walter Davison

As told to Michael Bruce

CERTAINLY I BELIEVE in a life after death, said the Reverend Davison. And it's not only because I was a minister. If there isn't a life after death, how do you explain this experience?

Nearly 40 years ago, in 1920, I had a parish in the western part of Winnipeg, Manitoba. The city has grown since then and boundaries moved; but it used to be a part of what is now Starbuck. I was there for some years and knew all my parishioners quite well, including a widowed Mrs. Parker and her two teen-age daughters, Eileen and Mary.

Then I was moved to a neighboring parish in what is now Rolland, about a mile from my old one. Naturally, I was very busy with members of my new parish and was almost completely out of touch with my former group. There were few cars or telephones then.

One day in March, 1924, after I had been at the new parish almost a year, I heard a knock at the door and there stood Mary Parker.

"Could you come at once, please, Mr. Davison?" she asked. "My sister Eileen is ill and wants to see you."

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"Certainly I'll come," I said. "I'm sorry to hear that she is ill." And in a few minutes we were on our way, talking about various matters as we walked along.

It was less than a mile but as we walked I noticed a group of men repairing the road. We walked by them without breaking off our conversation.

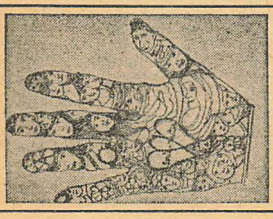
As we arrived at the house Mary said, "I'll go around the back but you go right ahead." And she disappeared around the corner of the house.

Mrs. Parker answered my knock. "Good afternoon," I said, "Your daughter Mary called on me a few minutes ago. She tells me that Eileen is ill and wishes to see me."

"Mary!" exclaimed Mrs. Parker. "It couldn't . . . " She checked herself and said, "Please come in. Eileen is very ill and wants to see you but I couldn't leave her to fetch you; it came on so suddenly."

She was waiting for me when I left Eileen's bedside. "Mr. Davison," she began. "I thought you said my daughter Mary asked you to come over—but I must have been mistaken."

You weren't mistaken, I said. It was your daughter Mary. I haven't seen her for most of a year but I knew her perfectly well. Besides, she spoke of Eileen and walked here with me. She went round the house as I knocked at the front door.



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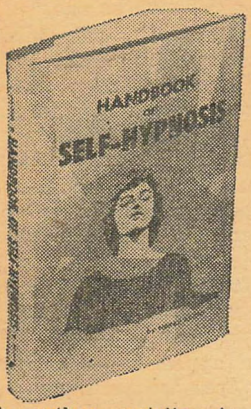

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Harry Arons is Editor of HYPNOSIS Quarterly and author of MASTER COURSE IN HYPNOTISM, TECHNIQUES OF SPEED HYPNOSIS and TRAINING CENTER and founder numerous magazine articles. He is Director of the ETHICAL HYPNOSIS 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 Jersery.

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Mrs. Parker seemed quite distressed as she said, "I'm sorry but you must be mistaken. You see, Mary died eight months ago."

I was stunned. The only solution I could think of immediately was that some impostor had fooled me. But that was senseless; and Mary had spoken of intimate family matters with which I was familiar.

I still was trying to puzzle it out when I again passed the group of road workers. On a sudden impulse I stopped.

"Good afternoon, men," I greeted them. "Do you remember seeing me pass here about an hour ago?"

The men appeared embarrassed. "Well, Sir, yes we seen you," the foreman answered, looking at the ground.

"Was something wrong?" I asked.

The men shuffled their feet.

"If there was something queer I'd like to know," I urged.

"Well, Sir," the foreman spoke again. "You was alone but you had your head turned sideways and was talking steady—like someone was walking beside you, but nobody was there!" —*Picton, Ont., Canada*

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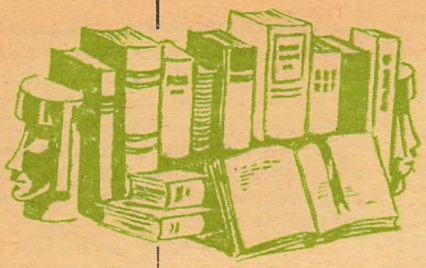

NEW BOOKS

THE ART OF SPIRITUAL HEALING, by Joel S. Goldsmith. Harper and Brothers, New York City, 1959. 190 pages, $3.00.

Joel Goldsmith professes to practice spiritual healing in much the same manner Christ did 2,000 years ago. In this peculiarly and powerfully written book, he attempts to pass on to the reader the art of spiritual healing as practiced through a Yoga-like method of attaining "oneness with God," less the physical rigors and disciplines associated with Hindu practice.

With his method he incorporates a kind of faith-healing—a mind-over-matter technique—in which treatment is "a recognition of the nonpower of the condition (disease), but deals only with God and is on the level with God." Accordingly, Mr. Goldsmith denies the existence of disease and discord as other than recognized nonexistencies. For in spiritual healing, he says, the cause of illness is a "universal hypnotism (which) strikes people unbeknownst to themselves, acting upon them so that when the world says it is raining outside, thousands of people catch cold." He defines the spiritual healer as one who deals not with diseases but with a misapprehension of reality—hypnotism and suggestion. He believes you must break this hypnotic spell to heal.

Like the many books advising how to get rich doing one thing or another, this one may provoke a lifted eyebrow from the wary since the author is comparatively little known outside his own small circle, and since his own achievements are only a matter of accepting his word for them. (He claims many cures but gives no names or any other substantiating evidence). He presupposes a believing (or gullible) reader when he sets up premises and proceeds to handle them as facts, basing his proofs on these "facts."

Any person who seriously wants to become a healer can do so, says Mr. Goldsmith, but he admits that not all cases can be healed. Sometimes the patient must have a spiritual awakening before the treatment is successful. Treatment is not complete until the healer achieves inner peace.

Much of the book should be read with the heart and not with the mind. Like some metaphysical literature, when read with the mind, it tells little that can be of value in objective consideration.

Generally, this work cannot be

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called a lesson in spiritual healing. Mr. Goldsmith puts most emphasis on theosophical discussion of the relationship of God and man with too much needless repetition, defines spiritual healing, gives some do's and don'ts for the student healer, and tells something of himself as a wonder worker.

—*Charles B. Harnett.*

FROM WHENCE CAME YOU?, by Morton Deutsch. Philosophical Library, New York. 248 pages, $4.75.

This book is sub-titled "A Tale of the Early Beginning of Free Masonry", the question "From Whence Came You?" being one addressed by the Master of a Lodge to the Wardens, the answer being "From the East."

Scholarly, erudite and copiously documented, the volume delves deeply into the past and claims to reveal incidents in Masonic history never before printed. Stress is laid on the bitter opposition to and persecution of Freemasonry by the Roman Catholic Church, 17 of the more important Papal Bulls to this effect being listed. While Catholics have been excommunicated for having anything to do with Freemasonry, the Masonic Craft never has been hostile to the Church.

A remarkable disclosure is that, in the house where the Great Fire of London started, in 1666, there is a plaque, placed there by Order of Court of Common Council, stating that the fire was started "from the hearts of barbarous papists, by ye hand of their agent Hubert, who confessed"!

Apart from a few items such as the above, the work is perhaps too

technical and concerned with historical minutiae to be of much interest to the general reader. It should, however, be of great value to Freemasons who like to delve into the history of their "Ancient and Honorable Craft."—*Arthur E. Powell.*

THE SIXTH SENSE, An Inquiry into Extra-Sensory Perception, by Rosalind Heywood. Chatto and Windus, London, 1959. 224 pages, 21/-($3.00).

In the recent past attempts at summarizing the achievements of psychical research have been made by too many persons who had only a nodding acquaintance with the field. The result has been warped and fragmentary presentations of the evidence. In the present volume, Mrs. Heywood is quite familiar with the work of the Society for Psychical Research, London, and the field of parapsychology in general. In her summary she has outlined the progress of the inquiry into psi phenomena from its inception in the Ghost Society of Cambridge University almost a century ago.

Professor Henry Sidgwick of Cambridge was interested in these rare phenomena and in 1882 he headed a small group, mainly from Cambridge, which led to the founding of the Society for Psychical Research in that year. Mrs. Heywood shows the growth of the research from these small beginnings. She gives us a detailed picture of some of the early experimenters and the experiments they devised to test psychical phenomena. She shows how Oliver Lodge, in 1885, used probability mathematics to evaluate an experiment in extra-sensory perception.

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cut explanation of the "cross-correspondence" experimentation by the S.P.R. group between 1901 and 1925 and of some of the strange results obtained. She devotes a full chapter to the scripts of "Mrs. Willett" in the experiments of the Earl of Balfour. She discloses that "Mrs. Willett" was as a matter of fact the prominent Mrs. Coombe-Tennant, and a most unusual psychic.

Mrs. Heywood discloses that the private psychic, "Mrs. Holland" who took part in many of the cross-correspondences was in reality Mrs. Fleming, the sister of Rudyard Kipling.

An interesting chapter is devoted to the Patience Worth case, which is carefully evaluated. Mrs. Osborne Leonard, the famous English psychic, is the subject of two chapters, detailing the wide scope of her mediumship. In the latter part of the book, Mrs. Heywood gives us a vivid picture, somewhat compressed, of the quantitative experimentation in extra-sensory perception of Dr. J. B. Rhine and his co-experimenters at Duke University, and of similar experimentation carried on in England by Whately Carington, G.N.M. Tyrrell, S. G. Soal, and Robert H. Thouless.

Mrs. Heywood's ability to choose cases of unusual significance and explain them with great clarity makes this a highly valuable book for the student in the field of extra-sensory perception.

—Edmond P. Gibson

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS, The Art and Science of Reading Character by Grapho Analysis, by M. N. Bunker. Nelson-Hall Co., Chicago, 1959. 256 pp, $5.95.

The author claims on the jacket

of this interesting, although rather casually written book, "Grapho Analysis is the science of reading character and personality traits from handwriting. It is akin to applied psychology—it has nothing whatever to do with fortune-telling."

A distinction of long standing in our language describes art as a systematic *pratique*, where skill of the operator rules, and science as rather "a recognized department of learning, often opposed to art." (*Oxford Univ. Dictionary*, p. 1806.) Here, of course, "opposed" is in the sense of "contrasted." It is the hallmark of the purveyor of wares to overstate his case in the quest for recognition. So viewed, it might be more modest, credible and factual, did Mr. Bunker style his craft but "an art", which he might yet claim (as he does) to be guided by systematic rules drawn from experience, than to term it both an art and a science. Da Vinci was content to be an artist; Newton to be a scientist; but Bunker must wear both badges. This is not to decry all merit in this summary book of his experiments and experience; rather, to suggest that restraint of statement best establishes the scientific approach.

M. N. Bunker has assembled, from his many years of contacts with celebrities and uncelebrated, dozens of writing specimens, which are reproduced, adding to the book's appeal and value. For there is a distinct contribution here to a research field from which interested persons have been turned away too often by unproven generalization. This is not to say that Bunker errs equally.

Such reservations noted, Bunker makes a strong case for the idea that some personality traits are recorded in writing, and that he has

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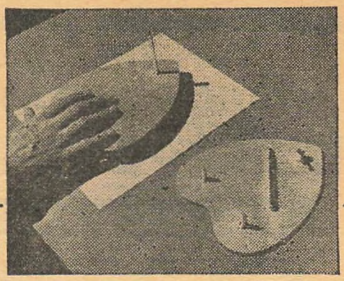

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developed some personal skill in their interpretation (errors he admits).

Striking is his claim (Chapter 7): "Your handwriting can change you." He qualifies: "Do not try to change your entire writing with any idea of changing your character traits all at once. It takes time to build character." As to how, in the face of notoriously hard-to-improve anti-social or criminal behavior, the "reform" of a man's pen-squiggles will revamp his sordid character, Mr. Bunker cites four or five case histories of men (unidentified save as "Billy," "Jimmie," etc.) whose characters improved with time, after the author induced them to change their writing. The author is sole authority for such "proof."

Let us, for fairness, suppose some improvement occurred. Let us, merely for discussion, assume that one influence was the man's earnest endeavor, he having been "persuaded" that by altering pen-loops he would eradicate some baser tendencies. Isn't he in effect saying to himself, with every scrawl reformed, "I'll change my p's and q's, to acquire temperance?" Haven't we rediscovered autosuggestion? If so, we may separate some factors bearing on alleged results.

Summary: An interesting and informative book but one that requires discrimination.—*W. Jerome Beaumont.*

A steamroller shot a man to death in Liverpool, England. As it was crushing rock on a highway project, a sharp piece of stone shot out from under it and pierced the heart of a bystander, George Sale.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

PSYCHIC EVENTS

One morning in October, 1953, my father was found dead of angina pectoris. The evening before my wife and I had gone to bed after watching TV until 10:45 P.M. I felt chilled and my teeth chattered for no apparent reason, as the room was not cold.

Around midnight we were waked by our boy, who said there was a man under his bed. My wife put him to bed in the next room. She commented at the time that there was an unusual pounding, as if someone were using a broom handle on the ceiling below. We were on the second floor, and my parents slept in the room under us on the first floor.

In the morning my mother found that my father had died during the night. Our family doctor stated that Dad had died around 12:30 A.M.

One morning a short time later Mother told us she was frightened by the sight of my father in the doorway and heard sand falling to the floor as if off his body.

A few days later one of my two brothers (both of whom were unmarried and slept up in the attic) returned upstairs after having gone down to prepare breakfast. He was upset and said that the night before he had dreamed that my father (after death) had opened the large glass front doors and had rushed into the kitchen, asking where

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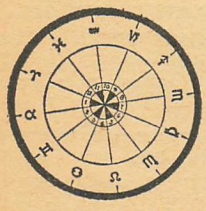

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everyone was. To my brother's horror, he had found the front room doors pushed open against a Chesterfield, which had been moved.

In November Mother died of a heart attack. As I was the oldest boy, I stayed at the funeral parlor with her, as I had with Dad, clasping her hand often. I was alone and was astounded to hear people approach in apparently a merry mood. On turning I saw gyrating mists appear down the walls and come noisily toward the coffin, beside which I was standing. I dropped Mother's hand and went to a chair some distance away.

The balls of mist disappeared. After about 10 minutes of silence, the mists arose around the coffin and I heard happy voices. The shapes went bouncing down the walls of the room to the doorway and the voices faded as they went down the hall.

After Mother's funeral I was dropped off at home to boil water and set the table while my wife and two children went in the car to shop. Shortly afterward a knock at the downstairs front door announced that they had returned.

I descended the stairs to unlock the screen door. A reflection from the coat rack mirror in the hall froze me. It showed my mother approaching the hallway and not in the dress in which we had buried her, but in another she once wore. The impression lasted only an instant, like the clicking on and off of a magic lantern.

That night I was waked in bed by a groping hand which clasped mine under the sheets and turned it palm upward. I grabbed hard and was amazed at the strength of the hand that would not retain mine. I

sat up but saw nobody before me.

My brother, Arthur, has said Mother appeared to him, brushing her hair and saying it was long and brown again; also that Dad has spoken to him and told him that his vision (in the last years of his life he was blind in one eye and had only 10% vision in the other) was restored.—*Melville Woods, Toronto, Ont., Can.*

ESP—A SCIENCE?

One reason science cannot accept ESP is that it is impossible to set up an experiment that can be duplicated by any student.

I believe that there is available scientific equipment that records on a graph the minute electrical impulses of the brain.

Has anyone tried comparing records of these impulses with a person's ability to use a witching rod?

It may be possible to say that a person with brain waves "A" can use a witching rod, according to the strength of waves emanating from area "X", his ability varying accordingly. A person with brain waves "B" may be telepathic. The ability of the "B" types may vary with wave strength from area "X" also, or with wave strength from area "Y".

If this approach worked, it might make ESP a science, accepted by the textbook writer.—*Albert MacGlashan, Sault St. Marie, Ont., Canada.*

IONS VS. ESP

In the August issue of FATE Mr. Carl Bergner related how a little dog saved the life of its master. Most persons will share Bergner's opinion that the animal must have known

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that lightning would strike. It is quite true that animals sometimes have a hunch of impending occurrences, but in this as also in the following case the explanation is different.

In Austria recently, after a hard day's work with plow and horse, a farmer returned home. He unhitched the horse and was going to lead it into the stable as usual, but "Fritz" violently refused to enter. He had to be taken to a neighbor's stable.

During the night a heavy storm broke and a bolt of lightning set the stable on fire. People admired the clever animal for having "smelled" the fire in advance.

I, however, am of the opinion that both quadrupeds neither smelled nor knew of the danger. They simply felt a strong prickling sensation in their legs caused by minus electricity (ions) rising from underground water courses. (I am a dowser.)

I have no doubt that many readers of FATE are suffering from sleeplessness—if not from worse ailments—on account of a constant tickling in their feet and calves which makes them pull up and stretch their legs at night until finally they fall asleep. If the baby doesn't sleep quietly in his crib, shove the crib to another place. Any competent dowser will be able to locate a spot free from underground radiations.

Most animals have sense enough to keep away from these noxious places, but man hasn't. He is forever scanning the heavens for possible dangers or means to conquer new worlds, and all the time he is standing in a quagmire which

threatens his health. What fools these mortals be!—*Albert Engler, Freiburg, Baden, Germany.*

PAGING PSYCHIC PERSONS

I have not often read your magazine, but my contact with it leads me to believe that it is a responsible publication. Of late I have been making exploratory studies into such fields as precognition, teleportation, etc. My work was but newly launched when I discovered the fascinating story of Edgar Cayce. Since first reading of his amazing (and satisfyingly documented) abilities, I have visited various "psychic" persons who advertised that they gave "readings." To the last one they were thorough-going charlatans whose "readings" consist of very vague and generalized mutterings delivered atop a sickening slab of flattery.

I would very much appreciate any information anyone could send me regarding the existence in the San Francisco-San Jose, Calif., area of any persons purporting to have the ability to cure disease by psychic methods, give information while entranced, as to the nature and meaning of our lives on earth, or anything related in spirit to the foregoing.—*Howard D. Bott, San Jose, Calif.*

WINDSOR CASTLE GHOST

A ghost has been seen on the terrace of Windsor Castle on several different occasions, and those who have seen this phantom of a beautiful young woman dressed in a long white robe with muslin trim

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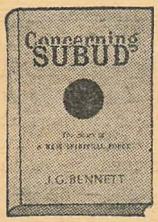
By J. G. Bennett



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and carrying a fan, were puzzled as to who she was.

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This beautiful princess, who was born on August 7, 1783, fell in love with her handsome riding escort, Charles Fitzroy, but since he was a commoner and she of royal blood, marriage in those far-away days was unthinkable. Amelia refused all offers of marriage among the royal males and lived single until her death at the age of 27.

A titled lady once spoke to the phantom who stood gazing on the terrace with a sad countenance, and was surprised to see her disappear in a haze before her eyes. When she inquired of a long-time servant, she was told the phantom was seen often and always disappeared as it came.

Mrs. Dorothy Wilks, a woman of 83, immigrated to Canada at the turn of the century, and now lives in the city of Toronto. She is descended from Gaskion Wells, Princess Amelia's maid, who married late after the death of her mistress. She has in her scrapbook some very old card-sized paintings of Amelia, which were handed down through five generations.—*Adelaide Weese, Lumsden, Sask., Canada.*

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Your magazine has been a source of real enjoyment to me for years. Having had many unusual psychic experiences myself, I love to read them.

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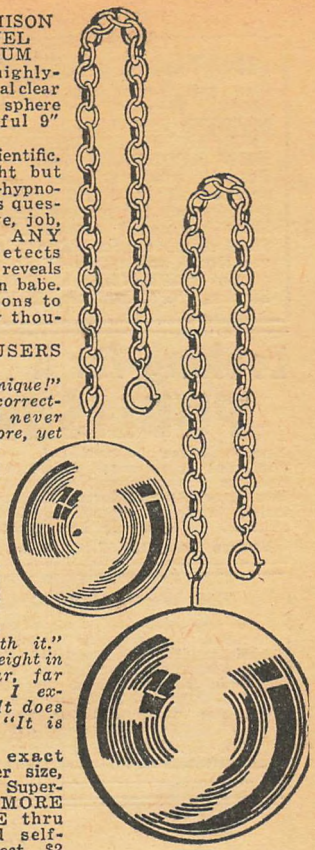

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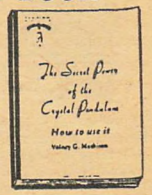

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My mother was very psychic and sensitive—to a terrifying degree at times. I am thankful I have been spared that. She was a devout Roman Catholic and not a professional psychic in any way.

Without warning, even in the company of happy friends, she suddenly would have a vision of events far away in the present or in the future. It would happen in the street, in broad daylight.

She witnessed psychically (near her home as she was walking with friends) the beheading of a young neighbor caught in a drawbridge in another part of the city. She screamed and was completely unnerved.

Her friends, who saw nothing, could not believe her explanation. But the story of the neighbor's death appeared in the evening paper. —*Dorothy B. Seivert, Patrick Air Force Base, Fla.*

DREAM OF YESTERDAY

Mrs. Netta Syrett of London, England, had a dream that apparently was in the nature of a retrocognitive vision. She was at Number 7 Soho Square, in a flat she shared with a friend. She saw the large living room as it normally appeared, except that where the fireplace should have been there was an archway leading into another room.

Passing through this in her dream, she found herself in an old-fashioned shop with wooden stands over which were flung piles of dress materials. The place was filled with women customers and there were several young men clerks. The shoppers wore full crinoline skirts and quaint bonnets.

Over 20 years later Mrs. Syrett spent a brief holiday with her

friend in a country house and in talking of old Soho days she related this odd dream. Said the friend, "There used to be a Soho Bazaar somewhere around there, but I don't know exactly where."

Mrs. Syrett contacted Selfridge's Query Bureau and learned that the Bazaar occupied the very premises that had adjoined the girl's apartment; and that, founded in 1816, it survived until the early 20's. Also there actually had been an archway, joining two parts of the shop, in the exact location seen by Mrs. Syrett.

She concludes that her dream may be another example of the mystery of time and declares, "I have never had a dream, or vision, so clear, so life-like, and so real as that shop of a hundred years ago."—*D. W. Davies, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.*

NOT IN AGREEMENT

The article "Essay on the Reality of Ghosts" is well written, but—with no reflections on Mr. Bott, as he is not the originator—it conveys absolutely nothing and to my mind carries no weight. Mundane mathematics, least of all Planck's Constant, do not enter into it.

The reference to picture projection at 16 frames per second is not correct. A 48-cycle flicker has to be introduced to give constant vision, the eye not being sensitive to this constant and beyond.

The "O" structure does not work out either, or any reciprocal included. I must point out that these remarks are directed to psychism only. The whole theory explodes when we ask how ghosts create material phenomena—vide Borley Rectory, poltergeists, opening and shutting of doors and actual phys-

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ical attack. As an investigator, the writer is not in agreement with the hypothesis submitted.—*J. P. J. Chapman, Parkstone, Dorset, England.*

BOBBING PHOTOS

In the December, 1959, issue of FATE, page 89, we find a photo said to be of Belgium's late Queen Astrid. This woman is said to have stepped out of the curtains while Mr. Einer Nielsen was in trance.

Running a pendulum over the photo, I find that Mr. Nielsen takes a medium-strong, normal bob reading; is alive and well. Also, with a yardstick and magnet I bob his biometric or wave-length at two inches. Far more humans run three and four inches, than two inches on wave length.

As Mr. Nielsen is now alive, the bob will swing across his chest. When he is dead the bob will swing from head to toe on all his pictures. (I have normal polarity on the pendulum.)

I do not question Mr. Nielsen's ability to produce materializations, but I do question the stuff the materializations are made of.

In bobbing the photo of Belgium's Queen Astrid, I find that she takes a bob reading from head to toe. She also takes a two-inch wavelength on my biometric set-up. Well, I never yet have found a woman that (dead or alive) has ever bobbed from head to toe. That sign is for the male only.

So it appears that this materialization of Queen Astrid could be only some sort of energy from the medium. And this energy takes the (dead) sign of the medium, and also the medium's own wavelength. But

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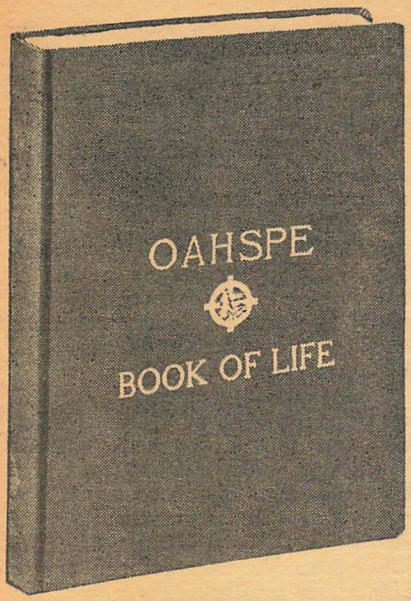

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a man or a boy could be acting as the Queen Astrid, as many men will read abnormal on bob signs and read from head to toe while they are alive and well. After 40 years of seances, fraud on the part of the medium most likely is out of the question.

The disintegrating head in the photo on page 91 takes the same bob readings as Queen Astrid. The woman standing reads three inches wavelength and reads dead according to normal bob signs. If she is not now dead she is of good character, but her lot is one of much hard work and sorrow through life. Such was written for her.

I have found some evidence, with bobbing, that spirits take normal bob readings after death. Their bones and their pictures will give the dead sign. Summing up, it appears that the materializations of Einer Nielsen are without the spirit. It seems he creates such beings from some mysterious energy of his own being, and this energy is of his own wavelength, but takes the dead sign in its creation.

Perhaps others will enjoy running the pendulum over these photos.—*George Ragland, Pomeroy, Wash.*

FLOOD OR FLIP?

I caught the article in your August issue, by Hugh Auchincloss Brown, on the idea that we should use atomic bombs to blast the barrier edge of the Antarctic ice pack to let the ice melt off into the oceans so as to preclude its accumulating to the extent that it will flip the earth off its axis.

Sounds good—all but for one important thing.

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it would raise their levels by about 100 feet and thus all the existing coastal areas would be inundated.

Now the Russians want to block off the Pacific Ocean where it connects with the Arctic Ocean, and allow a heavier flow of the warm Gulf current to flow through the northern ice cap and melt that also. This would raise the ocean levels another 100 feet.

Maybe it would be better to have the earth flip and get it all over with fast, rather than to sit and have about half of the present land area slowly covered with water and lost. Recorded history tells that the earth has flipped at least four times and we still seem to have come out all right.—*Earl J. Behling, Laie, Oahu, Hawaii.*

"NO MORE A FLOOD"

I am a high school freshman and enjoy reading your magazine very much. However, I disapprove of some of your advertisements. I bear reference in particular to one on page 113 of the September issue. According to this advertisement, we have two years or less to live before the entire earth is covered by water as it was in Noah's time.

I sincerely hope that anyone who orders this literature, or anyone who even reads this, will take the time to find a Bible and read the sixth through ninth chapters of Genesis. Many people, I regret to say do not want to take the time to read four chapters in the Bible. I believe, though, that a great deal can be learned from it.

I will quote a small part of it: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant

(*Continued on page* 129)

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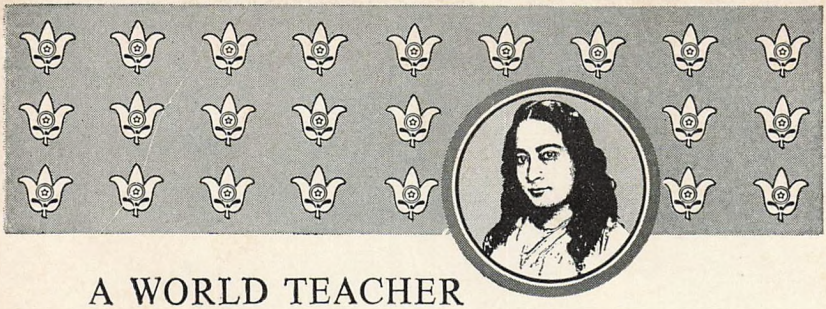

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