

FATE

PDC

MAGAZINE

August 1960

35c

TRUE STORIES OF
THE STRANGE AND
THE UNKNOWN

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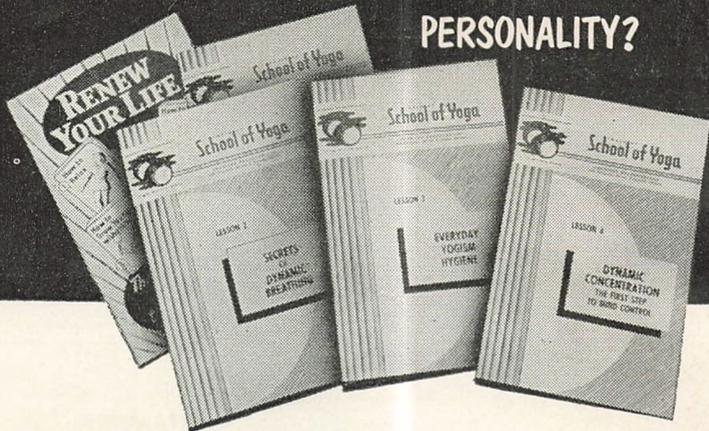
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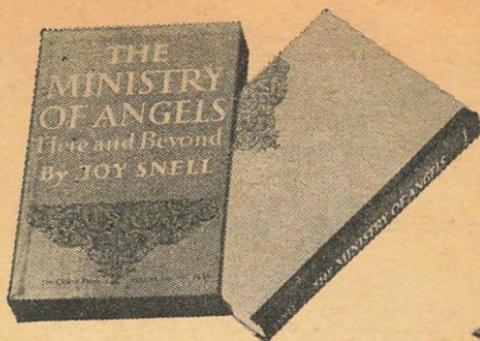
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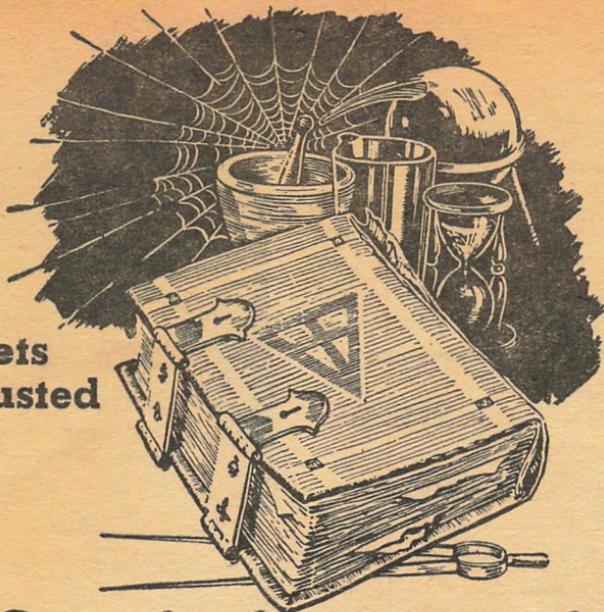
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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"... We may have to... puzzle ourselves not about extrasensory perception but rather about normal sense-perception, treating it not as normal but rather as a sub-normal and biologically explicable limitation imposed upon an inherent and aboriginal omniscience."

—Prof. H. H. Price



THE ANIMAL KINGDOM

WHAT PROFESSOR Price says in the above statement makes us remember that some lower animals may have greater extrasensory abilities than man; that in the process of evolution man has lost many of his extrasensory abilities—or submerged them in his unconscious mind.

The homing instinct in animals, for instance, is almost universally regarded as such an extrasensory ability. But every once in a while an animal accomplishes a feat that far transcends ordinary homing abilities. What follows is the second such case we have seen in recent months.



LASSIE'S LONG LONG QUEST

LOVE CALLED to *Lassie* and *Lassie* answered by walking



2,000 weary miles from Owensboro, Ky., to Los Angeles."

That's the way Tom Cargo's story began in the Los Angeles *Herald-Express*. It told the story of a nondescript little pet left behind by its owners in Owensboro last September when they came to California from their small 20-acre farm in Kentucky.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen W. Neal and their three children now live at 13272 Sunburst St., Pacoima, Calif. They left Lassie (a male despite his name), with Mr. Neal's brother in Owensboro.

"We couldn't take Lassie because our car was overloaded and we knew he became fussy on long trips," explained Neal, a cement mason. "We decided to have him shipped to us



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after we got to California. The kids cried when we left him because we had raised him since he was a pup."

Lassie didn't like being left. He ran away three times and returned to the Neal farm, hunting for his family. Then he disappeared and was last seen in Owensboro in October by Bill Hall, Mrs. Neal's brother.

No member of the Neal family saw Lassie again until Thursday, March 10. On that day Mr. Neal had taken his wife to a doctor in downtown Pacoima when he saw a small brown dog limping down the street toward him. It looked just like Lassie.

Neal called the dog. With a strangled cry the dog ran toward Neal and jumped at him.

"I couldn't believe it," said Neal. "I couldn't believe it. I put him in the car and he jumped from the back seat to the front just like he always did. When my wife came out and saw him she was thrilled too. We almost cried. When we got him home to the children it was a happy feeling for all of us."

There's no question about the dog being Lassie according to the Neals. He has the identical markings of the dog they left behind. He does all the tricks Lassie used to do — like standing on his hind feet and begging, playing hide and seek, tag and chase — and he has the same passion for eating the crust

around cinnamon toast.

Think of the problem this little dog faced — to find his family 2,000 miles away in a place where he never had been. Think of finding his way across mountains and desert, across rivers and through cities, in the winter. What marvelous extrasensory abilities Lassie must have called into use. To us it seems like a miracle.

But here's the point. Perhaps to dogs it is not a miracle!



THE DOLPHIN'S BRAIN

WE HAVE new information on Dr. John K. Lilly's project to study the dolphin's brain. Dr. Lilly has set up a laboratory in the Virgin Islands, including a pool hollowed out of a sea cliff. In this sea water pool, two dolphins play.

Their names are Baby and Lizzy. Imbedded in the brains of these two marine animals are tiny wires. The wires are attached to the "pleasure centers" of their brains and they love to have them stimulated.

By mechanical stimulation of their pleasure centers, Dr. Lilly expects to offer rewards for learning. In a year or so, if all goes well, Baby and Lizzy may be the first mammals to speak English.

This project is perhaps the most ambitious ever undertaken on animal intelligence. It has no less an

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that they really exist. All kinds of eye witness reports, you know, but when the remains of something washes up on shore it always turns out to be something else.

Nonetheless, Everett Wilson, 54, barber, and William Henderson, 58, a retired logger, of Duncan, B.C., swear to these facts:

They were trolling in 13 fathoms of water about 9:00 a.m. on March 24 just north of Graves Point at Crofton, B.C. Wilson was on the stern looking at the lines when he noticed what seemed to be a log, bleached white. But after watching it for a while he became convinced it was alive. There was a wash from the object, as though it were weaving through the water.

As they drew closer it appeared to have humps, as though it were rolling over. "Then its head came up out of the water, maybe four feet," said Wilson.

"I think it might have been feeding, staying in one spot with its head down when we came up, and then it heard the sound of our motor. The head swung around and then right at us and stayed there, staring straight at us."

They watched the creature for three or four minutes. "The body was yellowish white but the head was brown," said Wilson. "You could see its dark eyes and mouth. Then it put its head into the water and sank down and was gone."

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A LAST WORD?

BEFORE WE leave the fascinating subject of animals we have another last word to communicate to you in regard to the "abominable snowman."

The Chinese recently have claimed ownership of the Mt. Everest area, making the Yeti, if he exists, a communist. Meanwhile the Russians haven't had any luck in their hunt for the elusive creature. They have spent months hunting him in the Pamir Mountains without results. This narrows the possible habitat of the beast to almost the exact area claimed from Nepal by China, according to Robert Musel of United Press International.

Yet all this is a great deal about nothing, according to Michael Peissel, a French explorer, who with a companion spent two and one-half months in the area. "The snowman is a myth," declares Peissel. He is 22.



POSTSCRIPT

AS WE predicted in the May issue of FATE, there has been considerable public discussion about the likelihood of life in Space and about radio communication with that life.

Recently the Office of Naval Research announced that a new type of twin radio telescope in California has located nine radio sources be-

yond the Milky Way — sources up to one billion light years distant from Earth.

The telescope is operated by the California Institute of Technology and these nine sources, located in the first two months of the telescope's full operation, compare with only five sources from other galaxies previously found by all radio telescopes in the world up to last December.



BEHIND THE WEEPING MADONNA

AT LAST report, thousands of pilgrims still were filing into St. Paul's Greek Orthodox Church in Hempstead, L.I., to see the two icons that Archbishop Iakovos, Greek Orthodox Primate, declares have shed miraculous tears.

As we write, the first of the two icons had not shed a tear since March 19, three days after the manifestation was first noted. The eyes of the second Madonna had shed tears for seven consecutive days through April 18. Dan Foley of the New York *Journal-American* says he saw a tear form and glisten in the left eye of the Madonna icon of Oceanside.

There is an interesting story about the original Greek icon of which the weeping Madonna icon of Oceanside is a copy. It is known as the "Madonna of the Door."

According to tradition, the icon

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was thrown into the sea late in the 10th Century to prevent its desecration by the invading Turks. One night the Virgin Mary is said to have appeared in the dream of a monk named Gabriel who lived at the Iveron Monastery. She ordered Gabriel to go into the sea and recover the icon. Gabriel is said to have walked on the water to the spot where the icon would be found. The icon rose from the sea and he walked back across the water carrying it. The icon was placed inside the monastery's cathedral but the next morning it was found lying at the entrance to the monastery. When this happened again, it was renamed the "Madonna of the Door" and a chapel was built to house it.

This ancient icon, its image barely discernible, is still displayed each Easter season.



POLTERGEIST SEASON

WE HAVE four possible poltergeist-type stories to report to you this month.

In Florence, S.C., Edward Morris evacuated his family of nine from a small frame house because of a "reign of terror" from an unidentified "it." The trouble began on March 25 when a barrage of bricks started bombarding the house and flying into it. Larue Carraway, Morris' brother-in-law, says, "Those brickbats come sailing in from all

directions. Beats anything I ever heard tell of."

The bombardment continued Saturday night and Sunday. The dog would run under the house and hide in fright. By Thursday the Morris-es had left.

Carroway claims to have seen the "it" he blames for the disturbance. Says it's about seven feet tall, weighs 300 pounds and has feet two feet long.

* * *

EARLY IN March, the family of John Lopes of Georgetown, British Guiana, was plagued by a rash of mysterious fires.

Fires started mysteriously in locked drawers, closed rooms and a children's book on the teachings of Christ. A fire broke out in a drape-ry just behind one policeman who was taking a statement from a member of the Lopes family.

The shirt of 15-year-old Carl Lopes caught fire in the presence of Trenton Paul, reporter for the *Georgetown Daily Chronicle*. Carl had just finished showing Paul how the tail of the shirt had been scorched in an earlier fire when it suddenly burst into flames. The reporter tore the shirt off the young man's back to prevent serious burns.

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A seamstress who visited the family to sympathize had with her some dress material belonging to a client. Suddenly it too burst into flames and was a charred ruin before the fire could be put out.

The Lopes family lives in the residential, middle class section of Georgetown. Lopes is a kerosene dealer. His explanation is witchcraft wrought by a competitor. An old woman "said to be versed in black magic" offered her services to help him.

To this offer Lopes replied: "I am seeking the help from only one person — God — and I am sure he is going to help."

To support this viewpoint, the Salvation Army prayer band visited the Lopes home and offered prayers. Other evangelical meetings also were being held for the family.

Meanwhile, the fires continued despite a close watch by fire officials.

* * *

FROM BOMBAY, via the *Times* of India comes the story of a 12-year-old Hindu schoolgirl named Bimla, whose clothes have a disconcerting habit of tearing themselves into rags.

Bimla lives in Uttar Pradesh State. Early in April the *Times* reported the phenomenon had been going on for five weeks. Typically, small holes appear in Bimla's clothes. These then assume the

shape of long cuts. This goes on, no matter how strong the material of the clothing.

Bimla explains: "A dark complexioned woman clad in a white sari appears in my dreams and asks me to accompany her or else she threatens to harass me by tearing off my clothes and cutting off my hair."

The Indian villagers blame an "evil spirit."

* * *

FOR MONTHS, Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Lawrence of Birmingham, Ala., had a mystery on their hands. It now has stopped but it has not been solved.

Small etchings appeared on nearly every glass article in their home. They took the form of tiny "stars" on windows and glassware and stripes running horizontally and vertically on window panes.

The same kind of cuts, cracks and etchings also began to appear on furniture, house paint, and the tile floor. Glassware not in use for months was unpacked. It had the same markings.

Do you know what one explanation is? That there is some kind of mineral under the house causing all this!



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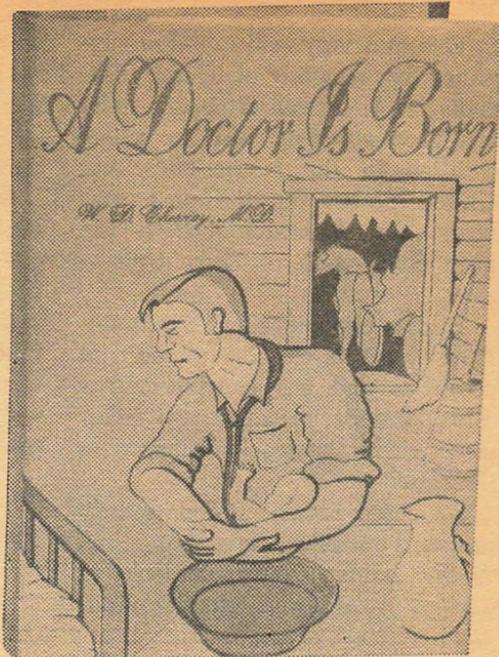
about medical trade unions, malpractice, kick-backs, fee-splitting, unnecessary surgery, ghost surgery, food poisons, poison sprays, drug monopoly, medical rackets and a host of other crimes against the traditions of the Hippocratic Oath. These are the lifetime notes of a General Practitioner, now too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

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This is a very real question suggested by research of Dutch Psychologist J. G. van Bussbach, who has been studying ESP in school children in the Netherlands and United States for the past nine years. Van Bussbach recently has been doing work at Duke University.

He has checked about 5,000 students in 130 classes in the two countries and has concluded that some kind of "extrasensory factor is active in the teacher-pupil relationship."

He based his conclusions mostly on card-guessing experiments. A teacher hidden from sight looks at a series of cards and asks her pupils

to check on test sheets what cards she is looking at. Van Bussbach found the kids guessed right much more often than could be expected by chance.

Girls scored higher than boys. First graders did better than second graders. Both did better than fifth and sixth graders.

But next time your child does well in an intelligence test consider this fact: Maybe he isn't so smart — just picking the brains of his teachers!



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Republican of Ohio, who stays fit at 74 by practicing Yoga exercises.

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Yoga also gives her peace of mind, she says.

"I recommend the form of physical education that it is," she is quoted as saying. "I think it's the most complete and the most marvelously thought-out method of physical education that exists in the world."



THE CANALS OF MARS

Do you know what the canals of Mars really are?

Well, says a Soviet scientist, they aren't canals at all. They really are deep cracks in a sheet of ice covering the entire planet.

The official Soviet news agency *Tass* has quoted Astronomer V. Davydov to that effect. The internal heat of Mars causes the surface to crack, reports Davydov.

At any rate, it oughtn't to be too many years before we know which of the various theories on Mars are correct because someone is going to go there and find out. Just a few weeks ago, Maj. Gen. James Ferguson, vice commander of the U.S. Air Research and Development Command, reported that preliminary studies already have been

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WITCHCRAFT UP TO DATE

YOU WILL hear more about this in a future issue of FATE.

Will-Erich Peuckert, Professor of medieval history and folk-lore at West Germany's University of Goettingen, has used methods described in ancient books on witchcraft to induce "physical and subconscious affinity" between boys and girls.

Professor Peuckert hastens to explain that the tests were scientific with "all necessary safeguards."

He used girl students as "guinea pigs" for the tests. He gave them candies and certain kinds of fruit injected with chemically purified and fortified extracts of the saliva and skin oils of certain known male students.

The girls showed "an irresistible and otherwise inexplicable determination" to meet the person from whom the extracts had been prepared and were able to pick that person out from a fairly large group.

Results, said Professor Peuckert, were "immediate and unailing."

This suggests clear evidence for the success of certain ancient "love potions."



THE MAN WHO NEVER SLEEPS

EUSTACE BURNETT of Leicester, England, is 80 years old. He is a retired farmer with one remarkable peculiarity. He never sleeps.

Eustace Burnett says that for no apparent reason he lost the ability to sleep when he was 27 years old. He enjoys excellent health to the amazement of doctors who have examined him.

Various "cures" including hypnotism have failed to make him even drowsy. He goes to bed for six or seven hours each night because it relaxes him but he still doesn't sleep. He reads, listens to the radio, or just thinks.

Despite all this he remains bright, alert and healthy.



GENIUS AT WORK

JUST AFTER Christmas, Kenneth Brown of Philadelphia borrowed some music paper, explaining that he wanted to write a little song. Out of this came not a "little song" but an ambitious work that Kenneth called *An Israeli Rhapsody*.

The work was entered in a competition open to young people in the Philadelphia area and William Smith, assistant conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, chose Kenneth's composition as best.

He helped Kenneth orchestrate it and it was performed by the

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Philadelphia Orchestra on April 9. Critics described it as strange, brooding, highly original, emotionally mature and ending on a note of sadness.

Kenneth has other abilities. He carries astronomy books for light reading, gives blackboard demonstrations on the universe, is an honor student in mathematics and English and has mastered chess.

Most unusual, because he is only eight years old.

**WARNING**

THE MORE one reads about the activities of the United States Atomic Energy Commission, the more one has the impression that it is run by madmen.

In the National Academy of Sciences Publication No. 655, "Radioactive Waste Disposal into Atlantic and Gulf Coastal Waters," are listed 28 proposed dump sites.

Two sites 10 miles off Rhode Island actually were proposed in which the waste would be dumped in waters only 48 feet and 126 feet deep. The report made it appear that the sites were chosen because it would be more costly to take the wastes farther out to sea.

Prompt protests compelled the abandonment of this proposal. The Mexican Government successfully protested a plan to dump wastes in the Gulf of Mexico off Houston.

The AEC estimates the life of its containers at 10 years. It has previously stated that dumping should be done in waters 6,000 feet deep. But with what is now becoming known of ocean currents it would appear there may be no waters on earth deep enough to dump them safely.

Recently three scientists wrote in the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* that disposal of such wastes should be taken from the AEC and placed in the hands of the Public Health Service.



LIGHTS IN THE OUTBACK

THE BIGGEST ranch in the world is Alexandria Station, in Australia, which covers 11,288 miles—bigger than Massachusetts or Maryland. It supports 60,000 head of cattle and is managed by William E. Young.

Young has a big job. He's 51 years old, is just a fraction under six feet tall and weighs 224 pounds. He's worked cattle for 35 years and he's strictly hardheaded.

Still, there's one mystery about Alexandria Station that even Young doesn't understand.

Late at night, when he's driving through the moonlight, between the clumps of tall grass and the high red anthills, he sees what seem to be car headlamps on the road ahead.

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"The aborigines call them the 'Min Min' lights," Young recently told Richard C. Trimble of the *Chicago Daily News*. "Nobody has ever explained them."



HARDER AND HARDER

IT LOOKS AS if, even though man may some day cruise around the solar system, his visits to other systems are unlikely.

Two leading space scientists, James A. Van Allen, of Iowa University, and Dr. Homer E. Newell, Jr., of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, doubt that rocket vehicles can ever reach speeds approaching that of light.

Based on the assumption that there is one hydrogen atom per cubic centimeter in space, a vehicle proceeding at three-tenths the speed of light, or 56,000 miles per second, would be bombarded with 9 billion protons per second and a similar number of electrons. This would be equivalent to a radiation level of about 20 million roentgens an hour. A dose of 1,000 roentgens is considered to be lethal.

Dr. Van Allen said, "As the vehicle approaches the velocity of light, the radiation problem assumes

outrageous proportions."

Yet such speeds would be necessary for human interstellar travel. Unless there is an unexpected breakthrough, then, we'll have to content ourselves with cruising about Mars, Venus and Jupiter.

However, a few years ago we were content with the Atlantic Ocean, so this may be endurable.



"WE CANNOT BE SURE"

THE WOODS are full of astronomers who believe that Mars has life or it doesn't. The latest among the believers is Dr. Gerard de Vaucouleurs, University of Paris and the Harvard Observatory.

At a Washington meeting, Dr. de Vaucouleurs cited spectroscopic observations from Lowell Observatory last October that detected evidence of vegetation. Other evidence he mentioned included the seasonal changes in the dark areas of Mars and their striking ability to shed or "grow" over clouds of dust that settle on them from time to time.

Dr. Harold C. Urey commented, "It appears plants on Mars have the ability to dust themselves off!" Then he added, "there isn't any reason why muscular movements should be limited to animals."

Dr. de Vaucouleurs explained that last October a cloud of dust moved across the face of Mars, stopped, and remained motionless

for a month. He concluded that it had settled on vegetation. He was given support by another scientist who said the same thing happened in a Mars dust storm in 1956.



ADVICE FOR ARCHEOLOGISTS

SPYRIDON MARINATOS, professor of archeology at the University of Athens and official director of excavations in Greece, has some earthy advice for archeologists who want to make new discoveries.

Following his own advice Marinatos found an unlooted royal tomb at Pylos which may have been used by the Mycenaean King Nestor. It gives amazing new information on the culture of Mycenae in 1500 B.C.

Marinatos contradicts the widely held theory that verbal traditions will become lost after only a few hundred years.

"Listen to the peasants," he says, "because often the locations of the ruins are revealed in local traditions for thousands of years.

"If a peasant tells you about gold and wonderful statues, that is always nonsense. But if he tells you about a road buried under his field, or the time his ox stepped into a hole while plowing, or a smooth square stone that turned up last spring, that is a good story.

"Go and look."

— Curtis Fuller

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Its Theory, Technique and Application

by **MELVIN POWERS**

Foreword by Dr. Jean Bordeaux

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

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

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VOODOO FIRE WALKING IN HAITI

What psychic insulation protects these
naked feet, stomping and dancing in a pool of flame?

By Marcus Bach

WILL VOODOO soon be a thing of the past? Is the worship of the bewitching loa and the black and white magic of the Enchanted Isle on its way out? These questions lured me back to Haiti after an absence of 10 years. My first trip, a decade ago, resulted in an unexpected series of circumstances including a siege of

malaria, the theft of all pictures taken during three months of research, and finally the publication of a book, *Strange Altars*.

I mention this because my first impression upon arriving in Port-au-Prince was that things had changed as far as this mysterious and earthy religion of the peasants is concerned. There was less talk

of Voodoo in the city. The encircling hills no longer resounded with the hypnotic beat of the drums. Could it be, I wondered, that Christianity and a changing world had finally persuaded the "superstitious Haitian" to give up his belief in such unseen influences as Damballa and Legba and Erzulie Freda who are foremost among the gods and loa in the Voodoo pantheon? Christian ministers and priests seemed to sense a victory. The island, they told me, was slowly going Christian.

Then one dark, drizzling night, a night made for Voodoo, my wife Lorena and I went to the haunting plain of Leogane. We had been here on our earlier visit, but this was a new *hounfort* (Voodoo chapel), crudely built of rough unpainted boards, with thatched roof. An adjoining pavilion called a peristyle had a floor of damp earth. We reached the place by sloshing across ditches and then following a trail that ran through palm and mango trees. A Coleman lantern with one mantle supplied the only light for some 100 dark-skinned worshippers.

If there is a change in Voodoo in Haiti it was evidenced by the fact that these people, women for the most part, did not seem to resent our intrusion as they had 10 years ago. The *houngan* (Voodoo priest) was a slender man of 30, dressed in the loose grey shirt and

faded pants he might have worn while working in the fields. Friendly and sincere, he welcomed us and ordered chairs set for us in the peristyle close to the sacred center pole, the *pitou-mitan*, around which the ceremonies traditionally take place.

Here we sat with the "congregation" in a ring around the *pitou-mitan*, leaving a circle about 15 feet in circumference for the enactment of the ever mysterious Voodoo rites. The three drummers bent over their paint-daubed drums in the shadows, straw hats pushed back on their heads, solemnly watching as the 20 white clad *hounsi* (the *houngan's* female assistants) placed jars and burning candles around the center pole. This area served as the altar.

Now the young priest stepped briskly into the circle rattling the *asson*, a small gourd covered with beads and snake vertebrae and having one small bell. This is the symbol of the *houngan's* office, a kind of holy cha-cha and an emblem of the magical power that started this service in a burst of drumfire sending the *hounsi* into a swaying dance. It was an invocation honoring the snake god Damballa. Litanies mingled with Christian creeds and Voodoo charms. Chants called upon Catholic saints and Rada gods. The growing passion of the dance was designed to show that the

houngan and his *hounsi* stood as intermediaries between the world of men and the spirit world. The spirits or loa were being invited to possess the bodies of the swaying forms.

For over an hour the tide of emotions ebbed and flowed. It was a melange of excitement, then calm, whirling dances and then sombre liturgical chants. There were times when the dimly-lighted peristyle might have been a revival center with the drums substituting for gospel songs. There were periods when it could have been a calypso cabaret with the performers reeling under its intoxicating rhythm.

Worshippers still were assembling in the steadily falling rain. The roof began to leak, dripping water on our backs. The candles sputtered as drops of rain fell on them. Nature was drawing us all into a close communion. But not only nature. It was apparent that the service was building to a new dramatic pitch. The drums were rising in an increasing crescendo.

Around the *pitou-mitan* the *houngan* was fashioning a *veve*, which is a mystical drawing sacred to the loa and magical to man. He made it by letting white cornmeal filter in a thin stream between forefinger and thumb. Deftly he shaped the intricate lines. With fantastic skill he bowed his wriggling body to the ground, made his swift

unerring strokes, leaped back to view his art, then plunged once more into his inspired work. The earth was his blackboard and the meal his chalk.

The *veve* grew until it resembled a huge revolving wheel with serpents writhing in and out between the spokes. It had wheels within wheels with many interlacing lines. And the *hounsi* danced, whirling like dervishes, bending their supple bodies to kiss the *veve* and stooping low as if to kiss the *houngan's* feet.

The magical spell of Voodoo was being spun on the subtle cord of breaking emotions. We could see it, hear it, feel it as the congregation, too, began to weave and sway. We could sense its power in the ominous drums. We could catch its warning as the ecstatic *houngan* rattled his asson. We were on our feet. *Houngan* and *hounsi* were leading us into the *hounfort* in the midst of chanting and clamor like the promise of a mighty charivari.

Pressed by the crowd Lorena and I were swept on in, realizing that the old Voodoo was neither dead nor sleeping. It was exploding everywhere around us. What had begun hours ago subtly as a prayer was hovering on the edge of a spiritual stampede. Suddenly all hell and—for the Voodooists—all heaven broke loose at every solid drumbeat of the thunderous rite. Here in this primitive *hounfort*

room where a kerosene lamp sputtered and smoked, the doors of an ancient faith were opening wide.

A striking Haitian woman in a white sack-like dress half-concealing her shapely form, a flaming red scarf wrapped like a turban around her head, suddenly leaped up out of the tangled pit of frenzied followers. She leaped higher and higher until she blindly grasped a rope that hung from a dark timber overhead. Here she dangled like a bat in a web while the deafening drums drowned her screams of fright and faith. She was possessed. A violent loa had made her its habitat. The strong hands of less inspired worshipers brought her down and she lay writhing upon the shaking floor, miraculously spared from being crushed by the feet of the stomping dervishes of Damballa. The drummers flayed their instruments like men fighting devils in the dark. The young *houngan* leaped and chanted, his sweat-smearred face ecstatic in the yellow lantern light.

These were the ordinary quiet and industrious people of a friendly island who till the land and work the cane fields and pick the mangoes and carry the commerce of the country on their heads. Women mostly. All properly dressed. All wearing headscarves and some with small crucifixes dangling on chains around their necks. Here were girls

with the soft silken skin and sturdy bodies of the Haitian people. Mothers sat in the bleak recesses of the room clasping babies in their arms. Older children crowded around, their tiny bodies vibrating to the pulsebeat of the enchanted drums. Men stood in the background like mahogany figures, stoically trying to belie the fact that belief in *wangas*—the hexes of the *houngans*—coursed in their blood.

Lorena and I stood on chairs, the better to observe the phenomenon of possession and also to be safely above the hurtling bodies. We saw worshiper after worshiper fall as if struck. We saw them collapse as the *houngan* mesmerized them by rattling the *asson* before their eyes. We saw them stagger into a quivering heap as the drums sent out their telegraphic cry. The *houngan* controlled these possessed followers with his mind more than his hands. Only when one was on the verge of self-violence did he spring to her side.

Then with a firm grasp, like a wrestler demonstrating his holds, he held the loa's victim in a terrifying grip. It required all his strength because the gods are strong. The victim squirmed and twisted with eyes distended, her breath a gasp punctuating the mutter of the drums. When nothing else would quiet the possessed, the *houngan* pressed his forehead forcibly

against the frontal bone of the struggling worshiper. For a moment their heads seemed riveted together. Then the *houngan* recoiled, springing back to glower at his victim who now sat in a semblance of dazed repose, as if emerging from a deep hypnotic sleep.

"Erzulie!" a man at my side whispered, clutching at my sleeve as he excitedly pointed out a woman who swayed and leaped like a caged animal suddenly freed.

And who is Erzulie? She is the Voodoo Virgin Mary, just as hundreds of other Voodoo loa have their counter-parts among the saints of Christendom. Tonight it seemed as though most of them were zooming out of their exalted limbo to dwell once more in the carousel of human flesh.

Bottles of rum were passed among the *hounsi*. Some drank. Others were too possessed to have any traffic with earthly things. The *houngan* took a sip and angrily spit it out. His intoxication was the loa. He controlled the macabre ritual by sheer will, like a lion tamer in a cage without whip or gun, supremely confident in the power of his psychic self.

Hours passed with climax and anti-climax, storm and calm, laughter and tears. Long after midnight the surge of emotion which had swept us into the *houngan*, carried us out into the open yard where the

rain had stopped and a fire burned and the night was shadowy with spectators. Spectators they may have been, but slumbering in every Haitian heart is the remembrance of the loa, the living spirits of gods and men. We sensed that a grand finale was in the making for the *houngan* was chanting loudly and the drummers, hatless now and stripped to the waist, were throwing their inexhaustible reserve into the resounding drums. The fire had been stirred into a patch of livid coals. An iron rod some four feet long lay in the midst of it, its one end a seething red.

A tall gaunt man with a hoe spread the coals into a large circle while another tossed chips of wood to make it burn the brighter. The flare flooded a scene straight out of the Inferno. The swirling *houngan*, his sweating body jerking with spasms of ecstasy, circled the ring of fire. The conjuring procession of barefooted *hounsi* followed, their bodies convulsed, drawn inward, thrown forward, whirling, weaving, swooning, but so supple and relaxed they were waves lapping against a molten sea.

Closer and closer they edged to the fringe of fire. As if tempting the glowing coals to halt their intrusion, they advanced and then withdrew, advanced and withdrew, coming ever nearer, with the *houngan* luring them on.

Suddenly with a cry he sprang into the center of the burning circle. His bare feet came down solidly on the seething glow. Now he was dancing on the embers as if they were rose petals instead of live sparks and charring wood.

The *hounsi* needed only this as their cue. Rushing into the fire they danced back and forth, actually stomping out the embers with their bare feet while the drums sent out their machine-gun tattoo and we found ourselves murmuring and swaying with the conquest over nature's laws. For fire should burn. And what was one to say when it apparently did not? How were we to explain it, we who felt the heat and knew that seeing ought to be believing?

It lasted not more than a minute, this fire dancing, but it was an eternity, an eternity in which I asked myself over and over, "How is it done? What psychic insulation, what magic lotion, what hypnotic spell is used—if such there be?" For there was no searing of the flesh, no scarification, no sign or sound to indicate that this was a sacrificial torture. It was, it seemed to me, far more agonizing to us who watched than to those who had done the deed.

Now the *hounsi* danced around the infernal pool of dimming red, and I could feel how cool and kind the wet earth must have

been to them. But then the intrepid *houngan*, like a contriving Mephistopheles, once more sprang back into the glowing circle. With his bare hands he seized the iron rod which lay half buried in the simmering coals. Bringing it out, he bore it upright before him like a bishop bearing a holy cross.

One by one the *hounsi* swooped forward and grasped the hottest end. For a torturous moment they closed the sizzling iron in a quick, fierce grasp like a mongoose snapping at the cobra's head. When this was done, when the performance was over, when we ourselves felt that we had been scorched and tormented, the *houngan* drove the dull black iron into the ground with one thrust, as if to say, "It is done!"

What followed was, by contrast, a period of deathly silence in which the sounds of the Haitian night were intermittently heard. The barking of a dog, the crow of a cock, the far-away thud of other drums tugged at us to bring us back to reality beneath a sky now filled with stars. Participants and spectators stood in the aftermath of the "miracle." The muted roll of the drums was a benediction. The gasping, relaxing body of the *houngan* was like that of some ancient gladiator who had won his victory over a worthy foe.

Voodoo was still alive, and Haiti was once more the Enchanted Isle.

Voodoo was still a way of life, a religion and a living faith, crude, cruel, but courageous among the loa's devotees. A man who stood at my side, lost in thought, his dark

head shaking slowly in incredulity, whispered to me in his native tongue, "When I am here, I believe. When I am away, I do not."

What more was one to say?



THE BLIND BOY WHO "SEES"

ALTHOUGH blind for 10 years, 11-year-old Michael Goldstein is reported to have managed somehow to live an almost normal life among his classmates at Brooklyn Community Woodward School in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Michael uses neither a cane nor a seeing-eye dog. He attends gym with the other boys each day, plays basketball and punchball, boards buses, rides a bike, writes on the blackboard and dances. How he does all this, his mother says, is a mystery to her.

Michael was playing the infield during a recent punchball game when the ball rolled in his direction. The other boys shouted at him to grab it, and he did. He threw the ball home

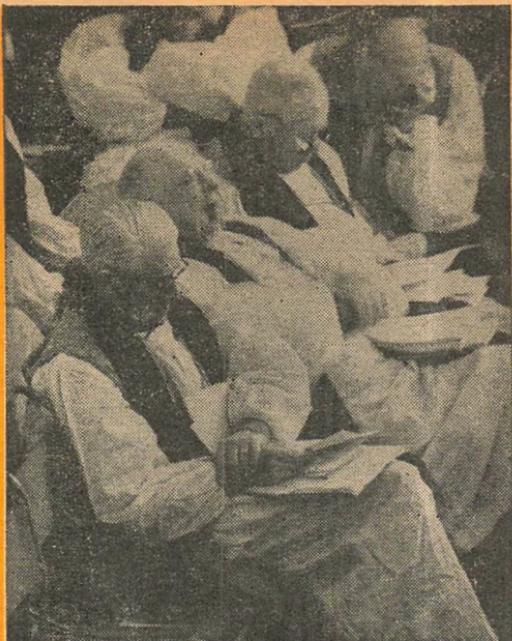
and kept a player from scoring. He explained that he has a keen sense of hearing and heard the ball rolling on the ground.

Those who know Michael, however, feel that highly developed senses such as those of hearing and touch do not explain his remarkable conquest of the loss of sight. One of his teachers, Mrs. Ann Greenstein, expressed the belief that he has extrasensory perception. She described his ability to walk into a strange building, at once find the door and open it. She related that during a visit to Valley Forge with his class Michael, who was standing in the tower, somehow sensed the vastness of the place and remarked on it.



DOUBLE TROUBLE

JACK and Gene Brennan of Austin, Minn., had the usual problem of identical twins—they were constantly mistaken for each other. Not even living on opposite sides of town—Jack at 2006 E. Water St., and Gene at 1806 W. Grove—helped much. Recently Austin renamed its streets and changed the address system—with the result that Jack's new address is 1916 4th Ave., N.E., and Gene's is 1916 4th Ave., N.W.



Bishops, dozing during a Canterbury Convocation, were among members of commission set up by the Church of England to evaluate spiritual healing.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND REPORTS ON SPIRITUAL HEALING

By Fred Archer

Editor of PSYCHIC NEWS

IN A 30,000 word report that took five years to prepare a Church of England Commission, set up by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, has evaluated spiritual healing.

This Commission included five bishops and eight doctors among its members. When it was formed

it was named the Archbishops' Commission on Divine Healing. In its report, *The Church's Ministry of Healing*, the Commission dropped the word "Divine," because it "conceals the fact that in one sense all healing is divine."

The Commission adds: "The term could also be taken to imply that those who have some special gift of healing and who work out-

The Church of England weighs the claims of healing movements—and its own views on healing.

side the Church's life and fellowship, have not received their gift from God. These men and women vary in their character and claims, but it cannot be asserted categorically that none of them has a divine gift."

Spiritualism and Christian Science are singled out from among the many modern religious movements as being the most influential of those whose exponents make claims about the healing of disease. The Report attacks both movements but while doing so strongly criticises the Church.

"Had the Church faithfully and intelligently carried out our Lord's Commission to heal, Christian Science would have had no reason for existence. Had the Church more convincingly and simply taught the doctrine of the hereafter, Spiritualism could not have gained the allegiance it enjoys to-day.

"No doubt the founders of such movements would still have had some measure of success, but the movements themselves could not have grown as powerful as they are today in the face of a Church faithfully teaching and preaching the truth of Christ. The Church omits

any part of this truth at its peril."

The Commission declares that Spiritualistic phenomena call for an impartial study by investigators representative of the scientific fields upon which Spiritualism touches. After referring to the Spiritualists' claim that by the agency of spirit controls healing and treatment is made available to those who seek aid through suitable spiritual healers, the Report comments:

"It is not claimed by the Spiritualists that 'spirit doctors' are omniscient or that their treatments are infallible, but only that they are based on truer insight and fuller knowledge and are more widely successful than those of the medical professions."

The Commission then criticises the term Spiritualism. It considers that Spiritism would be a more exact designation for the movement, but agrees that the word Spiritualism has come to stay. An unfortunate consequence of its popular use, the Report emphasizes, is that the name suggests that the cures affected by Spiritualist healers have special spiritual value or significance.

Absent healing is sometimes

claimed to be obviously spiritual. Such treatment is said to be based on the assumption that the controls can, and do, act without the immediate physical presence of the medium or healer.

A treatment is not to be regarded as spiritual, however, solely because of the absence of physical contact.

"It is not to be doubted that many, possibly most, of these healers are men moved by a genuine desire to help the suffering," says the Commission. And it speaks of the "fact" that some physical benefit appears to result from such ministrations, but it is equally, if not more, likely that any benefit these healers give to the sick is due to their possession, perhaps unknown to themselves, of some skill, technique or manipulation, or possibly unusual gift of healing, rather than due to the activity of a spirit doctor.

What attitude does the Church Commission recommend the parish priest adopt when he hears of his parishioners resorting to Spiritualist healers?

First he should ask himself whether this points to any deficiency in his own ministry. "What has been his pastoral relationship with the man who is looking outside the Church for help? Has he consistently taught his people of the healing ministry of Christ? Has he made

them aware that our Lord gave a commission to his Church to heal, and that Christ's sacraments are available to them for healing of body and soul?"

There is little the priest can do, the report says, unless he himself is a faithful teacher and instrument of the healing ministry of Christ. Nevertheless, he should warn the sick "that any benefit which a particular Christian Science practitioner or Spiritualist healer may seem to bring is not a proof of the truths of Christian Science or Spiritualism."

The priest may be asked by the sick person why he should not avail himself of this skill or gift. If he makes it quite plain that he does not believe in spirit doctors what harm can there be in seeing if the healer can help him?

The Commission's answer is not direct. It gives this warning: "The parish priest would fail in his duty if he did not point out that the claim to healing power in these cases involves beliefs which are difficult or impossible to reconcile with the Gospel as received and taught in the Church of England, or indeed in the main tradition of Christianity.

"There is a lack of integrity in seeking healing upon the terms which are implied."

The Commission recognizes that this must be said with an unreserved

acceptance of the predicament of sick and worried people. It admits that pleas to be allowed to seek the aid of Spiritualists "are indeed likely to be made until such time as the Church again takes up with vigor its divine commission to heal the sick."

And the Report looks forward to the time when the parish priest is performing his healing ministry and faithful church people are diligently interceding for the sick.

What then are the positive recommendations that the Commission offers after cautioning Christians against recourse to Spiritualist healers?

It examines the methods of Jesus, sees compassion as his first motive, and concludes that he acted in accordance with the needs of a situation and of the persons concerned in it. The Commission notes that on occasion Jesus healed publicly before great crowds. Nevertheless, its members are against public healing services.

"The Commission, however, has heard of no healing services in the Church of England comparable to the mass demonstrations organized by some healers."

This obviously refers to the large meetings held by Spiritualists which are responsible for having made the press and public of Britain conscious of spiritual healing.

The dangers the Commission sees

in public healing services may be summarized as: A wrong emphasis in worship, lack of preparation, unjustified claims, psychogenic cases, and disappointment of the patient if there is no apparent result.

A warning is given that advertisement of healing services in the secular press is undesirable, and it is even suggested that care also is required in the manner in which they are announced in church magazines and by notices in church.

The Commission lays strictures upon the small minority of priests who have invited Harry Edwards and other well-known healers to demonstrate in their churches. "A minister of a church not in communion with the Church of England, or a layman, should not minister at a healing service in a parish church without the permission of the Bishop of the diocese."

The Commission lays great emphasis on the need for faith, which makes its conclusion, that faith is not essential to healing, all the more surprising. Even the Bible is cited in support of this opinion, it being recalled that though the Gospels and Acts record instances of healing in response to the faith of the sick, and other instances in which the faith of friends and relatives is operative, there are yet others in which no opportunity appears to be given for eliciting faith from either.

Another misconception the Commission refutes is that sickness is always caused by, and is a punishment for, sin. Illnesses brought on by dissipation and drunkenness are the natural consequences of sin. But the doctrine that sickness is always a punishment, says the Report, is both cruel and false. Cruel because it may lead to despair if the continually sick are encouraged to believe they are lost souls; false as shown by common experience.

The conception of a God of revenge which lies behind the theory contradicts the teaching of the New Testament. At the same time it behoves a society which claims to be Christian to remember that a large amount of sickness and suffering is due to sin in the forms of selfishness, carelessness or neglect on the part of the community or individuals.

The Commission examines the argument that the Church has no direct concern with the healing of the body on the grounds that advances in medicine have fulfilled New Testament prophecies. This view regards the healing work of the early church as merely a temporal dispensation for a period prior to the development of scientific medicine. The Report admits it may be argued with some cogency that the disentanglement of medicine from the guiding strings of the Church "marked the beginning of

modern advance in medical science." But the Commission rejects any suggestion that the Church has no real share in the work of healing to-day, though stating the belief of some theologians that "we are not to expect to-day such healing or other wonders as were the signs that manifested the glory of the Son of God upon Earth."

Every parish priest, the Commission declares, has received through ordination the sacramental ministry for the strengthening of body and soul, while certain clerical and lay individuals also have been given particular gifts.

How does the Commission expect the priest to operate the healing ministry?

It has stated that Jesus accepted the aid of such medical science as existed and utilized what confidence the sufferer had in methods he had been taught to value.

The Report accordingly lays stress on the co-operation of the clergy with doctors. It suggests consultation on individual and local group level, and even speaks of bringing theological and medical students into such a scheme. The members of the Commission are "certain that when our Lord was confronted with pain He wished to relieve it" and say that in his doctrine the natural was not superseded by the supernatural. Yet they devote long chapters to emphasizing

the faith and ritual to be observed when the clergy visit the sick, and the forms of service that should precede the act of healing.

It is felt to be necessary for the sick to be prepared and instructed, to confess their sins and receive communion, before healing is attempted. Preparation of the patient "may take weeks of painstaking ministry." When he visits a patient the priest is advised to set on a white cloth a bottle of "Holy Oil." Then he should dip a piece of wool into the oil, make a cross on the forehead of the sufferer and recite a prayer. After wiping off the cross he should light a match and burn the piece of wool.

If he should be called to a stranger the priest must discover whether he is a Christian and a churchman, whether he has been baptized and confirmed and is a communicant. The Report does not say what the priest should do if the stranger proves to be of another faith, or an agnostic, but it does declare that "sickness often presents a unique opportunity for instruction."

A sensational aspect of the Report which was seized upon by most of the popular press is the Commission's reference to demonic possession. Some members of the Commission, it is stated, are in doubt as to whether "demons may cause or complicate any malady." The Com-

mission's recommendations on this subject are for a more drawn-out procedure than that laid down for the treatment of other afflictions.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York are advised to set up a panel of priests and doctors. Any priest or doctor suspecting that exorcism is required must refer the matter to the diocesan bishop. If after consultation the bishop is satisfied he should refer it to the panel. The report of the panel should be returned to the bishop who may then authorize appropriate action.

The Report received a bad press from the national newspapers of Britain. "Church of England attacks! Target: Spiritualism and Christian Science" ran the headline in the 4,000,000 circulation *Daily Express*.

"Is the Church afraid of faith healing?" asked the *Daily Mail*.

It suggests that the Commission got "cold feet" during its investigation when the best it could say of the healers who claim spirit guidance is that scientific experimentation could demonstrate whether there is a connection between their activities and healing, then declares that the Commission had neither the resources nor the necessary qualifications for such a study.

"Why ever not?" asked the *Mail*, underlining the fact that it took so many bishops, other clerics, and

doctors "to produce this fence-sitting report."

Neither the *Express* nor the *Mail* can be considered sympathetic to Spiritualism or spiritual healing. In this instance their comments are not untypical.

Nearly all the newspapers published critical comments from Harry Edwards, Britain's best known healer and chairman of The National Federation of Healers. Some gave almost as much space to his comments as to their summary of the Church Report.

Another trenchant critic was the one member of the Commission who has had long previous experience with Spiritualism, the Rev. Maurice Elliott. He refused to sign the sections of the Report which were critical of Christian Science and Spiritualism. They showed an unwarrantable ignorance, a superficiality of approach and a censoriousness which were at best naive and at worst spiteful, he considered. "The document reads more like an encyclical against witchcraft than a reasoned and knowledgeable appraisal of phenomena."

After sitting for five years with his colleagues he summed up their attitude with these words "willing to stab but afraid to kill."

* * *

MY OWN opinion is that the Commission purposely shut its eyes to the evidence for healing.

Apart from the witness of orthodox healers two bishops and two medical specialists gave evidence of cases of healing before the Commission and their evidence was explained away.

It admits that despite all warnings Christians will still go to Spiritualist healers "until such time as the Church again takes up with vigour its divine commission to heal the sick." Yet the suggestions it gives for priests to follow bear no practical relation to either biblical precedent or modern experience.

It excuses itself from pronouncing on the claims for cures put forward by Spiritualist healers by saying that such an inquiry did not come within its terms of reference. Yet when it opened its inquiry the Commission sent out questionnaires and invited healers to provide them with evidence which it promised to investigate.

Harry Edwards was one of the healers who submitted cases and appeared before the Commission to give personal testimony. A special committee appointed by the British Medical Association studied the evidence he submitted and gave the Commission an adverse report. Edwards was not allowed to see and question the committee's findings and the Report suppresses all reference to the evidence.

On the other hand, while frequent references are made to healing with-

in the Church, no indication is given of the numbers of priests performing such work nor of the amount of success that they achieve. Edwards and most other Spiritualist healers keep records and their files are always open to press or medical inquiries.

The report states that the phenomena of Spiritualism call for an impartial study and that it has been no part of the Commission's work to assess the value of the alleged evidence for the activity of the spirits of the departed. This without mentioning that a previous Archbishops' Commission had already investigated Spiritualism and made a favorable pronouncement. Its report was suppressed but later published by *Psychic News*. Yet a

member of that Commission sat on the present one. And I can disclose on the best authority that every bishop—and five bishops were on this present Commission—received a report of the previous findings on Spiritualism.

No summary can adequately reflect the lack of positive conclusion that permeates the entire 1958 report. Not only the statements regarding "spirit and faith" healers but those touching on the Church's own beliefs are subject to qualifications that nullify their effect.

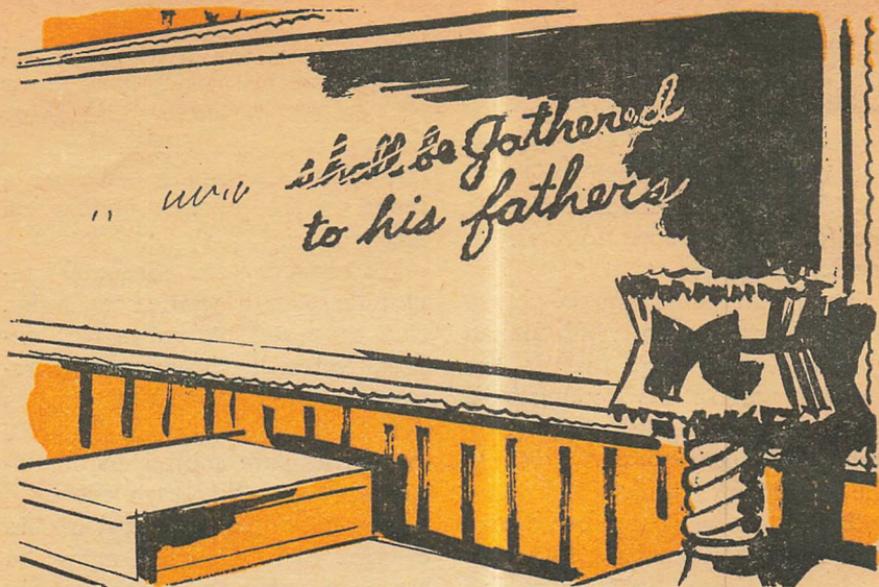
One inescapable conclusion does emerge. This Church Commission has made it plain that it puts preaching before healing and expects Christians—priests and patients—to do likewise.



VILLAGE OF THE LONG-LIVED

MEDICAL experts and anthropologists reportedly are baffled by the 500 inhabitants of the Italian village of Cologna Marina—for the reason that they are older, healthier and expect to live longer than any other villagers. Over 20 of the villagers have passed their 100th birthday and still are strong and active. The group of centenarians is expected to be even larger in the next 10 years. Seeking the reason for this, scientists have analyzed the soil, water and air and conducted medical examinations. Some believe the longevity of the villagers may be due to their vegetarian diet, which is strong in peppers and tomatoes, rich in minerals and vitamins. The local physician, however, believes the villagers are long-lived simply because they lead tranquil lives.





Warning on the Mirror

CAN A PERSON be sentenced to death by some premonitory warning and, despite every conceivable effort to avoid its fulfillment, finally die on the day and the hour foretold?

My experience has taught me that such cases do occur. In passing, I may record that when in the consulting room I saw evidence in the hands of a client of a sudden death, or a clear indication that

such and such a year would mark Finis to a career, I always was cautious in revealing such a dread secret unless specifically asked.

I usually found that men who lived the busiest and most useful lives were most anxious to know exactly the sum total of their years and would then, with methodical care, prepare for a contingency they regarded as inevitable. Fatalism of this kind seemed to give a



THE AUTHOR

Cheiro was the pseudonym of Count Louis Hamon, world-famous palmist and clairvoyant, who died in 1936. During his unusual career he was consulted by thousands of celebrities, who wrote glowing testimonials stating he gave them many amazing true predictions. He spent most of his life in the study of the occult and traveled around the world on explorations of the strange and the mysterious.

EDITOR'S NOTE

This article is the first of a series by Cheiro dealing with his remarkable experiences. The manuscripts, never published in this country before, were sent to FATE by his wife, Countess Hamon, through a friend.

The tycoon saw the writing appear on the glass—and its message was that he had only one year to live.

By Cheiro

calm spirit of preparation. On the other hand, I have met many who have longed to know the allotted span of days and yet have obviously shrunk from the truth.

But in thinking over the extraordinary fact that some people have received premonitory warnings of death, there springs at once to my memory the astounding case of Mr. Reuben Beyfus.

This gentleman was head of a

famous Jewish family—a wealthy man who was as much at home in London, Paris, Berlin, etc., as in Boston, U.S.A., where he lived. It was in that city I first met him and his charming family.

While visiting Boston during one of my American tours Mrs. Beyfus called on me for consultation. She was a handsome woman with a striking personality; was leader of the musical set in that city, always had

her box for the season at the opera, and was a particularly kind patron to young singers and struggling artists.

Mrs. Beyfus was one of those personalities that seem to radiate happiness. She entered my room at the Hotel Brunswick with a smile on her face.

I had trained myself not to judge by outward appearances but to try to get behind the "mask" my visitors so often wore. Yet, here I felt there was no concealment. At last I had met a genuinely happy woman.

With a merry laugh she pulled off her gloves and held out both hands. Hers was quite an easy "life" to read. She had been one of "Fates' Favourites" from her early days. Life's stream, so muddy to others, had been to her a river of gold—whatever she had wished for she had got—a good husband and one devoted to her, a boy as handsome as a young god; a voice, yes, one that few prima donnas could equal. What more could there be?

"Up to 35, my age now, you have told me everything exactly; but why stop, pointing to the end of that line? Am I going to die?" she asked.

"No," I said, and perhaps rather abruptly I added, "No, but I think your husband is. And after that you won't much care what happens."

My client burst into a fit of incredulous laughter. "Oh!" she cried, "that is too funny! Why, he is as strong as an ox, the very picture of health. You must come and see him."

Before I had recovered my self-possession, she had arranged that I should come to her box at the opera that night, go back to their home for supper with Calve, Jean de Reske and other singers, and I must "make the acquaintance of my extremely healthy husband and the best man that God ever gave to a woman."

I found Mr. Beyfus a most charming and interesting man and we became good friends. Neither she nor I ever mentioned my prediction to him; in fact, as I viewed his healthy and virile appearance, a doubt as to my forecast troubled my mind.

A month went past and one evening after dinner we went into his study to see some plans he had prepared for the building of a magnificent block of offices in the center of Boston.

"How long will all that take?" Mrs. Beyfus asked.

"Five years," he answered, "before the whole plan is completed, but I will move into my new offices on the street floor in about a year.

"Splendid," she cried. "It will be a monument to you, Reuben. But after the five years, what do you

intend to do then?"

"Well," he said, "I guess by then I will have made enough to retire. We will take a yacht, go round the world and I will realize my heart's desire—to see Jerusalem before I die." He paused and added, "Remember, that must be done no matter what else may happen."

I left them happily counting their golden chickens. I felt glad to get away; I could not explain why. Perhaps my spirit had come in contact with the dread Fate that was even then rapidly approaching them.

I got home but I could not sleep. The happy, successful face of Mr. Beyfus and the joyous laugh of his wife seemed to haunt me. I seemed to feel a horrible shadow of gloom gathering round them.

Morning came. I already was dressed and determined to stretch my legs up Tremont Street and across the Common but as I reached the street to my amazement I saw the butler from the Beyfus' house rapidly approaching.

"The master wants you to come to him at once, sir," he said in an agitated voice.

"Is Mr. Beyfus ill?" I asked.

"I don't know what the matter is, sir. He came down to the breakfast room this morning white as a sheet and trembling all over."

It was no distance over to Commonwealth Avenue. Mr. and Mrs.

Beyfus were waiting in the study. All was confusion; Mrs. Beyfus was sobbing brokenheartedly.

"My dear friend," Mr. Beyfus began at once, "you are accustomed to queer, supernatural happenings, but can you explain the following story?"

"Last night you were here. I was laying out plans for the future—you remember the office building I was going to build. This morning I had the details of the scheme on the table in my bedroom. I was more enthusiastic than ever about it, and had just taken up the 'phone to make an appointment with the contractors, when across the mirror of my dressing-table I saw some words slowly form. I confess they froze the blood in my veins. You know I am not superstitious; you know I hate even your study of the hand and would never let you look at mine. I have a horror of spiritualism and all so-called phenomena. Yet it was to a man like me that this extraordinary event happened this morning."

He paused and passed a hand across his eyes.

"What were the words you saw?" I asked.

His eyes had a frightened look in them as he replied, "Across the top of the mirror appeared the words *twelve months from today Reuben Beyfus will be gathered to his fathers.*"

I saw that Mrs. Beyfus remembered my prediction. She looked at her palm and then at me.

I argued that it was all some delusion; he was a strong, healthy man and should live for years and so-forth.

"No, no," he said, "you only say that to comfort me. I feel in my very bones that the message is for me. On this day, 12 months hence, I will be no more. I promised my father and mother that I would see Jerusalem before I died; I will wind up my business as quickly as possible and get there as rapidly as I can. Come up to my room and I will show you where I was sitting when the message came."

We went upstairs. On the table in the center of the room the plans for the big office building lay open, a chair had been thrown back and had fallen several feet away. Mr. Beyfus put it back in its place, took the plans again in his hands just as he had done perhaps only an hour before. Mrs. Beyfus, with tears streaming down her face, stood behind him.

Some distance away in the window was the dressing-table with its very wide mirror.

"I was sitting in this position, with the plans before me, about to telephone to the contractors to go ahead when for some reason I looked up and saw those words forming themselves across the glass.

I read them only once—once was quite sufficient. I threw the plans down and rushed from the room."

"If you only saw them once," Mrs. Beyfus sobbed, "it may easily have been a trick of your brain. You have been worrying over those plans for months. It is all imagination."

The moment of silence that followed seemed like an eternity. It was broken at last by the man at the table.

"I know it is true," he said, and added slowly, "*the words were in my father's handwriting.*"

Taking up the 'phone he called the contractors. "Beyfus speaking. Do nothing more on the plans for the office building. I have altered my mind—I will not go on with them. Send me your account for what you have done." And he hung up the receiver with a crushed expression on his face.

I uttered what comforting platitudes I could and left them.

About 10 months later Mr. and Mrs. Beyfus, with their son Harry, called on me in London. Mrs. Beyfus looked tired and worn out, a very different woman from when I first met her in Boston only the year before. Mr. Beyfus, on the contrary, looked remarkably well.

"Yes, I am feeling all right," he said in reply to my question. "I have striven to banish that uncanny incident from my mind. Once

I got all my business affairs settled up and got on the boat I gave my nerves a good rest. Now I am looking forward to my trip across Europe on my way to Jerusalem."

"You are really going there?" I asked.

He smiled. "Of course I am, my friend. Once I have made up my mind nothing will alter it. If I am wrong, well, so much the better. In any case, it would have taken something in the nature of the warning I got to have made a man like me give up business. If nothing happens we can settle down in Europe and enjoy life better than we could do in Boston."

I never met Mr. Beyfus again. Some months later his son, Harry Beyfus, visited me and told me the rest of the story.

After they reached Palestine they visited various points of interest in connection with the history of their race but in the end Mr. Beyfus got impatient to reach Jerusalem before the 10th day of April—the day on which the 12 months fixed by the warning would be completed. In the last stage of the journey one delay after another occurred so that it was on the morning of the 10th that they finally arrived in the Holy City.

"My father," Harry went on, "was as happy as a man could be."

All day long they went from place to place, wondering at the

past history of their race, thinking over the inscrutable laws of destiny of which their people had been a more marked example than any other.

When evening came they had a light supper served in their own apartments after which Harry and his mother went down to the office of the hotel to send postcards home.

They left Mr. Beyfus sitting in the armchair reading a paper. They were all extremely happy—the dreaded day was passing fast and nothing had happened.

When they came upstairs again they found Mr. Beyfus in the same position in which they left him, but the newspaper had fallen to the floor and he appeared to be asleep. They did not wish to disturb him so they went to the window and watched the crowds passing up and down the street.

It was only as the clock struck midnight that Harry thought it was time to waken his father. Going over to him he said, "Father, it is time to wake up. You have a lot to see tomorrow."

A curious stillness seemed to have spread over the room, a stillness that was cold and chill even on that spring evening in Jerusalem.

There was no answer. Reuben Beyfus had been gathered to his fathers.

You, Too, Can be a Yogi



By Jerry Victor

Here is the "lazy man's Yoga"—simple exercises to help you to think better and feel more comfortable.

HOW WOULD you like to keep cool in the summer, warm in the winter, and stimulate your brain into action anytime you wish?

All these advantages may be acquired through yoga.

Actually, when seriously practiced, yoga is a rigorous discipline involving years of concentration aimed at redirecting the bodily energies and ultimately climbing the spiritual heights to perfection.

However, there are not-commonly-known, simple techniques which can make your life more comfortable. What's more, anyone can practice these techniques, safely

and without too much effort.

Let's learn a few!

But first, we'll make one rule: This shall be a lazy man's yoga! Each technique must be instantly effective, easy to apply without practice, and involve little effort.

* * *

THE COOLING BREATH

TOO HOT? Cool off with this yoga method.

There actually are two techniques you can use. Both are equally effective. You can practice the first without attracting the attention of onlookers if you use it with care and common sense.

Imagine it's a hot summer day. Everyone is sweltering but you, because you are secretly employing a technique known as *Shitakari*, or the Cold-Maker.

This is an easy trick accomplished through a special manner of breathing. Open your lips slightly and protrude your tongue between your teeth to touch your lips lightly. Now breathe air in through your mouth as though sipping. Next hold your breath for a long moment (as long as it is comfortable to do so); then slowly breathe out through your nostrils.

As the air is inhaled across the moist tongue, it is, of course, cooled. Then, while the breath is held in the lungs, this coolness circulates throughout your entire body.

You will notice results at once. The Cold-Maker may be repeated several times until you are feeling cool and comfortable.

In the future you'll use this breath many times, grateful that you learned about it.

The Cold-Maker does have other benefits, should you wish to practice it regularly. According to the yogis, it does away with most diseases. It eliminates thirst, hunger, sleepiness, and laziness.

Practiced 100 times morning and evening for three years, it destroys old age and restores youth.

It is also said that poisons have no effect upon those who use it

regularly. This would seem to include the various toxins and poisonous substances we all contact daily in polluted air and treated foods.

These claims the yogis have tested through centuries of experiment.

Another form of breathing which also generates coolness within the body is the *Shitali*, the Cooling Breath. This must be done when you are alone for you must stick your tongue out the width of one finger beyond your lips, giving it the appearance of a crow's beak. Draw in, along the tongue, as much air as you can hold for a long moment. Then exhale slowly through the nostrils. Repeat this breathing technique a few times.

The results of this Cooling Breath are similar to those of the Cold-Maker—with one addition. Besides the benefits already described, it also confers upon the practitioner both physical beauty and charm, if practiced from 10 to 20 times daily. Later the time can be increased to practice periods of 30 minutes, morning and evening.

Our purpose in describing the Cold-Maker and the Cooling Breath is to show how anyone may "cool off" within seconds by using these methods of breathing.

If, however, in order to obtain the various benefits mentioned you wish to practice either Breath daily, one caution *must* be observed!

Since these breathing techniques generate *coldness* throughout the physical body, it is inadvisable to practice them when the weather is cold. Nor should a person of phlegmatic temperament practice them.

Naturally this caution is applicable only to those who use one of these exercises regularly—and not to those who merely use it for a minute or so at a time to get comfortable in the summer.

* * *

THE VICTORIOUS BREATH

SINCE YOU now know how to be cool in hot weather, it is only fair to tell you how you may become warm, effortlessly, when the weather turns cold.

A number of breath-plus-exercise practices will heat your body. But these require effort, which is against the basic principle of our lazy man's yoga techniques.

Also many special breathing methods require special yoga postures.

Therefore, we will choose a technique called the *Ujjayi*, Victorious Breath. For this, bend your head slightly, then inhale only a little air through both nostrils. Correctly done the air breathed in should produce a sound between your nose and throat which you will easily hear. Hold your breath for five seconds. Now breathe out through the left nostril. Repeat this process until your body feels

sufficiently warm. In this technique, your inhaling, holding the breath, and exhaling are all short.

While exhaling you simply can close the right nostril with your thumb. However, if you'll try, you will find it easy to breathe through either nostril you wish by simply "willing" the breath to follow the course of your choice.

To explain this Breath's effectiveness could involve a lengthy discourse on the yoga theory about the identification of the right nostril with heat, the left nostril with cold. Possibly the basis of the exercise lies in the friction created in the manner of inhalation and retention of the breath, plus the exhalation in which heat is not allowed to escape through the right nostril.

The Victorious Breath requires no specific posture; it may be practiced while one is walking, sitting, or lying down.

Here you have a good method for warming yourself in the winter. If out-of-doors or in a badly heated room, you could definitely use this method to good advantage!

If you go further and practice the Victorious Breath regularly the yogis say the following benefits can be expected: it increases life span and cures respiratory afflictions, phthisis (tuberculosis of the lungs), intestinal troubles, and oedema.

These benefits seemingly are derived from the warmth of the air as it affects the lungs, solar plexus, and intestines. But to experience these benefits, one must practice this form of breathing once or twice daily, beginning with only 10 to 30 breaths and gradually increasing the number.

The Victorious Breath can be practiced safely for an hour each day, if one is so inclined.

* * *

STIMULATING THE BRAIN

YOU MAY wish to stimulate your brain cells in order to make thinking a little easier.

You can do this by breathing or bending exercises or by performing the headstand. But, since thinking is hard to begin with, let's select a simpler way of preparation.

First of all you know that according to scientists we use only five per cent of our brain power. Why shouldn't we use the rest of our brain, or at least more of it?

To stimulate and energize your brain cells is simple! You merely concentrate upon your brain. Think about it. Mentally see and feel energy pouring through your brain.

Energy follows thought and soon you will actually *feel* it pulsating through your brain. In fact, at moments your brain may feel as though it were moving!

A little practice will achieve these results. Should you desire to stimulate your brain cells and expand your consciousness by this simple exercise, you may practice it two or three times daily.

Otherwise, merely use it when you want to increase your mental efficiency for some specific purpose.

* * *

REMEMBERING FACTS

IF YOU are absentminded—like millions of other persons—you will find this technique for stimulating memory a boon.

Sit relaxed; tilt your head upward and backward. Relax your mind and, for a few moments, let your thoughts follow whatever paths they take as they search for the required memories. Soon you will recall even long-forgotten events of the past.

In tilting the head back you have altered the circulation of blood in your brain. This energizes the memory-centers toward the middle and base of the brain and may explain why this method works.

Now you have five yoga techniques for more comfortable and gracious living, for more efficient use of your mental capabilities with little effort and on the spur of the moment, without practice.

Try them!





The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner'

Although weeping, Carol Draper, 11, of Whitley Bay, England, refused to believe that her mother had died in a hospital. She kept praying that her mother would return home. Mrs. Draper's brother arrived from another town to make funeral arrangements, went over to the hospital and discovered that, sure enough, his sister was still alive. Another woman with the same family name had died.

Charles Werly, Lusanne, Switzerland, called together a group to demonstrate his new electric wave apparatus for curing rheumatism. Mr. Werly will not have to worry about rheumatism any more. The machine killed him.

Dr. Dahir Abu-Hair went to the Brooklyn home of his brother, James, to treat him for a heart attack. While administering to him, Dr. Abu-Hair collapsed. When a third doctor arrived, both men were dead.

When a boat he was sailing overturned in Lake Michigan W. J. Norcross was rescued by a Coast Guard helicopter piloted by Thomas Hynes. Ten years before Hynes was picked up by a Coast Guard plane after his own plane crashed into the Atlantic Ocean. The rescuing pilot then was W. J. Norcross.

Elihu Pierce, Beekmantown, N.Y., farmer, had a cow who was struck dead by lightning 48 years ago and he used to laugh when told that lightning always strikes twice. The other day another of his cows was struck dead by a lightning bolt on the same spot.

Twenty-five years after Doyle Branscum of Harrison, Ark., sealed a picture of himself in a bottle and threw it into the Arkansas River Bill Headstrem found the bottle on a beach near Largo, Fla. Bill recognized the picture right away because he and Doyle were boyhood friends.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay \$5 for each True Experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 845 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

THE THREE PREMONITIONS

By Mrs. Bryan Howell

THE HUGE floodlights of the Honolulu stadium blazed on Tuesday night, August 30, 1955. Spot lights were beamed to the hand-stand atop the 125 foot aerial rigging for the closing act of the *Go For Broke* circus, in honor of the famous 442nd Japanese Regiment. The aerialist, Raymond Charlton, of Pico Rivera, Calif., paused before going to the sway pole of the 20 foot shaft, topped with the perch. He rubbed extra rosin on his hands and the soles of his shoes. The night air had made the steel rigging wet and slippery.

Then he climbed swiftly to the top. There he did hand-stands, one-arm-stands, and finished with a series of breath-taking 35 percent swings on the sway pole. Raymond's wife Shirley, my daughter, for nine years Ray's aerial partner, was in the audience. She had given up her place in the act to work for the Fluid Packed Pump Co.,

Los Nietos, Calif. However, two days after Raymond Charlton flew to Hawaii for this performance Shirley got an unshakable premonition that, because Ray had been unable to practice since he had shipped his 125-foot steel rigging to Hawaii a month before by boat, something would go wrong.

She quit her job at noon and Monday night flew to Hawaii.



THE AERIAL CHARLTONS

She and Ray had been married in 1946 while on tour in Texas.

At exactly 9:30 p.m., Hawaiian time, Raymond started his fast 100-foot descent. He was going down with a brief four-finger-tip touch with one hand and an alternating swift toe-hold, a one-hand and foot descent—the most dangerous stunt in the act. Thirty-five feet from the ground he lost his instant hand-hold. His toes slipped off the bar. He plunged down to the ground, landing on his back. Later at the hospital it was learned he had fractured his three lowest vertebrae. He has since recovered, although he no longer performs as an aerialist.

At the instant of Ray's fall, which was 10:30 day-light-saving-time, in Pico Rivera, Calif., Ray Huckfeldt, a furniture dealer and a family friend of the Charltons, awoke suddenly from a sound sleep. He, of course, knew the show date in Hawaii. Waking his wife Ruby, Mr. Huckfeldt said, "I just had the most horrible dream. I saw Shirley and Ray fall in the aerial act!"

It was true, at the moment Ray Huckfeldt dreamed he saw the aerialists fall Ray Charlton did fall—far away in Hawaii. His dream was wrong only in the fact that Shirley was not performing and did not fall with Ray. Perhaps this error can be laid to habit

since Shirley and Ray had been together all over the United States as well as Canada and England for many years. They were known as *The Aerial Charltons* and had one of the finest aerial acts in the world from 1945 to 1955. They performed in Soldiers' Field in Chicago when President Truman visited there in 1954.

When Shirley and an Associated Press reporter reached Raymond Charlton after his 35-foot fall he was trying to struggle to his feet, muttering, "I must take a bow."

As a veteran of the last war he was taken to Tripler Army Hospital where in six weeks he recovered sufficiently to fly home in a cast. After Ray regained consciousness at the hospital he told his wife he was trying to be "extra careful" because on the plane going to Hawaii he had gone to sleep and had awakened grabbing at his plane seat, dreaming he was falling in his aerial act.—*Pico Rivera, Calif.*

IT WAS OUR MOVE!

By Agnes Wendt Guilfoyle

IT HAPPENED in Chicago, Ill., on Christmas Eve, 1927. We had recently come to Chicago and had only our personal belongings to move, no furniture.

"Remember now," my father said as we worked at unpacking, "whatever you dream tonight will come true!"

Mother was unpacking a cardboard carton and stacking the contents on a high shelf in the laundry room. She came to a dead stop, "What do you mean, our dreams will come true tonight?" she asked.

"Haven't you ever heard that before?" Dad asked. "It's an old superstition I used to hear my mother talk about. Whenever a person moves, whatever they dream the first night in their new home is supposed to come true."

"Well, I'd like to dream about a lot of money tonight," Mother laughed, "but I'm too tired. I won't dream at all."

She went back to her unpacking and the rooms were quiet for the next half hour or so.

The early morning light was just beginning to show when I awoke with a shrill scream ringing in my ears. I jumped out of bed and ran into the other bedroom. Mother was sitting up, her eyes wide with fear, one hand pressed against her breast as though to stop the too rapid beating of her heart.

Dad was trying to comfort her. He alternately stroked her hair and patted her back.

"Don't worry, dear," he was saying, "it was only a dream. I could kick myself for mentioning that old superstition. It doesn't mean anything. Please try not to think about it anymore."

"Think about what? What happened?" I asked.

"Just a dream. Go back to bed," he said quickly.

"What was the dream?" I persisted.

Mother was the one who finally told me. She had stopped crying but her voice still caught on an occasional sob and made little hiccuping noises.

"I saw my brother," she said. "He was working, cutting down a huge tree. All of a sudden, without any warning, it fell!" She covered her eyes for a moment before continuing. It fell right on top of him—pinned him to the ground."

She was no longer speaking to me; she was reliving her dream. "I saw him carried away," she continued. "They took him to a little log cabin on the edge of the woods. I can still see the cot they laid him on." A sob escaped her lips. "They called for a doctor but it was too late. All he did was shake his head and leave."

Father and I spent the next hour trying to convince Mother that she had had only an unpleasant nightmare. We all felt better when the sun finally came up.

It was several hours later when the doorbell rang. Mother was herself again when she walked to the door and opened it. Outside stood a uniformed messenger with a yellow envelope in his hand.

One look at the telegram confirmed our fears. Mother had been right. Her dream had been true. Her brother, Anders Bloom, had been killed by a falling tree early that morning at a lumber camp in Sand Point, Idaho. Later, when we knew the details of the accident we found they coincided exactly with the details in Mother's dream.

Whether it was telepathy, clairvoyance, or merely coincidence, I do not know. But of one thing I am certain—I dread moving!—*Ontario, Calif.*

THE INVISIBLE THIEF

By Elmer F. Ward

IF THERE was one thing my father was not afraid of, it was a ghost. He hunted for haunted houses. Landlords were extremely glad to find someone to move into their haunted houses. Haunted houses are usually run-down and it hardly pays landlords to fix them up because few people will live there. Since my father always offered to make the necessary repairs in return for free rent, he had no trouble whatever in renting any haunted house.

During my very early childhood we moved into a widely-known haunted house in Dayton, O. Most people wouldn't even go down our street after dark, nor walk on our side of the street in broad daylight. The place was a general mess;

overgrown with weeds and with windows broken out. Ours was a large family, mostly boys, so we soon had the place looking decent. The ghosts must have been too amazed to be active during that time, or perhaps I was too young to remember everything that happened there. I do remember very vividly something that happened to me, and another related event. Both events took place within the same week.

I was sleeping with my big brother. Mine was the side close to the wall. For some reason I awoke to see a huge man by the side of our bed. The moon was shining in through the window, so I could see very plainly. He held something that looked like a knife in his hand and I was certain that he was going to hurt or kill my brother. I screamed in terror, and the man sunk out of sight—just as if the floor had swallowed him up.

Everyone came running into the room and they finally quieted me down so I could talk. But they dismissed my story as a nightmare based on the ghost stories about the place. There was no evidence that anyone had been in the room and there was no trap door in the floor.

However, within a matter of two or three days I had real substantiation of my story.

My sister had a room all to herself. It was across the hall from

the room where I slept with my oldest brother. In the middle of the night she awoke to see a huge man pick something up from her vanity and stroll out the room. He did not hurry. She screamed and again the whole family immediately came running to her aid.

We used kerosene lamps then and there was at least one lamp left lighted in the hallway. We could hear sounds of footsteps moving slowly and heavily toward the stairway. The lamp lighted the hall sufficiently to enable us to see anything in that hall. There was no one to be seen!

Yet the footsteps continued to the stairway and began to descend. Some of the oldest of my brothers ran to the stairs and on down-stairs. They even got in front of the sounds. Yet they could not see or feel anything. The sounds continued to the front door. The door opened and closed. The footsteps could be heard going down the walk to the street. The moon was shining brightly. There was nothing whatever to be seen!

My brothers gave up and came back upstairs. There they found the "something" that the invisible thief had picked up and carried away was my sister's purse.

How could a purse be carried, before our watching eyes, and still not be visible?

Invisible ghosts are common-

place. But how could a large, heavy purse of black leather be made invisible?

All we know is that whatever took that purse was invisible, made the purse invisible and somehow walked casually away from a half-dozen sets of eyes which could see plainly many times the distance between them and the thief.

That purse was never seen again.
—*Columbus, Ind.*

TREASURE IGNORED

By Ruth Jones

ON A SULTRY summer night in 1937 my mother, father and I had retired for the night. The rest of the family were attending Sunday-night church services in our small town of Arden, N.C. We were asleep on the second floor of our old farm house. I occupied a small bed by two large windows facing the front lawn. My parents slept across the room.

Mother had been complaining of an eerie feeling because of strange dreams she had had for two nights in succession. The first night she dreamed that between the two large trees on our front lawn there would be a ball of fire that would hover over a spot in the earth where gold was buried. She was told in her dream, also, that four feet from the ground on one of the trees she would find an axe mark. Toward mid-morning

Mother and I walked out to the tree and, sure enough, there was a large chip out of the bark.

That night Mother dreamed that a fireball would direct her to buried treasure.

It was on the third night that an amazing thing happened. Around 9:15 I awakened to see my mother standing by the windows. She was calling Father to join her. A light seemed to illuminate the room. A ball of fire about the size of a bowling ball was hovering midway between the two large trees on our front lawn. Mother's dream had instructed her to rise from her bed at this point—as her moment of revelation had arrived.

We watched the ball of fire giving off its awesome bluish light for several minutes. We turned away for a minute and when we looked again our strange light was gone.

For some reason we never dug for the treasure. We did not own the house and the people who did own it ran a little general store within sight of our yard and were quite particular. My parents did tell the owners of the home about Mother's strange dreams and what we'd seen. They made fun of us.

The weeks rocked on and my mother who had been in ill health with a goiter made frequent trips to a specialist in Knoxville, Tenn.

She did have another dream advising her that if she did not investigate her dream misfortune would befall us. This worried her but still they did not dig. Father did not really believe the dream, I guess as he said, "I do not want us to be candidates for strait jackets."

While we were on one of our October trips to Knoxville to Mother's doctor our house burned to the ground, with all our personal belongings. This was during the depression and you can imagine what a hardship it was for us. By the grace of God, Father found employment in Knoxville and we went there to live.

Some time later my father was reading the newspaper and read that gold had been found, by an old settler, Mr. Floyd Harris, among the charred ruins of our former home. The article stated that it was believed by the local residents to be the treasure of some dead Indian as there was an old Indian burial ground in the immediate vicinity.

I have done a lot of speculating on the meaning and cause of Mother's dreams although I only *know* what my eyes saw. However, it is certainly clear that we were foolish not to take advantage of the help offered.—*Knoxville, Tenn.*



FROM THE
FRENCH SECRET
ARCHIVES

The guillotine's blade flashed down—and the group of watching scientists heard the success of their experiment as



The SEVERED HEAD SPOKE

By C. V. Jench

MANY HAVE been the experiments, both scientific and spiritualistic, to ascertain what happens to life at the time of death, with little demonstrable results. One such experiment, on an executed criminal, did produce results so shocking and gruesome in nature that they were hastily suppressed.

A guarded account of it appeared in one edition of the *Orleans Republican Orleanais*, Paris *le Matin* and *Le Journal*, June 27, 1905.

In later editions the story was deleted, with the inference that it had all been a hoax.

But was it a hoax? Old records suggest it was all too true.

Henri Languille, a notorious bandit convicted of murder, was to be beheaded at Orleans, France, June 25, 1905. A week before the execution a scientific group, headed by a Doctor Beurieux, sought permission from the Procurator-General to make an experiment on the decapitated head of Languille. "To

determine if possible," Dr. Beau-rieux explained, "whether life, especially reasoning consciousness or will, can exist after death."

They felt that only a person at the height of his vital powers, dying against his will, would be a suitable subject. Henri Languille filled these requirements. He was comparatively young, intelligent, forceful, and most certainly dying against his will. The authorities consented.

Somehow this project came to Languille's ears. He protested bitterly. "You have the right," he stormed, "to take my life. But with that your rights end. Justice is served. To experiment upon me after I am dead is a desecration. Only ghouls would do that."

His protests were to no avail. His body was the property of the state. Thenceforward Languille, vowing vengeance, paced his cell with the impotent hate of a caged wild beast.

At dawn, on June 25, Languille was conveyed to the Place Rue Verte in the center of Orleans. His eyes, described as large, brilliant, and piercing, surveyed the officials clustered around the guillotine, as if to intimidate the experimenters. Then they studied the huge crowd packing the square. He spat at them contemptuously, shouting: "Dung heap of peasants!"

Turning to M. Deibler, Executioner-in-Chief, dressed tradition-

ally in morning coat and shining silk topper, Languille grinned, saying mockingly: "Monsieur de Paris," which is the hereditary term applied to all French executioners.

Scorning assistance, Languille mounted the bascule and stretched out on the tip-board. He was speedily bound and his head was secured, vise-like, with the half-circling lunette or steel rim. Young Deibler, assistant executioner, tripped a spring and with incredible speed the polished, glittering blade flashed downward. The crowd, as customary, gave vent to a hoarse roar of approval as the blade struck.

The officials and the scientists at once closed in, breathless, expectant.

As the now bloody, decapitated head of Languille slid upright into the porcelain tray, Dr. Beaurieux grasped it by the ears and lifted it up, eyes on a level with his own. Sharply he exclaimed: "Languille! Languille!"

To the consternation of the nearby onlookers the eyelids twitched open. Each of the witnesses declared that Languille's eyes stared straight into those of Dr. Beaurieux' with such hatred many of them were frightened.

But this wasn't to be all!

Dr. Beaurieux' face, it is reported, became whiter than the face of the dead Languille, but he once

more said sharply: "Languille!"

What now transpired is as macabre and uncanny a happening as seems beyond credence. It is recounted here as it is recorded from various sources; testimony of the eye-witnesses and subsequent investigations. Dr. Beaurieux at first denied it but afterwards admitted it was true.

This time the eyes jerked open and again glared venomously at Dr. Beaurieux eyes. Then the lips contorted, parted, emitted one torturous, whispered epithet: "Vautour!" (Vulture)

The eyelids then fluttered shut and the whole face became slack. The official timekeeper stated that the experiment took exactly 30 seconds. Dr. Beaurieux and the other experimenters hurried away.

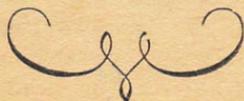
All of the witnesses, the scientists, both Deiblers, and Abbe Marcais, who accompanied Languille to the scaffold, testified that they had seen the eyes open on both occasions. Most of them agreed on the expression of blazing hatred in Languille's eyes. Two of the scientists and three newspapermen swore that they clearly heard the one painfully articulated word. Le Abbe Marcais, said that while he did not actually hear the head speak, he did hear several of the witnesses

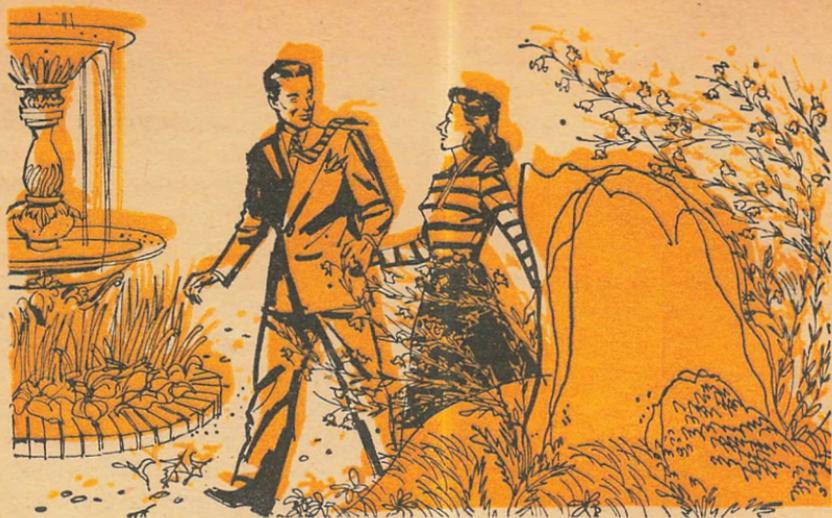
exclaim: "He's trying to speak! He's speaking!"

Later, in a paper to be read before a scientific body, the phenomenon was tacitly admitted and rationalized. It was declared that the experiment proved that life and will survived at least 30 seconds after decapitation and it was agreed that it is a medical fact that strange post-mortem phenomena can occur. For instance, corpses have been known to run or walk several paces after being decapitated. This is termed delayed reflex action. It naturally follows, the scientists said, that a decapitated head might vent a thought or word that was in the process of being uttered just as death intervened. Thus it would come within the delayed reflex action category.

Whatever happened, whether or not Languille's decapitated head spoke that word of hatred as a form of post-mortem protest, all concerned seemed anxious to suppress the entire affair. And did suppress it except that three journalists wittingly or unwittingly violated the pledge. Later even they repented, suppressed the story and suggested that it was a hoax.

A dossier exists in the Paris Archives titled: "L'Affair Languille."





Our Lives in Two Worlds

Persons who have returned from "death" tell of amazing experiences. How reliable are such reports?

By James Crenshaw

WHEN ARIDAEUS, a citizen of Soli in Asia Minor, died after a severe fall there were few who mourned his passing, inasmuch as his reputation for profligacy and rascality was monumental.

He had lived for himself alone. He was dedicated to the pleasures of this world and cloaked himself with a haughty disregard of the

possible consequences of his actions in the next one. So it was with cold surprise and some misgivings that those who set about to bury him three days after his so-called death had to call off their plans. He suddenly revived. Although shock was in a measure mitigated after Aridaeus described what happened to him in the three

preceding days and after he vowed thenceforth to lead an exemplary life, they were still incredulous.

That he did, nevertheless completely reform is vouched for by the Greek biographer Plutarch, who tells of the sights, sounds and other sensations which Aridaeus of Soli reported he had experienced during the three days of his temporary death. According to Plutarch, these were the experiences of Aridaeus:

First there was the sensation of being swept overboard, as from a ship, into deep water, but gradually he rose in space through a void where no objects were visible except the stars. They were shining with a marvelous radiation of colors. Then he noted other souls, like himself, rising from the earth in flame-colored bubbles or envelopes that floated like luminiferous balloons in a gentle updraft of air.

Next he moved through an inferno-type region where a number of souls were huddled together in miserable confusion and he heard meaningless shouts, wails and screams of fear.

As he progressed, he recognized two or three acquaintances, but he was not able to speak to them.

Then he found himself in a pleasant region, where there were "trees and verdure and every kind of foliage." In this happy place, the souls were shining with unmis-

takable joy and frequently spoke to each other in friendly fashion. He saw one person (identified in the account as a relative) who told him he was not, as he thought, dead but was still anchored to his physical body. Immediately before he awoke in that body, just in time to forestall the burial, Aridaeus felt as though he were sucked through a tube by a violent in-breath of air that brought him back to his physical form.

Such was the report of Plutarch, who lived in the latter part of the First and the first part of the Second Century, A.D. It evidently was a contemporary report, as it said that Plutarch got it from a mutual friend, Protogenes of Tarsus, who knew Aridaeus very well.

This was not the first and certainly not the last of such reports. Stories of men who came back from the dead were told by other classical writers such as Proclus, who described five similar cases, and Plato. Both philosophers correlated the accounts symbolically with initiation rites in which the candidate voluntarily leaves his body and after his return recites what he has seen and heard.

But whether it be Aridaeus swooning into a cataleptic state after a fall or a neophyte of the Egyptian or Greek mysteries lying down in a mock burial crypt testing his ability to project himself

into the astral worlds, it is sights, sounds and sense-perceived experiences he reports back. That which is seen and heard and that which can be felt—physically and emotionally—also are repeatedly described. There are things—hard, soft, solid and gaseous—that can be touched, tasted and smelled.

Plutarch himself, writing of the "little death" of the initiation ceremony, notes a strange similarity in the Greek words meaning "to die" and "to be initiated." In both instances, he says, the experience follows some such pattern as this:

"First of all, there are wanderings and wearying journeyings and paths upon which we look with suspicion, and there seems to be no end; then, before the end, every kind of terror, shuddering, trembling and stupor.

"But at last a marvelous light shines out to meet us; pure spots and fair fields welcome us, with song and dance and the solemnities of sacred and holy sights.

"In which state, he who has already perfected himself in all things and received initiation reaches his full freedom, and passing everywhere at will, receives the crown and accomplishes his mystery, in communion with the holy and pure . . ."

Again, sights and sounds, places and things, real people, real per-

sonalities, real experiences, and above all and interlacing it all, the mystery of light. Is the whole only an allegorical myth, or is it a valid foreshadowing of things to come?

Moreover, when Jesus spoke of "many mansions" in the heavenly home of the Father was it just another parable or was it a reassurance to his disciples and all others that the tales of a real, substantial afterlife world actually are true and to be believed? If they are not true, he said with emphasis, he would have told them so.

* * *

MANY HAVE found it difficult to accept the idea of form or even continuing personality in the hereafter. As Astronomer Gustaf Stromberg puts it, the absence of some acceptable scientific theory to account for psychic phenomena—and, therefore, the phenomenal reality of another world—has proved a major stumbling block in the way of recognizing this world.

Yet there are in recent times any number of counterparts to the tale of Aridaeus—persons who have seemingly returned from the dead and have reported what they have seen and sensed. For instance:

Early in 1956 (as reported in the February 6 issue of *Time Magazine*), a 26-year-old peasant girl named Alina Souffrant, of the vil-

lage of St. Michel-de-l'Atalaye on the central plateau of Haiti, sickened and died. Her legs had been paralyzed for some time, but it was a three-day fever which apparently ended her life. She was perfectly stiff and cold before she was taken to the local Roman Catholic church for the funeral services. Pall bearers suddenly noted a shift in the weight of her casket. Uneasily breaking it open they found Alina dazed but alive, her eyes staring incredulously.

At the hospital in Port-au-Prince, where hundreds visited her ward to see *la revenante* (the returned one), Alina made this statement:

"When I died, I found myself in a place where a lot of people were talking and taking their pleasure, and everything was nice and clean. I wanted to go in, but they wouldn't let me. So I came back to St. Michel."

She recovered and even her paralysis disappeared. Like Aridaeus, she had been rejected by the world of the afterlife and had come back.

Others who have come back tell of beautiful scenes, scintillating colors and indescribable symphonies of sound (the music of the spheres?), a great peace and a tremendously impressive reassurance of continuing life.

Said a young Scottish doctor who survived a difficult operation

on himself (as reported by a fellow doctor in the *Glasgow Sunday Post*):

"I was inside the door of eternity and knew only a wonderful feeling of peace. Everything was serene and beautiful. I shall never be afraid again."

A man in a Philadelphia hospital said, after his heart had stopped and he was temporarily revived by a doctor (as told by Martin C. Sampson, M.D., in the May, 1959, *Reader's Digest*):

"I heard the most peaceful music. God was there and I was floating away. The music was all around me. I knew I was dead, but I wasn't afraid . . . It wasn't a dream."

A woman in San Francisco said, after attempting suicide with barbiturate tablets and being pronounced dead, only to revive later in a morgue (as reported by United Press, November 24, 1951):

"My first conscious impressions were of perfect geometric patterns of all colors and shapes sailing along as though in water." (Remember Aridaeus and the feeling of being swept into water?)

Almost always these *revenantes* bring back reports of feelings, of sensations, sights and sounds. And like Aridaeus, they frequently see people, places and things that are not insubstantial dreams but the potent stuff of tangible reality.

IS THERE any other evidence of this challenging quasi-physical aspect of a tangible heaven-land in the sky—the happy hunting ground of the American Indians, the astral playground of the ancient gods and heroes, the realm of many mansions?

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale (in his book, *Stay Alive All Your Life*) quotes the last words of several persons at the point of death to indicate they were about to be “born” into a real, more wonderful world.

One was Thomas A. Edison, who as he was about to expire whispered to his physician: “It is very beautiful over there.”

Another was also a scientist, a meteorologist, who as the mist of death crept into his eyes, spoke these words to his son: “Jim, I see beautiful buildings, and in one of them is a light, and the light is for me. It is very beautiful.”

Jim, the son, told Dr. Peale: “My father was strictly an intellectual and in his scientific work never reported anything that was not a proven fact. This habit of years could not change. He was reporting what he saw.”

A nurse told Dr. Peale she had seen many go through the change called death. Only one died with evidence of great fear, and it was known she had cheated her sister. The others at the moment of

passing seemed to enter a realm of great peace. Some spoke of beautiful lights or of hearing music. Others told of seeing the faces of persons whom they seemed to recognize.

There is also further confirmation from the still-living—further evidence of the incongruous physical aspects of the afterlife. This is the innumerable reported instances of spontaneous or voluntary “projections” of the human consciousness into another dimension.

Quite often these instances of soul projection or astral traveling, as they are sometimes called, involve an awareness of being in a different location on the earth than the site of the physical body. Many persons have had the experience of seeing the physical form lying in bed while their consciousness floats somewhere above.

A newspaper colleague of mine tells me that he had such an experience while he was in the navy during the last war. On shipboard, he was asleep in his bunk, but he found his conscious self (his real self?) floating away from his physical form. He became frightened and was suddenly drawn back, awakening immediately.

Two physician friends have had similar spontaneous experiences. Both tell of floating “up near the ceiling” and of watching their

bodies lying in sleep below. One of these physicians, Dr. Andrija Puharich, tells (in his book, *The Sacred Mushroom*) of looking down upon his sleeping form and of being aware that it did not represent his true self, not even his real body. The real self was up there near the ceiling—and it was encased in a real body . . . one that more completely belonged to him and was more a part of him than the one he had temporarily left behind.

He noticed, too—in fact, consciously tested—another commonly reported phenomenon: he could “will” himself from place to place just by thinking of the person he wanted to see. One of them was a friend whose attention he tried to attract by waving his “hands” in front of her—hands quite real to him and his floating “etheric” body but obviously invisible to his friend.

Then something drew him quickly back into his “sodden, heavy self . . . with a motion very much like that of a fluid which is suddenly drawn up into a bottle by a vacuum pressure.” (Like the return of Aridaeus to his earthly shell and like Plutarch’s wandering souls, “passing everywhere at will!”)

My wife, the former Brenda Rowland of London, who is a psychic sensitive, has discovered her-

self traveling “out of the body” to places as far away from our Los Angeles home as her mother’s home in England. Perhaps more impressive was an occasion when she found herself thus detached from her body but still able to communicate through it. Her physical form was reclining in a sleep-like state in a lounge chair on one side of the room, but her words had a dim, far-away quality that prompted the question: “Where are you?”

“I’m over here by the bookcase,” was the reply. The bookcase was on the other side of the room.

The far-away sounding voice then exclaimed in surprise: “Oh, here’s Daddy!”

Those of us who were present thereafter heard an animated, emotional conversation—or, rather, one side of a conversation, as though we were listening to only one end of a telephone call.

It was obvious, however, that my wife, though apparently separated some distance from her body, was seeking and talking to someone whom she recognized (i.e., her deceased father). She thus appeared to use at least two of her five physical senses in an etheric dimension which seemed still to have form, personality and objective meaning. If her experience were merely subjective, certainly there were some objective, hard-as-matter overtones. Yet if we are to inter-

pret the experience as more than hallucination we must accept the fact that she saw, and she heard that which was invisible to us but which, nonetheless seemed inextricably bound to the sights and sounds of this world.

What of more remote excursions into the so-called "etheric dimensions" beyond the earth's surface? Do sights and sounds—all of the pseudo-material paraphernalia of the five senses—still persist in this undefined ether?

The answer is a resounding *yes* if we are to believe the further reports of those who claim to make explorations into the "astral" realms.

How reliable are such reports? How much is illusion, hallucination, imagination, delusion? These questions, of course, pose a basic problem for the new, almost accepted science of parapsychology: how to get around the nebulous, tantalizing vagaries of subjective observation.

* * *

ANY NUMBER of persons who have claimed to bring back memory of astral flights recount stories of seeing people, places and things that had objective reality for them but no ascertainable reality on the earth level of consciousness. Emanuel Swedenborg in the 18th Century, for instance, claimed to have visited supra-physical

realms of great beauty where real people, with form and personality, engaged in sense-stimulating activities—music, art and scientific education.

Proving the substantial nature of the afterlife depends somewhat upon whether one accepts the testimony of witnesses, much as a judge or jury is required to do in a law court. However, there have been some types of corroborative evidence that fit particularly well into the pattern of a substantial afterlife reality.

For instance, Author Emily Grant Hutchings (*Where Do We Go From Here?*) told in 1949 a story of participation in a premeditated soul-projection experiment which turned out to have corroborative significance. She had on several occasions been able to retain clear impressions of "astral flight" experiences, such as the time—while she was recovering from surgery in a St. Louis hospital—when she found herself present at her brother's funeral more than 100 miles away. She had not known he was dead. The news was being kept from her. Yet she later described the services in detail.

During another later "flight," she found herself with her brother in what she described as a spirit environment. There they met, recognized each other and spoke of his activities and his "work"—all

in a real world of real people, places and things. These experiences were spontaneous, unexpected.

* * *

ALMOST INVARIABLY spirit communicators speak of living in definite locations—in spheres or on planes—where they literally have all the comforts of home and a great many more.

They tell of having animals with them; of wearing clothing—even jewelry; of engaging in many kinds of activities, including specific work in laboratories and schools; of flowers, trees, mountains, lakes and all the beauties of the earth life—in addition to dif-

ferences and advantages.

True, there are also reports of a nether world reminiscent of Dante's infernal regions, but this is said to be because of the state of consciousness the victims of these environments have brought with them to the other side of life. I myself heard a tormented communicator, brought in through a trance medium in Mexico City, tell in Spanish the harrowing details of his existence in a kind of inferno from which he was seeking to escape through an upliftment of consciousness.

In the end we will undoubtedly find that it is all one world. It is simply degrees of the same world.



LOU GEHRIG'S POSTHUMOUS DOUBLE-PLAY

By Raymond C. Otto

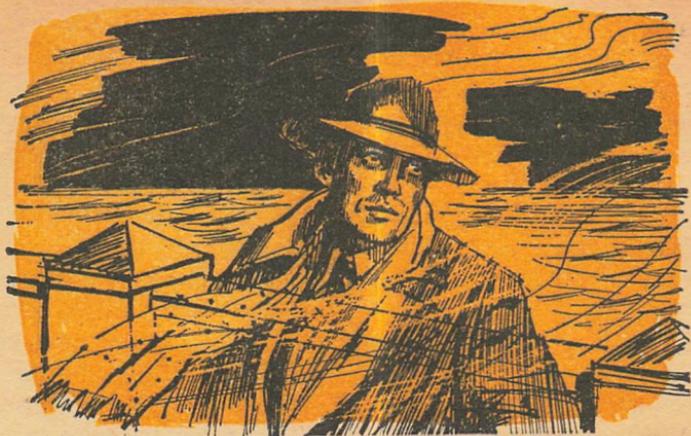
WHEN Lou Gehrig visited Tokyo, Japan, before World War II, Japanese officials there gave him a medal in recognition of his brilliant baseball career. Upon Gehrig's death in 1940, the medal became the possession of his wife, Eleanor.

Approximately a year later, after the outbreak of the war with Japan, Mrs. Gehrig turned the medal over to the government and requested that it be dropped over Tokyo when and if that city was bombed.

The medal was dropped by Jimmy Doolittle's raiders when they bombed Tokyo.

A U. S. freighter rammed a Japanese suicide submarine in the middle of the Pacific several months later, and the Lou Gehrig medal was found on the person of one of the members of the Japanese crew.

The amazing feature of the incident is the fact that the name of the freighter which rammed that particular Japanese submarine was the *S. S. Lou Gehrig*.



Death Wears Johnny's Face

He always looks as young as the day he died—and his visits over the years always carry a message I dread.

By Etna Elliott

IN PORTLAND, Ore., on the very hot summer night of August 9, in 1918, on the eve of my wedding, my parents, my young brother and I had just returned from the home of my aunt and uncle, who lived on the east-side of the city, where my marriage was to take place the following day. We were all tired but happy.

I was just too excited to sleep. I was lying on the bed, relaxing, just gazing off into space without even thinking, when suddenly I became conscious of someone walk-

ing through my open door.

To see my fiancée walk slowly through the door, cross the room to the foot of my bed was so startling that I sat right up in bed. I started to speak his name, when the terrible expression on his face froze the words in my throat. I never have seen such sadness stamped upon a face. He looked like wax; his face was so strained and drawn that I thought he was going to cry. As he reached out his hand to me I screamed, "Johnny, Johnny, are you all right?"

At that he seemed to sag and I thought he might fall, but he straightened up and looked behind him, as if he were looking at someone near the door of my room. Then he stooped as if to touch me but suddenly turned and walked back through my door into the hallway. He looked back at me with that agonized look of sadness still on his face, then disappeared into the darkness.

I was crying and calling his name as I ran through the darkness of the hallway almost into the arms of my father, who had heard me call out the first time and was hurrying to my room. Both my parents tried to quiet me by insisting that I had been dreaming. But I knew I had not been asleep. I knew I had seen Johnny. And I knew that something was wrong.

My mother made me drink hot milk and finally got me quiet and back in my bed. They both stayed in my room until I fell asleep.

It was just breaking day when the shrill ringing of the telephone in the hallway brought me wide awake. As I stumbled toward the phone I heard my father say, "No! no! There must be some mistake! Are you sure? Oh! my God, where? Yes, I'll be right there."

As he turned from the telephone Father pulled my head over on his chest and stroked my hair, saying, "You were right. You were

right. Johnny was here."

I just stared at Father. I couldn't seem to understand what he was saying. But Mother understood for she ran to their room crying wildly. Only then did the truth begin to seep into my shocked mind; Johnny was dead! He had come to tell me goodbye. That's why he was so sad, why his face was filled with terror, why he was so white and why he was looking behind him. Someone was waiting to take him—where? Where would they take him?

My father put me to bed where I stayed for many a day.

We learned later that Johnny had been driving through from Seattle, Wash., with a buddy of his, expecting to be at my aunt's and uncle's home early in the morning on our wedding day.

In 1918 the roads between Portland and Seattle were nothing but cow trails and their car had struck a large boulder that had fallen into the road, throwing them over a cliff. Johnny was pinned under the car and when they finally pulled him from the wreckage, he was dead.

All the beautiful wedding gifts were returned. My lovely bridal dress was wrapped in tissue and carefully put away. Everything was put out of my sight. My solicitous parents thought that with no sign of a wedding I might turn to other thoughts. Nothing eased the pain

of knowing that I would never see Johnny again. But about this I was wrong. For I did see Johnny again and again. And it always meant death to me when he came.

About 10 months from the time Johnny was killed, on June 14, 1919, my friend Florence and I were walking across the Morrison Street bridge one evening, enjoying the cool breeze of the Willamette River when I again saw Johnny. He was walking rapidly toward us as if in a great hurry. I stopped dead in my tracks. Florence stopped a few steps ahead of me and, looking back, said, "Etna, what is it?"

Johnny walked to within a few feet of me. His face was shadowed and drawn as he looked down into my face.

Florence came back and took hold of my arms. Over her shoulder I saw Johnny disappear into the shadows. As she shook me I began to cry, telling her I had seen Johnny.

"Oh! didn't you see him, Florence?" I sobbed, "He stood right there."

Florence led me gently but firmly to the end of the bridge where she called a cab and got me home as quickly as possible. Once there we found that my grandfather had had a stroke and had died before they could get him to the hospital. My parents had been trying to locate me.

Johnny had found me first. He had come to tell me of my grandfather's death.

After the funeral of my beloved grandfather, I was numb with grief. My parents, fearing for my health, sent me to California to visit an aunt and uncle there, and through my young cousin, I met a fine young man, fell in love and was married the following summer.

As time passed the memory of Johnny became dim. I now had three lovely children and was a busy, happy young mother. We had our own home in Portland just a few miles from my parents and my brother, now married also and with a family of his own.

However, I was not to forget Johnny! September 26, 1931, was hot and in the evening my husband and I took the children and drove out Washington Street to the beautiful cool park there in the foothills. We were sitting on the lawn watching the children play. It was dark by this time and the children played close to us. Suddenly my little son stopped right at my feet and looked up at someone. I followed his gaze and there was Johnny! I jumped to my feet and screamed.

It had been 12 years since I last had seen Johnny. I was frozen with fear for I knew death was near me or mine. We rushed to our car and drove at once to my parents home

where our worst fears were realized. An ambulance, a police car and our family doctor's large sedan stood before the house. I was met by my father. Together, he and the doctor told me as gently as possible that my mother had died of a heart-attack 20 minutes before.

Johnny had found me again! Why did he always come to tell me of the death of a loved one? Now I lived in complete terror of seeing Johnny again. I prayed that he would never come to me again and I thought this prayer was answered for I did not see Johnny again for the next 12 years.

Our children were all growing up. Our oldest son finished school and joined the United States Marines and soon was sent overseas. Like all mothers, I was frightened but I tried to trust in God. Many years ago I had placed my children in his keeping.

Then in the early morning of November 5, 1943, I awoke from a horrible dream. I had seen my son trying to come to me down a long flight of stairs. He had both legs off just below the hips and blood was running down the steps ahead of him. He was sobbing and calling, "Mother, Mother." And I was trying to climb those stairs to go to him but somehow I couldn't seem to get up those steps that were slippery with blood. My legs had no strength and I kept falling

back as my son called me through his sobs.

I awoke in a cold sweat, shaking with terror, so sick I could hardly stand on my feet as I climbed slowly from bed, put on my robe and walked the floor for hours, from room to room, with my teeth chattering as from a chill. It was just breaking day when I walked into the living room and up to the front window in time to see a man crossing our lawn. Without even thinking I rushed across the room, threw open the door, and there was Johnny!

I grabbed the door jamb for support and I guess I screamed, for my husband was there, trying to get my clutching hands loose from the jamb and I could still see Johnny as he reached out to me, and I heard myself screaming "Johnny, Johnny" over and over.

Later I tried to tell my husband about my terrible dream, and he knew that Johnny had been there although he had not seen him, and he began to tremble. He was afraid also for he had learned what Johnny's visits meant to us. We were both positive that our son was dead.

Not until the third day after Johnny's visit did word come from the war department informing us that our son had died in the service of his country.

This was the same boy who, at the age of six, saw Johnny himself.

He is the only one besides myself who ever did see Johnny.

Now, more than 16 years after the death of our son our life is shadowed with sadness and fear. I try to overcome this fear but I cannot help wondering when I will see Johnny again.

Why does he come only with death? Why hasn't he let me see

him at other times? Why does he come at all? What does it all mean? Where is Johnny? He has never grown old. In 1943 he was the same young boy that I was to have married 25 years before, while I have grown old with worry, grief and fear.

I know Johnny will come back! But, why?



THE THIRD SECRET OF FATIMA

THE VATICAN reportedly decided to withhold publication of the third of three "secrets," or messages, which three Portuguese shepherd children claim were imparted to them at Fatima by the Virgin Mary who, they said, appeared to them six times between May 13 and October 13, 1917.

The first two secrets were communicated to Church authorities in Portugal, in 1927, by Sister Lucia, the last survivor of the three children, now a Carmelite nun. They were made public in 1942 after Sister Lucia stated she had been supernaturally authorized to reveal them.

The two messages are said to have accurately predicted the ending of World War I, the second World War, the spread of communism and the deaths of the shepherd children, Jacinta and Francisco Marto,

cousins of Sister Lucia. Only a prediction that Russia would be converted to Christianity has failed as yet to come true.

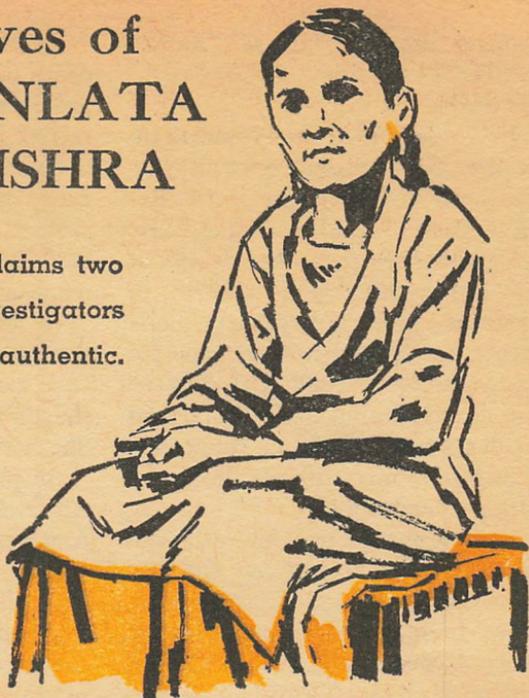
The third secret, sealed in an envelope, was given by Sister Lucia to the Bishop of Leiria with instructions that it was not to be opened until her death or until 1960, whichever came first. The decision not to reveal its contents, according to Vatican sources, is based on the reasons that Sister Lucia still is alive, that the Vatican already knows the contents of the envelope, and that, although the Catholic Church considers the Fatima visions authentic, it does not wish to commit the Church to the veracity of what the three children claimed the Virgin Mary revealed to them.

Sister Lucia has denied stories that the last message predicts disaster for the entire world.

The Past Lives of SWARNLATA MISHRA

This young Indian girl claims two previous lives — and investigators say her “memories” are authentic.

By Guy Archette



NEW SUPPORT for the theory of reincarnation recently was based on claims made by the 10-year-old daughter of a government employee in India. Reputable Indian investigators are said to have been amazed by her vivid and detailed memories of her “past births.” Her case in many ways parallels that of the famed Shanti Devi, but has even more remarkable features.

Swarnlata Mishra, daughter of D. P. Mishra, Vice-Chancellor of

Saugor University and former Home Minister of Madhya Pradesh, states she has lived two previous lives. In the first, she relates, she was born at Katni around 1900 into the family of Hari Prasad Pathak, a prominent mine-owner and contractor, who still is living. Pathak, she says, was her younger brother at the time, and she had four brothers and two sisters. She states she was the oldest of the children and was called “Biya,” and that she knew her

younger brother Hari as "Babu." At the age of about 40, she says, she died.

In April, 1959, Hari Prasad Pathak reportedly visited Swarnlata, who lived in Chhatarpur in the Rewa division of Madhya Pradesh. He questioned her regarding details of his house, household, articles of furniture, and important family events. He is said to have reported that the 10-year-old girl amazed him by disclosing many important incidents and details in connection with his family, all of which occurred decades ago.

Chintamani Pandey, 62, and Murli Pandey, respectively the husband and son of the deceased Biya, were told of Swarnlata's story. They journeyed from Katni to Chhatarpur, and Swarnlata reportedly recognized them both. She is said to have pointed out the elder Pandey, as he appeared when much younger, in an old group photo.

During a visit to the Pathak house in Katni, Swarnlata was shown a collection of photos of aged men and women. She is said to have successfully identified the photographs of the Pathak family, including those of Pathak's mother and father. In addition, she is said to have recognized among groups of persons two younger brothers of Pathak, as well as other members of the Pathak family, and an old servant.

Swarnlata claims that after her death as "Biya"—in 1939 at approximately the age of 40—she was reborn in a Brahmin family at Silhatte in Assam State, now part of East Pakistan. Her father and mother, she said, were named Ramesh and Shashimata, and her name was "Kamlesh."

In this life, she says, she was driven to school in her own car. One morning the car crashed and she died of injuries in a hospital. She was about nine years old.

As proof of her existence as the Assamese girl "Kamlesh," she sings Assamese songs and performs Assamese tribal dances. Investigators have pronounced these to be authentic, and Swarnlata's father insists she never has crossed the border of Madhya Pradesh, nor come in contact with Assamese. He recalls that Swarnlata sang Assamese songs as early as the age of four.

At this age also, he recalls, Swarnlata accompanied him and his family on an auto trip. As they approached Katni, Swarnlata asked the driver to take her to the "house where she had been born." They stopped for tea at a roadside stand and Swarnlata pleaded that they take tea instead "at her old house in Katni." Mishra said that at the time he had paid little attention to this, considering it only childish babble.

In March, 1959, Shri Banerji,

Director of the Seth Sohanlal Memorial Institute of Parapsychology at Ganga-Nagar, Rajasthan, visited Chhatarpur to investigate Swarnlata's claims. He questioned her and tape-recorded her statements regarding her past births. He checked her story with many persons, including the Pathak family at Katni.

Another investigator, H. P. Pastore, former president of the Municipal Board of Chhatarpur, interviewed Swarnlata regarding her previous lives. He also checked the data and reported "it was quite evident" that what she claimed to recall actually were memories of former lives.

In his report Pastore also noted that Swarnlata was starting to forget the details of her previous births, and he expressed the belief that within a year or two she would stop recalling them altogether. This, he felt, would be good for her as the strong bonds she felt toward

her previous lives imposed too much of an emotional strain on her.

Swarnlata's claims have many points of similarity to those of Shanti Devi, another "reincarnated" girl. At the age of four Shanti Devi began talking of a previous birth. She said she had been married to a man named Chaubey and had lived with him and their children in a house in Mathura, a small town about 75 miles south of New Delhi.

In 1936, when Shanti was 10, an investigating committee took her to Mathura. She pointed out the house in which she claimed to have lived—and the owner was a man named Chaubey. He verified many of the details Shanti gave of her existence as his wife. Chaubey's wife, Lugdi, had died in 1925 at the age of 23. Shanti was born in 1926. A plump spinster today, she resides in New Delhi and reportedly still visits her "husband's" house in the city of Mathura.



DREAM OF A \$25,000 CHECK

THE HOBBY of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Miller, Jr., of Warren, Mich., is entering consumer contests. A few nights after the closing of a national contest they had entered, requiring guesses at the number of grams of dog food in a jar, Miller, 28, had an unusually vivid dream. In the dream, he said, he looked over his wife's shoulder and saw her holding a check for \$25,000. Recently they were presented with a \$25,000 check as grand prize in the contest held by the dog food company.





Members of Druids lodges hold a mass service at Stonehenge. Actual builders of monument are said to have preceded the Druids by more than 1,000 years.

Mysteries of **STONEHENGE**

New findings about this ancient monument create new questions—who built it and why?

By John C. Ross

STONEHENGE is a gigantic ancient monument of stones on Salisbury Plain in England. It was erected thousands of years ago by a people and by means which can only be guessed at today.

It is perhaps the most widely known monument of its type but in actual fact there are estimated

to be between 40,000 and 50,000 so-called "megalithic" monuments in Western Europe alone. The people who built them are unknown and their purpose can only be imagined, but they are generally believed to have served a religious use.

Some of the monuments are

more impressive than Stonehenge even though not so well known. There is a tomb near Saumur in Central France, for example, where one of the four capstones has been estimated to weigh 86 tons. The capstone of the Mount Browne dolmen in County Carlow, Ireland, has been calculated to weigh about 100 tons. The largest stone used in the great trilithon at Stonehenge is 29 feet, eight inches in length.

Stonehenge resembles many similar groupings of great stones in that it consists of a circular arrangement of megaliths forming part of a coherent design, with a bank and ditch and often a great avenue of giant stones leading to it.

Often the monuments have been built of stones local to the neighborhood. Stonehenge is built of two kinds of stones. The very large stones are called "sarsens," and they seem to be the remains of an ancient cap of sandstone which once covered Salisbury Plain. These "sarsens" can still be found in North Wiltshire though apparently they no longer exist on Salisbury Plain except in the megaliths at Stonehenge.

If indeed the "sarsens" are a local formation to Salisbury Plain there does not appear to be any great mystery attached to them other than who the unknown people were who accomplished the gigantic feat of hauling them to the

site and roughly finishing them.

This task is multiplied manifold, however, when we come to the mystery of the other stones of which Stonehenge is made. These are the so-called "blue stones."

The "blue stones" comprise a smaller circle and smaller horseshoe at Stonehenge and the nearest place they could possibly have come from is the east end of the Presely mountains—more than 140 miles in a direct line from the monument.

If the "blue stones" were moved by land they had to be carried at least 180 miles, across rivers, swamps, and hills. O. G. S. Crawford has suggested that they may have been hauled by sea in ancient ships—a total distance of about 400 miles which also would have involved substantial overland hauling.

In addition to solving this problem, the race that built these prehistoric monuments had to quarry the stones, haul them and erect them. We do not know the means by which this could have been accomplished.

With modern methods, it has been possible for 12 workmen under an experienced foreman to erect one of the Stonehenge megaliths in five days—a net of 65 man-days. An idea of the total work involved can be estimated from the fact that the great align-

ment at Carnac contains nearly 3,000 stones. And this takes no account of the work of quarrying, transporting and placing the stones at the erection site.

On the barren moors of Caithness and throughout Western Europe there are huge mounds of earth and stone that incorporate chamber tombs. At Caithness alone some of these are estimated to contain 8,000 tons of stone, most of it placed with great care, and in other parts of Great Britain the cairns are even larger.

It was long assumed by romantic writers that Stonehenge was built by the Druids and long associated with their religious rites. But it is now known that the people who built it and other ancient stone monuments preceded the Druids by more than 1000 years.

Archeologists now believe that the monument was built in three stages, and that the present arrangement of rocks was not made until the third stage.

They say that the first Stonehenge was probably constructed around 1800 B.C., at the end of the late stone age. The second Stonehenge was probably built 100 to 200 years later. And the third and one still standing was probably arranged in the Bronze Age, about 1400 B.C.

But though they feel they have

dated it pretty well, they are not sure of its purpose. Most opinion is that it was either connected with a cult of sun worshippers or was a sepulcher. Perhaps it was both. The first theory originates from the fact that the stones are aligned with the point at which the sun rose at the time of the summer solstice in the 18th Century B.C. On the other hand, Stonehenge consists of four circles of stones and such prehistoric stone circles have usually been sepulchers. The question may never be solved.

There appears to be an increasing evidence for the existence of an ancient world-traveling people who built such rock monuments everywhere. They skirted the oceans of the world and traveled up its rivers.

Their monuments, rock tombs, single and grouped stones are found all over the world—around the Mediterranean, North Africa, Abyssinia, India, Iran, Sumatra, Polynesia, Japan, and central and northern South America.

Prof. T. Eric Peet, early in this century suggested that "it seems the most probable theory of the origin of the megalithic monuments is that this style of building was brought to the various countries in which we find it by a single race in an immense migration or series of migrations."

THE CURSED HOUSE ON CALDWELL STREET



The depressing chill in the house weakened my will to live
—and then a voice urged me to kill myself.

*By Laura Brilliant
As told to Michael Hervey*

MY HUSBAND and I had been looking for an unfurnished flat in a seaside resort in Essex, England, for something like two years—ever since the day we were married, in fact. Lionel used to put an advertisement in the local paper every week; and went so far as to offer a reward to anyone who could even furnish information regarding the whereabouts of an unfurnished flat. He also stated that we were prepared to pay 50 pounds or so for any fittings.

I hate to think of how much we spent on advertisements. Occasionally we would get a reply. Somebody would offer us part of a houseboat, or two rooms in a farm which was practically cut off from the outside world. But then one day the miracle happened! A woman wrote to say that we could have the top part of her house, unfurnished or furnished, whichever we preferred. There would be no charge for the fittings, she did not require any key money, and she had

no objection to children. The rent, unfurnished, was two pounds per week. The house was in Caldwell Street, on the other side of town.

"Sounds too good to be true," Lionel remarked when I showed him the letter. "We're paying over four pounds a week for these two so-called furnished rooms. That place in Caldwell Street must be a regular hovel if she's only asking two pounds a week."

"Don't be such an old misery!" I broke in excitedly. "Put your coat on again. Let's go there right away."

"But what about my tea?" he asked plaintively.

"You'll have to wait, darling. We can't take any chances. If anyone beats us to it I'll die of disappointment."

I had already dressed the baby, Nigel. It was a cold winter's day in November, 1951, and the poor mite had contracted a chill earlier in the week. I suppose, by rights, I shouldn't have taken him out, but there was no one to look after him.

Caldwell Street proved to be somewhat dingy but quite respectable-looking. The house we sought was old, as was its owner, who opened the door to us herself.

She avoided looking us in the eye while she was talking, and having explained that she was a widow and lived alone, turned a

bit evasive when I asked such questions as how long the rooms had been empty.

The rooms themselves were large and airy, in direct contrast to the poky holes we lived in at the moment. The kitchen was old-fashioned, certainly, but there was a large gas oven, and plenty of cupboards. The place was spotlessly clean and well kept. There were a few odd pieces of furniture about, which Mrs. Cooper offered to take out to make room for our own.

Mrs. Cooper and Lionel got down to the business arrangements; for we had both made up our minds on the spot, and needed no time for deliberation. He just looked at me, I nodded vigorously, and that was that.

We moved in next day.

We rarely saw our landlady and I soon concluded that she was deliberately avoiding us. Not only did I see her dodge back into her quarters when I came downstairs to go out, but she never came up to our flat, not even to collect the rent. In the end, Lionel had to push it under her door in an envelope, and that became the regular arrangement. Mrs. Cooper said her legs were bad and she couldn't manage the stairs—yet she'd been spry enough when she'd shown us round the first day.

I was thankful enough to be left

alone because I was soon overtaken by a regular procession of troubles which kept me fully occupied and left me in no mood to be sociable. No more than a few days had passed before everything started going wrong. It had nothing to do with my state of mind. I wasn't looking for trouble. I had entered the house in the highest of spirits, convinced that I, my husband and my child were about to start on the happiest period of our lives. I was prepared to make light of small inconveniences or setbacks such as one usually encounters in the early stages of homebuilding. But the troubles that came to me were not small.

First our baby's chill seemed to get worse. This alone worried me to distraction, particularly as the flat seemed always dreadfully cold in spite of the huge fire which I kept burning all the time. I persuaded Lionel to check all the windows and doors for draughts, and he fitted draught excluders while I ran up some good thick curtains. But for all our efforts the rooms remained cold, a curiously clammy cold such as one thinks of in connection with a cave or an underground crypt. Sunshine streamed in through the windows and the fire crackled and blazed, enough to scorch my legs if I got too close, and the rooms remained cold.

I thought I might be coming down with a cold and wished it would come and be done. Instead I gradually felt more and more unwell, without being able to say just what was the matter. At first I was irritable because I am normally a healthy and energetic woman and have no sympathy with hypochondriacs. Then I grew depressed—which again wasn't like me. I didn't sleep well, and there was a dull aching pain in my chest. My own commonsense should have told me to go to a doctor, but I was afraid to take this step in case it was something really bad which might mean an operation. I dreaded being cut up, and felt I would rather die first.

That was another curious, unexplainable feature of those dreary weeks. I was apathetic and afraid of making decisions. I would sit around listlessly feeling that life was too much for me. Deciding whether to buy meat or fish for dinner seemed too difficult a problem. I could not organize my housework properly and I was always sitting down in the middle of it and bursting into tears. The flat grew untidy, even grubby, and I didn't care. I didn't trouble how I looked and Lionel would come home from work to find me in a greasy over-all, my hair stringing, my nose unpowdered, and his supper either burnt or half-cooked.

"It's the stove—it doesn't work properly!" I would exclaim childishly. I grew increasingly short-tempered with poor Lionel.

"You're getting to be a proper nagger, old girl. What's the matter?" he asked.

He said it banteringly—we'd always joked and shared our troubles before—but this time I chose to take offense and wouldn't speak to him for the rest of the evening. It was as though some spiteful demon possessed me, for I knew all the time that I was putting up a barrier between us and that he'd end by hating me if I didn't pull myself together.

This frightened me and I soon convinced myself that Lionel was no longer as loving as he used to be. I began to fear the worst when he began to work late. He had never had to work late before for the Essex County Council and it was, after all, the conventional excuse of straying husbands. When I found blonde hair on his jacket I felt really desperate.

I had cried for hours that day. I felt ill and wretched. I thought how quickly things had gone from bad to worse—since we'd come to this house. It was at this point that my general despondency crystallised into a sudden and definite hatred of the flat. I walked slowly from room to room. How cold and silent it was in the sad winter

twilight. And, in that revealing moment, the house seemed to me not merely cheerless and dreary but actively hostile. It scared me. Outside the world was happy—I could hear some school children laughing and shouting on their way home—I could hear a barrel organ grinding out its exuberant trills—but the room in which I stood held gloom which seemed a tangible thing. It weighed down my limbs with leaden heaviness; it pressed into my aching head and dulled my brain. Nigel began to whimper in his cot.

With a shudder I pulled myself together. I switched on all the lights, and after quieting the child, I set about making up the fire and preparing tea. I even changed my frock, combed my hair and put on make-up. It was wasted effort for Lionel was late again. By the time he came home I was slumped by the fire feeling worse than ever.

"The radio won't work," I greeted him sulkily. "I hate this house, Lionel, do you hear? It's getting on my nerves. It's unlucky. Everything goes wrong—everything!" I wasn't given to hysterical outbursts but I'd been on edge all evening.

Lionel looked up from the radio set.

"It's only a valve burnt out," he remarked cheerfully. "I'll get a new one tomorrow. For goodness

sake, dear, it isn't a major tragedy! You don't have to look like that."

"It isn't just the radio," I said viciously. "Don't you understand? Tomorrow it'll be something else. I can't go on like this, Lionel, I can't. It's too much for me."

"What is?" he asked. "You're getting all worked up about nothing. You used to say that all a woman needs to be happy is a husband, a baby and a home of her own. Well, you've got 'em haven't you?"

"Have I?" I asked, for it was at that instant I noticed the blonde hair on his coat.

We quarrelled then. I won't go into details but it was horrible.

That night, as I lay awake, I heard someone whisper my name in the dark. It wasn't Lionel's voice, for it came from over by the door. I sat up in bed, my heart thumping.

The voice possessed a hypnotic quality. It came from a distance and yet it seemed right inside my head; I knew if I covered my ears I'd still hear it.

I tried to scream but my throat and tongue seemed paralysed. Waves of fear ran through me. I began to tremble uncontrollably while the insinuating voice went on and on.

"Laura Brilliant," it whispered, "Laura, why fight it? You know that Lionel is unfaithful to you.

You've lost him, you know. Your baby is sick, Laura, very sick. He won't get any better. There'll be nothing for you to do but to sit watching him waste away."

There was a second's silence. Then the voice went on again. Its very tonelessness made it the more horrible.

"That pain in your chest, Laura—you know it can only mean one thing. You've got cancer. You know what that means. Why go on, Laura? You've nothing to live for. Nothing to look forward to. Life's pretty unbearable isn't it? And it's going to get worse. Why not make an end of it? Then you'll have peace. . . . There's always the gas oven, Laura. . . .the gas oven. . . . It won't hurt, it'll soon be over. . . . so easy. . . ."

I didn't sleep at all that night, and I walked around in a daze all next day. I told myself I'd imagined the voice. I told myself I needed to get a fresh hold or I'd have a nervous breakdown.

But the voice spoke to me again that night, and the next night, and the next. It seemed to get louder and more compelling as time passed. Always it said the same thing—life held nothing good for me, better to end it, and the pain, the disillusion, the sorrow—the bitterness.

"You can't sleep, can you, Laura? There's only one way you can

ever sleep. . . . a long, long sleep and no more pain and unhappiness the gas oven, Laura, the gas oven. . . ."

I longed to tell Lionel about this nightly horror but I was afraid he would think that I was mad. What else could he think? I'd thought so myself at first but not now, because although I resisted and rejected the suggestion the voice still went on. I could feel an unseen presence pitting its strength against mine until every night I lay praying for the first light of dawn when the torment would cease.

A new horror was added presently. When the voice stopped speaking there would be a moment of silence and then I would hear the hiss of escaping gas. After a while I could smell it. Soon I was choking, fighting for breath; then I would mercifully black out. Each morning I was surprised to find myself still alive.

Then one night came the ultimate horror, one I had been dreading ever since I became convinced that some supernatural and sinister force was trying to kill me. The owner of the voice materialized by my bedside.

How can I describe it? A creature thin, attenuated, partly transparent and somehow slimy looking, with great dark, depthless eyes which were wells of evil and hatred. One

moment the figure seemed as quivering tall as the ceiling. Next it curved down over me so that I was conscious only of those dark cavities that weren't really eyes but merely holes through which poured the powers of darkness.

"I am getting a little impatient, Laura," murmured the hatefully familiar voice, though I couldn't tell if the thing had a proper face or mouth. It seemed to have no substance, just an ever changing spiral of pale slipperiness, flecked with shadows blacker than night. "No more procrastinating Laura the time has come. You must do it now. . . ."

How it fetched me out of bed and led me towards the door I don't know, for it had no limbs. It seemed to envelope me and surround me, so that when it moved I had to move. It was cold and horrible, and because it was quivering I trembled too.

It was not until we had reached the kitchen door and I saw the gas oven glimmering in the moonlight that I desperately drew upon the poor remnants of my own personality and broke through the enveloping horror. I screamed and screamed, like a madwoman. Then I flew downstairs and rushed out into the street.

How can I describe the relief of the first breath of free night air

which I drew into my lungs.

Lionel followed me down in his pajamas. He tried to lead me back into the house but I refused to go. The thing was waiting for me in there!

"Take me to a hotel," I begged. "Anywhere you like, but I can't go back to the flat."

Lionel, surprisingly, didn't argue.

"All right, darling," he said.

He fetched my coat and shoes and wrapped me up, to return, in a few minutes, dressed and carrying the baby and a case into which he'd thrown the few things we'd need. Then we hurried to the nearest hotel.

He sat up the rest of the night trying to calm me. I told him everything, describing between sobs my growing fears, and their awful culmination.

"I'm not mad, am I, Lionel?" I asked piteously.

"No," he answered gravely. "I've felt there was something wrong about the house all along. I didn't say anything because I thought you already had enough to cope with and I didn't want to frighten you. If only I'd known what you

were going through! Anyhow, darling, a fellow named Hoffman I know at work has almost finished building a bungalow for himself on the outskirts of the town. It's a three bedroom affair, a bit too large for him and his wife as they've no family as yet. He's promised to let us share the place with them as soon as it's habitable."

"Can we afford it?" I enquired.

"Sure. I've saved quite a bit since I've been working overtime, you know."

And I suddenly knew it was no more true that he had taken out girls than that I had cancer or that the baby was dying!

We stayed at the hotel until we could move in with Lionel's friends.

And that's the end of the story.

Except that we learned later that about 20 years before a beast of a man had lived in the house in Caldwell Street. He had driven his ailing wife to commit suicide. She put her head in the gas oven. The man had wanted to marry another woman but he hadn't lived to enjoy her favors because, on his way back from his wife's funeral, he was killed by a car.



HE GOT WHAT HE GAVE

A FEW weeks after he donated a pint of blood to the United States Army in Heidelberg, Germany, Pvt. Louis Dyer had an accident and required a blood transfusion. Dyer's blood was the next scheduled to be used by the hospital and he got it back.



Dr. Robert G. Chaney at Astara Foundation, Los Angeles, Calif., reportedly telephoned accurate details of audience in church at Eaton Rapids, Mich.

CROSS-COUNTRY

DEMONSTRATION OF ESP

IN THIS analytical time millions are being spent to discover the hidden potentials of the human mind. Laboratories and research departments are using drugs, psycho-therapy and hypnosis to explore men's minds.

Two researchers, well aware of present progress in this field, decid-

ed to try an extra-sensory experiment across a distance of 1,900 miles. Dr. Robert G. Chaney of the *Astara Foundation* in Los Angeles, Calif., and Rev. Austin Wallace, at that time associated with the Spiritual Episcopal Church of Eaton Rapids, Mich., knew that the experiment might attract criticism,

however, they accepted the challenge of the untried.

The stage was set with a special telephone connection between the two churches and then on the memorable Sunday of April 13, 1958, both men prepared to project their awareness clear across the country into the church of their fellow pastor.

ed a stage of contact in which he was able to tell the faraway persons to whom he gave messages on which side of the church they were seated.

Reverend Wallace, who returned Dr. Chaney's demonstration, said also that the initial attunement was exhausting but he, too, gave accurate descriptions of details at *Astara* which no one could have

The pastors of these churches were separated by some 2,000 miles—yet each telephoned “unknowables” about the other's congregation.

By Peter Ballbusch

Rev. Austin Wallace, in church at Eaton Rapids, is said to have amazed *Astara* Foundation audience with his accurate, telephoned descriptions.



When we asked Dr. Chaney how he achieved this attunement he explained that his focused projection demanded extreme concentration which at times was exhausting, but once he became dimly aware of the interior of the church in Eaton Rapids his psychic perception increased steadily. Finally, he reach-

communicated to him.

The telephones in the churches were connected with loud speakers so that the entire audiences could hear the relayed messages clearly.

By analyzing a few of the messages given and by separating the

"unknowable" from the "knowable" we can get a good idea of the accuracy of this cross-country mind projection.

* * *

A MRS. MYRNA L. Treacher was contacted by Dr. Chaney and told that she was seated in the choir on the left side of the church, that her daughters were seated in the nave below on the right side. Dr. Chaney stated over the long-distance telephone that he had a feeling that a great similarity existed between the two girls and he asked if they were identical twins. All this was true but Mrs. Treacher was even more astounded when a question, which had occupied her mind for some time, was suddenly answered by Dr. Chaney.

A skeptic might suggest that both the seating and the description of the girls as twins were "knowable" since this information could have been relayed to Dr. Chaney in Los Angeles. However, there had been a change in the seating arrangement shortly before the message came through which served to make this an "unknowable" and, of course, the answering of an unstated question in Mrs. Treacher's mind was certainly "unknowable."

Robert and Frances Harris were told where they were seated and they received a message from their brother-in-law who had just passed on. Few persons even in Eaton

Rapids knew about his death and Mr. and Mrs. Harris wondered how Dr. Chaney picked up this information 2,200 miles away. His description of the deceased was as accurate as if he were watching him across his desk.

Again one might argue that the seating was "knowable" since no change had taken place in this case, but the death of the brother-in-law and his description were "unknowable" to Dr. Chaney.

Mrs. Inez Michels was contacted by Dr. Chaney and given details concerning a property settlement. Even the names of the persons involved were given. She was advised as to who could handle the case properly and what pleased Mrs. Michels most was a detail revealed by her deceased husband which seemed to prove that Dr. Chaney had made contact with her mate.

Since Mrs. Michels had told no one about the property settlement and Dr. Chaney had no normal way of getting the detail the deceased husband revealed both these items are "unknowables."

In this manner 14 members of the Eaton Rapids church received messages from Dr. Chaney. All of them were convinced of the authenticity of the contact and amazed that Dr. Chaney had been able to journey mentally and psychically from California to Michigan.

* * *

REV. AUSTIN Wallace contacted a dozen members of *Astara* and astonished them with his accuracy and wealth of detail. He described a large vase of red and white flowers standing to the right of the pulpit in Los Angeles. He mentioned that the donor had intended them to be pink in honor of the birthday of her deceased cousin. These things were true.

I have selected a specific message from among the many which Reverend Wallace gave since it contains an entire series of "unknowables" and was addressed to a person who never before had attended a Sunday service at *Astara*.

Oliver Hasz recently had moved to California and entered the City College of Engineering. A few weeks before his Sunday visit to *Astara* his brother, Albert, had been killed in an automobile accident. Oliver was restless and unsettled and wondering if his move to California had been a wise one, and if electrical engineering really would provide him with a satisfying lucrative livelihood.

This Sunday as he sat among the many persons participating in the experiment he had just written the name of his deceased brother on a slip of paper when Reverend Wallace's voice, over the loudspeaker, said, "This is a message for Oliver Hasz to whom his brother Albert sends greetings. Albert approves

wholly of your plans for the future. The move west was a wise one, as it will bring wonderful development along spiritual lines. Albert tells me that he is going to do his best to help you."

Oliver Hasz listened spellbound, still holding the slip of paper on which he had written his brother's name. How could a man 2,200 miles away both read his mind and bring him this message from his deceased brother?

You can readily see that Oliver Hasz's message is "unknowable." Being a newcomer to California and to *Astara*, neither his name nor his plans were known. His brother's presence in the spirit realm, plus his given name all are "unknowables."

* * *

IN INTERVIEWING some of the participants in this cross-country demonstration I asked them to explain these phenomena. Some felt that Dr. Chaney and Reverend Wallace had attuned themselves first to the audiences in either church, and when this was completed the messages were projected to them mentally by spirit beings hovering near them. Others felt that distance did not matter since a discarnate mind can project itself with lightning speed across the country and bring back the desired information.

Oliver Hasz told me that he had

no explanation and expressed his amazement at the speed in which the messages came through. He had counted five different messages in 10 minutes and speculated that the spirit beings had to be waiting in line to deliver their messages that rapidly.

I believe the most important point is that the projection of the human mind over this tremendous

distance is possible and that apparently those physically dead are contacted as easily as those still in this life.

Dr. Chaney's and Reverend Wallace's attunement, which enabled them to describe "unknowable" details in distant churches would seem to prove the unlimited reach of the human mind while it still inhabits the physical body.



WHO ATE ROGER WILLIAMS?

By Joe Swan

THAT IS the question Rhode Islanders asked themselves when, during the 19th Century, they dug up the grave of the founder of their state.

For the purpose of erecting a monument in memory of Williams, a group visited the graves of the founder and his wife to seek their remains. They made an unusual discovery. The graves were empty. Their occupants, including their bones, had totally disappeared.

Nearby stood the thief—an apple tree—caught in the very act of robbery. It had sent down two main roots into the very presence of the confined dead couple.

The larger root, pushing its way to the precise spot once occupied by the skull of Roger Williams, had made a turn, as if passing around it, and fol-

lowed the direction of the backbone to the hips. There it divided into two branches, sending one along each leg to the heel, where both turned upward toward the toes. One of these root-branches formed a slight crook at the knee, which made the whole strikingly resemble the human form. The roots literally had absorbed the bodies from the graves.

For many years the luscious fruit of the tree had attracted passers-by, who had gathered the apples and eaten them. Thus Rhode Islanders—unaware of their cannibalistic act—devoured the body of their state's founder.

(The unusual roots taken from the Roger Williams grave are still preserved today, on deposit with the Rhode Island Historical Society.)



My PROOF of Survival

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

ACROSS A THOUSAND MILES

By Helen B. Walters

ON THE morning of October 19, 1939, I was lying in bed half awake and half asleep, trying to wake myself up, when suddenly I seemed to be in my living room. I sat there in a chair and the front door opened. In walked my childhood playmate, Carl, whom I had not seen in several years. Gone was his jolly manner. His face was grim. I remember wondering if this was a dream or real.

Carl and I had grown up together like brother and sister. He had married my college chum, but their marriage was not too happy although they had two beautiful daughters. Both discussed their problems with me. It had been with considerable joy that I had heard their decision to move to an entirely different climate, make new friends, start over with a new home, new furniture.

We had said goodbye. Months

passed. Mildred was not much for letter writing so I was not surprised at not hearing from them. No news was surely good news. Now on this early morning Carl walked into my house.

"My children are half orphans," he announced without bothering to acknowledge my surprise. "Half orphans," he repeated.



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Before I could reply he had faded out the door. I pulled myself awake though still under the spell of this experience. For his little girls to be half orphans meant only one thing, I told myself. Mildred was dead.

As soon as I felt that my parents would be up I phoned them to tell of this strange message. My father was a close friend of Carl's father who lived in a neighboring town. I knew that if anything happened my father would be notified.

Later that same morning the news came. Carl's family had received a telephone call from police in an Iowa town. They had found Carl's car parked with motor running. A hose connected to the exhaust pipe led into the car. Carl was in the car, dead.

The coroner estimated the time of his death at about 6:30 a.m. This was the time he had come to tell me his children were "half orphans."—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

THE LIGHT IN THE GLEN

By Ivora Mae Parsley

As told to Cecil de Yada

MANY ARE the Kentucky feuds that develop and end without anyone outside the immediate community ever hearing about them—like those my grandfather was involved in from time to time.

I was brought up by my grandparents on their isolated farm-

stead. From their farm a road that wasn't much more than two tracks led through a deep, densely wooded glen into the town of Inez. Our only way of travel was on horseback. Not caring for horseback riding, Grandmother seldom got away from her little three-room abode. I learned to ride a horse in my toddling years.

When Grandfather rode to the town he usually didn't get home until after dark, his excuse always being that he couldn't start back sooner because he had to argue some local or political issue with somebody.

When Grandfather wasn't home by nightfall Grandmother would worry about his riding through the deep wooded valley. Grandfather, being an alert, public-minded person, often became involved in arguments. Some lasted only as long as their words, others ended with dire threats of bodily harm—miniature feuds.

On more than one occasion when Grandfather stayed over-long after nightfall Grandmother lit an old kerosene lantern and walked with it to the wooded glen hoping to meet Grandfather and thus end her anxiety sooner. The densely wooded path had several spots where Grandfather could have been ambushed by enemies.

As I grew up I sometimes rode to town with Grandfather, sitting

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behind him on old Daisy. When I was along he usually managed to get home before dark. Often Grandmother encouraged me to go with him for this reason. By the time I was in my teens I rode my own horse, Nell, and side by side Grandfather and I rode into town. The road through the glen had several other paths leading off under the trees. Sometimes we rode home by way of these narrower paths. It was shorter.

Grandmother died in 1941 when I was 16. Her last warning to Grandfather the day before she went was: "But if you keep on going through those woods after dark, after I'm gone, I'll try and be there with you to help you. But if God should will it that someone shall hurt you—I'll be waiting for you in Heaven." In the end Grandfather promised her he'd not go through the valley after dark.

He didn't keep his promise very long.

One day we rode into town and stayed too long because Grandfather quarreled with two men over the presidential election. The argument waxed so hot that all three men drew their pocket knives but bystanders stepped between them and prevented them hurting each other.

Darkness was falling when we cantered out of town. It was full dark when we rode down under

the valley's trees. I wasn't thinking of Grandma; we had ridden through the glen too many times since her death.

We crossed the valley's bed and started up its opposite slope when Daisy and Nell snorted and reared backwards as if something ahead of us scared them.

Then an eerie light appeared in the middle of the two road tracks. It was a yellow glow like a lantern gives off. I thought of Grandma's lantern. It was bright enough to light up the tree trunks and the low branches but the lantern itself was not visible.

The yellow glow moved slowly ahead of us and up one of the side paths, as if to light our way. For some reason Grandfather urged old Daisy onto the side path to follow the light. I followed him, with my head down to duck the low branches. All the time the strange light moved on ahead of us.

The light led us until we came to the valley's edge. There we let our horses into a fast canter.

Either we left the light behind us or it went out. We didn't see it again.

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Afterwards Grandfather said it was not exactly curiosity that caused him to follow the light.

Some days later we learned, that on the evening the eerie light had guided us off the main path, the two men with whom Grandfather had quarreled were waiting in ambush for us in the glen. Both being pretty well under the influence of Kentucky licker had intended to administer to Grandfather what they thought he had had coming to him.—*Balaton, Minn.*

UNEXPECTED VISIT

By Wing Anderson

LAST YEAR a letter to me from my cousin, Russell McClelland of Richmond, Ind., mentioned that he had some letters from my grandfather, written to my grandmother, during the Civil War (1861-65). I asked him to loan them to me long enough for me to read them. He sent them along.

On the evening I settled down to read the letters my wife had retired. I was sitting in my easy chair reading one of the several letters when something caused me to look up. There, standing some eight feet away, were both my grandfather and my father. They smiled at me but did not say a word. While I was looking at them they vanished.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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

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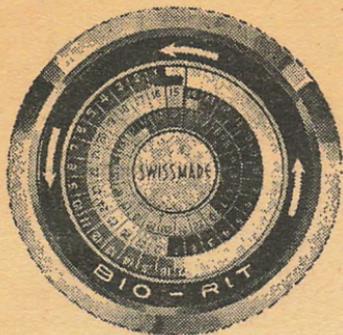
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my grandfather and his two brothers all were photographers. During the Civil War they pitched their tent near encampments of Union soldiers. When the soldiers had money, which was seldom as their pay was always months late, the brothers did a land-office business taking photos of the soldiers for them to send home. In those days they had to make their own wet plates and most of their own equipment.

I judge that Grandfather contacted some one of the diseases both armies were afflicted with for he died during the war and the letters ceased. He died when my father was a small boy, so I knew nothing about him.

When I saw them, last year, my grandfather looked to be about 30 years of age. My father passed over when he was 53, and looked the same.

There was no particular reason for their visit, except that they both love me. And I now know what my grandfather looked like while he lived on earth.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*



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NEW BOOKS

MADAME BLAVATSKY, *Medium and Magician*, by John Symonds. Odhams Press, Ltd., London, 1959. 254 pages, 21s (\$3.00).

Helena Petrovna Blavatsky is best known today as the founder of the Theosophical Society. But H.P.B. (as called by her followers) was more than that. Mr. Symonds calls her "the founder of modern occultism, the Messenger of the White Brotherhood," by which he means that most present-day occult, magical, and esoteric societies and systems owe their inspiration if not their doctrines to her. (She claimed to represent a secret "trans-Himalayan lodge of spiritually advanced adepts, mahatmas, elder brothers of humanity"—the White Brotherhood).

Born in 1831 of aristocratic German-Russian parentage, Helena Hahn, after a marriage "on a dare," fled her older spouse in 1848 and began a series of adventurous travels in the near and far East, "ever in search of the magical, mysterious and occult." Living with gypsies, shamans, fakirs, yogis, dervishes, voodoo doctors and medicine men, she made her way around the world and eventually settled in

America in 1873. There she met Colonel Olcott at a spiritualist seance in Vermont and, with others, they founded the Theosophical Society which this year celebrates its 85th anniversary. Unfortunately for any biographer, much of her career between 1848 and 1875 remains unknown; as Symonds confesses, a great deal of it is "a little vague."

Although more is known about Mme. Blavatsky's career after the mid-70's, the latter years of her life are hardly less controversial. In support of the claim she had been the recipient of special knowledge and training while in India and Tibet, apologists cite her theurgic feats and her unique books. She wrote *Isis Unveiled* and *The Secret Doctrine* in (to her) an alien language, with the reported psychic help of her "Eastern Brothers," but without formal schooling, and with no record of publication before coming to America. In them she first brought to the West a coherent exposition of the ancient Eastern doctrines of Karma, Reincarnation, the sevenfold nature of man, the origin and destiny of the world, its Kalpas, vast evolutionary cycles of time. Although not a spirit me-

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dium, H.P.B. performed wonders (without benefit of dark circle or ritual) no less sensational than those of Home or Palladino.

Among the feats related by Symonds, one occurred when she was guest of Prof. Corson of Cornell University. As recorded by Corson's son, one night his father "returned home from a visit to Andrew D. White, the University president. In the course of the evening he had looked at some of the president's well-made, watermarked notepaper, held it up to the light, felt its quality. It was late when he came home, and both his wife and H.P.B. had gone to bed." Upon awakening the next morning, he found upon his bedside table what appeared to be a "photograph" (never seen before) of his dead daughter ("in the background were the outlines of elementals"—"tricky beings," described by H.P.B. as "semi-conscious centers of force" behind every physical phenomenon mis-called "miracle"). "What was more astonishing, however, was that the photograph was printed on the same notepaper as that which he had examined in the President's study: the watermark was identical." In his excitement Corson hurried to show the portrait to his wife whereupon she burst into tears and threw it into the fire, screaming, "This is the work of the Devil!"

The Society for Psychical Research, thru its Hodgson committee of 1885, announced its verdict on these phenomena: they were frauds and H.P.B. was one of the great imposters of history. But Symonds characterizes the adverse report as "stupid and superficial." Neither does he give credence to the sensa-

tional charges of her enemies against her personal life; and he rejects the tales of Solovyoff (*A Modern Priestess of Isis*, published for the S.P.R.), equally lurid, as "prejudiced" and having "only his word for it."

On the other hand, Symonds does not discredit the notorious "Blavatsky-Coulomb letters" which formed the base of the S.P.R. verdict. But he proceeds to stamp an "if" on them too. In fact, the present book is somewhat unique, not to say annoying to anyone accustomed to expect that the author should give all the answers. For Symonds leaves to his readers the final verdict. Although his book will serve the general reader as an interesting and relatively reliable introduction (pro and con) to the fascinating career of one of psychical history's most enigmatic personalities, it will do no more than whet the appetite of those who are students of parapsychology and who want a fair verdict and the facts on which to base it.—*Walter A. Carrithers, Jr.*

LIFE BEYOND THE SUNSET, by Dexter Clark Buell, Sr. Christian Book League, Inc., Avon, Ohio, 1960. 74 pages, \$1.00.

The author's son, Dexter Clark Buell, Jr., died in May, 1939, at the age of 21. "After his spiritual arrival in Heavenly realms," a photo caption in this attractive paper-bound book states, "he acquired knowledge concerning Interplanetary communication . . . making it possible to send messages to his father . . . on earth plane." These messages, claimed to have been received by automatic writing over a period of several years, deal with

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existence in the Next World, its nature, organization and inhabitants.

The book seems intended mainly for those unfamiliar with the subject of survival after death—"young people with inquiring minds . . . adults who are willing to think beyond traditional beliefs." It is handicapped by an impersonal tone and might have been distinguished from other books similar in subject had it been presented within the framework of the son's personality and viewpoint.—*Guy Archette.*

HOMEWARD BOUND, by William F. Damon. Exposition Press, New York, 1959. 96 pages, \$2.75.

The author reports messages from his dead sister, describing her sensations upon dying and her new life in the spirit world. These psychic experiences serve as a framework within which he delves into Spiritualism, explores various realms of metaphysics and relates Spiritualism to the atomic bomb and to atomic science generally. Those interested chiefly in metaphysical thought and discussion will find this well-written book of value.—*Guy Archette.*

THE ENIGMA OF SURVIVAL, by Hornell Hart. Published by Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill., and Rider & Co., London, England, 1959. 286 pages, including index, \$4.50.

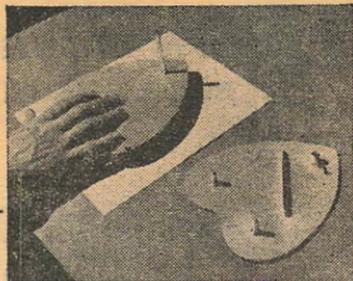
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body or does it go on, perhaps to grow and expand, in a part of the universe beyond the reach of sensory perception and space-time equations? Is reality restricted to atomic and molecular motion or does it include extraphysical factors lending themselves to survival and thus opening up incalculable intellectual and spiritual frontiers?

The plan of the book (whose author, incidentally, is a convinced survivalist) is to present all sides of the survival hypothesis, leaving it to the reader to form his own conclusion. In many of the cases cited by Dr. Hart, the evidence for what has been termed IPA (incorporeal personal agency) is so persuasive that the only counter-hypothesis would seem to involve a "super-ESP" through which the medium is supposed to be able on occasion to attain a near-omniscience. Whether our experimental evidence can justify such a gigantic extrapolation raises methodological difficulties, particularly since it could be argued that survival, while no less revolutionary than "super-ESP," has at least the logical merit of conforming more closely to the law of parsimony.

But perhaps the most important point to keep in mind is that survival, far from clashing with ESP, implies it; and "super-ESP," of the world-searching proportions required to provide a temporary alternative to a thoroughgoing survivalist position, would demolish the mechanistic picture of man as effectively as survival itself. Ultimately, "super-ESP" could hardly avoid gravitating toward survivalist conclusions as flowing naturally from any psychocentric view.

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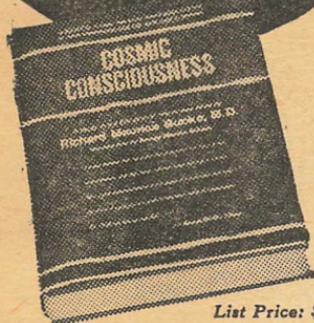
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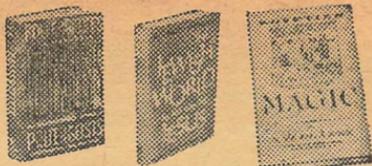
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To the "scientific" materialist, of course, it cannot matter a straw whether he is impaled on one horn or the other of the survival—"super-ESP" dilemma. In either case his dogmatic slumber would be rudely disturbed. This reviewer has been addicted for some years to the sport of placing bets on how much longer an inquiry dealing literally with a matter of life and death can be stymied by the Higher Imbecility in control of what is jokingly called the nation's intellectual life. What's your guess?—*T. Dumont*.

THE RELIGION OF THE OCCIDENT, by Martin A. Larson. Philosophical Library, Inc., New York, 1959. 711 pages, \$6.00.

The preface aptly describes this book in stating that it presents "for the first time in the English language . . . in a single, readable volume, a scholarly and reliable exposition of the many cultural and intellectual trends that culminated in organized Christianity." The book is a monument of research and is filled with a wealth of fascinating information for the student of religions and the Bible scholar.

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

UFO'S OVER NAPA

At around 3:30 P.M. on October 23, 1959, I noticed a jet traveling east to west and almost directly over me. It was not going unusually fast.

I had binoculars with me and as I peered through them I noticed a white circular object in front of the jet. It changed to an orange-red color. Then to my amazement it was in back of the jet. Then it went to the front of it again. It moved so fast that I did not actually see it in the process of moving.

After the object disappeared, I watched a little longer but it did not appear again. I called the newspaper but they seemed disinterested.

About a week later I noticed two jets moving in a northwesterly direction. As they appeared not to be acting normal, I ran into the house for my binoculars. Looking through them, I saw in front of the jets a white circular object. One of the jets acted as if it didn't know which way it wanted to go next. Twice the object pulled away from the jets and then slowed down again.

I yelled for my husband and he got outside in time to watch the object for a few seconds before it disappeared. The object looked like a white ball rolling away from the jets.

Again I called the paper and still

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they were not interested.

While sitting outside a few days later, I heard a jet fly over as if in pursuit of something. As I looked directly above me, I saw what I can describe only as a sort of rainbow, light purple in color with a tinge of yellow, and shaped like a perfect "Y." It was only about 200 feet above my head.

There were no clouds in the sky and very little wind. The rainbow just hung like a cloud for about 30 seconds. The jet that had flown over sounded low and very fast. I never saw where it came from or where it went.

I finally phoned Travis A.F.B. and reported my sightings. The captain who spoke to me asked why I didn't call sooner. He phoned me the next day and asked me to repeat the direction and time of the sightings. He told me to call at once if I saw another object so that they could get a radar on it.

I never saw any more UFO's and felt relieved. I don't understand why the local paper ignored the sightings.—*Joan Capps, Napa, Calif.*

SAME UFO?

In "Report From the Readers," April issue, Archie Flory of Long Island reports a UFO sighting. I wasn't going to report my sighting, but I must back him up as we obviously saw the same thing at the same time.

At 6:00 P.M. on October 28, 1959, my wife, my daughter and I were 100 miles north of Montreal, Canada, and seven miles west of the town of Labelle, P.Q. Here is what we saw as we stood on a cliff facing southeast, and this is recorded

in my weather report book.

My daughter first observed this beautiful big new star (so it looked) high in the southeast sky. It seemed to be stationary at southeast 20 degrees, elevation 35 degrees.

She called me and we watched it for five minutes, after which it seemed to shoot sparks and started to move eastwards by northeast and also describing a slow arc downwards toward the horizon.

Calling to my wife to come and see this UFO, I went and got my five-power scope. My wife immediately drew attention to another light which we hadn't noticed yet—a small blinking light well below the UFO and traveling at the same speed but going towards the west. My daughter says this blinking light was above the big UFO when she first saw it. The small light was flashing reddish color part of the time. I did not get a look at it with my scope as it suddenly blinked off for the last time while I was still giving all my attention to the big UFO.

Owing to the immense height of the UFO, it is impossible to give a good description. It appeared to be a very bright light and surrounded by a dark shadow ring. Protruding from the outside of this shadow ring and opposite to the direction of travel, I clearly saw with my scope three reddish glow bars (or tubes). These protruded at right angles to the big light and the shadow ring and lit up alternately at intervals of about two seconds. The UFO was gradually picking up speed comparable to that of a falling star.

My daughter claimed that she could see these glow bars before

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the UFO started to move and they were then on both sides. But after it got really moving east by north-east, they could be seen only at one side (or what would be the back, or opposite direction of travel). Possibly these glow tubes were located all around the object, but could be seen only if they were in action.

As we saw three tubes and were not directly underneath, I think the UFO was tipped on edge and we were viewing the top of a saucer-shaped UFO. While we all watched it, the UFO suddenly just went out as if someone had thrown a switch. It was then at southeast 45 degrees, elevation 5 degrees. There was no fading out and it had not yet reached the horizon.

Visibility was perfect during the quarter-hour that we watched the object. There was no sound at any time, not from the UFO nor from any aircraft. The UFO was bigger than Venus, white to whitish-blue, sharper than the clearest star.

I say what we saw was no U.S. Air Force balloon. The object's hovering ability, great speed when in motion and brilliant light hardly could be credited to a balloon. The object was at least 250 miles up and I doubt we could see even a 10-story balloon at that height, with the unaided eye, and have it appear larger than Venus. If it were a balloon, how did it happen to maintain such a nice, constant speed and direction to the northeast, as it did from the time Mr. Flory sighted it until we lost it here?—
Joe Donovan, Labelle, Canada.

ASTRAL TRIP TO MARS

I have spent a lifetime reading and studying all phases of occult

science and related subjects. At the age of 26 I developed involuntarily the faculty of astral traveling, and I could write a book on the experiences I have had, a great many of them very unpleasant and many of surpassing beauty and value. For several years this faculty only frightened me, as my studies had not advanced to the point where they included this phenomenon.

About three years ago I had just finished reading FATE Magazine, and I lay down to take an afternoon nap. I had been reading about flying saucers and through my mind went the wish that I could see one.

As I lay thinking about it, a humming vibration set up in my body and I just had time to realize that I was off on an astral flight.

I found myself standing in bright sunlight on a rounded hilltop. As far as the eye could see, which was a great distance, stretched a desolate-looking red-colored land, with many low-lying rounded hills, quite destitute of any vegetation. The earth looked baked and burned, like in Death Valley.

I glanced over to my right and saw a group of odd-looking men, very busy pushing, via machinery, a huge elongated object into a projectile, which was enormous in size. The men were very intent and worked with great rapidity. This object was shot off into space.

I was very uneasy and sensed a totally alien environment and had a feeling of danger. A presence beside me, whom I was unable to see, quieted me with the assurance that I was invisible to those men. I was given to understand that I was looking at a flying saucer being

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ejected into space, and that I was on Mars, their home.

The men were a copper-yellow, very short, muscular and wiry, much like the Mongolians of Earth in appearance.

I awoke with my body tingling and feeling very refreshed and relieved as always is the case after an astral flight under proper conditions. About five minutes had elapsed since I had wished to see a flying saucer. However, what I saw was not saucer-shaped, but more like a gigantic cigar.—*Naomi J. Carlson, Los Angeles, Calif.*

FROGS THAT FALL IN SUMMER

When I was a child in Manomet, a village that is part of Plymouth, Mass., I used to put on my bathing suit whenever it rained in the summer-time. I enjoyed playing in the puddles that accumulated from a downpour.

In the summer of 1926, when I was almost eight years old, I climbed up the ladder and sat on the roof in one of these showers that come in the afternoon after a very hot day.

Suddenly I was drenched in a cascade of colder water that stunned me. I did not like frogs or toads and was horrified when I realized that thousands of nasty little, gray-white live frogs were poured all over me.

I jumped up from the roof and rushed to the ladder, slipping and sliding on the poor frogs as I crushed them at every step. When I reached the bottom of the ladder, I saw the little frogs jumping all around the yard in the rain.

Badly frightened by now, I ran crying into the house, still stepping

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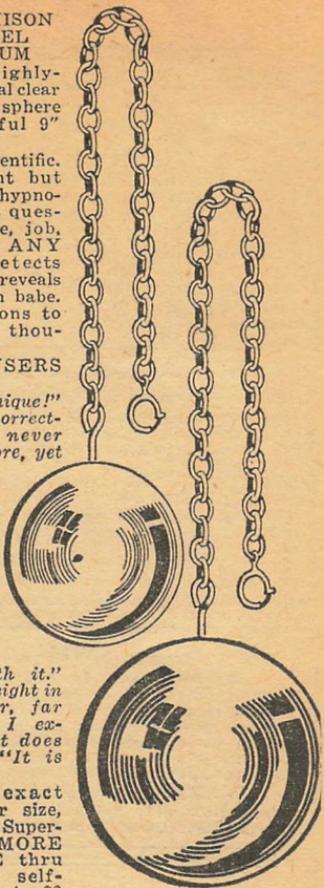
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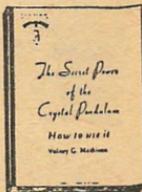
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on the little toads or frogs that were hopping everywhere. My mother laughed and gave me a pan of water to wash my feet. She assured me that the tree toads had been washed off the pine trees from the torrential rain. At that time I accepted her explanation, and I never went out to play in my bathing suit again after that unpleasant experience. — Priscilla Alden Draffone, Manomet, Mass.

The raining of toads is so frequent an occurrence at River, Ky., in the summer time that I'm sure people there would be surprised to find it considered "odd."

River is on the Levisa fork of the Big Sandy River and, as it is my birthplace and my mother's home, I have occasion to be there often during the summer time. For as long as I can remember, on a hot day after a heavy rain, literally bushels of tiny toads cover the ground. People have always assumed that they came from and returned to the ground.

Soon after the rain the toads are gone, and I've never heard of any person having unearthed one.—H. Hollister, Youngstown, Ohio.

RE "TRUE SIGHT"

I refer to FATE Magazine for May, 1960, your paragraphs in "I See By the Papers" on "True Sight."

There is a book by Jules Romain, now out of print, called *Eyeless Sight*, wherein he explains how to develop true sight. He had taught quite a few people how to acquire this form of ESP. It is a physical function, according to him.

James Churchward, in his Mu

books, mentions the Samoans as being able to see with their eyes closed. *True Magazine* (or it may have been *Blue Book*) back in 1952 or 1953 ran an article, "The Amazing Eyes of Kuda Bux." This article reported that Mr. Bux rode a bicycle down a busy London street with his eyes blindfolded and dough in his eyesockets to prevent peeping.

Should you manage to find Jules Romain's *Eyeless Sight*, and try it out for yourself, you will find that it takes very little practice before you can detect the difference between light and dark objects held before your face. The *oscelles* in the skin (the small eyes that plants use to detect light and dark) are present in human skin, according to Mr. Romain. He says that when "eyeless sight" is developed, one has 360-degree vision instead of 180-degree vision. The more skin exposed and the lighter, the better the sight.—*B.D.D. Honolulu, Hawaii.*

I read with great interest your item, "True Sight," in "I See By the Papers," May, 1960. I first discovered this faculty approximately four years ago and was pleasantly surprised but not to the head-shaking degree of the doctors.

The initial experience, and all subsequent ones, occurred in a completely darkened room, after I had retired and was in a relaxed frame of mind but thoroughly awake. I "see" in gray, that is, everything is clearly visible but not illuminated as by daylight. And each time I have immediately opened my eyes after a long careful survey to find the room in its customary darkness.

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I first thought my eyes had retained an image of the room at the moment the light was turned off, but I have tested myself in numerous ways and am convinced I can see with my eyes closed. However, it is doubtful if I could be tested without more self-development.

Perhaps this was brought about because of the empathy I have always had for the blind and the inner conviction that there has to be a way for them to enjoy sight. Let us hope and strive for that way.—*Louise Whitney, Roxbury, Mass.*

A SNIDE REVIEW?

The review by Charles B. Harnett of the book *The Art of Spiritual Healing* by Joel Goldsmith (May issue) is a very snide one.

It would seem that Mr. Harnett should have done more research before speaking derisively about a writer who is beyond his spiritual understanding. Goldsmith is one of the top writers in metaphysical circles.

Patients come to him in confidence and names cannot be revealed. In his writings he makes no attempt to teach orthodox people or beginners. We agree with him that anyone can heal, but it requires mental control, concentration, and an understanding faith.—*Heath T. Coburn, Fontana, Calif.*

"INTERESTING HOGWASH"

I was interested in the letter from Miss Gerry Kolby of Grand Rapids, Mich., in which she calls FATE "Hogwash."

I have been a subscriber to FATE for four or more years. Often I throw it down and shout, "Hogwash!" Then I pick it up again!

It's such *interesting* hogwash and some of it just *may* have some objective validity.

Your editorial comment on Miss Kolby's letter was perfect.

In this day of satellites, space probes, radio telescopes and extra-sensory perception experiments, we should have open minds. We have to steer a middle course between wooden-headed materialism and hook-line-and-sinker gullibility.

In the meantime I go on reading your fascinating "hogwash."—*W. L. Stafford, Columbus, Ohio.*

SURROUNDED BY WATER

I have been thinking for some time of writing to tell you of an amazing dream I had in 1929.

I dreamed that water was running into the basement windows from

outside, then down into the sewer. When I looked outside to see where the water was coming from, I saw that the house was completely surrounded by water.

At this point I awoke, so frightened that I decided to sell the place, knowing I never could sell it if what I had seen in my dream happened.

In one week's time I sold the place and moved to Minneapolis, Minn. I lived there just three months. I moved there in the fall and moved back to Waterloo in the spring. I found that my former house was surrounded by water, as were all the houses around it.

I cannot understand why I dreamed the house was surrounded by water three months ahead of time. There never had been water there before.—*Mildred Rathbone, Waterloo, Iowa.*

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CAPITAL FOR SATANISTS

I greatly enjoyed Alson J. Smith's "Psychic Warnings of Pelee Eruption," FATE, May, 1960; however, Writer Smith did not mention that St. Pierre was said to be the Western Hemisphere capital for the cult of Satanism.—*W. R. Neal, Los Angeles, Calif.*

WEEPING PICTURE

At 8:00 o'clock on a Monday evening about three weeks ago (letter dated March 26, 1960) I was sitting in meditation, looking at the picture of Christ on the wall over my bed. The picture was shedding tears. At first the tears looked like blood, but as the teardrops fell to my pillow they turned blue.

I watched this for some time. It lasted about five minutes. The tears fell from the eyes of Christ down to the pillow on my bed.

On Friday night after retiring for bed, I seemed to be taken out of my body. I saw the sun and moon being drawn together in a total eclipse. Next morning, Saturday, I was very much surprised to read in the paper that there would be an eclipse late that night or early Sunday morning.—*Mrs. Mary Ely, Baltimore, Md.*

BLUE RAIN & YELLOW SNOW

In Luton, England, according to United Press International, a blue rain fell. The color was attributed to demolition of an old dye works. Was only blue dye used at this plant?

The Associated Press reported that yellow snow fell in Moscow. A Soviet meteorologist said a big storm probably picked up particles of soil in China's Yellow River

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Valley and dropped them in Kazakhstan.

"Probably." Really now, I expected something better than that from a Soviet scientist. Our scientists do as well. When fish fall out of the sky they tell us that "probably" a whirlwind picked them up somewhere. When "booms" occur, they tell us a jet plane caused them. Delightfully indefinite. And so the Soviet scientists follow suit and without analyzing the yellow snow, they said it "probably" is the result of a big storm in China. What storm?

Maybe the blue rain *was* caused by dust from the old dye works; maybe the yellow snow *was* colored by dust from China; maybe jet planes *do* cause booms (I think they do, sometimes), but "probably" is not good enough, and "a" whirlwind, "a" big storm and "a" jet plane are altogether too vague. A bit of the proper scientific approach, of documentation, is required.

An earthquake occurs in Algeria, near Setif. Natives say they saw a bright flash in the sky. French authorities say that fear "probably" made them think they saw a flash. It is interesting to note that Venus was leaving the vicinity of the earth in February.

In November, 1922, there were quakes in Chile accompanied by strange illuminations. Fright?

A brilliant meteor and quake were reported in Switzerland, November 4, 1704; in Florence, Italy, December 9, 1731; in Naples, November 22, 1821. More fear? Or where was Venus at this time?

I also have heard of quakes where ignorant natives thought that there was a violent rain accompanying.

(Continued on page 128)

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PAINFUL PREMONITION

When I was 19 I was visiting at my older sister's home. At that time (World War II) her husband was overseas and in a combat area.

My sister and I were discussing her husband when I felt a sharp pain in my left chest. She asked me what was wrong and I told her that something had happened to her husband.

A week or so later Kitty got a package and a letter from Benny. The package contained a lighter with a deep crease in it.

The letter explained that the lighter Kitty had given him for his birthday had saved his life by preventing a bullet from hitting him.

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The day he had been shot was the same day that I had felt the pain and connected it somehow with my brother-in-law.—*Robert W. Sheets, Bellflower, Calif.*

JUST AS IN THE DREAM

I am 75 years young. When I was 11 years old, I lived with an old aunt of mine as my mother died when I was three years old.

One night I dreamed that my aunt fell down the stairs. When I told her about my dream in the morning she laughed and said dreams always failed in dry weather.

The next morning as I was dressing for school my aunt fell down the stairs. Everything happened just as in my dream. I ran for a neighbor and a doctor just as I did in the dream.—*Pearl Potter, Mineral Ridge, O.*

DANGERS OF DRAWING

I was in a commercial art studio drawing a humorous (?) cartoon of a house being blown to bits while a little mouse looked astonished. I was disturbed during my work by a blast and an uncanny flash.

"It's only a jet breaking the sound barrier," my friends assured me. No one but me saw the flash of light. A radio report soon came over the air that a house in the vicinity had been blown to bits.

When I broke the Biblical injunction not to make an image of God an oxygen tank exploded, producing a roomful of ice. Billy Graham wrote a story about the devil and his printing press caught fire. Another person drew his image and the furnace blew up.—*Frances Paelian, Los Angeles, Calif.*

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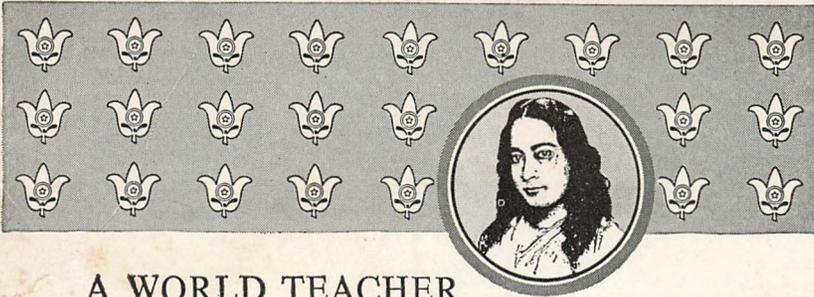
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