September 1960
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FATE MAGAZINE

PDC

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

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Flying Saucers Over Brazil
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Psychic Revival In The Churches
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1960 FATE TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN Vol. 13—No. 9 Issue 126

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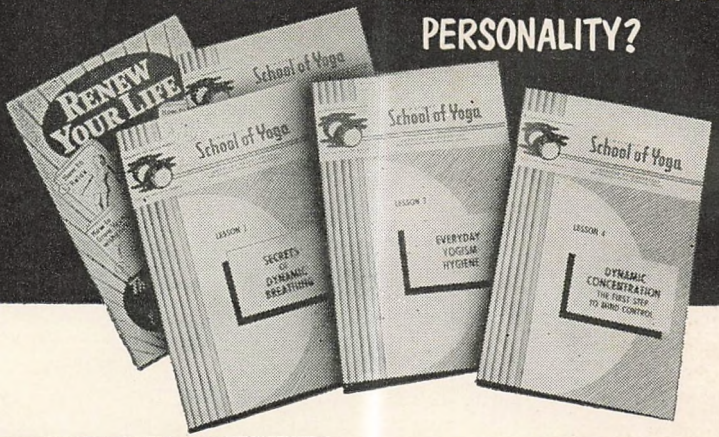

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FATE

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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Just where the scientific explanation ends and the realm of mystery begins — that is something which can be argued. Scientists will probably claim a greater area than is wholly justified, whereas theologians and mystics alike will probably try to confine science more than is justified; but all the same, the exact respective areas of materialistic explanation and of mysterious non-explanation do not really affect the argument at all — which is that there are two perfectly distinct areas of knowledge, only one of which is touched by the processes of scientific explanation.

— John Rowland (Mysteries Of Science.)

CONFIRMATION

OUR TWO recent articles giving Soviet and American views of life in space have been followed by a series of similar articles in the newspapers and magazines.

Dr. Wernher Von Braun, the space scientist, told the American Newspaper Publishers Association that "there is good reason to assume, on purely scientific grounds, and on evidence adduced by observation, that life of some kind exists elsewhere in the universe."

Question: What does he mean by "evidence adduced by observation?"

And Alton Blakeslee, science writer for the Associated Press, reported from Green Bank, W. Va., where the National Radio Astronomy Observatory is located, that "today's astronomers are pretty confident intelligent life and civilizations thrive on hundreds of millions of planets." Many could be older than we and possess correspondingly more intelligent life, Blakeslee wrote.

BUT NOT TODAY

UNFORTUNATELY, we aren't going to be able to go atravelling up there immediately. Dr. Von

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Braun himself recently went on record to say he believed there can be no manned flight to a celestial object as close as our own Moon until after 1970.

Meanwhile, our space probes and satellites are accumulating new information at an astounding rate.

In contradiction to all previous belief, scientists have discovered the presence of water vapor in the atmosphere of Venus. Dr. John Strong of Johns Hopkins University reported the findings of a manned balloon flying 15 miles above the Earth's surface in November, 1959. The amount of water measured in the Venus atmosphere is about four times more than found in the Earth's stratosphere and is about the same as above high level clouds on earth.

As long ago as the middle of May, when attempts to energize the 150-watt space radio in the U.S. spacecraft Pioneer 5 were only partially successful, the space probe had telemetered new findings from its five-watt transmitter that upset theories held for a half century.

One thing Pioneer 5 has shown is that magnetic storms 3,000,000 miles from Earth vary just like those recorded at the same time in Hawaii and Virginia. This indicates that such storms are not due to local phenomena on our Earth but are caused by still unknown forces out in space.

At any rate, for the first time we know something about conditions more than 10 million miles out.

A FRIGHTENING THOUGHT

WHAT MANNER of man will be able to go out into Space and replace the instrumented machines that so far have made the journey from Earth?

A description of such a creature was recently suggested in frightening (to us) terms by Manfred E. Clynes and Dr. Nathan S. Kline of Rockland State Hospital's research facility in Orangeburg, N. Y.

The two men described this new approach in "space medicine" at a symposium of the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine. What they propose, in short, is a kind of hybrid man-machine.

The proposed creation would be a component of a cybernetics system — or electronic brain-plus-mechanism system. The spaceman they would create would not eat nor breathe — at least during his space journeys.

Such functions would be taken over automatically by drugs and battery-powered devices, some of which would be built directly into the man's body. This super-being would be a "cyborg" — a word coined from "*cyb*ernetics" and "*or*ganism."

A solar battery-powered "lung"

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would be rigged to the circulatory system to replace the carbon dioxide in the blood with oxygen. This would make breathing unnecessary. The carbon dioxide in turn would be fed into a fuel cell for reconversion into oxygen. Automatic devices would inject drugs to maintain hibernation during long space flights. Or the brain itself might be electrically heated to maintain its full function. Bodily wastes would be reprocessed mechanically.

At present the "cyborg" is only an idea — a concept of how a spaceman could be adapted to his environment rather than trying to create an environment within a space ship in which a normal man could function.

TOP SECRET

WHILE government scientists don't hesitate to tell a great deal about what they have discovered concerning Space and Space medicine — always a highly speculative matter — they are somewhat more reluctant to comment on some other matters.

Last fall, for instance, a big chunk of ice weighing 50 pounds fell from the sky behind the house of Claude J. LeCroy of Martin, Ga. Government scientists set to work analyzing the ice. And as of this past Spring, they have refused to reveal the results of their investigation.

We have a complaint on the matter from the *Independent* of Anderson, S. C., where Reporter Billy Dilworth's beat includes Mr. LeCroy's farm.

∞

WEEPING, WEEPING

ANOTHER Long Island icon began to weep early in May — the third in the series that began March 16.

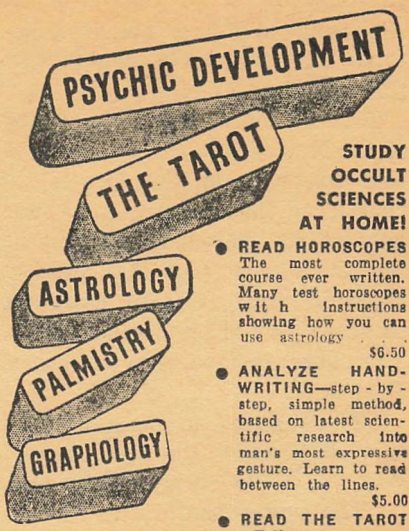
The latest to shed tears was a picture of the Mother of Perpetual Help, and its weeping was confirmed by a leading member of the Roman Catholic order of Redemptorist Fathers.

The priest is the Rev. F. J. Andres, CSSR, New York area director of the Redemptorist Order's Perpetual Help Apostolate. He visited St. Paul's Greek Orthodox Church in Hempstead, L. I., witnessed tears from the third icon and stated:

"You can't deny the physical evidence that droplets resembling tears are coming from the picture. The interpretation of the phenomenon is another thing.

"My personal feeling is that something big is going to come from it. There is no manifestation on record in the history of the Perpetual Help picture."

The picture that Father Andres referred to is the original centuries-old Mother of Perpetual Help



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painting now in the Church of St. Alphonsus in Rome. The Redemptorist Fathers are the guardians of this painting.

Father Andres told Dan Foley of the New York *Journal-American* that his visit to the Hempstead church of the weeping icons was only as an individual but that he felt it was a sign that Roman Catholic and Greek Orthodox churches should get together again. The churches have been split since 1054 A.D.

"There seems to be a kind of symbolism about the succession of Weeping Madonna icons," he said.

"The first is the Mother of Sorrows — a picture of the Western Church. The second is the Mother of Portals — a Byzantine picture venerated throughout the Eastern Church. The third is the Mother of Perpetual Help — which was originally an Oriental picture but which came to the West and was appropriated by the Western Church.

"I think there will be further signs."

∞

KEEP THINKING

THE SAL LA VIE Society is a new club formed at Beckley College, Beckley, W. Va. Their motto is "Keep thinking, nothing is impossible."

The club meets on Mondays and, at last report, had 28 members.

Recently the editors of FATE received a note from G. E. Hartman, dean of the college. Included with the note was a picture of the officers of the society, a description of their activities, and a statement that they are using FATE Magazine as their topic.

The Dean's note was short but sweet. It read only "Thanks to you!"

∞

ELINOR'S RINGS

JIM BISHOP, the columnist, told this story recently. Five years ago, Mr. Bishop and his wife bought each other wedding rings — after more than 20 years of marriage. His new ring was a plain gold band. Elinor's was filigreed platinum with diamonds.

She regarded her ring as too fancy to wear every day and so she hid it, bringing it out only on "state occasions." Jim also put his ring away.

Three years later, Mrs. Bishop died while her husband was aboard ship. When he got home he observed that the ring was not on his dead wife's finger. His daughters explained they had looked everywhere and could not find either ring. Before the funeral another ring was hastily substituted.

Yet a week later the beautiful wedding ring turned up exactly where it should have been all along

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and Bishop's daughter Virginia said that she had searched that same box a dozen times and the ring had not been there.

A year later, Jim took the diamond wedding ring, put it in an envelope and marked it for one of the girls.

Two years almost to the day after his wife's death, Mr. Bishop was undressing one night. He put his cufflinks in their usual place. And there, on the top of the tray was his own plain gold wedding ring which also had been missing all this time.

∞

ARE YOU EUROPE-BOUND?

THE TRIENNIAL Congress of the International Spiritualist Federation will be held in London, September 10 to 17. Registration will be at Caxton Hall, Westminster, London, S.W.1. on Saturday, September 10. Guests of honor will include Einer Nielsen, the famed Danish psychic, and Dr. J. F. Malcolm. Harry Edwards, the healer, will have an important place on the program.

∞

SIXTH SENSE?

YES, FISH have a sixth sense, if such it may be called. The existence of the "sixth sense" has been confirmed by Dr. Theodore J. Walker of the University of California.

But no one really knows what this "sixth sense" is.

It's a difficult matter, defining a sense that humans don't understand. Far more difficult, for example, than trying to explain color to a blind man.

How do we know that fish have this sense?

Well, along each side of every fish is a so-called "lateral line", a thin line, often sharply marked by different colored scales. The line covers a group of tube-like structures which are connected directly with the brain. Neither mammals nor birds have anything like this.

Now apparently this "lateral line" is constantly signalling information to the fish. What kind of information we do not know. Dr. Walker thinks it might have something to do with the movement of the fish through the water, or with the water itself. But maybe not, because the fish has other sensory equipment to signal this.

∞

MORE ON PORPOISES

WE HOPE you will forgive us for being preoccupied with the problem of porpoises' minds. But here is additional information we

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have gathered since our last report.

• The average human brain weighs 1,300 grams. The average porpoise brain (or bottle-nosed dolphin brain) weighs about 1,800 grams.

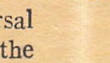
• At Marineland, Fla., according to reports, a captive porpoise imitated a brain researcher's voice so closely that his wife began to laugh. Then the porpoise imitated her laughter.

• A favorite porpoise trick is to drop a piece of bait to a fish and then dash forward and snatch it as the fish is about to feed.

• Porpoises like to balance objects on their noses, like sea lions. One visitor at a marine exhibit tossed a bony fish head to a porpoise in the tank. He got it back in the face.

• One group of porpoises intercepted a football that fell into the sea from a game being played on the beach. The last the football was seen, porpoises were batting it back and forth across the waves.

• Porpoises seem to like people. One porpoise joined bathers at a South African beach and allowed swimmers to hang onto its dorsal fin as it towed them through the water.



ANOTHER KIND OF SEA BEAST

HERE'S COMPETITION for the Scots. There's a sea beast resembling the Loch Ness monster in Lough Ree, two miles from Athlone, Ireland. Authority for this is three unidentified Dublin priests who were fishing in the lake late last spring.

The creature came to the surface about 100 yards from their boat and glided along for quite a distance. They said it was about 15 feet long, had a body as thick as a man's, a flat head somewhat resembling a python's, and looked a bit like a giant conger eel.

The water was still. The head and neck and a coil of the snake-like creature were visible. It was moving. "It went under the water and came up again in a loop," reported one of the priests. "The length from the end of the coil to the head was about six feet."

Last year two English fisherman said they had hooked a creature that dragged their boat for miles around the lake. They never saw it, they reported, and eventually they cut the line.

If these latter two men were fishermen, cutting their line is the most unlikely story we ever heard.

NIGHTMARE FISH

BEFORE WE leave the subject of the strange creatures in the waters of the world we want to tell you about the *nanue* fish. It is found throughout the tropical Pacific waters, is pretty to look at, easy to catch, and tastes mighty

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good when you eat it as well.

Nevertheless, islanders will not eat the *nanue* fish. To do so, they say, gives them nightmarish dreams.

T. C. Roughey, a scientist and icthyologist, recently ate one of the fish to find out what would happen. He said it gave him a dream but not a nightmare.

∞

BOSCO'S VISIT

NOT LONG AGO nine-year-old Jon Jackson of Woodland Hills, Calif., suffered a multiple fracture of his right hand and knuckles trying to separate two fighting boys at the school where he is a "yard captain."

They kept Jon overnight at the hospital, but before he was ready to leave, he had a vistor — his toy Boston bulldog Bosco. The dog left the Jackson home early in the morning and walked four miles to the hospital. He sat whining at the back door until they let him in. Boy and dog left together. How did Bosco know where to find Jon?

∞

WRECK OF THE ANDREW A.

AS WE WRITE, the mystery has not been solved. One day last spring, a marine radio operator at Marshfield, Mass., received a message "We are sinking 15 miles off Scituate . . ."

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The name of the ship was unknown for 24 hours because of the operator's mistake in not forwarding its name. That name appears to have been *Andrew A.*

An amphibian plane was airborne at the time the SOS came in. Although it took the plane only about 10 minutes to get to the general area, it was more than 2 hours before the stricken vessel was sighted. By that time only the black hull was visible, capsized and wallowing in the water. When the pilot turned for a better look at the ship it had disappeared.

The vessel was estimated at 50 to 60 feet. At this writing, no vessel has been reported missing or overdue from any New England fishing ports. The Canadian Government has no record of a ship called the *Andrew A.*

Only clue was a man's blue grey felt hat — a type seldom worn on shipboard — found floating near the scene.

Perhaps the mystery has been solved by now. If so, will someone write us?

∞

SODOM AND GOMORRAH

PERHAPS IT'S only a preoccupation with sin, but it seems to us that people have been doing a disproportionate amount of worrying lately about the Biblical cities of

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Sodom and Gomorrah.

There was the Soviet scientist who speculated on whether the two cities might not have been destroyed by an atom bomb placed by ancient space people who visited the earth.

Now just a couple of months later there's controversy over whether Sodom and Gomorrah have been found. It they have, of course, it knocks the Soviet speculation into a cocked hat.

Anyway, Dr. Ralph E. Baney of Kansas City, Mo., who heads a four-member expedition at Amman, Jordan, announced that his American team had found Sodom and Gomorrah on the bottom of the Dead Sea, as well as extensive underwater remnants of Biblical civilizations that existed 4,000 years ago.

Dr. Baney claims that his expedition discovered a levee under the Dead Sea 15 feet wide and eight feet high. He said that the top of the levee is only four feet under water. Dr. Baney surmises that the levee held back the salt waters from a fertile plain. On this plain, and now buried beneath the waters of the Dead Sea, were the twin cities whose remains have also been found.

In addition, the investigators discovered small petrified forests and deep cisterns hewn out of rock, some as much as six feet in diameter and 70 feet deep. If true, obviously the cisterns must have been built at a time when their water could remain fresh as much as 70 feet down, while even their tops are covered now.

We use the words "if true" advisedly, because Deputy Director Dia Rifai, of the Jordanian Department of Antiquities, declared that Dr. Baney's claim is a "fake," and denied him permission to search further for ruins in Jordan. Meanwhile, permission has been granted to a Canadian-American team headed by Prof. Vincent Barwood of Victoria, B. C.

UNDERWATER TOWER

HERE'S MORE on another underwater mystery which seems about as undocumented and uncertain as Dr. Baney's claims. We have mentioned the alleged existence of an underwater tower near Newport, R. I.

Its discovery is claimed by Jackson Jenks, director of the Society for the Protection of Historic Sites, a non-profit marine archeological group. Jenks claims he discovered the tower near Brenton Reef lightship last year while skin diving. He has been investigating it secretly ever since.

Jenks says the tower consists of a 60-foot-high pile of unmortared stones in 90 feet of water. Each stone is about the size of an office

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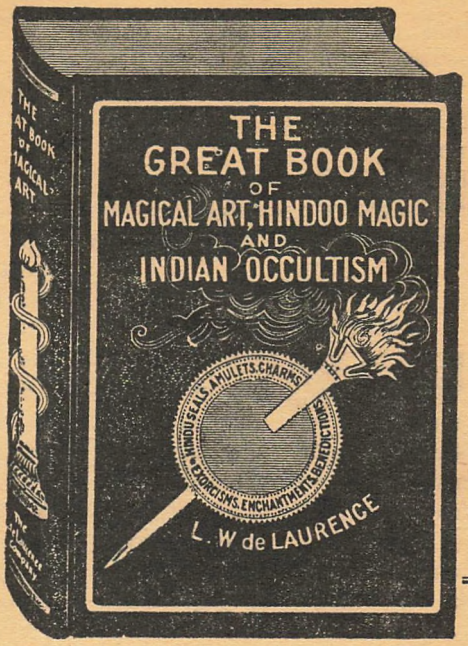

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desk. The tower even has a door on top which Jenks hasn't been able to open.

What is Jenks' tower? Treories variously suggest it's a Viking tower, an old concrete ship of World War I, a septic tank, a sunken light house.

Two U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey ships were scheduled to drag for Jenks' tower at this writing.

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HYPNOSIS WARNING

HYPNOSIS CAN be a dangerous thing in the hands of the unscrupulous or the untrained. Recently the American Academy of General Practice declared that television viewers thousands of miles away can be hypnotized while watching demonstrations, with results that may require psychotherapy.

These doctors deplore use of hypnosis as a "parlor fad."

The group's criticism was taken up by Dr. Harold Rosen who heads the American Medical Association's committee on the medical use of hypnosis. He declared that hypnosis should only be done by a doctor thoroughly grounded in basic psycho-dynamics and never by lay persons.

He warned against doctors and dentists who think they are qualified to hypnotize after three-day courses. He believes hypnosis should be taught only in medical schools.

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THE STRANGE DEATH OF MIKE HANZAS

MALETE G. HANZAKOS came to the United States 50 years ago, lived in New York City for a spell, then settled in Bucyrus, Ohio, in the 1930s. He changed his name to Mike Hanzas, became something of a character in Bucyrus. His nearest relatives were a sister and a nephew, Nick Kallas, who lives in Dearborn, Mich.

Almost two years ago, Mike Hanzas began to prepare for his death. He bought a cemetery plot. He spent a long time shopping for just the right casket and used to stop by to admire it regularly. He introduced it to friends as "my next home."

He bought a tombstone. He took meticulous care of his cemetery plot, installed the monument there, planted yew trees.

One day last winter, Mike Hanzas, now 77, went to Bucyrus Community Hospital for a checkup. He was released as in good condition for his age.

Right after Christmas, Nick Kallas, his wife and three sons and Mike's sister drove to Bucyrus to see Mike. They went out to eat with him, and Nick asked Mike to come back to Dearborn and live with them. Mike refused, saying

he had made all his arrangements there.

Mike showed them his arrangements. They drove to Oakwood Cemetery. Mike showed them his plot and the tombstone. They went to Mike's one-room apartment. Mike handed Nick his will. He started to remove canned goods from his shelves and pack them for his nephew. He laid out his worldly possessions. He showed Nick three envelopes. These contained money for Nick's three sons.

When Nick protested, Mike said, "No, boy, I don't need anything any more." Then he took one step, collapsed, and died. There was nothing anyone could do. Everything had been taken care of.

But Mike left one enigmatic legacy to his nephew. When Nick, seeing that his uncle had made all the arrangements for his death and funeral protested and burst into tears, Mike turned to him and said:

"Time to cry is not when the man dies but when the baby is born . . ."

∞

24 HOURS EARLY

FOR SOME REASON we have received more clippings on the following story than on any other we have run in many months.

Mrs. Rena M. Kelley lives at 93 Tecolote Ave., Goleta Valley, Calif., with her son Jack, a station agent

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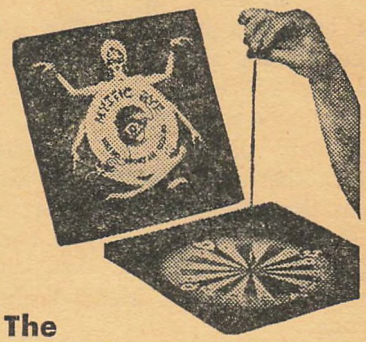

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for Pacific Airlines. One day late in May she received the following wire about her son Richard.

RICHARD IS DYING. DEATH EXPECTED AT ANY MOMENT. CAN YOU COME?

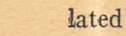
It was signed "Dr. Banzanella," a San Francisco surgeon who had performed a successful gall bladder operation on Richard two months before.

Mrs. Kelley and Jack flew to San Francisco, called the hospital, discovered Richard was not there, and called his apartment. Richard himself answered the phone. He not only was in fine health, but knew nothing about the wire. Nor did the office of the physician whose name was signed to it.

Richard picked up his mother and brother and spent the day with them. He dropped his mother off in Grover City, and took Jack back to his home in Goleta, then continued south with a friend, Walter Henna.

At 4:30 A.M. Richard was killed south of Bakersfield when his car plowed into a cattle truck.

No one knows who sent the telegram 24 hours early.



JUST A FRIENDLY SPOOK

THE REV. Donald Rettick and his daughter Justine, an opera singer of Melbourne, Australia, say they have shared their vicarage with a friendly ghost named Margaret for the past 12 years.

Once Miss Rettick and some friends decided to test the spook. They turned on a radio, lit two candles and placed a bowl of freshly-picked roses on a table.

"If you are present, Margaret, give us a sign," Miss Rettick called out.

The candles went out, the radio went off and every petal fell from the roses.

Just a friendly spook.

NOTES FROM ALL OVER

CANTON, OHIO — Doyle Fields drove safely all the way from Tennessee to attend his brother's funeral here. Just as he turned into his brother's driveway he was struck by a car out of control and killed.

Salt Lake City, Utah — Francis W. Kirkham dreamed on a Sunday night that someone stole $100 and his car. When he woke at 6 A.M. Monday he found someone had.

Boston, Mass. — It rained or "snowed" soot over South Boston on Friday, May 13. Officials theorized that the soot had accumulated in a fog bank and returned to earth with a morning rain.

New York, N. Y. — Engineers, technicians and geologists were stumped by a steady flow of gasoline in an excavation alongside the Port Authority's bus terminal. At

last reports the gasoline had been flowing at the rate of 500 gallons a day for 15 days and no one knew where it was coming from.

Elham, England — An age-old tradition says that the Nailbourne River flows only before some national catastrophe. The Nailbourne is a 10-mile river bed, normally without water. Late in April a trickle began to flow along the dry bed of the "Waters of Woe," as the Nailbourne is called.

Hector, Minn. — An underground gas accompanies water that gushes out of the faucets in this town. The gas will burn direct from the faucets. It has a blue flame. City officials believe that the gas is methane. They say it doesn't affect the quality of the water.

Little Rock, Ark. — Eddie Powell, 32, died here late in April. An autopsy revealed a five-inch ice pick in his brain. No one knew it was there, but his family said it might have been imbedded in Powell's head since a fight he had in 1953.

Tampa, Fla. — Sixteen-year-old Charles Rogers was working under a 3,600-lb. station wagon when it slipped from its jack, trapping him. Charles' mother, who weighs 123 lbs., lifted one end of the wagon to free her son. Her mighty effort broke two of her vertebrae but Charles was uninjured.

—Curtis Fuller

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Foreword by Dr. Jean Bordeaux

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Research on the

HUMAN AURA

FATE

Just what is seen by persons who claim to view the aura? Here are the amazing results of a poll.

By Louis C. Vacca

THE AURA is a radiation or emanation surrounding each and every human being. Evidence points to the fact that it also may surround other living forms—animals and plants—and even may be present, in a limited way, around inanimate objects.

The aura is generally invisible, or almost so, to ordinary sight, but there are some persons apparently born with the ability to see it. Frequently they do not realize that the world looks different to them than it does to others until some chance remark or magazine article calls this difference to their attention.

Edgar Cayce reached manhood before he realized that the colors he saw surrounding people were not universally visible. Persons not born with this extended sight have been able, through study and training, to see the aura.

My own interest in the aura came

Aura around hands reportedly forms bands between fingers held a few inches apart.

as the result of an article my wife read in FATE Magazine. Until that time I had not realized that I see the aura, or that my vision is different from that of other persons. Thus in 1957 I began to study all available information on the aura in an attempt to find out more about it and about those persons who see it. I read many books but found some of them confusing because of the mystic significance given to this ability to see the aura. If the aura is a symbol of psychic or mediumistic talents as many claim, how explain my ability to see it—I, who never have had a psychic experience in my life?

I began to wonder if auras look the same or appear different to each of us who sees them. Do we see the same colors? I asked these and other questions in a letter published in FATE Magazine (May, 1958) and received 53 replies to five specific questions. Studying these it became evident that additional information was needed and a second questionnaire was sent to a selected group of 18 persons. Fourteen replies came back to this letter.

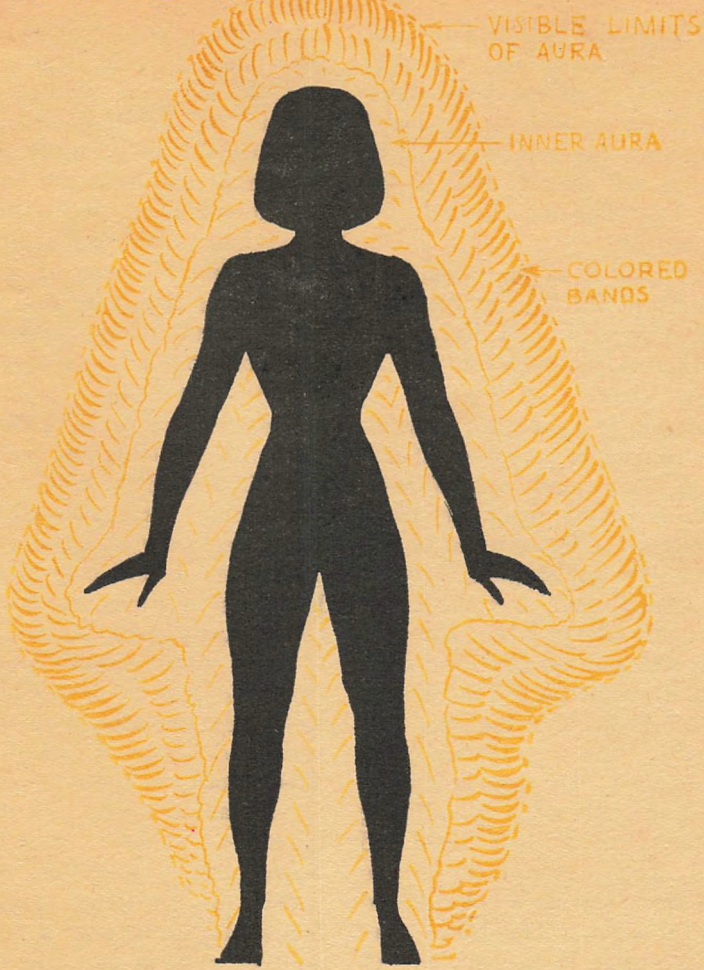
It is impossible to estimate how many persons in the world see the aura. One correspondent suggests that one in 1,000 has this ability. This estimate may be too high; it may be one in 10,000. The problem of incidence is complicated by the reluctance of many to admit to such ability because they consider it off-beat and fear ridicule from friends and associates. Others may have the ability without realizing they possess it.

One of the most interesting letters I received was from a school teacher who would not sign his name. There are certainly others who did not reply to the original request for information who could add much to this study.

The replies to the questionnaire indicate that about one-fifth of the writers have seen the aura only once or twice; slightly over one-third have seen the aura a number of times, but do not see it regularly; nearly one-fourth see the aura frequently and another one-fourth see the aura all the time. Thus, approximately one-half of the answers came from persons who see the aura more or less regularly and were able to give good data on their experiences. Since others had a very limited experience in viewing the aura, they were unable to provide answers to some of the questions. For this reason the percentage listed is based on the number of answers received to each question.

* * *

THE AURA was generally described as a glow emanating from and surrounding the body. The width as seen by the viewers



Persons who report seeing the aura say it is composed of layers or bands. Inner aura next to the body, is almost colorless and extends out from body for two to four inches. Outside inner aura are bands of color. They may number from as few as one to as many as four and are said to fluctuate or flare.

varied from one inch to three feet and over. To those who saw only a narrow band of color, the shape followed the outline of the body. The wider auras were described as generally oval shaped, wider at the waist and tapering toward the head and feet.

There also is an indication that the width of the aura of the same person may vary many inches under different circumstances and at different times.

The aura is a pulsating, moving thing. It may be composed of one color or many colors. Approximately one-third of the replies described the color as a fluorescence or silvery or light golden glow. Another third saw the aura as a single color—usually blue or green; however, rose, violet and red also were mentioned. These people did not always see a single shade of the color, but frequently saw a gradation from light to dark. The last group described the aura as a scintillating rainbow of colors which flared and pulsed. Their descriptions left no doubt that they see a colorful and beautiful sight. The colors may vary according to the emotions or thoughts of the subject. And always the color combinations pulse and change; they are never static.

The aura is composed of layers or bands of colors. The number of bands seen seems to depend on the viewer. Next to the body is the inner aura which is almost colorless—more of a glow than anything else. It may be silvery, faintly greenish, or slightly golden in hue, but always is very faintly colored. It extends out from the body for two to four inches, and is the part of the aura most frequently seen by viewers. To some of our correspondents this inner aura is similar to heat waves arising from pavement on a warm day, constantly in motion.

Outside this inner aura the bands of color begin. Generally there seem to be four bands of visible color in the human aura, although many viewers see only one, two or three. The colors do not stay in orderly layers but fluctuate and flare. One color usually predominates.

There were several interesting descriptions given by persons who have seen the aura only once or twice under unusual circumstances. The majority of those persons seen to have an aura were of a religious nature—a minister, a Christian Science reader, an evangelist.

One of the letters says, "An imported speaker gave a very fine address and as he talked there formed behind him a great cloud of color that seemed to stretch up from his shoulders in the form of great wings that reached to the top of the auditorium. The color varied from a deep blue, almost purple, near him, to lighter shad-

ings at the edges and tips of the wings. The colors seemed to be live—had continual variations almost like waving wings. They seemed to express the spiritual power of the man."

Another writer describes his experience this way: "I regularly saw a remarkable aura around our minister as he delivered his sermon. The aura had movement similar to the heat waves visible over a hot car radiator on a cold day. Plates of pure gold, so thin that they seemed to be transparent, poured from him in endless profusion and receded backward until each faded from sight. They appeared so fast that they seemed not more than six inches apart, but they kept that orderly sequence and never merged one with another . . . there were several in sight at any given moment because they did not disappear until they had proceeded four or five feet behind him . . . angling to his left and to the right of my line of sight."

The Bible mentions that the aura of Christ glowed so brightly that it could be seen by His disciples: "And he was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." (Matt. 17:2.)

The halo shown in the paintings of Christ is undoubtedly a representation of His aura.

* * *

THE RESULTS of the question, Do you see the aura only on humans? were surprising to me since most of the books I have read tend to deal only with the human aura.

However, the letters I received show that only about one-third of the writers have observed the aura *only* on humans. Two-thirds of them have seen the aura also on animals; one-half of the total replying have seen an aura around plants and another quarter have seen an aura around inanimate objects.

It is interesting to note that the majority of those who have seen an aura only around humans are also those who have seen it only occasionally, or under unusual circumstances.

The aura seen on animals is similar to that seen on humans, though not as colorful and not containing the vari-colored bands. The aura around plants is described as narrower and fainter. Viewers who saw the aura on humans, animals and plants expressed the opinion that "all living things have an aura," while those who also saw an aura on inanimate objects said, "Everything has an aura. It differs in each individual, and in each type of object viewed, but an auric field is present in all things."

* * *

THE PREPONDERANCE of evidence points to a colored au-

ra. Over three-fifths of our replies indicated colors; the remainder usually saw a colorless glow, or color only occasionally. There is great diversity in the number of colors seen in each aura. Many persons see only one color at a time, although the same aura may have different colors at different times. Others see a rainbow of pulsating colors in each aura—as many as four at a time.

The colors of the aura seem to vary and shift according to the thoughts, emotions and health of the individual. As one writer said, "The aura may be seen in many colors, the colors depending on the mental and physical health of the person, as well as his psychic development."

The lighter, brighter colors were generally conceded to denote good traits, while the duller, darker colors showed faults, or poor characteristics.

The general opinion was that the colors at the lower end of the spectrum, starting with red, denoted physical characteristics, while colors higher on the spectrum indicated intellectual powers, and those at the upper end—blue and violet —were indicative of spiritual qualities.

It is impossible to summarize here the meanings of each color since, as one writer reminded us, "There are at least 23 shades, hues and tints of red, and similar figures can apply more or less to all colors except black and white." In addition, many interpreters feel that the combination of colors in an aura is important in the interpretation of their meaning.

White was mentioned by some of the writers. White is the color of the saints, the ideal aura. One writer remarked, "I have heard of a white aura, but I have never seen one."

There is a wide divergence of meanings for the aura colors, even in the literature published on this subject. When we asked where the viewers had obtained their color meanings, one-half replied they had arrived at them by personal observation, the other half had obtained them from books and study courses. And, of course, it is impossible to ascertain how much these given meanings are influenced in each individual by tradition, by early experience and by heredity.

* * *

ABOUT 20 percent of those replying to the questions see the aura under all circumstances—these are the ones who were born with the ability. Another quarter of the correspondents can see the aura whenever they concentrate on it. Many of them also were born with the ability but don't think about it. Thirty percent of the viewers can see the aura when they are in a

relaxed frame of mind, but their ability is not constant. The remainder have seen the aura only under special circumstances such as extreme emotional tension either in the viewer or the person viewed. Persons in this group may see the aura once or twice in a lifetime.

* * *

AN OVERWHELMING majority of my correspondents voted dim light as best for viewing the aura. Over half of the viewers also felt a quiet atmosphere was important for ideal viewing. A small group found blue light the best for viewing; another small group found that no particular conditions were necessary, that the light, background, etc., had no bearing on their ability to see the aura.

Experiments with different backgrounds and colored lights had been carried out by more than half of the group. Many of them reported that blue light was helpful, especially in learning to see the aura. About half of those who had tried colored lights said that the lights made little, if any difference. There is no data available on aura goggles since those reporting had not tried them.

One of the writers said, "To see the aura you have to be in tune with the universe, with the Creator, with God." Another wrote, "I am learning to see it at will but require a quiet atmosphere and a feeling of being en rapport with the person whose aura I see."

This feeling of closeness to the person being viewed was mentioned by several as being important in viewing the aura.

* * *

ONLY 12 percent replied that they do not see things besides the aura that normally are not visible to others. The remainder reported that they do see other things. Thirty-six percent reported having seen figures or faces. Some feel that the faces they see are past incarnations of the person around whom they appear.

Edgar Cayce reported a similar experience in which he saw a face in the aura of a friend and he, too, believed it was the image of one of his friend's past lives.

Hazy, glowing figures are seen by some of the writers. Their explanations agree that the indistinct figures are etheric beings or the spiritual bodies of departed friends or relatives.

Forty-four percent of the correspondents admitted that they often see things other than the aura, but failed to say what they see.

In order to get answers to this and other questions that occurred to me while I was reading the answers to the first series of questions, I sent out an additional questionnaire to a selected group. Those

chosen for the second series of questions were the persons who seemed to have the most ability and experience in viewing the aura.

Members of this group who see the aura naturally reported, in about one-fourth of the cases, that the ability had been sporadic, but had reappeared as they became older. "The aura first appeared to me as a child," reports one writer, "and then only at times, with no pattern apparent to me. I paid very little attention to it and from the time I was about nine years old until I was 21 the faculty was totally absent . . . It reappeared in 1952 when I was interned in an Army hospital for a back injury . . . Since that time, I have regularly seen the aura, and have come to consider it as a perfectly natural part of my life."

The "natural" viewers of the aura are equally divided as to whether or not they have taken some sort of occult or metaphysical training. Those who have taken the training feel it has improved their ability to see and understand what they see. Some of those who have not studied feel that since they were born with the gift, they need no further training; some accept their ability as a natural part of their lives and have no desire to pursue it further. In this latter group are those who believe seeing the aura is a case of being able to see wave lengths that normal eyes do not see—a purely physical ability due to some odd quirk of nature.

One of the group suggested that the word auras should be used, since the aura really consists of a series of colored bands. Since the ability to see the aura, or auras, varies with the individual, some of the viewers are able to see more of the bands than others. The outermost bands, being fainter, are more difficult to see. There is reason to suspect that the aura actually may extend far out beyond the limits seen by anyone.

Those who saw a narrow, almost colorless glow, are seeing the inner aura; those who see a single color are seeing either the first of the color bands, or the predominating color in the aura without being able to distinguish the various bands.

Fifty-seven percent of the replies stated that the aura was completely visible through clothing. Half of the remainder stated that the aura was visible through clothing, but somewhat veiled; the others did not see the aura through clothing. To them, the aura forms a halo around the head and shoulders, rather than encompassing the entire body.

Interestingly, the persons who do not see the aura through the clothing are the same ones who re-

gard the aura as a purely physical phenomenon.

Many of the aura viewers have seen unusual formations around subjects. Nearly one-half of the second reports described rays or beams projecting from the body. These were explained by many as thoughts projected outward. Other rays were described as stationary, like searchlight beams. No interpretation of these rays was offered. Dots and sparkles of light were noticed around certain subjects; a crown or headdress of light, geometric formations, vortexes, patterns and designs also were seen.

The majority of the 14 persons who replied to the second questionnaire mentioned seeing one or more of these unusual formations.

Is seeing the aura a physical thing or a psychic sense? Judging from the answers received, I would say that it may be either one or both. Some of the replies indicate that the writers "sense" rather than see the aura. They are able to feel the aura from letters or photographs. They see the aura brilliantly or dimly, depending on the strength of the individual psychic ability.

The second group sees the aura in a physical sense. Most of them have seen the aura since they were children. Many of them have little or no interest in psychic development. For them, clothing veils the aura, so that they usually see it around the head and shoulders, and if they do not see the person face to face, they cannot see his aura.

It was mentioned by several of the correspondents that children show signs of seeing the aura, but as they grow older they disregard and lose the ability. "Small children especially see the aura more than the adult person," one reported. "That is why a child or an animal takes either a like or dislike instantly. It is the aura that holds the child's attention . . . but in time the child is caused to look closely, leaving out the aura."

* * *

AN OPTOMETRIST friend of mine who first heard of the aura from me made a thorough examination of my eyes in an attempt to explain the cause of my seeing halos. He found nothing. About two weeks later he had as a patient a young boy whose mother brought him because the boy spoke of seeing a "light around her head." Questioning of the boy revealed that he was seeing the aura.

* * *

MANY QUESTIONS about the aura still remain to be answered. Additional data, from a greater number of subjects, may change the picture entirely.

Let's work on this together. Number your answers to corre-

spond to the numbers of my questions and address me at 2517-A Orella, Santa Barbara, Calif.

1. How long have you been able to see the aura? How did you learn to see it?
2. How many times have you seen the aura?
3. How far out does the aura you see extend?
4. Describe the aura as you see it. Make a drawing, if necessary.
5. Do you actually see the aura? Sense it? Both see and sense it?
6. In your opinion, is the ability to see the aura a psychic ability? A physical ability? Other (explain)?
7. Can you see (or sense) the aura on photographs? On letters? On TV?
8. Can you see the aura through clothing?
9. Do you wear glasses? Are you near-sighted? Far-sighted? Other (name)?
10. If you see colors in the aura, will you name them and give your interpretations of the meanings of these colors? How did you arrive at these meanings?
11. Have you ever seen unusual, geometric formations in the sky (not visible to ordinary sight)? Describe briefly, including colors, and give your explanation, if any.
12. Have you ever seen unusual beams of lights, etc., around a person? Describe. Have you any explanation?

HEREDITY IN SCHIZOPHRENIA

NEW EVIDENCE to support the theory that schizophrenia, the most widespread of all serious mental disorders, has hereditary origins recently was announced to have been found by Dr. Franz Kallmann of the New York Psychiatric Institute. Dr. Kallmann was credited with having "definitely established" that among cases of schizophrenia there is "an inherited bodily vulnerability and predisposition to this illness." He stated that inheriting this bodily vulnerability—which is due to an enzyme deficiency—does not mean that development of the disease will inevitably follow. A shocking and stressful emotional experience—especially in childhood and youth—is required to precipitate the onset of the disease and its symptoms.

The Disappearing Island

Mariners called it "Deception Island"—because it had a way of playing bewildering tricks on visitors.

By Carlo Bel Moro
As told to Paul Brock

THERE WAS something eerie and mysterious about the island. When we entered the harbor there was drift ice there — two hours later every piece of ice had gone.

The tide rushed in and out with the swiftness of a mill run. The beaches lengthened and everywhere steam rose from them. Through the vapor the mountains bobbed and wavered, and ghostly music followed the wind out of the ravines and into the harbor.

No wonder they had named it Deception Island!

We approached it one morning in late September, 1955, in the Argentine Navy cutter *Benito Grande,* commanded by Captain Pascule Paz, whose patrol duty extended from Santa Cruz in southern Argentina, down to the South

Shetland Islands and to the top of the Palmer Archipelago.

I was one of 12 cadets on board. We all were young, and had no experience with the almost supernatural stealth and treachery sometimes shown by the sea.

The harbor at Deception Island is entered by a gap between two pinnacle mountains. Two ranges extend from them like pincers, and at the time of our entry these were covered with snow, right down to within six-feet of the beaches.

"Why does the snow end so abruptly?" I asked Rojez the bos'n.

"Take a good look at the beaches," he answered.

As the ship eased past the huge mountain to starboard, I looked over and saw the gravel beaches steaming.

"Volcanic ash," Rojez explained. "Dig down a foot and you're liable to burn your hand off."

Rojez said the rickety pier was sometimes used by whalers. "But they never stay long," he added. "No one does."

He pointed up at the two mountains between which we had just passed. "They say it would take only a small earth tremor, or even the noise from a broadside to collapse them. The gap would then close and anybody caught inside would stay forever.

"Deception Island!" continued Rojez. "It's certainly well-named. The whaling men say that sometimes it's not here. It vanishes one year and reappears the next."

Downstairs in the wardroom, Raphael Gomprez was uneasy. He was a slim, delicate-looking youth from Buenos Aires.

"What are we doing here?" he asked Francisco Ruiz, a tough-talking cadet. "This place gives me the creeps."

"Food," Ruiz said. "There's a million penguins back in the Red Lake and as many seals off-shore."

"I'll stick to canned beef and biscuits," Raphael said. "I'm not going ashore on *this* Paradise island."

"You won't have to," said Ruiz. "But you and I and Mora have been ordered to get out the ship's gig for fish."

"Through that gap again?" I asked. I couldn't help but shudder as I thought of those mountain peaks. They actually seemed to sway.

It was a little after noon when we got into the gig and rowed slowly out of the harbor. We went only a few miles out into the ocean and then threw our lines over. Ruiz had a hand harpoon ready, in case there came a chance to get a seal, but our lines were choked with cod, and by late afternoon the gig was filled to the gunwales with cod weighing up to 30 pounds each. Time passed swiftly as we hauled them in, and we were too busy to

BEL MORO NOW IN MERCHANT MARINE

"When I interviewed Carlo Bel Moro for this story," writes Author Paul Brock, "he was Third Officer on board an Argentine freighter which had docked at Seattle. At the time the incidents took place, however, he was a cadet with the Argentine Navy."

notice our drift. At last we called it a day and got ready to start back to Deception Island.

Raphael and I grabbed oars and Ruiz went to the stern and took the tiller.

"All right, men, pull!" he ordered.

As I strained at my oar I heard him muttering to himself. I looked up and saw his face — as bewildered as that of a man watching a magician.

"What has happened?" he whispered. "Where in heaven's name is the island?"

I stood up in the boat and looked around, scanning every inch of the horizon through the 360 degrees of the compass. There was nothing on the horizon, no island, nothing at all. We weren't going anywhere, because there was no place to go!

Ruiz crossed himself as he strained his eyes towards the southern horizon. Raphael sat transfixed, staring at nothing.

"We are cursed," he said.

"Well, at least we have food to eat," I said, pointing to the boatload of fish. But Raphael berated me for joking. He began talking louder and louder about the devil. He cursed until his voice quavered with hysteria.

I went aft and joined Ruiz, to get away from Raphael. We discussed the problem but came up with no solution. We asked each other how the island, which an hour before had loomed large in the distance, had vanished while we were fishing.

Night came and it got colder. September is springtime in the Antarctic but it is always cold. Our Navy jackets were little protection against it. I could hear the fish crackle, freezing already, as I shifted my feet. It was useless to try to sleep.

If nothing happened by morning, Ruiz and I decided, we would start to row southwest toward Tierra Del Fuego. We might be lucky enough to run into one of the many uncharted islands spreading out from the South Shetland group. I remembered what Rojez, the bos'n, had said about the island disappearing.

"Maybe we'll see the island in the morning," I said.

At the other end of the boat

Raphael was crying hysterically.

A few stars appeared and a kind of moonglow touched the dome of the sky and hung, eerie and unreal, over the water. At first Raphael's face was only a dark blob, but as more stars came out, his face glistened palely. He began to sing in a cracked voice. Once Ruiz went back and slapped him to shock away his hysteria but Raphael didn't even notice the blow.

"It's the curse of the sea!" he kept screaming. "The cruel, devilish sea that will engulf us all." Then he talked about the witches' cauldrons on the beaches of Deception Island, and about the bubbling water and the steam. He kept screaming louder and louder and finally, many hours later when it was nearly morning, he gave a great cry and plunged over the side of the gig.

Ruiz and I jumped up and peered over the sides, trying to find Raphael in the murky water. But he was gone, vanished as completely as Deception Island.

"He was a peasant," Ruiz said, without emotion. "A peasant beset by ghost fears."

"He was from Buenos Aires," I denied. "A city boy."

"Not really," he said. "His father came up from around Tucuman in the Andes, where they all see miracles and believe in witchcraft."

I sat down in the thwarts of the boat and tried to get warm. Morning came at last and we scanned the horizon. There was nothing in sight. In a locker Ruiz found some emergency food rations and water and we ate breakfast. Then we got out the oars and started to row to the southwest.

We rowed for two hours and at least it made us warm again. I held the bow oar and Ruiz was in the stern; we sat with our backs to the bow.

He turned to say something to me as he rested over his oar and his eyes suddenly widened. His voice shook as he shouted. "Look! Ahead of us!" The air was crystal clear.

A ship began to emerge, apparently from nowhere, first the bow, then the midships, and finally the whole vessel, like an apparition taking shape but there was no fog. It was the Benito Grande.

We climbed on to the seats, shouting and waving our oars. We were sighted and the ship steamed over and hove to. We climbed aboard and the gig was placed up on the davits. We were rushed to the wardroom and given brandy.

The skipper came down and asked us what had happened. We told him everything. He looked from one to the other of us, as though we had lost our minds. "The island disappeared?" he repeated incredulousy. "You two come up on deck."

We followed him and he pointed off the stern quarter. I could see the two pinnacles of mountains and the ranges extending south from them. I rubbed my eyes.

"It's unbelievable!" I said. "That island was nowhere to be seen from our boat."

A little later Rojez spoke to me.

"I heard your story," he said seriously. "Don't think you have lost your mind. They say that if you approach the island from a certain side you won't see a thing. It's like the shimmering that occurs in the desert, when you see a mirage. The horizon just seems to continue and there is no island visible."

Whatever it was I was relieved to hear that we were not going back there. I went back to the poop deck to collect my confused thoughts and take a last look at the island. It was clearly visible.

Suddenly, there was a terrific crashing sound, like thunder and bomb explosions rolled into one.

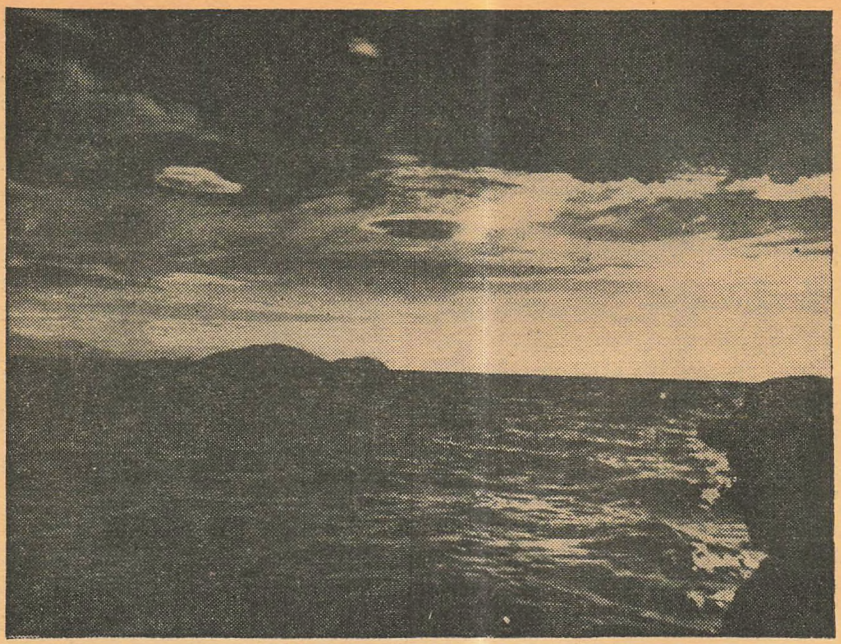
Rojez came running aft and soon the rest of the crew stood there, watching with staring eyes. The perfect visibility had deteriorated into a disturbed, shimmering haze. Through it we could see the two pinnacles lean drunkenly together as the deafening thunder clap rolled out over the ocean. Slowly, before our eyes, the distant island sank into the sea.

Maybe the skipper didn't believe this astonishing occurrence either, but I noticed that we no longer went at cruising speed away from there. It was Full Speed Ahead.

That was five years ago, and I would have been glad to forget it if it had not been for something I saw in the papers about a year later. It was a report that two scouting planes used by a whaling expedition were lost somewhere in the Antarctic. The story had been radioed from the mother ship of the expedition and its location had also been sent. The whaler was based in the harbor of Deception Island!

NOTABLE NEPHEWS

THE deaths two days apart recently took place of Virgil Earp, 80, of Vallejo, Calif., and Robert Franklin James, 82, of Liberty, Mo. They were respectively the nephews of two legendary frontier heroes who were on opposite sides of the law—Wyatt Earp and Jesse James.



UFO, trailing smoke over Cabras Island, off Brazil, was snapped in September, 1955.

Flying Saucers over Brazil

By Frank Edwards

Few countries have had as many dramatic and important saucer incidents as Brazil. I refer to them as incidents rather than mere sightings and there is good reason for my choice of words, as you shall see.

For a long time Brazil's policy toward Unidentified Flying Objects was one of open dealing. When the incidents occurred they investigated and made public statements based on logic and realism. Unidentified Flying Objects were officially identified as such. In the famous case at Campinas in 1953 the Brazilian government had the material analyzed and at a government press conference the sensational result of the metallurgists's studies was made public.

But all this has changed, and the

Reports of sensational UFO sightings come from Brazil—along with photos and physical evidence that UFO's exist.

Frank Edwards is a noted UFO researcher and news analyst, broadcasting nationally on the Mutual Radio Network.

change has hindered those who seek the answer to the UFO's. The change came about as the result of pressure from the government of the United States. The censorship that has kept the American public from knowing the truth about the UFO's now has been applied to the public of Brazil as well.

Yet, the brass curtain in the Brazilian government is by no means as impenetrable as in our own country. There are many in high places, key places, in Brazil who refuse to be muzzled; who dare to talk and, sometimes, who do not fear to be quoted. Thanks to this courageous minority it is still possible to acquire credible reports on some rather incredible incidents occuring in and around Brazil.

By all odds the best job of covering the UFO story in South America has been done by the Aerial Phenomena Research Organization (APRO) now based in Alamogordo, N. Mex., where some of its key members hold important positions at Holloman Air Force Base. APRO's contacts in South America are persons of proven trustworthiness. Their reports are painstaking and thorough. The result has provided APRO with a flow of information which could not otherwise have reached this country because of the blanket of silence imposed by the U. S. news services, for reasons best known to themselves.

The Campinas incident, to which I have referred, will bear a bit of amplification, for those who missed it some months ago when I discussed it in the pages of FATE.

In September, 1953, the residents of Campinas were spectators of an almost unprecedented aerial show, the result of three disc shaped objects that came down out of the overcast and seemed likely to land. One of the discs was oscillating

violently and was apparently in serious difficulties. The other two hovered nearby, seemingly powerless to assist their stricken companion. When the wobbling disc had reached a very low altitude, according to witnesses nearby, it began to spew out a trickle of some silvery substance which dribbled over rooftops, streets, sidewalks and even over some clothing hanging on a backyard line. A moment later the disc recovered control, ceased falling and began to move away. Seconds later the three objects rose in unison and vanished in the thick cloud layer. They were not seen again.

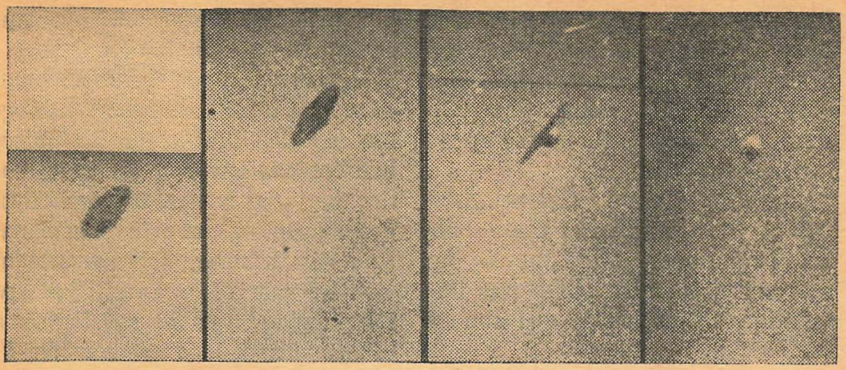
The substance which had spewed from the faltering disc was collected by authorities and turned over to the Brazilian government which had it analyzed. The metallurgist who conducted the analysis said, at a subsequent press conference, that the metal was actually pure tin, a conclusion already reached by U. S. metallurgists who also had examined a few ounces of it.

Pure tin does not in itself indicate any special purpose or quality, for we too can produce pure tin. The important aspect of the tin is that it admittedly put into the hands of both Brazil and the United States *physical evidence* of the controversial flying saucers. Whether this was the first time they had secured such evidence is not known — but this metal came from a flying saucer, it was officially identified as such by the Brazilian government and as such was turned over to representatives of the United States and accepted as such.

That was in 1953, and as late as the spring of 1960 the Air Force was still piously protesting that "No physical evidence of a flying saucer has ever been obtained". Their imagination is evidently stronger than their memory.

By conducting a quiet little investigation of my own here in Washington I have learned that subsequent to the Campinas incident of 1953 there was considerable correspondence with the Brazilian officials relative to the desirability of releasing information on Unidentified Flying Objects. The talks began with the Brazilian Ambassador here and were later extended to the Brazilian government through communications sent in diplomatic pouches and in the final stages by direct consultation between our Air Attache in Brazil and the policy-making members of the government in that country. Whatever the outcome of the talks, it could hardly have been all that the U. S. Air Force desired for, in spite of lip service in the form of official Brazilian orders to refrain from discussion of sightings, the leaks have been many.

There was, for example, the case



Four views of a UFO were snapped on January 16, 1958, off Trindade Island by Almiro Barauna, a photographer aboard the Brazilian IGY research ship *Almirante Saldanha*.

of the object which hovered over an Army factory near Rio. It was first spotted about 11:00 P. M. by an employee of a bank who was resting on his veranda. He noticed a large, egg-shaped object motionless in the sky, at an altitude which he estimated as being under 1000 feet. The thing was not luminous, he said, but was illuminated on the lower side by the reflection of the powerful flood lights around the Army plant. The banker called his wife to bring her camera and she snapped two pictures with a small reflex camera, then took a time exposure, which turned out to be fortunate as the first two frames were badly under-exposed. The third frame, however, showed considerable detail of the object, which fled from the scene after being in view about 10 minutes, according to the bank employee and his wife.

The Brazilian Air Force asked for and received the negatives. After lengthy study they pronounced them genuine and free from fraud — but the negatives were not returned to their rightful owner. Evidently the Brazilian officials had heeded *some* of the advice of the USAF!

Dr. Olavo Fontes, who acts as APRO's special correspondent in Brazil, reports that he was able to get a duplicate negative from the original taken by the bank employee. Although this left much to be desired from the standpoint of photographic analysis, it still enabled him to discern several interesting points on the object in question.

For one thing, under considerable magnification, a protuberance of some sort is faintly visible at the bottom of the object; he specu-

lates that this may be an extension of some turret on the other side of the thing. No window slits are visible but three faint dome-like things were detectable on the upper hemisphere.

Dr. Fontes quotes Colonel Adel Oliviera, former chief of the Brazilian UFO investigators, as saying that this particular photo was unquestionably authentic and one of the best in the files.

Another military spokesman who seemed to have little fear of reprisal is identified as Major Magalhaes Motta who is regarded as an authority on UFO's. Dr. Fontes reports that Major Motta found the Rio object to be identical to two other UFO's which had been watched by numerous military men through binoculars as the things hovered for three hours over Gravatai Air Force Base in October, 1954.

The outspoken Brazilian military men are in marked contrast to their tight-lipped counterparts in our own military ranks. Our freedom of speech is not as free as theirs, evidently.

The Brazilian government in 1953 officially identified the tin found at Campinas as debris from a so-called flying saucer.

In 1954 Major Motta and Colonel Oliviera identified the object that hovered over the Rio Army plant as a flying saucer similar to others that had been seen over another military installation.

In contrast, when the officers and crew of a Nike base near Washington reported that a glowing object had come in low over the trees, under the radar beams, touched down and moved on, the official explanation was that they had seen a light on the side of a barn! Perhaps these flying barns are causing some of our unexplained air tragedies?

For some reason not fully understood, Brazil seems to have many UFO sightings, including many of the type seen over Rio. "Like a baseball with a belt around it!" as one witness said of the object he watched.

Perhaps the things visit Brazil because the Brazilian Air Force does not try to shoot them down, which seems an excellent reason. At any rate, the UFO's have made many appearances in Brazil and in the case of the one which appeared over the island of Trindade have submitted to considerable picture taking in excellent light.

The Brazilian Navy school-ship *Almirante Saldanha* was converted into a hydrographic research vessel in 1957 and assigned to conducting studies around the island of Trindade in connection with the International Geophysical Year — a broad title which covered a multitude of activities never reported to the public.

There were 300 persons aboard the ship as it lay off Trindade on January 16, 1958. Included in the list of those on board was a former newspaper photographer Almiro Barauna, who had been invited to assist the Navy men in some underwater photography.

The magazine *O Cruzeiro* carried an account of the incident quoting an interview with Barauna. He told the magazine that at about 12:15 P. M. Captain Viegas (a retired Air Force officer) called to him to look at a bright object in the sky, northeast of the ship. While Barauna was trying to locate the thing the ship's dentist came racing up, yelling and pointing in the same direction. A moment later Barauna says he spotted the object by the light that glinted from it as it moved swiftly toward Galo Peak at the tip of the island.

He had a Rolleiflex camera dangling from a strap around his neck and quickly set it at infinity and began snapping pictures. He made two exposures before the object disappeared behind the peak, accidentally over-exposing because the camera was set at f.8 and 1/125th of a second, far too much light under the circumstances. Barauna got two more snaps as the object changed course and began to climb away from the island and back toward the east. Then, because of the pushing and shoving he was getting in the excited crowd Barauna missed his last chances at more photos. He had shot six pictures in about 14 seconds.

The Brazilian Navy subsequently inspected the negatives and the camera. The official summation was that the object had been moving at a speed near 900 kilometers per hour. (This is approximately 569 miles per hour). The object itself, Navy officials admitted, was identical with a picture taken with a box camera in the hands of a Naval officer in Trindade.

About a month after the incident the Brazilian Navy issued a statement in which it merely said that photographs of an unidentified flying object had been taken by a civilian photographer while abroad the ship *Almirante Saldanha* and the Navy had no other connection with the incident.

While the Brazilian Navy was treading water Captain J. T. Viergas, B. A. F. Retired, was describing the incident to newsmen. He said, "The object was shining with a phosphorescent glow which was brighter than the moon, even in daylight. It appeared to be about the size of the full moon and as it tilted it revealed its shape to be that of a flattened sphere encircled at the equator by a thick band or platform. It's speed was about 700 miles per hour as it went over the horizon."

The flattened sphere over Trindade and the object over the Army installation in Rio bear considerable resemblance, of course. They not only looked alike but they approached military installations without any visible hesitation. To judge from the various accounts of the excitement aboard the Navy IGY ship, the UFO had little to be afraid of. The photographer who took the pictures narrowly missed being shoved overboard by the screaming jostling crowd. Captain Viegas says Barauna was so jittery he could not take the film out of his camera for 15 minutes after the UFO had vanished.

It was through the patient efforts of Dr. Fontes that APRO was able to get the picture of the Rio object and the details in the Trindade case, including the full translation of the interviews.

The Brazilian government's official statements in the Trindade case are a far cry from the open and candid treatment accorded to the Campinas and Rio cases a few years before. They evidently could not bring themselves to brush the matter aside by calling it a runaway weather balloon or a temperature inversion, or even a wayward seagull — standard operating procedure for the USAF — but merely issued the non-committal statement that the thing had happened; the pictures had been taken! If these statements added nothing to your information at least they did not insult your common sense.

The shape of the objects involved in the Rio and Trindade incidents may be of more than passing interest. You recall that it was a giant metallic sphere which Captain Thomas Mantell reported he was chasing near Fort Knox, Ky., on that fateful afternoon in January, 1948. So far as my records show there were no other sightings of spherical UFO in the northern hemisphere with the exception of one which reportedly sank into the water of a remote Canadian lake, also in 1948.

For the most part the sightings have been of disc-shaped craft with shallow domes or cigar-shaped craft are occasionally reported.

Brazil has had both the spherical and the disc-shaped objects and has had them frequently. It was a disc-shaped thing which newspaper photographer Ed Keffel snapped over the beach near Rio De Janiero on May 7, 1959. Four days later Mrs. Paul Trent, a farm wife near McMinnville, Ore., snapped two pictures of an apparently identical UFO hovering over her fields.

I mention these things because three distinct types of UFO's have been seen and photographed. I have found no credible witnesses who have reported seeing two different types *in the same area at the same*

time. This may be sheer coincidence and it may not. It may indicate that they are not friendly or perhaps not compatible, for reasons unknown to us.

Whatever they are, wherever they come from, Brazil has had her share of both the spheres and the discs. And to her credit she has refused to deceive her people concerning them. Brazil may not openly categorize the UFO's for what they are, but she leaves enough loopholes so that those who really want to know the truth, like Dr. Fontes, may find it.

It is a commendable policy, especially since it was developed under pressure and is maintained under difficulty.

TWINS IN DOUBLE TROUBLE

THE STRANGE affinity between twins is highlighted by a couple of recent reports concerning two sets of five-year-old girls.

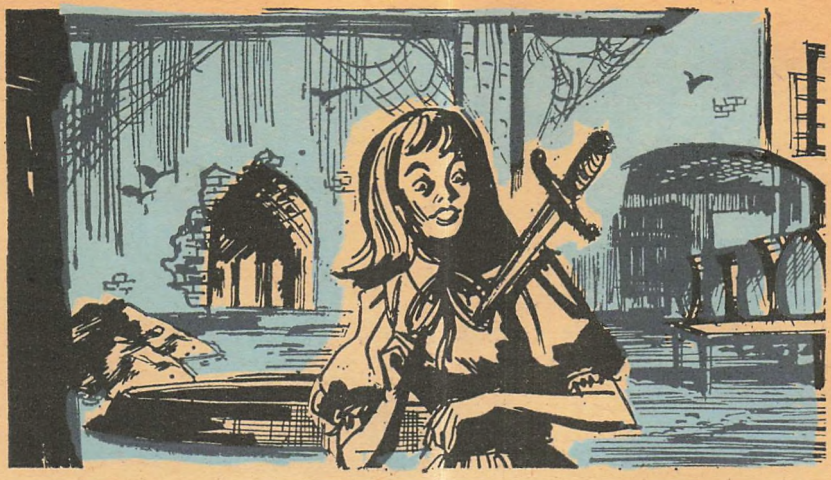
Lieutenant and Mrs. Burl Wolfe of Bossier City, La., found their twin daughters, Michele and Margaret, so identical they could not tell which was which. To further complicate matters, each of the girls said she was the other.

When the girls were due to start school Mrs. Wolfe, anxious to register and identify them correctly, turned to the police for help. Detectives who tried to match the girls' footprints with the prints on birth certificates found them as much alike as the twins themselves.

Lt. Wolfe related that he and his wife thought their identification problem was solved when one of the twins grew a mole on her forehead. Then the other one grew a mole in the same place. Now he said, everytime a mole appears on one of the girls, a mole appears on the other also—and in the same spot.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mein of Burlington, Ont., Canada, say they still have trouble identifying their twin daughters, Irene and Marja, although they have tried painting the toes of one of the girls and cutting the hair of one shorter than the other. The girls are so alike, their parents insist, that they dislike the same foods and have headaches and colds—and even toothaches—and both at the same time.

The strangest resemblance of all, according to Mr. Mein, is that they have the same dreams and nightmares. He related that both awoke screaming one night and told of having a nightmare about falling off a cliff.



THE GHOST that "MURDERED SLEEP"

The girl had found no rest in death—she sought it for centuries by denying rest to the living.

By Cheiro

I DO NOT BELONG to any Spiritualist Society. I just mention this fact for fear people might run away with the idea that the following story is written from an interested standpoint.

Some years ago, out of a whim for living in an old-fashioned quarter of London, I took up my abode in a quaint, old house in King's Bench Walk in the Temple within a stone's throw of the busy thoroughfare of the Strand. That being my wish I ought to have been satisfied, for my lodgings were, I had every reason to consider, the most antiquated in London. Everything was in keeping, from the diamond-paned windows down to my landlady's cat which certainly must have been the mouser that looked after the welfare of the Ark. My land-

lady was of the Scotch pattern of housewife — honest, c a n n y and clean, her principles unimpeachable, her youth dating back to some unknown era before the Victorian ascension.

I was the only lodger in the house and I must confess I was treated with scant courtesy. My breakfast, with the regularity of clockwork, appeared on the table at nine; but as it often happened that I slept until 10, it just as often, with the same precise regularity, disappeared at the appointed hour for its clearance and, hungry but not daring to remonstrate, I repaired morning after morning to a chophouse nearby.

At last, however, I thought I would explain and thus save the extravagance of paying for two breakfasts, for my uneaten meal appeared week after week in the old-fashioned handwriting at the debtor side of my bill.

I sought the old lady with the excuse of sleepless nights and penitently requested at least 10 minutes grace in the 10 o'clock clearance rule.

"Young man," she said severely, "it is your conscience alone that keeps you awake. Go to church on Sundays, say your prayers at night, go to bed early, then if you can't eat your breakfast at nine you must be too wicked to remain under my roof."

Alas! In spite of the old lady's recipe "Nature's kind nurse" refused to rock me to oblivion. There seemed to be something in that room that "murdered sleep." Some ghostly hand seemed night after night to wake me and rob me of rest.

At last one afternoon, tired out, I fell asleep on the little hair sofa in the parlor. How long I slept I know not. I awoke to find the night far advanced, in my hand a pencil, and in my thoughts a strange dream. I could as little account for my possession of the pencil as I could for the dream, but reaching for some paper lying by my side I found, to my amazement, that in my sleep I had jotted down the main incidents of the dream. It was to the effect that the rooms I occupied were, during the reign of James II, the hiding place of a young nobleman and a beautiful girl whom he called Stella.

The nobleman was a Protestant, Stella a Catholic; one night, finding that he had been betrayed into the hands of the Catholic king, in a moment of madness, he killed his paramour and threw her body into a well in a cellar at the bottom of the house.

After this horrible dream I retired to my bed and, strange to say, slept peacefully and well. Next night, however, I dreamt the same thing over again and this time, in

my thoughts, I followed the spectre to the cellar.

Now, I had never been in the cellar but in my dream I saw distinctly a kind of unused vault, the flooring formed by large slabs of stone black with age.

I dreamt that on my arrival at the cellar a service had commenced but the moment the last word was uttered everything vanished and the place was again empty and unused.

Finally, having dreamt this three times, I determined to see if it could in any way bear investigation. Consequently, I incurred the displeasure of my landlady by abruptly asking on the following morning if there was such a thing as a cellar to the house. She replied by informing me that every person who slept in my rooms annoyed her with the same question. Yes, there was a cellar under the kitchen but what *I wanted to know for she couldn't make out.*

I saw there was no use making further inquiries in that quarter; so, finding the old lady out in the afternoon I decided to push my investigations alone. I found my way to the kitchen which was under the level of the street and after considerable search I discovered an old oak door which led down to the mysterious cellar.

It was exactly as I had seen it in my dreams even to the dark heavy flags that covered the floor. I returned to my room, dressed and determined to go out in order to banish the discovery from my thoughts. I stayed out the entire evening, paid a visit to one or two theaters, returned late at night, went straight to bed and was soon asleep. I slept well until morning when I woke to find the dawn breaking and, having satisfied my conscience that it was too early to rise, I was soon once more fast asleep.

Again came that strange dream with all its vividness. Again the same scene took place before my eyes, but with this difference — that the figure of Stella led me down to the basement and disappeared after whispering in my ear, "Have prayers for the dead performed in the cellar tonight at 12." Startled, I woke from my sleep, woke to find the words still running through my mind, woke to rub my ear as hard as I could, to brush away the girl's breath which I seemed to feel.

There was yet another surprise that I was not prepared for. I turned over on my side and found written on the wallpaper, staring me in the face, the same words, "Have prayers for the dead performed in the cellar at midnight."

To this day I know not how those words came to be written there. I may have reached a pencil

from the table and written them in my sleep, but the effect produced was even more startling than the dream. I was completely unnerved. I rose, hastily dressed, determining that silent command should be obeyed.

I opened the door and went out into the street. The brightness of the morning seemed such a contrast to the dark of the night that for a moment I doubted the sanity of my purpose. It was only for a moment, however. Again those scenes thronged through my brain, again those words were in my ear. I will try at all events, I said, to obey. I will try to make some one believe my story. I must — I will!

I was not a Catholic. I never have been a member of any orthodox creed, but I often had visited an old Catholic Chapel in the next street, and in doing so I had come in contact with several of the priests in connection with it. I will go there, I thought, and get them to help me. I reached the chapel and found one of the Order whom I knew well. He was an extremely intellectual man, broadminded and sympathetic. Alas! In this particular case, his sympathies were not with me. I utterly failed to convince him that the story was anything more than a delusion and, disappointed and wretched, I turned away. I passed chapel after chapel but did not dare go in. My friend's last words had been, "You may give up your quest. You won't find a priest in London to do what you want."

It was still early morning. I wandered into Green Park and sat down on a seat in a quiet spot to think out the idea that I felt determined to put into execution. Suddenly, raising my eyes, I saw coming toward me a young priest, earnestly reading a prayer book. Bidding me good morning, he closed the book and in a few moments we were engaged in conversation.

This I felt was my chance. Making a few remarks about dreams and finding he believed in them, without any more hesitation I commenced and related the entire incident and the dilemma in which I was placed. To my delight as I finished he said, "I will help you out of this difficulty. Set your mind at rest. I will do all you want. I will be at your place tonight."

Night came and with it some friends to see me. I told them the incident and they begged to remain for the service if the young priest would allow it. Thus pleasantly engaged, the time seemed to fly until at last someone announced that it was a quarter to 12. Almost at the same instant I heard the footsteps of the priest coming to the door.

He did not object to the presence of my friends and in a few moments we were softly stealing downstairs to our midnight ceremony.

Nothing unusual happened to mark the service. The place was death-like in its stillness. The pale, earnest face of the young priest, lit by the flickering light of the candles, made an impression on me that I am not likely to forget. The service over, we returned in silence to my room and in a few moments the priest, bidding us goodnight, departed.

From the date of that midnight ceremony I had no disturbance whatever. Some weeks later I found on going downstairs one morning that masons and plumbers were about to commence some work necessitating an opening from the street to the cellar. They had occasion to raise the heavy flags that formed the floor and to their intense surprise they discovered the opening of a deep well. The following is quoted from one of the evening papers:

STRANGE DISCOVERY OF HUMAN REMAINS

Today, while workmen were engaged in effecting some repairs to a house in King's Bench Walk, they discovered under the cellar a large unused well and in the bottom of it a rusty sword and the bones of a skeleton which upon examination proved to be those of a young woman. The sword dates back to the reign of James II, and it is surmised that this curious find may be the key to some strange romance.

TOO CLEAN A SWEEP

IN BROOKLYN, N. Y., Sanitation Department street sweeping machines swept up two women, killing one and seriously injuring the other in separate accidents on the same day. As a further coincidence, both of the women were named Stein.

COINCIDENCE IN THE FAMILY

SISTERS-IN-LAW Mrs. Robert Carriere and Mrs. Edmund Carriere recently gave birth to baby boys at the same time in a San Bernardino, Calif., hospital. Both mothers are named Patricia, had the same doctor and shared the same room. Each now has five children. The brothers who are their husbands both work for the same lumber company.

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 VOICE OF DISASTER

By William H. Bloodworth

IN 1924-25 I was an enlisted man stationed at the naval air station, North Island, San Diego, Calif. I was assigned to one of the fighting land plane squadrons.

At the specific time that I write about a squadron of fighter planes was about to take off on a cross-country flght.

Now in those days a cross-country flight for fighter planes was considered a somewhat hazardous undertaking. The assignment was usually given the day before. And on the morning of the flight it was customary for the flight officers' families to come to the field to bid them goodbye on the flight line, prior to the take off of the planes.

The plane for which I was mechanic was not included in the flight that day. So my plane was on the outer edge of the field near one of the hangars and directly in front of the 12 or more planes on the flight line.

As I worked on my plane that morning I had an excellent view of the leave-takings of the plane officers, their families and friends. And as I watched this procedure my attention was attracted to one particular plane and group of people. This group consisted of Lt. A., his wife and small daughter. I watched Mrs. A. and the child give Lt. A. their parting kisses and bid him farewell.

Suddenly this intuition came to me, in words, "Kiss him well Mrs. A. for this separation is a farewell for good. You and your daughter will never see Lt. A. alive again. For on this flight he will surely die."

This warning was so strong that it made me sick at heart. I felt like running out to the flight line and trying to prevent Lt. A. from going on the flight. But I knew it would look foolish and accomplish nothing. And at the same time I felt that destiny already had sealed his fate; that there was nothing anyone could do to prevent it.

Soon the planes took off on their cross-country flight and the wives, children and relatives of the officers went home.

I continued to work on my plane, feeling depressed because of what I knew was going to happen.

In a few hours we received the message. Lt. A. and his plane had crashed at sea. Lt. A. was killed.—*Macon, Ga.*

DANGER IN BRAZIL

By Joel Ryce

A TRUE STORY from my mother's mystic experiences has haunted me these many years. Her brother, my Uncle Hugh, had taken a year off from his college studies to work for Armour and Company on a huge cattle ranch outside of Sao Paulo, Brazil. The ranch, I'm told, was the size of the state of Iowa and it appealed to my uncle's sense of adventure to journey to South America and take a foreman's job for 10 months.

On April 18, 1920, my mother had studied late into the night for her classes at Kansas City Junior College and was awakened from her sleep by a horrifying "nightmare." She vividly saw her brother in a swimming pool, in danger of being attacked by a tiger at the pool's edge. It all seemed so preposterous and yet so real that she spent the rest of the night worrying about the experience and recorded it precisely in her diary at that time.

Imagine her surprise when six-week's later, the length of time it took in those days for mail to travel overland and by freighter from Brazil, she received a letter from her brother in Sao Paulo describing the night of April 18. He had been awakened in the early hours of the morning by the sounds of frightened cattle in the corral outside his bunk window. Staggering outside, barely awake, he found himself confronted by a tiger. Backing away in haste, he fell into the large, round water tank. The cattle had pressed themselves against the fences in the distance. Shouting frantically, at last he roused another rancher who felled the tiger with a bullet as it circled the rim of the huge water tank.

Obviously, the swimming pool in Mother's dream was the huge watering basin. Her fright and fear had been a transmitted message from her distant brother. An alarm from Brazil to Kansas City by instantaneous, telepathic transmission!—*New York, N. Y.*

LONG DISTANCE HYPNOSIS?

By Bette C. Speck

ON NOVEMBER 29, 1956, I had a strange experience which concerned regression under hypnosis. But since I was not hypnotized nor anywhere near the TV studio where the Emil Frankel

hypnotist show was taking place, my part has never been satisfactorily explained. At the time it happened I was living in Whittier, Calif.

That night in my home I was busy addressing business cards which had to be turned in the next day. I had taken a pain killer for I was recuperating from major surgery. Five neighborhood youngsters and my own two sons, Darryl and Ronnie, were stretched out in their sleeping bags on the living room floor watching television. At 10:00 o'clock the children turned the channel to watch a show on hypnotism.

According to the children, the hypnotist had placed a man under hypnosis and was regressing him back into childhood, then into an earlier life the man was supposed to have lived. During the first part of the program I was completely unaware of the show. Suddenly things changed. One second I was writing a name, the next I involuntarily spoke aloud. "1864," I yelled excitedly.

"1864," repeated the hypnotized man.

"You're right, Mrs. Speck," one of the children called out. "How did you know?"

The hypnotist was asking another question, "What is your name?"

"Frank White," I replied. I now turned around to give complete attention to the TV show.

"Frank White," the hypnotized man replied.

The children stared at me in awe as the hypnotist asked a third, fourth and fifth question, all of which I answered correctly before the hypnotized man in the studio could reply. The answers leaped into my mind seemingly from nowhere.

During the incident I felt very excited and there also was a feeling of fear. The hair on the back of my neck stood up. And by the end of the question and answer period the children too were afraid. In fact, one went home, being afraid to sleep in the same house with me. The others talked among themselves for hours, too excited to sleep.

For weeks afterward they took turns visiting me to ask how I knew the answers. I could not tell them for I didn't know. I still don't know what happened—*Arsenal, Ark.*

A WARNING FROM THE GRAVE

By Nina C. Ramey

WHEN I WAS a little girl of nine or ten I got a steel barbed fish hook caught in my nose. The barb buried itself deep in the soft flesh between my nostrils and a soft-voiced stranger held me tightly while my Dad removed

it with the aid of a sharp bladed knife.

Although this was a painful, almost terrifying experience it was soon forgotten. Through the years I instinctively avoided the sport of fishing, but I never had occasion to really recall the 26-year-old incident until a few weeks ago.

The man whose kind strength and sympathic words had helped me to bear the pain of the operation had long since died of diabetes.

My own mother has been a victim of this disease for many years but with the use of insulin has managed to live a normal life.

George Brantly was still young and his death was tragic but expected. Even he knew that nature had been neglected too long and in his case insulin was of little value.

They buried him in the family plot in a little cemetery just out from DeQuincy, La., and placed a concrete slab over the grave.

In January, 1960, while visiting in my parents home, I drove out to the Magnolia Cemetery just at dusky dark to visit some of the dear friends who rest there. They seem especially close at the end of the day and I seldom have this opportunity since I have married and moved from Louisiana to Texas.

I had wandered pleasantly about among the graves and at last found myself back at the cemetery gate. I turned for a last look and a group of graves close to the fence attracted my attention. I felt compelled to see who lay there.

In the rapidly darkening light the writing on the tombstone was almost illegible. Impulsively I stepped upon the cement block and leaned forward to read the inscription. For a moment I was paralyzed by what felt like an electric shock. The next instant I leaped to the earth and stood trembling. My body still tingled and my heart pounded as I gazed at the tombstone. The words GEORGE BRANTLY, OCT. 4, 1912—JULY 10, 1934, were so clear they seemed to have a light shining upon them.

While the name meant nothing to me I felt that it might hold some clue to the strange shock I had received, so I found a pencil in my purse and wrote the name and dates on a pad. Complete darkness dropped like a shroud as I finished writing and a sudden uneasy chill struck at my heart. I turned and ran to my car parked just outside the gates.

Mother smiled when I told her what had happened and chided me for going there so late. But when she saw the name I had found on the tombstone she said, "Honey, don't you remember this man? I thought you never would forget George Brantly."

And then she related the incident of the fish hook.

As she talked the years rolled back and the little white scar on my nose twitched in sympathetic pain. "Yes, Mother I remember him now. But I don't understand how much a kind person would resent my stepping on his grave so much that he almost electrocuted me."

She laughed, but said, "It may be a warning. Be careful driving home."

Nothing happened in the days that followed and I forgot the episode. Then one day I did an unusual thing. I lay down in the middle of the day and fell into an uneasy sleep. From somewhere a dream image appeared.

I seemed to be looking down from clouds into the white room of a hospital. A child lay on a bed and beside it the twisted, tortured face of George Brantly stared at me and his hand reached out pleadingly toward the child. His lips moved soundlessly and then the words, "Don't wait too long," rang out and George Brantly was gone.

The figure of the little child began to move and little whimpers and moans came clearly to me. I wanted to reach out and clasp the little body to me but my arms seemed bound with steel.

"Mommy, please help me. I'm so sick, please wake up." The cold hands of my boy, seven-year-old Henley, touched my face and I was quickly awake.

Henley had been listless and pale with an occasional upset stomach for some time. But not even his increasing crossness and easy tears had warned me of the seriousness of his illness.

George Brantly had died because he had neglected an illness that could have been controlled by an early diagnosis. He came back from the dead after 26 years to save the life of a little boy, perhaps because he once had felt compassion for the mother so long ago.

Now that I know my son is a diabetic it will be easy for the doctors to treat him. With the miracles of modern medicine and the help of God he can live out a normal span of life. Without George Brantly's warning it could have been too late.—*Orange, Tex.*

THE FAIRY

By Bertha Bohannon

WHAT WOULD you think if you saw an ordinary camera snapshot of an ordinary garden shrub and on one of its leaves was a fairy?

My son, Dave, and I were invited for dinner at Mr. and Mrs. Henry Munn's home in Los Angeles one evening a few years ago. Before we went into dinner Mrs. Munn said, "I want to show you something that you will scarcely believe."

She brought out a Kodak picture that had been slightly enlarged. It was of a bush in her garden, one which I had seen many times. On one of the leaves was a fairy. It was not an outline that looked a little-like, perhaps, but, clear in every detail, it was as perfect a fairy as Walt Disney ever drew.

The leaves of that particular bush were only about three inches long but the delicate arms and legs, the flowing white garments, the long blonde hair, the gauzy wings of the fairy were detailed and beautiful.

My 18-year-old son who scoffs at such things could only keep repeating, "Well, I'll be darned!"

I described this picture to my minister and he replied, "I believe in fairies."

I do too. — *Los Angeles, Calif.*

GHOSTS IN THE HOUSE

RESIDENTS reported in January, 1960, that a 200-year-old house in the seaside resort of Hastings, England, appeared to be a scene of poltergeist activity. This particular poltergeist, they said, did not make noises or hurl furnishings around. Instead it caused objects, small and large, to vanish mysteriously. At times the objects vanished for good, at other times they reappeared in odd places.

One of the items that disappeared was a ring belonging to the owner of the building. A few months later, while digging in the garden, one of the occupants found the ring on a prong of the gardening fork. The soil, it is reported, had not been turned over for some time.

Another occupant, Mr. Hutchings, a civil servant, said several items belonging to his wife had disappeared in a way he found impossible to explain, except that a poltergeist was at work. He said he and the others had come to call the invisible thief "Ikey."

In Cairo, Egypt, tenants of an apartment building complained of hearing strange noises at night. The owner, Abdel Rahman El-Badry, filed a formal complaint on April 19, 1960, against the ghost he believed was haunting his building.

According to El-Badry, the ghost was that of a woman who had been burned alive. He demanded protection from the authorities, explaining that his tenants threatened to move out unless the strange noises stopped.

Christian faith, founded on psychic phenomena, may be rekindled by it. Today a new group is sparking a . . .

Psychic Revival in the CHURCHES

By Alson J. Smith

ON A PLEASANT day in late April, 1955, three men met for lunch at an East Side restaurant in New York City. They were strangers to each other, brought together by two common interests — psychical research and the Christian church. The men were S. E. Hening, a Virginia businessman and prominent Christian layman; Arthur Ford, the well-known medium who is also a minister in the Disciples Church; and this writer, a Methodist minister whose book *Immortality — The Scientific Evidence* had just been published by Prentice-Hall.

The three men had come together to discuss the possibility of creating within the church a group or an organization that would seek to re-define and re-emphasize the psychic roots of the Christian faith, long obscured by organized Chris-

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alson Jesse Smith is the author of numerous books and magazine articles on such subjects as psychic research and religion. Among his published books are "The Psychic Source Book" and "Immortality: The Scientific Evidence." Born in Danbury, Conn., in 1908, he has a divinity degree from Garrett Biblical Institute and did graduate work at Yale and the University of Chicago. He has served churches in Connecticut and New York.

tianity's subservience to scientific materialism and our culture's pervasive spirit of secularism. The three agreed that Christianity originated in a psychic phenomenon — the resurrection — and that its chief means of grace (prayer, healing, the sacraments) owed their significance entirely to their psychic nature and content. They agreed that the strong psychic emphasis and reliance of the early church had been d i m i n i s h e d through the centuries almost to the vanishing point by the twin impacts of scientific materialism and philosophical rationalism. This diminution had been carried to a point where the church not only did not emphasize its own psychic origins, it actually disavowed them and branded them "superstition". The result had been a vast dilution of the church's spiritual power and influence until, as Canon Bernard Iddings Bell recently observed, "It (the church) no longer enters into the consideration of intelligent men and women." And finally the three men at lunch in New York agreed that perhaps the time was ripe for a new "Great Awakening" within the church, a revival based on a renewed awareness and use of the great psychic resources in the Christian heritage. For many Christians the explosion of the atomic bomb over Hiroshima had been what the French writer and philosopher Renan once called "the good news of damnation," forcing them to a sudden realization of the moral bankruptcy of scientific materialism and secularism and of their own utter dependence on the spiritual, or psychic, resources of life.

The climate seemed favorable for such a revival in the churches. The eager acceptance of Dr. Frank Laubach's prayer theories, the success of Glenn Clark's *Camps Farthest Out* the new interest in spiritual healing services at great churches like St. Bart's in New York, St. Stephen's in Philadelphia, and City Temple in London, all appeared to be manifestations of a new curiosity and concern. Down at Duke University the researches of Dr. J. B. Rhine and his fellow "parapsychologists", as they call themselves, had made such an interest intellectually respectable for the first time since the Middle Ages. There was the glowing example of the English churches; in England more than 1400 clergymen and laymen, among them the Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, had organized a *Churches' Fellowship For Psychical Studies* with the venerable and highly-respected Dr. Maurice Elliott as its executive secretary. And finally there were such favorable straws in the wind as the survey conducted by the National Council of Churches in which 43%

of all the Protestant ministers replying to a questionnaire claimed to have had some experience with spiritual healing. Not since the days of Dr. Elwood Worcester and the Emmanuel Movement had there been so much interest in psychic matters within the Christian church in the United States.

One of the three men at lunch in New York, Arthur Ford, traveled widely in the course of his work and knew of interest in other parts of the country. It was agreed that Ford would broach the matter to others who might be interested. He did, and as a result a two-day meeting was called for March of the following year at the Hyde Park Methodist Church in Chicago. The dynamic pastor of this church, the Rev. Paul L. Higgins, was a friend of Ford, and the Rev. Mr. Higgins and this writer previously had lunched together at Marshall Field's in Chicago to discuss the possibility of such an organization.

The Chicago meeting was a great success. Present and enthusiastic were such people as Sherwood Eddy, Dr. and Mrs. Albin Bro, Dr. Harmon Bro, Mrs. Victor Munnecke, Miss Gertrude O. Tubby, the Rev. Dr. William H. Leach, the Rev. Dr. Edmond G. Dyett, and the Rev. George Wright. Not all were teachers or preachers — there were businessmen like Robert Izzett, Doren Trump, S. E. Hening, and Walter Dwyer, the latter a successful Cape Cod real estate man who, at his own expense, had compiled an excellent and comprehensive handbook on spiritual healing.

It was formally decided to set up an organization. A name was chosen: *The Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship*. The Rev. Paul L. Higgins was named president and a strong 24-man Executive Council was elected. Headquarters, it was decided, should be in centrally-located Chicago. Later in the year the Rev. Dr. Edmond G. Dyett, a Presbyterian, was invited to serve as Executive Director. He accepted and established headquarters at 1229 Hinman Ave., Evanston, Ill. The new organization, in many ways a new Emmanuel Movement, was "off and running".

It was enthusiastically received. Soon joining the Executive Council were people like Dr. Marcus Bach, Prof. Hornell Hart, the Rev. Dr. Henry Smith Leiper, and the Rev. Lewis L. Dunnington, all names well known in the American churches. All shades of theology were represented — Methodists, Episcopalians, Baptists, Quakers, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Spiritualists. There were Calvinists and Arminians, adherents of the Nicene and Apostle's Creeds, and of the Augsburg and Westminster Confessions. There were even a

few Christian Scientists, Theosophists, and Anthroposophists! All had in common an interest in a Christian revival on the psychic side, a faith in life's psychic resources, and a desire to know more about the psychic phenomena that once had been so meaningful to Christians.

The *purpose* of the new organization was stated by the founding fathers (and mothers) to be:

"Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship was formed to sponsor, explore and interpret the growing interest in psychic phenomena and mystical experience within the church, wherever these experiences relate to effective prayer, spiritual healing, and personal survival.

"It's goal is to develop spiritual growth in the individual and encourage new dimensions of spiritual experience within the church.

"It is dedicated to exploration of these areas in relationship to the broad scope of man's spiritual adventure.

"It is Christian in its origin and emphasis, interdenominational in its scope, and interfaith in the pursuit of its ultimate goals."

So much for what the Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship is. What does it *do?* How does it implement this purpose?

It conducts conferences and seminars, arranges lectures, and encourages study groups. An annual meeting is held in Chicago, and seminars have been presented in different parts of the country — New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Detroit, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Los Angeles. These seminars, usually lasting two days, center around some particular aspect of the psychical-religious field, such as prayer, spiritual healing, or survival. Arthur Ford is featured at many of these seminars, both as a speaker and a message medium. In Los Angeles Brother Mandus of the World Healing Mission spoke and conducted healing services. In Detroit the Rev. Paul L. Higgins spoke on *Pathways of Prayer* and the Rev. Dr. Berton S. Levering, Rector-Emeritus of All Saint's Episcopal Church in Detroit, conducted a healing service. In New York the Riverside Church group of the Fellowship heard Arthur Ford speak on *Extra-Sensory Perception and Our Christian Tradition.*

The Fellowship carries on an extensive research program. The chairman of the Research Committee for the past two years has been Prof. Hornell Hart of Duke University. Investigations have been carried on largely in the fields of *listening prayer* and *survival* (immortality).

The organization maintains a lending and research library and a book service. It also publishes, bi-monthly, a lively little journal called Spiritual Frontiers, and co-operates with other groups having similar aims, like the *Churches' Fellowship For Psychical Studies* in England and Wainwright House at Rye, N. Y., where the Layman's Movement has for some years carried on a program of activity and research in prayer and spiritual healing.

Today the *Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship* has more than 1100 members and already has become a recognized and effective instrument for the kind of psychic revival within the church that it seeks.

A church that was weary and corrupt once was renewed spiritually by a Reformation and Counter-Reformation. When Puritanism was fading in men's minds and hearts an eloquent New England preacher by the name of Jonathan Edwards sparked a "Great Awakening" that refired the cold embers of Calvinism. Later a Wesleyan Revival reinvigorated English Christianity and thrust its circuit-riders to the outer edges of the western world.

Today the revival of interest in psychics in the churches of which the *Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship* is the enthusiastic expression may well be the key to a mid-20th century "Great Awakening" which will go far to restore Christianity's lost glory and power.

DREAM OF A DIAMOND

AFTER a plane accident near Hohenwald, Tenn., on January 18, 1960, took the lives of Dr. John Ealy and Mrs. Ealy of Lancaster, Calif., a $15,000 diamond belonging to Mrs. Ealy was found to be missing. Hundreds of persons unsuccessfully searched the scene of the crash hoping to recover the precious stone.

A week after the accident it was reported that Richard Tarkington of Hohenwald, a truck stop operator, had found the diamond. Tarkington told reporters he had dreamed of finding the stone and had followed up his hunch despite the skepticism of his wife.

He said he located the diamond near the stump of a tree which had been knocked down when the plane crashed.

the SORCERER'S MOON and I

For seven death-dealing years I was the victim of diabolical sorcery. It took a white magician to save my life.

By John O. Sangster

"I looked like this at the height of the psychical attack against me. I would have died but for intervention."

I SOMETIMES have to pinch myself really to believe that I am truly alive and well. My hair has whitened and my face is etched with the marks of suffering but there was a time not so long ago when I would not have given a dime for my chances of surviving my ordeal by sorcery.

Even if I had not learnt the fact from astrology I could not have escaped the conclusion that my life is strongly influenced by the Moon. I was born when the Moon was full and my birth-date adds to the Moon-number two.

Most persons are aware of the strong influences that the Moon exerts on fluids of all kinds. As a Moon-subject my whole life has been strangely marked by the odd behavior of water, rain, bodily fluids, and other fluids. So much so, that I have suffered greatly from the fluids in my ears, nose, veins, and in the cavities of the head. Happily, all these troubles have cleared up since — but let me make a beginning.

I was barely a few weeks old when I commenced my travels over the seas that were to take me to

every continent and to almost every corner of the globe. Water is the element specially ruled by the Moon, and so it was that our satellite early commenced its rulership over my life. Even as only an ordinary cavalry trooper, I was transferred to no less than five countries during the first World War. During that war a shipwreck, under the full Moon, and near-death by drowning on another occasion were included in my program.

By some strange chance, although they were not chosen because of that fact, most of the many houses where I have lived have had a stream or a river flowing at the bottom of the garden. It was not, however, until somewhat late in life that I realized the special connection that seems to exist between myself and water.

As a Moon-subject of more than usual sensitivity I found that I exert a strange influence over fluids, as though I am an instrument of the Moon. I have never yet found a fountain pen that works properly for me — the flow of ink is either too little or too much; as for opening bottles of gaseous drinks, though I hold them at an angle the contents burst out before I can do anything to stop them.

Whether I can go so far as to say that I have a certain local influence over weather, I do not know, but the fact remains that there have been many occasions when my movement from one place to another has coincided with a sudden and unexpected downpour of rain, though the sky had not been overcast beforehand. I also have had some success in dissolving clouds by concentrating my attention upon them.

Because of the Moon-tempo that rules the rhythm of my body my blood circulation is very slow in my arms and legs and so I feel the rigors of winter keenly. Conversely, the heat of summer scarcely bothers me. True to my watery sign, it is a fact that I always succeed best when attempting to flow around difficulties rather than when trying

Sukdeo Seegoolam, Hindu healer and seer, offered author his help in overcoming the curse.

to resolve them with frontal attacks.

I am a writer and all my best creative work is done after sundown. I never "sleep" at night in the sense of being totally unconscious, but I do not mind this and I feel every bit as refreshed in the mornings as though I had slept in the normal manner. In the evenings I am literally bursting with vitality and sparkling with joyous well-being.

Although I have lived a great deal in the tropics, the strong sun always gives me a curious sense of unease and I cannot tolerate the seaside after the sun has gained its strength in the morning. I am also peculiarly sensitive to the setting sun, and there have been occasions when I have collapsed while having to look straight at the sun when it was on its way down to the horizon. I prefer grey, sunless days.

I am always literally plagued by nocturnal insects, birds and animals. Even the local inhabitants of my tropical homelands have been astonished to see a couple of dozen big frogs hopping over the floors of my house, and to see my walls and ceilings crawling with every kind of insect imaginable. Strange cats delight in coming through my windows so that they can sleep on my head or my belly, anywhere to be near me.

I am a marked man in more ways than one.

It is a curious thing, too, that I have been weatherwise to an astonishing degree and this brings me to the point of my narrative — the recounting of those seven death-dealing years when I was the victim of diabolical sorcery.

The first indication that something unusual was happening to me was when I commenced to have a peculiar and exceedingly painful feeling some six to 12 hours before it began to rain. In fact, I could predict the extent and intensity of the coming rain, or know that the overcast sky would clear up without any rain falling.

On those occasions, my head would feel as though it had been pumped full of water and the feeling of pressure in my ears was more terrible than mere words can convey. It was frightening also because I could not seem to think nor address myself to the simplest task.

Of course, I tried every means of diagnosis and treatment but no one could explain the trouble and nothing could stay the dreaded daily summons to the torture chamber of relentless pain. You will better appreciate what this meant when I tell you that I was living in a country, Mauritius in the Indian Ocean, with an annual rainfall up to 180 inches.

Even the most powerful pain-killers were only partially effective and in any case their daily use over

a period of years is not to be thought of except as suicide. When the attacks came on during the night I used to scream and groan with the dreadful pain and, in my utter helplessness, I felt as though I wanted to bang my head on the wall to bring unconsciousness. As the condition grew in intensity it affected my eyes and the pain that I suffered in one or the other eyeball was the most agonizing of all, though perhaps not so terrifying as the frightful fluidic pressure and pain in my head.

As the years dragged by I tried my best to minimize my suffering by building up an attitude of detachment but though this helped my morale the pain was too intense to permit the mind to banish it with mental suggestions. The final stroke came when the area of pain spread to the occipital nerves at the back of my head. Ask any doctor to tell you the frightful nature of the pain these main sensory nerves can cause!

There were two things that sustained my spirit and prevented me from going insane during my years of agony — my firm belief in the goodness and love of God and the sweet love and courage of my wife. Something seemed to tell me that I must accept the severe spiritual test being administered to me..

My physical state, however, was only one of my troubles. There was scarcely a single thing that did not go wrong in my affairs and everything I did resulted in a loss of some kind. My wife watched aghast as a succession of calamaties crushed nearly all my hopes in life. As though obeying some hidden power, nearly every circumstance of my daily activities led to frustration and negation. And yet, I normally should have succeeded in so many of the things that I put my hand to, in spite of illness.

My wife and I kept a log of all those extraordinary happenings for which we could find no reasonable explanation and in one year we noted 51 such occurrences. In another period, 19 important letters simply disappeared from the mails. Whatever plan I started, no matter how reasonable, simply turned to naught. At first, my state of black despair mounted, as I saw myself and my life being reduced to zero.

But presently a pattern emerged from all these queer happenings. As you may well imagine, my wife and I were on the alert to find a proper moral and material cause and we finally saw that something really extraordinary was going on. I came to realize that a powerful attempt was being made to break my spirit and to prevent me thinking creatively.

One day I chanced to meet a Hindu named Sukdeo Seegoolam who was engaged in healing work

among the poor Indian laboring classes of Mauritius. I told him something about my troubles. He invited me to visit him daily at his little wooden hut where there were never less than 30 to 40 persons squatting on the ground waiting their turn to see him about their problems. He used to work right through from 9:00 A.M. to about 3:00 A.M. with a small break in the evening for his one meal of the day. In those early days I had no idea of the great powers of that wonderful man.

Seegoolam was a combination of saint, seer, psychologist, and spiritist. He used to heal his patients or solve their problems through prayer, the laying on of hands, and by communicating with discarnate entities while in trance. He invited me to help him in his work, for while he could effect cures in a few days I have the unique gift of being able to eliminate almost all kinds of pain, in persons other than myself, within a few minutes. By such fast work I was able to earn him a long rest and he then sat down to look more closely into my case.

The one room of his hut was arranged as a shrine and the floor at one end served as an altar on which incense and candles were kept burning in brass holders. The walls were covered with colored prints of Christian saints, Hindu gods, and great Yogis of India, and he seemed to extract power from each one of them for each particular purpose. There was no furniture and one ate, slept and sat on the floor.

At the end of my narrative, Seegoolam, a heavily-built man, went into a deep trance. Presently he commenced to speak and there was an expression of great sorrow in his voice and on his face. He shuddered and kept moving his head and his hands, as though appalled by what he saw and heard. His voice rose and fell with great gulps of emotion as he said, "Your spirit has a great destiny here on earth but you have been held back by the hatred of a woman who scorns you with vitriolic rage because she could not bend you to her will. This woman consulted an evil Black Magician of great power and, for a large sum of money, he undertook to fix you in the straight jacket of suffering and misery. You were to be thrust into the blackest pit of hell, there to suffer loss, frustration, and the most miserable of lives. Your spirit was to be completely broken, your mind immobilized, and you were to be subjected to a slow, torturous death."

The voice of Seegoolam rose on a wailing, despairing note as he continued, "This woman gave that Black Magician your photograph, your birth date, and certain details of your spheres of sensitivity and of your ideals. The latter, whose

soul is bound in service to a group of malefic discarnate entities in the lower astralic regions of the earth, then went into trance communication with the leader of this group to ask for his instructions.

"This leader, who had once wrought great evil on earth, told the Black Magician to penetrate certain points of your head on the photograph with a sharp point while the Moon was invisible in your part of the earth and to do so while uttering certain incantations. The fatalistic Tarot number 18 was constantly repeated during the incantations and each time that the photograph was pricked with a pin.

> *Tarot Number* 18: *"The symbolism is a rayed Moon from which drops of blood are falling; a wolf and a hungry dog are seen below catching the falling drops of blood in their opened mouths, while still lower a crab is seen hastening to join them. It is symbolic of materialism striving to destroy the spiritual side of the nature. It generally associates a person with bitter quarrels, and it is a sign of treachery, deception by others; also danger from the elements, such as storms, and water." — Cheiro.*

The head and hands of Seegoolam continued to sway with the force of his emotion and his voice then took on a low moaning tone, as he continued, "This woman was told by the Black Magician to concentrate her thoughts upon her desires concerning you. On a certain day, coinciding with the last quarter of the Moon, she was to hang a board on which your name had been painted underneath a tree and to drive nails into each letter of your name while uttering the words of her curse.

"This had to be done at night during a torrential downpour of rain, and while facing your part of the world. The board was then to be tied to a heavy stone and to be hurled at the reflection of the Moon on the surface of a pond or stream."

Seegoolam's clothing was saturated with perspiration as he slowly came out of his trance. He passed his hand across his forehead and he looked at me with a quizzical expression, albeit with great tenderness, as he said, "Master, you are in very great trouble but I can utterly destroy the power of this horrible curse if you are prepared to be very patient and to follow me faithfully and closely in all the things that I will require you to do.

"You will have to repose complete faith in me, even though most of my commands will appear strange to your Western mind and though they will put you to great inconvenience. The alternative to your

acceptance would be the abandonment of all your hopes and dreams in this life and your premature end in a tragic death."

Seegoolam continued solemnly, "You know very well that your super-sensitivity renders you too weak to fight your ordeal alone. I ask you, therefore, to choose wisely and well, and to renounce all fears as to the inevitability of your dreadful condition. You have helped me, dear Master, and you have taught me much. Now it is my turn to help you regain the happy creative life which is your birthright."

Of course, I hadn't the slightest hesitation and you may imagine with what joy my wife and I agreed to place ourselves in his hands. As Seegoolam explained, the joining of our two souls in a harmonious and spiritual unity would be one of the strongest elements that he had to work with. There would be midnight masses for a month, ceremonies to be conducted at the edge of the sea at the setting of the sun, and I would have to undergo the whole procedure of spiritual cleansing seven times when the Moon was at a certain phase. We both agreed to accept all conditions, to carry them out with faith and thankfulness to God.

As I came to know Seegoolam more intimately, I discovered that he was a White Magician treading the right-hand path of selfless devotion to God and humanity. All religions were the same to him and he looked for no reward or fame for himself.

There followed months during which I would kneel by his side while with his hands he became the instrument for the conveyance of spiritual force to me. Wonderful words of power were given to me, words that enhanced my faith in God and in myself. The healing balm of a great love flowed out from Seegoolam and, though as yet there was no sign of a cessation of my troubles, I had not the slightest doubt of my ultimate deliverance.

I shall never forget those memorable evenings on the beaches of Mauritius, when with Seegoolam on his knees, hands up-flung, with his eyes glowing in the ecstacy of sacred prayer, I attempted time and time again to sail my little barque of faith upon the dangerous waters of this world's tides; only to see it beaten back to the shore with its light extinguished. My little ship of hope, with which I was to test the timing of my deliverance, was made of a few green leaves of the betel tree pressed together. On these was placed a cube of burning camphor.

Then one evening, at long last, when the setting sun was a glory of fiery colors upon the far horizon I saw my little barque sail straight out to the Lord of all Life, its light

burning brightly and its course straight and true. Seegoolam gave a great shout and ran to embrace me. Only then did he allow his hands to fall and his prayers to cease.

From that moment onward I never suffered again.

Before Seegoolam left Mauritius, and so passed out of my life, he instructed me in some of the lesser-known secrets of occultism and in the knowledge of what goes on in the invisible world that inter-penetrates our own world.

The occult powers and knowledge of Seegoolam were really far beyond the ordinary. He had the power to send his spirit to any part of the world and within a few minutes he could describe the interior details of a room thousands of miles away. He could describe and name the individuals and say what they were doing. On one occasion when in my presence he "visited" New York I was astonished to see his body slowly rise and fall on the floor in a gentle rhythmic motion. He afterwards told me that on crossing the Atlantic Ocean the wind had been so cold at high altitudes that he had been obliged to travel just above the waves. I had tried to press his body down to the floor but had been unable to do so.

Incidentally, it is only now that I can tell this true story because the person who caused me to become subject to the ordeal by sorcery passed out of this world as recently as December 17, 1959. I received the news with great pity because she died in terrible agony — from cancer.

All this has prompted me to think how precious we should hold the gift of Life and with what great respect we should treat every hour as it passes.

SUNNY—BUT COLD

THE sunniest spot in the world, according to Russian meteorologists, is not the Sahara but ice-covered Antarctica. After nearly three years of daily measurements, the Russians report that at a height of 12,000 feet in Antarctica, the intensity of solar radiation is 1.81 calories per square centimeter per minute. This, they claim, is the greatest intensity ever recorded anywhere on earth.

By Marcus Bach

Faith can bring a magical change into your life. For what you will to believe will shape the world you live in to your own ends.

YOUR WILL TO BELIEVE

From THE WILL TO BELIEVE by Marcus Bach, published by Prentice-Hall, Inc., Copyright 1955 by Prentice-Hall, Inc.

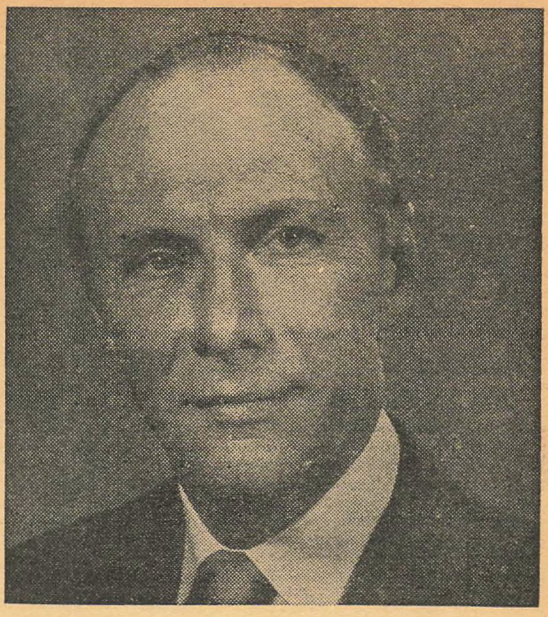
I ASKED AN endurance swimmer, "How is it possible for you to swim for 20 hours? What kind of mental attitude do you have?

She said, "I believe that the water is a friend. It wants to help me. It does not fight me and I do not fight against it. We are working together."

I often think of that when I am in the "swim" of life. The waves and the currents and the tides hit us all at times, and it is not always easy to say, "The water is friendly." It requires an act of faith, a volitional act; it means work, but most of all it requires a will to believe. The more we use this will, the more it becomes a part of us and the more natural becomes its application.

An octogenarian, who has shipped around the world a good deal, who has adventured in primitive areas more than anyone I know, gave me this sound advice, "Don't ever get panicky in the woods, on the water, or in the air. Nature and you are both God's expression. You were made for each other. No matter where you are, always feel at home."

You can ring up the curtain on a new world by a simple act of faith. Will to believe that the world and the life around you are assisting, not opposing you. How do you do this? Must you wait until you can find proof that this



Marcus Bach is a professor in the School of Religion at the State University of Iowa. A famed theologian, his studies of the basic materials of religion take him to many parts of the world and have led to his interest in psychic phenomena. He is the author of eight popular books of which "The Will to Believe" is one, and has achieved nation-wide acclaim as a brilliant lecturer.

is true? No. You simply say to yourself, "I will to believe! From now on I begin to live as if this were true." And it is true as long as you believe it. It is untrue, for you, when you disbelieve it.

The director of a college theatre in a midwestern town told me an amazing story.

"I was vacationing in Arizona," he said, "and one day my seven-year-old son came to me and pulled a snake out of his pocket. 'What kind of snake is this, Daddy?' he asked. I didn't know. 'Some harmless snake, I suppose,' I told him, 'or you wouldn't be carrying it around that way. What do you want to do with it?' 'Take it home,' said the boy. I agreed. Like many another kid, he was all the time playing the naturalist with frogs and beetles and whatnot. So we brought the snake back home to Iowa with us. One day I decided to get the lowdown on this pet, so I took it to a biology professor at the college. Putting the snake on his desk, I said, 'What kind of a reptile is this?' He instinctively raised his voice in astonishment. 'Why man!' he exclaimed, 'that's a deadly Arizona coral snake!' When he said that, I drew back and the snake struck at me."

What law, what instinct kept it from striking previously? What impulse, what "adrenalin betrayal" did my friend unwittingly release in that unguarded moment? Why do rattlesnakes strike at white men but never touch an Indian? How does my dog, Mike, instinctively know whom he can trust and of whom he must be suspicious? How am I to explain that I met a voodooist in Haiti who as a rule resented outsiders, yet said cordially, "I was expecting you!"

There is a world and a life around us which sends back our thoughts in kind. The coin of its realm is the coin we give it. Its faith in us is a reflection of our faith in it. Will to believe that this world is good and cooperative and you will find it to be so. Ring up this curtain on your new world!

Suspicion breeds suspicion, faith gives rise to faith. Fear spawns fear, confidence generates confidence. Life is too short, too adventurous, too packed with beauty and joy, for us to spend one hour in negative darkness with the curtain down. Remember—the basis of all life is the will to believe.

Unrealistic? Hardly! In the best-selling, most-loved and most-read Book in the world are the words: "Except ye become like little children, ye shall in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Do you remember how bright and thrilling the world used to be in those days when we were children and when we walked and lived by faith? What has happened to us? Did we have to forfeit this will to believe as our penalty for growing up? Not at all. What we need is simply a new determination to hold on to our ideals and never let go of our dreams.

"Out in the alley, up in the attic, or down in the barn or lying along the waterside, a child always dreams, and the dreams are real. So Thomas Edison dreamed. So Robert Louis Stevenson dreamed. So Sir Walter Scott dreamed. And out of the stuff of such magic dreams are woven some of the finest and most beautiful fabrics we have ever seen." So said philosopher Lin Yutang. (*The Importance Of Living, New York: John Day Co., Inc.*, 1937.)

And of ideals and the fight to hold on to them, the renowned Albert Schweitzer declared, "As one who tries to remain youthful in his thinking and feeling, I have struggled against facts and experience on behalf of belief in the good and the true. At the present time when violence dominates the world, I still remain convinced that truth, love, peaceableness, meekness and kindness can master all violence. The world will be ours as soon as ever a sufficient number of men

with purity of heart, with strength, and with perseverance, think and live out the thoughts of love and truth, of meekness and peaceableness." (*Memoirs of Childhood and Youth,* New York: The Macmillan Company, 1949.)

I said that there were usually any number of things we could do to adjust ourselves to the world and the life around, but sometimes there seems to be no choice. I was in such a position recently.

It was during a flight over Africa in a foreign plane. We had put down for refueling, and my wife and I went into the tiny air terminal for refreshments. Sitting at a nearby table was the crew. These men were not only eating, they were also drinking generously of wine on this hot night. It seemed to me that they were soon glowing, and with carefree good humor their voices had become astonishingly loud. My wife and I agreed that the line was probably changing crews here and that these fellows had a right to celebrate. But when the call came for passengers and crew, who should lead off but our captain with his tie slightly off side on his shirt.

We got into the plane. The air was suffocating. The night was dead calm. The motors broke the silence like ominous jungle drums. We left the field in a perfect takeoff. But a few moments after we were airborne, the motors seemed suddenly to cough, and for an instant we had that "sinking feeling." I looked at my wife. As our eyes met and she seemed to ask, "Is this regular?" the motors picked up and we were flying smooth.

She said, "What do you think?"

It was a good question. What would you have done in a case like this? Would you have rapped at the cabin door and said, "Fellows, you'd better let me out!"

The only thing we could do, the most realistic thing, was to exercise our will to believe that the crew knew what they were doing. It might not have looked that way to us. Perhaps they should have been a bit more careful in "changing the blowers." But we settled back and enjoyed the stars and the night and the good, fresh breeze as the air conditioners did their job.

The world is often like that. The flight through life often makes us wish we might have more of a command over the controls. There are times in everyone's life when he simply must depend upon another for his own destiny and his own fate. *Will to believe.*

Will to believe in the world and the life around, and fate and destiny will always be better to you. For behind every achievement is the act of faith and behind every act of faith is God.

Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

Lightning flashed into the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Tucker of Paducah, Ky., and split the bedspread under which they were sleeping. The Tuckers weren't hurt.

●

The huge clock in Hyattville, Wyo., which stopped running in 1952 and defied all efforts to fix it, has been running and keeping perfect time since 11:40 P. M., August 17, 1958—the exact time of the Yellowstone Park earthquake 150 miles away.

●

Suffering from a sudden intense headache, Mrs. John T. Lynch, of Northbrook, Ill., decided a walk in the yard might help. She got outside just as an explosion, caused by a leaking gas main, demolished her home.

●

Mikolaj Para, a Pole who escaped from Russian troops and eventually got to London, finally got a visa for his son, whom he hadn't seen for 19 years. After the youth arrived in England Mr. Para came back from work one day to find him dead in a gas-filled room, victim of a faulty gas connection.

Willie Moon was born in Hamburg, Mich. His wife was born in Hamburg, N. Y. And his father was born in Hamburg, Germany.

●

After it hadn't rained for many weeks, the city council of Stamford, Tex., met and "proclaimed" that the next day should be a rainy one. Sure enough, it rained.

●

In Miami, Fla., a man who operated a firm protecting businessmen from bogus check passers was sought by police for passing bogus checks.

●

Lightning struck a metal clip Mrs. Kathleen Hewson, of Gravesend, England, was wearing in her hair. The bolt killed her instantly. It did not harm her baby, who was in a baby carriage and who Mrs. Hewson was leaning over and kissing when the bolt struck her.

●

Making a practice parachute jump, Ronald Herzog, Tacoma, Wash., landed on a 110,000-volt transmission line but survived because at that moment there was a power failure.

It was cigars all around at the Woelker household in Detroit when three brothers, Fred, Robert and John all became fathers on the same day.

●

When a rock struck John Emberton of Fresno, Calif., on the head while he was working on a bulldozer, sight suddenly returned to his eye which had been blind for 37 years.

●

Mrs. Allen Luker of Lamarque, Tex., told friends she had dreamed that her boy Kenneth had died. That day a lightning bolt struck Kenneth and killed him.

●

In Ebnat, Switzerland, Jakob Giezendanner was killed by his own snowball. Caught up in a ball of snow he was rolling down a slope, he was crushed to death as the mass of snow grew to immense size around him.

●

When he was 10 Allen Gabbie, of Los Angeles, fell from a third-floor window but survived. Ten years later while hiking he fell 100 feet down a mountain and lived. Recently Allen tried to escape a fire in his room by climbing out of the hotel window and clinging to the sill. A fire department ladder truck was on its way, but Allen plunged downward before the truck arrived. This third fall was fatal.

●

You might say that Janet Thomas suffered a prickly fate. She wound up in the Red Bluff, Calif., hospital after a porcupine fell out of tree scaring Janet's horse. The horse reared and threw Janet, who dropped her rifle. The horse stepped on the rifle which went off. The bullet hit Janet in the leg.

●

A Stamford, Conn., man, Bjarne Karlsen tried to save 30 cents and lost his life. When a cigarette machine failed to work he shook it so hard that it toppled over on his head and killed him.

●

Charged with making counterfeit money, Mannasah Thomas denied this, telling a Kingston, Jamaica, court, "May God strike me dead if I am not telling the truth." A jury found him guilty nevertheless, and as he was being led out of the courtroom he suddenly collapsed and died.

●

Three years after Sante Casamenti, a farmer of Forti, Italy, bought an old American army overcoat, his wife decided to turn it inside out because it was badly worn. She found $1000 sewn in the lining of the old secondhand garment.

The famed novelist despaired of ever receiving the contact her husband had promised before he died. Then came amazing . . .

OUIJA BOARD MESSAGES for ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

By Pauline Saltzman

June, 1916, held no happiness for the bereaved Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Widely syndicated poet and popular novelist that she was, words would no longer come when she sat down to write. Her beloved husband, Robert Marius, had died a few weeks before, on May 21st.

Their 32 years of marriage had been idyllic. But now one thought was paramount in Ella's mind: *Death is so final.* She thought of the promise Robert had made during the years of their married life —to communicate with her after his soul had left its mortal shell.

Robert's promise had been made so often during their life together that even now in the first grief of her bereavement, Ella believed that he would communicate with her. But, as she writes in her autobiography, *The Worlds and I,* "the awful days went into awful weeks and months, and there was no rift in the clouds, no blowing aside of the dark curtain, no sound to break the killing silence of empty space."

Ella began to wonder if her steadfast belief was only delusion. And she began looking for proof. She traveled all over the country,

consulting psychics, mediums, and so-called seers. She visited religious cults, savants, and orthodox clergymen. But as desperately as she wanted to believe, she remained untouched. "I believed with my brain," she said, "but the soul of me cried in anguish for the proof, the proof. Other people, so many other people of sane minds and clear intellect, told me they received proof of continuity of memory and love from souls gone onward." But for Ella Wheeler Wilcox there was no proof.

Finally, in California, a medium named John Slater told her she must cease her endless visiting with mediums and so-called seers. "Save your time and money by staying quietly in your own room," Slater told her. "Through prayer and concentration you will attain that state of tranquility which will enable your husband to reach you. You do not belong in California. Your home is distant from here and your environment here is not congenial." Slater concluded, "You will receive other assurances than mine of his proximity before three weeks pass."

When this assurance failed to come after the specified three weeks had elapsed, Ella again resumed her desperate search. She went to other clairvoyants and mystics. The usual manifestations came through. But by now Ella was almost beyond believing.

Then she met a 95-year-old psychic, Mr. J. M. Peebles, the second man who advised her that her husband would never come through to her in a seance room. Only in the home they both loved would he manifest himself!

Sorrowfully Ella returned to The Bungalow, the home she and Robert had built in the early years of their marriage at Short Beach-on-the-Sound. The house had been built in 1891, and was the focal point for the Wilcox's legion of friends.

One evening as she sat by herself in the lovely living room of The Bungalow an idea struck Ella. Shortly before Robert's death, both had been enthusiastic about the best-selling book, *Patience Worth,* whose authorship involved the use of an Ouija board.

She consulted her friends and neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Ritter, who lived a few houses away. The Ritters were most receptive to the idea of attempting to establish communication through the Ouija board.

At first Mr. Ritter and Ella worked the board, but were unable to produce the slightest quiver of the pointer. Mrs. Ritter and Ella had better results. The messages were meaningful enough but came slowly and were not entirely convincing. Ella had suffered too

much heartbreak and disappointment. Every night she wept herself to sleep with loneliness and frustration.

One evening in early September a Mrs. B — from New Haven called on Ella. The Ouija board was on the table, and the conversation turned to occult matters. Ella asked her friend if she had ever tried the Ouija board. Mrs. B— said no, but added that she would like to. What happened within minutes is documented in Mrs. Wilcox's autobiography as follows:

"In one moment the heavens opened! Both my caller and I were shaken by a power which beggars description. It was like an electric shock. The board seemed to be a thing alive; it moved with such force that we could not follow it."

Ella called to Mrs. May Randall, her close friend and companion who was in another room. They needed help, for two operators were unable to keep up with the pointer's speed. At last, with Mrs. Randall acting as scribe, these sentences were made out:

"Brave one, keep up your courage. Love is all there is. I am with you always. I await your arrival."

Robert's promise was fulfilled at last! This session marked the beginning of a series of remarkable "conversations," which grew steadily in value and importance.

The second sitting took place three days later. Mrs. B— and Ella had been at the Ouija board for about a half-hour, when Mr. B— who did not wish to disturb them, entered quietly. Ella asked the board: "Robert, can you tell me who just entered the room?"

"Yes," the reply was spelled out.

"Then tell me."

Mrs. Randall, in the capacity of scribe, claimed that the letters spelled only gibberish. But later when they were studied the sentence read, "Quinnipiac Club, our last game." To the women this sentence was meaningless but to Mr. B— it carried great significance.

He told them how the last time Wilcox ever appeared at the Quinnipiac Club, he had been his partner at auction bridge. The incident was completely unknown to both Ella and Mrs. B—.

"Robert," Ella asked next; "have you a message for your friend?"

The pointer acted with dispatch. "Better try some other game, V.W.B., quitter."

Mr. B— then related how that same night, while at the Quinnipiac Club, he and Wilcox had played until after midnight. When he remarked that he had to go home, Robert had jokingly replied, "You are a quitter. You had better try some other game."

One evening during 1918, the

final year of World War I, Mrs. Ritter and Ella were using the Ouija board when the pointer began to move with great strength. Robert was saying, "Go to France. Take very little with you; only one trunk. Humanity has need of you. Wonderful things will happen. Your spark of God is greater than that of 10 ordinary mortals."

Such a trip was the farthest thing from Ella's thoughts, but she took her husband's advice, and was soon excitedly making plans. Before she sailed Robert warned her via the Ouija board that she must not discuss this communion openly. "Keep these great truths with dignity and in the silence of the great masters until the opportune time comes to give them to the world."

Ella obeyed his injunction. Ten days after her arrival in Paris, when she was comfortably settled in the Hotel Vernet, she had her first experience with an air raid. Ten friends, including Mrs. Wills, wife of Major Wills, sat huddled together. Suddenly Ella felt that the time was ripe to reveal all. She told the other women that they must not be afraid. "I am a mascot," she added. "I am eager to go out of the body and reach the realms which are more beautiful and satisfying than this earth, but I have to stay until my work is done." Following this, she related her experiences with the Ouija board. No one said a word, until the all-clear sounded, when Mrs. Wills remarked, "I feel as if death were indeed a beautiful adventure, as if it were something to anticipate instead of dread."

During a subsequent air raid, a mysterious power seemed to take possession of both Ella and Mrs. Wills; swiftly and surely this message came through the Ouija board: "A great battle rages on the Oise," the pointer spelled out. "The odds are fearfully against the Allies, but a change will come. France will suffer terrible losses later. Glorious America will come in and bring success. Boastful Germany will be beaten."

Neither Ella nor her friend had any idea that a battle was raging on the Oise. However, the next day the announcement of the battle of the Oise appeared in black newspaper headlines. Mrs. Wills and Ella had received this message from Robert during the time the battle was raging.

A later message read: "Ella, go to Dijon—at once. Terrible air raids are coming. A strong will tries to hold you and a great force is around you. Go at once. Go tomorrow."

The next day the same message was repeated. However, there were seemingly insurmountable obstacles. Ella had not thought of leaving

Paris for more than a day or two at a time. Now she began to concentrate on getting away. And somehow every obstacle dissolved.

On the evening of March 26 she was planning to leave Paris at six the following morning. Her luggage was gone and her tickets were ready. When Ella learned she would have to stand the entire 15 hour trip to Dijon she turned to the Ouija board. Instantly she received the following message: "Go in peace. I go with you. With all my strength I am strengthening you. Have no fear. You will be safe. You are taking your first brave stand in your efforts to help humanity."

Suddenly she was impelled to ask if she herself had much longer to remain on earth.

"You must stay and work for humanity," the message read. "I will wait for you. Go to bed and know that you are safe."

When Ella entrained in the morning a clear path seemed to open through the crowd for her and her party and she soon found a vacant compartment!

There was much for her to do in Dijon. Ella visited the American hospital where she entertained the patients and took them for walks. There were concerts and social obligations. She spent much time in camps and canteens where the distinguished American poetess was welcomed enthusiastically.

Ella had been in France for two months when she discovered exactly what her husband's spirit meant by the statement, "You have taken your first stand for humanity."

She went to a large camp where she expected to hear a concert. As soon as her party entered, the auditorium, filled with 3000 men, resounded with a great cheer. They were expecting Ella to speak to them. Although she never had talked to an audience before, a sudden, surging sense of power and dedication overwhelmed her. When her name was called she gave the first of what became a series of inspiring talks to American doughboys. These talks were one of the great morale-building forces of the First World War.

In Dijon she was guided by Robert's presence, and it followed her to Tours. Although Ella spoke little about her health, she actually was seeking a medical specialist now. Someone told her that only in Paris or London could she find the specialist she needed. However, the Ouija board ordered her to go on with her search, no matter what she was told. She soon learned that such a specialist was living in Tours, even though her friends in this city never had heard of him!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's autobiography, *The Worlds And I,* was written that same year after she

returned from France. It was published in 1919, the year of her death. She had published over 20 volumes of verse. Her daily syndicated column was read avidly by millions of persons. However, now with the changes in literary standards, Mrs. Wilcox's works, which include *Drops Of Water, Poems Of Passion, Sweet Danger,* and *The Art Of Being Alive* are hardly quoted. Her novels also have been relegated to the forgotten shelf and are little read.

But Ella Wheeler Wilcox's effort to make her husband's promise come true is an inspiring story of love and faith fulfilled.

A "SPOOK LIGHT" MYSTERY SOLVED?

THE FAMOUS "spook light" of Hornet, Mo., a phenomenon which for years has baffled investigators, is believed to have been explained by a 17-year-old boy, William E. Underwood, of Carthage, Mo. His report of his investigations placed him among the top 40 winners of 1960's Science Talent Search conducted by Science Service of Washington, D. C.

The "spook light" appears along a lonely gravel road two miles southwest of the village of Hornet. William's description of the phenomenon is typical of what has been observed for years.

Soon after dusk, he reported, a greenish-yellow ball appeared to descend out of the hills and to advance rapidly toward him along the road. When he moved toward the light, it vanished. The light varied in intensity and in the time of its appearance. It sometimes appeared to be two lights.

William said viewing the light through a spectrotelescope showed it had a continuous spectrum. This led him to deduce that the light had an incandescent source. Infrared films of the phenomenon convinced him it was produced by the double refraction of car headlights.

He believes his theory is further supported by the physical features of the area in which the light appears. U.S. Route 66, east and west, was in a direct line with his observation point and Spring River crossed close by between the gravel road and the highway. For this reason William concluded that the "spook" was nothing more nor less than the light of car headlamps refracted over the range of low-lying hills.

JACQUES ROMANO

96-year-old Psychic

His remarkable feats of mind reading have amazed and baffled his prominent subjects for years.

By Harold M. Sherman

A noted author and lecturer, Harold M. Sherman is a pioneer investigator of extrasensory perception. He has won acclaim for his telepathy experiments with Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Arctic explorer, as related in their jointly authored book, "Thoughts Through Space."

TO HAVE MET Jacques Romano, to have seen him entertain with his baffling card tricks, and to perform his amazing feats of mind reading, is to have had an experience you will never forget.

Because extra-sensory perception had been a life-time study and practice with me, I was especially intrigued by this extraordinary personality.

Jacques Romano was a slender, well-proportioned, vital, self-assured little man, with brown eyes and black wavy hair — the kind who would stand out in any crowd, in any room. He had a remarkably quick mind, an engaging sense of humor, and an ability to discuss a wide range of subjects with spell-binding authority.

Romano claimed to have been born in Spain, if you pinned him

down; otherwise, he had just been "born into the world" and had no native birthplace or nationality. If you accepted his Spain story, then you had to go along with the statement that his father had been a wealthy land-owner.

As a boy, Jacques early confounded his parents with uncanny "impressions" of things that had happened to them. When he felt that he was hopelessly misunderstood, he left home to see the world.

Traveling and living in many countries, Romano developed a facility for speaking a smattering of many languages, and kept on exercising the extra-sensory ability which had come to him as a child.

In the United States he served as salesman for the Eastman Kodak company while he devoted his spare time to a profound study of herbs. Eventually he developed some iodine preparations which the Eimer & Amend Drug House considered of such value that they gave Romano a laboratory in their establishment and put his products on the market.

By this time, Jacques Romano's reputation as an entertainer had taken him into the homes of many famous business men, prominent families, diplomatic circles and the entertainment world where he became the favorite at parties frequented by countless celebrities. It was said of Romano, in the days when I first knew him, that there were few important persons in Little Old New York who had not met or seen Romano at some public or social occasion. He was the "talk of the town".

Despite the tremendous demands upon his services, Jacques would not take any compensation for his exhibitions which always were conducted informally, starting with some humorous philosophic comments, a display of card tricks to which were added the faculty of genuine telepathy, and then, as he got "worked up to it", the giving out of "impressions" concerning the personal experiences and backgrounds of many of the guests present.

It was this latter demonstration which astounded everyone and made believers out of the stubbornest skeptics. It was obvious to all that Romano could have no way of knowing anything about them and yet he tuned in on their subconscious minds and recounted names, dates, places and events as accurately as though he had been briefed by the individuals themselves. Often, he recalled and described experiences faster than those whose minds he was reading could recollect them. At times, the information he gave out had to be checked and confirmed by relatives and friends not present, who were

more acquainted with the circumstances related. There was always a high degree of verification.

It is, therefore, understandable that a close personal friendship should have developed between Jacques Romano and myself because of our mutuality of interests in what was then called "psychic phenomena". Mrs. Sherman and I invited him to entertain for us many times in our New York apartment so that we might observe his mental feats at close range.

Asked how he received his remarkably accurate "impressions" of people he was meeting for the first time, Romano would say, half-humorously: "Oh, those things *will* happen!" Then, in an effort to explain, he would continue: "I just let myself *wonder* about an individual and, all of a sudden I begin to *see* events in my mind's eye, or *feel* certain things concerning his past, which I describe in my own words. After I get to know a person, I am less sure of my 'impressions' because my imagination tries to build on what I know. But when my mind is a blank and I sense different things, I am often close to a 100 percent right."

This was about as near as Romano ever could come to telling others how he did it.

I recall the first time I heard of Jacques Romano. It was the fall of 1925. I was employed as editor of a trade publication by the Edward Lyman Bill Publishing Company, on Madison Avenue, when Mr. Bill came in one morning, considerably excited, to relate an amazing experience he had had the night before.

"As you know, Sherman, I am president of the Bonnie Briar Club. We had our annual banquet at the Biltmore Hotel last night and I had promised my wife that I would catch the 10:00 o'clock train home to Mamaroneck but I became so interested in the mind reading stunts of a man named Jacques Romano that I forgot all about time. When I looked at my watch it was five minutes to 10 P.M., too late to have made the train, so I decided to stay on. The party didn't break up until around 2:00 in the morning because this Romano was so fabulously interesting. As I got ready to leave, I thanked Romano for the most thrilling evening of my life and mentioned the fact that I had meant to take the 10:00 o'clock train home — but was glad that I didn't.

"Romano looked at me rather strangely and said; 'Well, Mr. Bill, if you had left for the train at five minutes to 10:00 tonight, you would have been able to catch it, because I get the impression that your train did not leave the Grand

Central station until around 10:20 tonight. It seems that there has been a wreck out around Mamaroneck, and the tracks were tied up, so that trains haven't been departing on time.

"Some of my Bonnie Briar club members overheard Romano make these remarks, and shook their heads unbelievingly as I said to him: 'Romano, you've done some amazing things here tonight — but what you have just told us we can easily check on. We know you have not been out of our sight since 7 P.M. this evening—and you've had no way of knowing what has been taking place outside this banquet hall. It so happens that the chief dispatcher for the Grand Central night operation is a friend of mine. Would you be offended if I left this room and put in a telephone call to him, to check on your impression?'

" 'Go ahead,' Romano invited, 'I'm with that train, *mentally,* now — and it still is being held at the 125th Street Station. You can take a cab and still make your train!' "

"Well, Sherman, you could have bowled me over when the chief dispatcher told me that some freight trains had collided out near Mamaroneck and that all traffic had been held up as a consequence, and my train had not left the Grand Central station until 10:29 and was, as Romano had said, no further enroute than the 125th Street Station at 2:00 o'clock in the morning!

"I reported these facts to the members of the Bonnie Briar club who were still with Romano in the banquet hall. They were equally astounded but Romano simply smiled as though what he had done was commonplace.

" 'How in the world did you do it?' I demanded.

" 'Well,' said Romano, 'it's this way. When you spoke of meaning to catch your train at 10:00 o'clock, I fixed my mind on the train and I got a disturbed feeling. I asked myself, inwardly, why I should feel this way, and then my subconscious mind gave me the answer, that there had been a wreck. I saw a mental image of the clock in the Grand Central, with the hands pointing to 10:20 and I knew the train hadn't left till that time, so I just told you what I felt, and a little later I saw a mental picture of the train standing at the 125th Street Station, so I told you . . .'

" 'But that doesn't explain it,' I interrupted.

" 'No,' said Romano, 'but consider this fact: everyone on that train knew it was late leaving the Grand Central Station; the chief dispatcher knew and recorded the time; the dispatcher and some of the passengers must have known

that a wreck had delayed departure; and the passengers certainly knew where they were at all times. All I had to do was to fix my mind on the train, with my mind in a sensitized state, in order to communicate with these thoughts. You see, everything is recorded in the subconscious mind that has ever happened to you, and continues to exist in thought form. Occasionally, I am able to tune in on it.'"

Edward Lyman Bill looked at me questioningly. "Well, Sherman, you're supposed to know something about extra-sensory perception. What do you make of this?"

"I don't know," I said, frankly. "But I know one thing, I've got to meet this man, Romano!"

In the late 1930's, several weeks before Christmas, I decided to hold a stag party at the City Club of New York, on West 44th Street, with Jacques Romano as my guest of honor. Some dozen men friends of mine had heard me tell of his amazing mental exploits and had expressed doubt. Some of them said to me, "Sherman, you're a nice guy but when it comes to this telepathy business, you're just too gullible. Whatever Romano does, there's a trick to it. If we could see him perform, we could probably see through it."

"Fine," I had accepted. "I'll set up a meeting one of these days and give you that chance."

None of the 12 men, with one exception, had ever met each other before. One of these men, Dick McCann, associated with a large law firm, phoned me late afternoon the day of the party, and made this request, "Harold, I've been telling Sam Ballin, one of my law partners, about your dinner tonight and he has expressed great interest in seeing Romano perform. Would it be imposing on you if I asked permission to bring Sam? If Romano should get any verifiable impressions concerning him it would be a good test because no one, including yourself, has ever met Ballin or knows anything about him."

"Good idea!" I approved. "Let him come with you!"

In my seating arrangements for the dinner party, I placed myself at one end of the long table, Romano on my right, Dick McCann on my left, and Sam Ballin, "the man nobody knew" at the other end. The other guests sat in between.

During the meal an air of polite skepticism prevailed. Romano accustomed to such an atmosphere, was unperturbed. He was relaxed and jovial, enjoying himself and his spotlight position, as usual. I marveled, as always, at the enormous composure and self-confidence, the disarming sense of humor, the unabashed expression of

ego, his fantastic recital of his adventures around the world, his bandying of names of prominent people who had witnessed his telepathic feats.

"How can he top such a build-up?" I had asked myself, time and time again, but, somehow, Romano usually managed to do it. I had seldom seen him fail, except when he had tried to "force" the receiving of "impressions." Left to his own devices, in his own way, in his own time, Romano always would come up with something phenomenal.

Now, however, with the dishes cleared away, and all eyes upon him, a jury of 12 "show me" skeptics facing him — I wondered. Would this be the moment for Jacques Romano to fail?

Romano took his time and looked over the assemblage before him. I knew, from past association, that he was exploring the different minds, going from one to the other, until he hit upon a mental pick-up point, and finally his gaze came to rest upon Sam Ballin, my "uninvited guest".

"Mr. Ballin," spoke Romano, "that's an interesting experience that happened to you on the afternoon of a day in October. I see you in a room in your office building. You seem to be surrounded by books. It's a library of some sort. These appear to be legal volumes. Are you a lawyer?"

Ballin glanced suspiciously at Dick McCann, seated on my right. Could McCann have told Romano . . . ?

"Yes," he said, cautiously. "I'm a lawyer."

"Yes, I can see that," said Romano. "You are looking up a point of law. You are in the room alone . . . but now another man comes into the room and approaches you. He is asking you for a loan . . . I believe he wants 1500 dollars . . ."

Sam Ballin's face wore a wide grin as he shook his head.

"Sorry, Mr. Romano, I don't recall anything like that. You must be getting this impression from someone else!"

My dinner guests shot knowing glances at me. Romano's first attempt at a telepathic demonstration had misfired. However, Romano continued, undeterred.

"No, Mr. Ballin, I am getting this from your mind. This man had a piece of property he was going to lose if he didn't get this loan . . ."

Suddenly, Dick McCann began stepping on my foot under the dining table, gesturing to me that he recognized what Romano was talking about. But still, Sam Ballin failed to connect the experience Romano was describing as having any relation to him.

"Sorry, Mr. Romano, "he re-

peated. "I wish I could substantiate . . . but . . . !"

"Just a minute!" broke in Romano with great positiveness. "That man's name was *Wilson!*"

"Wilson?" Ballin repeated, mouth agape, "Wilson! . . . Why, of course, Mr. Romano! I beg your pardon! This *did* happen — but I had buried it so deep in my subconscious I didn't recall it. Let me explain. I had returned to the office from court, to check on a point of law, as you said. While I was doing this my colleague, Wilson, came in and hit me for the loan. He promised to double my money in 30 days if I could let him have 1500 to hold a piece of property. I was annoyed that he should bring up his personal affairs when my mind was on this case and I didn't have the money to loan him, anyway. So I turned him down and when I did he begged me not to say anything to any other members of the firm because I was the only one he felt he could approach, and he didn't want them to know his private business."

"That's just what Wilson told *me*!" interjected Dick McCann. "He hit me for a loan the same day. But, until Romano came up with this impression, I didn't know Wilson had talked to anyone else. He swore me to secrecy as he did you and I had hardly thought of this from that day to the present."

"Me, either!" said Sam Ballin. "Mr. Romano, that's absolutely remarkable. How *do* you do it?"

"Oh," smiled Jacques Romano, "those things *will* happen!"

It was past 3:00 o'clock in the morning before this stag party broke up, during which time Romano had given verifiable impressions to all present. He was in rare form that night and his jury brought in the verdict that they had been in the presence of a man who had produced genuine phenomena. They also ruled that Sherman was not "off his rocker."

However, Romano's most phenomenal performance was yet to come.

Some two months later Romano was visiting me in the study of my apartment in upper Manhattan when the phone rang and Sam Ballin was on the wire, calling from his home in Brooklyn.

"Please excuse me, Mr. Sherman, for not having been in touch with you earlier," he apologized, "but I have been out of the city on business most of the time since that amazing night at the City Club. I want to thank you for including me in that party. What Romano did that night has changed the whole nature of my thinking. I'll never be the same again. When you see Mr. Romano, will you please extend my appreciation to him . . .?"

"I'll let you thank Mr. Romano yourself," I said, cutting in. "He happens to be here with me."

I turned to Jacques Romano who was sitting quietly on the davenport and told him that Sam Ballin was on the line.

"Ballin?" said Romano quickly. "Let me talk to him I've got an 'impression' for him!"

I turned the phone over to Romano and left the study to pick up the extension in the foyer. I was situated so that I could look through into the study and hear the two-way conversation.

There was an exchange of pleasantries and then Romano said, "Mr. Ballin, that's an interesting fat man you've got visiting you this evening!"

Ballin laughed. "How did you know I had anyone visiting me, let alone a fat man?"

"I can see him very plainly," said Romano. "He came in about 15 minutes ago. It was hot in your house so he took off his top coat and hung it over the back of a chair. When he got cooled off, he put his coat back on."

"That's right!" gasped Ballin. "This is amazing! But just how clearly do you see my friend?"

Romano, standing holding the receiver, looked off into space, as though gazing into the invisible.

"I see him well enough to see that the second button from the bottom of his vest is unbuttoned!" he said.

"Hold on, I'll check!" said Ballin, and left the phone. When he came back on it was to announce: "Mr. Romano, the second button from the bottom of his vest is the only one that is unbuttoned! This is just too uncanny—it's utterly unbelievable!"

"Oh, those things *will* happen!" was Romano's stock rejoinder.

"My fat friend is with me now," said Ballin on the phone, "and he tells me to tell you that this is just good guess work—that any fat man's vest is apt to be unbuttoned!"

I could see Romano stiffen to this challenge. His eyes took on the distant look so characteristic of his extra-sensory work and he began speaking precisely, "You tell your fat friend that this is not guess work . . . that Romano says your friend and his business partner had a falling out over a woman last September and his partner warned your friend if he married her, he would dissolve the partnership. Your friend married this woman in December and the partnership was dissolved in January!"

Ballin relayed this information to his "fat" friend and then said into the phone, "My friend tells you to ring off, Mr. Romano—that's plenty!"

I always have been glad that I

was a witness to this conversation and can testify, as can Sam Ballin, to its authenticity.

What of Jacques Romano today?

He is 96 years *young!* He can still hop and skip across Central Park West or Broadway, New York, as I saw him do on my last visit to my former "home town". His mental faculties are still alert and active, as is his body.

And if you should meet this amazing, vital little man, and if he should give you an "impression" that you recognize as true, and if you ask him how he does it, you will doubtless hear him say, "Oh, those things *will* happen!"

MRS. QUARM'S UNFADING FLOWERS

FOR ALMOST a year, *Psychic News* reported in its March 5, 1960, issue, four peonies in a glass vase in the North London home of Mrs. Mae Quarm have remained in an amazing state of preservation. A photo accompanying the *Psychic News* report showed the flowers looking remarkably fresh.

In April, 1959, according to Mrs. Quarm, she bought a bunch of peonies, although she knew these flowers did not live long. When after several days they wilted and lost most of their petals, she threw them away. She liked peonies, however, and she bought four more, placing them in a vase beside a photograph of her granddaughter, Susan, who had died 10 years before at the age of three.

After a few days, Mrs. Quarm related, she realized that the four peonies would not keep much longer and would have to be thrown away also. She was a Spiritualist and keenly interested in spiritual healing. Acting on a sudden impulse, she cupped each flower and prayed that it would remain intact.

A *Psychic News* reporter who visited Mrs. Quarm to investigate her story, said the four peonies were but slightly faded. After 10 months the pink petals were only a bit yellowed and only one had fallen.

Mrs. Quarm insisted that she had placed nothing in the vase to preserve the peonies, just a little ordinary tap water from time to time. But before she went to bed each night, she stated, she stood with her hands around each flower and prayed it would not perish.

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.

I DIED LAST YEAR

By Wandi Lozier

HOW OFTEN have you cried out in a moment of pain, fear or despair, "If only I could die?"

In a moment of terrible distress I expressed, in the form of a single thought, my personal wish to die in March, 1959. A moment after I had thought my wish it came true.

I had been in constant physical pain after undergoing an unsuccessful operation which left me weak, thin and completely demoralized. Not only was I penniless, but there was nobody in the World to whom I could turn for friendship or comfort. I imagined myself to be the loneliest girl in the Universe and I counted my burdens rather than my blessings.

Then, on a Tuesday night, a sudden, ripping pain occurred in my abdomen. My incision was splitting. My vision blurred as blood began to flow in a heavy stream. I attempted to phone my doctor but found I could no longer speak. I fumbled my way into bed as I broke into a cold sweat. I was both hot and cold in the same instant. My muscles were jumping in hard little knots and the pain was so unbearable that I was screaming in a voice that did not come forth. With each breath the pain became greater and it was then that I cried, silently, "I wish I could die!"

WANDI LOZIER

Suddenly my pain-filled body relaxed. My breathing stopped. I could not feel the warm blood in which I was lying. My mind was more alert than it had been for months, but I felt nothing. There was no heartbeat. I realized that this was Death.

My life did not pass before me as I had been told happens. Instead, *realization* was mine, realization of the rights and wrongs which I had known in physical life. The greatest realization was my own personal failure to face the burdens from which I had just escaped.

In that moment of death I knew space eternal, freedom from worry, from tension, from fear, from speech and obligations. There was *nothing* and yet there was *everything*. I could see nothing, for death is a living, intangible, peaceful void.

In that moment I was given a decision to make.

Did I want to return to life and face the hardships which I had left behind? Or did I want to proceed forward into death, carrying the knowledge of failure? Suddenly, I made my choice.

With whatever strength remained in my emaciated body, which was still without breath or heartbeat, I rose from the bed and did what was necessary to help myself back to Life.

Now I no longer wonder what it will be like to die. The next time will be my final death to this life, but I know that I shall go on living. For I am one of the few people, who, having taken Death's hand, has returned to life to tell about it.—*Monrovia, Calif.*

DUAL AWAKENING

By E. A. K.

IN THE SPRING of 1932 I visited friends at their ranch home near Pomona, Calif. Their son was in the process of renewing irrigation ditches in the citrus groves and he suggested I join him at his work next day in order to see and learn more about the ranch. I gladly accepted, warning him that I was not an early riser and someone would have to roust me out of bed if I was to accompany him.

To my surprise it was Don who came into my room the next morning and wakened me by sitting on the foot of my bed and bouncing it vigorously. The moment I worked my feet loose from under him and sat up he dashed out of the room laughing. This became a daily ritual and our days were full of fun and good comradeship in spite of the fact that I was several years his senior.

My visit ended abruptly when I was called home by the illness of my father. Don wrote often for the first few weeks but I seldom answered, for which I was genuinely sorry when I received word in October that he had been instantly killed in an auto accident. However, preoccupation with my own immediate affairs soon wiped Don and his tragic death from my thoughts.

One bright morning the following April, in 1933, I awoke late and lay quietly looking out the window beside my bed, relishing the knowledge that a day of leisure lay ahead. Suddenly I was aware of weight on my feet—someone was sitting on

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them! As I started to kick free the bed was bounced and shaken. Even then I did not think of Don. I wriggled loose and rolled over to see him sitting there, still bouncing and grinning broadly at my confusion.

My first reaction was sheer delight at seeing him again but almost simultaneously the thought "he is dead" crossed my mind. I saw the joyous greeting in his eyes give way to hurt and sorrow, as though a friend had slammed a door in his face. I realized later that was exactly what my fear and ignorance had done.

I sought to reason myself out of the conviction that Don actually had been there. But, Don had been dressed in a dark suit, white shirt and black tie, not in the familiar faded blue jeans, and red bandanna about his neck. And to the best of my knowledge I never had seen that look of sorrow, regret and disappointment on Don's face in the weeks I had known him. I would give much to be able to erase it from my memory. However, he must know that he alerted me to far more than a beautiful April day, for never again have I let fear make me hurt a friend, regardless of the plane on which that friend lives.—*Terre Haute, Ind.*

VOICE IN THE NIGHT

By Aldo P. Biagiotti

My Aunt Biba and Uncle Aldo Biagiotti were married, had children, and lived happily at Mollino di Mala, Montefelcino, Province of Pesaro, Italy, on a farm. Sometimes they teased each other saying that whoever died first would return and tell the remaining one about the "here after."

But death does not tease; and in September, 1926, death came and took the husband in the prime of life.

On the third night after her husband's death Biba retired. She now shared her bed with a younger sister. Her two young boys, aged five and six, slept in a small bed nearby.

Biba no sooner had turned out the lantern and pulled the covers over her than she heard her name whispered in the night. "Biba!" the voice of her dead husband called. She froze in terror, remembering the teasing promise they had made to each other.

Again Aldo's voice called, "Biba!"

Biba remained frozen with fear as time passed—she does not know how long a time. Then suddenly her oldest boy jumped from his bed, screaming. He ran from the bedroom to his grandfather's room down the hallway.

The startled grandfather took the boy into his arms and quieted him. The boy did not reply to his grandfather's questions as to what was wrong. Finally the grandfather took him back to his bed.

In the meantime Biba's sister, her face white and pale as she sat on the edge of the bed, told Biba she too had heard Aldo's voice calling Biba's name.

The next morning in response to questioning by his mother the boy admitted he had seen his father.

"Why, Mother, I saw Father," he said. "He was in the room with us. You know, Mother, he told me to be good to you and to pray for him."

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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 Jersery.

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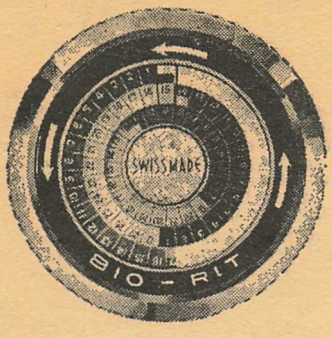

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My Aunt Biba told me this story recently and added that she does not now understand why they were all so frightened.—*APO, New York, N. Y.*

MOTHER KNEW

By Agnes Brown Pharo

WORLD WAR II ended in August, 1945. That same month my mother passed away with a heart attack brought on by long months of worry about my brother, Nelson Brown, who was in service overseas.

Now, with the war over, I knew he soon would be on his way home to Denver. On October 10, 1945, I received a phone call from him, saying he had landed in New York.

That night I was too excited and happy to sleep. As I lay in the darkness the thought uppermost in my mind was, "If Mother were only here. How happy she would be to know Nelson is coming home!"

Then through the stillness of my room, as clearly as she had ever spoken in this life, I heard Mother say, "I know he is coming home, and I feel that a great load has been lifted from my heart."

A faint, luminous glow hovered at the foot of my bed a moment, then was gone.

I believe she knew. I believe Mother came and spoke that night to assure me that she was as interested and concerned about us in her new life as she had been in this.—*Denver, Colo.*

NEW BOOKS

FLYING SAUCERS: TOP SECRET, by Maj. Donald E. Keyhoe, USMC, Ret. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, 1960. 283 pages, $3.95.

Donald E. Keyhoe, long-time unofficial spokesman for the interplanetary flying saucer, is also the most prolific writer on this topic. *Flying Saucers: Top Secret* is the fourth book he has devoted to the saucer enigma, and while not his best, it is probably his most important contribution to date.

Major Keyhoe has gained international attention and respect the past three years as Director of the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, 1536 Connecticut Avenue, Washington 6, D. C. This new book summarizes Keyhoe's efforts to document and eliminate official censorship relative to UFO's.

The book early proves Keyhoe's contention that Air Force press releases bear little resemblance to the facts. And his information reveals that with UFO's as with U-2 aircraft, the government can keep important secrets from the American public — then, when the proverbial cat is out of the bag, it can head off in all directions at once.

Unfortunately, *Flying Saucers: Top Secret* does not reveal just "what" the government is so obviously suppressing. The book quotes many anonymous informants and frequently tells us that certain documentation is available at NICAP headquarters. But this may do little to convince a skeptical Congressman or scientist that such a postulated conspiracy exists.

As in his previous books on UFO's, the text is carried along by Keyhoe's breezy conversation-style writing. On the deficit side, his speculations run several steps beyond those warranted by the stated facts. And it may be difficult for either layman or UFO researcher to accept such a quantity of hypothetical possibilities as projected by Keyhoe.

But that *Flying Saucers: Top Secret* should be in the hands of all those seriously interested in the UFO problem cannot be overstressed. It will take an effort such as this—and quite possibly this very book—to force public Congressional hearings.

What are Donald Keyhoe's conclusions regarding UFO's after 10 years of research?

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FORERUNNERS OF JESUS, by Leroy Waterman. Philosophical Library, New York, 1959. 156 pages, $3.00.

This is a purely scholarly work on Jewish religion and philosophy preceding Christ. The author presents an analytical study of the Great Unknown Prophet of the Jewish Exile as found in *Isaiah* 40-55, and a corresponding evaluation of John the Baptist in the light of the Dead Sea Scrolls. He concludes that both are indispensable forerunners of Jesus, because their thought furnishes a clearer understanding of the life and teaching of the Nazarene. The book is of interest mainly to theologians and Bible scholars.—*Guy Archette.*

PURSUIT OF DESTINY, by Muriel Hasbrouck. Citadel Press, New York, 1960. 188 pages, $3.50.

This book claims to contain the "seed of a new science . . . cosmo-psychology," having as its purpose restoration to the individual of the cosmic self, in place of the confused and troubled ego that is today's expression of personality. It also claims that this rediscovery of a

long-lost key to the mystery of human personality is buttressed by physics, psychology and electronics, there being a relationship between the "formula" and Einstein's field-theory, as well as Jung's "collective unconscious."

The thesis is based on the age-old belief in birth-date significance, but unlike astrology, it is not based on the precise moment of birth but on the applicable 10-day period of the solar year. It reportedly has been tested for over 20 years with hundreds of personalities, living and dead, and found to work.

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standing others. The author states, "The *recognition* of your personality factors, alone, is enough to start you on your natural path of life."

The book concludes with a Roll of Fame, giving lists of persons born in each 10-day period, with full index of same.

Definitely intriguing and well written, the book is one I can recommend as a contribution to the Science of Sciences—Understanding of Man. If Jung was right in saying, "Whatever is born or done, at a given moment of time, has the qualities of that moment," then the claims presented would seem to have a solid scientific basis.—*Arthur E. Powell.*

AN EXPERIMENT IN MINDFULNESS, by Rear Admiral E. H. Shattock. E. P. Dutton and Co., Inc., New York, 1960. 158 pages, $3.50.

It is most unusual for a naval officer to be interested in Buddhism and no doubt still more rare to find an admiral who enters a Buddhist monastery in an attempt to receive enlightenment and a release from the tensions and strains of Western thought by means of Buddhist disciplines and methods of meditation.

As the time for his retirement from the Navy approached after 38 years of duty, Admiral Shattock decided to study Oriental meditation. Stationed near Singapore, he was close to the area where Buddhism was lived and practiced. He arranged for a leave of four weeks from his naval assignment and arranged to take instructions in Buddhism in a monastery at Rangoon.

He soon changed his daily rou-

tine to living in a single room in a meditation center known as the Thathana Yeiktha in Rangoon where he underwent the peculiar training known as the Satipatthana. Here he would partake of an austere breakfast at 5:30 in the morning and a single meal later in the day. He was required to abstain from liquor, killing, stealing, lying, and from sex, and he was neither to sing, dance, nor talk more than was absolutely required.

Admiral Shattock was instructed in several basic forms of meditation and concentration and his daily life was almost completely devoted to the practice of these disciplines and to a daily talk with his master and teacher Shevesedi Sayadaw in a review of his daily practices. The monastery was under the direction of Mahasi Sayadaw, who also looked into the progress of Admiral Shattock at less frequent intervals.

While the meditation center in Rangoon taught other Buddhist disciplines, Shattock's experience dealt only with Satipatthana. The monastery is actually a college for mind training along various Buddhist lines.

Admiral Shattock entered the monastery with little hope that in his short leave he would ever reach to the fringes of what is called "enlightenment" but he did hope that he could learn to understand himself, relax with the tensions that plagued him, and that he could perhaps take away with him some new viewpoints on life. In a non-critical way he followed the disciplines wherever they might lead, with great conscientiousness, and his daily talk with his "master" taught him what obstacles he must over-

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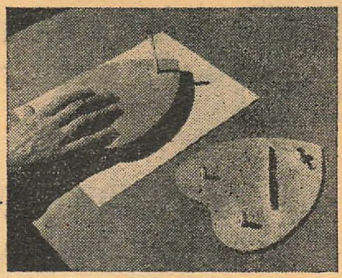

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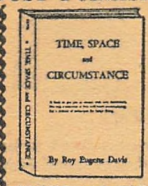

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FOURTH DIMENSIONAL MAN, by Sam Solaryk. Pageant Press, Inc., New York, 1959. 103 pages, $2.50.

Sam Solaryk has recorded his attempts to set up within the boundaries of his own daily life the techniques for endeavoring to foretell future events, to create the conditions for such foresight and then to prove the results. This is essentially an "experiment with time," similar to that reported by J. W. Dunne in his classic book. Some details of the experiment are obscured by the author's rather discursive writing style, but the broad outlines are visible enough and the reader fascinated by the subject of time is likely to be intrigued by them.—*Guy Archette.*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

CHANGING LIGHT

We left Camden, Ark., on Saturday, December 19, 1959, to spend the Christmas Holidays with my mother and sister, who live in Huntington Beach, Calif. The next night, December 20, at exactly 11:50 P.M., I stopped to rest at a roadside park off U.S. Highway 70, seven miles east of Safford, Ariz.

When I turned off the headlights of my car, I noticed a light in front of us. At first I thought it was an airport beacon light, then I noticed to my surprise that this light did not give off a ray or beam. It would change from yellow to green or green to yellow. The change of colors was very irregular. Sometimes the object would remain one color longer than the other. It would flare up when it changed colors and was a great deal larger. When it did change from one color to the other, it looked like it was coming directly toward us, then returned to the same position where we first saw it.

At times when it changed colors it would almost dim out. When it was larger, it appeared to be about the size of a basketball. I judged it was about 1,000 feet above this mountain in Safford, Ariz. At the time I thought it was not over a half a mile away, but I learned later that it was approximately seven miles away. Accompanying me as witness of the object were my wife,

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Ruth, her mother, Mrs. Mary M. Keene of Bearden, Ark., a Mr. Eddie Boos of El Dorado, Ark., and a colored maid, Isabell McKinzie of Camden, Ark.

I had with me at this time my 8-mm. turret movie camera and a new roll of film. I took moving pictures of the UFO, exposing about 25 feet of film. I doubted that the pictures would be any good, as it was night but they turned out well.

We watched the UFO for approximately 45 minutes before we left the roadside park and headed toward Safford, Ariz. At exactly 12:45 A.M. on December 21 we reached a State Check Station about a mile from Safford. . . Only one guard was on duty that night and I showed him the UFO and asked him if he had ever seen it before. He said he never had.

I learned later that there had been a television report about the light. Some other people who were in the same locality at the time saw it also and described it just as I have.

In my opinion the object was not a helicopter, airplane or weather balloon. I do believe that the object we saw was not of this earth.—*A. W. Rogers, Camden, Ark.*

FLIGHT OF LIGHTS

On Saturday, April 2, 1960, at 9:00 P.M., a group of five persons (two adults and three boys 16 to 17) in the yard of an apartment house at 141 E. 16th St., Long Beach, Calif., sighted eight bright lights moving across the sky from south to north. They reported hearing no sound of planes. There were a few scattered clouds, but the sky otherwise was clear.

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All agreed that the objects seemed to be about one and a half inches in diameter and about three inches apart. Their height could not be determined because knowledge of their size was lacking. However, they appeared to be quite high and traveling swiftly. It took them about a minute to cross the sky.

The objects were in a "Z" formation and would rotate. That is, the object on the right would move to the extreme left; the next in line would assume the vacated space until all had changed places; then they would repeat. During this the light seemed to increase.

I am not a very good reporter, so there is a little confusion as to the names of the observers. The three boys were Arlen Turman, 1230 Roman St., Wilmington; John Kemmerer, 21910 Carlerik Ave.; and Richard Reschka, 141 E. 16th St. The two adults were "Dale" and his wife, residents at the 16th St. address, but the writer does not know if the surname is Reschka. These people apparently are normal citizens with their wits about them. They observed and also checked the time.—*C. J. Fortner, Long Beach, Calif.*

CLIMBING OBJECT

At about 5:15 in the afternoon five years ago, I was returning to the house from feeding the chickens. It was summer, sunny and clear.

I suddenly saw a silvery object appear in the east over the Cascade Mountains. It climbed, forming giant e's upside down. It was noiseless and went so fast and so high, that I had no time to call someone from the house to see it. As a result my family did not believe me.

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However, a lady in Seattle reported it to the Seattle *Post Intelligencer* and the paper printed the report the next morning.

The object climbed so swiftly that it formed only about four inverted e's before it was out of sight.

Paine Air Force Base is about five miles northwest of us, but I am certain the object was not a jet plane as there were no jets at Paine Field at that time. Furthermore, I never saw a jet fly so fast and noiselessly as the object I saw. *Mrs. H. E. Sims, Alderwood Manor, Wash.*

ADD TO TOAD FALLS

Around 1910 I was living in Sharon, Pa., and one day we had a heavy rain storm. After it was over I walked up the street and it was difficult to walk because of being covered with toads—big ones, little ones, all sizes. I hated to step on them but one could not help it.—*Pearl Potter, Mineral Ridge, Ohio.*

A SASQUATCH?

The article, "On the Trail of the Sasquatch," interested me greatly. It called to mind a story told to my family by a friend and neighbor around 1895. He said the incident was his own experience and had occurred a good many years earlier.

He was hunting in a rugged and heavily wooded country when he came upon some very large and strangely shaped tracks. They were like nothing he ever had seen and he followed them.

The mysterious prints led him for some distance to a large pile of rocks topped by brush. He saw, looking down at him through the

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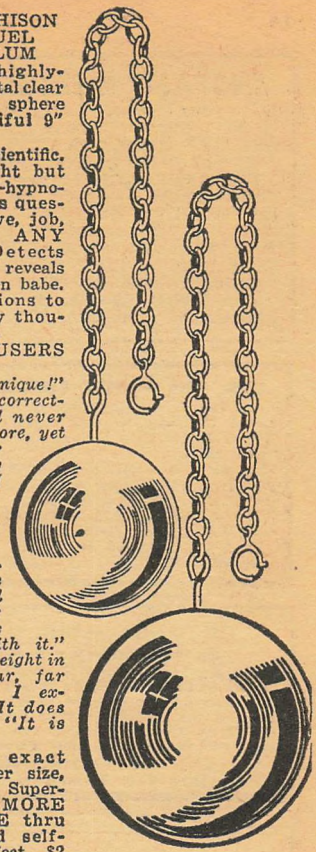

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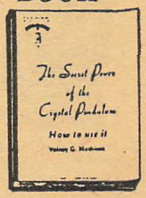

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brush, a large, dark, hairy and hideous face. He said he did not see the body and limbs of whatever it was — but the face was enough. Deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, he hurried away and was thankful to have escaped the creature. Could it have been a Sasquatch?—*Genevieve Holbrook, Stockton, Calif.*

A STRANGE FEELING

A few years ago my father was very ill in a hospital in California. We visited him and as he seemed much improved, we returned to our home here in Washington State.

I was very tired from the trip and that night I slept soundly. After I'd been asleep for several hours a strange feeling woke me. I said aloud, "This is it."

I shook my husband and told him my father had just died.

He said, "Oh, did they phone?"

I told him I hadn't received a phone call yet but would wait for one. In just 25 minutes the phone rang. I answered by saying, "I know, he died about half an hour ago."

I evidently had awakened the exact moment that my father's heart stopped.—*Ruth C. Feller, Tacoma, Wash.*

FIRE WALKER

In January, 1960, my wife and I motored down to San Bernardino, and witnessed a remarkable demonstration of fire walking by a young man in some kind of trance. My wife tells me his name is Charles Walker and he lives in San Bernardino.

His eyes looked right through me and he told me about my past,

every detail correct. Years ago I saw several cases of spirits talking through a person's body, but this was different.

Several of the young men present had a scientific explanation for the fire walking but were burned before they could get into the main part of the fire.—*Fred Zickler, Summit, Calif.*

"ATLANTEAN CARVINGS"

Regarding the article, "Asiatic Rock Carvings in America?", I challenge you to prove that any Asiatic rock carvings may be found in America which were made more than 15,000 years ago.

I would bet a dollar to a doughnut that those carvings were made by white men, either Atlanteans or the later Norsemen, who also gave dates based upon astronomical calculations, by noting the equinoctial point of procession and solar longitude.

Fifteen-thousand years before the Christian era, the Atlanteans were here, planting seeds, as I told you in a previous letter and I also sent a photo and a deciphered description of the most ancient Atlantean chronogram, just a few miles north of Spokane. But you were not interested in any definitely authentic records. So now you are trying to back up the lies of college-trained idiots who always have given Indians credit for all the white men's records all over the face of the earth.

If a complete picture of those rock carvings had been published, I might have given you the exact date they were made and told what they meant. They are definitely white men's records, not Oriental

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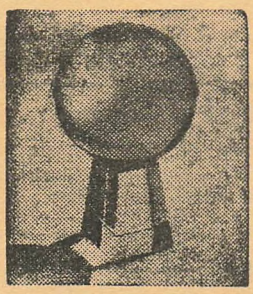

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We enjoy FATE and always look forward to receiving it. But we do hope you will maintain the good taste you have shown recently and not resort to the trashy covers you have used in the past.—*Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Freeze, Salt Lake, City, Utah.*

HEXING A WART

In connection with a recent item in FATE on warts, may I tell you of an experience I had?

In order to get a good location for my business, it was necessary to rent an entire building. This building had a store on the ground floor, a second floor apartment, where we lived, and a third floor apartment which we rented to Captain Barto and his wife.

This lovely and interesting couple came down to our apartment once a month, to pay their rent, and we enjoyed their company immensely. Captain Barto was captain of a fire company in Philadelphia and often told us of cures he had effected with persons living near the fire company building.

I enjoyed these talks of cures but was skeptical. Captain Barto was of

Pennsylvania Dutch extraction and I understood he and his wife were superstitious. Their hex actions occasionally made the papers.

During our conversation my wife, who had a beautiful feminine hand, showed us a wart which had been annoying her, and Captain Barto said he would remove it if she wished. I suggested it would be a fine service if he would do so, and he asked for a couple of small needles.

Given the needles, he took my wife's hand in his with wart up and, with the needles in his other hand, parallel between thumb and forefinger, about one-eighth of an inch apart, he touched them to the wart and mumbled something. He turned his hand over and again laid the needles on the wart, mumbled again and said, "Now wrap the needles in a small piece of paper, put them away where you probably will not see them again and forget where they are."

We forgot about the wart and the hex Captain Barto had applied until a week later, when I recalled the incident and asked my wife about the wart. She looked at her hand. The wart was gone.—*Ralph L. Harris, Philadelphia, Pa .*

"UNBELIEVABLE ARTICLE"

I have been an interested reader of FATE, off and on, for years, and have found it very enlightening. However, the article, "Twelve Who Saw Christ," in the June, 1960, issue, is not believable from any standpoint.

The article states, "In a clump of trees about 200 yards away he saw the face of Christ looking down across the fields." Two hundred

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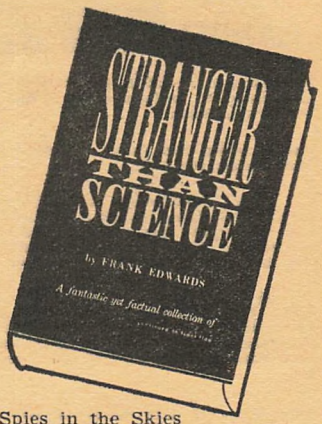

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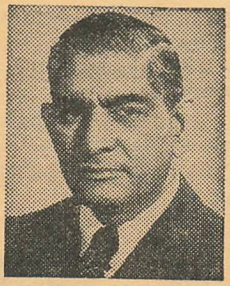

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yards is 600 feet, two regular city blocks. With binoculars, I probably would be able to identify my own father at that distance, but not with the unaided eyes. And if "the face looked out from a group of trees," it could not have been too large.

Let's make the stories more believable.—*Edna H. Smith, Miami, Fla.*

CHILLS IN THE NIGHT

My younger sister, Bessie, died on April 5, 1960, a few months after a hysterectomy operation. An autopsy, conducted at the request of my older sister, found that the death had resulted from a brain tumor which had grown into a blood vessel.

The funeral was private and the coffin was not allowed to be opened. I went to the funeral parlor a few hours before the private funeral and had the coffin opened. I stroked my dead sister's hair, kissed her cold forehead and had the coffin closed.

That night I retired about 10:00 p.m. leaving a small light burning in another room as I could not sleep without a light for some time after a death. I went to sleep and awoke around 1:30 a.m., as I usually awaken a few times during the night.

My room seemed filled with a greenish smoke or mist and waves of icy-cold crept over me from my feet to my head. My left hand was extended out over the bed and I had the most peculiar sensation I ever experienced in my life. Deep in the muscles of my arm, from the shoulder to the fingertips, I felt a pulsing, wave-like motion. I had the strange

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(*Continued on Page* 129)

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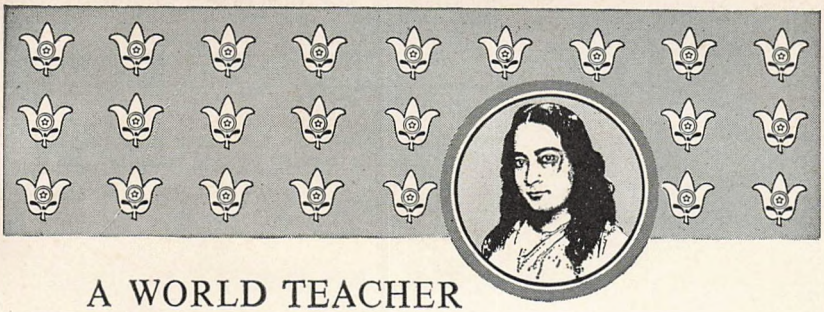

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