

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

Articles

The Jinxed Airship **USN Akron**

Lt. Dale E. Basye 32

Telepathy With Rattlesnakes

William Esenwein 45

When An Hour Isn't **60 Minutes**

Douglas W. Stephens 61

A Do-It-Yourself Experiment In Reincarnation

Long John Nebel 72

How My Mediumship Works

Arthur Ford 83

Stories

Why I Believe In Prayer

Allen Spraggett 27

Prophetic Dream Of Death

B. R. Alexander 40

A Life Hung On A Puff Of Feathers

Sarellen M. Wuest 68

Haunted House In Chino, California

Genevieve Siegrist 77

PLUS . . .

6 BIG
FEATURES

Miracle Of The Blessed Beads . . . Latest News . . .
Challenge Of The Thinking Machines . . . My Proof
Of Survival . . . Thriving On 13 . . . New Books

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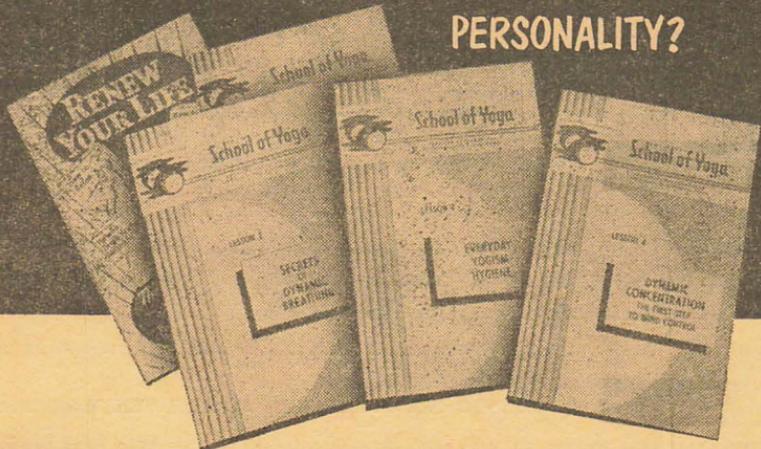
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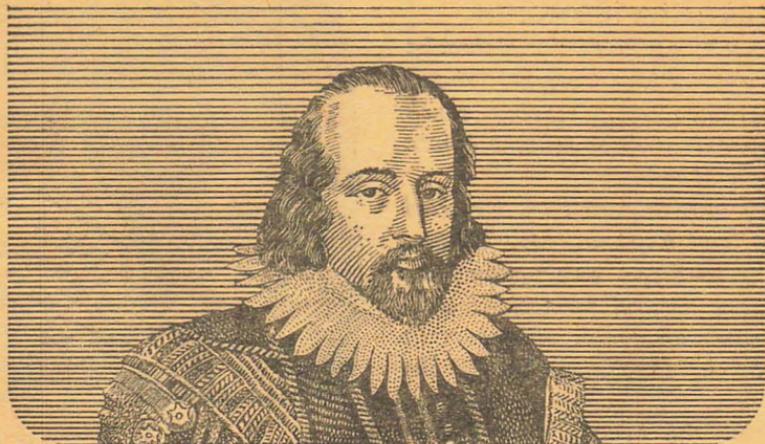
FEATURES ... NEWS AND NOTES ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

- I See By The Papers *Curtis Fuller* 6
Jinx Of The Scales Of Justice 31
Challenge Of The Thinking Machines 39
True Mystic Experiences *The Readers* 55
Secret Passages Of The Bible 67
Thriving On 13 *James Henry Lee* 71
The Western Hemisphere's Oldest Art 76
Miracle Of The Blessed Beads
My Proof Of Survival *The Readers*
New Books
Report From The Readers *The Readers*

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QUOTE OF THE MONTH

NEBRASKA CITY, Nebraska Territory—Three bright, round objects were seen moving south through the sky 15 minutes before sundown Monday.

They were reported by Mr. Joel Draper and a friend. Mr. Draper, perhaps to dispel any notion that they were natural formations, said there were no clouds or vapors in the sky in that direction at the time.

— From the Atlanta Constitution Sunday, September 30, 1860



ONLY UFO'S

RECENTLY the Atlanta *Journal-Constitution* reprinted the above item in a review of important events that occurred during the week of September 30, 1860.

We reprint it here to emphasize that even though the War Between The States was about to break out, the United States Air Force was not censoring UFO information.

In fact there was no United States Air Force and there were not even any aircraft but there were, apparently, Unidentified Flying Objects. Oh, peaceful days, with no fighters or bombers, no rockets or



missiles, no atom, hydrogen or other bombs! Only UFO's.



OLD-FASHIONED IDEA

LIKE FLYING saucers, flying fish from the sky are an old-fashioned idea. Late in September, Mrs. Victor Mietens, 915 Holland, Saginaw, Mich., was at her cottage at Point Lookout, reading a book about the history and superstitions of Hawaii.

Her cottage is on a sandy slope, surrounded by oak, maple and pine trees, and a fair distance from the beach. Mrs. Mietens set the book aside and as she stepped out of the front porch onto the patio an object struck her on the head.

She reached up, grabbed it, and

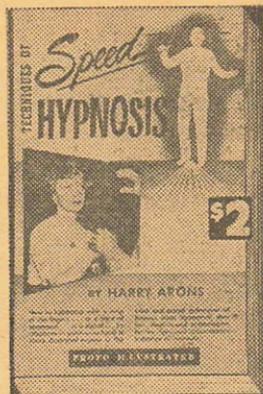
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felt something slippery, clammy, cold and wet. She dropped it in horror and there was an eight-inch perch flopping on the ground.

Of course, it's just an old-fashioned idea that fish fall from the sky. This one certainly didn't have wings.

* * *

ANOTHER FUNNY thing happened to Mr. & Mrs. Marion Tucker, of 2525 Quincy Ave., Long Beach, Calif., recently. The Tuckers entered their back yard after returning from their cabin at Wrightwood. And there was a five-foot alligator weighing around 60 pounds. At this writing, nobody knows where it came from. There are no wild alligators in that arid land.



BEWARE, OH QUEEN!

BACK IN August, 1959, Dr. W. J. Tucker, an astrologer, wrote in the *Astrological Magazine* of India that the life of Queen Elizabeth II might be endangered in the autumn of 1960, especially around November 1.

Dr. Tucker looked in the stars and saw:

"Danger of mortality through an accident.

"The principal danger is aviation and the Queen's advisers should dissuade Her Majesty, should she manifest a desire to travel by air anytime during the years 1960-61."

The period mid-October to November 1 would be the most dangerous time of all, he predicted.

By this time everyone knows that late in October two military Sabre jets, flown by West German pilots, came on a collision course with the airliner bearing Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip en route home from Denmark. They veered away and passed within 50 feet of the airliner, about as close as possible without actually hitting.

"It was a very nasty moment," commented the Queen's co-pilot, Flight Lieut. Frank Stevens.

Did Dr. Tuckeer really see it all more than a year before?



BUSY BONFIRES

ALLEN POLLING lives on a ranch 40 miles southwest of Clayton, N. Mex. On Saturday, October 22, Polling saw a bed in his lonely ranch house suddenly burst into flames. There were no matches about. Later the same day a fire broke out in a rollaway bed.

Polling called in the neighbors. On Sunday evening seven persons in the living room saw the curtains suddenly ignite.

Polling called in the Clayton fire chief, Jim Massey. Later a state arson investigator arrived, dispatched by the New Mexico State Police. An electrician and Union County Sheriff Bob White all joined in the

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investigation. Everybody looked puzzled and went away home without concluding anything.

Except poor Allen Polling! He had to stay in his combustible ranch house.



THE HOUSE ON POCASSET STREET

THE NEW MEXICO fires may be due to a poltergeist. And such is probably the explanation for the strange goings-on in a two-family house at 40 Pocasset Street, Johnston, R.I.

Town police, volunteer firemen, state fire marshall investigators, the director of the University of Rhode Island crime laboratory and others have tried their hands at solving the mystery without accomplishing anything.

The house is about 50 years old—a 10-room frame building and the life-time home of two sisters. One is Mrs. Anna Perez, 36, who lives downstairs with her two children, Mary Ann 11, and George, 6. The other sister is Mrs. John F. Van Wormer, who lives upstairs with her husband, his daughter, by a prior marriage, Shirley, 17; her son by a prior marriage, Francis, 10, and Johnny, 6, who is their own son.

The disturbances at 40 Pocasset St., began as long ago as 8:45 P.M. August 24, according to Mrs. Perez who soon began to keep a diary of

them. On that first night the entire family was in the house when dull thumpings were heard coming from the outside walls. There was a loud bang about every 20 minutes. Local Volunteer Fire Company Thornton Hose 1 was called. Two policemen soon showed up as well, along with a repair man from Providence Gas Co., but nobody found anything amiss.

The place really shook the following night. Mrs. Perez' diary said that walls shook, pictures shook, dishes shook on their shelves and blinds shook.

The thumps had become sledge hammer blows, as if someone were attempting to break through a wall. There were plenty of witnesses, including Thomas Cappelli, captain of the Thornton Fire Department, and William Aitchison, a former captain. Both agreed that they had gone through a "frightening" experience. From inside the house the sounds appeared to be coming from outside. Mr. Cappelli believes that the sounds could not be man-made but offers no ideas as to what caused them.

Bruce V. Van Dusen of the Providence *Evening Bulletin* heard noises that sounded like a "bare foot hitting the floor, or like hitting it with a soft ball, or even striking the ball with the bare hand."

At the time Van Dusen heard the sounds the children were all in bed,

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and although the adults were moving about they were in different locations at the time the noises were coming from the same location.

As usual in such cases, all manner of silly explanations were offered.

Firemen felt that the noises were being made by the false brick siding on the house "popping" in and out with the hot weather, although it had never "popped" before. So they bored holes through the siding. This, of course, accomplished nothing. The noises continued. Then they came up with the idea that dust and debris had settled between the cracks of the boards, making them air tight and they, not the siding, were "popping." So they bored holes through the walls but the noises continued. Portions of the inside walls also were cut away — with fine scientific indiscrimina- tion. The air circulated freely all right — as through a sieve — and the noises kept on and on.

After the gas man had assured everyone there was no leak from the gas system someone suggested that the noises were being made by sewer gases escaping from an old cess pool. So the old cesspool line was dug up. Still the noises continued.

One unusual feature of this case is that holes and cracks appear in the interior walls. These are quite

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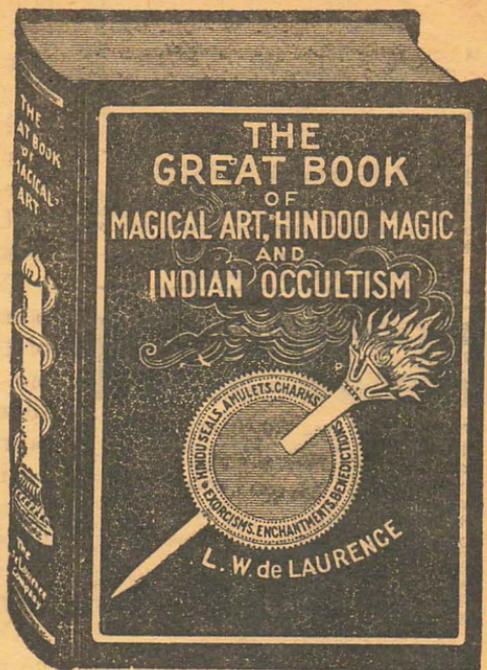
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distinct from the man-made holes of the hot air artists. The holes all have similar characteristics. They are small, two to three inches across, and have been knocked *into* the wall instead of *out* from the wall. They look as though they had been made with the blunt end of a baseball bat. Such blows also would explain the sounds that Bruce Van Dusen reported.

The force behind these blows has been strong enough to break some of the lath behind the plaster. In one case several adjacent holes resulted in one large break. The appearance of each hole is accompanied by a blast-like sound. This does not jibe with the idea that the noises are coming from the outside, nor is it clear that noises are heard only when holes are being punched.

Obviously it would be easy for nearly any member of the family to make both the sounds and holes with the blunt end of a baseball bat. But witnesses claim that often the entire family was seated in one room when the noises were coming from another section of the house.

Apparently this can be explained as just another one of those silly poltergeist cases—and this is no explanation at all.



ALL IN A DREAM

PRECOGNITIVE dreams, like other forms of ESP, may not mean

exactly what they appear to mean. Or they may be incomplete—a fragment only of foreknowledge.

Such a case was the tragedy of Nicholas V. Bissen of Austin, Minn., who died in an airplane crash last June, 1960.

Bissen arrived in Brisbane, Australia, on June 6. At that time he explained to Stanley Richardson, an official with Trans-Australia Airlines, that he originally had planned to go to Chile but a dream had told him to go to a place called Roma. Bissen looked up Roma in an Atlas and found there was a

place by that name in Queensland, Australia. He decided to go there instead of Chile.

When Bissen arrived in Brisbane he showed Richardson the news pictures of the destruction caused by the Chilean earthquakes of last May, explaining that he would have been in the midst of them had he not had his dream.

"How lucky I am," he said.

Then he left Brisbane for his dream city—Roma—and died en route in the crash of the aircraft on the Queensland Coast.

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Witnesses have reported seeing a drop of real blood ooze from this statue of Christ at the Crucifixion, which stands in the Church of St. Ignatius in Rome. A chemical analysis of the red liquid has been ordered. (U.P.I. Photo)



here. If Mr. Bissen's dream was indeed precognitive, was it therefore misleading?

Not necessarily. The dream certainly could have meant to warn him but the part of the precognitive mechanism that correctly forecast the Chilean disaster possibly was unable to see that other disaster awaited him elsewhere.

Or here's another idea. It is also likely that Mr. Bissen's interpretation of his dream was wrong. If he had known that "Roma" is the

Italian name for Rome, he might have gone to Italy, as most people would have done, and might have escaped disaster altogether. But not realizing that, he met his doom heading for an obscure village in far away Queensland, Australia.



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this way, Uncle Sam guarantees to himself his allotted share of the gains of luck, horse sense, or whatever guides big winners.

If that regulation had been in effect last October we would be able to pass on to you the name of a sprightly little old man who, according to the Associated Press, stepped up to the pari-mutuel windows at Hazel Park track, Detroit, on October 6 and collected \$6,280 as a result of a dream.

The lucky winner, who hails from Sault St. Marie but who refused to give his name, had a dream that horses numbered 10 and 3 would win the first two races at Hazel Park. He bought five \$2 tickets on the daily double, which paid \$1,256 for a \$2 wager — highest in the 1960 Michigan racing season.

The two winners, in case you wonder, were O'Riley, which won the first race paying \$136.40 and Cosmic Wish, which took second with a payment of \$19.40.

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THE DISAPPEARING NUN

COLUMNIST Joe Aaron tells this story in the October 3 issue of the Evansville, Ind., *Courier* . . .

Three Central High School students (unnamed) had left school for lunch on a recent day and were

walking along the sidewalk. They idly watched a woman, dressed as a nun, walking along the opposite side of the street.

They saw her drop something onto the sidewalk—something that looked like a scrap of paper—and stoop to pick it up.

When her hand touched the fallen object she disappeared—simply vanished. One of the three kids screamed and ran. The other two crossed the street for a closer look.

They found nothing.

There was no car on the street for the woman to climb into. There was no door for her to enter. She was just there one moment and gone the next. Poof!

THE PHANTOM BATTLE OF EDGEHILL

ON OCTOBER 23, 1642, in Warwickshire County, England, the bloody battle of Edgehill was fought—it was the first encounter between supporters of the King and Parliament in the English Civil War that brought Cromwell to power. More than 4,000 good men were killed and the contest was indecisive.

Ever since that day reports have come in that “ghost armies” periodically renewed the fighting. The reports started only two months later, when a party of shepherds passing the site reported they saw the whole battle reenacted.

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said: *“Twice As Good As Ouija!”*

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"It lasted several hours and they could clearly see the faces of the soldiers and hear their cries," says the Rev. John Dening, an Anglican clergyman and ghost-hunter.

Since then, many persons have reported witnessing the reenactment. Now the Rev. Mr. Dening is hoping to record the whole thing with tape recorders, cameras, police dogs and "psychically sensitive" persons.



COLD UP THERE

MOST READERS will remember the chunk of ice that fell on a farm near Martin, Ga., on October 29, 1959, and the controversy it evoked. After months of silence, Federal officials concluded it had fallen from a leak in a jet airlines water system. FAA people took steps to prevent such falls in the future.

Unfortunately for both the theory and the general safety of people in danger of getting clobbered by an ice fall, big chunks of ice keep falling. Small chunks, too.

On October 2, 1960, another big chunk fell into a field in Northeast Georgia. Two farmers and a truck driver saw the 50-lb. piece fall around 5:10 P.M. The sky was clear and blue and there were no airplanes in sight.

Ted Overman of Chamblee, near Atlanta, is the truck driver witness. He heard a sound like a "jet air-

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



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plane coming straight down," and looked out of his truck window.

"I saw this blob falling about 100 yards away. When it hit, it splintered and made a hole about 10 inches deep and as big around as a 50-gallon oil barrel."

Overman said the ice looked like a giant icicle in crystal form.

The two Franklin County farmers who also witnessed the fall were Willie Kirk and E. W. Norris.

On another day in October, Mrs. James A. West of Mableton, Ga., had taken her two daughters to school and was returning home. There in her yard was a pile of snow — or crushed ice — or something like it. The Weather Bureau said it couldn't see how such a thing could happen, but Mrs. West gathered it up in a plastic bag and put it in her refrigerator to confront the skeptics.

This kind of thing is not confined to Georgia. On October 16, for instance, two ice lumps the size of footballs fell out of a nearly clear sky at Kilmore, 30 miles from Melbourne, Australia. It was 85 degrees outside, and the ice narrowly missed four golfers. The weather bureau, never without an explanation, said they were probably freak hailstones.



HAIRY GIANT

JOHN BRINGSLI of Nelson, B.C., Canada, a woodsman, hunter

and fisherman who has lived in the Kootenay district for more than 35 years, was picking blueberries last September in rugged country at the headwaters of Lemon Creek, six miles east of Nelson.

"I was just starting to pick berries — had only been there about 15 minutes," Bringsli said. "For no particular reason I glanced up and that's when I saw this great beast. It was standing about 50 feet away on a slight rise in the ground, staring at me.

"It was seven to nine feet tall with long legs and short powerful arms with hair covering its body. The first thing I thought was 'what a strange looking bear'.

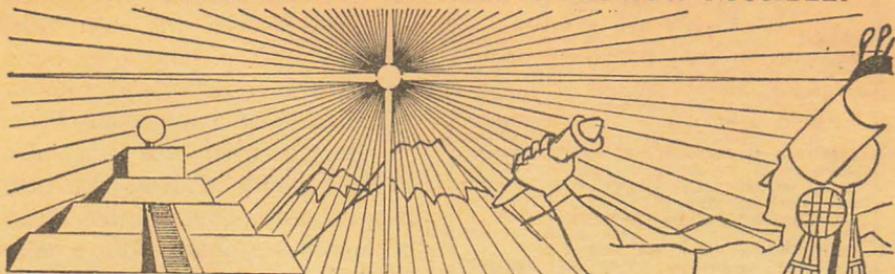
"It had very wide shoulders and a flat face with ears flat against the side of its head. It looked more like a hairy ape.

"It just stood there staring at me. Its arms were bent slightly and it had hands — not claws! It was about 8 A.M. and I could see it very clearly.

"The most peculiar thing about it was the strange bluish-grey color of its long hair. It had no neck. Its ape-like head appeared to be fastened directly to its wide shoulders."

Mr. Bringsli stared at the creature for perhaps two minutes. Then it began to shuffle toward him. The terrified man sprinted toward his car 100 yards away and drove down

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the old logging road to his home.

Is this another report of a Sasquatch?

* * *

FOR A COUPLE of years there's been a report of a "wild man" in the vicinity of Winberry Creek near Eugene, Ore. In the middle of September there were a dozen or more reports from motorists who described a man with long, black, matted hair, skinny bare legs and wearing a sleeveless animal skin. It has been suggested that he is a mentally disturbed man who has "gone native."



LOST DUTCHMAN AGAIN

THE SUPERSTITION Mountains of Arizona have claimed more than 30 lives since the beginning of this century. Most of these men have died hunting for the famed Lost Dutchman gold mine which many have sought since the death of Jacob Walz, the German prospector who brought out thousands of dollars worth of gold nuggets from the hidden mine.

Last November, Benjamin M. Ferreira, Jr., 27, of Honolulu pleaded guilty to manslaughter in the fatal shooting the previous spring of his companion on a hunt for the Lost Dutchman.

Within a few days of Ferreira's guilty plea and before he could even be sentenced, the Lost Dutch-

man search had taken still another life. Robert St. Marie, 21, of Florence, was shot dead by Edward Piper, a 65-year-old prospector, who claimed self-defense. They represented rival parties hunting for the mine.



BRIEF NOTES FROM ALL OVER

Athens, Greece — The lost "Continent" of Atlantis has been found, according to a Greek scientist named Angelos Galanopoulos, head of the Seismological Institute at the Athens Observatory. Atlantis was really an island in the Aegean Sea, covering about 36 square miles, which sank during an earthquake, Galanopoulos theorizes.

Luton, England — Several drivers have reported that "phantom" cars have caused them to swerve on a new four-lane highway here, resulting in some serious accidents.

Washington, D.C. — The Navy has developed a device that magnifies the shock waves from ordinary explosives to atomic intensity. A half ton of high explosives can be made to generate a blast-wave as intense as the atomic bomb that struck Hiroshima.

Wiesbaden, Germany — USAF officials reported the discovery of a skeleton in the desert which may be the eighth crew member of the crashed bomber *Lady Be Good*.

—Curtis Fuller

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WHY I BELIEVE in PRAYER



By Allen Spraggett

Allen Spraggett is today pastor of the Frankville-Toledo Pastoral Charge of the United Church of Canada, and is completing his theological studies at Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., prior to being received into the ministry of the United Church.

We had a desperate need for help, so we prayed.
And our prayers were answered, but in what an amazing way!

AS A MINISTER I, of course, am expected to believe in prayer.

However, reasons far more convincing than mere convention have led me to a deep faith in the penetrating power of prayer. My prayer experiences have a hard reality I cannot deny. They show me that we live in a spiritual universe surrounded by mysterious forces, vastly beneficent, which can pour themselves into our lives with magnificent results.

The following story is an account of one answer to prayer. I am aware of its remarkable, perhaps even fan-

tastic, aspects. But it is true. I know because it happened to my wife and me. Many persons, I am sure, have had prayer experiences even more unusual.

In May, 1955, I was the pastor of a small congregation in Collingwood, Ont., Canada. Like many couples in parsonages, my wife, Marion, and I were having a deuce of a time balancing our budget. They say money talks but if so all it ever said to us was "good-bye". Sometimes it didn't even get a chance to say "hello".

Most of the time we managed to

laugh off our lack-of-money problems. But even the most durable sense of humor can wear thin. Mine did during the time we were expecting our first baby and anticipating the accompanying hospital and doctor bills. We felt that \$100 would meet the situation. (It did.) But at that time it could have been \$10,000 without seeming any harder to get.

In my preaching I had often cautioned my flock against thinking of prayer as a kind of magic automat which dispenses material goodies when the proper request is dropped in the slot. I have always stressed the spiritual benefits of prayer.

Yet problems have a way of burrowing under our intellectual fortifications. Faced with this depressing financial problem I felt an imperative need to pray about it—directly, straightforwardly. I did pray about it, not asking for spiritual strength and wisdom only, but asking that the Lord would, in some manner, meet our need.

As I continued to pray the conviction emerged within me that we would get the \$100. In some mysterious way, I was sure, the money would be supplied.

I remember saying to my wife one afternoon, "Marion, mark my words. We are going to have an answer to prayer."

Two days later one of our church

friends, a widow, phoned.

She asked, rather urgently, if I would drop in to see her that afternoon.

Later, I sat across from her in the parlor of her home. She was a woman at that time in her mid-60's. Her grey hair was pulled back in a bun and, as she spoke, she fiddled with her thick spectacles.

After we had chatted for a moment about the weather my friend looked at me very intently and said, "Mr. Spraggett, as you know I'm just a simple woman. I try to live a good Christian life but sometimes I don't succeed too well—like most people I guess. I certainly don't profess to be a saint. But I've had an experience this week, so strange, that I hardly know what to think of it. And, in part, it concerns you."

I was alive with interest. The thought flashed through my mind: could this have anything to do with my praying for the \$100?

It did have, as it turned out; but in a far stranger way than I ever could have imagined.

The lady continued in her quiet, sincere way. "Strange as it sounds, I have to go back 42 years to start this story. That's how long it's been since I lived on the old homestead about 14 miles from here. I had a friend, a clever girl who had the chance of a good job in the city. She needed a bit of money to

get established in Toronto. I lent it to her. The sum I lent her wouldn't amount to much now but in those days it was worth quite a bit more. I was supposed to get the money back in a few months, just as soon as she got earning a regular salary.

"But I didn't get it back. In fact, I never heard from my friend after she went to Toronto. I wrote her several letters asking about the money but she didn't answer. Finally I just gave up. I wrote it off as a bad debt and put it down to experience.

"Now, Mr. Spraggett, I had not thought about that money for 42 years until last week. Then suddenly, out of a clear blue sky, the thought of it started to work on my mind. There was no rhyme or reason to it. Why should that memory start bothering me after all these years? I was afraid perhaps I was going 'mental.' All I seemed to think about was that money. It upset me terribly.

"I prayed about it. I asked the Lord to take this thorn out of my mind, but it seemed to get worse after that. This went on for about four days.

"Then, the night before last, while I was lying in bed reading my Bible and trying to put that money out of my head, I thought of you. The feeling came over me that somehow I was going to get that

money back — yes, after all these years — and that, if I did, I should give it to you and your wife. The feeling was so powerful that I closed my eyes and prayed, 'Lord, if this is what I'm supposed to do, I'll do it; if I get the money back.' Immediately I felt a wonderful relief. My mind seemed free for the first time in days. I went to sleep in peace.

"Yesterday the strangest thing of all happened. I know it's going to sound crazy to you, Mr. Spraggett, but this is exactly the way it happened. There was a knock at my door about 10:00 o'clock in the morning. When I answered, a man and a woman about my age were standing at the door. They were both very well-dressed. The woman seemed familiar somehow. Neither of them said anything at first. The woman stared at me with a queer look on her face. Suddenly she threw her arms around my neck and said, 'Clara, Clara. Don't you remember me? I'm Laura!' Then I realized that she was my friend of 42 years ago. The one who had borrowed that money.

"We had a happy reunion. We both cried a little bit. Then she explained why she was here. Since I had last seen her she had married a very successful business man and they had moved to New York City. She had been living in great prosperity. From time to time she

thought of me and the money she had never paid back. But she did nothing about it. After all, she didn't know where I was living now, or if I was still alive. It seemed so long ago.

"But she told me that about a week ago the thought of that bad debt suddenly started to bother her terribly. She couldn't understand why, after 42 years. But it got so bad she finally told her husband about it. He suggested that since they needed a trip anyway, why not fly up to Canada, visit her old home town, try to look me up, and if I was still around, pay me back the debt with interest.

"And so they came! They inquired around the old homestead, found out where I was living and came here. Her husband insisted I take interest on the debt. Over all these years I suppose it would have added up to quite a sum. But I said no, I would take just the original amount. They stayed and had lunch with me, visited for most of the afternoon, and then drove back to Toronto.

"And that, Mr. Spraggett, is my story. What do you think of it?"

What did I think of it? I was entranced. I had heard stranger stories, but not much. A student of psychic phenomena, I knew, would have a field day analyzing the varieties of ESP which apparently had been at work here.

What had triggered this incredible chain of events stretching backward into time for 42 years?

Was it possible that my prayers had been the stimuli? If so, why had the answer come by such a circuitous route?

But the story was not over yet. Not quite. After she had finished speaking, my friend reached into her purse and took out an envelope which she handed to me.

"This is for you and your wife," she said, "I promised it to you."

In the envelope was exactly \$100, in American bills.

Now, what does this experience mean? That God will drop money from heaven if we say a prayer? That we can give up working for a living? Of course not.

I am not sure just how this experience fits into my theology, or into any theology. But I do know this: it happened.

Prayer experiences such as this are, to me, the fringes of a vast, largely uncharted spiritual continent waiting to be explored.

Facts always tell us something about reality. Prayer experiences tell us something immensely important about the universe in which we live—that it is essentially spiritual, not material, and alive with creative spiritual forces beyond our present comprehension.

Of course, whenever a prayer experience of this kind is recounted

certain objections are inevitably raised: How *can* this sort of thing happen, on scientific grounds? And why to you? Is God a cosmic bellhop who spends His time answering rather petty personal appeals? Doesn't this kind of praying have an unhealthy sensational, and "materialistic" emphasis? Would God really work in such eccentric ways?

To such questions I can only answer in the words of the blind man in the New Testament, healed by Jesus, who was asked by the Pharisees how such a thing could be. He said, "This one thing I

know: whereas once I was blind, now I see."

And I say: **this thing happened.**

We had a pressing — for us, desperate — financial need; our need was providentially supplied when we prayed. I am not primarily concerned with the philosophical implications of the experience but with the experience itself. The fact of it is there.

Perhaps some of us are re-discovering, at least in part, what Jesus meant when He said, "When ye pray, believe that ye receive what ye ask, and ye shall have it."



JINX OF THE SCALES OF JUSTICE

A STATUE of the Goddess of Justice, perched atop the Chenango County Courthouse at Norwich, N. Y., has lost its scales so often that local residents reportedly are convinced that a jinx is involved. The jinx, according to oldtimers who were told the story by their fathers, may be traced back to the execution of a Sherburne, N. Y., farmer named Felix McCann on June 6, 1879.

McCann was hung on a gallows on the courthouse lawn for the motiveless murder of a neighbor. Three days later, for the first time, the scales fell from the outstretched hand of

the statue atop the dome of the courthouse.

The townfolk wondered if McCann had been wrongfully executed. Although he had pleaded guilty, explaining he had been drunk, his trial had been a hasty one. Many felt that the governor should have granted the new trial for which McCann's lawyer had pleaded.

The scales were replaced by a steeplejack, but four more times between 1879 and 1948 they fell and were restored. A few years after the last time they were replaced they fell again. Today the statue of the Goddess of Justice stands empty-handed atop the courthouse.

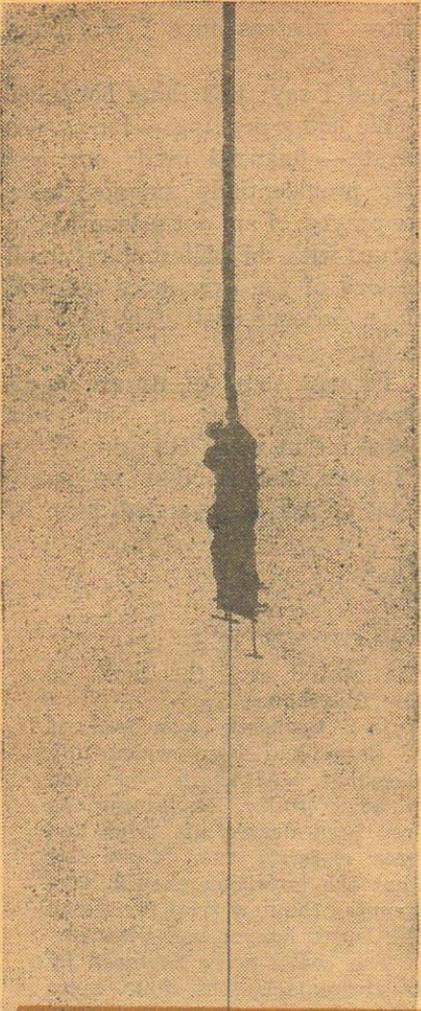


THE JINXED AIRSHIP USN AKRON

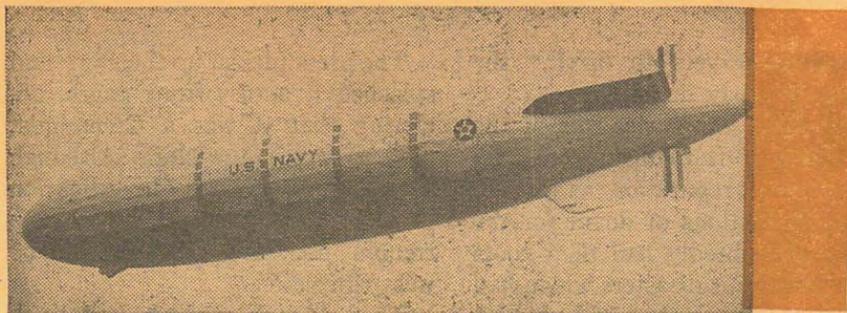
By Lt. Dale E. Basye

LIKE A GROTESQUE, bloated demon the gigantic silver skinned airship rested inside the great Good-year-Zeppelin hangar at Akron, Ohio. A crowd of 250,000 perspiring, hotdog-eating spectators milled around the ship's monstrous hulk. The crowd was anxiously awaiting the moment when Mrs. Herbert Hoover would break a bottle of champagne on the dirigible's car to christen the USN *Akron*, newest addition of the Navy's airship fleet.

On the fringe of the spectators an enlisted navyman and his young wife pushed their way through the multitude to catch a glimpse of the *Akron*. The sailor was to be one of the 74 men who would comprise the *Akron's* crew. The young couple broke through the crowd to view the ship for the first time. The sailor heard his wife gasp and



A Navyman clings to a rope dangling from the USN *Akron* in accident that pulled him 2,000 feet into the air. He was rescued, but two other Navy-men, similarly trapped, were killed.



Launched in August, 1931, Akron was 785 feet long.

Bad luck plagued the great Navy dirigible from the start — and then all predictions of her doom came true.

turned to her in surprise. The woman's thin face was deathly pale, her lips suddenly bloodless.

"Why, what's the matter, honey?" he asked.

"I'm afraid," she whispered. Her fingernails bit into his arm. "I don't want you to fly on that — that *monster*. Something is going to happen to it — I can *feel* it. Can't you get your orders changed?"

The Navyman laughed in typical masculine fashion at his wife's unreasonable fears. He had just completed extensive training as an airshipman and had flown several times in lighter-than-air craft. He would rather lose a leg than give up his chance to fly on the *Akron*, one of the largest airships ever built.

The crowd began to cheer. Mrs. Hoover had broken the bottle of

champagne to officially christen the great ship.

Among the shouting spectators the sailor's wife shivered. Was the young woman frightened only by the monstrous size of the airship? Or had she experienced a sudden and terrible intuitive glimpse of the future?

Whichever the case, the young woman's fears seemed to represent prevailing public opinion — that the dirigible *Akron* was "jinxed," was doomed to disaster.

Throughout history, legends have sprung up concerning "jinxed" sailing ships which, from the moment they touched water, were plagued by bad luck. The ancients believed that demons sometimes embodied themselves in the framework of a ship under construction, then when the vessel set sail devoted their

malevolent powers to driving the craft to a grisly doom.

The USN *Akron* was one of the few flying craft in history to gain an infamous reputation as jinxed.

The predictions of doom for the *Akron* undoubtedly had their roots in the numerous disasters which had seemed to plague the rigid airships since Count Ferdinand von Zeppelin constructed the first mammoth ship in 1900. This sky leviathan crashed, as did many other lighter-than-air craft which followed. Constructed with metals far too weak to withstand the stresses of the elements, these great ships were prematurely born before their time.

At the time the *Akron* was christened in August, 1931, almost 300 men had lost their lives in airship disasters as one after another of the dirigibles crashed in holocausts of burning, twisted metal. Fourteen men had died in the destruction of the Navy's \$2,200,000 *Shenandoah*, 44 were killed on the \$1,500,000 *R-38* airship, 46 died on the *R-101* and 50 disappeared aboard the French airship *Dismude*.

The jinx of the 785-foot *Akron* actually began before the giant ship was completed. A Hungarian-born riveter was accused of sabotaging the *Akron's* metal structural frame. The riveter was reported to have told a friend that he had "spit on the rivets" to make them loose.

The press picked up the story and splashed it across front pages, declaring that it was a Communist plot to wreck the ship. Although a thorough Navy investigation proved the charges unfounded, rumors persisted that the *Akron* was "jinxed."

The *Akron's* actual bad luck started in January, 1932, after the ship's christening the preceding August. The "Queen of the Skies," as the *Akron* had been dubbed by Navy publicists, was operating from the tanker, *Patoka*. Moored to a mast mounted aboard the vessel, the *Akron* suddenly tossed her gigantic nose like a rebellious mustang, ripping loose.

Although no damage resulted from the accident, public sentiment forced an investigation by the House Naval Affairs Committee.

The investigating congressman arrived at the *Akron's* home base, Lakehurst, N.J., on Washington's birthday. The group was driven out to where the *Akron* lay moored to a mobile "stub" mast.

The congressman watched with awe as the *Akron* was backed toward the mooring circle. Suddenly, like a gigantic, enraged whale, the Sky Queen rose several feet, then dashed her monstrous tail against the ground, crushing the lower vertical fin.

The damage was not extensive, but the incident gathered a storm

of public criticism. Congressmen received deluges of mail urging that the *Akron* be scrapped "before something terrible happens." Many religious fanatics proclaimed that man was encroaching upon the power of the angels in attempting to conquer the skies with the giant ships.

Congress appointed a subcommittee to investigate this latest accident. Admiral William A. Moffett, chief of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics, assured the new group of investigators that the *Akron* was completely safe and sound. Moffett, a strong supporter of lighter-than-air aviation, had been largely responsible for the *Akron's* construction.

After long deliberation, the congressmen concluded what had been obvious from the outset — that the wind had caused the accident.

Crew members of the *Akron* laughed together over rumors that their beloved Sky Queen was a jinx ship. Most of the men were weather-beaten veteran airshipmen with several hundred hours of flight time in lighter-than-air craft.

Although they laughed off the jinx rumors in public, in private several of the airshipmen engaged in surreptitious little practices which indicated they may have had doubts about the *Akron's* jinx.

One crew member always crossed himself as he entered the ship's

control car preceding a flight. Another diligently avoided stepping in the ground shadow of the great ship when it was moored. A third patted his good luck mascot, a white mongrel dog, before each flight. Several such mascot dogs, of every size, color and breed lived in the giant hangar and anxiously awaited the return of their masters each time the Sky Queen flew.

Although the *Akron* completed many successful flights in the next few months, public criticism of the giant airship continued. Finally in desperation, the Navy scheduled a cross-country flight to California for the *Akron*, hoping that successful completion of the journey would silence the airship's critics.

But the Navy's plan backfired. On this trip, the *Akron* was to claim her first victims.

The morning of May 11, 1932, found the *Akron* approaching San Diego with an exhausted crew. It had been a rough trip. The *Akron* had encountered a sandstorm near El Paso, Tex., and the wicked winds had buckled several of the Sky Queen's girders, gashing an eight-inch hole in one of her gas cells.

The *Akron's* destination was an emergency landing field at Camp Kearney, Calif., where an inexperienced ground crew waited to assist in dragging the dirigible down to a mooring.

The Sky Queen broke through a

cloudbank over the emergency field and descended to 400 feet. Trail ropes were dropped and secured to "spiders" on the ground. A thick steel cable spun down from the *Akron's* nose. It was attached to a ground cable leading to the mooring mast, and the *Akron's* winch turned slowly, pulling the protesting airship toward the ground.

Suddenly the *Akron's* tail whipped up. The ship seemed to be trying to somersault. The *Akron's* steep angle cut off the fuel flow to the engines. One by one they sputtered into silence.

"Cut the mooring cable!" ordered the *Akron's* skipper.

The cable was released, and the *Akron* shot into the air, trail ropes writhing below like thick snakes. Overcome with surprise, three of the inexperienced ground crew continued to cling desperately to one of the ropes, being pulled off the ground and into the air as the *Akron* rose.

At 50 feet one man let go. Another released his hold at 100 feet, his body sending up a puff of dust as it struck the ground. The third man, entangled in the ropes, continued to hold on.

The *Akron* rose to 2,000 feet with the figure dangling below. After several minutes, the young sailor was hauled aboard the airship, scared stiff — but safe. The other two men were killed. The terrified

young sailor could not explain why he had continued to cling to the rope, even after being hoisted from the ground.

The *Akron* was more than just a jinxed ship now — she was a killer.

★ ★ ★

APRIL 3, 1933, broke gray and overcast over Lakehurst, N.J. Inside the station's Hangar No. One the USN *Akron* was being prepared for her 59th flight.

A Navy investigating board had written off the fatal May 11 accident as being caused by a "sudden updraft." The *Akron* had then proceeded to fly without incident for several months. Many believed that the giant sky leviathan had lost her jinx at last.

Each crew member of the *Akron* knew that April 3 was no day for flying. The weather was bad, and forecasts indicated it would get worse. But Admiral Moffett had phoned down from Washington "expressing his desire" to fly on the *Akron* that day. And the Admiral was a very determined man.

On a dark, tree-lined road leading to the air station, the *Akron's* chief radio operator was being chauffeured by his wife. "Is lightning very dangerous to airships?" the woman asked her husband for the 10th time.

He laughed at her fears, "Lightning will go right through our propellers without a scratch."

On another back road, two airship veterans were also driving toward the station. One was Dick "Lucky" Deal, a veteran of the Navy's airship *Shenandoah*, which had crashed near Ava, Ohio, in 1925. Deal had been scheduled for the *Shenandoah's* last ill-fated flight but prior to take off another man, Ralph Joffray, had asked to take Deal's place. Joffray was at Deal's post in the control car when the compartment tore loose to plunge its occupants to their deaths. Ever since Dick had been called "Lucky" Deal.

Late in the afternoon Admiral Moffett arrived from Washington. The weather had gotten worse instead of better.

Inside the hangar, Chief Machinist George Walsh opened the mechanic shop door. "Hey," he yelled to Mechanic Sid Hooper, "you don't make this trip. Anderson needs the flight time. Put him on the schedule."

Hooper didn't much care. It was a heck of a day for flying, anyway.

At 6:25 P.M. the monstrous hangar doors slowly opened. Fog curled in like wisps of smoke. The giant airship emerged from the hangar, like a gigantic mastodon being born.

The ground crew swung the *Akron* into the wind and the hatches were closed. The airship's engines roared to life. Wives, friends

and civilian workers waved farewells as the *Sky Queen* climbed in to the dense New Jersey fog, bound for Newport, R.I.

In a small apartment near the air station the young wife who had shivered at her first view of the *Akron* lay in troubled sleep. She had been bedridden with influenza for several days. It was with reluctance that her airshipman husband had left her that morning to report for duty.

The young woman suddenly screamed, sitting bolt upright in bed, wide awake and trembling. In her dreams, she had seen her husband sitting astride the great silver nose of the *Akron*, like a man on a monster horse. Painted across the ship's nose was the word, DEATH.

The woman heard the drone of engines and ran to the window. The *Akron* passed overhead, obscured by the thick overcast.

At 8 P.M. the *Akron* broke through the fog, and the crew saw the friendly, twinkling lights of Philadelphia below. To the southwest, lightning zigzagged across the sky.

A few minutes later the *Akron* plowed into the heart of the storm. Rain belted the *Sky Queen* and poured from the strip around her underside in heavy streams. Lightning writhed and crackled in the skies all about the great ship.

Lieutenant Commander Herbert

Wiley, the *Akron's* executive officer, climbed aloft to check the weather map. He swore silently to himself when the radioman reported the set had gone off when only two-thirds of the map had been received. The *Sky Queen's* bad luck seemed to have started again.

Wiley went below and showed the map to the skipper, Commander Frank McCord.

"I think we should head west, Skipper," he said.

McCord studied the incomplete map. "No," he said finally. "We'll take her to sea and circle in ahead of the storm center."

Wiley and several other veteran airshipmen aboard did not agree with McCord's decision. But McCord was skipper and the *Akron* was turned east into the boiling black skies over the Atlantic — to her doom.

The storm increased in intensity. The compass needle spun wildly as the howling gales battered the ship off course.

"I've lost control!" the elevator man shouted.

Then the storm broke the *Akron's* back, like the swift stroke of an executioner's ax. A sharp crack rang through the ship as girders buckled and snapped under the terrific strain.

A minute later the *Akron's* tail struck water with a terrific jolt and the lights went out along both

lower keels. Icy water poured through ragged tears in the ship's skin as the boiling sea sucked the *Sky Queen* under. Then, as if wreaking her last act of vengeance against the men who flew her, the *Akron* broke apart in the water, collapsing her great skeleton about the crew in a hellish tangle of smashed, twisted girders and wires.

An hour and a half later, the *Phoebus*, a German oil tanker, picked up the *Akron's* four survivors, one of whom died a short time later. Dick "Lucky" Deal was among the three living. Lt. Comdr. Herbert Wiley, Executive Officer, and Metalsmith Moody Irwin also survived.

The icy black waters of the Atlantic had swallowed the *Akron* and the jinx which seemed to have plagued the great airship. Had Commander McCord been persuaded to turn the ship west instead of east, Naval aviation might possibly have averted one of its greatest catastrophies.

Perhaps the prophesies of doom which had rode with the *Akron* from the moment of her commissioning had finally produced their psychological effects upon the minds of the crew, encouraging an unsound decision at the moment of crisis.

Perhaps, as many believed, nature had struck back with vengeance to humble Man whose dreams of con-

quering the skies with the giant ships had outstripped his technological progress.

Whatever the cause of the *Akron's* destruction, 73 men had died in the Atlantic, including Admiral Moffett, mastermind of the Navy's dirigible fleet.

During the next few days the sea vomited the *Akron's* dead onto the wind-swept New England beaches. And back at Lakehurst the mongrel mascots of the *Akron's* crew watched the sky for a ship that apparently was doomed from the outset and that never returned.



CHALLENGE OF THE THINKING MACHINES

A REPORT on the vast advances being made in developing electronic computers with the ability to think was given in a recently published 600-page volume, a complete record of the proceedings of the first International Conference on Information Processing organized by UNESCO in Paris, which was attended by nearly 2,000 computer experts.

Among the highlights of the report, it was pointed out that today computers are a thousand times faster in their calculations than they were three years ago, and a million times faster than they were 10 years ago. Even faster machines are said to be in the making.

Machines even are helping to breed machines, in that computers solve the problems involved in making other computers and control automatic machinery making computers.

Experts at the UNESCO conference predicted that with-

in a few years electronic devices would be capable of memorizing all the knowledge in all the world's largest libraries. Today the equivalent of the human memory could be recorded on a piece of glass six inches square.

Dr. Edward Teller of the University of California stated at the conference that during the past 15 years the electronic computer has been developed to the point where it could not only count and memorize, but also "could become teachable, acquire experience, form judgments, develop emotions and take initiative."

In a recent article in *Science*, Prof. Norbert Weiner of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology warned that as machines learn they may develop unforeseen strategies and baffle their human programmers. This, he said, may lead to profound moral and technical consequences.



Prophetic Dream of Death



Was it only an anxious mother's nightmare, or was 13-year-old Ann actually in serious danger at camp?

By B. R. Alexander

STORIES OF prophetic dreams and life-after-death experiences have intrigued the minds of men down through the ages. The dream and experiences of my friend, Matilda Levy, began in the summer of 1927.

The evening of August 31 was a humid, sultry one, typical of New York's hot weather. A brooding heaviness, like a smothering blanket, hung over the Levy's quiet living room.

Til lay stretched out on the sofa, sound asleep, exhausted by the sweltering heat. Her husband, Nat, lounged in an easy chair, trying

desperately to overcome his drowsiness, as he concentrated on a book. The minutes ticked away into an hour; the book slipped from his lap as sleep overpowered him.

Suddenly, Til's anguished scream pierced the torrid stillness, rousing Nat to bewildered consciousness. "Ann!" shrieked Til . . . "O my God—not Ann!"

Nat shook her gently. "Wake up! Wake up, Til! What in the world are you screaming about?"

"That . . . awful dream . . ." she muttered brokenly.

He laughed then, "Gosh, that was some scream. You made me

jump out of my skin. Too much picnic lunch—must have given you a nightmare.”

“O stop it, Nat! Stop it! I’m scared!” Til began to cry. Long, sobbing breaths wracked her body. “I dreamed I saw Ann lying in her camp bed; she looked awful! I heard her cry, ‘Mother . . . Mother, dear! Help me! I’m dying!’” Til grabbed Nat’s arm crying, “What can it mean? I can’t bear it!”

Nat slipped a comforting arm around his wife, “Honey, it was only a dream. It doesn’t mean a thing. Dear, you’ve been fretting about Ann ever since she left for camp. I know it’s the first time she’s been away from us, but it is a fine camp. She’s well cared for. Remember, she is a big husky, 13-year-old girl. Stop agonizing—it was only a dream.”

The frightening vision persisted in her mind, “I can’t bear it! I did see her—she said she was dying—dying—” Again and again, she relived her terror. Fear held her.

Til continued wearily, “It isn’t only the dream. I’ve had a strange, heavy feeling all day. Not the heat either—a weird sort of foreboding. I felt sad for no reason at all. You seemed uneasy too—were you?”

“Well, to tell the truth,” he agreed, “all afternoon at the beach, I did feel jittery—don’t know why. Let’s forget it now—shall we, dear?”

“I can’t forget it—I can’t! I must call camp early tomorrow morning. If it wasn’t so late, I’d call now. I won’t be satisfied until I’ve spoken to Ann!”

Still unnerved and strangely sad, Til followed Nat upstairs to their bedroom, murmuring under her breath, “Only four days more before camp closes . . . please dear God—if there is a God—please keep Ann safe and well!”

The insistent ring of the telephone woke Til. Terrified, she groped for slippers and robe, ran swiftly down the stairs to the dining-room phone as the old clock in the front hall chimed four times.

Til finally managed to say, “Hello, hello—”

An unfamiliar voice asked, “Is this Ann’s mother?” then continued quickly, “This is Miss Clive, the nurse at camp. . . . sorry, but Ann is not well—in fact, she is quite ill and we are bringing her home. She should reach your house in about half-an-hour . . . please call your doctor right away . . . goodbye now . . .”

Til shouted into the silent phone, “What’s the matter with Ann—hello—hello—”

Her agonized voice brought Nat down the stairs. He found Til staring into space, still clutching the phone.

Slowly, between gulping sobs, Til repeated to Nat the alarming mes-

sage from the camp nurse.

"Til, dear, it may not be as serious as it sounds. Take it easy, honey. I'll call Dr. Nelson," Nat said.

The frightful suspense of waiting began. Finally, at dawn, a mud-spattered car swung around the corner and stopped before the house. Til flew down the steps and pulled open the door. Ann was lying across the back seat, her face drawn and chalky-white.

"Mother — I'm sick — where's Daddy?" Ann's words were scarcely audible.

"We must get her to bed as quickly as possible—" broke in the efficient-looking nurse seated beside the driver. Going around to the back, the nurse carefully drew the covers up around Ann, and motioned to Nat. Silently, jaw set and heart racing, he carried his beloved child into the house.

All that morning the doctors, called into consultation by Dr. Nelson, worked feverishly. Oxygen tanks — injections — packs, etc. — every help known to medical science was given. Nurses combined their efforts to save the young girl's life.

Til and Nat sat grim and silent in the living room as minutes slipped into hours.

Finally Dr. Nelson came down the stairs to stand silently at the entrance of the living room.

Til said hysterically, "Doctor—

what is it? Tell me! No! Don't! Ann is dead!"

* * *

WHEN LIFE is going along smoothly, we do not ask questions. We just accept. It was only after Ann's tragic death that Matilda Levy began to ask such questions as, "Why? Why did this happen to my child?" . . . "Am I being punished for not believing in God?" . . . "What is the good of living at all—"

Til shut herself away from her friends and lived only with bitter, anguished memories. Belief in a Supreme Power never had seemed important to her. Many times she had said, "When you're dead you're dead!" But this time it was different. This time she couldn't bear it! Life had lost all meaning and purpose.

Then something happened! One day, five months after Ann's death, Til was jolted out of her grief-stricken lethargy by the horrible fear that she was losing her mind. She told me this story:

"My husband phoned me—as he did several times a day—to cheer me up. I answered in my usual lifeless fashion and cut him short with an abrupt "Goodbye!" — paused a moment after replacing the phone and stood leaning against the dresser, lost in my misery. An old, coverless notebook of Ann's lay on the dresser-top, along with several

pencils and keepsakes. I'll never know how long I stood there. All I remembered later was a slight feeling of nausea and the hazy sensation of having been asleep. When I opened my eyes, I found a pencil in my hand and there before me on the paper some peculiar scrawled letters—"annisheregrandmaiswithme". What did it mean? Who did it? What was I doing with a pencil in my hand? I was terrified—I must be losing my mind!" I thought.

A maid opened the door and found her mistress huddled at the foot of the bed. She immediately called Mr. Levy and the family doctor. By the time they arrived, she had put the hysterical Til to bed. The doctor gave her a strong sedative and advised plenty of rest.

Til was recovered enough the next morning to tell Nat about her strange experience and her fear of insanity. Nat comforted his wife, repeating over and over, "You are not losing your mind, dear. There is an explanation for the writing—just listen to me."

Nat pointed out that the scribbled letters really said, "*Ann is here, Grandma is with me.*"

He coaxed her to try the experiment again, to see if the writing would be repeated. Til angrily accused him of mocking her grief and ordered him out of the room!

Psychic phenomena was not a

new subject to Nat Levy. The subject of "Life-after-death" had interested him for many years. The early death of a beloved sister had led him to investigate Theosophy. Now, while his yearning for his daughter, Ann, was fully as poignant as his wife's, his staunch faith in survival had helped him endure his grief. Til never had taken any interest in psychic phenomena. In fact, she often had scoffed and ridiculed the idea. The very thought had seemed to infuriate her!

After a week or so, Nat gently suggested again he would appreciate her trying to repeat the "Automatic-Writing".

More to please him than anything else Til agreed to try.

A bit afraid, feeling rather foolish and still skeptical, Til seated herself at the dresser, picked up a pencil and held it lightly over a sheet of paper. She sat with eyes closed, thinking sadly of Ann. She said later that she again felt slightly nauseous and a bit dizzy. Waves of haziness swept over her as she felt the pencil begin to move across the paper. She remembered no more. Nat told her afterward that as he watched her the pencil moved slowly over the paper at first, then more and more swiftly, forming long lines of attached letters. This continued for about seven minutes. Then the pencil fell from Til's hand, she complained of nausea,

opened her eyes and burst into tears.

The next day Til looked at the mysterious writing. She felt uncertain and frightened as she read Nat's copy, "Be brave. Be happy so that I may be happy. I am standing right near you. Grandma is here, too. We love you."

Til still did not accept Nat's explanation of the writings but her curiosity was aroused. She read everything relating to psychic phenomena she could find. She spent hours sitting with pencil poised over paper. She neglected her husband. Her sanity depended on her finding a thread of hope that her Ann still lived!

Til began to receive reams of writing. The deciphered results were amazing. Beautiful poetry, inspirational essays on subjects unknown to her, encouraging and loving messages from Ann and other long-dead members of her family flowed endlessly through the pencil in her hand. Page after page of letters run together came day after day.

As the weeks passed a change took place in Til's manner of sitting and writing. She no longer fell into the hazy, sleep-like condition. The nausea which still preceded every session, now passed quickly. Now, she seemed to sit in a semi-trance, conscious of her hand moving rapidly over the paper, writing endlessly, but not understand-

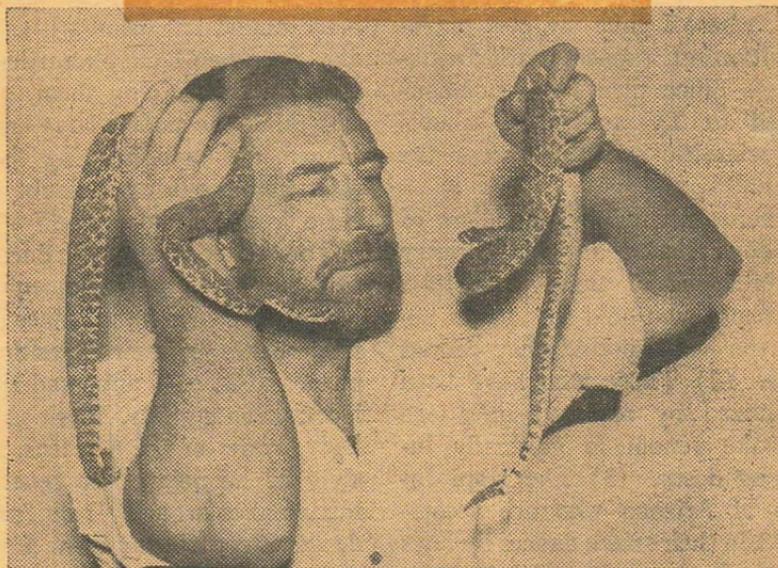
ing the meaning. Then, without warning, the pencil would fall from her fingers and that was the end for awhile!

Til's health improved and she seemed calmer as the writing sessions continued. She was consumed with one idea—to prove that Ann still lived! She threw herself into a planned campaign of psychic research.

To casual observers Til was perhaps a gullible, emotionally unbalanced woman. In relating her story to me she said, "People probably thought I was queer! But, I assure you, I tested every step of the way carefully, not sparing myself nor anyone else. I received many messages through professional mediums who knew absolutely *nothing* about me! It was my practice to accept whatever came through, neither acknowledging nor denying its authenticity. Each night I copied the results of the day, some days were fruitless, some were obviously sham. Each weekend, my husband laboriously deciphered the material. We filed it without comment. Once every two weeks we reviewed the messages received, accepting some, rejecting others. Every note was saved, tabulated and filed.

"A full year passed. Calm serenity now filled our lives—for through long and painful searching we came to know our daughter, Ann, truly lived!"

Telepathy with Rattlesnakes



The author displays his rapport with rattlesnakes held so that they are free to strike.

Do rattlesnakes have the ability to detect brain waves of humans—and strike only at persons hostile to them?

By William Eesenwein

A GROUP OF spectators, bristling with antagonism, confronted three rattlesnakes at close range. There were moments of menacing convolutions on the reptile front. Then, in a flash, all three rattlers turned toward the crowd and struck, smashing against the pane of glass

and releasing quantities of venom upon it.

These striking rattlesnakes were draped about my neck and arms. Their radar had registered "blips" of hostility coming from the audience and their sensitive defense mechanism had reacted toward the

source of the emotional disturbance.

This incident occurred in a window of Brown and Babcock's Photo Shop during the 1955 celebration of Gold Rush Days at Wickenburg, Ariz., where I gave my first public exhibition of rapport with rattlesnakes. Since then I have demonstrated to TV audiences, schools and scientific societies across the nation.

Other contemporary handlers of poisonous snakes in this country fall into one of three categories: (1) Those who hold the snakes behind the head so that they cannot strike. (2) Those who have been immunized by repeated injections of snake venom in gradually increasing doses. (3) The Hopi Indians of Arizona who are accompanied in their snake dances by boys that tickle the snakes with feathers to distract their attention from the men carrying the snakes, and who not infrequently are bitten.

I belong to none of these categories. I handle the rattlesnakes by the middle of their bodies, drape them about my neck or let them hold on to me at will. In all these cases they are free to strike. When I pick them up they are usually coiled, from which position they lunge with the greatest thrust. Still, I have never been struck with their fangs. For close to eight years I have been showing rattlesnakes to be well-behaved in the

presence of a psychic make-up which offers no provocation to the snake.

Most people disbelieve anything that runs counter to what they have been taught and dismiss it as trickery. So, when I handle rattlesnakes without constraining them, spectators think the snakes have been defanged, although injuring them in this way would no doubt cause them to strike more readily.

The winter of 1958-59 I arranged to demonstrate at the Phoenix Zoological Gardens, and placed four rattlesnakes in their cages for this purpose. When I appeared the following Sunday Mr. Raymond DeBurr, owner of the Gardens, smiled slyly as he pointed to seven wild rattlesnakes brought fresh from the desert to replace my own. I walked over to their cage and picked up the seven snakes in one hand.

Disagreement over the genuineness of my work has subsided since its authentication by Bill Hangar of the Arizona Highway Patrol who found a wildly striking rattler on the Mohave Desert and called me to pick it up. This I did without the use of force or precautions, as reported by Don Dederer in the *Arizona Republic* of September 17, 1959, and also by the *Wickenburg Sun* of July 24, 1959.

Realizing that people's emotional disbelief is my chief headache, Dr. Howard Gloyd, formerly Director

of the Chicago Academy of Sciences, vouched for the authenticity of the rattler on my Super Circus TV broadcast. Companies insuring the TV stations, at first incredulous of my act, became aware during my Steve Allen TV show that my rattlesnake performers were fully equipped with fangs and poison glands, which resulted in a general alarm and an abrupt halt to my television career on the networks.

When Paramount contracted me for appearances at the Aero Theatre in Phoenix, Ariz., the police forbid my use of poisonous snakes outside of an escape-proof case. This was a chance to prove the venomousness of my snakes by forcing the hands of the police, so I appeared with rattlers. It is possible that my control of the reptiles convinced the law that there was no danger; whatever the reason, there was no interference. On this occasion I challenged the public to a showdown with posters proclaiming: Only man in the world who will handle rattlers brought to the theatre by any member of the audience.

During the early years of this unusual association I took my reptile performers with me wherever I went, giving them the freedom of my hotel rooms. In Chicago one of them slithered under the door into the hallway and was first seen on the floor below. In Los Angeles

another wandered away under a door into the next apartment. The *Mirror News* reported it as follows:

"Jim Patrick, of 463 S. Burlington, thought he had a 3-D television set last Thursday night when a three-foot rattlesnake slithered out from behind the set and confronted him in his apartment.

"When Patrick decided that the snake was real and not a new TV attempt to portray realism, he headed for the nearest exit, which turned out to be a window. Fortunately, his apartment is on the ground floor."

These incidents caused me tragic losses of my pets, so I discontinued travelling with rattlesnakes which, like all snakes, are led by curiosity to become escape artists of the highest order.

My research in this direction began with a move to befriend the rattlesnake. In the ensuing battle with the human mind it occurred to me that people might treat reptiles more humanely if it could be shown that they had something to offer mankind. Since then my studies have been punctuated by numerous remarkable occurrences, of which the episode of the three rattlers is an example.

The net result of my work is a conviction that rattlesnakes exercise telepathic perception and strike selectively.

In researching telepathic exchanges between people it is difficult to determine where a person's private thoughts leave off and where his responses to perceived stimuli begin. It is my belief that impressions transmitted from one mind to another in telepathic experiments tend to lose themselves within the similar emotional labyrinth existing in the percipient.

If a perceived telepathic impulse stands out more clearly against a dissimilar emotional background, then any direct mental communication between creatures should be more conspicuous between man and beast. The rattlesnake, for example, has demonstrated extraordinary ability to apperceive the movements of man.

In his two-volume treatise, *Rattlesnakes*, Dr. Laurence M. Klauber, of the San Diego Zoological Society, discusses the rattlers' uncanny ability to detect man from a distance, but unsatisfactorily attributes it to the cumulative effect of the recognized senses.* Of many instances therein, illustrating the distant detection of man when there were intervening objects to hide him from view, an account by Charles M. Bogert, of the American Museum of Natural History, is outstanding.

*This is equivalent to the "hyperesthesia theory", the theory that telepathy and clairvoyance are due to extremely high sensitivities of the recognized senses.

"Pondering the questions you raised concerning the senses of rattlers, I was reminded of our experiences when Dr. Cowles and I were camped near Indian Wells. Time after time we'd see no evidence of rattlers near camp; then we'd walk around a patch of mesquite, about a city block in size — mesquite blocked off by roads — and return to camp to find that one or more rattlers had crossed the road that could be kept under observation from camp. We were inclined to believe that *atrox* was a pretty cagey snake, on the *qui vive* through one sense or another. Did they see us, hear us, or merely catch vibrations through the ground? We were convinced that they knew somehow when the coast was clear."

Scientists universally agree that snakes are deaf to airborne vibrations. The facial pits, sensitive to infra-red rays, are considered to have too short an effective range to be useful in distant detection. This leaves only ground vibration and the sense of smell, among the ordinary senses, as possible avenues of perception that could serve to warn the snake of man's presence. Moreover, the same treatise cites a case where a rattlesnake in a barrel detected a man in stocking feet, which makes things look bad for the hypothesis of ground tremor.

Rattlers in closed boxes also can

detect the presence of man, though I have made no exact comparisons of their sensitivities with those not so confined. This would appear to void the sense of smell as a solution to the mystery and is persuasive evidence of extrasensory perception. I have observed many cases where rattlers in closed boxes seemed to rattle most readily at people who dislike them strongly, which also tends to support the hypothesis of telepathic powers.

Regarding my friendliness with rattlers, I incline to the belief that we (the snakes and I) achieve our initial understanding through a telepathic channel. Then, when bodily contact has been established, empathy enters the picture. Of empathy the Encyclopedia Britannica says: "One may, by a kind of introjection, 'feel himself into' whatever he observes or contemplates . . ."

Empathy seems indicated by the adaptation of the snake to my movements, as if it were coordinated with my own nervous system, and by its reaction to situations of which I have no conscious knowledge. Thus, on one occasion, I was in the *Pit of Death* at the Reptile Gardens in Phoenix, Ariz., where different varieties of rattlesnakes from the surrounding desert were kept as a touristic attraction. I alone was permitted in this pit, where I often went to pet the

snakes. Many of these had a coloration which made them difficult to distinguish from the sand of the pit.

Suddenly a friend shouted from above that I was standing on a side-winder, most ill-reputed of all the rattlesnakes. Looking down I saw that it was squirming under me. I lifted my foot and he crawled away into a corner and pouted.

Similar incidents might often have occurred at Rattlesnake Haven, a mining claim in Arizona that I transformed into a snake refuge, where I kept rattlesnakes for watchdogs, before disgruntled inhabitants of distant towns burned it down and it passed into other hands. The rattlers, however, knew that I would not purposely step on them and took care that I did not accidentally do so when I walked among the boulders.

It might appear that one could not mentally influence a snake whose presence he ignored. But a rattlesnake will sometimes strike only at one person in a line of people stepping over a log. Later, this person may say that snakes were far from his thoughts. But I believe, the snake recognizes subconscious thoughts and inbred aversions, or the "poisonous" waves which these produce, and strikes at them. As though to confirm this, rattlesnakes strike many persons who have given them virtually no

physical provocation and ignore what I might unwittingly have done to provoke them. These, at least, are the indications.

The climax to my public performances occurred on March 26, 1960, at a meeting of the Metropolitan New York Herpetological Society. I was challenged to insert my hand into a sack containing a rat snake (rat snakes are non-poisonous) which had bitten everyone who had tried to handle it. I not only reached into the sack and withdrew the snake, which promptly cuddled in my arm, but I also induced a residual effect. While I was present, moderate persuasion could no longer cause it to bite anyone.

If this unknown quantity which contributes to one's acceptance by snakes is based upon telepathy and empathy, what is the mechanism behind its operation?

As often happens, a thin line separates the scientifically sanctioned from the unacceptable. The transmission and reception of mental radio waves falls outside the realm of orthodox science, but the brain's generation of electric waves does not.

The English investigator, Caton, in 1874, discovered brain waves in animals. In 1929 Hans Gerber became the object of professional jealousy and scorn when he found these waves in the human brain.

Today the electro-encephalograph, which amplifies the feeble currents of the brain waves by means of vacuum tubes, provides medical science with a means for diagnosing brain maladies.

Between brain waves, measurable on the outer surface of the cranium, and thought waves from within the brain, I think it permissible to assume a relationship. On this basis the telepathic communication of one brain with another could depend upon the ability of brain waves to penetrate the barrier of the human skull, travel a distance, penetrate another skull and register in the brain of the percipient. (Telepathy* is sometimes explained as from consciousness to subliminal mind, then to another subliminal mind and back to consciousness.)

Still, electro-physiological research on "brain-waves" had shown these excitations of the brain to occur at such a low power level that, by mid-20th Century, the hypothesis of propagation of the waves from one person to another in some unknown way had no support.

While brain waves have the potential of only millionths of a volt, measured after considerable power has been lost in overcoming the

*Webster's International Dictionary gives the following information concerning the word Telepathy: "Tele-, a combining form from Greek, meaning far, far off used to denote operating at a distance; -pathy, a combining form from Greek -pathia, meaning liability to feeling."

resistance of thick skulls, incoming television waves range from millivolts to microvolts, not entirely beyond the magnitude of values upon the surface of the cranium.

According to engineers of CBS, the lower limit of antenna voltage for TV reception on the average set is 100 microvolts. This gives a snowy picture. The upper limit is 5000 microvolts.

It is my opinion that in rattlesnakes the process of transmission and reception is aided by auxiliary organs (the pits and tongue) which double as transmitting and receiving antennae, broadcasting their own brain waves and receiving those of other creatures without loss of power through the resistance of bone structures.

Something comparable is known to occur in the realm of human experience. The engineer of a prominent radio station asserts that there are rare but authenticated instances of persons with metallic tooth fillings which act as antennae, and whose coincidental association with the proper nerves makes it possible for them to hear radio programs without instrumentality.

The generation of brain waves within the human body has not wholly bemused scientific scrutiny. The brain produces a very active substance, acetylcholine, which under certain conditions, generates an electric current. Artificial brain

waves can be produced by placing a layer of acetylcholine on a layer of cholesterol in a test-tube.

It is interesting to note that adrenaline, which is poured into the blood-stream from the adrenal gland under the stimulation of hate or fear and which is the exciting cause of aggressive activity in man, is closely related to acetylcholine produced by the same gland. It is not beyond probability that adrenaline also is responsible for brain waves and, specifically, brain waves that suggest hostility.

Whether or not this *modus operandi* is correct, it is easy to see that the chemical reaction which generates brain waves might conceivably be inhibited to some degree by the power of will. *But the power of will never can nullify the effects of subconscious emotions.*

An incident at the Reptile Gardens in Phoenix illustrates the domination of a person by such an emotion.

I approached a lady gazing into one of the pits.

"Look at that constrictor," I said. "Isn't he a beauty?"

"A beauty?" replied the woman. "I think it's horrible!"

I glanced at her shoes and purse and remarked that they were made from the skin of a constrictor.

"That's different," she said. "It's dead."

"Does being dead make some-

thing more beautiful?" I asked.

"All right!" she snapped, exasperatedly, "but I can't stand crawling things."

"Why?" I insisted.

She looked at me aghast and left in a huff, her subconscious mind zealously guarding the reasons for the way she felt.

Neither inbred aversions nor their "poisonous" waves can be controlled by the power of will. In my own case I never had the slightest such aversions.

When, at the age of 23, I plunged headlong into the Brazilian jungles, the jungle and all its inhabitants accepted me. I did not know how to build a shelter so I slept on the jungle floor.

The first night I lay astride the animals' path to their drinking hole. I did not know what manner of creature was nuzzling me, but I could feel his hot breath upon my face. Next day, when I returned to an Indian encampment which I had passed the day before the natives fled, thinking it was my spirit. No man, they later told me, could sleep in that jungle and come out alive. It was infested with jaguars.

This experience led me to taking long walks through the jungle after midnight. On these jaunts I had many strange encounters with animals, which often followed me and which I usually

could not identify in the dark. On one occasion, in a clearing, a huge bird swooped out of the moonlit sky and, folding its wings downward over my head, caressed both my cheeks with its wing-tips, then rose and was gone.

One night the army ants invaded my "sleeping quarters" on an outcropping of rock, and hauled away every bit of food, including the rice which I carried in a pair of socks. They left some shreds of cloth as evidence of their visit. Through it all I slept unscathed. On many other occasions, in sandy country, I slept in the midst of ant colonies and could feel the busy creatures crawling over me, without biting.

I recall one night on a bank of the Rio Jequitinhonha when mosquitoes thick as clouds tormented me playfully by crawling in my ears and nostrils but did not bite me.

Here, among the crawling creatures of the swamp and the agile forms that leaped from limb to limb, I found loyalty and friendship such as few men ever find. It was loneliness for this sincere friendship of animals that, on the desert of Arizona, made me look to the rattlesnake for companionship.

I have shown that, with the proper subconscious attitude, outwardly manifest, man can throw himself upon the mercy of the

jungle and all its creatures. But can man throw himself, in like manner, upon the mercy of civilization?

The moral structure of the jungle is vastly superior to anything that man has produced. Realization of this could change the course of the world by producing within man a humility that would save him from himself. That is why I have made a standing offer to jump, unarmed and unequipped, into any jungle of the world. When I come out, unmolested by beast, it will prove that all of man's fancy education and scientific "advances" have not approached, in moral values, that which, out of choleric spite, he consistently seeks to destroy.

My challenger need only provide the means of implementing the experiment.

We now see that the telepathic communication of one brain with another depends upon brain waves, which conform to the pattern of thoughts and emotions, the broadcasting and/or reception of waves that definitely exist, and the decoding of the signals received by correlating them with the neural patterns.

Such things are all very well for the omnipotent human race in the imaginative world of science fiction, it seems. But when the animal world actually produces something

like a radio, that baffles man, he regards the marvel with dogmatic disbelief. This despite the fact that radio-like means of communication are definitely known to exist in fire-flies and other insects, and despite the fact, too, that animals evolved the prototypes of many great inventions long before man conceived them. The bat uses sonar, the skunk gas warfare, the jellyfish a parachute. Mammals and insects both use armorplate. Thus the list continues. Virtually every form of life has contributed, in one way or another, to the "inventions" of man.

Not all of Nature's adaptations are physical, or reveal themselves to a cursory glance. Some, which have been under our noses for centuries, we can detect only after long, intimate acquaintances with the creature possessing them. Such, for example, are sensory adaptations permitting the reception of invisible, telepathic waves that orthodox science repudiates because it lacks *intimate* acquaintance with the creatures possessing them and because it recognizes only those things which fit its inflexible structure.

If you believe in heat, sound, wireless or radio, television or radar, then you believe in invisible waves. They form a sea around us. Some of them we know, superficially, as we may know a person by his name.

Others we do not know, and many of them we cannot see or feel. But reason confirms the assumption that waves, to which we are insensitive, can be felt or perceived by other kinds of life since all waves are forms of energy.

Extra-sensory ability to detect enemies at a distance became imperative for the survival of creatures whose repute as the natural foes of man and whose relatively diminutive size and strength, filled every moment of their lives with danger.

And so, through long processes of adaptive evolution, stimulated by the struggle for survival, the rattlesnake developed an ability to apperceive waves originating in hostile thought or intentions and, conceivably, to decode them as shocks or impacts. This means that a man's hostile thought, directed toward the rattlesnake, can be equivalent to a punch on the nose.

During the Second World War the Germans experimented with rings of whirling air, shot from specially-constructed cannons by

high explosives. The object was to knock down planes. Smoke-rings snuffing out a candle-flame half way across the room illustrate the principle involved. The whirling, doughnut-shaped "air-bumps" of the Germans, impelled by dynamite, had the impact of smoke-rings magnified millions of times in intensity, and could knock a man off his feet. This proved impractical for use at a distance.

Man-made shock-waves that travel through a medium other than air are on the list of things to come. Considering the history of inventions and the priority of the animal world in producing them, it would not be surprising if one day science officially acknowledges that means for transmitting and receiving telepathic shock-waves were evolved by so-called primitive creatures during the dim beginnings of life on earth.

Other of God's creatures have been favored by extra-sensory perception, but in my experience they show it to a lesser degree than rattlesnakes.



ICY MISSILE

HEARING what sounded like an explosion on her front lawn in Dalton, Mass., on March 27, 1960, Mrs. Larry Roche investigated to find a large hole containing three pieces of what originally had been a chunk of ice weighing some 30 pounds. She said she had heard no planes overhead at the time the ice chunk hit and had seen no vehicles pass the house. The ice was found to contain particles of sand.

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.

DEATH GRANTED A REPRIEVE

By Mildred Brumley

IT WAS a cold winter night in 1948. The doctor had done all he could for my three-year-old daughter, Mary.

"You should have called me sooner," he said, "it's pneumonia."

"But she'll be all right?" I asked anxiously.

"Watch her carefully," he admonished, noncommittally as he left.

Returning to the bedroom, I turned off the lights, raised the shades, then sat down beside three-year-old Mary's crib for a long vigil. The street-light outside shone brightly into the room.

Suddenly Mary began to have trouble breathing. She would inhale but seemed unable to exhale. When this first happened, I patted her on the back and laid her down again. As it became recurrently worse, I disregarded the doctor's order to use a tent and vaporizer, took Mary, wrapped her in blankets and held her close. I worked with her as she rattled and wheezed and

choked until about 4:00 o'clock in the morning.

At that time I suddenly became aware of a movement in the short hallway leading to the bedroom. A figure slowly approached, turned and stopped just inside the bedroom, at the foot of Mary's crib.

Feeling more curiosity than fear, I looked at it carefully. This figure, the size of a man, had human form, was gray, but strangely enough, had no facial features.

Having reached the foot of Mary's bed, it turned and slowly reached its arms toward her, as though to take her from me.

Equally determined not to give up my daughter, I held her close and said aloud, "I don't know who you are, or what you want, but get out."

The figure hesitated momentarily; the arms slowly lowered, it turned and went slowly back into the hall.

Minutes later Mary stirred and opened her eyes, saying, "Mommy, I'm thirsty."

Her breathing was normal.

Death must have realized how much I wanted to keep my little girl. — *Chicago, Ill.*

THE VOICE

By Elnora Mannon

MY FAMILY never has had second sight. But every now and then some one of us hears a voice.

This voice, as a rule, warns of deadly danger. Once in a while it tells one of us that we are safe or that some course of action is right. There is one thing certain, no matter what the voice says it is always right and speaks for our benefit. We cannot explain it; we just tell about it.

I first heard of it from my father. One of his uncles, Benjamin Maple, had heard a voice say plainly, "Jump for your life." He had jumped and thus escaped being crushed by a load of stone as it toppled over. The voice had not told him in which direction to jump, yet he had seemed to know.

After that the members of the family either wooed the voice or feared it. However, very few of them heard it.

I decided that I, for one, *wasn't* going to hear voices. For a long time I didn't. Then one day I did.

The voice warned me one day in 1944, as I was going to the spring for a pail of water just as I had done thousands of times before. There was no sign of danger any-

where and the voice spoke to me in a gentle, coaxing way, saying, "Go and look for duck eggs first."

The ducks' nests were very near and I set the water pail down and turned into the hollow to look for eggs without a thought. I had only gone a few steps toward the ducks' nests when I heard a loud crashing sound and turned in time to see the great elm that grew by the spring fall with a loud rustling crash, squarely on the spring, covering the spot where I would have stood to dip water.

Later as I chopped elm branches from over the spring so I could get water, I gathered my wits enough to thank God for sparing my life. I reflected a little on the voice that I had heard. It obviously was from a greater intelligence than my own.

Then, believe it or not, I decided that I must not be hearing voices as some of my folks had done and that I would not hear it again.

It turned out not to be a matter of choice, however, and after a few years I heard it warning me again.

The former owner of our place had been left a widower. Our two families had always been friends so a few words of sympathy had seemed in order. I am a spinster myself, but as I had loved his wife in her lifetime I spoke of how much she had meant to us all. She had been dead six days at that time, so I was dumfounded when he

proposed marriage. I suggested that he wait at least a month but he would not listen. His wife was as dead as she would ever be, he said, and that being the case he could see no valid reason for us to wait at all.

I could feel myself weakening. After all, I had known him for 30 years. He had been kind to his wife and he had a home, yet it didn't set just right with me. Somehow I could see Number Three being wooed hastily when I was as dead as I would ever be. So I put him off for a while. Undaunted, he got a job in Brown Branch where he could see me often and most of my friends began urging me to marry him. They said it might be my last opportunity for marriage.

Then the voice spoke again, saying plainly, "You had better be a long ways from here."

However, I disregarded the voice, even when these same words were repeated to me a few days later.

I *wasn't* going to hear voices, you see. And then too, perhaps, my femininity needed a little whirl.

A few days later the voice caught me on the way to Brown Branch with no one to talk to me and said for the third time now, "You had better be a long *long* ways from here."

This time there was a quality about the voice that raised my hair and sent a chill of terror up my spine.

Suddenly, I was so terribly afraid that I packed right up and left for the Pacific Northwest. This was the day after Labor Day in 1947. Being still afraid when I got there I took a job away off on the edge of the wilderness where I sort of hid out. This made me feel lots better. When I was told that my too hasty lover had followed me to Washington but couldn't find me, I felt safe and happy.

After a while the work out there was done and I left. In the bus station in Yakima, Wash., on December 8, 1947, I met a woman I had known from near Brown Branch. She asked me if I had heard the news from home.

I said, "What news?"

She told me that the man I had run away from had married a lady who did not hear voices. This was all right to my notion, but then my informant said that about six weeks after their marriage he had shot her and himself dead on the main street of Taneyville, Mo.

My head began going round with the knowledge of what the voice had saved me from.

When I felt a bit steadier, I made up my mind that I *would* hear voices from then on.—*Brown Branch, Mo.*

LONG DISTANCE PAIN

By Carl J. Gunkel

I MET ALLIE and Alice Watts, identical twins, while I was sta-

tioned at Camp Campbell in Kentucky during World War II. The girl are identical in every perceivable way. They look alike and talk alike. Actually, members of their own family could not tell them apart. They often substituted for each other on the job and sometimes on dates.

After a brief courtship I married Alice in March, 1943.

A few months later my division moved to Camp Polk in Louisiana for further training before going overseas as a combat unit. Alice and I managed to rent a small home in a Wherry Housing project not far from the post. The entire division was busy. Each unit had received its fillers and the officers and cadre men were entrusted with the responsibility of conducting basic training. I was as busy as the rest but I did manage to spend several nights a week a home.

Early one morning in July Alice woke me up complaining that she had a severe sore throat. I asked her if she wanted to see a doctor. She answered that she probably had better go to a doctor her throat ached so bad.

I drove to Camp Polk and called a doctor friend of mine. He instructed us to meet him at his office in a few minutes. I waited while he examined my wife. When Alice came out of his office, I drove her home. Alice said the doctor

had examined her throat very carefully and then had given her some pills and told her to go home and rest — that it was nothing serious.

I looked at the pills. They were aspirin.

I returned to the post and I called my friend. The doctor said he was glad I had called and asked if I would come to his office and talk for a few minutes. I went at once.

He told me that in talking to my wife she appeared to be suffering from a streptococcal throat but the examination revealed her throat to be normal. He requested that I bring her back for another examination in two or three days.

That night Alice could not sleep. She appeared to be in extreme pain. About 6:00 the next morning our phone rang. It was the Western Union office in the nearby town of Leesville. They had a telegram for Alice. I got a pencil and paper and wrote as they read, "Allie in serious condition at Riverside Hospital with strep throat. Can you come? signed, Mom."

When I read the message to Alice she asked what a strep throat was. She had never heard of it.

I asked my wife if she wanted to go to the hospital at Paducah to visit Allie and she said no — that she was sure that her sister was better.

A few hours later another telegram came. This one said Allie was

doing much better — don't come.

The severe pain my wife had suffered was not because of anything wrong with her. Very apparently it was a sympathetic pain for her sister Allie, over 1000 miles away. — *Hardin, Ky.*

FIRST ASTRAL JOURNEY

By Andy Anderson

FOR SEVERAL years I pondered upon the statement that Paul the Apostle made in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." Finally, one night an unusual incident took place at the Baraboo, Wisconsin, Writer's Club monthly meeting which seemed to prove the authenticity of Paul's biblical statement.

At first it seemed that this particular writer's club meeting would be no less boring than countless others that I had attended. However, as our literary efforts came to an end for the evening, we started piling an assortment of handmade trinkets on the dining room table in preparation for a little auction designed to raise money for the club. Nearly 50 authors and poets were present that evening and we anticipated a lively time.

As the auction began I walked around the table bidding on various items. Suddenly I became aware of a sensation of faintness. Wave after wave of light-headedness threatened

to overwhelm me as I struggled to maintain my equilibrium.

Another strange phenomenon began to occur at this time. I became aware of a rising sensation. An awesome thought leaped into my mind; this must be my untimely death!

However, full consciousness slowly returned. I realized that I now occupied a semi-transparent, cloud-like body which was gently floating out of the back of my physical head. I could distinguish objects from my perspective in space, only now they were enveloped by a golden haze. My sense of touch seemed normal, except that my hands passed through solid objects. I could hear everyone speaking, but at a great distance, and a sound, like surf, drowned out their voices at times. I felt as light as a feather and gleefully observed my physical shell as it stood swaying below me.

At the same time I realized that I would have difficulty explaining this unusual occurrence. With great reluctance I forced myself back into my physical body. It took some seconds before I gained full control of my body. I felt a slight prickling sensation as I gratefully accepted the chair someone offered. Someone else remarked that I looked as if I had seen a ghost. I thought wryly to myself that I very nearly had become one.

Although my visit to the astral

world took only a few memorable moments it convinced me, beyond a doubt, that life does continue after death — that the physical body is merely a shell for the spiritual body to occupy during its sojourn upon this planet — *Westminster, Colo.*

DEATH RECOGNIZED

By James Weir

IN 1921 THERE were three of us who worked in the tool inspection department of the Brown, Lipe, Chapin Company, in Syracuse, N.Y. Louis Griffin was in charge and an old Scotsman named MacGregor and I were inspectors.

I am of Scotch descent myself so the old man, MacGregor, and I took a great liking to each other.

One night as MacGregor was leaving to go home he came over to me and said, "Goodbye, Jimmy. You will never see old Mac again."

I didn't take him seriously. I looked at him and smiled, saying,

"Oh, I'll be seeing you in the morning as usual. Goodnight."

At 7:00 o'clock the next morning Mac didn't show up for work. Louis Griffin, the foreman, asked me about him and remarked that it was unusual for Mac to be late for work.

Eight o'clock came and still no Mac. Then Griffin was called out of the department. When he returned he had a shocked look on his face.

He came over to me and said, "I just got word that Mac died last night."

MacGregor had not complained of feeling unwell; he had not mentioned any aches, pains or illness. His complexion had been ruddy as ever when he left us the night before.

Still he knew that he was going to die, as evidenced by his telling me goodbye, that I would never see him again.

How did he know? — *Hollywood, Calif.*



FACT AND FICTION

POLICE in Los Angeles, Calif., responding to a "woman screaming" call on July 12, 1960, found the body of Nina Thoeren, a 19-year-old co-ed, who had been strangled with her own slacks on the campus of City College. She was the daughter of the screenwriter who wrote "Act of Murder."



When an HOUR isn't 60 MINUTES



The author has been a dentist for 30 years and a hypodontist for the past 10. He now spends his full time writing on dental, medical and scientific subjects.

The young substitute musician had to cram hours of practice into minutes — and “time distortion” can do it!

By Douglas W. Stephens, D.D.S.

THE CONDUCTOR of a famous symphony orchestra, on tour in Los Angeles, Calif., in 1957, rushed into the office of a famous medical hypnotist.

“My first violinist’s ill,” he told the physician. “His understudy’s played the hour musical score but needs hours of practice to brush up.”

The conductor wiped his forehead. “Everything depends on this part.” He looked up pleadingly. “Could you hypnotize the understudy so he could play tonight? There isn’t time to get in all that regular practice.”

The physician got up and selected a book from his library. “Hypno-

tism alone won’t help,” he said. “But with *time distortion* we might get in the practice he needs.”

The musician raised his eyebrows.

The physician went on, “Doctors Cooper and Erickson describe a similar case in their book *Time Distortion In Hypnosis*. Is your violinist a good hypnotic subject?”

The conductor nodded. “He helped in the psychology department at UCLA. But *time distortion*?”

The physician smiled. “Let’s say it’s time within time. Get your violinist over here. Maybe time will work for instead of against us.”

When the young musician ar-

rived, the doctor put him into a deep trance.

"Imagine your violin's in your hand," he said to the understudy. "When I tap the table once, start playing the entire musical score in correct time. When I again tap, you will have completed the entire solo."

The physician raised his voice. "Though you mentally play this entire violin selection between my signals, the practice periods will pass surprisingly quick."

He tapped the table for the mental practice to start and 20 seconds later tapped it to stop. After 10 of these 20 second practice sessions, the subject was awakened and handed his violin. He played the music perfectly.

With no other practice, his performance that evening was without error. Certainly no one guessed the musician had only three minutes and 20 seconds mental practice.

Time distortion is another way to think of the passage of time. Ordinarily we consider time as clock time in which the clock's hands take so many minutes of equal duration to move a certain measured distance.

Another sort of time, called seeming duration by Doctor Cooper, has been experienced by all of us. An uninteresting lecture seems much longer in contrast to a more exciting event though the duration of

both is the same by clock time.

* * *

A SUCCESSFUL artist came to see this same medical hypnotist.

"For the past year I've been trying to paint a boat picture," he told the physician. "Everytime I start, something goes wrong. I've painted other things during this period." He shook his head. "It's boat pictures. I can't sleep and my work is suffering."

The physician found the man well adjusted psychologically. He felt if the patient could paint a boat picture his nervousness and insomnia might vanish.

Upon being successfully hypnotized, after several practice sessions, the artist was given the post-hypnotic suggestion that he place a canvas and a supply of paints in one corner of his studio the next day. Before he awakened, he was told he would have no memory of this post-hypnotic suggestion.

The artist returned two days later to tell the doctor he'd set up the canvas and paints. "Don't know why I took the trouble," he told the physician. "I can't paint a boat picture."

The doctor smiled. "At least you've started," he said.

He again hypnotized the man and told him to complete his current painting commitments, then to start work on the boat picture.

"You are to work with the same

painstaking methods you always use. Do not rush it as it is to be your best work," he was told.

The artist also was told by the medical doctor that the time it took to paint this picture would pass with great speed. The hypnotist stressed repeatedly that in spite of the quick passage of time the artist must work at his usual, careful speed. Again the artist was awakened and dismissed without conscious knowledge of these new post-hypnotic suggestions.

Two days later the artist rushed into the physician's office.

"Something strange happened this afternoon," he explained, pacing back and forth. "This morning I finished most of my current work. About noon, I picked up a sandwich and while eating it strolled over to look at the blank canvas. I noticed the light was right for painting and laid the sandwich down.

"A few minutes later I picked up the sandwich again and noticed it suddenly had become quite dry. Glancing at the canvas I saw a well painted seascape. Looking at the lower corner of the painting I saw my name though I did not remember painting it.

"And," he concluded, "The painting must be finished because I never sign one unless it is."

At the artist's request, the hypnotist again put him into a deep hypnotic trance. The painter then

easily remembered painting the picture. He recalled working slowly, as usual. The scene, one he'd viewed only once years before, at Santa Barbara, Calif., was quite clear in his mind. He remembered spending what seemed several hours painting a yawl in the foreground and having great difficulty sketching it in correct proportion to the larger ships in the background.

Before he awakened, the doctor suggested that he would now remember all previous suggestions and recall fully in his conscious mind that he had painted the boat picture. Even when awake the artist could not understand how he'd created this, his best picture as attested later by leading art critics, in less than six hours by the clock when he'd never before painted a canvas this size in less than 70 to 80 hours. The accomplishment seemed to remove a subconscious pressure and his nervousness and insomnia disappeared.

* * *

DENTISTS USE hypnosis to relax patients and many utilize *time distortion* to mentally shorten long hours in the dental chair.

While in a light hypnotic trance, one dental patient of mine in 1956 enjoyed a restful trip to the lake country of her youth. Though in *clock time* this vacation would have taken several weeks, it was fully experienced, mentally, in every de-

lightful detail, during a two hour dental appointment. The patient awoke, rested and happy, as if she'd really returned from a vacation trip, with no recollection of the dentistry completed during this period.

Time distortion under hypnosis has been used in psychiatric cases where other methods have failed to produce results. Often a patient has a mental block which can only be overcome by having the patient review his whole life mentally so quickly by *clock time* that the period of mental trauma is reviewed by his conscious mind before the subconscious realizes it. Once truth is known to the conscious mind the sickness it has caused is often cured.

Whenever she saw a pink dress, one woman, a nurse at the Veterans' Hospital in Long Beach, fainted or became so deadly ill doctors feared for her life. Ordinary psychoanalysis could not locate the seat of her trouble.

She was hypnotized during her course of treatment by a medical psychiatrist. He regressed her to the age of eight years but beyond that she would not go. The physician felt sure the pink dress must be a clue to something in early childhood that had given her a great shock.

The next day she had another spell in front of a downtown store. In the window was a simple pink

dress. As this attack was worse than before, the physician decided to try *time distortion*.

Under the guise of conducting an experiment in hypnosis, he taught her the difference between *clock time* and *seeming duration*. He explained that the "watched pot which never boils" is an illustration of time "slowed," and "fast time" is often experienced when "time flies" during periods of pleasure.

"*Personal time*", he told her, was the length of time it seemed to take to do a task. In the test her *personal time* would be her own and she could take as much or as little of it as it seemed necessary to do the job. However, between the starting signal and the termination signal there would be an "allotted or *clock time*" which could be either faster or slower than *personal time*.

She was given a practice session in which she was hypnotized and asked to count a full basket of beans. She was to take all the *personal time* she needed but the task must be finished in 10 minutes of *clock time*. This was repeated again and again, each time speeding up her allotted *clock time* until she was able to count several thousand beans mentally in 10 seconds of *clock time*.

Believing she was sufficiently trained in *time distortion*, the psychiatrist again hypnotized her and

told her the next experiment would take 30 seconds *clock time*. She was told also that during this period she could make her *personal time* as long as she needed to do the task, a minute, a day, a week, a month or years.

He explained he would ring a bell when she nodded her head to indicate she was ready to start. "I will then tell you what task you shall do." He paused. "Ready?" She nodded and as he rang the bell, he commanded her sharply, "*Remember*—from childhood to NOW!"

At first a startled expression came over the woman's face then it became wooden. In 30 seconds the doctor again rang the bell.

He asked, "Through?"

The patient answered, "Yes."

"Will you tell me if I awaken you?"

"Yes."

The patient, when brought out of the trance, spoke about her father of whom she had been quite fond. On the afternoon of her eighth birthday, her mother dressed her in a new pink dress. At about the time her father was due home from work, the girl ran out of the house to meet him. As she reached the sidewalk, she saw him coming from the streetcar-stop on the corner—walking on the opposite side of the street.

She waved and he shouted, "What

a beautiful pink dress." Then he started to cross the street, a big smile on his handsome face, his arms outstretched to greet her. At that moment a car came around the corner at high speed. It struck him as he reached the middle of the street. He was thrown toward his daughter. His head struck the curb at her feet. He was killed instantly. Blood spattered on her pink dress.

She remembered tears never came. She sat for days in her upstairs bedroom dry-eyed, refusing to go out even to the funeral.

Finally she seemed to recover but never mentioned the accident or her father. No one talked to her about his death. In her conscious mind it was forgotten, but not in the subconscious where the memory of this tragic accident was buried.

As she grew older her subconscious expressed this fear and horror by causing her to faint and become ill whenever she saw a pink dress.

After the patient repeatedly went over the details of the accident with the physician, she cried as she had not done as a girl. Her aversion to pink remained in a mild form but her fainting and sick spells did not recur even when she herself occasionally wore a pink dress.

The correction of alcoholism and the tobacco habit are only tempor-

arily helped when post-hypnotic suggestion alone are given to the hypnotized patient who is trying to overcome these conditions. After a short time these usually wear off and the habits recur.

In a recent study, hypnotists used *time distortion* combined with auto- or self-hypnosis to bring about a more permanent correction.

The subjects were hypnotized to the somnambolic or near-somnambolic stage where they were taught auto- or self-hypnosis so they might, of their own free will, return to this deep hypnotic state. By this means they repeatedly strengthened and kept alive the post-hypnotic suggestions on smoking or drinking. Using *time distortion* a great deal was crowded into a small segment of *clock time*.

Time distortion under hypnotism can also be used in learning foreign languages or other courses dependent on the memory of the student. It can be used to free the mind, to relax both mind and body, to overcome self-consciousness and improve the emotional and physical well being of an individual. Five or 10 minutes of hypnotic rest and relaxation whether induced by a hypnotist or by self-hypnosis, can be more restful and relaxing than a night's sleep.

Group auto-conditioning classes were held in 1959 in New York City. In working with businessmen,

salesmen, executives, and others interested in self-improvement, it was found that low self-esteem, lack of confidence and poise, poor memory, insomnia and other complaints in everyday living can be relieved.

The organization, consisting of a trained psychologist, a hypnotist and a medical consultant, is called Personality Guidance, Inc., with headquarters in Irvington, N. J. During this training men learn to relax and free themselves from tensions. One man was about to lose his job. After his training in auto-hypnosis he found he was able to work at a more rapid pace for longer periods and had greater ability to pass off negative responses to his services. His confidence improved and his personality became more cheerful. This enabled him to get along better with business and personal acquaintances.

By using *time distortion* during deep hypnosis these people were taught to mentally go over and over the points in their character that needed correcting. *Time distortion* speeded this up considerably by enabling the subject to take 10 second practice periods (going to or from work, during the lunch hour or during coffee breaks) to go over lengthy suggestions for their self improvement or repeating shorter ones over and over many times until they were firmly

and permanently fixed in their subconscious minds.

Time distortion is only one of the many valuable tools now aid-

ing the medical hypnotist in his study of the workings of the human mind and its effect on the human body.

SECRET PASSAGES OF THE BIBLE

ARCHEOLOGISTS recently discovered evidence tending to confirm verses in the Bible indicating the existence of secret passages in the walls of ancient cities.

They are reported to have found one such secret passage in the wall of a fort which they believe may have been built by the Judean King Uzziah, who reigned in the Eighth Century B. C. The remains of the fort stands on a hill south of Jerusalem on the road to Bethlehem.

The fort's outer wall was built of oblong stone blocks three feet long, fitted closely lengthwise with their ends facing outward. The archeologists found that one of these stones could be slipped out, to reveal steps leading down to a passage under the wall. From the

passage another set of steps led up into the city.

Ancient cities in the area usually had two walls separated by a passage or chamber two or three yards wide. The recently excavated fort was enclosed by such a wall.

Until the discovery of just how the passage was reached, scholars could only speculate about the architectural tricks which enabled Biblical characters to slip in or out of fortified cities without using the usual guarded gates. *The Book of Judges* tells how a besieging army slipped into Bethel after being shown a secret way into the city. And how a secret passage saved the people of Jerusalem from the Babylonian conqueror Nebuchadnezzar is related in the *Second Book of Kings*.

MYSTERY FOOTPRINTS IN ROCK

HUMAN footprints on the top and side of a huge stone on a farm in Johnson County, Ark., near Clarksville, are as much of a mystery today as when they were discovered in 1850. Geologists say that the stone, which is six feet wide and 10 feet high, has been in its present location for hundreds of years.

A Life Hung on a PUFF of FEATHERS

I saw two pillars of white that no one else could see, and when I beheld the third I simply had to investigate it.

Mrs. Wuest has had but one psychic experience—but it saved a child.

By Sarellen M. Wuest



ON JULY 6, 1940, my husband and I rose early with the idea of making an overnight trip to Ensenada Beach, a resort about 70 miles south of us in Mexico. We planned camping, fishing, exploring the town, enjoying the sea and open air. Before we left our apartment in San Diego, we looked out the window at our view of the Pacific Ocean and San Diego to get a notion of the kind of weather to expect.

"What's that column of white stuff rising out there?" I asked.

My husband could not see the

hazy white pillar floating up from the bay which seemed so clear to me. I thought it might be steam or smoke. But we wasted no time on it and prepared to be on our way.

The road was terrible. Major curves carrying traffic over the really high mountains were banked the wrong way. Henry gave his full attention to his driving and the precariousness of the trip spoiled my pleasure. I began to get nervous. I had such a strong feeling of impending disaster that my husband became worried and asked if I wanted to turn back. I felt like say-

ing yes but was ashamed to spoil the trip he had looked forward to for so long.

We eventually arrived at Ensenada Beach, set up our camp and had a wonderful day. Nevertheless, there remained, in the back of my mind, the menace of that devilish road and a vague feeling of wonder about the white column I had seen that morning.

I could not rid myself of a feeling of apprehension. I dreaded the return trip, had a growing conviction that some personal disaster was crouched in those steep canyons or poised on the overhanging cliffs, waiting to pounce on someone, perhaps us.

We had our supper on the beach in the glow of a glorious sunset. As we watched the light fade across the tumbling surf and the darkening water, I saw it again. *A white column rising straight up to the sky!*

"Look!" I cried. "There it is again — the white pillar."

Once again, Henry could not see it.

I walked up the beach to the next camp, only a few hundred feet away, and pointed it out to the pleasant couple who had camped there. But they couldn't see it either; and by now, I wasn't sure. Dusk had turned to dark, and I felt foolish describing apparitions visible to no one but me.

We struck camp early next day for the return trip. I didn't want Henry to be tired while coping with those crazy grades.

It was a beautiful day, the sky a deep blue strewn with the puffy whipped-cream clouds so typical of Mexico. I forgot my fears as we skimmed along the magnificent coast, the vast Pacific Ocean to our left, the lion-brown hills rising on our right. Then came that dreaded climb over the mountain range.

There were very few cars on the road at 7:30 in the morning, and that helped, but I was tense and apprehensive, putting on imaginary brakes myself, as Henry whisked around curves and sent the gravel flying on steep slopes.

"Are you all right?" he asked.

I tried to discipline myself so as not to make him nervous, but the feeling of impending crisis possessed me more and more strongly. I kept peering out of my side of the car, trying to avoid seeing the road ahead. And then, on a hairpin turn, downgrade, which carried us around the lip of a deep brush-covered gorge, *I saw it!* For the third time, *I saw it.*

A barely distinguishable column of fine white substance rose ghostly and plume-like in the windless morning air. It was like fluff, like milkweed seed.

"Stop!" I cried, but we were already two turns beyond. Henry

slowed down, and I told him what I had seen and asked him to turn back. Like any husband, frustrated in his job of covering mileage, he was annoyed.

"It's probably just fuzzy seeds from that sort of pampas grass they have here." He drove on.

I was terribly upset.

"No. It's a sign, a call. I have seen it three times now. You must go back."

He was angry; but he did as I asked.

We found a place wide enough to turn, re climbed the sharp curves of the road, and located the gorge of the white pillar.

No pillar! A faint wisp of white cloud was tossing languidly far above us in the rising currents of sun-warmed air.

But nothing could stop me now. I climbed from the car and clambered down the thorny slope. As I descended I began to see faint traces of broken brush and shards of glass. At the brink of a secondary drop, I stopped and looked over.

There in the sloping soft earth lay a dilapidated old car, bottom side up to the sky, its tired tires revolving languidly on mud-encrusted axles, oil seeping out on one side in a shiny brown stain, gasoline scenting the air and trickling downhill on the other in a quickly-absorbed stream.

The Mexican father, a brown-

faced boy, was dead at the wheel, his faded flannel shirt split up the sleeves in his desperate struggle to right the old jalopy in its swerve off the grade. The girl-mother, crumpled beside him, was dying. Her glazing eyes stared at the brilliant sky and blood was pouring from her ears and gashes in her neck.

But the baby, a wee speck of feminine humanity no more than three or four months old, was still moving with life, wriggling her tiny legs and lolling her head on a big feather pillow, somehow thrown free from the car. The fabric of the case, slashed by impact with the jagged rocks, had released the white fluff I had seen rising in the arroyo. Even now, a few wisps were escaping and floating vertically in a slow spiral up the rugged declivity, toward the highway above.

I picked her up, split pillow and all, and felt everywhere for injuries; but miraculously she was not hurt at all. Her lovely young mother, her black hair now soaked with crimson blood, had bound her to the pillow with wide strips of coarse meal sacks and this had saved her life.

Henry and I took her with us to report the accident to the police in Tijuana; and they sent us to the nuns with our little survivor. Those good women take on the victims of catastrophe as an every-day duty

in their wonderful lives of service to humanity. We left her in their hands at the orphanage, *Casa de Cuna*.

I would like to have taken the baby for my own. But she was a Mexican national, with parents of Catholic faith; and California adoption laws at that time prevented our assuming legal responsibility for her.

Even so, I always felt she was partly mine; and I helped with her clothes, school materials, and little gifts until she was old enough to be put into the household of a socially important woman in Guad-alajara. The Order of Santa Teresa operated the orphanage at that time and the sisters named her Pilar,

honoring the Virgin of the Pilar, and called her *Pilarcita*.

Recently I received a sweet letter from my pillow baby, telling me she is now mother of two of her own babies by an excellent husband. She lives with her family in Nayarit State, near Tepic, Mexico.

Nothing like that weekend ever has happened to me again, but I am satisfied with my three pillars of white—the first possibly the exhaust from a fire-fighting boat in our harbor, the second perhaps the misty spout of a southbound great gray whale, and the third the soft white down from the breasts of birds which, freed to the breeze, signalled to me that there was a small life to be saved.



THRIVING ON 13

By James Henry Lee

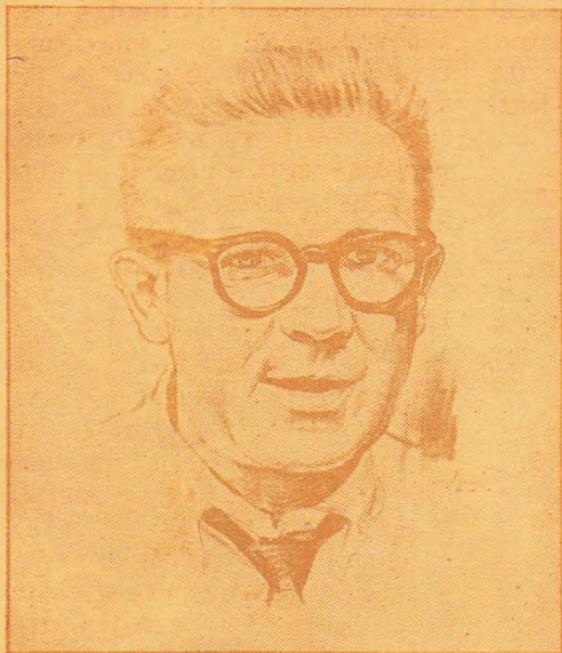
WHEN I was drafted into the Army in 1942, I was sent from Fort Hayes, Ohio, to Camp Beale, Calif., where I arrived on December 13, 1942. Later I was transferred to Camp Bowie, Texas, where I arrived on December 13, 1943.

At Camp Beale I was placed in the 13th Armored Division.

Transferred out of the 13th Armored, I was sent to Shepherd Field, Texas, where I slept in bed number 13. Out on the firing range I fired at target number 13.

My full name, James Henry Lee, has 13 letters in it. I started at my present job on July 13, 1948.

Thirteen is my number!



“Long John Speaking”

Let me tell you about the night
I offered my WOR listeners
a taste of reincarnation

By Long John Nebel

I'M GOING to teach you to contact people you knew in your previous lives. I'm going to show you and your radio audience how to do this, and I'm going to guarantee that some of the audience will get results — tonight! You may not believe in reincarnation, or the idea may be absolutely new to you, but I'm going to show you how to prove it to yourself with a personal experiment.”

That's what the man said, right on my WOR *Party Line* show with its thousands of listeners. He said that he could conduct a do-it-yourself experiment in reincarnation, and we told him to go right ahead.

I know that many of you readers know my reputation for exposing frauds and fakes and I do not want you to think that the program I am going to tell you about was any effort to make light of the subject

of reincarnation. Reincarnation is not a subject that anybody ought to treat lightly. After all, something like half the people in the world have a deep religious belief that they are going to be reborn into this world.

Myself, I've had two thoughts about reincarnation. First, I may have lived before, but unfortunately I can't remember anything about it. Second, maybe I will be reborn but I won't know for sure and certain until after I die.

Now I'll go a long ways to find the truth of something, neighbors, so now let me tell you about a guy we put on the air with an offer to give anyone who wants to try a taste of immortality and reincarnation. And all without asking anyone to go the whole hog and die.

If you are a regular listener to our WOR *Party Line*, you know what's coming because you heard about this experiment right from the horse's mouth during one of the most sensational programs ever broadcast.

The man who dropped the bomb on this fantastic show was a guy named Aaron G. Cohen. Mr. Cohen recently wrote a book called *The Path to Reincarnation* which was why we called him and asked him to sit around a mike with Long John and the members of the *Party Line* panel.

Mr. Cohen turned out to be a

very solid citizen. He is in the real estate business in Hartford, Conn., and was named by Connecticut's Governor Ribicoff to serve on the Connecticut Commission on Services to Elderly Persons. He is also very high up in a number of other civic and fraternal movements.

Sitting on the *Party Line* panel for our interview with Cohen were Warren Pack and Del Ray, both of whom are highly skilled at digging for facts in discussions on psychic and metaphysical problems. And, as our listeners know, I have a lot of experience along this line myself. I know all the gimmicks and I've seen most of the phony operations from the inside. But like I say, how are you going to know about reincarnation from the inside unless you're dead?

This being the case and the problem, one of the first questions we put to Cohen was this: if we've lived through previous lives, why don't we remember them?

Cohen answered that some people do remember previous lives. He also noted that there have been several large-scale investigations to establish the truth of facts remembered from previous existences. These include the well-known American case of Bridey Murphy and the even more elaborate case of the Englishwoman, Naomi Henry, who has been able to recall two previous lives while in a hypnotic trance.

Cohen also noted that Buddha was able to recall hundreds of his previous births, and that many skilled Yogi are able to concentrate and recall former births. Even untrained minds, he pointed out, often remember places and scenes that are familiar.

Now the panel admitted that these things are probably very true, but they do not answer the question as to why the vast majority of people have no memory of any previous life or experience.

To this Cohen answered, "Look, you must admit that you have many memories of this present life that your mind has hidden, or repressed, because these memories are too painful for you to live with. Isn't it a fact that we can't even remember the simple occurrences of this life and the very happenings of a single day?"

"In time man may be able to handle memory, but at the present it would be cruel if we recalled the incidents of former happenings, because we are not yet able to understand them."

At this point Warren Pack really laid into Cohen. "Look, Mr. Cohen," he said, "isn't it true that reincarnation is just an interesting idea that is nothing more than a philosophical exercise, much like the argument about how many angels can dance on the head of a single pin?"

I mean that this is a miraculous thing that we have to accept on the say-so of ordinary, mortal men. Reincarnation is something that cannot be demonstrated in the same sense that the Christian miracles are demonstrations of the power of God. Reincarnation is all talk, the evidence is all talk, and it's never going to be anything more."

Warren was getting pretty hot because he felt that the interview was turning into a waste of time. But Warren's heat didn't shake Cohen at all. Instead he calmly made the offer with which I started this article, to conduct a do-it-yourself demonstration of reincarnation.

Naturally I asked Cohen for some details on this experiment before I let him fool around on a broadcast that reaches hundreds of thousands of people.

Cohen swore that it would be a simple and harmless experiment, and that at most it might put a few people to sleep. But even the sleep would be unusually refreshing and relaxing, he claimed.

I don't exactly use my show to encourage people to go to sleep and stop listening to our station, but I decided that it might be worth a slight reduction in the WOR audience just to see what this guy could do. So I signaled our engineer to stand by to cut us off if the thing got out of hand, and then told Co-

hen to go ahead. Here is how he started the experiment:

"I am going to show you how to invoke 'thought forms', or as the Tibetans call them, *tulpas*. A thought form is a personality that you have known during one of your lives. You will first be able to bring up long-forgotten personalities from this present life, but with practice and discipline you will reach back into earlier incarnations.

"Try this with me and you'll soon see that you don't have to rely on second-hand experiences to believe in reincarnation. You are going to have a personal experience which can be a basis for your belief. Now these thought forms will not have substance, but they will be intelligent personalities and they will bring information and thoughts from your previous lives. You will see them and you will recognize them. Now just follow these simple steps with me. If you are willing and able to make a genuine effort, you are about to see part of your own forgotten origin."

Now I'm a worldly guy, but I want you to know that the sincerity and power of this man can really sway you to believe in him. Warren, Del and I were ready to try this thing, and apparently so were a great many of the members of our radio audience.

Here are the instructions Cohen gave us:

"Sit quietly in a relaxed position.

"Take seven rhythmic, long breaths, holding them from 15 to 30 seconds, inhaling and exhaling through the nostrils. Do not allow the lungs to remain empty.

"Now place the right hand on the solar plexus until a glowing warmth is felt.

"Place your left index finger between your eyes.

"Concentrate on the time of 77 years ago. (After you have obtained results, the next cycle should be about 144 years for a second incarnation, to be followed by similar cycles.)

"Will your consciousness to spiral upward, starting from a fine point at the solar plexus and expanding as it gains height.

"Thought forms of persons will occur at the borderline of sleep. Should you go to sleep, your consciousness will travel on during sleep. You will find it an enjoyable experience.

"Be sure to make notes of your experiences as soon as you awake. You may find that you are able to talk with the thought forms. I personally am not able to do so, but some people who are not mixed up with the material world and the tensions of modern living, have developed this ability.

"All right, start your deep breathing as soon as you feel fully relaxed."

Did these instructions work? You bet they did!

Did anyone really see a "thought form" or is a "thought form" just a polite phrase for an hallucination? I don't know, although we are looking into it.

This I do know, something happened to some of the panel mem-

bers and to many of my listeners that night. Whatever it was, it was a great experience. At this point, all I can do is tell you to give it a try. It is a personal experiment, and you must evaluate it in your own terms.

Let me know how you all come out.



THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE'S OLDEST ART

A PIECE of mastodon pelvic bone inscribed with pictures of animals was announced recently to be evidence that man was in the Western Hemisphere about 30,000 years ago. The engraved bone was described as a major breakthrough in American archaeological chronology, pushing back by 20,000 years the earliest date hitherto found for man in the Americas.

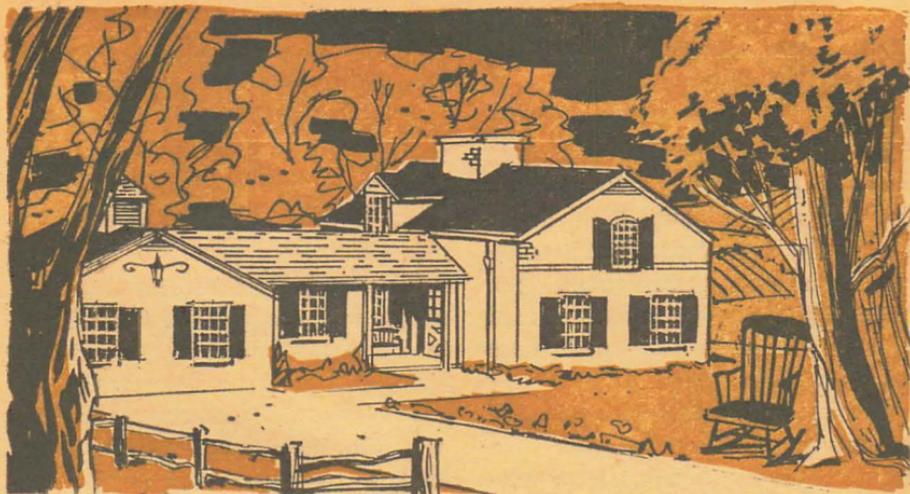
The fossil was discovered in Mexico by Dr. Juan Armenta Comacho, Director of the Department of Anthropology at the University of Puebla in Mexico. He said he dug the bone out of desert soil at Balsequillo, about 10 miles southeast of Puebla and 60 miles southeast of Mexico City.

The bone fragment, approximately six inches by four inches

in size, was said to bear still sharp impressions of a primitive horse, a camel, a reptile and a type of mastodon thought to have become extinct 100,000 years ago. That the carvings and the bone are contemporary, was confirmed by Dr. H. Marie Wormington, curator of archaeology at the Denver Museum of Natural History. Dr. Wormington said the carving could have been done only on fresh bone, not on fossil bone.

In addition Dr. Comacho reported that he had made his find in untouched Pleistocene strata 60 feet deep at points. Besides the inscribed mastodon bone, he stated that he found about 1,000 other bone artifacts, including knives, spearheads, boring tools and an amulet, as well as about 500 stone tools.





HAUNTED HOUSE

in Chino, California

It looked like a happy house—bright and cheerful — but that was before we saw the face in the window.

By Genevieve Siegrist

FOR MANY YEARS my family and I admired a gracious old farmhouse in Chino, Calif. The quaint, two-story house with its ivied walls, rose garden and huge trees seemed ageless. On warm afternoons the old farmer could be seen sitting on the front lawn in his heavy, old

rocker. We jokingly referred to him as "Whistler's Father."

After the owner died the house was put up for rent. In November, 1956, we happily moved into it. The rooms were bright and cozy; the truly old-fashioned garden of poppies, larkspur, bachelor buttons,

and scabiosa was lovely. Honey-suckle climbed over the front porch railings.

As the weeks passed the great joy we had in at last living in our dream house gradually dimmed. An indefinable "something," a tension and uneasiness, permeated the house. Gradually we came to dread entering the house. We spent more and more time out-of-doors.

The first real disturbance occurred one day as we drove into the yard after a Sunday picnic. Very distinctly we could hear the sound of pots and pans being shuffled about in the kitchen. My husband and I entered the back porch and the noise grew louder. However, when we reached the kitchen door it suddenly stopped. My husband quietly assured me that the house was "settling." From then on, however, I was uncomfortable in the kitchen even on the brightest day.

Another day as we sat on the front lawn our oldest son, Mike, glanced at an upstairs window and exclaimed, "Look! There's someone up there looking at us."

We looked up but saw nothing.

Mike said again, "Look up now. See? There's someone up there at the window watching, looking down at us."

We all now saw, pressed hard against the glass, the face of an old, gray-haired man. On his face was a look of such hatred that his

features were contorted. As we watched, the face appeared to waver and John said it was an illusion created by old glass. Closer inspection, however, showed the glass to be fairly new and the putty quite recently applied.

This experience seemed to trigger off the frightening things that began to happen immediately thereafter. One night we were wakened by the sound of one of our kittens screaming. The mother cat and the other kittens were huddled tightly together in one corner of their box while, from behind the kitchen stove, came the agonized shrieks of the missing kitten. Hurriedly we moved the stove aside but all that met our eyes were a few tufts of fur and the tip end of the kitten's tail. Suspecting that a large rat might be to blame we searched the walls and floor for holes but there were no openings of any kind. This marked the last time the cats would stay in their comfortable box. Each night, as darkness approached, all ran to the door crying to be let out.

My husband, admiring the old chair in which the former owner had rocked under the shade trees, moved it into the front room. Varnish and a gay pillow made it presentable. One afternoon our oldest daughter, Patricia, called our attention to the mother cat who stood some distance from the chair, gazing at it fixedly. She was very

obviously regarding the chair with distaste. Patty picked her up and tossed her toward the chair. Yowling wildly, every bit of her fur on end, the cat dashed to the back door and frantically climbed the screen. From this time on, the cat would not come near the chair but would stand at a distance staring at it. My husband, after watching the peculiar behavior of the cat for some days, quietly moved the chair back onto the lawn.

I was startled one afternoon to hear heavy footsteps going up the stairs. I called out, asking who was there. Then, thinking John was playing a joke, I started up the stairs. From the time I entered the little upstairs hallway I felt someone watching me. The sensation was so frightening I retreated down the stairs, becoming even more alarmed when I heard my husband come in the downstairs door and call me. The footsteps continued through the boys' room and out again into the hallway. Then the door slammed so hard the glass shattered onto the floor.

We had, at that time, three dogs. One, a female shepherd, refused to come into the house at all. The big collie would come into the kitchen and once there pace until allowed back outdoors. Our large malemute was completely fearless. He was unafraid in hunting bear and mountain lion and blindly obedient. On

cleaning days when I whistled for him to follow me upstairs he would stare past me at the head of the stairs, his hackles on end. Then, because of his great love, he would follow. Eventually, however, Paisano would stand, whining, begging me not to ask him to come upstairs.

At 1:00 one morning we were shaken out of bed by the terrified screams of Patricia. Rushing up the stairs we threw open the door to her room to find her huddled beneath the bedclothes, alternately screaming and crying. As she quieted down on the front-room couch, she told us that she had felt something brush against her bed and had heard the click-click of an animal's feet. Sitting up in bed she saw, not over four feet away, a monstrous black dog silhouetted against the bright moonlit window. The dog stood motionless, staring at her, its mouth open, its white teeth gleaming in the moonlight, its tongue lolling. From this point on Patty slept downstairs. She refused to go upstairs even in broad daylight.

As time went on, the tension in the house became electric. Faucets were found running, windows slammed open only to crash down again with force enough to crack the glass. During the days loud, thunderous slams would shake the house so that groceries tumbled out of cupboards and dishes fell from

shelves. Now the shepherd and the collie refused to enter the house at all and all three dogs were fed outside even on the coldest mornings.

A friend, Mrs. Laura Sims, of Pomona, Calif., came to visit us one night when we had gone out to a movie. She said she knocked; a light came on upstairs and she heard footsteps coming down the stairs. The footsteps approached the door. The door handle turned but it did not open, although she plainly saw a light shining under the door and heard someone breathing heavily on the opposite side. That same night we came home to find a light on upstairs. And as our car lights swung onto the veranda window they picked up the face of a man—a face contorted with hatred.

Two days later we came home from shopping to see a man sitting in the old rocker under the tree. As we drove nearer he swung his head around, stared at us fixedly, then vanished. That evening my husband, who steadfastly maintained that natural causes accounted for everything, was happily soaking in the bathtub when a rap came at the window. Pressed against the window glass, John saw the same man's face we had seen at the upstairs window. By now the children were terrified. The girls went to stay with friends and the boys slept

on the living room couch at night, pulling it halfway into our bedroom.

We have always used a colored night light. Tiring of the usual blue and green, we substituted a red bulb. After this we began to notice that the unpleasant happenings seemed more frequent; the noises were more noticeable and the atmosphere increasingly oppressive.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Virginia Belcher, told me that they too had seen, in daylight, the figure of a man sitting under the largest tree in the rocker. They also had seen, during the night, a light moving through the upstairs and wandering out through the yard. Visible in this wavering light was a huge, black dog. She had known the old man who had owned the house and she said he had been disliked for his bad disposition. Moreover, he had trained and encouraged his dog to kill cats. The old man had been delighted when the dog took to eating the cats as well. Only since the man and his dog had died, within short weeks of one another, had a cat been seen in the neighborhood.

One day after a particularly restive night John stood in the front room assuring us in firm tones that all the noises and unusual happenings had some natural explanation. Just as he said, "We are *not* going to move; I positively do not believe in the supernatural; there are no such things as ghosts," the six-

foot front window sailed directly toward him, missing him by a few narrow inches. It hurtled past him with great force, hit in the center of the room where it shattered in a violent explosion.

John sat down abruptly and announced that we were going to move.

Although we had worked hard in the yard all the lovely plants I had bought in pots lost their leaves and died. The ivy now hung dead against the house and beat dismally and forlornly against the walls, scratching its dead branches up and down the screens.

Looking through an old chest of drawers one day an old, yellowed letter fluttered out from behind a drawer. It was dated in the early 1900's and addressed to the former owner of the house. Apparently some pages were missing but the remaining message included a request for money and a "place to hide, if need be." Near the end of the final page was the threat, "now you remember what you've done here, Red, so I'll expect the money by return mail." We also found a faded picture of a young woman with typical Gibson Girl dress and hairdo. On her lap sat a small, sad-eyed boy.

We wanted desperately to move and asked to be released from our lease when the house caught fire three times in one week's time.

Once the fire started in the fuse box, once in the closet full of our best clothes, and once several boxes piled on the stairs burned crisply so that only prompt action saved the house.

When we finally were moving to another town, Virginia Belcher came to say goodbye. "You know," she said, "the old man who owned the house told us many times that after he died no one would live in his home. His poor little wife who seldom talked with anyone because the old man insisted that she stay in the house and have no friends, once told me that they had had a little boy. Her husband, she said, had killed the boy through sheer meanness and neglect. She said that she would like to leave but had no place to go. Once, her sister had sent her money from the East so she could come and live with her but her husband intercepted the letter and kept the money."

Noting our happiness to be leaving Virginia added, "I realize that the old man is dead. But after knowing the strange things that have happened to you here, it seems as though he is still trying to 'protect' his house and wants to be left alone in it."

Since moving we have avoided driving past the old house. Once I did meet a woman who said she had moved into the house shortly after we moved out. She said that they,

too, were not able to make the gardens green. When I asked about the house she was noncommittal, saying only that since moving there her children, previously healthy, had perpetual colds. She had bought a large heater but the house was impossible to heat even on days when the sun shone outside and it was so warm the children could go barefoot. "Things would have to be really unbearable before we'd move," she added. "With seven children it's very hard to find a house."

A short while later they moved to Bakersfield.

The house still stands and occupants have come and gone. The yard, once so beautiful, looks desolate and forbidding.

Driving past some time ago we saw many toys in the yard, seeming to indicate a large family lives there. Under the dusty bushes stood a gay, red wagon.

Perhaps, as John says, "If anything can get rid of the 'gillies and ghosties and long-legged beasties' a houseful of kids can do it."

MIRACLE OF THE BLESSED BEADS

AS THE RESULT of what appears to be a miraculous cure, Louis DeCecchi of New Haven, Conn., a former bricklayer, recently regained the use of his voice after 20 years of silence.

Now in his 60's, DeCecchi suffered permanent injuries to his right leg and lost the use of his voice after a fall from a scaffold. Doctors attributed the loss of his voice to the shock of the fall.

Two years after his accident, while a patient in a hospital, DeCecchi suddenly regained the ability to speak. After four months, however, his voice faded and again disappeared.

During his many years of silence, DeCecchi communicated with family and friends

by means of pencil and paper. A deeply religious Roman Catholic, he found solace in prayers.

In the summer of 1960 his physician, Dr. Louis O'Brasky, informed DeCecchi that he was going on a trip to Europe. He offered to take DeCecchi's rosary beads to the Vatican and have them blessed by the Pope. Although a firm believer in the power of prayer, DeCecchi declined the offer, explaining he was unable to part with the rosary.

Dr. O'Brasky bought a set of rosary beads in Nazareth and took them with him to Rome. On the day that the beads were blessed by Pope John XXIII, DeCecchi states, he regained his voice.

How My MEDIUMSHIP Works

From the book **NOTHING SO STRANGE**, Copyright (C) 1958 by Arthur Ford and Marguerite Harmon Bro. Published by Harper & Bros.

A famed psychic sheds light on the mechanics of the mysterious partnership between a medium in trance and his "spirit control."

By Arthur Ford



Arthur Ford is one of the founders of the Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship.

ONE DAY IN 1924 when I was in trance an invisible personality announced himself as Fletcher and said that henceforth he would be my permanent assistant on the unseen plane. Just that simply our partnership began. Fletcher said he was able to work efficiently with me because he had the right energy pitch or frequency for establishing and maintaining contact. It was years before I had anything like a consistent notion of what he was talking about, but I was delighted that I was to have a dependable colleague who would appear whenever I went into trance and act as interlocutor between the invisible

and visible visitors who came to talk together through my intermediacy. Such a partner is commonly called a "control." Of course it was not I to whom Fletcher spoke directly; he announced himself to a friend of mine who was having the sitting—"Tell Ford that I am to be his control and that I go by the name of Fletcher." At the next sitting my friend asked him, for me, who he was and for what personal reason he had attached him-

self to me in this helpful manner. Fletcher then explained that he was one of the French Canadian boys who had lived across the river from my home in Fort Pierce. He wished to use his middle name, Fletcher, he said, in order to save his family possible embarrassment because they were Roman Catholics and had certain ideas of the hereafter which did not exactly fit with what he had found. They might even be disturbed, he said, to know that he had not found heaven to be inhabited exclusively by persons of his own faith; indeed, he himself had at first been very much surprised. He said further that after the family left Fort Pierce he had grown up in Canada, had enlisted in the World War and had been killed in action. He named his company and the place of his death; also he gave the address of his family.

I wrote to the family, asking after various members, including this boy, but not mentioning of course that I had heard from him directly. One of the boys answered telling me of his brother's death, corroborating Fletcher's statement as to time and place. So I accepted Fletcher at his (invisible) face value. At times, however, I do see him and always as a young man. Sometimes when I am giving a public demonstration and am not actually in trance, his face appears vividly before me.

We soon had a fine working partnership. When I wish to go into trance I lie down on a couch or lean back in a comfortable chair and breathe slowly and rhythmically until I feel an in-drawing of energy at the solar plexus. Then I focus my attention on Fletcher's face as I have come to know it, until gradually I feel as if his face presses into my own at which instant there is a sense of shock somewhat as if I were passing out. Then I lose consciousness, appearing to be asleep. My body is in a state of sleep and when I waken at the end of a session I feel as if I had had a good nap.

As soon as I am in trance, Fletcher announces his arrival to the sitters in the room by saying "hello" in a slightly French Canadian accent. Obviously it is my speaking equipment he is using, and for the most part my vocabulary. Sometimes he uses words given him by discarnates but the fact that he catches an impressive word does not mean he can pronounce it correctly. Sometimes he spells out a specialized word as it is apparently being spelled to him; at other times he attempts two or three pronunciations until he seems to get an inner nod of approval that he has said the word correctly.

During the first moments of the trance Fletcher appears to size up the sitters. He may comment upon

their geographic derivation. "You come from my part of the country." "I see you've just flown in from the west coast." "You seem to be quite a traveler." Or he may say, "You're a chemist." "You spend a lot of time at an easel." "Another preacher tonight." Or perhaps, "The worried man in the corner." "The woman with a pencil." He has even been known to correct the spelling of a sitter on the opposite side of the room from the sleeping medium. He may ask the first names of the sitters and perhaps add, "The middle initial is X; that's an odd one."

The names of the invisibles are sometimes difficult for Fletcher to get, as for any control. He may feel around trying Harry, Henry, finally coming out with, "No, he shakes his head; ah, it is Harrall." On one occasion when a discarnate medical man was asked by a sitter to pick out the individual in the room who needed medical aid, the invisible physician immediately indicated the patient but had to feel around for her first name. "Her name is—let me see—it is summer, the fields are lush and green, everything is in full bloom—oh, yes, her name is June." On another occasion when Fletcher was trying to get across the identity of a woman on the unseen side but could not seem to catch her name, he remarked, "They're

showing me a book . . . it's a book of poetry . . . by Longfellow. It's about my part of the country. Acadia! Oh, the name is Evangeline."

Sometimes amusing dislocations happen. For instance, a rather saintly minister, discarnate, was reported by Fletcher as saying that a current family situation was a blankety-blank shame. After the sitting the horrified daughter protested that her father had never in his life used profanity. When he was really angry, she said, he sometimes used the word *tarnation* and then they all got out of his way. This kind of dislocation is apparently a part of the problem of translating emotional impact into words.

Who in the unseen world comes to the seances? First of all, the loved ones of the sitter. Most persons who come to a medium have someone they care for who has died, with whom they wish to make contact. If that individual is interested and available he is probably waiting at the threshold and may be the first person Fletcher describes and introduces. Usually the invisible relative or friend wants first to identify himself, and often does so by calling the sitter by a nickname or referring to other members of the family by traits known only to the family; or he mentions key incidents in

the past, incidents often known only to the sitter and the one communicating. The wealth of evidence brought through may be considerable. And among the best of the evidential is often some trivia which the sitter has forgotten and brushes aside as inaccurate. I have found that it never pays to refuse any data; just make notes and wait. Later the items under suspicion may prove the most valuable evidence of continuing consciousness.

For instance, one night in the winter of 1955 I attended a dinner party in Rye, N. Y. There were a dozen guests, among them the guest of honor, Dr. William T. Bidwell, of Greenville, S. C. After dinner we sat in the library. I was seated alone on one of the davenportes and being full of good food, I was drowsy and fell into a clairvoyant but not unconscious state. I recall that a guest from New Jersey discovered that he and a guest from Connecticut had a common friend and someone made the usual remark about the smallness of the world.

Then I spoke up, "There is a man here who gives his name as Adams and he says how right you are. He says his old home is only a couple of blocks from Dr. Bidwell's home in Greenville and that he knew the Browns in China." (I am borrowing the name

Brown.) Dr. Bidwell said he never heard of this man Adams; Mr. and Mrs. Brown said they never heard of him either. Someone chided me, remarking that even a medium couldn't always be right. But a few minutes later Mr. Brown walked over to the bookcase and took down an issue of *Who's Who*. There was the name Walter Alexander Adams; the permanent address was Greenville, about two blocks from Dr. Bidwell's home; the man Adams had been first vice-consul both in Nanking and Tsingtao when the Browns lived there in the early '20s. They could not have helped but know him in that small foreign community.

Most discarnates intent upon reaching their loved ones still living on earth want more than anything to establish the fact that they are not dead; next they usually want to send their love, to manifest the emotional bond which keeps them in contact with those they care for. Hence most messages are personal, concrete, more or less trivial. That is, the average invisible does not make philosophical pronouncements or divulge epochal scientific knowledge, and for the best of reasons; he would not speak in those terms if he were meeting his family face to face. He evidences much the same interests he had on earth, with one exception.

The exception which creeps into a high percentage of the messages is the fact that the invisibles want their earth friends to know that their plane of consciousness, their situation as "dead" persons, is nothing like the stereotype of heaven. Only a few bother to be coherent about what their state is like, but then very few sitters ask consistent questions. The only people vaguer than the dead are the living. It never ceases to amaze me that so few ministers, who spend their lives comforting the dying and consoling the bereaved, who speak eloquently about Easter and promise salvation in terms of eternal life, should have so little intelligent curiosity about the nature of death and the afterlife. Most of them do not even have a tentative hypothesis. Nor does the average person who comes for a sitting.

Apparently discarnate friends, sensing the general ignorance and lack of interest, do not try to enlighten the incurious in the short hour or so afforded by mediumistic communication. And how could they when the whole subject of the nature of consciousness is involved? However, a discarnate will sometimes do his best to inform a sitter that the communication between them could be direct. Sometimes the message is heeded and the living person will put

some effort into developing his own pick-up in the form of clair-audience, automatic writing or trance. After all, there are thousands who know this direct communication one way and another.

Besides family and friends, specialists of various kinds show up in response to specific requests for specific aid. But the specialists appear to be acquaintances of the interrogator or of some discarnate friend of the interrogator's friend! They do not just appear uninvited because a sitter needs legal aid, say, or psychological counseling. Invisible promotors of causes sometimes arrive to give counsel to earth friends who are interested in the same cause; editors pop in on the seance of a writer, but usually because of some former contact, direct or by way of a mutual acquaintance, living or discarnate.

Fletcher does not seem to move aimlessly back and forth between the visible and invisible worlds. In terms of place, he does not seem to move at all, and is always insisting that the universe is one and that the invisibles are not in another place but only in another state of consciousness. Or, as a discarnate husband recently remarked to a grieving wife when she was bewailing having been left alone, "I haven't gone anywhere."

Now it is one thing to state that Fletcher exists as a personal-

ity separate from my own personality and to describe his ostensible method of acting as a go-between, and it is something quite different to explain how he operates. This is a question I am often asked—the process which enables a discarnate personality to impress a “living” mind.

The customary explanation is that the mind of the entranced medium becomes passive and the mind of the discarnate who acts as control then takes possession of the body mechanism of the medium; using the medium's speaking apparatus but his own mental equipment, the control reports what he “sees” and “hears” among other discarnates and is also able to comment upon things going on in the room. Thus, in trance I would be said to be mentally quiescent, blacked out, while Fletcher in some way takes over the physical mechanism which controls my hearing and speaking. This explanation sounds reasonable enough, in broad terms, if one does not press for particulars.

However, I have a sitter who is a persistent questioner. For months she pressed questions about aspects of consciousness, to which she got only a general response. But her persistence must have attracted the attention of some discarnate intelligences who wished to co-operate in giving her more of an answer.

One day a discarnate personality who gave her name as Ruth Finley spoke out at a group sitting and said she was interested in working with this inquiring woman. Mrs. Finley identified herself further as the Joan of the Darby and Joan disclosures, the publication of which had led to her work with Betty and Stewart White before Mrs. White's death, and afterward with Mr. White and his discarnate wife in receiving the material recorded in *The Unobstructed Universe*. Later, in seven different sances Joan gave or sent messages to the questioning friend and then one day she came with a carefully worked out statement about certain aspects of consciousness. I refer here only to those comments which bear on the subject of trance mediumship.

To get any picture of the process of trance, Joan said, it needs to be kept in mind that each individual is an energy complex; that is, each individual is made up of a composite of energies mingling in an inconstant pattern which, nevertheless, has a distinct individuality. The physical body is composed of one kind or degree of energy moving at a relatively low rate of vibration, and this pattern of physical energy is itself complex, for the heart, liver, brains and other organs do not have the same frequency; nor are they the

same in illness as in health. But there are also other energy patterns which interpenetrate the physical energy pattern; energies characteristic of the emotional and mental aspects of the personality. Psychically gifted persons in all times have frequently been able to see or sense these finer energy patterns as pulsating color. The difference between the physical energy pattern and the emotional and mental patterns is so marked that the psychically endowed often speak of the "mental body" and the "emotional body." It is these finer energies which remain unaffected by death. Although it is often said that "the soul takes off," actually these finer energies simply separate themselves from the physical and remain intact as they have always been.

Attempting an illustration of this intermingling of energies in one individual, Joan advised, "Think of a loose tangle of wire in a general spherical configuration. The tangle has pattern of an intricate sort; geometrical designs intermeshed. Think of the wire as carrying both a magnetic and an electric charge. See both the electricity and the magnetism as moving currents, and let them represent emotional and mental energies. The whole pattern appears alive; it changes shape, sometimes one current outbalancing the

others." Here she broke off. "I'm mixing my figure. That's the trouble with an analogy, but I am trying to show you that either the mental or emotional energy may over-produce. The trick is to keep the configuration of personality in balance, of course . . .

"Now if you think of a larger more open-meshed configuration of wire coming along and opening, as if on a spring, to encompass the smaller more compact configuration of mental-emotional energy, then you have something of an idea of the way in which the physical body takes on, or takes in, the non-physical. Thereafter the strands of energy intermingle—what you know as the physical and the non-physical—and together they form one design, each modifying the other. Really, though, it is fatuous to use such terms as physical and non-physical because both are forms of energy.

"When you raise questions about the mechanics of the trance, bear in mind that while no two persons have exactly the same energy pattern, some are obviously much closer than others. You see the resemblances and differences between physical bodies, and sense the likeness and dissimilarity of certain minds. These variances are a matter of physics, basically, since everything is energy in some

form. I am not now going into the self-directiveness of some forms of energy, nor the amenability of some forms of energy to impetus from outside . . .

"Just hold in mind that every individual has an over-all energy pattern, part of which is a distinctive physical pattern and part a distinctive mental pattern. In earth life it is necessary at all times for certain aspects of the mind to maintain some connection with the body because the interplay of mental energy and physical energy operates to a degree in every cell . . . So if the medium's mind wishes to be body-free for any length of time, then some other mind with an energy pattern of about the same frequency, has to cooperate with the medium's body energy. Thus when the medium is in trance his mind is freed for experience in our unobstructed universe, but some discarnate entity is temporarily resided in his body. Indeed, for the time being the discarnate becomes a living individual in that he inhabits—although not completely—a living body. During trance it is Ford who is 'dead' while his living body is occupied by Fletcher. However, the exchange could not become permanent even if Ford were willing to remain 'dead'."

This line of thought advanced by Joan was contrary to my pre-

conceptions for I had always thought of my mind, for the duration of the trance, as being knocked out, paralyzed, rather than as being free. It was a new idea to me that it is my mind that mingles with the discarnates and impresses their messages upon the body-tending Fletcher who accepts the impressions I give him as his own—as they are in his situation!—and so reports them. Said Joan, "Ford is his own master of ceremonies. He is here with us, on what you call our plane. He feeds his impressions to Fletcher who reports them. However, it is to his own memories that Fletcher has access. Thus he may refer to Acadia as his part of the country or talk about his own religious background. From Ford he gets only such impressions as Ford communicates and they appear to him as his own."

Joan further suggested that we could check these mechanics of the transfer of function. Had we not noticed that if in the midst of a trance session the subject turned to something in which the medium was particularly interested, there was likely to be an expression of the medium's personal views and the source of that expression was usually unidentified or was Fletcher—who strangely had just Ford's views on these particular matters?

Indeed it had often come to me

that some points of view and some convictions which I knew to be peculiarly my own occasionally show up in my trance. Said Joan, "On such occasions Ford is just speaking his own piece, taking part in the general discussion and relaying it to Fletcher. And sometimes Ford is so much interested in what is being said here that he goes off with his cronies on this side and lets someone else man the station. There are other discarnate personalities who have approximately his energy pattern and can, if given leave, feed impressions to Fletcher." Thus it is, I presume, that a certain long-winded minister sometimes delivers discourses, occasionally to Fletcher's outspoken disgust.

I am sure there are subtleties in this whole matter of trance communication which we have not yet glimpsed, and it may be we cannot get adequate understanding of the trance—nor of dreams, nor of death—until we probe further into the nature of consciousness, and this may have to wait, in part, for highly trained biologists and psychologists to become trained mediums. Joan has more than once complained that those with whom she now works need mediums "with a vocabulary of ideas as well as of words." She points out that when communication is effected by direct exchange

of ideas, symbols can be used to a degree, either as the flashing of a spelled word, or as a picture, but at best symbols are a circumlocution.

"Communication is difficult enough among you in the physical body. For instance, a poet quotes to a plowman, 'Any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind,' and the plowman nods, agreeing that all men are related in a vague way. But how much has the poet communicated? In his mind was the lovely figure of the island connected beneath the deep with the continent, and the music of the ensuing lines about the tolling bell, and the personality of John Donne himself, and his times, and his influence on other poets—100 connotations which do not exist for the plowman. Now imagine the poet's trying to flash his ideas to the plowman without benefit of words, expecting the plowman to set forth the ideas in poetry. There you have the predicament of communication between my state of consciousness and yours. For us the short of the matter is that if a poet here wishes to impart a poem to someone he loves on earth, he had better send his poem through another poet there among you. And a mathematician here can speak best to and through another mathematician. Concretely,

how could Professor Einstein, here with us, discuss modifications of his principle of relativity with a child who has a background of third grade arithmetic—no matter how mediumistic the child might be. We need mediums with well-equipped minds.”

Another communicator observed, “Suppose a willing and friendly child who knew both German and English offered his services as an interpreter to Immanuel Kant. No matter how hard each of them tried, the effect on the audience would be less than electric. Another philosopher is needed as interpreter, or at least an educated and urbane humanist.”

All in all I may be doing my discarnate friends an injustice in trying to relay what they have tried to say to my sitters through my limited equipment. Here I am limited to reporting what a sitter told me that a discarnate told her However, on my own author-

ity I can say that clarity of thought has a carry-over from the waking state to the trance state; and that self-interest on the part of a medium tends to obscure transmission of thought from discarnates. Probably even when the best minds are willing to be trained in mediumship there will still remain the need of training in integrity.

Whatever the intricacies of our relationship, Fletcher has become as much a part of my daily life as any of my contemporary friends. I am not dependent upon the trance state for glimpsing his face and knowing that he is at hand. I know him objectively as a personality and the partnership that we effect in trance has made him something of an authority to hundreds of others. People are constantly thanking him—as indeed they should, for without him my effectiveness as a psychic would be limited—I always feel satisfaction in a tribute to my partner.



LUCKY WITH LIGHTNING

LIGHTNING struck as Dave M. James sat in a chair on his porch in Lawrenceville, Ill. The bolt caused damage to a radio, a television set, an electrical switch, plumbing, tore a hole in the concrete porch directly under James, knocked the concrete pieces through the ceiling and ignited the porch framework. James was unharmed.



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TRAVELLING APPARITION

By E. H. Caldwell

ONE SEPTEMBER evening during World War I my mother, Mrs. J. P. Hoff, was in her living room in Great Meadows, N. J., reading. She sat facing the door into the hall, and hearing a rustle of starched skirts she raised her eyes from her book to see Maria, her maid enter the room. Maria had come, as usual, for any instructions Mother might have for her. They spoke for a few minutes, said good night, and Maria went on her way to her third floor room.

My mother was intent on her book for perhaps another half hour, when she seemed to hear the fruff of skirts again. It always annoyed Mother when Maria forgot this or that and came clomping downstairs after she had once said goodnight. But there were the rustling skirts and footsteps in the hall. Mother, with her eyes still on her book, called out impatiently, "What now, Maria?" Getting no answer she lifted her eyes enough to see the edge of a *blue* skirt—not Maria's familiar *black* uniform hem! Slowly Mother's eyes travel-

led up a white starched apron, a white kerchief, a wide white band across the forehead. In fact, standing before Mother was a *tall* woman in full "Florence Nightingale" uniform.

Shocked, Mother rose from her chair as the apparition held out its arms toward her. Mother then noticed with horror that the woman had no face.

At that point Mother screamed and the woman was gone.

The following day my mother went to visit her daughter-in-law who lived 40 miles away in Boonton, N. J. Mother had told no one of her experience. However, one of the first things her daughter-in-law said was, "I must tell you of the strange thing that happened here last night. I was coming along the hall when I saw a tall woman standing near the wall phone. The light was dim and I thought it was one of the neighbors come in to use our phone. But when I drew closer I saw it was a tall stranger in a nurse's uniform who at that moment held out her arms to me. To my horror I saw she had no face. Then she was gone."

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In every detail the two apparitions had been identical. My mother's visitor appeared on a Tuesday evening at 10:00 P.M., while my sister-in-law's lady appeared one hour earlier, at 9:00 P.M., 40 miles away, on the same night.

As far as we know this strange incident has had no significance for our family. For some time we were a bit apprehensive but nothing connecting the mysterious apparition with our life has come to light.—*North East, Md.*

"THEY ARE COMING BACK"

By Lillian Dawson

MOTHER, who was a widow, was living with us in Toronto in the spring of 1947. She had to rest in bed all of the time because of a heart condition.

One day in March, the 16th, after I had given Mother her lunch and made her comfortable I settled down to iron and hang the curtains. Time passed faster than I realized and when I glanced at the clock I was dismayed to find it was long after Mother's tea-time.

Hurriedly I made tea and, as I entered her room, said, "I brought your tea at last, I'm sorry I deserted you for so long but I wanted to finish the curtains. Were you lonely, or did you have a nap?"

"I spent a most enjoyable afternoon," Mother answered. "I wasn't lonely. I had company."

I looked toward the windows. "Oh, your feathered friends?" I asked.

"No, not birds," Mother corrected me. "Though the birds were here too. I mean real people—your father and my brothers. They stayed all afternoon, leaving as you came upstairs."

I was surprised, as all these relatives were dead.

"You were dreaming of them?" I asked.

"Oh, no," Mother quickly denied. "I was wide awake. They were here, just as you are. Indeed, they were quite real. It was wonderful seeing them again."

I was curious. "What did they have to say?" I asked.

"They told me the others are well and happy. They said they were sorry I am suffering but that I won't suffer much longer. In three days they are coming back to get me. I'm not to worry as they will take good care of me."

For the next two days Mother talked of little else but her visitors. On the third afternoon they must have returned, as they had promised, for Mother left us then. She

died on March 19, 1947.—*Dundalk, Ont., Canada.*

FAREWELL COMMUNION

By Jane H. Hayden

EVEN THOUGH I always had thought I believed in survival after death, this belief was small comfort to me that chilly Sunday morning of January 18, 1959.

My husband had been laid to rest the previous day.

I was attending the early Communion Service and as I knelt in prayer I felt sick at heart contemplating the lonely years ahead, without my husband.

Suddenly, at the place in the Communion Service where the priest faces the altar and begins the Communion Proper, I sensed that someone entered the pew and knelt beside me. My first impulse was to

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glance at the newcomer, but for some reason, I refrained. Then I knew who had entered the pew. It was my husband!

I felt a strong surge of joy, but reasoned to myself that this was my imagination, that there was no one there. However, I did not want to dispel the wonderful feeling of his presence so I did not look. I wanted to keep on feeling that he was there.

When I went to the altar rail to receive the Sacraments I still had a strong feeling that he was with me. After receiving the Sacraments I remained kneeling for a moment and just as suddenly as I had sensed his presence I knew that my husband was gone. But I was comforted.

The following day I was discussing some problems with our Rector. As I was preparing to leave he said, "I had a most peculiar experience at the early Communion yesterday. Just as I turned to face the altar I felt that your husband came in and knelt beside you. The feeling persisted all through the service and when you came up to receive the Sacraments I could almost see him I felt his presence so strongly."

Did my husband come to church that morning for a farewell Communion with me? Was this his way of comforting me and assuring me that he still lives?—*Miami, Fla.*

APPARITION OF MY GRANDMOTHER

By Evelyn Rittase

I WAS BORN with a veil over my face. My mother was confined at home and a midwife raised the skin veil in breaking it. She

explained that pulling it down over the face of the baby imbues the individual with a keen insight into coming events which could cause much unhappiness. She meant to forestall this.

Nevertheless, throughout my life I have had premonitions which have been more often accurate than not. My intuitive messages often have saved me from misfortune. There have been times when I have been apprehensive needlessly, but not often.

My maternal grandmother, Julia Harris, was a sweet, gentle old lady as I remember her. During our family visits she and I spent many hours in her garden and we discussed many things. Although she was 80 years old and a little more, she was active and interested in life. She followed public events,

cultivated her friendships and her garden, and performed other daily chores. Her loving care showed in everything she did. She was kind to all her grandchildren but closest to me.

I was 12 years old when I awoke one night during the summer of 1918 with the feeling that someone was in my room. Sleepily I looked around until my gaze fell upon the closet door where the pale figure of a little old woman was outlined. The form took on a familiar shape as I peered through the darkness. The face folded into a smile as I recognized my grandmother and she raised her small hand in a waving gesture.

By this time I was entirely awake and called to her. She just stood there smiling and waving. Then I called my mother, who slept in the

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next room. She turned on the light
 as she came into my room and the
 apparition disappeared.

Mother listened to my account
 and then attempted to calm me by
 telling me that I must have been
 dreaming.

However, our telephone rang ear-
 ly the next morning and we learned
 that Grandmother Harris had pass-
 ed away during the night.

The hour of my awakening to see
 her was close to the time the doctor
 set for her death. I was sure then
 that she had come to bid me fare-
 well before the spirit world claimed
 her.

My family could not dismiss my
 story as imagination when the
 facts corresponded so closely. Every-
 one was silent when no logical ex-
 planation for what I saw was
 forthcoming.

I shall always remember the
 small figure and the smiling face
 of my grandmother expressing love
 and devotion to the end.—*Birch-
 runville, Pa.*

TWO LIVES — ONE DEATH

By Porter D. Douglass

I WAS BORN at Edina, Mo., on
 May 21, 1902. My folks moved to
 Colorado to homestead shortly there-
 after.

In Colorado we had a neighbor
 who delighted in buying the town
 children candy whenever he came
 in from his ranch for supplies. One
 day when I was eight years old he
 had his wagon loaded with posts,
 coal, groceries, and children when
 he came to a stop in front of my
 father's place. We had a restaurant
 in Akron, Colo., as well as our
 homestead. Mr. Tom Murray was
 hard of hearing and when I started

to climb onto the wagon he did not realize I was there and started the team up at the same time. I was drawn under the wagon and the wheel rolled completely over me crushing me. The townspeople later estimated the load to be about two tons.

Two doctors were called immediately, one of them our own Dr. John Kaylor. They pronounced me dead. A coffin was ordered and I was placed in it. The coffin was then put on one-by-12-foot boards on saw horses in the house.

For a few minutes I was unconscious as my spirit passed from my crushed body. Then it was like standing outside a house at night and looking into a lighted room. I could see and hear all of the people talking. I could hear sweet music and smell sweet flowers.

Twenty-four hours later the funeral was to take place, in the morning.

Just as daylight broke through the window the day after my death my spirit reentered my body. In a moment I became conscious. I rolled off the slab and got my wagon and started playing out in front on the sidewalk.

The first person to see me was a drunk with a hangover. He went howling down the street and soon everybody in our small town was there. The doctors were called again and this time pronounced me fit. I was only a little sore in the ribs but still bear the scars of my experience.

Now, 50 years later, I still have no explanation for this experience, nor does the medical profession. For I was truly dead for 24 hours, as

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my sister, Virginia, who lives in Boulder, Colo., can attest. I believe the *Denver Post* carried an article on my death at the time it happened, 50 years ago.

I would not take any treasure for my experience in death. I know there is nothing to fear from death. Rather, it was a pleasant experience.

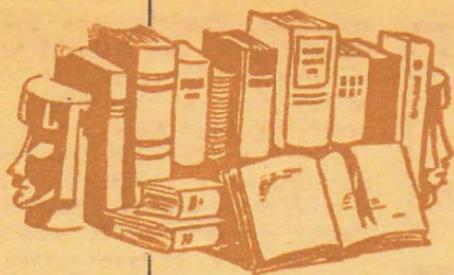
Since then I have served my country in the First World War, married at the age of 38 and have two sons, served in the merchant marine, and am now an automotive safety engineer currently trying to get the auto manufacturers to put more safety devices on their cars at the factory to help stop the awful slaughter on the highways. I hope that whoever returned me to life has been in some small measure repaid for their effort.

I want all people to be happy and not to worry about death—it is a beautiful experience and nothing to fear.—*Tigard, Ore.*



DREAM REALISM

In Milwaukee, Joseph Kempa gave this explanation at a local hospital where he was being treated for cuts on his arms, legs and toes. He was dreaming that a huge truck was about to run him down. There was no time to dodge so he dived under the truck, between the wheels. He woke up to find that he had dived through his first-floor bedroom window.



NEW BOOKS

PARAPSYCHOLOGY, by Rene' Sudre. Citadel Press, New York, 1960. 412 pages, \$6.00.

Sudre's work is a scholarly survey of the entire range of psychic phenomena with one remarkable exception: his distaste for, and inadequate treatment of, the best of the survival evidence. More of this later.

Three points made by Sudre are of outstanding theoretical and methodological importance. Let us take them in order.

(1) Sudre notes the inability of the physical to explain the mental. "This power called mind is shown in psychical research without most of the limitations which are imposed by matter upon normal phenomena." What is the meaning of such statements in regard to advancing parapsychology, preparing key experiments, preparing for the coming breakthrough? Just this: they open the door to the investigation of all phenomena that elude the meshes of the mathematico-mechanistic orthodoxy. If, in fact, reality is not exhausted by matter in motion, it would be both irrelevant and obstructive to attempt to set up physical models as

affording principles of explanation.

By the same token, postulates of extraphysical factors enable us to conceive open inquiries into the universe which would not and could not occur to the doctrinaire materialist. If survival, for example, is a fact in nature, it cannot be established by anyone who denies the possibility on an *a priori* basis, any more than the New World could have been discovered by a navigator indifferent or inimical to the idea of reaching India by a Western route.

(2) Precisely because parapsychology deals with human personality and not with reactions in a test tube, Sudre reminds us that parapsychologists are obligated to take note of psychological realities such as emotion, volition, sensitivity, and the like. A non-mechanical, *psi* causality must be reckoned with. Mediumistic phenomena in particular may be inhibited by antagonistic sitters, pretty much as a hypnotist might be at a loss to demonstrate hypnosis on a recalcitrant subject. It is necessary, of course, to distinguish sharply between a permissive atmosphere and a gullible attitude. Hostility is simply

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stupid; but hawklike observation, suspension of judgment, and critical acumen are all-important at any seance or, for that matter, in any other problem-solving situation.

(3) One of Sudre's most intriguing points is that modern parapsychologists should pay more attention to the physical phenomena produced by some type of paranormal "intelligence and purposiveness." Instead of confining themselves largely to extrasensory perception and psychokinesis, our investigators would thus build upon whatever is still of value in the early work of Crookes, Geley, Schrenck-Notzing, and many others who, perhaps prematurely but certainly with all the resources at their command in a non-electronic age, did not hesitate to tackle "telergy," defined by Sudre as effects of "psychic fluid or force" on material objects, "teleplasty," or the "objectivization of forms," and "thorybism," meaning poltergeist manifestations.

Citing a good bit of personal experience, Sudre accredits apports, materializations, and levitations, without, however, attributing such phenomena to the intervention of the dead. He describes a richness and variety of data—mechanical, electromagnetic, photochemical, luminous, thermal, and microscopic—which would involve every aspect of physical science.

As for investigatory tools, we have infrared film, tape recorders, "snooperscopes," magnetometers, sthenometers, biometers, dynamometers, the "Grunewald apparatus," and almost anything else that may be useful in a thoroughgoing inquiry. It is worthwhile, however, to note Sudre's warning that the laboratory must

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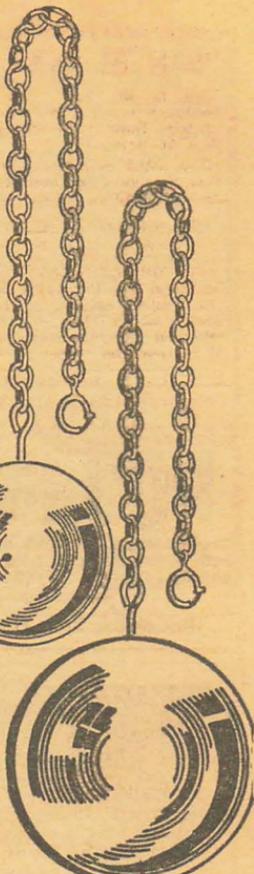
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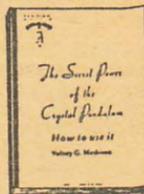
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not suggest a "surgical clinic or torture chamber." The experimenter should understand the psychology of mediums. "To obtain the best from them, it is necessary to win their confidence with pleasant surroundings. A study or a tastefully furnished room . . . is the best psychic laboratory.

What is holding back this type of research? First, no doubt, the rarity of good physical mediums. Second, and perhaps even more significant, the prevalence of pseudo-scientific preconceptions as to some fancied necessity in the order of nature. In this connection Sudre quotes the physicist Foucault as exclaiming, "If I saw a straw moved by the action of my will, I should be terrified. If the influence of mind upon matter does not cease at the surface of the skin, there is no safety left in the world for anyone." Surely the time has come to put an end to this sort of absurd cowardice in scientific men.

Sudre's handling of the survival question is unsatisfactory. His suggestion that Mrs. Verrall unconsciously originated most or all of the Lethe cross-correspondences is not accepted by such experts as H. F. Saltmarsh and Gardner Murphy.

Saltmarsh says flatly that he knows of no instance where extrasensory abilities on the part of living subjects were developed to anything like the "pitch and elaboration here shown, nor carried on continuously over so long a period of years." Murphy, a close student of these cases, more recently pointed out Mrs. Verrall was totally ignorant of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and the *Dionysius-Polyxenus* story,

knowledge of which would have been essential to sustain Sudre's position.

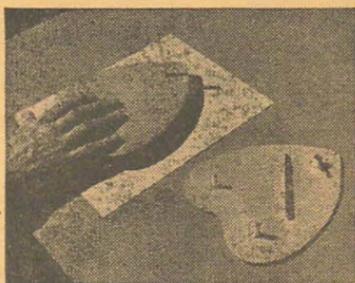
As for the survivalist aspects of the Piper phenomena, Sudre hardly does justice to Mrs. Sidgwick's conclusion, after her exhaustive analysis of this mediumship, that genuine communicators existed in the background and were dramatically presented as Mrs. Piper's unconscious psychological constructs. Finally, there is little in Sudre's views to combat the best arguments of Hornell Hart, C. J. Ducasse, and other modern survivalists, and nothing at all to indicate that he considered all sides of this question as has Gardner Murphy in "Three Papers on the Survival Problem."

To end on so negative a note, however, would be unfair to a fine book which will be read with avid interest, not only by students of parapsychology, but by all who grasp the importance of that study to human life and destiny. No one can come away from a thoughtful consideration of Sudre's writings without the conviction that psychic phenomena, more than any other field of research, will furnish the key to the innermost riddles of human personality and its relationship to the universe.—*T. Dumont.*

THE VAMPIRE, by Montague Summers. University Books, New Hyde Park, N. Y., 1960. 356 pages, \$6.00.

Montague Summers may have falsely assumed the clerical garb of a Roman Catholic priest, as the introduction to this book suggests, but he has assembled the history

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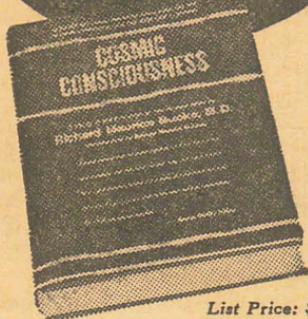
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of vampirism as if he were wearing Blackstone's mantle. In the first three chapters of *The Vampire*, Summers lays down a foundation for a terrific case to prove the existence of vampires, a case based on his own obviously unshakable faith in the reality of the dread creatures.

Unfortunately, this build-up is a preamble to a big let-down. Just when the reader has been equipped with a history of the vampire legend and with complete information on the traits of the awful thing, Summers trails off into a collection of literary references to vampires.

The big case history, from bewitched beginning to a stake-through-the-heart ending is missing and the book is much the less for the omission.

The Vampire was originally published in 1928 but it has just been reissued in the United States. Summers' earlier works, *The History of Witchcraft* and *The Geography of Witchcraft* have previously been issued in the U.S. by his present publisher.

Summers displays considerable scholarship in developing the origins and variants of the vampire legend, but the bloodcurdling portions of the book are based on factual examples of morbid human behavior, not legend. Summers details the horrors of premature burials, murder by biting, body-snatching, and the role of death as an aphrodisiac in necrophilia. Many of Summers' accounts are reminiscent of the recent well-publicized murders done in northern Wisconsin by Ed Gein.—Paul Foght.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

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We sold our house as per prediction of your "Mystic Eye" (letter regarding which appeared in the December, 1960, issue, page 129) —Arnold Mowbray, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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The sky over the city was clear and blue. Because the object was traveling at such great speed away from us, it gave the illusion that it was flickering. Later I realized that the flickering was caused by its speed and the haze over the horizon. The object must have been flying at an altitude of approximately 10,000 feet.

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Air Force veteran supported my contention that the object was not a conventional aircraft.—*Stephen J. Brickner, Philadelphia, Pa.*

THE ROAD BACK

The "My Proof of Survival" story by Evelyn C. Johnson, R.N., in the December, 1960, issue made me recall a case I was on at John Seely Hospital in 1942.

I was day attendant for a Mr. N., and when I came in one morning the night attendant told me, "No use your coming in. Mr. N. is in a coma and will be dead in a few hours."

I went to the head nurse on that floor and told her the night attendant did not wish to leave. I was ordered to tell her to leave as her 12 hours were up. I did so and she asked me to phone Mrs. N. and tell her that her husband was in a coma.

I said, "No, not from hospital. If you want her to know, you phone from outside."

She left and half an hour later Mrs. N. came and asked how her husband was. I told her there was no change.

She bent over his bed, shook him repeatedly and said, "Papa, Papa!"

He opened his eyes, looked at her and said, "Why, Mama, what are you doing here?"

She answered, "I was just going to breakfast and thought I'd stop and see if you wanted me to bring you anything."

He said he wished to have a newspaper, gum and candy. Mrs. N. brought him what he asked for and after she left he turned to me and said, "I was on a long, long road. Everything was beautiful and

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I told him his wife was there and that he must have been dreaming. This actually happened as he regained his right mind and was well enough to leave for home. He was a psycho patient.

When the night attendant came on duty at 6:30 P.M. Mr. N. was sitting up in bed, reading his newspaper and chewing gum.—*Lois A. Young, Perryville, Ark.*

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A TIP FROM DOGGIE?

My pet dog, "Pal," died at the age of 15 years. I decided to keep his license tag as a memento. As I removed it from his collar I seemed to notice for the first time that the number on it was 87.

For several days I remained depressed over his death, and then

my cousin invited me to attend the races. We arrived quite early and, being unable to concentrate on trying to pick a winner, I decided to play 8 and 7 in the Daily Double.

Image our surprise when No. 8 won the first race, followed by No. 7 in the second to complete a double worth \$96.00—*Rose Roth, Sewell, N. J.*

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The appearance of a ball of fire, reported in the November, 1960, issue, page 17, under the heading "Mysterious Burnings," presents typical features of a certain phenomenon, making it clearly recognizable. There can be no doubt that it was ball lightning, a form of lightning known the world over.

All the details of the story check with the known properties of

ball lightning: the outward form, the movement through the air, the passage through closed windows, the noise, the "tingling sensation in the back of the head," and the burns suffered by the lady. Even the very absence of a mention of any special weather condition at the time, ties in with the case. Ball lightning occurs not only during a thunderstorm but also in calm weather when the atmosphere is charged with electricity.

The most remarkable peculiarity of the phenomenon is that, in this form, lightning can exist for an unusually long time, that is, for a minute or so, as compared to a fraction of a second for the common lightning flash.

Ball lightning usually appears as a luminous or fiery ball, floating in the air. Records exist of ball light-

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ning sightings both in the open and in homes. Ball lightning is known to enter homes not only through large openings such as windows and chimneys but also through cracks or crevices smaller than the ball lightning itself.

Ball lightning may explode with destructive power or quietly dissolve in the air without trace. Its behavior is unpredictable and often it plays surprising pranks. Although a familiar phenomenon, science knows little of its nature.—*Anatole Boyko, Los Angeles, Calif.*

GARROWAY'S HAUNTED HOUSE

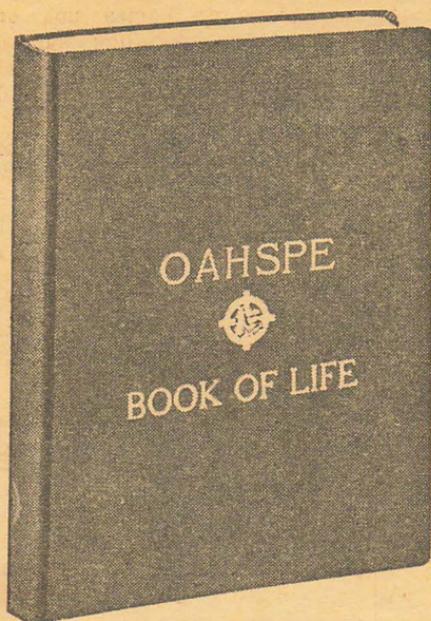
Sometime ago Dave Garroway on his *Today* show interviewed Nandor Fodor author of the book, *The Haunted Mind*.

Dave Garroway told Dr. Fodor that he himself lived in an old house that was haunted and said he was not afraid but that it was annoying to have lights go on late at night and to find doors wide open in the mornings, etc. The doctor told Dave that he thought he could get rid of the trouble but that it could not be put on TV because the conditions for a medium had to be just right. Dave invited him to come to the house and that was the last he ever mentioned it.—*Naomi Groat, Amsterdam, N. Y.*

SOFT-PEDALED SUBJECTS

I was greatly interested in the article, "John Wesley, Psychic Investigator," in the November issue. In all the sermons I ever have heard preached about John Wesley in Methodist churches (I am a Methodist), I never once have heard mention of Rev. Wesley's spiritualist beliefs and investigations. I have

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seen in books casual mention of the Epworth phenomena, but this appears to be kept from Methodist laymen in Sunday sermons. At last we have in Rev. Higgins a preacher who dares to make public what he knows. More power to him!

The fact that Abe Lincoln was a spiritualist also is soft-pedaled so that it hardly ever is mentioned in Lincoln's biographies. There seems to be a policy of silence as in the case of Rev. Wesley.

In my boyhood I knew an old lady who was a spiritualist believer. She once told of a couple whose young daughter had disappeared. Unable to find her, they inquired of a medium, who told them they would find her by dredging a certain pond. This was done and her body was found.—Leon Brittell, Moriah Center, N. Y.

WHAT WAS IT?

My husband and I live on a farm outside of the town of Marion, Mich. On one side of our house is a hayfield. Early one morning in June, 1960, as I was doing my housework, my husband came into the room where I was working and gazed out of the window. He said to me, "Come here a minute. What is that red object?"

I looked out of the window and saw what appeared to be flames leaping up in the uncut hay.

My husband said, "I'll go out there and see what it is."

We both went outside and he walked ahead to investigate. He called out, "I don't see anything here."

I said, "It is all around you."

We both went into the house and gazed out again. There it was.

It lasted for half an hour. We both watched until it gradually disappeared. What was it?—Mrs. James Dunn, Marion, Mich.

THE HAUNTED WRISTWATCH

Here is a strange story and I have plenty of proof that it is true. About four years ago an 84-year-old friend of mine passed away. I was the one who found him dead. As he had no relatives and had thought very highly of my wife, I kept the 17-jewel Bulova watch that was taken off his wrist after his death.

After I got the watch I found I was unable to wind it so that it would run more than 10 hours. My wife, however, always was able to wind it so that it ran for over 40 hours. No less than 60 persons have tried to wind the watch and all have had the same trouble with it that I have had. In five months four unbreakable mainsprings broke in the watch. A man who has been repairing watches for over 50 years also was unable to wind the watch so that it would run for 24 hours with one winding.

Two years ago my son and his wife came here from Oregon and as we had no extra bedroom, they slept on a davenport in the living room. As was my habit before going to bed, I took off the watch and placed it on my desk in the living room. In the morning I found my watch gone. The four of us searched the house but the watch was not to be found.

About 10:00 o'clock my daughter and her daughter came and I told them about the watch disappearing. We all went to visit my sister and I also told her the watch was gone.

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The next evening we all went to have supper with friends 25 miles away and while we all were at the table I held out my wrist to show them that I was not wearing the watch.

After supper I went into the living room to watch TV. I felt something on my wrist—and there was my watch. The wristband is so tight that if I wear it for a half day it leaves quite a depression in my skin, but there was no mark from the band on my wrist.

Over a year ago the watch stopped and I did not have it looked at as I have been laid up with a broken hip. However, I am going to have it repaired as soon as I can get about and see if it is still haunted.—C. B. Beals, Pasadena, Calif.

SEEING AURAS

I believe that the ability to perceive auras is an inherited one, just as a keen ear for music or an aptitude for drawing is handed down from generation to generation. God gives each man a gift to use or ignore.

I possess this ability in moderate form, but not from childhood. I became aware of it in the summer of 1948. It gives me compassion that I had not had before.

When I was ill with jaundice a few years ago, the strange visual ability faded. It has its greatest manifestations when I happen to awake in the night. Then drowsiness reveals this "heat wave" pattern through the entire field of vision. Everything fluctuates at indescribably varying rates of speed.

I am an artist and an electronics

draftsman as well as a well-known humorist. I take things as they come. Life is wonderful and I remain broadminded about all phenomena. I consider my gift an unearned bonus from God.—*Joseph P. Kregel, Los Angeles, Calif.*

WHAT MAKES PICTURES WEEP?

I believe that many of the cases of weeping pictures and weeping, bleeding or sweating statues that one reads and hears about are genuine enough. In my opinion, however, they are not necessarily miraculous but natural enough, although in a way not admitted by most "orthodox" scientists.

Such phenomena seem to be caused by the subconscious mental or psychic force of devout, emotional, high-strung and superstitious individuals; and thus are akin to poltergeist phenomena, which most persons who admit the reality of psychic events believe are caused by the subconscious psychic force of emotionally disturbed individuals, particularly adolescents.

For instance, the well-known "Weeping Madonna" belonging to Mrs. Pagora Catsounis of Island Park, Long Island (see "Long Island's Crying Madonna" in FATE, July, 1960), first began to weep when Mrs. Catsounis kneeled before the icon at evening devotions, according to her own statement. In the same article, Rev. Papadeas is quoted as saying, "They (Mr. and Mrs. Catsounis) are very devout." You take it from there.

The *Books of Charles Fort* mention the case of a young man named James Walsh of Templemore, Tipperary, Ireland, who in 1920 reportedly was associated with

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bleeding pictures and statues and other strange phenomena. In Fort's account, James Walsh is characterized as "a devout youngster, aged 16" (page 585). All this sounds familiar: an adolescent and physical phenomena of a seemingly supernatural character; a devout boy, strongly Catholic thoughts and feelings, and phenomena in the form of bleeding statues. Miracle—or a quite natural operation of psychic forces emanating from the youth's subconscious?

As for three Weeping Madonnas appearing in rapid succession on Long Island, that is easily ascribable to an epidemic of suggestion and imitation. I do not mean fraud but only that one Weeping Madonna stimulated the subconscious mind of some devout person to produce another, and so forth. Such epidemics probably have occurred in the past, and probably will be reported in the future.—*Ann Barlow, Garden City So., N. Y.*

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Recent articles in the news report that physicians are experimenting with hypnosis to "charm" away warts.

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In a few days she would ask them, "Where are your warts?"

Inevitably they would have disappeared.

I married a German woman who also could "charm" away warts. Her

(Continued on page 128)

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PREVENTING OLD AGE

I was much interested in the article in your July issue entitled *The Riddle Of Aging.*

Many years ago a man named Sanford Bennett wrote a book called *Old Age, Its Cause And Prevention.* Bennett at the age of 50 had become an old man in poor health, suffering from a number of chronic complaints and many wrinkles. Despairing of relief from doctors and drugs he finally devised a series of some 35 different exercises to be done in bed before arising in the morning.

After following them faithfully for years he had become, in all respects, a young man at 70. This was attested by medical examinations. His face had become smooth without a single wrinkle.

His theory was that the body gets old through the accumulation of mineral deposits in the tissues, which finally become stiff and inelastic. The object of his exercises was to contract and then relax all the muscles and tissues to squeeze the mineral deposits out to be carried off in the blood stream.

If Bennett had not been killed

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by an accident when he was in his 80s he might have lived many more years.

When I was in my early 20s I had no health—suffered from poor circulation, indigestion, etc. The doctors told my people that I had a weak heart muscle and should take no exercise; that I probably would not live beyond the age of 30. They gave me prescriptions so strong with strychnine that the druggist finally refused to put them up.

When I was a few years short of 30 I started taking a few exercises on my own. I bought Bennett's book and have followed his exercises pretty regularly ever since. I was a member of the New York Athletic Club for 25 years. I became a good light-weight boxer, wrestler, swam, rowed and practiced jiu-jitsu. I am now 88 years old, enjoy good health and swim every morning in the salt water pool in the hotel here. I follow the swim with a steam bath and a light workout in the gymnasium. I have no wrinkles in my face and am often taken for a man in the 60s. Doctors say I have the arteries and heart of a young man.

I don't know how much Bennett's exercises have to do with my condition. I do think no exercises should be taken mechanically. The mind should be on them and you should hold the thought of gaining benefit thereby.

I lent Bennett's book to a doctor who has never returned it. The doctor's theory was that these exercises discharged hormones into the circulation. — *David B. Helm, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

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