

June 1961

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TRUE STORIES OF
THE STRANGE AND
THE UNKNOWN

FATE

PDC

MAGAZINE

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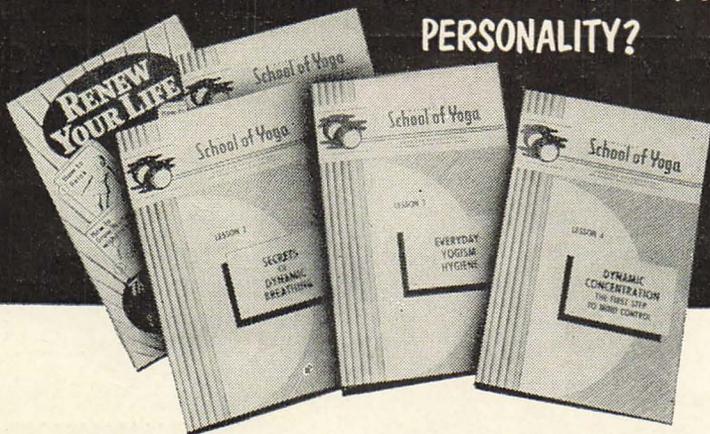
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JUNE 1961

FATE TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN Vol. 14—No. 6 Issue 135

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FATE

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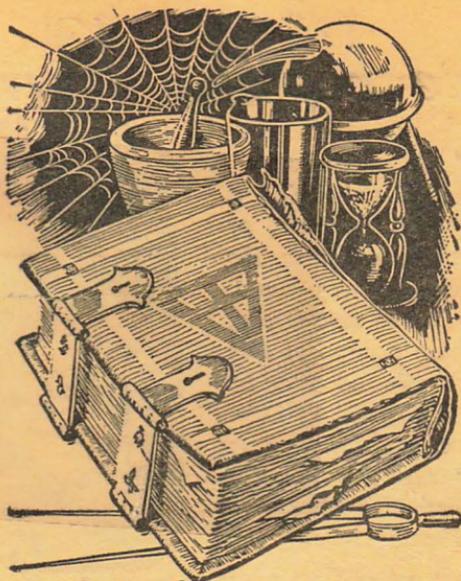
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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Eratosthenes (276-194 B.C.) a pupil of Ptolemy III, was head of the great library at Alexandria. He believed that the world was round.

He found a deep well near Syene, on the Nile. At the bottom of this well a reflection of the sun could be seen at noon on Midsummer's Day. Eratosthenes reasoned that this meant that the sun was directly overhead and that it must therefore point to the center of the earth.

On Midsummer's Day, Eratosthenes measured the angle of the sun as shown by the shadow of a stake at a point near his library in Alexandria (some 570 miles due north of the well).

By Geometry, Eratosthenes calculated that the circumference of the earth was 25,000 miles. (The distance around the earth at the equator is now calculated to be 24,902 miles).

This finding of the size of the earth and the information that it was round was later suppressed.

—Curtius of Hadecan



ETERNAL VERITIES

SCIENCE is often imagined to be a set of unchanging facts ex-

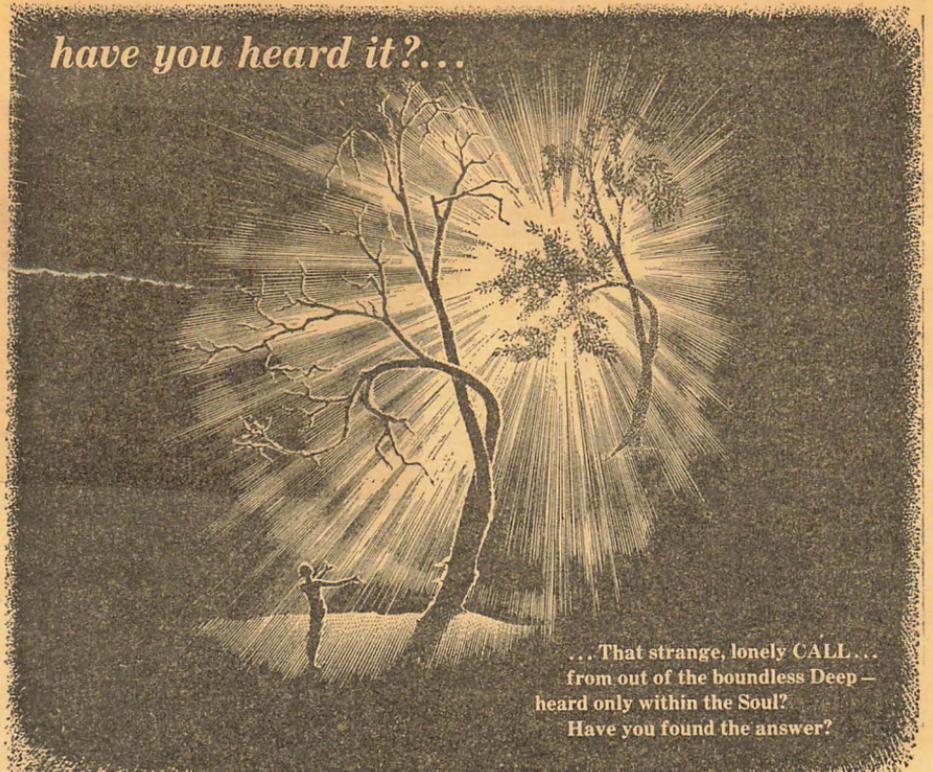


pressing eternal truths. Even scientists sometimes fall into the trap of believing this to be so. On the contrary, science emerges as only a discipline, a point of view, a method, and no one can be aware of the fast changes among the "eternal truths" without wondering both how eternal they are and how "truthful" they are.

Truth, we learn, is relative. Consider one of the earliest of these relatives, primitive man. The history of this little known, bestial and foul-smelling creature is at best uncertain. And like so many things in this world of change, our concept of primitive man is constantly changing.

Every so often somebody comes up with a new "earliest human."

have you heard it?...



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"AN ASTARIAN IN NEED NEVER WALKS ALONE"

Perhaps the most that can be said about these discoveries is that they are "humanoid"—that is, they are closer to man than to the ape. Usually (and perhaps always) they are not in the direct line of descent of man (or ascent, if you prefer), but represent offshoots which reached dead-ends and extinction many thousands of years ago.

Fortunately, our general knowledge has gained a stage of sophistication where the newspapers usually do not any longer refer to these poor sad fossils as "missing links." It would take a brave paleontologist these days to define a "missing link."



MEET THE NEWEST

WE ARE NOT being clever when we say that the newest is also the oldest. Recently Anthropologist L. S. B. Leakey discovered in Africa the fossil remains of a new sub-man older, yet more human, than his previously discovered 600,000-year-old "Nutcracker Man."

"Nutcracker man" was so named because of his powerful jaws and giant teeth which were quite capable of cracking nuts—or bones either. Also called *Zinjanthropus*, the creature's remains were discovered in Olduvai Gorge in 1959. Leakey has been digging there since 1931, and it may be one of

the richest fossil areas in the world.

The newest discovery, as yet unnamed, seems closer to the human line than is Nutcracker Man. Leakey can't say for sure whether this creature walked upright, but he had somewhat jackal-like habits. He lived at the time of the sabre-tooth tiger, and there are indications that he got his meat from leftovers of the sabre-tooth's kill and skinned the carcasses with primitive tools.

Perhaps even more significant is the discovery of the foot bones of Nutcracker Man. Compared with those of a man and a gorilla, the big toe of the gorilla projects almost at a right angle to the other toes while those of Nutcracker Man are in a line, like those of modern man. There are substantial differences in the joining of the toes and while the other foot bones resemble those of modern man they are different in particulars. Nutcracker Man's foot also was wider.



AND NOW COMES THAILAND

BUT DO NOT despair. From Thailand come reports that even richer fossil deposits may exist there than in the Olduvai Gorge.

Dr. Eigil Nielsen, a paleontologist for Copenhagen's Mineralogical Museum and leader of the Thai-Danish Prehistoric Expedition, has done preliminary investigation along the Kwai Noi River

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and found stone axes and pottery that represent the entire chronology of man through paleolithic, mesolithic and neolithic periods. The river was obviously a great migration route in Southeast Asia during prehistoric times, and the tools appear to be 250,000 to 1,000,000 years old.

Although the current expedition is only for reconnaissance purposes, Dr. Nielsen said:

"We have already found enough material for a hundred lifetimes of study and we haven't begun to look hard."



AND THEN TURKEY

MUCH CLOSER to our own period of history, another find has been made which may force revision of theories that civilization began in Mesopotamia among the Sumerians.

Near Burdur, in southwest Anatolia, excavations in a giant mound uncovered 20 levels of occupation.

Above the seven lowest and earliest levels, Dr. James Mallaart found a layer of virgin soil. And above this he discovered the shards of well-made pottery and proof that the inhabitants practiced farming and house building. The houses were of mud brick. The floors were laid on a pebble base covered with lime plaster, painted in various shades of red and then burnished.

The houses were plastered. There were plastered bins, platforms for grinding cereals and grains, fire-boxes that held glowing embers.

There were the knuckle bones of cattle in most houses. These knuckle bones were recognized by natives as being used in a game called asik, still played in Anatolia.

Yet the find is 7,400 to 9,000 years old—much older than anything we know of Sumeria.



WHAT'S ETERNAL?

YES, SCIENCE must define a large part of its future job as revising the major truths of the past that have become the untruths of the present as our knowledge increases. For instance . . .

Dr. Lyle B. Borst, a physicist of New York University, has concluded that Sparta, the Greek city-state which was most noted for military accomplishments had a secret weapon—steel. Sparta and the Spartans used steel weapons as early as 650 B.C. "Our tests show that the specimens we have examined are made of a very high quality steel with very few impurities. The elastic limit is above 52,000 pounds per square inch, almost twice that of modern structural steel. It is striated and its carbon content is right—0.2 to 0.8 per cent."

Another somewhat embarrassing

revision had to be made by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Museum recently revealed that three famous Etruscan terra cotta warrior figures, on exhibition for 30 years and known to thousands of visitors for their heroic size (one is eight feet high and weighs 800 pounds), are fakes.



NOW LET'S FACE IT

BELIEVERS MAY have to face the fact that the Abominable Snowman is also a fake.

When we consider why people believe there is a Snowman, we conclude that many do so because they hope a Snowman will be found and thus further embarrass scientists who have said there isn't any such thing.

But in the case of the Abominable Snowman, we confess that there is mighty little evidence thus far to prove that it exists.

Let's face it. It's nearly impossible to prove that something *doesn't* exist. You can prove that it does exist by saying, "Well, here it is. This is it. You can feel it, see it, hear it, taste it, smell it. You can detect its presence by instruments."

But when you say that it doesn't exist because you can't detect its presence by any means you know, that still doesn't prove it isn't there.

This argument applies equally to

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scientists who say that clairvoyance, clairaudience, ESP, telepathy, psychokinesis, time displacement, etc., don't exist because they can't fit them into their scheme of things. Let them try to *prove* that they *don't exist*. Obviously they can't. But they go on disbelieving anyway. They have been called "scientists with half-closed minds."

But in the case of the Abominable Snowman, it's a little different. Sir Edmund Hillary, who hunted him intensively in the Himalayas, flew all the way back to this country with some possible evidence that turned out not to be evidence. It is Hillary's belief that there is no such thing as an Abominable Snowman.

The yeti's scalp, that Hillary borrowed from the Khumjung monks and brought back to this country for examination, turned out to be the molded hide of a serow, a kind of goat-antelope.

Hillary, conqueror of Mt. Everest, was not able to find any Sherpas who had actually seen a yeti, though some said they heard them at night.

The explorers frequently found footprints in the snows which fulfilled the descriptions of yetis—large feet with sharply defined toe marks. The Sherpas swore these were authentic footprints. Yet when they were followed into the shade of rocks or on the north side of a snow slope, the yeti tracks al-

ways disappeared. "In their place we found the small footprints of a fox or wild dog bunched closely together as the animal bounded over the snow . . . The warmth melted them out, ran them together, completely altered their contours and made as fine a yeti track as one could wish."

Hillary admits that his theory doesn't cover every case. No explanation has been found for the noise that the Sherpas attribute to the yetis. Yet at this point, Hillary feels that the Abominable Snowman belongs in the field of mythology.



BUILT-IN RADIOS

ANN LANDERS, who runs a column of advice to the love-lorn and other lorn, is a skeptical person. Some time ago a woman wrote Ann Landers and said her mother-in-law insists that she frequently receives radio messages through her bridgework. Ann Landers suggested the woman see a psychiatrist.

How often have you received this kind of gratuitous advice from disbelievers?

Promptly Ann Landers was snowed with letters saying that people can indeed receive radio messages through their bridgework. The mail came from research engineers, factory workers and even other mothers-in-law.

One factory worker reported he kept hearing voices and thought he was losing his mind. At last he decided to see the plant doctor—who found that small particles of metal filings had lodged between his teeth and they carried the vibrations to the brain by bone conduction as in a crystal-tuned circuit.

Since then we have reports of radio reception through steam radiators, bath tubs, and electric organs.

In Midland, Tex., last November, Mrs. Virginia Kimmey was startled, to say the least, when mu-

sic began coming out of her hot water tap. In Watertown, Mass., eight-month-old Andrea Whalen has a trick rabbit. When the bunny is pressed it squeaks and the television set changes channels. The set has a remote control device which appears to be activated by the squeak of the rabbit.

You can imagine the surprise of seven-year-old Pam Alex of Greenville, S. C., when her electric organ began to talk back to her. She sat down to play it one day and a man's voice asked, "How are you this morning, buddy?" Seems the same voice was on the television

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set also when they turned that on.

Now a few weeks ago somebody else wrote to Ann Landers. A mechanic in a machine shop thinks his ex-girl friend put a hex on him. He operates a seven horse power motor and since he left the gal the motor won't run. Other mechanics can't find anything wrong with it and the motor will run in their shops but not in his.

Ann Landers replied that this was all nonsense, of course, and there were no such things as hexes or spells and that a good mechanic certainly would find the trouble.

Comments, anyone?



OUR MYSTERIOUS EARTH

WHAT REALLY started us off on this month's kick about science, change and truth was the unusually large number of recent reports, studies and statements which, if accepted, would change completely our concepts of our earth and our universe. And all this in just a single month. Who knows what next month may have in store for us?

For example, only two years ago, scientists reported that the earth was slightly pear-shaped. Recently, new calculations aided by satellite observations at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory demonstrate that the earth is not even a uniformly rounded pear—but a

slightly irregular ellipsoid. A cross section of the earth along the equator would show that one axis of the earth is more than a quarter of a mile longer than the other. The earth is thickest on a line beginning at a point off the eastern tip of Brazil and ending at the Admiralty Islands above eastern Australia. Nobody knows why the bulge exists.

Here's another interesting observation: Ancient Egyptian and Chinese records are being studied to help determine sunspot and aurora borealis activity as far back as 220 B.C. Observations are depicted on dated Chinese manuscripts, for example, that indicate there have been changes in the well-known 11-year cycle for sunspot activity. The great famines and droughts recorded in Asia reflect the effect of solar cycles.



WHICH CAME FIRST?

IT IS GENERALLY believed that falling rain generates electrical charges that cause lightning. Recently a team from an electronic research organization told the American Meteorological Society that the opposite may be true.

The researchers theorized that lightning may turn part of a cloud into an electrostatic precipitator which coalesces cloud droplets into raindrops.

OTHER TONGUES—OTHER FLESH By George Hunt Williamson. We are beginning to realize that there are living beings on other worlds. Our probes into space indicate we may soon journey into the heavens to discover them. Here is scientific evidence that there ARE brothers in the skies overhead! A collection of man's knowledge of visits to Earth in the past of these people from other planets, proved by archaeological research, including the author's own worldwide search. Facts, plus sensible extrapolation! Price: \$4.00



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STILL A MYSTERY

PHYSICISTS at their annual meeting in New York City confess they are unable to explain such puzzles as the apparently continuing explosion of the cosmos and the increasing number of "fundamental" particles of the atom.

On the infinitely small level, about 30 sub-atomic particles have been identified. Yet Dr. Victor F. Weisskopf, out-going president of the American Physical Society, does not believe they can be the basic units of the cosmos. He thinks there may be some unit still smaller than any yet discovered.

On the infinitely large level, there is controversy about whether the cosmos is actually expanding as a result of some central explosion (which means that it would have had a beginning), or whether it is in a "steady state" and new matter is being created—and always has been.

Believers in the expanding universe concept point out that there is a shift in the light coming from the more distant galaxies toward the red end of the spectrum. This "red shift" would suggest that the farther away the galaxy, the faster it is going away from our point of observation—much as the tone of a train whistle changes as it approaches, passes, then goes away from us.

In February, Prof. Martin Ryle

of the University of Cambridge told the Royal Astronomical Society that he had received radio signals from the most distant parts of the cosmos yet probed by man—and that the distribution of the signals confirmed that the galaxies are flying away from each other.

Believers in the "steady state" theory, who are equally qualified scientists, claim it means no such thing.



THE GREATEST MYSTERY

WHILE ASTRONOMERS and physicists have been arguing about little matters like this, we have to report that something is missing—namely about 90 per cent of the universe.

We have this from no less an authority than Dr. Martin Schwarzschild, Eugene Higgins Professor of Astronomy at Princeton University. Dr. Schwarzschild says that gravitational studies show there is an enormous amount of invisible substance of some kind scattered throughout space.

Dr. Schwarzschild studied star movements within our own Milky Way galaxy and after calculating the weights of the visible stars, plus the weight of interstellar gas and dust, he's still about 40 per cent short of making them conform to Newton's laws. When the whole cosmos is considered, he's as much

as 90 per cent short of what ought to be there according to the movements of bodies that can be seen.

Dr. Schwarzschild is trying to find this missing matter. He suggests two explanations. One is that there are billions of "cool" stars that can't be seen even by infra-red rays. The other is that matter may simply be spread in the form of hydrogen molecules as a thin gas through much of space.



MORE MYSTERIES

DR. GORDON J. F. MacDonald of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration reports that the earth is about two per

cent fatter around the waist than it ought to be in terms of its present rotational speed. The earth is slowing down at the rate of a small fraction of a second each year.

Studies of satellite orbits also indicate, says Dr. MacDonald, that there are some huge unknown lumps inside the earth at depths of a thousand miles or more. At present we don't know where these lumps are; or what they consist of.



ONLY YESTERDAY

AT THE END of the Permian Period, around 200 million years ago, the vegetation of India, Australia, Antarctica and the south-

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ern portions of South America and Africa were strikingly similar. This has led some scientists to reason that these sections all were joined together during this 30 million year stretch of time.

One proponent of the theory is Dr. S. Warren Carey of the University of Tasmania and he believes that these huge land masses became separated because of an expansion of the earth. Dr. Carey theorizes that the earth has swelled enough to increase its surface around 40 per cent in the past 200 million years.

Dr. Carey's ideas are considered so seriously that Dr. Bruce C. Heezen of Columbia University has used them to explain the structure of the Atlantic Basin.

Now this theory apparently has been knocked into a cocked hat by two California physicists, Dr. Allan Cox and Dr. Richard R. Doell of the U.S. Geological Survey in Menlo Park.

Drs. Cox and Doell analyzed the magnetism frozen into rocks during the Permian Period from thousands of samples around the world. Based upon the inclination of the magnetism in these rocks, they found that the mean radius of the earth then appears to be almost identical to that of today. There might be room for a slight expansion but nothing like that which Dr. Carey has proposed.

BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

WE HAVE GONE into these scientific matters in such detail because we want to belabor a point. Scientists can't agree among themselves about their own specialties; it's probably too much to expect them to agree with us about psychical research.



THE DIRT THROWERS

DURING JANUARY, the Richard Odoms family of Fremont, Calif., and their six little Odoms, endured a barrage of dirt throwing.

It all began on December 30, when, at 8:15 P.M., a big clod of earth hit the roof of their home. Clods kept raining down until 3:30 A.M. When Mrs. Odom went out to see what was going on she nearly got smacked by a chunk of sod.

Ever since, a barrage of clods have been aimed at the house two or three times a week. Seven windows have been broken and one Odom child was hit in the face and his nose bled.

Police, as usual in such cases, can't even get a fix on the point from which the clumps of earth are coming.

Also, as usual in these matters, where there is artillery the police and everyone else assumes there must be an artilleryman. A neighbor boy baby sitting for the Odoms claims he saw him—a hairy, heavi-

ly-bearded something that "scaled six-foot fences as if they were cracks in the sidewalk."

The creature has little else to do, obviously, but heave clumps of dirt at the Odoms' house.



CLOSING THE BOOKS

FOR THOSE who have been following the case of the missing Carroll V. Jackson family that vanished near Apple Grove, Va., on January 11, 1959, the case was closed with the conviction on February 23 of Melvin Davis Rees, Jr.



ANOTHER BURNING

CHARLES A. McCOLLOUGH, 63, of Spokane, Wash., was found in his room badly burned one day last January. He died shortly afterwards in a hospital.

McCullough was an arthritic cripple who used a cane and had great difficulty getting around. When he was found, he was lying on a new mattress that showed no marks of fire, nor did his room show any fire marks.

Yet he had third-degree burns covering 50 to 60 per cent of his body.



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What is an ion? Maybe this will help. An ion is an atom with an electrical charge. If the atom happens to pick up an extra electron it becomes an ion with a negative charge. If it loses an electron it becomes an ion with a positive charge.

Our atmosphere always contains large numbers of both types of ions. But an increase in negative or positive ions is fairly easy to achieve.

These findings came to light because the U.S. Navy wanted to remove dust, cigarette smoke and other fumes from submarines. It used an electronic process that changed the ion distribution. Everyone got happy.

Now the Navy is testing the method further to verify and extend its studies.

**WHO NEEDS A CREW?**

NOT THE fishing dragger *Philip and Grace* apparently. The 96-foot \$200,000 boat broke away from the Cape Ann Fisheries wharf at Gloucester, Mass., one day last winter and put out to sea.

No one saw her depart in the dead of night, when an exceptionally high tide and strong seas tore her loose from her dock. Without

human hand she skirted islands in the harbor and the stone breakwater at the harbor entrance.

About noon she was found unscathed by her captain-owner, Philip Curcuro, on the open ocean eight miles to the southwest.



THE CASE OF THE MISSING TREES

NEAR WORCESTER, MASS., last winter, seven trees were chopped down on two estates, lifted over stone walls 20 feet high, and hauled away near a busy main street.

No one heard the thieves at work or saw the trees being carted away. The few small chips indicated the loot was taken out whole—not an easy task for 35-foot trees.



NOTES FROM UP THERE

AFATE READER recently sent us a letter from *Life Magazine* in which K. Deane Stout of Fulton High School, Knoxville, Tenn., described experiments with balloons sent aloft with ice as a payload. The balloons are made from plastic garment bags sealed with heat and inflated by natural gas. The ice payload is calculated to melt as fast as the gas leaks and so the balloons stay aloft.

“Would this explain that ice dropping from the sky?” asks our reader.

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Keno is a popular game in Nevada. It has tremendous pay-offs. John Bok learned that Keno was the same as the ancient Chinese game of "Pak Kop" which originated in China over 4,000 years ago. The Chinese played Pak Kop from dream interpretations. He also learned how the Chinese interpreted dreams to the original characters and then he translated these word-pictures to numbers.

John Bok prepared a dictionary of over 700 common words with correlated numbers. His trip to Reno vindicated his theories and produced an amazing story. This book is a limited edition of the author's private printing and is offered only to readers of FATE Magazine. He believes that FATE readers are better prepared to accept the psychic phenomena of dreams than those who do not believe in psychic manifestations.

For a limited time only this book, including the "Keniromantic Dictionary," will be sold for \$3.00. If you live in Nevada, California, or any near state, or if you plan a trip through Nevada, you MUST have this book. Send your check NOW for "How I Beat Keno In Reno."

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Our answer is no because, as everyone knows, it all comes from airplanes with leaky water systems.

Just the other day, for example, Everett Nelson of Newell, Iowa, found a chunk of ice 10 inches in diameter on the roof of his store. It must have fallen from an airplane.

Nonetheless, we find it interesting to note that the U.S. Department of Agriculture has discovered there are all kinds of insects way up there. Perry A. Glick, an entomologist, has tracked insects at high altitudes by combing the upper currents with insect traps. At 15,000 feet he has found spiders, crickets, book lice and even termites.



NEWS & NOTES FROM ALL OVER
CHICOPEE, MISS.—A button became lodged in the nose of two-year-old Denise Chouinard. Her three-year-old sister Dianne climbed a cupboard, grabbed the pepper and shook it over Denise, who promptly sneezed out the button. Dianne couldn't explain how she thought to use the pepper.

Lahore, Pakistan.—Prof. V. Kovanov, director of the First Chemical Institute of Moscow and members of the Soviet Academy of Medical Sciences, told doctors here that it may be possible to banish

—death by transplanting animal organs.

London.—Francesco Waldner, an astrologer who predicted Princess Margaret would marry in 1960, and who forecast that Queen Farah would present the Shah of Iran with a son, says that Princess Margaret will have a baby in 1961.

Delhi, India.—South India's Anemalar University is testing the claims of Prof. T. C. N. Singh that ringing an electric bell can so "excite" seeds that they sprout sooner, and that soft music will make crops grow faster.

Upton, N.Y.—The new alternating gradient synchrotron at Brookhaven National Laboratory here, may help scientists learn more about the 32 different particles that have so far been detected in the hearts of atoms.

Bonn, Germany.—Prof. Buehler of Los Angeles reported at a meeting here that when blood from humans suffering from schizophrenia is injected into spiders, they became confused and ended with a tangled mess instead of their usual symmetrical web.

Madrid.—Two reporters kept a 48-hour watch over Spanish farmer Valentin Medina Poves, who claims he never sleeps. At the end of two days, Poves was bright-eyed and jovial and had mastered several gallons of wine. He hadn't so much as yawned. —Curtis Fuller

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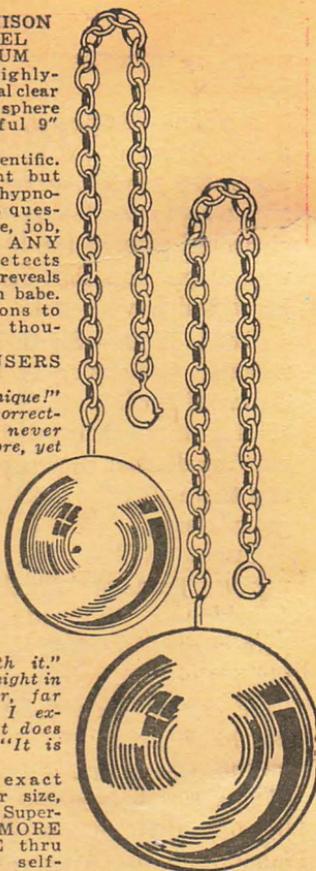
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Strange Case of the MYSTERY SATELLITE

By Harlan Wilson

It circled the earth like any man-launched satellite —
but it was circling the wrong way!

“I KNOW AN airplane when I see one!”

These scoffing words came not from a wild-eyed UFO fan but from a man who indeed ought to know not only an airplane when he sees one, but a UFO as well.

They were uttered by Robert I. Johnson, director of the Adler Planetarium of Chicago, last fall, after an observation he made from the deck of the Planetarium while watching the first pass of the Echo I balloon satellite.

Dr. Johnson's comment was only one of many since then, for the mysterious “visitor satellite” has been widely observed by astronomers and apparently never conclusively identified.

“I've been dreading the day when

I would sight a UFO,” Dr. Johnson said. And sure enough, Dr. Gerard Kuiper, University of Chicago astronomer, said the object the Adler Planetarium people saw must have been an airplane's lights. Dr. Kuiper said he and his staff had been watching Echo I at the same time and saw nothing of a UFO. Therefore, it must have been an airplane.

However, it was not an airplane. Pretty soon reports began filtering in from many responsible authorities.

The object the Adler Planetarium people saw was about a tenth the size of Echo I, a faint red in color, and was not following the orbital path of any of the 31 known objects then circling in space.

The unknown was moving from

east to west, directly opposite the course of Echo I and about twice as fast. Johnson was looking for it because he had received telephone calls from persons who had seen the object and asked what it was.

Nobody knew for sure.

Day before the Adler Planetarium statement, a Grumman Aircraft Engineering Corp. tracking camera at the Bethpage plant photographed an object but "all the picture showed is a white line, so we still can't even begin to make an identification." The white line was difficult to detect and barely visible even after the photo was enlarged.

Frank Judson, an assistant at Adler Planetarium, declared:

"It's not a meteor because it's much too slow. And it's not an artificial man-made satellite; of that we're certain. The object travels from east to west; every artificial satellite ever put up has traveled from west to east. That's the only way in which they can take advantage of the earth's rotation."

Another difficulty was that the object didn't even have the decency to maintain a regular schedule. "We don't know when to watch for it," declared Judson. "It appears some nights and some nights it doesn't. Usually it appears at about the time Echo I does, going in the opposite direction and about twice as fast."

"What is it?" Judson was asked.

"Between you and me, I just don't know," said the Adler Planetarium staff man.

Asked if he believed in flying saucers, Mr. Judson replied, "Definitely not. I do not believe in flying saucers."

Early sightings were more or less officially reported by the Georgetown University Observatory on August 24, 1960; Connecticut State College on August 24 and 25; Grumman Aircraft Corp. on August 25, twice on August 26 and again on August 29; Adler Planetarium on August 26.

NICAP, the National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena, has linked the unknown sighting with the admission by the Secretary of the Air Force last summer that the Air Force was maintaining a "continuous surveillance of the atmosphere near Earth for unidentified objects — UFO's."

Maj. Gen. Arno Luehman signed the Air Force policy letter which explained that both known and unidentified space objects are being tracked by the National Space Surveillance Control Center at New Bedford, Mass.

This center receives data on satellites and unknown space objects from over 10 sensor stations in the U.S. and abroad. Positions of both known and unidentified space objects are indicated on a luminous

map of the world and the Center has a computer with data on all known earth-launched satellites, orbiting boosters, rocket parts, hardware, and miscellaneous debris that might go into orbit during a regular launching.

In this way the Center can quickly recognize any new object reported to be in orbit.

The Center did track the mystery object seen by Adler Planetarium observers but has released no public information about it as of this writing. Apparently it has not been able to identify the mystery object.

Still another Air Force program recently announced is Project Saint, which involves the use of "big brother" satellites designed to accompany and identify unknown orbiting objects. Air Force spokesman have stated that these "inspection satellites" will probably be equipped with TV and telemetering devices and are mainly intended to spot secretly launched Russian satellites.

Late in February, 1961, a FATE representative made inquiries at several Department of Defense offices in Washington and was told unofficially that the mystery satellite had been identified as a separated part of a known satellite and had simply gone into another orbit.

Anyone familiar with this problem, however, knows it would be impossible for a portion of a satel-

lite launched on a west-east orbit to accidentally go into a fast east-west orbit.

Another rumor circulating in Washington was that the Russian rocket sent toward Venus was really launched on an east-west orbit for "special" (but unexplained) reasons. The same rumor then suggested that the publicly announced Venus probe was really the second attempt to achieve a rocket to Venus, and so the first and unsuccessful attempt is the mystery satellite.

All this is pure speculation and does not explain many observations made of the mystery vehicle.

One observation is that the mystery object has a waxing and waning brilliance which seems to differ markedly from other satellites.

THE PROBLEM of mystery satellites is not new. As long ago as May 15, 1954, Maj. Donald Keyhoe of NICAP claimed that the earth was being circled by one or more artificial satellites. Keyhoe charged that the information was being kept from the public.

Dr. Lincoln La Paz of the University of New Mexico was quoted as having identified two satellites orbiting the earth — one about 400 miles in altitude and the other about 600 miles. La Paz, so the story goes said they were "meteors which

had been captured by Earth." Dr. La Paz later denied he had ever made such a statement.

As early as 1953, apparently, Dr. Clyde W. Tombaugh, who discovered Planet Pluto, was assigned by the Army to the job of searching the region between Earth and our own Moon for natural satellites. It was later announced that nothing had been found.

However, the West German magazine *Lies Mit!* on March 3, 1955, stated that Tombaugh had discovered two new Earth satellites which were supposedly meteors captured by the gravity field of Earth and now were orbiting Earth. The "satellites" were supposedly 430 to 650 miles from Earth and between 60 feet and 300 feet in diameter.

This report sounds very much like the "discoveries" attributed to Dr. La Paz, and it remains a question whether either is true—or whether the similarity between the two reports may mean that where there is smoke there is indeed fire.

In his second UFO book, *The Flying Saucer Conspiracy*, Major Keyhoe relates that in September, 1953, a slip by a military official led to his discovery that the Earth "was being circled by one or more artificial satellites," and that this was why Dr. Tombaugh had been commissioned to make his study.

In February, 1960—more than six months before the August-

September mystery satellite—the United States Department of Defense revealed that an unidentified object had been orbiting the Earth on a rough polar orbit. This would mean, of course, that it would be quite a different object if it were a true satellite.

The polar satellite was said to be huge in size and estimated to weigh about 15 tons. It was suggested that the object might have been Russian, but Professor Alla Masevich, the Soviet woman astronomer in charge of Soviet Sputnik tracking stations, declared that the object was not theirs.

The Navy space searchers described the polar satellite as being about 19 feet long and five feet in diameter, with an orbit carrying it as far as 1,074 miles from Earth to as close as 134 miles.

Another "mystery object" was reported last October to be roaming the southern skies at twice the speed of the sun. It was described as looking like "an ordinary star without any tail as found in a comet," according to *Science Service*.

It was discovered by Henry L. Giglas of Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, Ariz. While it was too faint to be visible with the naked eye it could be seen through binoculars.

The U.S. Naval Observatory in Washington implied that the ob-

ject might be an asteroid since it was moving in the same direction as known asteroids and nearly as fast as the fastest ones.

Obviously the object was not a known asteroid, however, or it would have been identified as such by the astronomers who were watching it.

THUS WE see repeated hints by the armed services and by astronomers that unknown objects are orbiting Earth. FATE Magazine is not the only publication to read possible significance into these oblique references and communications.

Last July, *Newsweek Magazine* described the work of the National Space Surveillance Control Center in New Bedford, Mass., as follows:

"At the Air Force's Spacetrack . . . the IBM computers punched out calculations for the two new U.S. satellites . . . white and orange fluorescent letters on the black-felt 'Satellite Status' board showed 11 U.S. satellites and one Russian satellite still in earth-circling orbit.

...
"To Spacetrack's knowledge, that was the grand total of space traffic at mid-1960. But a growing number of scientists are now convinced that Spacetrack, for all its diligence, may have overlooked at least one space vehicle neither Russian nor American, but out of this

world—indeed, out of this solar system.

"This satellite, they suspect, is a visitor sent by the 'superior beings' of a community of other stars within our Milky Way galaxy—a kind of United Stellar Organization interested, for archeological and anthropological reasons, in how things are going on in this part of the galactic neighborhood . . ."

Reasons for thinking the mystery object is a visitor from another galaxy, are suggested by Professor Ronald H. Bracewell an Australian radio astronomer now at Stanford University in the authoritative British scientific journal *Nature*.

The idea of seeking to communicate with civilizations in other galaxies by means of radio telescopes is worthwhile, says Professor Bracewell, but he sees little hope for quick success by this method.

If a superior civilization really wanted to pick up signals it would do much better to send an interstellar probe to the vicinity of a star being investigated. Such a civilization could even send a "spray" of probes aimed at 1,000 likely stars, Bracewell says. The probes would be programmed to rebroadcast any radio transmission they might hear.

While Earthmen cannot do this, Professor Bracewell points out, "superior communities" could.

He believes that Earthmen might contact these superior communities by monitoring a probe sent out by them—in other words, an unidentified satellite.

Bracewell refers enigmatically to “a signal picked up by the Norwegian, C. Stormer, and never explained.”

He points out that we're getting all kinds of space noise. Then he delivers his clincher:

“We should look around for a probe—that's the best thing I can conceive of as an Earthman. But

there may be surprises. I am sure they out there are terribly clever.”

And why would they want to reach us?

Bracewell develops mathematical calculations showing that the Milky Way civilizations have a high mortality rate, “perhaps from over-familiarity with nuclear fusion.”

“The prospect of catching a technology near its peak might be a strong incentive for them to reach us—in other words, before the H-bomb makes earth purely an archeological point of interest.”



ROME'S MUSEUM OF SPIRITS

PART OF THE CHURCH of the Sacred Heart of Suffering in Rome is a strange museum which claims to display proof that the human soul survives after death. Called the Museum of Spirits, it contains many kinds of exhibits, some dating back several centuries. All the exhibits, it is reported, are substantiated by affidavits and sworn statements.

Collection of the unusual items in the museum was begun by the Rev. Vittore Jouet, a former pastor of the church. One day in 1897, it is related, a mysterious fire appeared suddenly on a wall near the altar as he conducted a mass. Within the flames he and the amazed congregation saw the agony-twisted face of a man. After

the flames disappeared there remained on the wall a blackened image which still may be seen today.

This token of contact with the spirit world is said to have inspired Father Jouet to collect others. Among them is an apron worn by Sister Maria Herendorpe of Westphalia, Germany, in 1637 when it reportedly was branded by the spirit of a long-dead friend, Sister Chiara Scholers, leaving the imprint of a hand.

Another exhibit is a book of devotions bearing the seared prints of three fiery fingers. This book, which belonged to Maria Zaganti of Rimini, Italy, is said to have been touched by the spirit of a friend, Palmira Rastelli, who appeared in 1871, a year after her death.



The HANGING TREE'S EIGHT VICTIMS

By Bernard Molohon

The lynching party hanged an innocent boy—and Fate saw each member of it suffer an even more horrible death.

THE HISTORY of the West is sprinkled with occasional accounts of Vigilante Committees hanging innocent persons. Generally the principals in such "honest" miscarriages of justice suffered no more than pangs of conscience. In only one case on record did Fate take a hand and violently destroy every member of a lynching party, including the self-appointed "Judge" who had presided at the "trial".

The 1882 hanging of an innocent, 19-year-old boy in Washington Territory set off a chain of events which saw every one of the perpetrators suffer a more horrible death than the victim. Even the Hanging Tree did not escape. It, too, was killed by a freak of vengeful Fate.

Rock Creek Valley, is a 10-mile-long stretch of fertile farm land in eastern Washington stretching from the town of Rockford south and

east to the Idaho line. Rockford, 27 miles southeast of Spokane, was founded near the junctions of Mica and Rock Creeks in 1878 when A. N. Worley and his cousin Clint Farnsworth built a sawmill there. This was 11 years before Washington became a state on November 11, 1889. The first settler, A. L. Bradley, had come to the valley a year earlier, but the opening of the sawmill started a real "boom".

Among the settlers to arrive within the next few years were families who had worked their way up from southern Oregon. These settlers took up land in the upper part of the valley and quickly built a house of worship which they called the Rock Creek Valley Bethel Methodist Church.

Within a few months the Bethel Methodist Church was to be the meeting place for a group of men who planned the most deliberate, cold-blooded mob murder of an innocent man ever committed in the West.

Among the Oregon arrivals were the Kolstad brothers, as unlike as night and day. Jeff, industrious and highly-esteemed by all who knew him, brought along three orphaned children of his wife's sister. The oldest, a boy called Oldie, was 19. Both his sisters were also in their teens. Their family name was Neil.

Kolstad's brother was a lazy, bullying braggart named Syllas but

called "Red" because of a huge red beard he wore.

At the time some people were aware that an organized gang of horse thieves operated a string of stations from southern Oregon to the Canadian border. Horses were stolen in the south and driven north where they found a ready market among the newly-arrived farmers. But the thieves also stole horses in the north and drove them south to resell as replacements for those they had stolen in that area. It was an endless chain of north-south thievery, with profits at both ends!

"So you don't think Red's gettin' them horses legal, eh?" Will Sparks asked Cole Rothrock as they waited to load lumber at the sawmill. "Why, 'cause you don't *like* him?"

"Who *does* like him?" came back Rothrock.

"Well now," argued Sparks, "I'll admit he's gone quite a bit, but when he comes home he's got bills of sale for them horses. An' I ain't seen no doctored brands on 'em."

"Maybe you never looked real close at either them bills of sale or them brands," put in Rothrock.

But Sparks wouldn't give up. "What about him givin' Oldie Neil a job?" he persisted. "He ain't even related to him, really. The kid's just Red's brother's nephew by marriage."

"Maybe the kid's in on it too!"

suggested Rothrock bitterly.

"Cole! You don't know what you're sayin'. Oldie's worked for the Hecht family, and Mrs. Hecht told me he's one of the best hired hands they ever had around. A real pleasant, hard-workin' boy, she said, and they wished they could afford to *keep* him."

It was true. Everyone liked and respected Oldie Neil. Recently he had built himself a solid log cabin out near the Idaho line, and was claiming the surrounding land by "squatter's rights". That was not unusual; there was plenty of land and more than one person around the valley had started the same way. And now Oldie was being paid to pasture Red's valuable horses for him in that sparsely-settled area.

Shortly after Cole Rothrock and Will Sparks had their discussion at the sawmill, Henry Fristoe claimed his horses had been stolen. Later it was found that the horses had merely strayed from their pasture, but with feeling so strong against Red because of his surly ways and easy living, tempers ran high.

It was early June, 1882, and the next Sunday the men attending Rock Creek Valley Bethel Methodist Church stayed after services to discuss ways and means of dealing with the unpopular Red. Cole Rothrock, sometimes jokingly called "The Judge" because of his elo-

quence, immediately took charge.

"Didn't I tell you?" he sneered, looking accusingly at Will Sparks. "Right out there at the sawmill? Give Red time, I said, and he'll start stealin' *our* horses! Well, he's gone and *done* it!"

The crowd was seething with indignation but Paul Sparks, trying to be even more objective than his brother Will had been when he talked to Rothrock at the sawmill, attempted to reason with the angry mob. "Listen!" he shouted. "We're tryin' a man when he ain't even here to defend himself. Let's go get him and see what he says."

He sat back down to a chorus of boos and catcalls. Will Sparks leaned over and said to his brother: "I stuck up for Red, too. But he just made a damn liar out of me, Paul."

Right then and there Red was tried and unanimously found guilty of horse stealing. He was sentenced to be hanged.

Seven men, led by the strutting "Judge", Rothrock, set out to find Red and carry out the sentence of the "court". They were the Sparks brothers, John Dykstra, Mark Taylor, Marvin Bradford and "Chub" Collins.

They found Red sooner than they expected. His attitude disarmed them immediately. Sure he would go home and get the bills of sale, and let them go over the de-

scriptions and signatures with a fine-toothed comb. Sure he'd take them out to Oldie's place, but it might cause trouble. There was something funny about what Oldie had been up to lately. The other day Red had been out there and found several extra horses in the band. Knowing that Oldie owned only a saddle horse, he asked where they came from.

"He told me it was none of my damn business," said Red, looking each Vigilante in the eye. "Well, I told him I didn't want no stolen stuff in with *my* horses, and as soon as I could find somebody else I'd take mine away from his pasture. Of course he'd hate to have me take 'em away. Not because of losin' the money, but because he'd not have no herd to hide the *stolen* ones in. Anybody goin' by the road wouldn't know how many horses there was in that band, but *I* would!"

The Vigilante party, thinking no better than the usual mob of self-righteous lawmakers, now hurried to Oldie Neil's cabin.

Arriving there early in the afternoon, they were stopped within hailing distance by an apprehensive Oldie. "What you lookin' for?" he called from his doorway, a rifle in the crook of his arm.

The posse reined up. It was true what Red had told them! Only a man with something to hide would

come to the door ready to start shooting. Being friends and neighbors of Neil, they had hoped to ease up to him without trouble, and snatch him before he could make a grab at his gun. This kind of greeting took them off guard.

"We want to talk to you, Oldie," shouted "Judge" Rothrock, the first to recover from his surprise.

"What about?"

"About some stolen horses."

"I ain't got none," Oldie answered.

Not knowing about Red's treachery, Oldie could not be expected to get it through his head that they were accusing *him* of knowingly harboring stolen horses. But he was far from stupid, so it must have dawned on him that these men were hinting the horses he pastured for Red were stolen.

"Listen," he yelled, his voice rising several notes. "If there's any stolen horses out there, I don't know about 'em. And anyway," he added, "if you got any suspicions about Red why don't you go to Cheney and get the sheriff? It's *his* business and not *yours!*"

"Yeah, that'd take only a day or two," said The Judge sarcastically. "An' you'd be clear up in Canada by the time he got here."

Cheney, which had been made the county seat about a year before, was located a good many miles southwest of Spokane, while Rock

Creek Valley was southeast.

There could no longer be any doubts in Oldie's mind that these neighbors had judged him guilty of horse thievery along with his uncle. Not after that last remark by The Judge. Neil made another movement with the rifle that appeared to be threatening to the Vigilantes, and slammed the door shut.

That was the last straw. He was guilty beyond doubt, and was going to shoot it out with the posse. But several volleys fired into the solid log walls had no effect. Oldie did not return the fire. Just waiting for them to get closer and pick them off! The Judge ordered the men to quit shooting and bellowed toward the cabin: "Oldie?"

Neil was too smart to open the door. He answered through the wall.

"You say you ain't had nothin' to do with stealin' them horses?"

"Of course not! An' Uncle Syl always had bills of sale."

The Judge hollered through the walls to Oldie: "All right. But your uncle said you had some *other* horses out here last week. Some that wasn't *his*. An' last night when he slipped out to look, they was gone. Who'd *they* belong to?"

This last piece of information at least it cleared up for Neil what The Judge had been saying before. So Uncle Syl was the one who

was making Neil out a horse thief!

"Syl's a liar!" said Oldie. "He knows I never had no extra horses."

"Would you testify to that?" called back The Judge.

"I sure would!"

"All right. You come with us to Cheney an' be a state's witness. You'll have to go just as if you're a prisoner because your Uncle Red has accused *you* of stealin' horses. Understand? But as soon as you help us convict him your trial won't amount to nothin' an' you'll go free."

It must have all sounded logical to the 19-year-old, coming from The Judge and these other neighbors he knew and trusted. Oldie came out of the cabin and gave them his gun. When Taylor and Bradford started to tie Neil's hands behind his back, he protested. He had given his word that he would go with them to Cheney. What other assurance did they need?

But The Judge reminded him that only a guilty man would object to following the ordinary procedure for prisoners. Reasonable or not, Neil now had no choice.

The Judge called Dykstra and Collins aside. Oldie was told these two men were going back to the church to report.

The five others started off with their prisoner.

If Oldie Neil was naive enough to believe that Red was waiting around to be available for a trial, the members of the posse were not. Each of them knew, in his own mind, that they had been foolish to let Red get away. They were pretty certain, too, that Red was now on his way out of the country as fast as he could gallop. Later events proved their suspicions right.

But many of Oldie's actions, including the protest about having his hands tied, made them honestly feel that at least he knew he had been keeping stolen horses for his uncle. If that was the only way he was implicated, his panicky acts could have been written off as the logical results of an innocent young mind suddenly confronted with the reality of being accused of horse stealing. But the members of the posse, already feeling ridiculous for letting Red Kolstad get away, thirsted for something with which to cover up their own stupidity. On top of all this, The Judge had magnified every little action and statement of Oldie's as the words and deeds of a guilty man. These clever manipulations had had their effect on men who, in another frame of mind, might have seen through them for what they were. . . .

Oldie Neil knew the country well, and he had not ridden far

before he realized that his five captors were not taking him toward Cheney, but in an almost opposite direction. When he protested he was told by The Judge that they were taking him up to the Hecht place for character references.

In the meantime, Dykstra and Collins wasted very little time in their report to the men waiting at the church. The gist of it was that Oldie Neil and not Red Kolstad was the guilty party and they had captured him after a terrific gun battle. He was going to be hanged but, since Cheney might not look upon such an action with favor, they were going to have to cover their tracks. Collins and Dykstra led the rest of the men from the church out toward Hecht's place, where they were to stage a fake attack on the prisoner and his captors. This party met the one led by The Judge where two branches of the creek met. The place was called, appropriately enough, "Hecht's Grove". The Hecht house was not more than a quarter of a mile from the grove.

Late that evening the Hechts heard shooting down in these woods. As far as they could judge, some came from one branch of the stream and the return fire came from over near the other branch. Not having any idea what it was about, they stayed up all night, prepared for anything. But they

heard no more commotion.

Early the next morning two neighbors, Martin McCoy and Dave Vess, came to the Hecht house and told them there was a dead man hanging from a tree down in their pasture. Mrs. Hecht, already weary from a sleepless night had hysterics. When later that day the victim was identified as Oldie Neil, whom she was always to remember as a fine young man, she blamed herself for his death.

"If we'd only had the money to *keep* him!" she said over and over. "Then this wouldn't have happened."

Charles O. Worley, a Rockford pioneer who knew both Oldie Neil and the Hecht family well, was the first to identify the body on Monday morning. He, too, had always had a high opinion of the boy, and was doubly upset when he realized that the body could not be taken down until a full investigation was made. (This Worley should not be confused with A. N. Worley, co-founder of Rockford. However, Charles O. Worley is the man Worley, Idaho, was named after.)

Worley dispatched a man to Cheney, but the sheriff and coroner did not arrive until Tuesday. The body was cut down and buried on a hill across Mica Creek from Rockford, about two miles from

where the hanging took place.

The investigation produced no one who could shed any light on the hanging. The Judge and his crew were ready and eager to tell a terrifying story of being attacked by a huge band of gunmen. They defended their prisoner until their ammunition was gone, then were forced to give him up. Then they had lit out for their homes, most of which were in the upper valley.

Why no man in either band was so much as nicked by a bullet, was not explained. Also, why the "law-abiding" Vigilantes didn't go for help after their prisoner was "abducted" remained a mystery.

It is certain that after the kidnapping Collins and Dykstra joined the lynching party. For although, they were as voluble as the rest in recounting the story of the attacking gunmen when *Fate* took a hand and began to destroy the cold-blooded executioners one by one, the names of John Dykstra and "Chub" Collins were on her list!

* * *

FATE WAS in no hurry to take revenge. She was content to let her victims live for a time with their guilty consciences.

The first to feel her wrath and to suffer one of the most horrible deaths meted out to the seven ring-leaders, was Mark Taylor.

He was discing a field adjoining

his house. He had hitched six horses abreast to pull a tandem disc loaded down with rock to make it cut deeper. The botflies were exceptionally bad that summer, and one of the middle horses threw its head up and down until a crossline got under the neckyoke. Taylor stopped the disc and went around to unhook the line.

His wife, out in the yard hanging clothes, heard her husband cursing the horse. She stopped and stood transfixed. Something told her Mark was in danger.

Taylor had loosened the line and taken no more than one step when something, no doubt another botfly, landed in the nose of the horse directly behind Taylor, and one in from the outside. Mrs. Taylor saw the horse lift its head, let out a loud snort, and throw one foot forward, at the same time shaking and lowering its head. This knocked Taylor down and his screams scared an already skittery six-horse team. His wife heard a singletree crack as the horses leaped forward to trample her shrieking husband and then froze in horror as the double discs cut Taylor to ribbons.

Mark Taylor's death was written off as an accident, except possibly by some of his partners-in-crime.

They must have felt even more nervous when a strange story came down from Springdale, a town up

north, where Cole Rothrock, had moved.

The Judge was found shot to death in June, 1892. His body had been tossed to the hogs in his own hog pen.

No trace of the killer could be found and the case was soon buried in the sheriff's "unsolved" file.

John Dykstra's number came up next. Dykstra had not done well as a farmer and between spring field work and harvest time took a job in a small sawmill, up near Spokane. Dykstra's job was releasing bottom logs, one at a time, from a gravity skidway, wrestling them with canthooks onto a pair of dollies, and pushing them onto a narrow track so they could be rolled onto the sawyer's platform. It wasn't particularly dangerous work because when logs were held in place at the top of the hill by a system of big wooden wedges. All the men at the bottom had to do was re-wedge above the log to be released and then knock out the wedges holding the bottom log. The two men working on the skidway always stood at the ends of the log, so if its release caused others above it to "settle" or roll, they could jump out of the way.

But John Dykstra, could not beat *Fate*. A fully-wedged layer of logs broke loose and rolled over him, squashing him beyond recognition.

The wedge at *the other end* of the tier could not hold the logs. Dykstra's partner saw the avalanche coming and stepped back to safety. John Dykstra jumped back, too, but the logs twisted enough to catch him. He went under the rollers like a piece of meat through a hamburger machine.

A few people, remembering that John Dykstra had been in the original Vigilante group that captured Oldie Neil and, also, remembering how Vigilante Mark Taylor had died, began to wonder.

Fate next pointed her finger at Will Sparks. Will, with the help of his brother Paul, had built a high wooden windmill tower over his well. He had hauled the gears, wheel and directional "tailpiece" all the way from Spokane. He was extremely careful in putting the top mechanism in place. And he had built a sturdy ladder on the outside of the tower so he could keep the precious gears well oiled.

Always careful, Will Sparks never went up the ladder to oil the gears when there was any trace of a breeze. He had another rule, too: neither of his children could go above the third rung of the windmill ladder. "It's too dangerous," he told them.

But *Fate* decreed that on one of his trips up the ladder, with no sign of a breeze stirring on the ground and the children and he

tossing good-natured banter back and forth, a sudden shifting of the locked tailpiece and wheel knocked Sparks to the edge of the platform. For a moment he clung frantically to the big wheel, while the oil can plopped not a foot from where the little boy stood. But Will had grabbed a fin of the wheel which now turned, twisting his arm.

"Get away! Get away!" he screamed to the children. Then he slid off the platform and landed on the hard clay at the foot of the tower. Every bone in Will's body was broken.

From this point on, Paul Sparks was a changed man. Apparently he blamed himself for Will's death although neighbors told him he was foolish.

"Just because you helped Will put up that windmill," argued Harry Hahn, "don't prove you *killed* him. It was an *accident*. Can't you *see*?"

But, Paul Sparks could only see that his brother had been the fourth member of the seven-man lynching party to die violently—and he had helped erect the instrument that killed him.

Paul Sparks began to say that he would die next. He never said why, but he kept hinting that any day now he might be killed.

But Marvin Bradford was *Fate's* fifth victim. He had sold his place near Rockford and moved to the

Big Bend Country, a larger, flatter farming area southwest of Spokane bounded on the west by the mighty Columbia River. He built a new house, cleared the sagebrush off his land, and had exceptionally good luck there during some of the wetter years. He prospered more than any of his old cronies around Rockford and did a pretty good job of convincing himself that the other four deaths had been accidents. But, accidents or not, he was glad he had removed himself from the hoodooed creeks and hills where the hanging had taken place.

When the dry years hit the Big Bend Bradford suffered less than his neighbors. He had saved enough money to tide him over. He was even among the first dreamers of a mammoth irrigation project in the Columbia Basin.

But Marvin Bradford did not live to see that dream come true. His house became a sheet of flame seconds after he accidentally turned over a kerosene lamp. Before he could get to the door, his clothes and hair were afire. His dash across the yard to jump into the horse trough only fanned the flames. And the crowning jest of *Fate* was that the broiling sun of the afternoon had evaporated every drop of water in the trough!

When news of Bradford's death reached Rockford, Paul Sparks

temporarily changed for the better. He had been wrong. He had *not* been number five! Often his wife caught Paul grinning, and once in a while he laughed out loud. This was a pleasant change even if the laughter sounded somewhat high-pitched.

One night Paul awakened his wife talking in his sleep.

"I ain't goin' to die! I ain't goin' to die!" he kept repeating, punctuating the words with laughter. "I ain't goin' to die because I *did* say we should bring Red in for trial! But nobody would *listen!*"

The spring after the news of Bradford's death, Chub Collins was hiking along the Oregon-Washington Railroad and Navigation Company tracks just above Rockford, quite unaware that *Fate* had numbered him sixth on her execution timetable.

Collins stopped in the middle of an OWR&N bridge and knelt down to survey the water below. He must have been aware that the morning passenger train out of Spokane was about due but the trestle was short and he would have had no trouble getting off after he heard the train coming.

Becoming fascinated perhaps with fish he saw below in the water his ears could not have warned him until the engineer, sweeping around the curve above the trestle, saw a man kneeling on the bridge

and nearly chinned himself on the whistle cord. There still would have been time for Collins to get away, but as he leaped to his feet his one boot went down between the timbers nearly to the knee. The brakes could not stop the train in time. Victim number six had paid for the Oldie Neil hanging, quickly ground to a bloody pulp beneath the pounding wheels.

Paul Sparks continued his sleep-talking. Mrs. Sparks, learned some truths about Oldie Neil's hanging. Paul *had* been a party to it. And he had come to realize, over the years, that The Judge had egged the men on, had built up a case against Oldie Neil that the rest of them were gullible enough to swallow. The Judge had been over-anxious to take Red Kolstad's word that Oldie was a thief. Now Paul Sparks was convinced that Oldie had been innocent. It was evident this conviction, along with the violent deaths of all six of his cohorts, was driving Paul crazy. He was still certain that he would die violently like the others.

His loyal wife, assuring him that she would tell no one what she knew, was able to talk the whole thing over with Sparks. For a while he seemed to get better in some ways, but his fear of a terrible death kept growing. Finally, out of pure exhaustion he agreed to see Dr. Witter in Rockford. The doc-

tor, who may have known some of the details of the hanging, suggested that Paul Sparks be committed to Medical Lake (the State Insane Asylum for eastern Washington) so he would be "safe" from whatever he feared.

Sparks agreed without argument.

But even in the asylum he could not help talking about The Judge. No one paid much attention to him until he mentioned the name of Rothrock. An attendant named Herndon drew him aside and asked what he knew about Rothrock.

"Why, Cole Rothrock was usually called The Judge when he lived at Rockford," Sparks explained, lucidly.

"The fellow that was shot and fed to the hogs up at Springdale?"

"That's what I heard," admitted Sparks.

"You know something?" said Herndon. "I know who killed Rothrock!"

"Then why not tell the sheriff?" asked Sparks, reasonably.

"Because it happened a long time ago and the case is closed. Opening it would only make a lot of people unhappy. Besides," Herndon added, "the man that killed Rothrock is dead."

"Who killed him?" asked Sparks. It was a logical question.

"Remember Matt Alexander, the man who killed a hotel man-

ager in Spokane over losing a lot of money he'd left in the hotel safe? Well, the loss of all that money drove him crazy, all right, so they didn't hang him. They sent him here to the asylum instead. He had worked with a gang of horse thieves that stole horses all the way from southern Oregon to the Canadian border. Rothrock was one of the gang. Kind of a silent partner, I guess, but furnished a lot of the brains and leads. He worked close with that fellow Red Kolstad. You know, the one that skipped the country about the time they hanged a boy at Rockford for horse-stealing. All in the same gang, I guess, but Alexander claimed the kid never did anything but take care of stolen stock . . ."

The odd look on Paul Sparks' face made Herndon stop. But Sparks regained his composure.

"Anyway," Herndon went on, "Alexander went to collect from Rothrock and the old man tried to beat him out of what he had coming. I guess Matt went crazy *that* time, too. He killed Rothrock and fed him to the hogs. But he wasn't too crazy to find the money Rothrock had. No one ever traced him, and he hid out somewhere in the wilds up there till it blew over. Alexander must have kept that money a good many years before he went to Spokane and put it in the hotel safe."

Paul Sparks had been listed as "improving" ever since he came to Medical Lake. His wife, who had rented the farm and moved in with her sister, visited him often. Paul had been able to talk with her calmly and lucidly until her first visit after Herndon's story about the thieving Judge.

Subconsciously Sparks undoubtedly had suspected for a long time that Rothrock was implicated. He had been so anxious to let Red Kolstad go and see that Oldie Neil was made to look guilty. Now, the knowledge that The Judge had caused Sparks to be a party to hanging an innocent boy was compounded by absolute proof that Rothrock was a horse thief himself. How Paul managed to keep his equilibrium until he told his wife Herndon's story, no one knows. After telling her he went completely to pieces.

One evening Sparks escaped from the asylum. He got across the Idaho line into the foothills of the Coeur d'Alene Mountains. Jurisdictional problems somewhat delayed the search and Sparks must have thought he was safe. He got careless and before he knew what was happening was completely surrounded.

But Paul Sparks was not to be locked up again. Swinging his arms and screaming, he ran right through the cordon of men, who hesitated to

shoot because they felt he was not responsible.

They cornered him again on a cliff where he turned on them with a string of invective that would turn a mule-skinner green with envy. As they crowded toward him he backed over the cliff, falling to the sharp talus below.

At the bottom of the cliff, they found Paul Sparks sinking into a peaceful sleep which never again would be disturbed by a guilty conscience. His last words were in sharp contrast to the language he had used a short time before.

"Now I can tell Will that The Ju----." He never finished the sentence. The sharp rocks had broken his body as bad as his brother Will's had been broken when he fell from the windmill tower.

Paul Sparks was *Fate's* seventh and last victim for the Oldie Neil hanging.

* * *

J. P. GILBERT, Rockford pioneer who was a young man of 24 at the time of Neil's hanging, said in later life that he was "just about as guilty" as the seven men who committed the crime. He had attended the Vigilante meeting in the church that June Sunday of 1882, and

would have gone with the doomed seven if his wife hadn't stopped him. A sick young daughter had taken a turn for the worse and Gilbert's wife insisted that he not leave them alone.

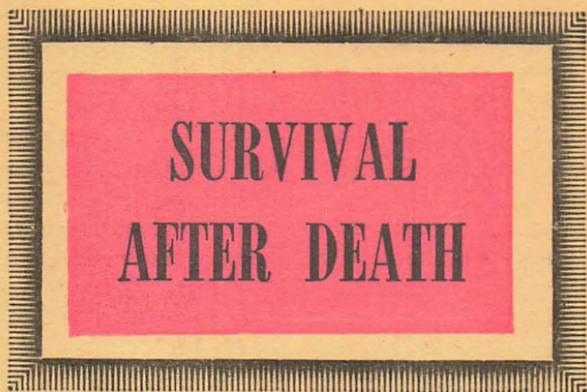
His guilt-by-association caused him to view an unusual number of weird personal happenings with alarm, and lose a good many hours of sleep. However, when the middle of the 20th Century arrived and he found himself still around he philosophically told Rockfordites that in his own case he felt *Fate* had been paid in full by causing him so much worry.

But the scrubby forked pine that had served as the gallows for Oldie Neil was doomed. Next to it stood a larger pine which took the full force of a bolt of lightning. Rain put out the fire but the big tree died. Some person or persons set it afire again. Blazing, it fell into the fork of the "hangman's tree," destroying it also and adding evidence to the superstition that a tree which has borne evil fruit cannot live.

Note: Because descendants of some members of the lynching party still live in Rock Creek Valley, certain persons in the foregoing account have been given fictitious names.



Let's Talk About



SURVIVAL AFTER DEATH

A world-famed minister speaks out for the first time on psychic matters—and advises the timid to do likewise!

By Dr. Henry Smith Leiper

YEARS AGO I invited the editor of *Life Magazine* to speak to a group of ministers in New York. This was back in the days when *Life* was a humor magazine — before, you might say the “Lucean” revolution.

The editor was a man by the name of Martin and I let him choose his own subject.

He said to us, “I’ve noticed from my knowledge of ministers that their business is religion but their main interest is telling stories.

“Now, mine is just the reverse. My business is telling stories in *Life Magazine*, but my real interest is in spiritual things and in psychological research.”

Then he began to tell us of many sittings he had had with a medium who had no theological or philosophical training, who never had had any contact whatsoever as far as anyone knew with theology, but through whom he had received long and very involved messages from John Hall who had

SPEAK OUT, MINISTERS!

The Rev. Dr. Henry Smith Leiper is former associate general secretary of the World Council of Churches and Congregational Christian Churches. He is now Director of the Department of Religion at the Chautauqua Institute in Chautauqua, N. Y. This article is excerpted from Dr. Leiper's speech at the 1960 Spring Conference of the Spiritual Frontier's Fellowship in Chicago.



been minister of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York.

When he had finished I turned to a contemporary of Hall's, George Webster, who then was head of the Seaman Institute in New York and said, "George, you knew John Hall. You've heard this today purporting to be from John Hall. Does this sound to you like John Hall's mind, John Hall's approach to life, John Hall's point of view?"

He said, "No. I never heard John Hall say anything of this sort when he was in this world."

Martin was deaf and I had to relay this reply to him. When he heard it he sniffed and said, "Well, if you don't get any new ideas

after being in Heaven for 20 years, what's the use of dying?"

I've always thought it was a pretty good answer, because one of the things the skeptics always reveal when you tell them that you've had a communication from someone no longer in the world is this disposition to make sure that it's a repeat from something they've said here, and if it isn't then it couldn't be theirs.

I don't want to generalize too much from this incident but I think that the reaction of Dr. Webster in that instance was fairly typical of the Western Christian reaction in our age and particularly the attitude toward the whole question of whether man's spiritual

nature is of such a character that there is a means of communication with those who have passed beyond.

Now a second recollection has to do with a very different type of experience. I had a very dear friend, a colleague for many years. I never heard him say a word on this subject, and I never talked with him about it. He has been outside this life in the larger life for nearly four years. His wife sent me a quotation from one of his sermons some time ago. In it he spoke on "living with those out of sight."

He speaks of how he had the contact. One gets the sense of contact with the departed he says, and "it is the voice we thought was still now using new supersensory powers to reach us. We feel no physical manifestation, but it is the touch of a hand whose substance has indeed vanished yet whose loving encouragement is stronger than ever."

This is the only reference to such a matter that I ever heard from him, and I heard it curiously enough just after I'd had a sitting with Arthur Ford and one of the 14 persons who came through that afternoon in less than an hour was this particular man. He wanted to say that he hoped that I would do what I'm doing now—and I've never done it before in a general assembly of any kind in all my 50 years of con-

tact with the whole area of psychical phenomena. He said one of the things he regrets about his ministry is that he never had spoken of his knowledge of and interest in the psychic world. I'd say that it was more than a coincidence that I got that message directly from him in a way that was to me utterly convincing. Arthur Ford never knew him in the flesh, by the way, and didn't even have his name. No name was given, but the identification was absolutely, inescapably real.

Now it's impossible not to recall my own experiences over the years with Dr. Ozora Davis who was the President of Chicago Theological Seminary, the author of many hymns, the author of many poems, moderator at one time of the Congregational Christian Churches throughout this country.

It happened that Dr. Davis was taken to a hospital for an operation. It was discovered he had incurable cancer. They said he couldn't possibly live more than two months and they discharged him as hopeless. Well, the story is long but he lived for a number of years. He was completely cured of cancer so that later an exploratory operation showed nothing but scar tissue where the cancer had been.

He was cured by spiritual means through a medium.

The skeptic will tell you there is

no proof that the healing wasn't just because they made an exploratory operation—that might have cured him!

At any rate, he got well; that's the main thing.

As one of the most remarkable men I've ever known, I followed him in his writing and was with him in his various psychic experiences. But, and this is the point, he never would write about it; he never did speak about it and he did not because he said, "If I do it will spoil the reputation of my Seminary. It will spoil my reputation at Chicago University. They'll say 'he's an old crackpot, he's got a lot of silly ideas.'"

He told me "I'd rather go through life without that kind of ridicule."

And actually he was informed, he told me, that if he would write a book detailing his many psychic experiences he might go on living for a long time. He wasn't a very old man at the time of his death which came long after this cancer experience, but he felt he couldn't do that even on the chance of a longer life.

He said, "I'm not afraid of death. I've no silly notion that death is the end of life, and I would rather not risk creating an impression that my books, my poems, my work in the Chicago Seminary is all somehow contaminated because I'm mixed up with this 'ghost stuff.'"

Well, you see he had the same kind of knowledge of the Western approach to man's spiritual nature that Sir Oliver Lodge understood so well when he was asked to become the Vice-Chancellor of the University of Birmingham. (Equivalent to Chancellor or President of an American University.) Oliver Lodge knew that his interest in psychic research would quite probably lead to a lot of complications even though he was a great scientist, a mathematician, a physicist, and had an independent reputation in the world of scholarship, quite apart from anything in the area of psychic research.

He said, "Now, look, if I'm going to come to Birmingham, I've got to be free to go on in my researches. I'm not going to be hampered by any prejudices you may have against the psychic world." And they were broadminded enough to have him come as the Vice-Chancellor of the University.

Now what I'm saying seems to me to suggest that a characteristic of modern Christian approach to this question of life after death, is that it ought to be confined to funerals and Easter. It's always couched in very vague terms and it avoids the specific evidence for its truthfulness. It does seem strange, doesn't it, that the very people who preach from the pulpits of our churches that man is a soul who has

a body, just as a church is a fellowship that has a building, are really afraid to face up to it. If anybody should say, now you're right and my former schoolmate, my father or my brother came to me through supersensory powers and convinced me of the reality of life beyond, the ministers say "well you'd better not say anything about it."

Once a man on a bus here in Chicago, a very heavy set, great big burly chap, said, "You know they say that all men are afraid of women. It isn't so, but don't quote me."

John Stevenson wrote an article in *Harper's Magazine* two or three years ago, which was titled "Scientists With Half Closed Minds." He said that "contempt prior to examination" is the approach of a great many people, scientists and religious leaders, to this whole subject, and anybody who has dealt with it at all, knows that's true. They *won't* investigate.

Sherwood Eddy was caught by that curious fact. I've known him for more than 50 years. I've traveled with him in many parts of the world, entertained him in my home in China when I was a missionary there. Sherwood has told in his book, *You Will Survive Death*, how one of his friends, a Quaker named Wood, in Philadelphia, used to say to him "Sherwood you're absolutely closed-minded. You will not in-

vestigate the experiences out of which I have come to believe in survival and in man's nature as a soul that has a body." Finally Sherwood said, "Well, I guess I can't go on resisting this. I've got to see if there's anything in it."

For 13 years he exposed himself to experiences in many different places under many different conditions, and then he wrote his book. You see he wasn't going to go on being guilty of "contempt prior to examination;" but many people still are, unfortunately.

Dr. Hyslop, who was professor of Logic and of Ethics at Columbia University said, "Though religions and philosophies pretend to believe the same thing, whoever accepts the belief in spirits from scientific evidence has to face this situation. That is, that he will be misunderstood and looked down upon. If he has any regard for the good will of his neighbors, he'd better let the subject entirely alone."

I think John Stevenson helped us in his article when he said, "the data of parapsychology is bringing a revolution which will make the Copernican revolution seem trivial."

I think the revolution is underway. The fact that there are many churches now conducting healing services indicates as much; for example, St. Bartholomew's Church on Park Avenue, and the Church of the Heavenly Rest—you'd think with

that name they could have gotten at it earlier.

I had the strange experience of bringing to a distinguished group of persons in New York who were writers, college presidents, distinguished lawyers, and people in diplomatic pursuits, a series of lectures on this subject some years ago. I brought Professor Rhine of Duke University; Alexis Carrel, the Nobel Prize-winning doctor, who discussed healings; and Dr. Wooster, who was founder of the Emanuel movement in the great Episcopal Church of that name in Boston. (The Church of England invited Dr. Wooster to come to England and approved officially of his ministry of healing.) Then I had a man who was himself psychic and who did a number of astounding things.

When it was all over some of the most distinguished men in that group, professors at Columbia University, said "the biggest bunch of hooey we ever saw in our lives." Well, that was not contempt before examination, that was contempt after some sort of examination which apparently had not registered in any way. They could deny that these things had happened in front of their eyes!

Dr. Weatherhead, a friend of mine for many years, has just retired as Minister of the City Temple in London. He was head of the Meth-

odist Church in England. He has been unafraid and has written and spoken increasingly on this subject.

Now I think the revolution needs to begin by taking off some kind of blinders and looking at the *New Testament*. Somebody was objecting to the way in which Cecil B. DeMille produced his famous films on Biblical scenes. And he said, "They complain about my film! They say that there's too much violence and sex in my films and they base their objections on the Bible. I wonder what kind of stained glasses they had on when they read the Bible? Not even I would dare to put on literally some of the things that are in the Bible having to do with violence and sex."

We need an approach to the Bible that takes off any kind of blinders and if anybody sits down with the *Gospels* and the *Book of Acts* he will discover that the *New Testament* writers took for granted things which we now call by terms such as extrasensory perception. He will find evidence of numerous healings by the laying on of hands—and often at a distance with no physical contact. He will find clairvoyance, exorcism, materializations, apparitions, and apports.

Not long ago a distinguished minister was asked to speak to a group interested in this subject in New York. He gave us quite a dissertation on the Witch of Endor as pro-

ing that nobody could have anything to do with occult matters without getting mixed up with evil spirits, etc.

When he finished I said, "Have you ever read the story of the Transfiguration, because if you have, there wasn't just one person from the realms of after life who appeared, who was seen, and who engaged in conversation, but several. Would you hold the same objections to the story of the Transfiguration on the Mount as you hold to the story of Saul in the cave of the sorceress or prophetess of Endor?"

He said, no, he hadn't thought of that, but he didn't think there was any parallel. I didn't think there was either, but at least they were in the same category.

The trouble is that most people unsympathetic to this area want to talk about the Witch of Endor and not about our Lord and the prophets and great spirits of the past with whom he held converse on the Mount. Or else, of course, they want to write it all off as poetry and symbolism without any underlying reality.

But I'm going to be specific and statistical for just a moment. I find 66 references to supersensory perception in the *Book of Luke*, 46 in *Mark* and at least one in every single chapter in that Book, and almost as many proportionately in

Matthew and *John*. There are numerous single references in *Acts*. All of these Books show that their authors took for granted that men stand on the threshold of the In-visible World.

Several years after the war, in 1947, Dr. Fjellbu, then Dean of Trondheim Cathedral in Norway — later Bishop — visited my home and at my own dining table he told us about the night when he had announced that he was going to speak from the pulpit of the Cathedral and challenge the Quislings in his country who were trying to pervert the Church. When it came time for the service he left the Dean's residence, tried to get into the Cathedral, but found that the police had shut and locked the doors and were standing guard in front of it. The great square around the church was filled with people who wanted to get in. They were being refused admission but some had come early and remained.

Dean Fjellbu said, "I went back to the house and I said to my wife, 'I can't get in, and I can't get to the pulpit. I can't get into my own church.' She said, 'Yes you can, because last night I had a vision. It was so real that I could almost draw a picture of it.'

"She mentioned the name of a man who had come and stood by her in the vision and said, 'when your husband has to get into the

Cathedral there is a way, and I'll tell you what it is.' The man in the vision described a secret passage that hadn't ever been known to us, and he said 'you can get in there and you can go down and come up near the pulpit in the Cathedral.'"

Dr. Fjellbu said, "Oh, nonsense;" but his wife insisted, 'let's decide whether it's nonsense after we've gone and looked.' So they went and, sure enough, they found a panel which slid open when they applied force to it. They went through the cobwebs with a broom and a flashlight and Dean Fjellbu came up into the pulpit and preached at the given hour while the Nazis raged outside.

I've told that story to a number of my friends and they have said, "Frankly, we don't believe it."

You see, the easiest thing to do is just deny that these things happen, or else find some wonderful way of discounting them as "coincidences." I'm always reminded of those words from the *New Testament*, "Though one rose from the dead, you would not believe."

People who don't want to believe, *won't believe*.

You will say, now why doesn't he talk more about healing and about prayer; these things are accepted, especially prayer. The question of whether there is truth in the belief that man survives death is the real touchstone of this whole

business. The Christian faith in its teaching has always stressed the survival of man's spirit. The significance of the Resurrection is its assuring all believers of the conquest of the grave. And yet, any attempt to act as if it were so and to say there is proof of it, seems to create difficulty.

I got a letter the other day from a Methodist minister who was a colleague of mine in the former Federal Council of Churches. He had seen a reference to my speaking on psychic subjects and said he had been interested in the field for years. I had known this particular man for half a century and I had worked in the same office with him for 20 years. Yet I never had the slightest idea that he was interested in psychic matters. I never talked with him about it and he never talked with me about it. He wrote me now only because I already had the "beans spilled" by publication of my own interest. That is a highly significant event and so very characteristic.

I want to conclude with the great theme that Alexis Carrel discusses so wonderfully. He says that prayer is the most powerful form of energy that one can generate. "The influence of prayer on the human mind and body is as demonstrable as that of the glands. Its result can be measured in terms of increased physical buoyancy, intellec-

tual vigor, moral stamina and a deeper understanding of the relationships underlying human fellowship. Prayer is a force as real as terrestrial gravity.

"As a physician, I've seen men after all other therapy had failed, lifted out of disease and melancholy by the serene effort of prayer. It is the only power in the world that seems to overcome the so-called powers of nature. Occasions on which prayer has done this have been termed 'miracles,' but a constant quieter miracle takes place hourly in the hearts of men and women who have discovered that prayer supplies them with a steady flow of sustaining power when they link themselves with the inexhaustible power that spins the universe."

It ought to be possible for an increasing number to say with F. W. H. Meyers that "telepathy, clairvoyance, precognition are indubitable hard facts." These are all inescapably real and beyond them I would add the psychic healing of disease and self-verifying communications with the departed.

I heard of a man who said to Mr. Dwight L. Moody, "I won't believe anything I can't prove." And Mr. Moody said, "All right,

brother, can you prove that your mother was your mother? Can you prove that your father was your father?"

Of course, he couldn't prove either thing. All he ever had done was to depend on what other people told him. He never would have any chance of proving what he said he wouldn't believe without proof.

Helen Keller brings more wisdom than I can bring to this subject.

She says, "Those with sight so often put their entire trust in what they see. They believe that only material things are real. When a loved one dies and is no longer seen, they lose contact; their sense of the unseen is undeveloped. Whereas the inner, or mystic sense, if you will, gives me vision of the unseen.

"As I wander through the dark, encountering difficulties, I'm aware of encouraging voices that murmur from the spirit realm. I sense the holy passion pouring down from the springs of infinity. I am conscious of the splendor that blinds all things of earth to all things of heaven, lured by silence and darkness. I possess the light which shall give me vision a thousandfold when death sets me free."



True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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

THE PRESENCE OF GOD

By Agnes M. Blackwood

IN OCTOBER, 1936, my husband and I were living on a wheat ranch about 10 miles northwest of Hartline in the state of Washington. Our house was in the middle of a section of land half a mile from the road.

The wheat had been harvested and sacked. The stock had been turned into the stubble and could go anywhere on the ranch to feed. Sometimes the cows failed to come in to the barn to be milked and one of us had to find them and drive them in.

My husband had to haul the wheat to the elevator in town. It was an all-day's trip with the horses and wagons and he had loaded the wagons the night before so as to get an early start in the morning. On this particular day six of our eight horses were pulling two wagons loaded with sacks of wheat.

Later on the same day I drove into town in our car to go to a

party. My husband started home before I did. Late in the afternoon I passed him on the road. He saw me coming and pulled over to the side of the road. I stopped beside him and we chatted for a few minutes. I told him I would go on home and if the cows were not at the barn I would find them and bring them in. Then I planned to get supper and have it all ready when he got home. He told me



AGNES M. BLACKWOOD

he would do the milking after he arrived.

The sun was almost down but the twilights are long in the north and there is quite a lot of daylight even after the sun is out of sight.

As I drove through the gate in the southeast corner of the ranch I could not see the cows. I drove on to the house but they were not at the barn either. On my way to the house I passed the barn and corrals and the two horses that had been left at home were standing by the corral gate. I passed close by them but they did not move or even look up.

At the house I changed my clothes and just as I came outside again the big red moon came up over the hill to the east. It made the fields almost as light as day. I stopped for a few minutes, standing very still. I asked God to show me the way to go for the cows. Then I walked directly north from the house, up a little draw or ravine, turned and went toward the northeast corner of the ranch. I saw no sign of the cows but decided to go on a little farther to a clump of trees where I sometimes found them.

Suddenly I heard horses galloping behind me. I turned to see the two horses I had left standing so quietly at the corral gate. They came on a dead run, heads up and

manes flying, until they were very close to me. I never had been able to get so close to them before.

I said to them, "What on earth are you two boys doing out here?"

They shook their heads, nickered, whirled around and started in the opposite direction, toward the northwest corner of the field. I followed. Although they soon disappeared over the little hill I kept on and as I came up onto the hill I saw them standing beside the cows which were bedded down for the night. When I came close to them the horses nickered again; the cows got up; and horses and cows all started on a run for the barn.

I dropped to my knees right there in the moonlight in the middle of the stubble field and said, "Thank you, Father."

Never in my life have I felt so conscious of the presence of God.

When I got back to the barn the two horses stood just as they had when I drove in, as if they had not moved. The cows were waiting to be put into the barn.—
San Diego, Calif.

MY GUARDING ANGEL

By Anne Dickinson

IN JANUARY, 1947, we had a very big snow storm here in Milwaukee. When it stopped snowing it turned very cold. The best most people could do was to shovel a

path down the walks as many of the drifts were head level or higher.

One evening at 6:00 o'clock I was coming home on the National Avenue streetcar. When the car halted at the corner where I intended to get off it stopped so that passengers could get on, but the car door where the passengers were expected to get off was directly in front of a telephone pole, with the snow piled high all around it. I have poor eyesight anyway and the glare from the lights of the oncoming traffic blinded me. Nevertheless, I started out the door and as I was trying to reach the pole I was lifted bodily and put down again, oh, so gently, on the cleared path of the walk. I looked around to see who had rescued me from falling or worse.

Standing beside me, and with no other person in sight, was a woman wearing a bonnet and shawl. As I started to thank her she disappeared.

However, I recognized her, as I had seen her once before. Then, also, I had been in need of help and she had suddenly appeared. I call her my "Guarding Angel".

I am a wheel-chair shut-in and cannot walk, otherwise I am well at 90. — *Milwaukee, Wis.*

TELEPATHY EXPERIMENT

By Kay Marie Harat

MY YOUNGER SISTER, Dorothy, and I used to make a game

of mental telepathy. We found that whenever I really wanted to contact her, she knew it without any communication other than by thought transference. Several times when she was in high school I willed her to come to my house directly from school. It worked every time. She was never surprised as she said the thought just popped into her head.

At the same time, I seem to sense when she will telephone or come over of her own volition minutes or hours before she does.

My brother-in-law, Jacob Felek, lives across the street from us and we often discuss telepathy and other paranormal phenomena. In the fall of 1959, with our families as witnesses, Jacob and I tried an experiment. At a pre-arranged time, in our respective homes, we each sat with blank paper and pencil. I was to send and Jacob to receive.

I proceeded to draw, with great concentration, a woman with a very prominent hair-do, an untrimmed fir tree, other odd items, then returned my efforts to the woman's hair, and after this wrote the numbers from one to 50.

At the same time, Jacob drew the woman, a triangle—which, of course, closely resembled my fir tree in shape—the odd items, then he returned his attention to the hair-do, but completely omitted the numbers.

When we compared our papers

we were amazed at similarities in Jacob's drawing of the woman and the duplication of the detail he had drawn in the hair-do. However, I was surprised that the numbers had not got through to him at all because I had concentrated very hard on them.

We plan to do this again in the near future. I think it was a successful experiment. Do you?—*Lincoln Park, Mich.*

WHO SLAPPED AUNT MIN?

By Venona Hutmacher

WHEN MY AUNT MIN was a young girl she was so beautiful. There was never any need to apply beauty aids to her lovely face to make it bloom like a wild rose, nor any need of pomades for her blonde curls to make them glisten like gold. She was the most beautiful creature I have ever seen—and at one time the saddest.

Aunt Min was planning to be married at the time she was visiting with us in 1895. Dan, her young sweetheart, was a fisherman and in that part of the world—Ship Harbor, Nova Scotia it was—many of the fishermen holed up in shacks on the Islands to be close to their work in the early mornings. They remained on the Islands all during the week, coming inland on Saturday night to spend Sunday with their families. Young Dan was no exception.

It was about a week before the wedding on a Saturday night. A terrible storm had blown up. The wind howled like a Banshee; thunder and lightning rent the skies. The sea rolled in torment and breakers, rising mountains high, dashed against the shores. The rafters of our house shook with the terrible force of the gale and everyone remembered the fishermen on the Islands who would not be coming ashore this night.

My mother was knitting and Father was reading. We youngsters were busy at our school work. Aunt Min was sitting by the fire with her feet in the oven, as she said that bad storms always "gave her a chill". It was late spring, lobster fishing time, but there was always need of a bit of fire.

Mother bundled us children off to bed finally but my room was just off the kitchen where the family usually spent their evenings and I could hear every word of the conversation. Aunt Min seemed worried and pensive. I heard her speaking to my father. "Jim," she said, "do you suppose Dan would attempt to cross the Bay tonight?"

Father answered, "Only a fool would attempt to cross on a night like this and Dan's no fool."

"Well, I don't know," Min continued. "Our wedding is only a week away, you know. He would

want to come in if possible."

"Of course he would, Min," Mother said. "But he wouldn't dare try it."

"Well, my girl," Father said half seriously, "if he does there'll be no wedding, you can be sure of that."

Everything was silent for a while then, except for the beat of the storm outside. Suddenly I heard Aunt Min scream in an angry, high-pitched voice, "Jim. How dare you slap me like that?"

"Slap you?" Father said. "Are you crazy, girl? I didn't slap you."

"How dumb do you think I am?" Aunt Min replied. "Just don't do it again, Jim. I'm not in the mood for fun."

Mother thought Aunt Min might be getting a sudden jumping toothache and only imagined she'd been slapped, for certainly no one there had slapped her. But a few moments later she jumped up again, her voice very angry, accusing Father of slapping her a second time.

Father said he thought she was taking leave of her senses.

But Aunt Min had been slapped twice and what else could she think but that her brother was playing a silly trick on her. She had turned around to face Father and Mother then, to put an end to the nonsense, when suddenly she received another hard slap. She could

see it had not been Father after all.

"But what hit me? Who did it?" she said. And then quite suddenly she began to cry. Somehow Aunt Min knew it was Dan. He had tried to cross the Bay after all and now was in trouble and needed her. She knew it. Deep inside she knew that Dan was dead. I heard her say so.

Grandfather found Dan's boat the following morning where she had drifted ashore on Catfish Point, her sails flapping loosely in the wind that had died down to a pleasant breeze. Nearby lay Dan's bruised body. It had come drifting in with his boat. Dan had been struck with the boom and apparently knocked overboard unconscious.

So, there was no wedding after all.

But who, or what, had slapped Aunt Min? And why?

Was it Dan's subconscious mind calling to his loved one for help in his hour of need? Or did Aunt Min also feel the blows of the boom that killed Dan? We do not know. But we remember the terrible night that something slapped Aunt Min.—*Toronto, Canada.*

SNAKES IN THE LAB

By Dr. W. D. Chesney

IN 1933-34 WE lived in the Rose Marie Hotel in Los Angeles. A company with offices in

Bendix Building, 12th and Maple Streets, was formed to take over my vitamin D patent, employing both solar rays and artificial ultra violet.

One night my wife and I attended a public seance in Hollywood. Arthur Ford was the medium. Anybody that has experienced the spiritual powers of this great medium and doubts that survival is proved, needs psychiatry. He told me that certain fellow workers in vitamin synthesis were getting ready to hand me the XX. I did not believe Mr. Ford then, although both my wife and I, thereafter, carried a large sum of currency, just in case.

Further knowledge of the treachery came about in this way: We used many hundreds of white rats in our vitamin tests. After the tests were completed, we always had hundreds of healthy test animals to dispose of.

Within a month after receiving Mr. Ford's message I walked into our laboratory early one morning, and found the floor literally car-

peted with rattlesnakes. One of my inhumane friends had arranged for the owner of the reptiles to bring them to see if they would eat the white rats. There were at least 25 husky snakes on the floor. Their poison glands and fangs were in operating state as shown by several dead and dying test animals on the floor. The odor of the pit vipers was almost suffocating. I went into my private office and came out with a shotgun. I ordered the man to get them out forthwith or I said I'd shoot them out.

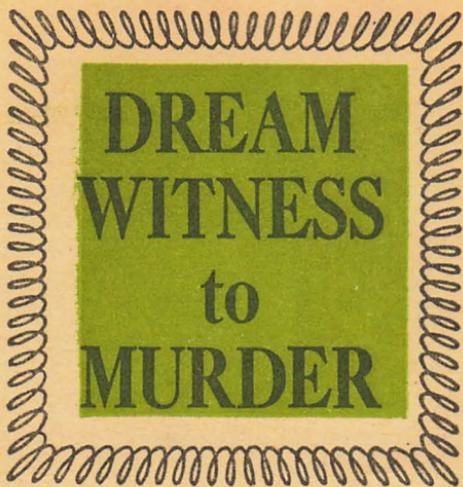
He knelt on the floor in the midst of the enraged snakes and made a peculiar hissing sound, barely audible to our ears. He said he was talking to his pets. He picked them up, one by one, and dropped them into a large grain sack tied the opening, shouldered the sack and marched out of my life.

On May 5, 1934, I found that Mr. Ford's message was more than true and my wife and I took off for our Chicago home via auto.—
Milton Junction, Wis.



WEATHER SETS THE MOOD

THE MOODS of human beings are affected by the weather, psychologists at Columbia University report. They say their tests show that most persons are happiest on pleasant, sunny days. The greatest degree of moodiness and depression occurs when the weather is gloomy and overcast. Weather appears to influence the moods of women more than those of men.



**DREAM
WITNESS
to
MURDER**

The mother found her daughter strangely missing—but none believed her dream of murder explained why.

By C. Maldram Wilds

IT WAS IN 1870 that Mrs. Sarah Burton had a strange and terrifying dream involving her daughter, who was married to Jim Lowell and lived in Lewiston, Me.

Mrs. Burton wrote to a friend in Lewiston at that time saying that she dreamt she was on a road in the neighborhood of Lewiston. She heard a voice saying, "There are mills around here." (There were a number of lumber mills in the Lewiston area in those days.) Suddenly she perceived ahead her daughter, Lizzie Lowell, riding in a wagon with her husband, Jim

Lowell. Apparently Jim drove the horse along the road which bordered a river; then he turned directly into a by-road, a sort of pasture road. She lost sight of them for a short period of time as they disappeared in the pines. Her next vision was of her daughter, Lizzie, on the ground begging Jim for her life. She appeared to see Jim raise his hand and then a fog intervened. She did not see any more than that last view of her daughter lying on the ground under the pines.

Mrs. Burton doubted notes which she subsequently received, supposed-

ly from her daughter. So she went to Lewiston to investigate. Upon meeting Jim Lowell, her son-in-law, she questioned him about her daughter's whereabouts.

He said that she was in another town and had been seen by a man only recently. His vagueness as to the identity of his informant and the strong impression left by her dream caused her to go to the city marshal. But the marshal was not moved by evidence merely of absence and of an old lady's dream, so Mrs. Burton's attempt to initiate an investigation was a failure.

More than three years later, in October, 1873, a farmer named Small was collecting fallen wood in a section out of Lewiston where the pines grew by the river. He saw a good log and proceeded to recover it. As he maneuvered it he noticed some odd items in a nearby pine thicket. They appeared to be rows of buttons. Closer examination disclosed some rotten cloth covering a human skeleton.

Small hurried to town and reported his findings to the same city marshal who had discredited Mrs. Sarah Burton's dream when she

told it to him three years before.

The body was eventually identified as that of Lizzie Lowell and on October 17, 1873, an officer handed Jim Lowell a copy of the *Boston Journal*, in which a full account of the finding of his wife's bones was written. He hung his head.

In a sensational nine-day trial Jim Lowell was found guilty of the murder of his wife, Lizzie Lowell, and was sentenced to be hung. However, his lawyers worked diligently and finally got a commutation of sentence for him. Twenty-five years later he received a pardon, since he claimed that his wife had been killed through the bucking of the horse and that he had hidden her body through fear of being considered guilty of a murder he said he did not commit.

There being no witness to the actual murder, the pardon was granted.

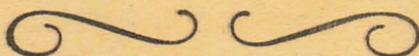
However, there had been a witness. A mother, sound asleep, miles away, had seen her daughter killed and had, from a dream three years before they found her body, described the place where her daughter's body lay.



- *John Small was the farmer who discovered the remains of Lizzie Lowell just off Switzerland Road on October 15, 1873. The exact location where the body was found is now covered by water inasmuch as it is under the lake formed by the Gulf Island Dam.*
- *Lizzie met her death in 1870 when she was 28 years old. She was*

last seen alive on June 12, 1870 at 6:20 P.M. when Mr. Henry Tripp and his wife, Flavilla, passed her and her husband, Jim Lowell, in their buggy on Switzerland Road.

- *The buttons of the dress on the skeleton were identified by those persons who had seen Lizzie wearing her new dress while viewing the Central Hall fire in Lewiston on Sunday, June 12, 1870.*
- *Since the head was missing (it never was found and marauding animals were held responsible) the Lewiston Journal and Lewiston Herald carried day by day accounts of the murder case under the title "The Mystery of The Headless Skeleton." The Boston Journal also carried a full account of the murder on October 17, 1873.*



THE PHANTOM HITCHHIKER OF OKINAWA

TAXI DRIVERS in Naha, Okinawa, recently reported startling experiences with a girl ghost who they say hitches rides on the road to the U.S. Marines' Camp Schwab. They already have given the phantom a name—the "Nightwalker of Nago."

One driver said he was taking an unidentified Marine passenger to Camp Schwab when they saw the girl standing in the road. The Marine invited her into the cab and shortly afterward was dumbfounded when she vanished from the seat by his side.

Three cab drivers who claim to have seen the phantom hitchhiker say she always appears at the same spot on a mountain road leading from the camp to the fishing village of Nago. They describe her as a woman in her 20's with short-cropped

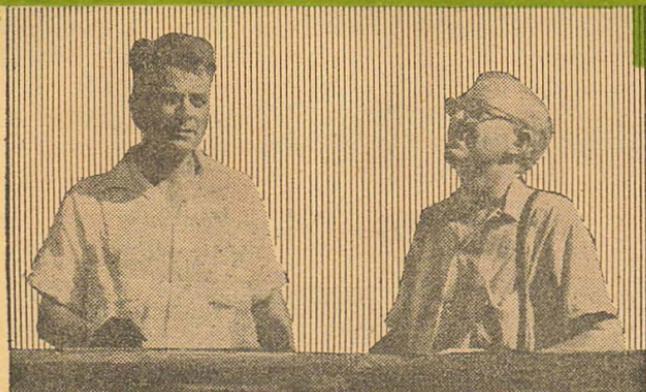
hair and wearing black slacks.

Yoshio Higa, the first taxi driver to report seeing the phantom, said she flagged him down and told him to take her to Nago. When the cab neared the village, Higa related, he turned to ask the girl exactly where she wished to go—and found she had disappeared.

Another driver, Katsu Yamashiro, described a similar experience at what is now dubbed "Ghost Corner." He said that as he approached the spot while taking an Okinawan woman from Nago to Henoko, his passenger called to warn him of a woman ahead in the road. Yamashiro said he saw no one, but on his return trip a woman flagged him down at that spot. A few minutes later he turned to question her about her destination—and found her gone.



WEREWOLVES IN THAILAND?



Ron Ormond and Ormond McGill photographed at Angkor Vat on their Far East tour, during which they heard this story.

**A naturalist tells of his terrifying encounter with a "Taw"—
an uncanny creature both man-like and beast-like.**

By Ormond McGill

IT WAS WHILE visiting with Harold M. Young in Chiangmai, Thailand, that Ron Ormond and I first heard of the Taws. The Taws, it seems, are a form of mountain werewolf found among the Lahus—a tribe of mountain people living in the jungles bordering Northern Thailand and Burma. Here was a legend generally associated with Europe that also existed in the

Orient, and obviously had some basis in truth.

Harold Young for years was an official of the Burmese government. During the period of British control he was stationed among the remote tribes of the Shan and the Lahus. He finally left Burma due to political turmoil and he now lives in Chiangmai. A naturalist of note, he is the proprietor of the

zoo in that city. Unquestionably he is one of the best informed men in the world today on the Shan and Lahu peoples.

We were seated before a cheery fire in Young's spacious living room on the evening he told us this story. Filling his pipe, Harold looked out into space for a moment, lighted the pipe, and then slowly began:

"You say you are interested in searching out the mysterious and the unknown. I can tell you of things among the native people in these mountains that are uncanny; psychic phenomena that are daily occurrences. To me, it seems the more man retreats from nature behind the barrier of civilization, the farther he gets away from the basic powers which are the natural heritage of uncivilized man.

"Have you ever heard of the Taws?" he asked.

We shook our heads.

"The Taws," the naturalist went on, "are a form of native werewolf. Working among these natives I had heard about them for years. They were described as strange, fearsome creatures with furry hides that at certain times of the month raid a village and either kill or carry off a victim.

"Native superstition I told myself; an excuse for carelessness in allowing a wild beast to get past the sentries and into the village. But that was before I had a per-

"The True Experience of Harold M. Young"

Harold M. Young is an American who has been in the Orient for some 25 years. In the past he was employed by the British Government as an overseer to the Shan and Lahus tribes in Burma. He left Burma when the Native Government came to power moving to Chiang-mai, Thailand, where he is proprietor of the Zoo. Mr. Young is a naturalist and an authority on the Lahus. His story of the Thailand "Taws" would indicate that werewolf reports are world-wide and not confined to Western Europe. Author Ormond McGill states, "Mr. Young has been my friend for about five years."

sonal experience of my own.

"About six months ago, I was on a hunting trip that took me to a Lahu village high in those mountains to the north that lie just on the Thai-Burma border." Harold pointed out of his window. "It had been quite a hike, but I love the mountain trails and was anxious to get in some night shooting. The Lahu are great hunters. They have always been most friendly to me, but this night the chief raised his hand in denial of my wish as he said in his own language, 'Taw in close to village; you can no hunt now!'

"I was about to voice my objection at being detained in no uncertain terms, when a shriek cut through the night. It came from behind us; from a thatched hut standing close to the jungle's edge. My hand flew to my pistol and I

dashed towards the source of the scream. The chief and other natives followed more slowly behind me. I knew them as brave men whom I had seen face a snarling tiger, yet they seemed strangely reluctant to help. I heard them muttering the word, 'Taw, Taw, Taw.'

"I slowed as I approached the hut from which the scream had come and became more cautious. On tip-toe I advanced to the only window and peered inside. There was a bright moon that night and the inside of the hut, seen through the opening, while at first only a dusky smudge soon came into focus as my eyes became adjusted. I saw a sight I shall never forget to my dying day; one that literally lifted the hairs on my head. Within that hut, chewing on the slashed neck of a now dying woman, was the most terrifying of creatures. It was both man-like and beast-like. It's body was covered with coarse hair and in its head was a ghastly gash of a mouth from which slavered, about the cruel fangs, droppings of spittle. It's eyes were small and red in the darkness.

"I took in all of this in the fleeting of a second; then my pistol was pumping lead into the creature. With a wild yell it leaped and was gone into the night. I called to the natives who came gingerly forward. Together we searched for the creature amongst the trees which grew

to the back of the hut near the edge of the village clearing. It was nowhere to be found. This was incredible as I am an expert marksman and to have missed my target at such point-blank range was out-of-the-question! I was sure that I had not missed, yet the Taw (which the natives insisted it was) was gone!

"The female victim was quite beyond our help. I tossed a robe over the body. We continued our search into the jungle brush about the place, but there was nothing. Defeated we huddled by the fire the rest of the night. There was very little talk; each man strangely silent in his own world of thought.

"It was not until the next morning, with the coming of light, that we began a fresh search. A new clue was now discovered. A line of blood stains led from the hut into the surrounding thickets. The Lahu, those master hunters, tracked the stains as they circled the village, only to re-enter at the opposite end.

"Once out of the bush, I myself could see the blood splotches clearly upon the ground. They led into another hut. We all dashed forward and drew aside the skin door-covering. Inside, lying on the bed, was a native. He was dead—his eyes open and glazed. The trail of blood ended in a

pool on the floor of the hut— from a bullet hole in his side just below the heart. I had not missed!

"But this is not the creature I saw ripping at the woman's throat last night, this is a man" I protested.

"The chief spat full in the dead face. 'Taw,' he said!"

Harold Young ceased speaking. In the ensuing silence, broken only by the crackle of the fire on the hearth, we looked at each other. Young asked quietly, "Would you like to hear of another Taw experience?"

We nodded uncertainly.

"This one is not a personal experience of my own, but was told me by one of my beloved Shan friends in the mountains of Burma.

"There were two young men—hunters—who habitually made their excursions on foot down a path leading into the jungle that took them by one of the Burial Caves of the Dead. These people, as you may know, bury their recent dead in caves with the corpse sitting upright. Each day in passing, one young man told his friend to proceed on—that he might in loneliness pay his homage to the dead within. Understanding the

whim, his friend would comply, to be rejoined a bit later by the other man.

"This procedure continued. Eventually the suspicions of the second young man became aroused. While pretending to pass on down the path, he doubled back and saw his friend disappearing within the burial cave. Cautiously he stole forward. Inside the cave he saw a creature, hairy and horrible, or so it seemed to him in the dim light. It was hunched over a dead corpse calmly munching the remains.

"Instinctively, he drew his cross-bow and fired the arrow through the creature's skull. It toppled forward across the corpse. With his foot he turned it over. The eyes which met his were the eyes of his friend. Then as they closed in death and as he continued to gaze in horror the entire visage metamorphosed, from those of a beast to the handsome features of the young man he had known.

"'Taw,' he screamed, as he turned and ran from the cave."

"Is it true, Harold?" we asked incredulously.

"It is true, the mountain people do not lie about such things," he answered.





SUN, MOON and EARTH wind your BIOLOGICAL CLOCK

By Paul Foght

Science is finding answers to a great biological riddle—
how universal forces regulate your life.

YOUR LIFE story can be read in the movements of the sun, moon and earth. The very tides of the sea reflect the tides of your life on this earth.

The rate at which every plant, animal or man on earth lives his life at a given moment of time inexorably reflects the influence of the movement of the sun, moon and the earth itself. The great,

universal forces involved in these movements tell us all, prince or Paramecium, when we are to live fast and when slower.

These same forces give each living thing advance notice of changes in its environment. Unfortunately, none of this information rises to man's conscious level or TV weather forecasters could at last make realistic predictions.



Dr. Frank A. Brown, Jr., Morrison Professor of Biology at Northwestern University, made public these new scientific truths in a recent lecture at the Chicago Academy of Sciences.

For the past 12 years Dr. Brown has been studying one of the greatest riddles of the universe: the riddle of how living things carry out their normal activities with clock-like precision at particular times of the days, months and years.

Dr. Brown reported that a few scientists have been aware of this uncanny ability of living things for over 200 years, but because there seemed no plausible use for the information science took the attitude that the facts might go away if they were ignored.

Now the dawning of the age of space travel soon will make it possible for man to completely escape from his present environment. The question of how man will react to this change has made it important to know more about the way he is affected by his present environment. So the scientists have dusted off the ancient knowledge and in a few short years of study have produced a wide array of facts that must strike the layman as nothing short of incredible.

Living things exhibit daily and annual rhythms which Dr. Brown calls "biological clocks." In man these clocks govern sleep, body

temperature, hormone and kidney excretions. When these clocks are forced out of adjustment, man is stressed — he is not adjusted either.

Dr. Brown reported on an experiment conducted in the Arctic by scientists from Cambridge University. In the Arctic summer when the sun never sets, or in the Arctic winter when it never rises, it would seem to make no differences at all whether men eat, sleep and work on a 22,- 24,- or 26-hour daily cycle. But it does! The Cambridge experiment found that men living on a day not 24 hours long become strained. And stress and strain can have fatal results when men are operating under the dangerous circumstances of the Arctic explorer — or the space traveler.

The phenomena of the biological cycles in living things are the result of complex environmental conditions, some obvious and some so subtle that science only now is beginning to understand their influence. Dr. Brown stated that one important factor of environment is its rhythmicity. Contributing to this rhythmicity are the movements of the earth relative to the sun and the moon. These movements are called geophysical rhythms.

There are four geophysical rhythms. The earth rotates relative to the sun to produce the 24-hour solar day rhythm. The lunar day of 24 hours, 50 minutes is the time from

moonrise to moonrise. The third rhythm is the synodical month of 29.5 days which results from the moon's arrival every 29.5 days at the same relative position between the earth and the sun. The fourth rhythm is the 365 day, 5 hour and 48 minute year which results from the period required by the earth to complete a revolution about the sun.

There are potent forces which vary as the geophysical rhythms vary. And, as before stated, some of these forces are obvious, and others are very subtle and as yet little understood.

Everyone can associate the daily and annual rhythms related to the sun in terms of changes in light and temperature. The lunar day and synodical month also can be easily associated with the ocean tides and with nighttime illumination as the moon waxes and wanes.

But all four types of rhythms include less noticeable changes in forces such as gravity, barometric pressure, high energy radiation, and magnetic and electrical fields. The effects of these forces have not been completely cataloged by scientists. In fact, only within the past year has Dr. Brown's research indicated that magnetism is one of the subtle factors influencing biological rhythms.

Dr. Brown's discovery that man's environment includes far more fac-

tors than previously were known may have wide influence on other areas of scientific study. The discovery of man's ability to sense some extremely subtle forces well may provide several broad hints to experimental psychologists who have been seeking clues to extra-sensory phenomena.

The geophysical rhythms and their associated forces have many effects on the biological rhythms or "clocks" of living things. Here, too, some of the effects are easy to see and some are difficult even for scientists to isolate and measure.

The annual rhythms of growth and reproduction of animals and plants are well understood. It is well known that the migrations of birds and the flowerings of plants are determined by seasonal changes in the lengths of day and night.

Synodical monthly breeding rhythms, geared to particular portions of the year, phases of the moon, and times of the solar day, are common among animals living in the oceans.

Dr. Brown has noted that lunar reproductive rhythms are not restricted to sea dwellers. The reproductive cycle of the human female, averaging exactly the synodical month, indicates that both solar and lunar rhythms are effective here, too.

It might appear that biological rhythms are merely the responses

of organisms to rhythmic changes in light, temperature or the tides of the seas, but this is far from being the whole answer. This is the astonishing fact that has been brought to light by the research that Dr. Brown has conducted during the past 12 years.

Dr. Brown has discovered that when living things are removed from their natural habitat and placed under conditions where no variations occur in any of the forces to which they are supposed to be sensitive, they commonly continue to exhibit the same rhythms that they lived by in their natural habitat.

Four to five million years ago a crayfish came to live in the River Styx in Mammoth Cave, Ky. Since that time no crayfish living in the river has ever seen the light of the sun or the moon. In fact, because there is no light these crayfish no longer have eyes. And because they do not need protection from the heat of the sun, their body surfaces no longer have any pigment. The air temperature, water temperature, and barometric pressure in the cave is constant throughout the year.

But Dr. Brown has proved that these tiny animals still know the time of day. They know exactly where the sun and the moon stand in the sky. They know the month of the year. And they never make

a mistake in their time-telling. Year in and year out, they always know.

These facts were ascertained by measuring the rate at which the crayfish consume oxygen. This in turn, provides a measure of the activity of body processes of the animal. It was discovered that the activity of the crayfish varies absolutely with the movements of the sun, moon and the month of the year.

The rate of oxygen consumption is highest in the summer, lowest in the winter. It is high during the third quarter of the year, and it is high during the months of April and May.

Remember, there are no changes in light, temperature or barometric pressure to tell these cave dwellers the time of the day or year. These factors have remained stable in Mammoth Cave for four to five million years.

How can simple creatures like these crayfish keep track of the passage of time with such unerring accuracy?

In his lecture Dr. Brown explained that the time-telling ability of organisms could result from the response of the organism to an independent, built-in timing mechanism, or it could result from the organism's ability to "repeat" timing information flowing to it from outside sources.

To settle the question, Dr. Brown began a series of experiments at Northwestern University which now have attracted world-wide attention.

In the laboratory organisms were placed in specially-built vessels where they were isolated from every factor of the environment to which they were deemed sensitive. Apparatus was then designed which could measure the basal metabolism, or life rate, of these isolated living things.

Like the Mammoth Cave crayfish, the organisms sealed away from change in environmental conditions continued indefinitely to display both solar-day and lunar-day rhythms in their metabolism.

What is more, they also predicted atmospheric-pressure changes 24 hours in advance, and recorded with absolute accuracy erratic changes in outdoor air temperature, cosmic radiation and general background radiation.

To Dr. Brown it was plain that the artificially isolated organisms continued to derive a wealth of information about outdoor atmospheric rhythms. This discovery tends to settle the argument about the nature of the biological timing mechanism. It appears that living organisms are "repeaters," reacting to forces from the outside.

Dr. Brown believes that man also receives all of this same infor-

mation, but remains unaware of it because it does not rise to his consciousness.

The question remaining unanswered is, what subtle energy is so universal as to be able to communicate such information to all forms of life?

Dr. Brown recently has conducted experiments with magnets which prove that snails can perceive very weak magnetic fields and can distinguish directions of magnetic fields. Terrestrial magnetism is known to fluctuate rhythmically with the solar and lunar periods.

Further experimental evidence assembled by Dr. Brown and his associates suggests that both flatworms and snails perceive changes in electrostatic fields, the fields that surround electrically charged bodies.

Magnetic and electrostatic energies are universal forces and they may be the communications carriers.

The remaining question is what system originates the timing signals?

Dr. Brown believes that his evidence establishes that the primary timing system is the movements of the sun, moon and earth.

Thus it is that modern science finds that the astrologer speaks the truth when he says that your life chart, your past and your future is written in the heavens from the moment of your birth.



MIRACLE of the ICE CUBES

Was I unable to see the ice cubes—
so that I would be able to see the child who was drowning?

By Eleanore Weissman

As told to Pauline Kappell-Prilucik

I HAVE ALWAYS thought of myself as a down to earth, practical sort of person. One of my favorite quotations is "Seeing is believing." That is why this peculiar thing has thrown me into such confusion.

We live in a large, old-fashioned house on the shore of Eastchester Bay. Our front lawn extends down to the water's edge. In summer it is so lovely that our friends turn green with envy at our splendid lo-

cation. In winter, they thank their lucky stars that they decided to settle further inland.

It was on a winter Friday, January 6, 1961, that this phenomenon occurred. I call it phenomenon because I am timid about using the word "miracle."

My oldest son, Charlie, who is seven, fell off his sled and came in crying, holding his head. A big boy had deliberately forced his sled into

a tree, he told me. I sympathized and ran to the refrigerator to get some ice cubes. I wrapped them in the dish towel and pressed them to his forehead.

"Don't worry, Darling. It will stop hurting in a minute. If you press the ice on your bump, it will go down," I told him.

He sobbed hysterically until I took a dish of chocolate pudding from the refrigerator, squirted it with cream, and plumped a cherry on top. He stared at it with delight and promptly forgot his pain. He wiped his eyes, rubbed his nose with his sleeve, and was recovered. I sighed with relief, took up the ice cube tray that I had emptied for the compress and refilled it with water. I clearly recall returning it to the freezer because on the way I dripped some of the water, and I remember feeling very annoyed because the floor just had been waxed.

Later in the afternoon my husband called from the office to tell me he was bringing two clients home for cocktails. After I hung up I checked the liquor cabinet to be sure we weren't short on anything. Then I checked the refrigerator freezer again to make sure we'd have enough ice cubes for cocktails. All eight trays were full and frozen hard.

I then went into the living room to do some mending. I took out

my sewing basket and sat down in front of the picture window. Our living room overlooks the bay and from time to time I raised my eyes from my sewing to look out. I could see several boys and girls skating on the ice that had formed along the shoreline. The salt water seldom freezes, but this winter had been extremely cold. One abnormally cold spell seemed to follow another. This last cold spell already had lasted two weeks. The water along the shore was frozen grey, nubby and irregular. As the tide fell it cracked in great chunks and rested on the sand. When the tide swelled it lifted in bulky masses and the splits between the great ice islands refroze.

I always disapprove of children skating or even walking on the ice. I never allow any of our children to do it. I know how unpredictable salt water can be at any time of year. In the winter it seems more treacherous than ever.

As I sat sewing and looking out I felt myself becoming tense and anxious. It disturbed me so to see the children skating on the ice that I decided to get up and begin fixing things for our guests to nibble on.

While I was standing in the kitchen Charlie and Bobby, my younger son, both tore through the door, screaming, "The tree, Mama. We hit the tree again."

Bobby, hopping up and down beside Charlie roared, "He pushed me. He pushed me into the tree."

"Get some ice, Mom. Make it better with ice, Mom," shrieked Charlie.

I ran to the sink for the towel and opened the refrigerator door. I stepped back aghast. It was completely empty! The trays were there but there was no ice in them. I checked and rechecked. The ice had vanished. I slammed the door and turned to the children.

"Ice! Ice!" They chimed together, creating a nerve-wracking uproar. I did not have time to give much thought to the mystery of the missing ice cubes.

I said, "All right. Wait here." Running out of the kitchen door, I added, "There's plenty of ice outside."

I ran down the front lawn to the beach. There I got down on one knee and clawed at the broken, loose chunks of ice. I laid several large pieces on the towel.

Then, just as I was rising I heard a muffled shriek. I searched the shore ice with my eyes. Just a few feet from the end of our boat dock I caught a glimpse of red. I strained my eyes and was sure I saw a red mitten wave in the air. Horror clutched my heart. I ran out to the end of the dock, slipping and stumbling all the way.

Just a yard from me I now saw

the red mitten gripping the edge of a hole in the ice.

A little girl was struggling just below the surface of the water. She was being sucked under by the tow of the tide and the weight of her wet clothing. I lay down flat on my stomach, as close to the edge of the dock as I could. By stretching I just reached that red mitten! First I tugged. Then I pulled with all my strength and raised the child out of the water. I slid her toward me on the ice. I dragged her up onto the dock, then took her in my arms and ran for the house. The little girl's clothes and face were already coated with a thin crust of ice.

I put her on the couch in the living room and called the doctor. He told me what to do till he got there. As I hurried in and out of the kitchen with warm compresses for the little girl I had just rescued, I found that my two boys already had administered their own first aid with more chocolate pudding.

By the time the doctor arrived the little girl seemed somewhat thawed out and felt much better. She told us her name. The doctor examined her and then called her parents. He decided that it would be best to drive Susan home.

My husband and his guests arrived just in time to help bundle her up and carry her to the car.

"It's certainly lucky that you

saw the accident from your window. This little lady couldn't have survived in that icy water very much longer." The doctor said to me as he was leaving.

"But I didn't . . ." I wanted to explain further but he was already on his way to the car. I waved goodbye to Susan. Then I took the coats of our guests and tried to collect myself.

My husband asked, "Where were you when she fell in?"

I told them all the whole story. I related how I had checked the ice cubes and how, when I wanted some for the boys, they were gone. I said I supposed perhaps the refrigerator had defrosted and the trays had spilled. Maybe there was a short in the refrigerator, or perhaps a fuse was blown, I suggested. I asked my husband to check the fuse box later.

"Well, it certainly was a lucky thing for Susan that you happened to be there just then. She would have been a 'goner' if you had

gone down there just seconds later," someone remarked.

"Yes," I sighed, "it was lucky."

My husband gave me a hug, "I'm very proud of you." He turned to his guests, "All right, folks. How about a drink? It will have to be warm, but that doesn't really matter too much now."

We all agreed. Bill went into the kitchen to mix a cocktail. Suddenly he was back in the doorway. His face looked puzzled and strange.

"The ice cube trays are filled to the brim," he said, "With ICE!"

"But that couldn't be," I protested. "I know the trays were empty. I checked."

"They're full now."

We all looked at one another in astonishment.

Perhaps there had been more than luck in Susan's rescue. But what had happened? Had the ice cubes really disappeared? Or had something kept my eyes from seeing them?

What makes a miracle?



MYSTERY IN THE SKY

A FRENCH astronomer, Dr. Daniel Barbier of the Institute of Astrophysics of the Paris Observatory, reportedly has discovered a mysterious band of red light encircling the night side of the earth in the tropics. He estimated that the band lies between 125 and 190 miles overhead and states that normally it can be observed from the ground only with special instruments. He said he does not know what it represents other than that something unsuspected is going on.

Healing energy called "ORGONE"

Health benefits are said to result from use of a make-it-yourself device operated by a mysterious new energy.

By Walter Edwards

Wilhelm Reich, considered a brilliant psychoanalyst, discovered what he called "orgone" energy. His applications of this energy involved him in legal difficulties which resulted in suicide.



ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO a brilliant psychoanalyst, writer of numerous accepted works in his own field, accidentally discovered a new kind of energy with healing powers. He labelled it "orgone." He considered the new energy akin to static electricity and so the name was chosen to suggest that this energy is related specifically to organisms. This psychoanalyst, Wilhelm Reich, claimed that this energy which apparently has its source in

the sun possesses relaxing and healing powers and is basic to the health of all living things.

Although Reich got a few psychiatrists and psychoanalysts in America and in several European countries to investigate and support his findings, for the most part his work was ridiculed by his fellow scientists. Men who never read more than a chapter or two of his writings on this subject dismissed them as being psychotic. In mak-

ing fun of Reich they also falsely described both his theories and the way in which he said orgone could be accumulated.

Reich fought back bitterly against such attacks and now and again forced opponents to retract statements. On one occasion, after the publication of a misleading review of one of his books, he forced the editor of the *Psychiatric Quarterly* to admit, "Many of his bitterest opponents would be among the first to concede his brilliance, his scientific integrity and his great personal courage."

However, various medical personages continued their attacks and Reich finally was hailed into court under the Pure Food and Drug Act. Reich refused to admit the court's power to curb his scientific studies, was finally imprisoned on a contempt of court charge, and killed himself in prison.

Such was the tragic end of one of the great minds of the 20th Century, an early collaborator of Sigmund Freud and the author of over 30 scientific books, including *Character Analysis*, *The Murder Of Christ*, *The Function Of The Orgasm*, *The Cancer Biopathy*, and *The Oranur Experiment*.

* * *

TWELVE YEARS ago I first came across Reich's writings and found some of his psychosomatic insights most intriguing. Later I be-

gan to investigate the orgone energy theory. For over five years now I have conducted experiments with orgone energy, checked my work with other scientifically minded persons and have come to the conclusion that some important healing energy is present here. I am still unable to say just how or why the energy works, precisely what its limitations are, nor can I fully accept Reich's theory of its source and activity. I do know that some power is present and I urge everyone interested to try some simple experiments and discover for themselves what it can do.

Eventually it may be possible to secure substantial research funds to undertake a thorough large-scale investigation. At present, owing to the simplicity of the design and the unusualness of the theory, present medical scientists refuse even to look at it.

Reich's energy apparently is connected with the healing energy given off by the hands of spiritual or psychic healers and to the odic force of Baron von Reichenbach. This 19th Century German chemist and industrialist devoted his life to the investigation of the laws governing an energy he called odic, to denote its basic relationship to all of life. It was demonstrated for him mainly by the many clairvoyants with whom he worked over a period of years. He related odic

energy to the sun's rays, found it in every kind of substance and described its properties, but to my knowledge didn't have the set-up to actually measure it in modern scientific forms.

Other investigators, however, working with this energy, often under different names, have measured it; for instance, several investigators in France showed that the energy off the finger tips, which is one form of odic force, can move a galvanometer a given number of degrees, depending upon the gifts or powers of the individual.

Orgone energy, like odic force, is supposedly of a bluish color, is powered by the sun and works slowly, although the precise relationship of this energy to odic force or healing energy is not clear. It may be a variant of the same thing. Only careful and precise research will yield the answer to this and similar questions.

Static electricity machines were made and used for certain ailments in John Wesley's time. Nowadays some chiropractors have an expensive machine for helping stroke patients, polio paralysis sufferers, etc. This machine shoots a small charge of electricity into the patient in order to activate inert limbs. I have seen such a machine in Toronto, Canada, whose operator claims phenomenal results with it. Students of radiesthesia in Britain re-

port, in their *Journal Of The British Society Of Dowzers*, successful use of various kinds of semi-electrical energies for a variety of illnesses.

Although it is difficult to simplify without doing injustice to Reich's theory, a brief description of it is necessary before experiments for testing orgone's presence and power can be outlined.

Orgone is a natural electricity connected with all living organic life, just as electrical energy is associated with electrical phenomena. It is the basic life force. Without it all life dies. Thus, basic to all cellular life, it accounts for the action pattern of pulsation, contraction, and expansion which Reich sees in all living organisms including the human body. This life energy is discharged at certain points and in certain ways. It enters the body mainly through the lungs since it is in the air, put there by solar radiation. Clouds and bodies of water accumulate it. In brief, every living thing is constantly immersed in an ocean of orgone.

It was Reich's theory that the free flow of the natural quantity of orgone for any given organism is its best guarantor of health. If this free flow through the body in its natural sequence is interrupted, as it is by body tension, then disease may enter. Emotions like fear, re-

sentment, hate, tighten up or freeze parts of an organism, inhibit deep rhythmic breathing and so promote unhealthy physical conditions. From this idea Reich developed a theory of psychosomatic disease.

Furthermore, Reich thought he found ways of accumulating orgone which made it therapeutically valuable. His first device was called an accumulator. It consisted of a box, much like a telephone booth, in which the patient sat. Walls and roof were made of layers of different materials to accumulate the orgone. He made dozens of these boxes and rented them out all across the United States in the 1940's. Cumbersome and expensive they would not be easily duplicated, but his "orgone blanket" is.

I have used the orgone blanket to test Reich's theory.

The theory is that alternate layers of organic and inorganic materials will somehow "catch" from the atmosphere therapeutically useful quantities of the atmospheric orgone. The amount of orgone accumulated is contingent upon the number of layers used in the box or blankets.

The orgone blanket, of which I have made several dozen despite my quite limited mechanical abilities, consists of layers of organic and inorganic materials. I used, as Reich directed, layers of (organic) wool or silk and layers of (inorganic)

steel wool, spread out evenly. Two or three cartons of fine steel wool from any hardware store can be spread out on top of pieces of wool or silk, say two feet by three feet in size. After repeating the layers of steel wool and wool several times then sew all around. My simplest and least expensive blankets have three or four alternate layers of wool and steel wool.

Reich, in a small booklet entitled the *Orgone Accumulator*, suggests that an application of this blanket over the body for up to an hour will improve such things as backache, sciatica, and exhaustion. Two or three applications within a day or two will help to clear up a cold. A single application of up to an hour will induce a feeling of well-being and relaxation, especially among persons who are normally rather tense. After I tested two control blankets (made of paper and wool) and two orgone blankets at a conference several years ago Aldous Huxley found the effect so pleasantly relaxing that he asked how to buy one.

The power of the blanket depends to quite an extent upon the weather. When the sun is strong its effect is maximal. During lightning storms the power is excessive and may precipitate vomiting or belching attacks especially if its placed over the stomach. On wet or foggy days the effect is minimal as, according to

the theory, the clouds have largely absorbed the orgone in the atmosphere. Reich's booklet warns against using the blanket during lightning storms and also warns against using it if you have high blood pressure or are taking sulfa drugs and certain other kinds of medication.

If you plan any extensive use of the orgone blanket Reich's booklet should be purchased and followed closely.

Since first testing the blankets personally I have progressed to distributing them to friends and acquaintances. Those who used the blanket at all systematically claimed to get results for such different ailments as stomach cramps, mild sciatica, mild polio after-effects, backaches, tiredness, and colds. Friends with scientific zeal and training who have used the blanket or an accumulator get similar results, including the attenuation of fevers.

Altogether over 20 friends tried out various kinds of orgone blankets and in 80% of the cases reported that they were helped. Those who said they had not been helped appeared to lack faith in the efficacy of the device and for that reason used it only once or twice for a given condition. In brief, they did not give the blanket a fair trial.

One lady who had severe sciatica pains used her blanket daily for a half hour at a time over a period of several weeks and found her pain

was very greatly reduced.

A man who had polio and could not walk or use his arms when he began to use the orgone blanket stated that he felt much better within two weeks. In a month's time this man was back at work, although his doctor's prognosis had been between three and six months. This man used a large five foot blanket which was five layers thick.

My most valid tests were the babies and small children who were asleep when the orgone blanket was put over their other bedclothes. In these cases the power of suggestion was eliminated.

A number of psychoanalysts and psychotherapists in New York have used accumulators for years and found them useful.

Obviously they are no panacea for all ills, minor or major. Some of the limitations of orgone energy have been pointed out by Reich himself. I personally find that after some months of use its energizing effect gradually gets weaker. According to Reich one's orgone level can be built up only to a point and one gets little benefit thereafter.

These cases and tests are in no way conclusive and I only relate them here that you may see what the small amount of experimentation I have undertaken indicates. Full confirmation of this energy and what it can do awaits a long series of tests. Perhaps some reader

will be stimulated to try such experiments.

The possibility of using this energy with good results, once its powers, limitations and dangers are known, in hospitals and homes would seem to be considerable. Many patients in hospitals are low in energy and need "building up," precisely the task to which the blanket is suited, according to my experience.

In addition, it seems ideal as a preventative for colds and other minor ills. We have so used it for many years in our home with the result that our medical bills, apart from hospital deliveries of our four children, have been almost nil.

* * *

EVEN THOUGH years have passed it is still difficult to judge fairly the tragedy of Reich's death.

He was legally charged with making false claims for his accumulators, with raising false hopes of cancer cures, and with profiting on accumulator rentals.

It is true that at one time he had several hundred of these accumulators in circulation at a monthly rent of \$10. And since the AMA did not approve of them their use was frequently without strict medical supervision. Certainly his booklet makes no extravagant claims and clearly states that the

accumulator was experimental.

Apparently the government action against him was due to the very rigid stand the AMA takes regarding cancer cures and some prejudice may have operated against him due to his bold, highly controversial writings on sex.

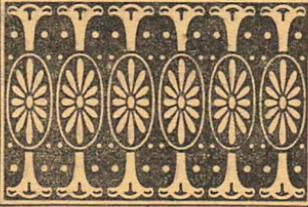
Reich himself may be somewhat to blame for the fact that the actions against him seem to amount almost to persecution. His handling of the original injunction to appear in court was high handed, overly emotional and somewhat paranoid. He refused to appear in court on the grounds that his work was scientific and as such not subject to court decisions. He was mistaken and his imprisonment on a contempt of court charge naturally followed. His own reaction to the government injunctions seems to have provoked a guilty verdict.

At the same time, surely the presiding judge was unnecessarily harsh in imposing a two year sentence on such an eminent man whose avowed aim was to help mankind and alleviate suffering. There is no excuse that I can think of for the burning of Reich's books and journals—such actions belong to the dark ages.

As things turned out this trouble and the prison sentence led directly to Reich's suicide.



A
DIRGE
FOR
FATHER
DE LA
BROSSE



The old priest was dead and the bells of the churches he had served tolled his passing—but no human hands had pulled those bell ropes.

By Andrew Ballantine

FATHER COMPAIN sat quietly reading between the hewn log walls of his study. It was a soft April evening in 1782 and the windows of the little presbytery on Ile aux Coudres were open to admit the gentle breeze that whispered among the maples and the spruce. Except for this murmuring and the distant booming of the St. Lawrence River's ice slowly moving downstream to the sea the night seemed strangely still.

In the nearby chapel he had said compline and his private prayers; now he was reading that portion of sacred Scripture that was to be the theme for his morning's meditation.

His attention was attracted by a single solemn stroke of the chapel bell and he turned his head slowly toward the open window. Once, but only once, had Father Compain known a gale to sway the heavy metal *cloche* that had been the gift of benefactors in faraway France. And tonight there was scarcely a breeze!

The bell sounded a second stroke. Father Compain rose and moved toward the open window just as the third stroke of the bell's melancholy sound filled the spring air. It sounded again as he opened the door and again as he entered the chapel and yet again as, guided by the ruby aureole of the sanctuary lamp, he made his way toward the high altar.

The bell continued its mournful dirge but there was no sign of human agency.

Perplexed and mystified, Father Compain knelt at the altar rail. He did not utter a word of vocal prayer. He only waited in confident expectation that some answer to the riddle would come. And come it did, not in words, but in that soundless speech which mystics are said to hear.

"Father de La Brosse is dead,"

it seemed to say. "Tomorrow you will go to the very tip of the island — early, as soon as you have said your morning devotions. A boat will come for you to take you to Tadousac.

Father Compain reeled from the shock. Father de La Brosse long had been his closest friend, though their missions were separated by many miles.

He rose from his knees and returned to his presbytery, hardly daring to credit the news that had come to him seemingly from the world of spirits.

Nevertheless, early morning found him on the rocky shore of the Ile aux Coudres, staunchly braving the gale that had risen during the night.

"*Ohe! Ho!*" he called through his cupped hands to a boat he could see threading its way among the ice floes that threatened to crush it to splinters.

* * *

L'ABBE JEAN-BAPTISTE de La Brosse, cure of Tadousac and priest in charge of several other missions around the mouth of the Saguenay where it joins the St. Lawrence, was, like his confrere Compain, a Jesuit and a native of France. Born at Pointu in Old France in 1714, he had come to minister to the Iroquois tribesmen in 1754.

During the whole of that fateful 11th day of April in 1782 he had

been occupied with his priestly tasks — saying Mass, the Hours, hearing confessions, blessing, baptising, preparing White and Indian candidates for the rite of Holy Confirmation whenever a bishop should be able to reach his lonely post. But at the close of day he turned in search of relaxation to the home of friends at the Tadousac trading post.

There was no lack of eye-witnesses to the strange things that occurred that night, and in 1846 an account of them was set down in writing by the Rev. Epiphane Lapointe at the dictation of the settlement's oldest inhabitant, one Jean Audet. This old gentleman, then aged 91, was living at that time at the Sainte-Famille on the Island of Orleans, midstream in the St. Lawrence. Following is his account of the events as told to Father Lapointe and retold by the Rev. Henri-Raymond Casgrain in his collection of *Legendes canadiennes* (Montreal, 1875.)

"The evening before his death Father de La Brosse appeared to be in perfect health. He was a well-built man of 68, robust and with lovely white hair and an ascetic face. At nightfall he had come in search of a few hours of recreation at the home of an official at the Tadousac trading post. He was cheerful and friendly as usual. Toward 9:00 o'clock he rose and pre-

pared to take his leave.

"Having bidden everyone good-night, he paused a moment at the threshold, then said in solemn tone:

"My friends, I bid you farewell — forever. For you will never see me again alive on earth. At midnight of this very night you will hear the bell of my chapel announcing my passing hence. Come then and see for yourselves. But, I beg of you, do not touch my body.

"Tomorrow you will go find Father Compain at the Ile aux Coudres and bring him to say the burial office at my grave. He will be waiting for you at the tip of the island. Don't be afraid to make the journey, no matter what the weather."

"At first we thought the good Father was joking, but he insisted with an air of conviction which left little room for doubt."

When one of the trading post employes protested with a forced and hollow laugh the priest turned to him saying: "My son, before it is another day you will know the truth of my words."

"When he had left us," Audet's account continues, "we remained stupefied, speechless, not daring to believe the good father's prognostic. Those of us who had watches laid them on the table and all of us waited anxiously. Ten o'clock came . . . 11:00 . . . the hour of midnight drew near.

Then at the stroke of the hour the chapel bell tolled, just as Father de La Brosse had said.

"We rose as one man and, aghast with fear and shaking like leaves, rushed into the chapel. By the faint light of the sanctuary lamp and the unsteady flickering of votive candles we were able to discern the black robe of our good friend. He lay prostrate and motionless at the first step of the altar, his brow buried in clasped hands.

"He was dead."

It was learned some time afterward that not only at Tadousac, not only at Ile aux Coudres, but also at Father de La Brosse's other missions — at Chicoutimi, at Ile Verte and Trois Pistoles, Rimouski and the Baie des Chaleurs — the bells had tolled precisely at midnight, apparently of their own accord.

A young native son of the Ile Verte named Damboise, a cantor at the church and a most respected colonist whom Father Lapointe knew very well, told him that his father was coming home that night from his work at the sugar refinery when, toward midnight, he was surprised to hear the bell. At the time he took scant notice but later, when he discussed the occurrence with his neighbors, he found that many of them also had heard the bell, and all were agreed that it sounded at

the very stroke of midnight.

"The terrible news spread like lightning all through the mission. From daybreak onward the whole population, Indian as well as White, invaded the chapel and its surroundings, eager for a last look at the remains of the holy man stretched out on the choir pavement. No one dared to touch him. With mingled grief and affection they simply looked on him. They prayed. They interceded.

"All day long crowds came and went and came again in silence, unable to take their eyes from the remains of the saintly man of God whose burning words of exhortation had so often made the echoes of this same chapel to ring. For hours the Indians stood motionless, their fingers to their lips to signify the sorrow no words could tell.

"By daybreak a southwesterly gale had arisen, so violent that it churned the open water into white capped waves and tossed the floating blocks of ice about like dice thrown from a giant hand.

"At first no one dared embark on a journey, but seeing their fears the senior officer at the post addressed his more timid fellows.

"Are there not among you three courageous enough to come with me and carry out our good father's last wish? Remember what he told us — "There is no risk for those who

make the journey to Ile aux Cou-dres." "

Whether they were reassured or shamed, four men launched a boat and headed for midstream of the wide river. From then it seemed as though an invisible hand propelled the little craft with such speed that they were able to double the Cap aux Oies and sight the Ile aux Cou-dres by 11:00 o'clock that morning.

"Father Compain," Father Lapointe's transcript continues, "was waiting for them, book in hand, at the tip of the island.

"'Father de La Brosse is dead,' he told them as they beached the boat for him to board. 'You have come for me to give him a Christian burial.' "

In the early evening of the same day Father Compain went ashore at Tadousac, said Vespers of the Dead in the little chapel and recited the burial at his friend's graveside.

* * *

SUCH," CONCLUDES Father Casgrain's narrative, "is the strange tale which everyone at Tadousac, at Ile aux Coudres and round about knows by heart and which many on both banks of the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay tell with only slight variations which are easily recon-

cilable. All accounts agree in the principal details.

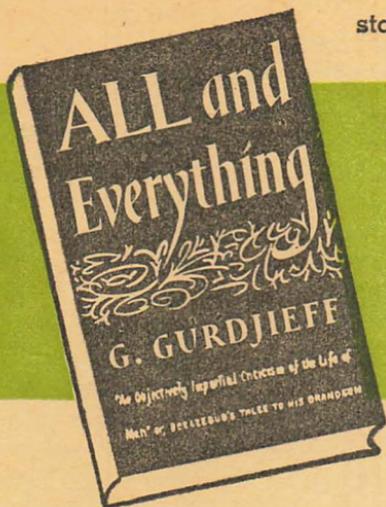
"If this singular event had had only one or two witnesses it would be an easy thing to cast doubt upon the telling; but as participants and spectators there was a whole population with no interest in inventing a fable or in falsifying the truth.

"For many years the Indians who came down the Saguenay never passed the port of Tadousac without going ashore to pray in the chapel where rested the remains of one who for them had been a living, earthly image of their heavenly Father. They would prostrate themselves to press their faces against the floor above his tomb; with their mouths they would touch a small opening in the pavement and they would talk with confidence as though to their living friend. Then they would apply their ears to the opening, fancying they could hear the holy man answering from the depth of his sepulchre."

All this came to an end, however, with the exhuming of Father de La Brosse's body; when age and decay had done their worst for the little chapel at Tadousac, compelling the removal of the relics to a new resting place in what is now the Quebec city of Chicoutimi.



That it is of benefit to experience shock is one of the startling doctrines advanced by . . .



GURDJIEFF, TEACHER OF THE OCCULT

By Ellery Lanier

I STILL REMEMBER the poignant longing I felt when I saw the film, *Lost Horizon*, many years ago. I remember in particular the scene in which Ronald Coleman, having discovered the isolated paradise of Shangri-La, was summoned for his first meeting with the ancient man who was the spiritual guide of the community. The ancient one said, "My son, we have been expecting you."

Little did I imagine that I would have a similar experience.

It all came about one fine summer day when my wife, Lillian, and I were driving through the lovely countryside of upper New York

State. I mentioned casually that there was a person I had met briefly some years ago whom it might be fun to visit. I could not recall the person's name or the location but something told me to keep driving.

Eventually, on a hunch, I pulled up outside a farmhouse in a remote section. I did not recognize it particularly. Nevertheless, this "person" stepped down from the farmhouse porch and approached our car. We stepped out. The first words I heard were, "We were expecting you."

We were told that two extra settings had been set at the dinner

Chateau and had asked Gurdjieff why he did not stay and do his work among the beautiful rose-covered allees he had answered, "I work in cafes where people are more what they really are." I was told how Gurdjieff had called himself Dr. Kulinari because he took pleasure in cooking delightful Asiatic dishes. He believed in giving his students new taste thrills as a means of intensifying their awareness of the digestive process.

We left for home late that day in a state of bewildered exhaustion. I now knew the meaning of the continuous references to work in Gurdjieff's teachings. Everything centers on the idea of work. But to try to tell all about the teaching is not simple. The best I can do is to tell you something about the man's personality and life experiences plus a crude approximation of his basic ideas.

* * *

GURDJIEFF was born in 1878 in the Russian state of Georgia. His birth place was within sight of Mount Ararat, where Noah's Ark is said to have come to rest. His childhood was spent amid surroundings hardly changed since Biblical days. There were huge flocks of sheep and the elders told fairy tales and ancient legends to the children. He told a silly tale of how he remembered when he was born, a donkey kicked in the window and the music

of a new fangled gramophone in a nearby house provided a rhythm for the gumchewing of the mid-wife, much to his annoyance.

This was the Caucasus, an ancient crossroads of many cultures. Gurdjieff's ancestry ran back to the Greeks of Caesarea and he could trace his lineage back to pre-Christian times. His family was run in the strict patriarchal manner described in the Bible and his father was a last bard among his people besides being, apparently, a most original thinker.

Gurdjieff's first teacher was the decan of the military cathedral in Kars, who prepared specially gifted students for the combined profession of priesthood and doctor with the intent of healing both spirit and body. One of his early memories was of being called to the bedside of his dying grandmother. After he had kissed her hand she gave him this sage advice, "In life never do as others do."

As a result of taking this advice literally he spent a good deal of his childhood walking on his hands because the other boys walked on their feet.

Once in a brawl with some of his fellow urchins he knocked one of them unconscious by butting him in the stomach with his head. Another urchin struck him in the face and young Gurdjieff felt something strange in his mouth. He took it

out and saw that it was one of his teeth. He held the tooth up to the sunlight and was startled to discover that it had seven roots. Hanging from the bottom of each root was a tiny droplet of blood. The sunlight glistened through the droplets and he beheld for the first time the seven colors of the rainbow which eventually led him to discover the seven rays of Creation.

He quickly tired of his "priest-doctor" training. His early experiences had made him wary of the *truths* taught by modern science. He doubted and questioned everything his teachers taught or claimed. As a result of his study of early Armenian literature he became convinced that earlier civilizations had vital information that now was lost. So, while still a very young man, he organized a group of friends as the Truth Seekers. They sought out hidden cloisters where the ancient traditions still survived. They were especially interested in the Whirling Dervish doctrines. Members of this group included an archaeologist, geologist, engineer, physician, philologist, and other specialists. They went to Persia, Turkestan, Tibet, India, the Gobi Desert, Egypt, and other places.

Gurdjieff looked very much like an oriental with his piercing black eyes and because of this was admitted to many places that Western explorers hardly knew existed. He

studied for two years in a Whirling Dervish monastery and spent several years as a healer, using hypnotism. He spoke a number of oriental languages fluently, which enabled him to study in schools in Tibet, in India, and with the Sufis in Persia.

He taught in Russia and established three small schools there for special students. During the Revolution he managed to support his school through his foresight in having purchased a suitcase full of skein silk which his students wound onto star shaped cardboards and sold to the populace who were threadbare and needed something to keep their clothes together. Remarkably, he was given written permission by both sides to carry arms for self protection since both Bolsheviks and White Russians approved of him.

However, it was not possible to continue his work properly and so the group left on a hazardous journey out of the country and eventually purchased a beautiful 14th Century estate called the Chateau du Prieure at Fontainebleau, France. It was here, in 1921, Gurdjieff established the *Institute for the Harmonious Development of Man*.

Pupils lived in two weeks as guests and had to participate actively in the work. This included housework, gardening, woodchop-

ping, as well as the practice of the 6,000 physical movements accompanied by music. The idea was to break old habits and automatic functioning. Only through such training could the Astral body be born. An old Zeppelin hull was converted into a study-house and strange new methods of instruction were used to shock the students out of complacency. The stated aim was to develop people into human beings. The work methods included gymnastic exercises, occupational rhythms, and sacred dances from Asia which were to assist in the harmonious development of latent powers.

In 1924 Gurdjieff brought 40 of his pupils to America for a series of demonstrations of their dances and exercises.

Lleelyn Powy wrote a vivid description of one performance given at the Neighborhood Playhouse. He had been persuaded to see the dancing by his sister who was interested in the work. He wrote of Gurdjieff, "he had a high, bald head, with sharp black eyes. His general appearance made one think of a riding master, though there was something about his presence that affected one's nerves in a strange way. Especially did one feel this when his pupils came onto the stage, to perform like a hutchful of hypnotized rabbits under the gaze of a master conjurer."

Gurdjieff's dances were designed to break the conventions of ordinary movement and by creating independent action instead, the mental and emotional conventions of his pupils. The music was based on Dervish dances of which he had a thorough knowledge. The performance was in the form of a ballet called *The Struggle of The Magicians* and was meant to pantomime Black and White Magicians alternately.

In the United States Gurdjieff again chose a cafe as headquarters. He could usually be found in the Child's Restaurant on 56th Street in New York where several tables were joined as for a convocation. He loved to be with people, and made no pretense to "sanctity."

When he returned to France from America in 1930 he had a terrible automobile accident that would have killed any ordinary person. As a result he had to abandon the *Institute* and take to writing as a means of spreading the work. This was to be the third phase of his life's work which continued until his death in 1949.

In his semi-autobiography, *All and Everything*, he shows his sense of humor when he explains why he chose Beelzebub as the hero of his tale. He explains it is always necessary to grease the correct palm to get anything done in this world or any other world and so, instead of

letting the devil bedevil him, he intended to make use of the devil's vanity to make him serve Gurdjieff's ends.

* * *

I SHALL NOW attempt to describe the *Way of Work* that Gurdjieff taught.

There is an essence that comes down from the stars through our planetary zone and enters the earth. This essence arrives at the time of our birth via the Ray of Creation. Our parents only provide the material equipment of our bodies in which this essence is received from the stars. All the work that we do in our lifetime is really geared to lead us back to the stars from which we came.

Each of us is here for a definite purpose. We have something special to learn, observe, and become conscious of—and that we must begin to dislike! We must work against it. This can be anything like meanness, cruelty, self-centeredness, fear, or ignorance. If any person dies without finding out why he is here, this is the greatest of all tragedies.

It is important to struggle against pride in our own virtues. Otherwise we increase our false personality until our viewpoint is thinned down and we become, in effect, dead. The only real death is the death of our desire to return to the stars.

Gurdjieff had a favorite parable about a man in prison. After many years a stranger came to offer him a key to leave the prison. But the prisoner refused it, having acquired so many prison habits that he had forgotten his origin in the stars. The prisoner not only refused the keys but grew indignant and tried to kill the stranger. The prison had become all to him and he was ready to sacrifice his life to remain in prison.

Gurdjieff taught that of the four ways to work for liberation we should choose the fourth way which is the most difficult and must be practiced in the midst of life. The first way is that of the fakir, the second that of the monk, the third is that of yogi. But the fourth is related to our external life. It varies with the varying circumstances of life and never can become a final form or habit. It must be ready to change in method from day to day, even from moment to moment. No matter what changes occur in our lives we must be able to hold close to the sense and feeling of the work.

The fourth way aims to develop an all-around, well-balanced person who can be all things to all men, who can be totally flexible. This is no easy task! Any side of your life that you find difficult to adjust is part of your work. There is nothing romantic about this work. It

must be ruthless and unsentimental. It is not like an Indian fakir staring at the sun, it is not a monk absorbed in contemplation, it is not a yogi meditating in a cave.

Your work may be in the middle of Main Street where the traffic is thick and tempers are hot. Your work is surrounded by the miseries of life and life itself becomes your instructor. Most important the student must never forget that the work is not taking place in time and space but in Eternity.

Self-observation and self-remembering are two of the keys in the pursuit of the work. The worst crime we can commit is to live inside of ourselves all the time. Haphazard living is destructive to the growth of the astral body. It can destroy all chances for immortality. The beginning of the work is to observe oneself and try to discover wrong internal conditions and then to start working against them, thus we can alter not only our personal relation to things outside us, but even the nature of events that happen to us daily.

According to Gurdjieff the source of human trouble is lack of unity. We are made up of many "I's". Until one recognizes that he is more than one personality it is impossible to work for unification. As it is we live under a delusion of unity while in reality our many "I's" all pull against each other.

Gurdjieff described three influences that shape our lives. The "A" influence is created by ordinary living and shapes what he called our "false personality." The "B" influence comes to us from outside our everyday experience and includes our religions, fairy tales, fantasy, etc. The "C" influence comes from the stars.

Under these influences people develop into a circle of types like the musical notes of an octave. There is a 1, 2, 3, humanity that is only mechanically minded. Number one man is moved only by instinct, number two man is moved by his emotions, and number three man is moved by his intellect alone. These men do not understand themselves nor do they understand one another.

Part of the occult work is to practice "self-remembering." This can take as little as a half minute a day if that is all that can be managed. "Self-remembering" should lead to new understanding, new knowledge of self.

Gurdjieff said the vast majority of people "have absolutely no interest in acquiring knowledge," because to acquire knowledge is to give up the "buffers" which serve to keep a man from realizing all the contradictions within himself. These buffers allow him to maintain an artificial conscience in place of a real conscience. Everyone has spent

years in wrong and stupid living, in indulgence in all kinds of weakness, of dullness, of ignorance, of pretense and lack of effort, in constantly deceiving himself. In other words lives can be spent in the great and profound emptiness of living.

The "buffers" absorb the shock of one side of man's conscience colliding with another side of his conscience. They prevent contradictory sides of personalities from becoming conscious together. They may make life easier but they prevent man from ever feeling real conscience. In fact, they hold back all development.

The 66th line of Wordsworth's poem *Recollection of Immortality* reads: "Heaven lies about us in our infancy!"

According to Gurdjieff: a little child has no buffers. Although the little ones are only partially awake, and as Wordsworth continued: "Shades of the prison-house begin to close . . ."

The child is born into a world of sleeping people and very soon starts to sleep as well. Personality is lost under the influence of teachers and parents, and a false personality is born under the power of imitation. Real conscience is forced into the darkness.

The "buffers" prevent us from having shocks, when it is only through shock that true growth

comes about. The important thing in self-remembering is to discover all these acquired "buffers."

Gurdjieff told a very funny-sad story about a mountain man who, visiting a village market for the first time, saw some strange red fruit. With his last pennies he bought some of this beautiful fruit. He later sat down to eat the fruit and his face turned red and his mouth burned with fire. The fruit was red peppers. A stranger passed him and seeing the tears streaming from his eyes asked him why he insisted on eating the fiery fruit. The ignorant mountain man answered that he was no fool! He had spent his last pennies on this fruit and he was going to get his money's worth.

The more we practice self-remembering the more likely we are to discover the "buffers" within us that keep us chewing the red peppers.

Gurdjieff taught a completely original theory about the construction of the universe based on an occult diagram called the "Enneagram" or nine-diagram. With this "E" as a guide it is possible to begin to work realistically. It is made by dividing a circle into nine equal parts. A symmetrical figure is drawn by joining six points in relation to a diameter that goes through the topmost point in the circle. The top point is the apex of an equilateral triangle that u-

nites the points that were not used in the original joining.

This symbol was kept a secret for a long time. Seven of the points represent an octave and an eighth point symbolizes a point of shock where the octave repeats. With an additional shock point there are nine elements. All knowledge can be organized within this symbol and with the help of its interconnecting points everything can be interpreted. You can put into the enneagram whatever you know and whatever you leave out represents your ignorance. If you can use this symbol you have no need of teachers or universities, all knowledge can be read in the symbol.

You can be completely isolated in a desert and "trace the 'ennea-

gram' in the sand and in it read the eternal laws of the universe," said Gurdjieff. Each time you will learn something new, something you never knew before. Students from different worlds, speaking different languages, studying different subjects, can trace an "enneagram" and immediately know where each stands in his understanding. It is the hidden secret of the universal language.

The diagram must be understood as a living thing. Under Gurdjieff's guidance students would stand on a large scale "E" and go through series of motions and postures around and across the circle. It was only through thus "living" the symbol that its occult meaning could be transmitted.

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA'S MESSENGER OF DEATH

By Richard Harvey

FOR SOME time before his death in 1935 at the age of 47, England's romantic soldier-hero, Col. T. E. Lawrence—better known as Lawrence of Arabia—was in a gloomy state of mind, quite unlike his usual self. He confided to friends that he felt unhappy and puzzled, because never before had he experienced the sensation of finality that seemed to hang over him.

Then something happened to upset him even further. Every day for three weeks a small bird flew to the window of his

cottage and tapped at the glass with its beak. If Lawrence moved to another window to evade it, it invariably followed and tapped at the glass nearest him.

A friend observed that Lawrence was deeply distressed by the bird's persistent and seemingly ominous behavior. One day, while Lawrence was absent, the friend shot and killed the bird.

Within the hour, Lawrence's colorful career came to an abrupt and tragic close as the result of a motorcycle accident.

My PROOF of Survival

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

GOODBYE! MY SON

By Ed Patterson

WHEN OUR psychology professor at the University of Missouri told us to write down our dreams for a couple of weeks for anxiety and wish analysis, he did not tell us of the possibility of pre-cognitive dreams—dreams which might foretell the death of a loved one.

My roommate and I were in the habit of exchanging ideas; he being one of those realistic engineers and I an idealistic pursuer of the arts and sciences. I dreamed every night and could always awaken, and still can, with vivid recollections of what I had dreamed. Often I discussed these dreams with him for his amusement and reaction. Then, when taking experimental psychology, when the professor suggested jotting them down, I was delighted to continue on paper what I had been doing orally anyway.

I was working my way through the University of Missouri in 1942. My parents were divorced and I had little or no idea what my father did or where he was.

On Tuesday morning, May 19, 1942, I awoke completely enervated,

as if I had been through a terrible emotional strain. I began to tell my roommate my nightmarish dream.

He interrupted to ask, "What in the heck was wrong with you last night, Patterson? You cried and carried on like the end of the world was near."

I had dreamed that I was a young boy at my maternal grandmother's house in Jonesburg, Mo., where my parents had been married. I dreamed



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that I was playing in the yard which was surrounded by a white picket fence with a gate with a simple latch. While playing in the yard, I saw a young man coming down the lane which led to the house. As he approached, I did not recognize him but I had the urge to open the gate and go to him. He came up to the gate, looked into my eyes without speaking, then turned his head as if to indicate that I was to come with him. I tried to get the gate open but I could not. Then the man began to walk slowly down the lane again. As he walked, he would turn his head around from time to time, looking at me but not speaking. I began to cry because I wanted to go with him but the gate prevented my leaving. He reached the end of the lane and gave me one last look. I cried as if my heart would break when I realized that I could not go with this man . . . then he vanished. I awoke with the tears still in my eyes. At the end of this recital my roommate shrugged and said, "You and your silly dreams."

I attended my early morning classes and came home around noon. My landlady said that I had a telegram. I couldn't imagine who it might be from or what it might be about. When I opened it I read, "Your father died last night. Get your brother and come home for the funeral."

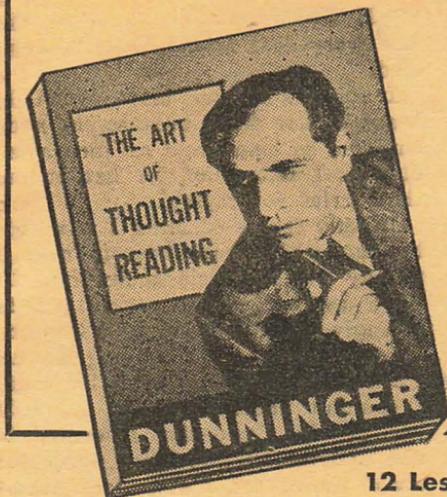
My father, Fred Lawrence Paterson, had died at 7:35 P.M., May 18, in St. Louis, Mo. He was 45 years old.

I believe he was the man of my dream come to say goodbye.—*San Francisco, Calif.*

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MY FRIEND STILL LIVES

By Marjorie Jordan

ON SEPTEMBER 19, 1960, my very dear friend, Bea Walker, died.

I could shed no tears when I heard of her death because she had suffered so long from an incurable disease. I felt relief for her, more than grief for myself.

In this frame of mind I went to the funeral home in Shreveport, La., to pay one last visit to my friend. As I approached the casket I felt strongly that it was empty, although I could see Bea's body lying there. I felt a strange chilly sensation that I couldn't understand, for I loved her dearly. Suddenly, however, I did understand. Looking up, just above the casket, I saw Bea's face. She was smiling and looking happy, with a sort of glow all around her. Before I realized it I was smiling back at her, and we seemed to be sharing our thoughts. I knew she was telling me she was happy with God and that the trip across is the most glorious thing that ever can happen. Warmth and cheerfulness seemed to settle all around me. As I left the funeral home I felt hap-

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pier than I had in a long time; happy because Bea was happy and because she wanted me to be happy, too.

Now, my story could end here but, on December 12th, my friend made her presence known to me again. I was making out a new Christmas card list. I had marked her name off the old list and had decided to mark off her husband's and daughter's names. I wasn't as close to them as I had been to her. However, the minute that I ran a line through their names I knew that something was wrong. A cold draft entered the room, although no doors or windows were open. At the same time, I was unable to move my hand to write the next person's name on my list. I knew instinctively that I must send her family a card; she didn't want me

to forget her loved ones.

As I wrote their names on the envelope the odor of sweet-smelling flowers filled the room. It was the odor of the flowers that I sent to her funeral.

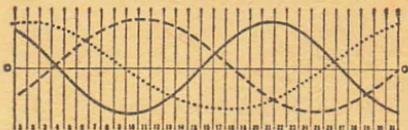
Bea knew of my many psychic experiences before she died and she believed very strongly in them. Perhaps this helped in our being able to communicate—*Shreveport, La.*

OUT OF HUMAN HANDS

By Marcia Spencer

FOR YEARS my sister Betty, lived with my 10-year-old son Paul and me. I am a widow, Betty was a widow, and the three of us were very close. My son felt like he had two mothers, with twice as much love and affection. We went everywhere together. Some nights we sat

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around and talked for hours. Our world was complete with the three of us.

We lived in a small California town named Lindsay. I thought it would be wonderful for Paul to go away last summer to a summer camp, for a change. It was a difficult decision to make because I knew how lonely Betty and I would be.

I was right. After Paul left our lives were like empty shells. Each day dragged by like an eternity. One week after he left, on July 10, 1960, Betty died suddenly of a heart attack. I was stunned with grief but, in my anxiety, I decided it would be better for Paul not to know. When he came home the funeral would be over. I thought he would be spared a lot of heartache; it would be easier for him to know after it was all over.

I wanted to do one last thing for Betty. I bought her a beautiful black, beaded dress to be buried in. Paul never saw it.

Paul came home two days after the funeral. Before I could tell him anything he said, "Betty is dead isn't she? I was alone two days ago in the bunkhouse when she came to me in a black, beaded dress. She said, 'Have faith. The three of us will be together again.' Then she seemed to float away."

Paul had no way of knowing what Betty had on at the funeral, or even that she had died. It is impossible to believe that he imagined this experience.

I was wrong not to let Paul be at the funeral to say goodbye to Betty but Fate stepped in and took it out of my human hands.—*El Cajon, Calif.*



NEW BOOKS

PADRE PIO, by Oscar De Liso. McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., New York, N. Y., 1960. 233 pages, \$4.95.

"Padre Pio, possibly the first priest in history to have the stigmata, bleeds from open wounds in his hands, in his side, and in his feet. His side wound spills two ounces of blood a day. It's a cut shaped like an upside down cross, the verticle line vanishing as a light mark at the end. The wounds in his palms go through his hands. They are festered holes of red and brown membranes, but present no inflammation of the tissues. The flesh is alive. Even a slight pressure causes a great deal of pain. The wounds in his feet are wider on top. The stigmata befell him on the morning of September 20, 1918."

It is possible that the Italian monk Padre Pio is the first priest in history to have the stigmata. It is also possible that of all the astonishing personalities who were part of the wave of mysticism that swept the world at the end of World War I, only Padre Pio has benefited mankind.

Even the reader inclined to take a clinical attitude toward the stig-

mata must be impressed by the accomplishment of Padre Pio in creating the great hospital named in honor of the late Fiorella La Guardia. When thousands of wounded, sick, and war-weary pilgrims flocked to him after World War II, Padre Pio organized a building program that resulted in a \$5,000,000 hospital staffed by 24 physicians and 80 nurses. And all without leaving his remote monastic retreat.

Oscar De Liso is a professional writer, and he writes in swift, smooth professional style. All of his previous books have been novels, and *Padre Pio* is sometimes more of an historical novel than a biography. Beyond a doubt the book is "based completely on fact and careful research, but at times it is overburdened with dialogue that attempts to reconstruct long-ago conversations.

It is obvious from this book that the consequences of being the first priest to have the stigmata may have been nearly as painful as the wounds. Author De Liso records many of the efforts made to discredit Padre Pio by the press, by the medical profession, and by numerous Italian churchmen of his own Roman Catholic persuasion.

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Padre Pio bears the Nihil Obstat and Imprimatur of the Roman Catholic Church.—Paul Foght.

YOGA, A SCIENTIFIC EVALUATION, by Ka-voor T. Behanan, Dover Publications Inc., N. Y. 270 pages, \$1.65.

In this reprint of a 1937 work, Dr. Behanan, a born Hindu and Yale-educated psychologist, takes the lid off the caldron of Yogic misinformation as he deftly examines Western ideas about Yoga, then proceeds to explain this Eastern practice as a practical philosophy.

The magic and mysticism often associated with Yoga is emphatically lamented by Dr. Behanan who calls metaphysical tenets of Yoga "an audacious shot in the dark." He declares that there is no basis for the occidental impression that the "supernatural" centers around Yogins and Yoga.

As an example of his observations in this country, he states, "One cannot escape noticing the unduly large proportion of popular literature that is still weighted with wild and unverified claims. That such claims could still appeal to the public is an index of the high degree of emotional maladjustment

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 either accept or reject the Yogic
 system. Rather he outlines the prac-
 tice as a means of physical and
 mental discipline, shows how these
 may be obtained, and leaves it to
 the reader to decide whether or not
 Yoga is worth the effort.

The real advantages of Yoga, ac-
 cording to Dr. Behanan, are its
 ability to induce a high level of re-
 laxation and to offer a practical
 way to achieve emotional stability.

Of interest in this sparsely il-
 lustrated book are chapters dealing
 with Yoga and Psychic Research,
 and Rebirth. The latter chapter con-
 tains a resume of Hindu philosophy
 concerning reincarnation.

Concluding his scientific evalua-
 tion, the author calls for more ex-
 perimental work and less mystery-
 mongering and grandiose metaphys-
 ical speculation.

Whether or not the reader agrees
 with all Dr. Behanan has to say,
 it must be conceded that his book
 gives a clear, straightforward and
 fascinating account, less the usual
 vagaries and obscure phraseology so
 common in most extant literature
 of the kind.—Charles B. Harnett.

BETWEEN TIME AND ETERNITY, by Olga
 Park, Vantage Press, New York, N. Y., 1960.
 105 pages, \$2.75.

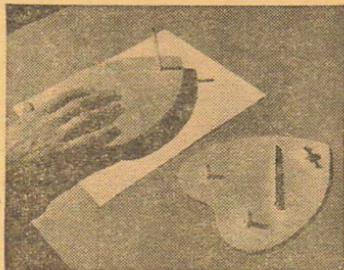
In this noteworthy little book the author, a Canadian housewife in ordinary circumstances, sums up her 30 years of psychic experiences. These, she reports, began with pre-cognitive dreams, such as the one in which she foresaw that her brother would be reported missing in action in World War I. He turned up later as a shell-shock casualty.

While in a hospital after giving birth to her second son, she regained consciousness to find herself standing in the room outside her physical body. She observed the activities of the doctor and nurse and heard them discuss the weight of her newborn son.

Other astral experiences followed, according to the author. She found she had a spirit guide, who accompanied her on astral travels. These, she believes, were for the purpose of instruction leading to her spiritual development. She describes visits to the spirit world and communication with spirit beings, all of which somehow are convincing and absorbing despite similar accounts by other writers, perhaps because Mrs. Park's account is quietly factual, unassuming and has an original and personal quality. She does not consider herself mediumistic and believes her experiences stem more from religious sincerity than from a psychic nature.

One may wish that Mrs. Park had detailed her experiences more fully in a larger book and avoided many of the generalizations of the present volume. It appears, however, that her main purpose was to present a panorama of her experiences and the knowledge gained from them. In this she has succeeded no little, and those interested in the

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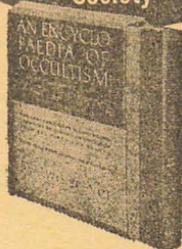
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subject of spirit existence and communication will find her book of considerable significance and value.
—Regie Stecher.

ALL THINGS MADE NEW, A Comprehensive Outline of the Baha'i Faith, by John Ferraby. Baha'i Publishing Trust, Wilmette, Ill., 1960 (price not stated).

Eileen Garrett recently remarked, "Is it not time that a new spiritual force came forth to hold us back from the oblivion that daily threatens us?" The Baha'i Faith, now 116 years old, has long claimed to represent such a force.

The present volume provides the most compact and the best-written survey of the Baha'i Faith available in English. It contains both the history and the teachings of the Faith. The former extends up to 1956, thus including much important information lacking in Eslemont's badly dated "Baha'u'llah and the New Era". (Someday a Baha'i shall have to give an account of the administrative turmoil following the death of the Guardian in 1957.)

But the heart of the book is the excellent summary of the spiritual teachings of the Baha'is, liberally sprinkled with quotes from their sacred writings. Even those who cannot intellectually accept the infallibility of Baha'u'llah and Abdu'l Baha (I include myself) can find much of power and beauty and insight in their teachings, and Ferraby's excellent presentation of these makes his book (with the single exception of Ruhyyih Rabhani's "Prescription for Living") the most rewarding Baha'i volume for the non-Baha'i.—David Techter.

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

YELLOW-GLOWING UFO

Have you been seeing any space ships lately? At about 8:15 on the evening of January 24 Danal (Eric) and I were leaving the house on an errand and saw what evidently was a space ship or UFO. It appeared at first like an enormous star in the east, where no star of such magnitude could be. I saw it first and pointed it out to Danal.

The thing was moving toward us and growing larger by the moment. Danal says we saw it for about five minutes as it moved across the sky. It was lost when it was almost overhead (slightly to the right) as the large building next to ours blocked the view.

The object was a definite yellowish light which did not twinkle or pulse. I did see a whole series of light frames when it was still a little distance from us. Danal says he did not see these light frames until after he had gone into the house and gotten binoculars. During this time the object had come quite close, although I have no way of determining its distance from us, its altitude, speed or size.

It had no lights like planes have, just a general glow of yellowish light. Danal and I differ concerning the light from the several frames forming a long band like windows in a rail car. I said they

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emitted a bluish white light, while Danal said it was all yellow. At any rate, it made no sound whatever, although the night was still and cold. Neither did it display a tail of light or smoke.

It was moving in an almost direct east-west direction. We were unable to make out the shape of the bulk. Even after it had passed, there was no backwash of sound from it. In fact, one had a strong sense of the utter stillness of the event. This I have found characteristic of all the sightings to which I have been a party. —*Mariechen Al-An', Evansville, Ind.*

FLIGHT OF UFO'S

On July 7, 1952, between 5:00 and 7:00 P.M., I noticed groups of neighbors collected on sidewalks, watching something in the sky. They called for me to come and see what was going by overhead.

My brother and I went outside and watched also. Up in the sky south of town was a huge, brilliant light, stationary, and about as big as a No. 2 wash tub.

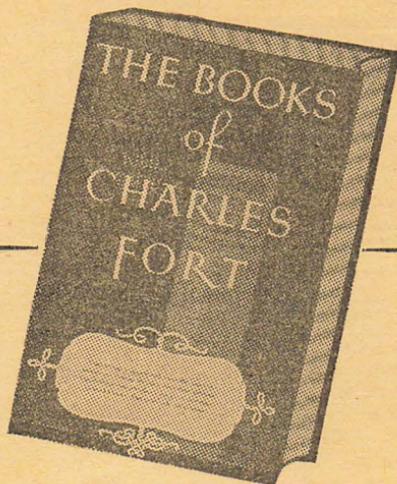
Coming from the east, making a right angle turn and going south were seven objects that looked like the fuselages of B-36 bombers. We saw no wings or other protuberances, but there was something like a bubble at the front end. They glowed a rosy red, like a live coal of fire. About half a mile apart, they were traveling in a straight line. We heard no sound or other noise as they swung around the light and headed south. It took more than an hour for them to pass over.

I tried to call the police station and military bases around San Antonio, but the phone lines were

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jammed. Hours later, when I did get through, I was informed that the authorities had no idea what the objects were, and that they had been unable to get high enough to find out. This from the police and also from the control tower at Kelly A.F.B. The news did not appear in the papers, and another odd thing is that people who had seen the objects later avoided talking about them and some even denied they had seen them.

In July, 1946, I lived in the south-east part of San Antonio, in a stucco apartment house which had a flat roof. About 7:00 P.M. one evening my downstairs neighbor and I were sitting on the door step downstairs, chatting and playing with her two small children. Suddenly she grabbed my arm and said, "Oh, my, what is that?"

Coming toward us, apparently about 30 feet high, was an object that looked as big as the house we lived in. It looked like a huge round ball and was a beautiful dark rose color, glowing like fire in the darkness. It seemed to be barely moving and made no sound at all.

I had a strange dreamy feeling and could not force myself to stand up. I thought the object was going to hit the roof of my upstairs apartment and felt that we should run, but I was unable to move. I could only watch the object pass over our heads, apparently missing the roof by inches.

Then I suddenly came alive, ran upstairs and watched the object from a window. It traveled about 10 blocks east, just skimming the tree tops. Then it came back, retracing its previous route. It went straight toward Kelly A.F.B. south-

west of town. When it arrived there it moved straight up at great speed and went out of sight.

Again I tried to phone and it was only hours later that I finally got central. The operator told me to call later as the town had gone mad and the switchboards were busy.

The next day I called the field and was told that the object was not connected with the base, was not a balloon nor any known aircraft. Planes had gone up after it but had been unable to catch it. Again there was nothing in the papers. My neighbor said she had felt the same trance-like condition I did. *Ruby L. Mitchell, San Antonio, Tex.*

BLOBLIKE UFO

Curtis Fuller's article, "The November 23 UFO," was of great in-

terest to me. I can vouch for the UFO Mr. B. J. Sharrock describes on page 49. I saw a UFO just like it at dusk during the latter part of August, 1960. It was, as Mr. Sharrock describes, vague, dark and bloblike, and it had two bright oscillating lights near its rear. Mr. Sharrock must have been observing the object at about the same angle and height that I saw mine, and while it was drawing away from us.

I was at work as a postal clerk in the General Post Office here in Philadelphia. The time was approximately 8:30 P.M., and I was in a room on the fourth floor of the building. The evening was quite warm and I was standing in front of one of the large open windows to get a breath of fresh air. I was facing due north. The GPO is lo-

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cated on Market Street, which is the main street here and runs from east to west.

The sky over the city was dark, but the western sky was still lighted. The object came flying out of the darkened portion of the sky and when I observed it, it was already on the western horizon its two bright lights oscillating upwards and downwards.

The object flew noiselessly, effortlessly and swiftly on a straight, horizontal track into the sunset. It was flying quite low—no more than about 3,000 feet.

The two lights distracted me from discerning a clear outline of the craft. The lights were of an extremely bright, diamondlike brilliance, almost blinding. They apparently were attached to some sort of device near, but not at, the rear of the craft. They moved upwards and downward in a steady, rhythmic motion.

The craft was in view for well over a minute. I believe it purposely flew just in front of the gathering darkness to avoid being noticed. There was nothing about it in the papers the next day—and curiously enough the object flew right over the sprawling plant of the *Evening Bulletin*, which is the largest newspaper in Philadelphia. —*Stephen J. Brickner, Philadelphia, Pa.*

ANCESTORS IN SPACE-TIME

Volney G. Mathison's "A Genetic Theory of Reincarnation" in the March issue promotes the concept of reincarnation far above its age-old resting place in fantasy. I find that only his reliance on the idea of "psycho-electronic images in our

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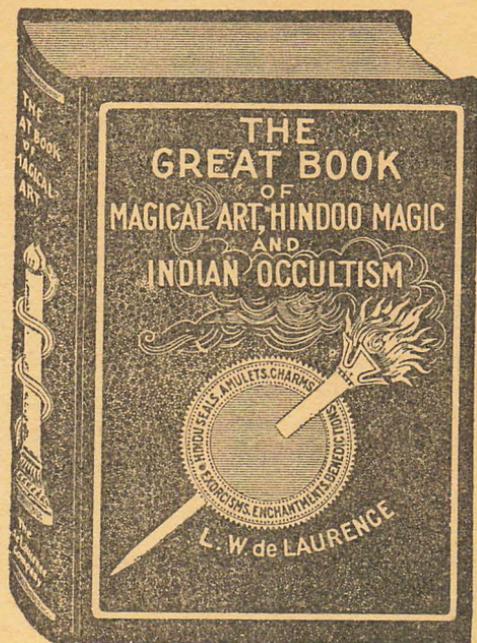
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The secret libraries of the East have been ransacked for the information published here for the first time. The author, Sayed Idries Shah, is an Afghan scholar who was given access to such sacred sources as the Sultan's Library at Istanbul, the Al-Azhar in Cairo; the Great Library at Mecca, and the Perso-Turkish collection of Nicosia's Sufi order.

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mental processes" disagrees with the concept of "reincarnation" as it would be explained according to my theory of "mental images."

Readers may recall that my article in the March, 1960, issue of FATE defined "mental imagery" as being comprised of "actual present perceptions through the space-time continuity of the eyes and other senses, of physical reality within four-dimensional depths."

The countless ancestry and progeny of every individual all are ever-present in physical space-time permanence. Yes, and every single genetic detail, down to the tiniest ovum, sperm cell and chromosome, is ever-present physically in space-time permanence, forming the bridge for sensory consciousness across which a view of an ancestor's life becomes (through the power of total empathy) the "former life" of an individual who shares our concurrent sensory stream of consciousness.—*Nat Rapport, Jamaica, N. Y.*

REINCARNATION VS. ANCESTRAL MEMORY

The theory of reincarnation described by Volney G. Mathison in "A Genetic Theory of Reincarnation" in the March issue of FATE seems to be entirely without foundation.

Mr. Mathison confuses ancestral memory with reincarnation, and thus bases his theory on an erroneous premise. The cases described in the article are examples of very good ancestral memory recalls and are unrelated to reincarnation.

The Bridey Murphy case was an authentic case of true reincarnation. It has to be, for Bridey Murphy bore no children and therefore none

of her genes could have been passed on to Ruth Simpson (the present reincarnation of Bridey Murphy) to furnish a genetic or physical basis for her past life recalls.

At the time when the Bridey Murphy case was rocking the country, practically every hypnotist, amateur and professional, was cashing in on the publicity by regressing any and all willing persons. In reading the details of many of these cases as they were published, it was quite apparent to me that nothing more than ancestral memory recalls were being produced.

There was the case of the young soldier who apparently was the reincarnation of his own grandfather! This should have been indication enough that ancestral memory recall was involved, but seemingly it was not detected as such by anyone except yours truly.

Genuine reincarnation regression cases differ entirely from the very common ancestral memory recall cases. In a case where both parents of a subject were foreign born, with absolutely no chance of any ancestor residing in the United States, this subject had some excellent recalls (not under hypnosis, but by another method) of two previous lives, both of them in this country!

In conclusion, reincarnation is one thing, ancestral memory another. The one is non-physical, the other physical in nature. The two have nothing in common. Serious investigators should be cognizant of this and take precautions to avoid being deceived into accepting erroneous phenomenon as the genuine article.—*Milan Rafayko, Lexington, Ky.*

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MOTHER'S MAGIC

Since the article on "Using" appeared, my sister-in-law, whose husband is a Dutch Fork German, read it and nodded. "They still use," she said. "Cousin Mary uses for thrash." This is a disease of little children in which pustules appear on the mouth and throat.

My sister-in-law's next statement startled me. "When my first baby was born she had a hideous mark on her face. It was a dark-red, wine-colored mark that went from her nose up to her hair. We were sick about it, for a mark like that would have ruined her life."

I have seen such disfiguring red patches on many persons, particularly in New England, but I have known the daughter for 10 years and never noticed any blemish on her face. It had been my impression that there is no remedy for a child disfigured with the "blood mark" unless it is plastic surgery.

"Did somebody use for it?" I asked.

My sister-in-law answered, "One of my husband's relatives saw her and told me what to do. She said to lick the mark nine times each morning when I awoke, before I spoke to anyone, and to do this each morning for seven days. I did it—and the mark went away."

"Did you have to repeat any charm?" I asked.

"No. All I did was lick the mark with my tongue as she said. But I thank the Lord for that woman who told me what to do, for otherwise my daughter would have been left looking hideous."

Who says that magic is not still with us!—Lee R. Gandee, Lexington, S. C.

"WHO DID IT?"

One night in April, 1950, a severe storm came up. Two windows on our enclosed porch were open. I tried to pull down one of the windows but was unable to. I cried out, "Please, someone help me!" and both windows came down!

Who did it?

I never touched but the one window.—*Selma Williams, Asbury Park, N. J.*

AN OLD CHINESE LINK?

Your article "Did the Chinese Discover America" in the November, 1960, issue brings to mind a story I heard during World War I. At that time I was stationed at Brest, France, on the staff of Admiral H. B. Wilson, USN. Attached to one of our patrol vessels was a reserve officer named McCallum who in civil life was an engineer for the United Fruit Company.

Mac told me that he had led an exploring party into the hinterland of Central America and came upon a tribe of which no member spoke Spanish. As the tribesmen talked among themselves, Mac noticed that his Chinese cook was listening to them. Then the cook started talking with them in his own dialect and communication was established. The cook told Mac that the tribesmen were not actually speaking Chinese but the similarity was sufficiently close for them to understand each other.

I am drawing on my recollection of nearly 50 years ago, but I am reasonably certain of the accuracy of the above statement. What an interesting research project this would be for a philologist.—*Frank F. Reynolds, Arlington, Va.*

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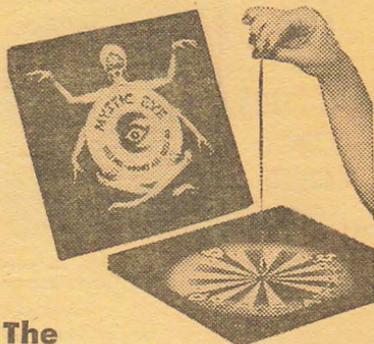
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THE VAMPIRE POPULATION

Regarding the book review *The Vampire* by Montague Summers (FATE, February, 1961), I wish to point out that noted science writer Willy Ley proved the implausibility of vampirism in his science department in the December, 1954, issue of *Galaxy Magazine*.

To quote briefly from this article:

" . . . The vampire is supposed to be immortal and only subject to the compound accident of suspicious peasants, zealous country priests and sharpened stakes . . . Everyone who dies from a vampire is supposed to become one himself.

"If you start the chain with just one vampire, you may assume that during the first year . . . one victim dies, making two vampires. If they each make one haul per year, at the end of the tenth year you'll have 1,000 full-fledged vampires. After half a century, everybody would be a vampire!"

I thought you might be interested in Mr. Ley's comments on vampires.

I must close now . . . I'm very thirsty.—*David Paskow, Phila., Pa.*

HAPPY RESULTS

You may be interested in the results of the various letters you print in FATE. In the November, 1960, issue you printed a letter by the writer and his brother Floyd S. Hungerford. We received one letter and this from a cousin living in California who thought we both had been killed in an auto accident. At the same time we wanted to get in touch with someone in California to do a favor for us. So matters came out happily at each end.—*Daniel and Floyd S. Hungerford, Elmira, N. Y.*

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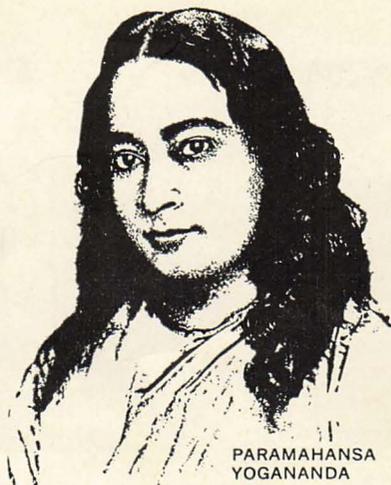
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