

August 1961

40c

**TRUE STORIES OF  
THE STRANGE AND  
THE UNKNOWN**

# FATE

PDC

## MAGAZINE

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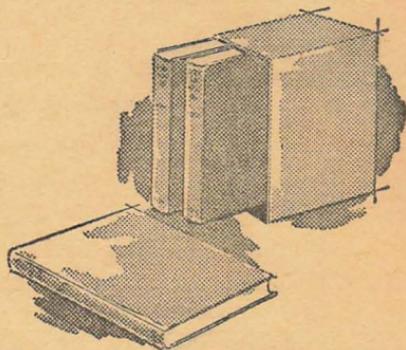
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# FATE

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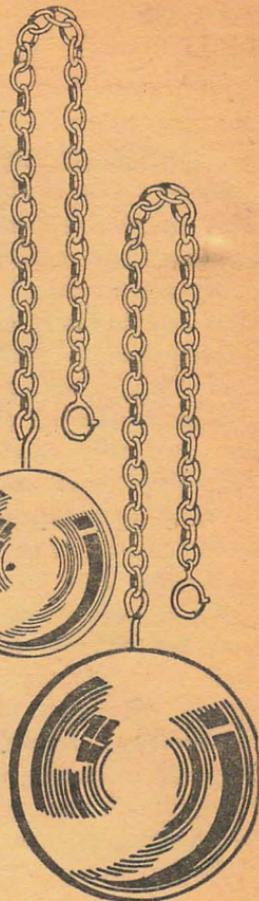
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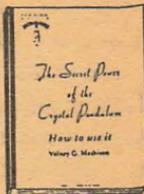
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# I See by the Papers...

## QUOTE OF THE MONTH

*Knowing, (as modern man does), what are the chemical conditions of transcendental experience, the aspiring mystic should turn for technical help to the specialists in pharmacology, in biochemistry, in physiology and neurology . . . in one way or another all our experiences are chemically conditioned . . .”* The great mystics of the past “worked systematically to modify their body chemistry . . . starving themselves into low blood sugar and a vitamin deficiency . . . They sang interminable psalms, thus increasing the amount of carbon dioxide in the lungs and the blood stream, or, if they were Orientals, they did breathing exercises to accomplish the same purpose.”

—Aldous Huxley in “Heaven and Hell”

## THE GATES OF MUSHROOMLAND

**A**RTHUR KOESTLER, the author, disagrees with the above views expressed by Aldous Huxley. In a long discussion in a recent issue of the London (England) *Sunday Telegraph*, Koestler describes two experiences taking drugs derived from mushrooms.

Although the drugs induced ec-

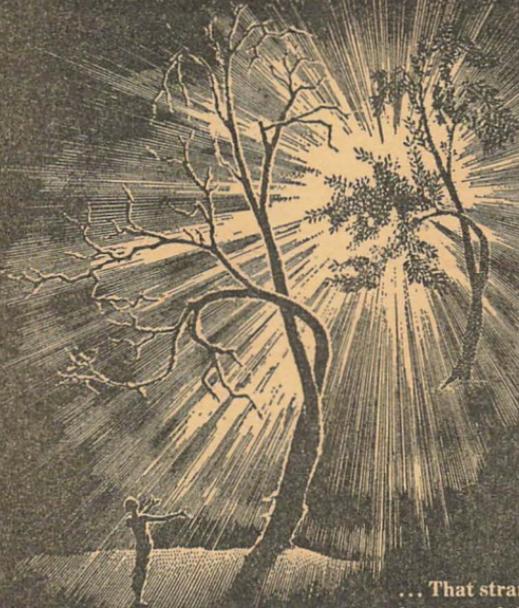


stasies, Koestler sees no merit in the practice and challenges Huxley's defense of drug-induced mystical experiences.

At least three drugs have been used in experiments to induce mystical hallucinations. They are mescaline, which is derived from peyote; lysergic acid; and psilocybin, which is derived from mushrooms.

As a guest at the University of Michigan, Koestler took 18 m/m of psilocybin in a controlled experiment. At first he saw moving patterns of great beauty but these gradually became less enjoyable. He had watched planaria — a kind of flatworm — under the microscope on the previous day and saw them again in his vision. They had the

have you heard it?...



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annoying habit of turning into dragons.

As his trance state deepened, Koestler's hallucinations became more intense and unpleasant. Colors were more luminous and more brilliant—he saw colors he believes to be outside the normal visible spectrum. The room wobbled and undulated.

The friendly doctor who had administered the drug became a horrible creature—an enemy, his face “a smirking, evil phantasm.” There were visual distortions such as one sees in a hall of mirrors at a carnival funny house. One doctor looked like “a Mongol with a broken neck hanging from an invisible gallows.”

Even when Koestler assured himself in his mind that these people were his friends, the visual transformations continued. He had, in fact, become a paranoid and was in a temporary state of chemically-induced insanity.



## SECOND TRY

KOESTLER'S UNNAMED friend at the University of Michigan, identified only as “Dr. P”, was disappointed in his reactions. He was the first subject who had not had positive, euphoric experiences. He had “broken the series” “Dr. P.” ruefully remarked.

The second time Koestler took the mushroom drug he was in a

happier and more relaxed frame of mind and the results were more pleasant. The faces of his friends became beautiful.

“Then came the Moment of Truth: a piece of chamber music played on a tape recorder. I had never heard music played like that before, I suddenly *understood* the very essence of music, the secret of its magic . . . .

“Unfortunately, I was unable to tell the next day whether it had been a quartet or a quintet or a trio, and whether by Mendelssohn or Bach. I may just as well have listened to Liberace. It had nothing to do with genuine appreciation of music; my soul was steeped in cosmic schmalz.”

Here, then, is the essence of Koestler's complaint—that when mystical and transcendental experiences are sought by what he believes to be artificial means, the results are bogus.



## TO SEEK THE TRUE TRUTH

HE ANSWERS Huxley with the following parable:

“In the beloved Austria of my school days, it took us about five to six hours to climb a 7,000-foot peak. Today, many of them can be reached in a few minutes by cable-car or ski-lift, or even by motorcar. Yet you still see thousands of schoolboys, middle-aged

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couples and elderly men puffing and panting up the steep path, groaning under the load of their knapsacks. When they arrive at the alpine refuge near the summit, streaming with sweat, they shout for their traditional reward—a glass of schnapps and a plate of hot-pea soup. And they look at the view—and there is only a man and a mountain and a sky.

“My point is not the virtue of sweat and toil. My point is that, although the view is the same, their vision is different from those who arrive by motorcar.”



### ONE QUESTION

**W**E SYMPATHIZE with Mr. Koestler. We understand what he is saying. But is he wholly right?

The question is important and there is no simple answer. The least that can be said in his behalf is that the hallucinatory drug was not good for *him*.

Certainly others have had ecstatic experiences. And it is not true that these have been completely subjective.

An important part of the problem is whether the drugs may also provide a key to psychic experiences. The experiences of R. Gordon Wasson, for example, would seem to prove that the same drug that opens the gates of Mushroomland to subjective experience also

opens the gates to the objective proof of psychic phenomena.



### INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE

**S**CIENTISTS HAVE discovered that man has a secret weapon. One which has enabled him to survive through millions of years of competition against such aggressive creatures as sabre-toothed tigers.

This secret weapon of ours, leads lions and other animals to attack humans only when wounded, when they have young and feel threatened, or when they are very old and can't hunt other game for food.

This secret weapon has been identified, apparently for the first time, by Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, the famed paleontologist of the Coryndon Memorial Museum of Nairobi, Kenya.

It is simply this: man doesn't represent a very appetizing meal for wild animals. He tastes bad!



### THE GREAT MAMMOTH MYTH

**B**ECAUSE THE still frozen and preserved bodies of mammoths have been found from time to time, usually with green food in their stomachs and in one case, so the story goes, with a poppy in its mouth, it has been theorized that they were frozen by a dramatic and sudden change of climate that swept over the northern regions and caught them unawares.

Dr. William R. Farrand, Columbia University geologist, has made a study of mammoth remains with this idea in mind and he says it just isn't true. The mammoths did not die from a catastrophic cold spell or sudden glaciers sweeping down from the north.

The frozen remains of 39 mammoths have been found so far, says, Dr. Farrand, and compared with the probable total population of more than 50,000, this is about what scientists would expect from accidental burial.

Only four nearly complete remains of frozen mammoths have been discovered despite many scientific expeditions into the northern wastelands. Dr. Farrand says that only the "heavy-footed giants"—the mammoth and the woolly rhinoceros—have been found in a frozen state, indicating a normal and expected circumstance of tundra life.



### THOSE CRAZY HENS

**B**EFORE WE leave the subject of animals for this month we wish to inform you that the crazy, mixed-up chickens on the Lewis Peebles egg ranch at Hinckley, Ohio, completely baffle poultry experts from Ohio State University and the Agriculture Experiment Station in Wooster.

In the past two years some 5,000

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pullets on the farm have gone raving mad. Reporter Ray Redmond, of the Akron *Beacon Journal*, doesn't exactly make clear what happens when a chicken goes wacky but we judge they made some mighty funny noises. More important, they refuse to lay.

The poultry experts still don't know whether there is a strain of madness in the Peebles' chickens' genes or whether there is an unknown cause.



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#### IN YOUR HANDS

**P**ALMISTRY, too, came in for a big lift recently with the discovery that a new palm reading technique discloses information about congenital heart defects.

Doctors Alfred R. Hale, John H. Phillips and George E. Burch, of New Orleans Charity Hospital, examined the palm prints of 287 patients, half of them with heart de-

fects that were congenital and the other half with heart disease acquired later in life.

They discovered that the tiny creases called "axial tri-radial" were nearer the center of the palms twice as often for those with congenital heart defects as with those who developed heart disease later. Apparently the creases in the palm were being affected in the foetal stage by the same unknown mechanisms that caused the heart defects.

The physicians said that the method is still not a diagnostic technique. They warned laymen against trying to tell the difference between "normal" and "abnormal" palm configurations.

Well, this is to be expected.



#### FLICKERING LIGHT

**H**ERE'S STILL another ancient fact that science recently has re-discovered. Since TV became popular, it has been observed that epileptic seizures frequently take place before television screens. Tests have now disclosed that flashing lights, or the flicker from some TV sets at times, brings on epileptic attacks.

Actually, this is not a new discovery. Dr. T. R. VanDellen reports an old medical tale that goes back to Apuleius, an ancient slave dealer. He is reported to have

tested slaves for epilepsy by having them watch a potter's wheel spun before their eyes.

Nobody knows why this brings on seizures.

FOOTNOTE: Ancient Roman doctors used torpedo rays, relatives of the electric eel, to provide shock treatment for headaches and gout. Moslem doctors treated epileptics with these shocks. We do not know the ratio of their success.



NEWSLETTER FROM ASIA

THE ASIAN STUDENT, a publication distributed to Asian stu-

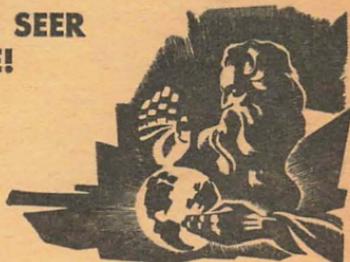
dents in this country, has just carried a dispatch from Ceylon reporting another case of a person who allegedly remembers a previous life.

Gnanatilleka is the 5½-year-old daughter of B. D. B. Appuhamy and Dingiri Amma of a rural village near Kandy. The child was barely able to talk when she began to insist that she had lived a previous life as a boy. A school teacher from Kandy began to study her claims and recorded her conversations as well as the occasion of her meeting the parents of the boy whose reincarnation she claimed to be.

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The little girl said she had been a boy named Turin Gunatilleka, whose parents were G. Padiappuhamy and L. Alice Nona. Turin died November 9, 1954, at the age of 13 and was buried at Talawakelle. Gnanatilleka was born in March, 1956.

The girl recalled the visit of Queen Elizabeth to Ceylon in 1954 and described the school which she said she had attended in her previous life. She told many stories about her life as a boy in the previous birth.

When Turin's parents were brought to her she recognized them, calling them Father and Mother. She also recognized Turin's brothers and sisters and called them by their pet names. Turin's parents confirmed many of the facts, according to the *Asian Student*. The story was broadcast over Radio Ceylon.



#### EICHMANN'S PREDESTINATION?

THE GERMAN language newspaper *Aufbau*, printed in New York, reports an interesting comment on Adolf Eichmann's trial in Israel.

*Aufbau* says that Eichmann is convinced he is facing certain death because while he was still in Argentina, before his kidnapping by Israeli secret agents, he visited a fortune teller.

"She told him that within a year

he would face a trial and he would not live beyond his 56th year of age (which he began last March). Eichmann accepted her prediction as an unpreventable fact which in part explains why he immediately agreed to go to Israel when he was captured in Buenos Aires."



#### FOREWARNED?

AT 5:15 A.M. ON the morning of April 6, David Bushman woke in his Brooklyn home. He was a production executive of the Yearite Sportswear Company of Patchogue.

He dressed, then woke his wife and said: "Esther, please get up. Have breakfast with me."

His wife rose, cooked breakfast, and Bushman left the house, remarking, "It was delicious." A few hours later he was dead in a plane crash near Upper Greenwood Lake, N. J.

Did David Bushman have a presentiment of what was to happen? "Was it something in his own heart that even he didn't understand?" asks his wife.

He had never waked her for breakfast before.



#### FALSE PREMONITION?

ON THE Puritanical island of Lewis, Scotland, one day late in March, the only movie theater planned to show the film epic *The Ten Commandments* in the Island's

**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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## ORIENTAL MAGIC



The secret libraries of the East have been ransacked for the information published here for the first time. The author, Saved 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.

The classical rituals of the magic arts go all the way back to ancient Babylon. Here are some of the things you will find in this amazing study:

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capital of Stornaway.

Word flew around the island that there would be trouble. One after another, and then in twos and threes, Stornaway citizens came up to the movie theater and asked the manager if special fire precautions were to be taken on Saturday night.

When the showing came the usually packed house was half empty. The audience was fidgety. Twenty minutes short of the end the spectacular scene in which flames hold back the Israelites was shown. Suddenly the island sky lighted up with flares. Those near the doors saw the flares and cried out. The 500 spectators surged toward the exits. The manager ran onto the stage shouting that it was only rockets calling out the lifeboats.

This didn't stop the panic and the manager ordered the film stopped and the house lights turned on. Everyone raced outside and found that the flares were indeed only lifeboat rockets.

What they had been expecting, apparently, was doomsday. Somehow word had got out in Stornaway that God had sent a warning through a vision.

But the dour Scot ministers had the last word. In a voice like the expected doomsday itself, the Rev. Kenneth MacRae of the Free Church said: "The sooner cinemas are closed, the better it will be for the country."

## AUTHENTIC MIRACLES

M<sup>RS.</sup> VERONICA Frigo Zovi is a housewife of West Allis, Wis., who is intimately concerned in the canonization of an authentic saint.

Mrs. Zovi gave birth to one of her six children in 1952 in Italy. She became ill and mineral salts were prescribed.

One of her children gave her oxalic acid by mistake. Near death she was rushed to the hospital where doctors said there was no hope for her recovery. But Dorothean nuns at the hospital placed a relic of Sister Bertilla Boscardin, a nurse in World War I, in her hands and urged Mrs. Zovi's family to pray. They did pray and three days

later Mrs. Zovi walked out of the hospital.

As we write this in the month of May, Mrs. Zovi has been recipient of another "miracle." An unidentified Milwaukee resident paid her fare to Rome to attend the canonization ceremonies for Sister Bertilla. Canonization is the final step to sainthood, and Sister Bertilla has been sainted because of two miracles. One of them involves Mrs. Zovi.



## ON FATHER'S EAR

M<sup>ISS</sup> GABRIELLA Haleakala I is a beautiful young Hawaiian girl whose 35-24-35 measurements

*Tiffany Thayer of the Fortean Society*

said: "Twice As Good As Ouija!"

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Col. A. E. Powell, FATE Magazine book reviewer, terms THOUGHT DIAL, "a landmark in psychic research."

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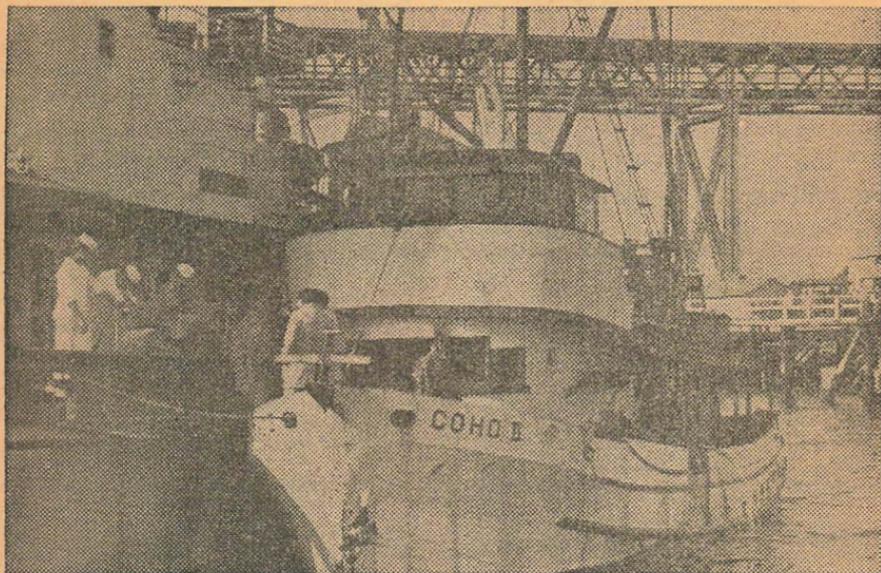
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Brought into San Francisco Bay by Coast Guard after being found deserted, Coho II is one of two fishing vessels involved in sea mystery which never may be explained.

help explain why she was chosen Miss Hawaii of 1960.

When she visited San Francisco this past Spring, however, Miss I was more interested in discussing kahunas than her external specifications. Kahunas, in case you didn't know, are Hawaiian witch doctors.

Miss I told this story to a San Francisco *Examiner* reporter:

"My father was born with both ears closed. So his family went to the kahuna and the kahuna said that if we dropped everything but the first letter I from our family name of Imakalini my father would hear . . . . And so we did it and

my father's ears were opened."

And that explains why Miss I's name is Miss I and why her father can hear.



#### ANOTHER UNSOLVED SEA MYSTERY

**L**AST SEPTEMBER 28, fishing vessels and shore stations along the Central California Coast picked up a radio message that never has been solved. It said:

*"This is Dave on the Steelhead. Coho II just shot me. This has been a good life. Goodbye boys."* The message was given twice.

The *Steelhead* was skippered by

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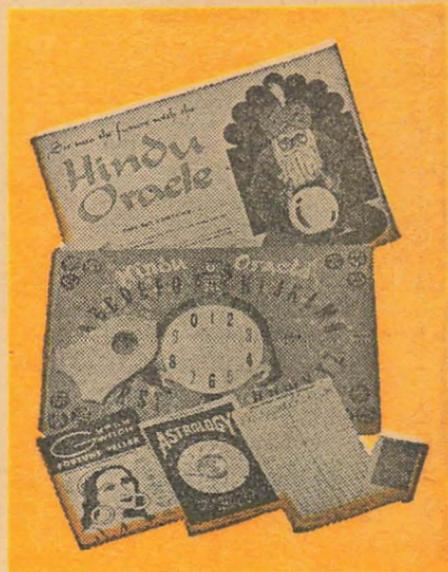
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E. A. Davisson, 53, of Oakland, Calif. He had left San Francisco Bay September 6 to fish for albacore tuna and was heading home with a full load. His boat was a 38-foot wooden-hulled Diesel-powered craft.

Coho II was a steel 56-foot Diesel-powered boat owned and operated by Ted Bean, 42, of Bakersfield, Calif. He left San Pedro alone on September 23 to fish for albacore.

Bean was located at sea on September 29. He told Coast Guardsmen he met the *Steelhead* between 10 A.M. and 11 A.M. the morning of the 28th some 125 miles southwest of San Francisco and by using a bottle with a line and stick attached had passed a letter to the *Steelhead* for delivery ashore. He said there was no actual contact between the two vessels. Coast Guardsmen confiscated a shotgun, 30-caliber rifle and a .22-caliber rifle aboard his boat. The same day, two other fishing vessels picked up debris and an eight-foot skiff that had come from Davisson's *Steelhead*. No other clue to the vessel's fate ever was discovered.

On September 30, Bean asked permission to return to Oakland to clear his name. The Coast Guard Cutter *Active* was detailed to escort him in. Just outside the Golden Gate, *Coho II* failed to make the turn into the main ship channel.

The *Active* went alongside and Coast Guardsmen boarded the vessel. They found two engines at full throttle, on automatic pilot and no one aboard. Bean never was seen again.

FBI and Coast Guard investigators have turned up no new clues after eight months of search. They found no evidence of animosity between Davisson and Bean. It never has been proved that Davisson made the original broadcast. There was evidence of impact against the *Steelhead's* hull but paint samples from the *Coho's* bow ruled out any involvement. There was no suicide note by anyone.



#### BEWARE, WITCHES AT WORK

**A**FTER A YEAR of research, Father Joseph Christie, S.J., a Roman Catholic priest of London, reports he is convinced there are practicing witches in Britain. "People who think the cult of witchcraft died here centuries ago are quite wrong," says Father Christie.

Father Christie needn't have looked so long. There are a good many Englishmen who affirm they belong to practicing witch covens. One of these is Dr. Gerald Gardner, an anthropologist and authority on witchcraft.

Dr. Gardner recently publicly announced that the world situation is so precarious the witches of Britain

---

## DOOMED BY YOUR MEMORY?

**A** NOTED publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique for acquiring a powerful memory which can pay you real dividends in both business and social advancement and works like magic to give you added poise, necessary self-confidence and greater popularity.

According to this publisher, many people do not realize how much they could influence others simply by remembering accurately everything they see, hear, or read. Whether in business, at social functions or even in casual conversations with new acquaintances, there are ways in which you can dominate each situation by your ability to remember.

To acquaint the readers of *FATE Magazine* with the easy-to-follow rules for developing skill in remembering names, places, figures, dates, business transactions, or even passages of literary content, the publishers have printed full details of their interesting self-training method in a new book, "Adventures in Memory," which will be mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Simply send your request to: Memory Studies, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 318 C, Chicago 14, Ill. A postcard will do. Advertisement

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may have to "raise a cone of power" against a nuclear war. They have done this at least three times before in history, he says.

"The first time we know of was in 1588, when witches 'willed' the failure of the Spanish Armada," he declares. "The witches also worked against Napoleon when he was assembling invasion barges on the French coast.

"And word went out again during the last war to concentrate on the mind of Adolph Hitler and keep him from going through with his plan to invade England."

\* \* \*

POSTSCRIPT: They say in England that a famous witch of 350 years ago was Mother Shipton, who did her prophesying from a cave in Yorkshire. She predicted radio, railroads, submarines, steel ships and airplanes. She also forecast the end of the world in this verse:

*"The world then to an end  
shall come*

*In Nineteen Hundred and  
Ninety-One."*



THE WHINING HOUSE REVISITED

LAST MONTH we reported the strange case of the Binkowski house of Rotterdam, N.Y., where Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Binkowski and their sons Robert 15 and Terence 6 had been bothered for weeks by a sound "so heavy and oppres-

sive that the entire family must get up in the night and leave to get relief."

Mrs. Binkowski declared that only a few persons could hear the sound but that "it penetrates your ear and puts a sort of pressure on your ears."

Rotterdam radio technicians and experts from the General Electric Engineering laboratories investigated with sensitive electronic equipment. They checked the house inside and out, from top to bottom and found nothing.

Nevertheless, the Binkowskis moved out of their brick home and went to live with Mrs. Binkowski's mother, Mrs. Richard Koza, also of Rotterdam. They return only to check the premises and feed their cat which likes the place and insists on remaining there.

They say that plants wilt in the house despite continued care. Mrs. Binkowski's hand became red and swollen for no apparent reason. The house was uncomfortably warm and dry—though fuel bills were cut in half.

Now the cellar floor has started to bow in the center. Several cracks have appeared in the cellar wall. A concrete porch and garage apron both have inched away from the house.

The whole place, says Mrs. Binkowski, is cracking up.

—Curtis Fuller

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A tasteless chemical, said to be capable of enslaving minds, could be put into the water you drink!

*By John C. Ross*

**I**T COULD HAPPEN SO easily—so unobtrusively that not even the armed forces would know they were under attack.

A barrel of a strange, tasteless chemical dumped into this reservoir . . . a pailful into that; a secret drip-drip-dripping into a tapped city water main—into 100 or 1000 such water mains; and then America, or any country apparently, could be easily conquered and enslaved. Not an atom bomb need be dropped; hardly a shot need be fired. Instead, 100 million minds unknowingly are molded to submit to the conqueror . . .

Is this fantasy? No.

Is it possible? Yes.

Such a mind-twisting nightmare might be the pattern of the next war according to a Swedish scien-

tist who recently visited this country.

He is Dr. Holger Hyden, considered the world's foremost authority in the field of brain cell structure, and professor of histology at the University of Goteborg in Sweden. Dr. Hyden is the discoverer of this mysterious drug that could be used to mold the minds of a nation's entire population.

Dr. Hyden recently described the action of his drug before an audience of 2,000 persons attending a symposium at the University of California Medical Center.

The title of the symposium itself was enough to frighten any person who imagines the world is the same safe old place it used to be. It was called:

*"Man and Civilization—Control of the Mind."*

And it was attended by philosophers, historians, chemists, and physicians from all over the world.

DR. HYDEN'S drug is called tricyano-amino-propene (TAP) and it works on the brain cells by vastly increasing the suggestibility of human minds—the ease by which they can be controlled by propaganda.

Dr. Hyden came upon the idea for TAP nearly 20 years ago when he stumbled upon a forgotten report written more than 40 years before. That old report suggested a way to change the physiology of the brain by chemical means.

Dr. Hyden and his colleagues in Sweden and at Johns Hopkins University developed a number of experimental drugs, including the soluble white powder tricyano-amino-propene. They understand what the drug does to the physical structure of the brain. But how that physical change also affects the mind, no one yet understands.

A number of "psychic drugs" have been developed in recent years, but TAP is quite different from the others in its effects and in its method of acting on brain cells.

Drugs like the tranquilizers and so-called "psychic energizers" have worked by speeding or slowing the

metabolism in the brain cells.

The new TAP, on the other hand, works directly on the ribonucleic acid (called "RNA") of the brain cells.

Ribonucleic acid or RNA is a major key to all growth. It is composed of the nucleic acids which are the building blocks of all living matter.

Physically, explains Dr. Hyden, TAP increases the quantity of ribonucleic molecules inside the nerve cells of the brain but decreases the quantity outside in the membranes that sheathe those brain cells. The structure of the brain itself is markedly changed.

Minute quantities of TAP cause these changes to take place within an hour. Eventually they seem to wear off but no one is sure how long the effect lasts.

THE SWEDISH doctor hesitates to state absolutely that his drug can be used to conquer or to subjugate whole populations—yet he seems to have contradictory attitudes toward this frightening prospect.

Asked directly, he declines to say that TAP could be used to make robots of an entire nation. On the other hand, he admits that the changes brought about by his drug increase "suggestibility".

When he warms to his subject he declares:

"A defined change of functionally important substances in the brain could be used for conditioning a whole population or a group.

"You might imagine a government in a police-controlled state which for a time subjected the population to hard conditions. Suddenly the hardship is removed—and at the same time the substance is added to the tap water and the mass communication means turned on."

The people who drink the drugged water then could be easily persuaded to think as their conquerors desire them to think. They could easily be made to believe, as did the people in George Orwell's novel "1984", that war is peace and evil is good.

Another and easier method by which populations could be controlled through use of TAP would be in such police states as Russia, where a small ruling class could maintain itself in control indefinitely by using TAP. If opposition developed—either generally or in specific localities—a little harmless powder dissolved inconspicuously in the drinking water, followed by a few propaganda bar-

rages, would realign the populace almost unanimously behind the government in a short while.

Soldiers could be easily propagandized to go to war, to die in battle, or to commit all manner of atrocities which in their previous mental states they never would have done. They could be conditioned to endure hardships that previously would have caused revolts or mutinies.

The possibilities for the use of TAP seem endless and most of them seem inhuman.

Animal and human experiments with TAP and similar drugs still are going on. Much already is known. More needs to be known.

But this much is clear. TAP is easy to produce in large quantities and it is cheap.

It is also clear that no one, not even Dr. Hyden, knows what its potentials are, exactly how it works, or how long its effect lasts.

There is only one constructive potential in TAP, apparently and that is the possibility that it may open up new paths for the study of mental illness.

Other than that it seems as horrifying as the atom bomb.



# CLARK GABLE'S MYSTIC JOURNEY

By Dana Howard

Clark Gable, late "king" of the Hollywood movie industry, personally told the author of the remarkable experience related here for the first time.



CLARK GABLE'S sudden death has revived in my memory the days when his name first began to appear in the theaters of the world. An article of mine, titled *Substitute Fatherhood* had just been published in *Psychology Magazine* when I first met Mr. Gable.

I had covered the court trial where Mr. Gable was accused of fathering an illegitimate child; the accuser was a love-crazed English woman suffering from a paranoid quirk. Gable's good sportsmanship ruled his actions then just as it continued to rule through the ensuing years. And, although this

poor woman was dragging his name through the mire, he took it with good grace and warm tolerance. When the verdict against her claim was reached Gable quietly paid her expenses back to England. I do not know whether this is generally known, but it was after the publication of my magazine article that Mr. Gable sent for Art Solomon, my editor, and I went along to talk about the problem.

At that time I was on the staff of the Ullman Publications, in their Hollywood office, and had come to New York to cover the trial. As he sat in his dressing room at

Here is the famed star's strange story of a voyage of discovery on which he found himself — but lost three days from his life.

MGM studio Mr. Gable unfolded the story that has remained etched in my consciousness, although nearly 30 years have passed since then. He called it "three-day amnesia". However, considered in the light of occult knowledge, I believe it was an experience in the supernormal. At any rate, it laid the cornerstone for his career as an all-time great in motion picture history.

As a review of his life will reveal, Clark Gable was not born to riches and greatness. In his youth he worked very hard for everything he obtained from life. He was a roustabout in the oil fields. He chivied logs in the great northwest. Anything and everything that paid a living wage, he pursued. Meanwhile, he yearned to become an actor.

His first real opportunity in the

theatre was the leading role in an intense drama called *Blind Windows*. This was around 1932 in New York. For weeks he had put every ounce of his emotional intensity into rehearsals. His body was weary with fatigue. His mind was filled with fog-banked hopes. Then one Friday night, tired and spent, he started a long walk.

"It seemed to me I was walking out on the pier," he told us. "I hadn't gone far when I came face to face with a dirty, ragged, disheveled tramp. 'Where yo' goin' bo?'" he asked. I replied, 'I'm going for a swim.'

Gable stated the tramp looked him over before answering. Then with a smirk on his face he said: "But you ain't goin' to be needin' them duds where you're goin'. Git 'em off." Gable said he didn't attempt to argue. It was apparent the man needed a new suit of clothes, so the exchange of raiment was made. Then, as an afterthought the tramp asked for his money. Without a moment's hesitancy he told him that every dime he had in the world was in the pocket of his pants—\$30 in all. He bid the tramp good-bye and moved on down the pier.

A little farther along he met another man—a kindly, elderly gentleman. His clothes had seen better days, but they were of fine material, and spotlessly clean.

"His was the kindest, most beautiful male face I had even seen," Gable said. "He was like someone from another world."

"Where are you going, young man?" he asked in a clear resonant voice. "I'm going for a swim," Gable replied.

They chatted for a few moments then the older man asked, "Why not come home with me?" Somehow it seemed like a good suggestion, and there was something about the man Gable couldn't resist. He went along home with him.

"To this day I do not know where that home was," he told me. "But it was the cleanest, homiest place I had ever seen. It was simply furnished but there was a restfulness and a sense of security there."

The man had a daughter and, as Clark Gable described her, she was beautiful beyond words, with beauty of soul and beauty of body. She was affectionate in her greeting and was soon preparing coffee and sandwiches for him. She was like a lithe angel moving about the apartment. She held him in spellbound fascination, he said.

"I had met plenty of feminine pulchritude," he said. "But no woman affected me as she did. There was nothing sensual about it. I felt I was in the presence of an angel. Then before retiring she kissed me goodnight. It was not a

kiss of the flesh. It was a kiss of the spirit."

Then the old man sat him down at a table and looking him straight in the eye he began to draw him a word picture of the years to come. He told Clark Gable of his own life. "I was once very famous," he said. "I was very wealthy. I was married to a woman I loved very dearly." And he also told him that possessions are only loaned to one for the duration; they must eventually be surrendered, he said.

"And so I gave fame away," the old man said. "And then I gave wealth away. Finally, I gave personalized love away." He spoke of humility and sacrifice. Of the fickle public that one day cheers, the next day sneers. He told of the pitfalls of too much money. He warned against the seductiveness of women. He instructed him in the higher values of life. In short he gave him the do's and the don'ts for the pattern of his coming success. There in that room which Mr. Gable could not identify, his future was mapped out.

Monday morning came and Mr. Gable returned to normal consciousness. But there now were three days missing from his life. He went to rehearsal. Lunch time came. He started his walk down Broadway to his usual eating place. Suddenly, about 50 yards ahead of him he saw *her*—the old man's daughter.

He started toward her, jostling the crowd. He tried to call to her but in his breathless hurry the words did not carry. Finally he caught up with her. But she paid no attention to him. He reached out to touch her shoulder and his hand went through thin air. *The girl was not there!*

The most outstanding quotation I remember from what Clark Gable said is: "There in that place where there was neither money nor the things we strive for, I felt a sense of peace and happiness approaching the supernatural. That strange interlude influenced me beyond anything I have ever experienced. *In that three days I lost out of my life I found myself.*"

\* \* \*

**F**OLLOWING this transdimensional experience Clark Gable enjoyed more than 30 years of epoch-making success.

There are many occult factors involved. First came the intensity of his zeal; this role in *Blind Windows* was the great part he had hoped for. He turned on his personal dynamo full speed. Suddenly something exploded. The breakthrough came and suddenly his consciousness was released into the

Great Unknown. It reached another dimension. Without losing his own identity, in that moment, Clark Gable became a universal citizen.

Let's examine the symbolism of the dream. Clark Gable went out on the pier: he was experiencing an extension of consciousness. He was going for a swim: a form of ablution, a preparation for a new life. He exchanged his one good suit of clothes for the tramp's rags: a lesson in humility and sacrifice. Thus he earned the privilege of penetrating the next dimension where he met a soul who drafted the years ahead and, at the same time, made him know that fame is transient; that money, too, is on loan from the Universal Bank. He told him also that personal love is the essence of God's love; that one day one would surpland the other. All of this comprises a perspective which few of us attain, but one which Clark Gable never lost.

I like to think that this grand old man who Clark Gable first met *out there* on the pier, together with his beautiful daughter, were there to meet him on November 16, 1960, when he left this world for the next.



An Eagle River, Wis., man offers a choice tidbit for UFO gourmets — fried cakes he claims were served to him by "saucer-nauts."



Joe Simonton displays "pancake" which he says was given to him by crewmen of a flying saucer which landed in his backyard at Eagle River, Wis., on April 18. According to Simonton's story, the "saucer-nauts" landed to take on water. Seeing one of them cooking food on a grill inside the machine, Simonton asked for and was given three fried cakes. (Associated Press Photo)

"THE HATCH opened underneath and a man in a black suit got out. He had this water jug and he gestured to me to give him some water, so I did."

That's how Joe Simonton describes his now-famous contact with the flying saucer he says landed in his backyard at Eagle River, Wis., on April 18.

If this saucer was the same vehicle that was subsequently reported four additional times in

Joe's neighborhood, from April 18 to 27, it is no wonder that the crew needed a drink. They were a pretty busy crowd.

Each of these Wisconsin saucer stories involves witnesses of apparently unimpeachable character and integrity. The report of Joe Simonton's status in his community, and his detailed and voluntary reports to three separate legal authorities in his community, were strong factors in influencing the

## INSIDE THE FLYING SAUCERS . . .

By Paul Focht

# Pancakes

Air Force to order complete and immediate investigation of his claims.

Joe Simonton, the plumber-farmer-auctioneer from Eagle River, now has had his history, habits and complexes probed and sifted by Air Force investigators, newspaper men, and television commentators. Out of all this come these conclusions:

For the Air Force, Dr. J. A. Hyneck, consultant, Aerospace Technical Intelligence Center, reports that Joe Simonton has "all his marbles" and is telling a straight-forward story. Dr. Hyneck believes that there is "no question that Mr. Simonton felt that his contact had been a real experience." The Air Force is now conducting a chemical study of a cake given Joe by the saucer crew.

From the National Investigations Committee for Aerial Phenomena, Richard Hall, reports the committee is "highly skeptical" of Joe's story. The committee *might* analyze one of Joe's cakes which was sent to it by an Eagle River judge, and will *probably* conduct a "routine investigation."

Joe Simonton reports in person,

"I don't care what anybody else believes. I just know what I saw. If it happened again, I don't think I'd tell anybody about it."

The fact is Joe almost did keep his story a secret at the very beginning. He says that the saucer landed at 11 A.M. Tuesday, April 18, but Joe apparently first revealed his story two days later to Vilas County Judge Frank Carter, who has been long interested in flying saucer reports. Joe then made further reports to District Attorney Calvin Burton and to Sheriff John Schroeder. Here is his story as he told it:

"Before I saw it, I heard this terrible swirling noise above my house. At first I thought the whole house was going to blow away.

"Then I walked over to the window and saw this saucer come straight down, vertically. I run out real quick then.

"Then the hatch opened underneath and a man in a black suit, nearly five feet tall, got out. I never saw anything like it.

"He had this water jug and he gestured to me to give him some

water, so I did. When I went over I got a look inside and saw the other men. They didn't say anything to me, but I pointed to the pancakes by the instrument panel and they gave me a few.

"Then the first man got inside and the saucer took off again at a 45-degree angle, with such a whoosh that nearby pine trees were bowed over."

Joe Simonton described the saucer as a gleaming silver, brighter-than-chrome machine that appeared to hover over the ground instead of landing. He estimated that it was about 12 feet from top to bottom and about 30 feet in diameter. He recalls that he noted exhaust pipes six or seven inches in diameter along the edge of the saucer.

The interior of the ship was black, almost the color of wrought iron, Simonton said. From the interior of the craft came a slow, whining sound like the hum of a generator. The hatch through which he peered into the ship was about five feet off the ground. When the craft lifted off, Simonton said the large hatch snapped shut and was machined so smoothly he could scarcely detect where the hatch was after it closed.

When the ship took off it went up slowly to a height of about 15 feet. But then, Simonton reported, "in two seconds it was so far away I couldn't see it." The ship moved

off in a southerly direction as it left, he said.

Simonton saw three men in the machine, all dressed in black two-piece suits. He judged that they were about five feet tall and weighed about 125 pounds. He said they were smooth-shaven and resembled men of Latin descent.

None of the "saucernauts" in the ship spoke with Simonton, but they did give him a souvenir which is the only physical evidence of their contact with Joe.

Joe collected his souvenirs when he noticed that "one of the men in the ship was frying food on a flameless grill of some sort." He motioned to indicate an interest in their food, and one of the men, also dressed in black but with a narrow red trim along the trousers, handed him three small cakes.

A portion of one of these cakes was given to the Air Force investigating team and is now being analyzed by their chemists. An entire cake was sent to the National Investigations Committee for Aerial Phenomena, but that group's arrangements for an analysis broke down and the cake is now reported growing a luxuriant mold in a Washington, D.C., refrigerator.

These cakes are the only evidence of the "saucernauts" visit with Joe Simonton. After Joe reported the visit to his local sheriff, two deputies were sent to the scene to

search for physical evidence, but they found nothing out of place in the farmyard.

There is no radar evidence of the flight and no photos of the ship. Air Force Investigator Dr. Hyneck, who is also chairman of the astronomy department at Northwestern University, reported that the space vehicle was not detected by the Air Force radar center at Truax Field, Madison, Wis. Of course, Air Force radar couldn't find the hijacked Portuguese cruise ship, the 20,000 ton *Santa Maria*, either.

Dr. Hyneck was disappointed that Mr. Simonton was not able to take a photo of his visitors and their ship. In addition, Dr. Hyneck reports that in his 12 years of investigating UFO's and flying saucer contacts for the Air Force he never has located a photo which could be identified beyond any doubt as a flying machine or mass of unknown origin.

The Air Force feels that Joe Simonton's Eagle River visitors present a good example of a saucer contact case, and consequently a complete investigation was begun even though the Air Force normally does not conduct extensive inquiries of reported sightings or contacts where only one witness is involved. Joe Simonton's story was investigated by Dr. Hyneck and Major Robert Friend, both repre-

senting the Aerospace Technical Intelligence Center, and by an officer from the K. I. Sawyer A.F.B., Gwinn, Mich.

Among the circumstances that indicated the advisability of a complete investigation of Mr. Simonton's story were reports from the scene that Joe is a sober and sensible person.

Joe has lived in the Eagle River community for 30 years, serves as the Chamber of Commerce's Santa Claus each Christmas, and enjoys an excellent reputation with local authorities. Sheriff John Schroeder reported that, "Joe really believes everything he says, and he isn't a drinking man. He talks sensibly."

County Judge Frank Carter says he is convinced Simonton actually saw the "saucernauts" because he is unable to think of any way in which Simonton could profit if the story were a hoax.

The judge's part in the Eagle River case has attracted some attention because he also is known as an entertainer, serving at church and club functions as a magician, ventriloquist and hypnotist. However, investigation has not established any unusual connection between the saucer-fan judge and Joe Simonton.

The Air Force investigators have indicated that they realize Mr. Simonton will be subjected to ridicule from some sources for his story,

but the Air Force hopes that qualified and competent witnesses will not be discouraged from making reports of saucer sightings. The clearing house for such information is the Aerospace Technical Intelligence Center, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio.

Joe Simonton's story of his contact with the saucer immediately produced four other reports of sightings in the Eagle River area. Savino Borgo, an Eagle River insurance agent, said he had seen a saucer while driving on Wisconsin Highway 70 about a mile from Simonton's home at about the same time Simonton said the saucer landed in his yard.

Two other men, Gibb Sanborn, manager of the Wisconsin State Employment Service office at Eagle River, and Jack Long, a Boulder Junction, Wis., merchant, said they also had sighted saucers recently.

A report which has interested the Air Force investigators came in on April 27 from Rhinelander, Wis., about 20 miles from Eagle River. Air Force interest was apparently triggered by the report of five witnesses to this sighting.

At 6:45 P.M. on April 27 Brent Lorbetski, 20, and Tim Hunt, 17, were in an automobile near the Lorbetski home in Sugar Camp Township near the city of Rhinelander.

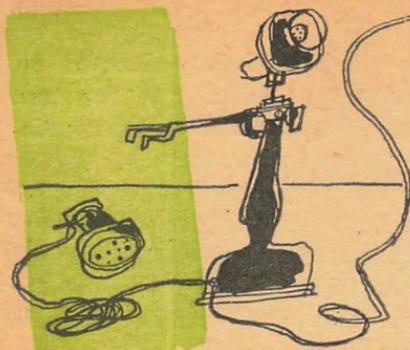
The young men spotted a high

flying, silver colored circular object. The object was passing overhead at considerable altitude and at high speed, but was making no noise.

The youths called to the other members of Lorbetski's family who came outside in time to see the object. The family then reported the sighting to the Oneida County Sheriff's office. Brent Lorbetski's father, who was not home at the time of the sighting, is chairman of the town of Sugar Camp. Inquiries to local authorities indicate that all the witnesses have excellent reputations for reliability and veracity.

FATE's inquiry into the Rhinelander sighting has revealed that some sceptics in Rhinelander feel that the local sighting was authentic but that the sightings in nearby Eagle River probably have something to do with stimulating the tourist trade.

Until the Air Force completes and announces the results of its chemical analysis of the "saucer-naut" cake given to them by Mr. Simonton this latest series of sightings will have added nothing concrete to the body of information on flying saucers. Unless, however, it is this observation: if a flying saucer lands in your town that's reality; if you hear one has appeared in a neighboring town, that's a hoax.



## a message for Guthrie McClintic

Famed Broadway producer earned over two million dollars  
by following the "advice" of a living room table!

From SPOOKS DE LUXE, by Danton Walker, copyright 1956 by Danton Walker, published by Franklin Watts, Inc.

By Danton Walker

THEATRICAL PEOPLE would seem to be particularly susceptible to "hauntings" possibly because they themselves exist in a world peopled by imaginary beings. Among the great people of the theater of recent memory who were fascinated by the psychic or supernatural, the names of David Belasco, Charles Frohman, William Gillette and Tyrone Power (father of the late film star) come readily to mind.

There was a ghost, or at least a type of visitation, that brought glad tidings, and one close to our time. This was the long-time "familiar" of Guthrie McClintic, to whom he admittedly owes most of his success, but more particularly the success, financial and other-

wise, of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*.

I dug the story out of McClintic while interviewing him in connection with the World War II tour of *The Barretts* which scored an unexpected success with our troops overseas. I asked him if he considered the play his greatest theatrical hit.

"Not only my greatest theatrical hit, but one of the greatest hits in theatrical history," he answered. "It ran for more than a year at the Empire Theatre and after that we took it on a 17,000-mile tour of the country. There have been two successful rivals on Broadway and since its first presentation the play has grossed more than two million dollars. During the war, we played

it for six months overseas for GI audiences in Italy, France and Holland. The tour was scheduled for eight weeks but it stretched out to six months 'by popular demand.'

"The most unusual thing about *The Barretts*, however," McClintic went on, "is how close it came to never being produced at all." Then, cogitating a moment, as if questioning himself on the wisdom of confiding such an odd story to a newspaper columnist, McClintic added: "It was an anonymous telephone call from a lady—I presume you might call her a fortune-teller—that turned the trick."

"Tell me more," I urged.

"When the play first came into our hands, it had already been turned down by no fewer than 28 producers on Broadway, though we didn't know this at the time. Gilbert Miller, who had Kit—meaning my wife, Katharine Cornell—under contract then, didn't like the play and said so, emphatically. So, after much discussion, they came to a parting of the ways. Kit then bought the play for me to produce, though not as a vehicle for herself. It was I who persuaded her that she should play Elizabeth Barrett. I had conceived the idea that it would be an effective novelty for Kit to launch it under her own producing banner with herself as star—'Katharine Cornell presents Miss Cornell in *The Barretts*

of *Wimpole Street*, directed by Guthrie McClintic.' The idea took with all of us and we enthusiastically started rehearsals.

"The play seemed jinxed from the start. After a week of rehearsals, Kit reverted to her original notion that the role was not for her. This was unusual because when Miss Cornell makes up her mind about anything she seldom changes it.

"About this time I came down with flu and was out about nine days. Kit carried on with the rehearsals in my absence, but when I recovered I found she was still unconvinced. If she declined to play the role, my idea of her becoming an actress-manager would be discarded and the whole scheme would fall through. And I also felt that if Kit didn't play the leading role, *The Barretts* would be a flop. I found myself also beginning to lose faith in the play.

"Things were looking pretty dark and I was on the verge of giving up the whole project when the matter was climaxed by a telephone call. We were still in conference when the phone rang.

"Stanley Gilkey, then my secretary, answered it and came back into the room to say that 'a friend' wished to speak to me on important business. I lost my temper, told Gilkey that I was in no mood to talk to idiots who announced

themselves as 'a friend.' Then, suddenly, acting on a hunch, I changed my mind and took the call.

"'McClintic speaking,' I said into the receiver. Then, with no preamble of identification, a woman's voice answered.

"'Nothing to worry about,' the anonymous voice said over the phone. 'You are about to have your greatest success to date,' and before I had a chance to reply the party hung up."

I laughed, a little incredulously.

"And you went ahead and produced *The Barretts* on the strength of that?" I asked.

McClintic's face broke into a smile.

"Well, it *does* take a bit of explaining," he said, rather apologetically. "But, you see, I had good reason to listen to anonymous tips from mysterious sources. It was on a similar tip—and incidentally from the same party—that I attained my first success in the theater. In fact, I might say, my *entire* success in the theater dates from such a tip."

"Then you knew the source of the anonymous telephone call?"

"Yes," McClintic answered slowly, "but it's quite a long story . . ."

And here it is, in Guthrie McClintic's own words:

**I**T WAS AROUND 1909, I think, that I was first bitten by the

theatrical bug. I was living with my parents in Seattle, where I was born. About the only theatrical fare we had was dished up by some obscure stock companies and an occasional visiting troupe from Broadway. When I say 'obscure,' I am not disparaging them. Some of the best actors in our theater were groomed in just such companies. One we had in Seattle was operated by a man named Taylor, whose leading lady was his young and very pretty wife, Laurette Taylor.

"But to get on with the story.

"My first theater job was with the Bowman Repertory Company, in which I impersonated a cornet player in a stage band that didn't play a note. When the troupe moved to another town, I went along, and got as far as Walla Walla when I was yanked home by an irate father. Neither of my parents cared for the theater, but my father was just about as Victorian in his prejudices as was Edward Moulton-Barrett.

"By this time, my mind was made up and he knew it. So, rather than see his young hopeful grow up into a third-rate ham, he decided to make the best of it and see that I got what, to his mind, was a proper start. So he staked me to a trip to New York and a course at the Academy of Dramatic Art, where I was to remain long enough

either to make a success or get it out of my system.

"My cash allowance in New York was just about enough, as Alexander Woollcott once put it, to keep body and soul apart. But I located a furnished room up around Morningside Heights at a price I could afford—\$3.50 per week. My landlady was a woman from Texas, a Mrs. Heinsohn—truly a Southern gentlewoman she was—who had two small sons and an old maid relative, "Cousin Lulu," living with her and was eking out a meager income by renting out a couple of rooms in her flat.

"I finished my course at the Academy and then began that long, lean apprenticeship that most actors have to go through as part of their preparation for the most fascinating but unpredictable profession on earth.

"Every day I made the rounds of the casting offices, always getting the same answer—'No!' Sometimes the agents, or their front-office girls, didn't even bother to speak, just shook their heads when they saw me come in.

"In the entire year after I left the Academy, I had worked exactly five weeks and one day, in a couple of out-of-town productions, and things were getting pretty desperate financially. There had been an occasional handout from home, but by this time I would have

rather starved than call on my father for aid and give him the satisfaction of saying 'I told you so.'

"One day I was sitting on a bench in Bryant Park, feeling particularly low, when a boy I had known at the Academy greeted me and enthusiastically, and a little patronizingly, informed me that he had just been signed by the great producer, Winthrop Ames, for a role in *Prunella*. He then inquired, actor-fashion, about my own activities. I replied, actor-fashion, that I was mulling over a couple of offers. (I don't know what it is, but out-of-work actors always pretend they are considering *two* offers simultaneously, never just one.) Anyway, when he departed, practically treading on air, I lost no time getting over to the Ames office to try my luck.

"Mr. Ames was not seeing people, I was informed, but his director, Mr. George Foster Platt, would grant me an interview. Platt was austere, rather forbidding personality, who struck terror in the hearts of fledgling actors. At any rate, he affected me that way when I found myself seated in his presence.

"After Platt had informed me, quite politely, that there was nothing in prospect for me, I continued to sit, fairly frozen to my chair. Finally, to terminate the interview, he thrust his hand across

the table and said firmly, 'Good afternoon, Mr. McClintic.'

"I was so flustered at the thought of shaking hands with him that in my awkwardness and confusion I knocked over the fancy inkwell that stood on his desk. I think that was the most horrible moment of my life, watching that pool of ink spreading over his papers. I tried to do something about it but Platt, by now in a cold rage, told me to go—to *get* out—and called in his assistant.

"I did get out of the office, somehow, in a state of mixed rage and mortification, convinced that my career had ended even before it had begun. At that moment I was feeling reckless enough, almost, to do anything, even to heaving a brick through Mr. Winthrop Ames' window.

"Instead, I walked over to the Astor Hotel, where the stationery was free, and sat down to indite a letter to the great man, telling him precisely what I thought and how I felt. I meant to pull no punches, and I didn't.

"Before becoming a producer in his own right, Winthrop Ames had directed the destinies of the New Theatre (long since gone and forgotten) and Broadway always suspected him of being overly pro-British in his choice of actors and plays. Perhaps to offset this impression, he had posted a \$10,000

offer for the best American play written by an American playwright, and the gesture made front-page news (this was in 1913, before the world was concerned with more important things).

"I don't recall now exactly what I wrote, but I know that I poured into that letter all the bitter invective of a thwarted and ambitious kid. I accused Mr. Ames of bias against native actors and chided him for offering \$10,000 prizes for native plays when so much young native *acting* talent was walking the streets, hungry. Nor was I modest in setting forth my own qualifications, nor my ideas on the future of the theater.

"By the time I had finished the letter—and it was a masterpiece of sorts—I had cooled off a bit and decided that caution, at least, might be the better part of valor. I would not send the letter, I said to myself—well, not just yet. So I sealed the envelope, but instead of addressing it and adding a stamp, I merely wrote the date in the upper right-hand corner, where the stamp belongs. I then thrust the letter into my inside pocket and started for home.

"In those days, I frequently walked home to save subway fare, and Morningside Heights, I assure you, is quite a walk from Times Square. When I got to my room that evening, I tossed the letter

into my trunk and then forgot all about it. Next day, I was back on Broadway, making the rounds again—but studiously avoiding the offices of producer Winthrop Ames.

"It was just five weeks after this incident that I came home one evening, hot and tired, and in a new low state of depression, actually bordering on desperation, after having made the usual dreary rounds of the casting offices. I had thrown off my clothes, preparatory to going to bed, and was sitting there mulling the possibilities of getting a job as a messenger, or an elevator operator, or just about anything else, when there was a knock at my door.

"It was my landlady, Mrs. Heinsohn. No, she wasn't coming to dispossess me, or even to demand the back rent.

"'Mr. McClintic'—she always called me 'Mr. McClintic'—'the table wishes to speak to you.'

At this point I (the author) interrupted the flow of McClintic's story.

"A table?" I inquired

"Yes, a table. I knew immediately what Mrs. Heinsohn meant. Whether for diversion, or because she couldn't afford more expensive amusements, she entertained herself most of the time evenings sitting in her living room, communicating with the spirit world—or what she firmly believed to be the

spirit world—via a code of table-tipping. I remembered hearing the table thumping away, many times far into the night, and I knew that Mrs. Heinsohn was getting messages from some "familiar," usually a relative long since deceased, who addressed her as 'Cousin Ada.'

"Most people suspect some sort of trickery in such goings-on, but I assure you there was no trickery here. Mrs. Heinsohn always worked alone, and she never exploited her gift, if that's the word for it, professionally. She had discovered this power quite accidentally and was as much astonished by it as anyone else.

"I do not know, of course, what mysterious force gave her the power, but I had seen her raise a table—that is, one side of a table, and a heavy table, while the other two legs remained on the floor—merely by laying a finger on it. And there the table would remain, in a state of suspended animation, so to speak, until she commanded or requested it to come down.

"To obtain answers to questions, she would slowly recite the alphabet aloud. When she had reached a certain letter, the table, leaning back on two legs, would come down with a resounding thump. By this long and laborious process, she would get her 'messages.'

"So, when she knocked on my door that particular night, I knew

what she was talking about. I threw on a bathrobe and followed her into the living room, taking along a pencil and paper, at her suggestion, on which to write down the portentous message.

"Mrs. Heinsohn sat quietly, with her hands on the table, until it indicated its desire to 'speak' by suddenly raising two legs off the floor. At her direction, I started slowly to chant the letters of the alphabet aloud. Nothing happened until I reached the letter 'M,' when the table came down with a thud. I then continued with the alphabet, the table, meanwhile, having again risen on its hind legs. From 'N' to 'Z' nothing happened, so I started all over again. On the very first letter, the table gave a thump, so I wrote down the letter 'A.' The process was repeated, and this time the table rapped on the letter 'I' and again on the letter 'L.'

"Well, to make a long story shorter, the letters thus meticulously thumped out by the table were

MAILTHATWHICHYOU  
HAVEWRITTENYOURE  
NTIREFUTUREDEPEN  
DSUPONIT

"Divided into words, this read '*mail that which you have written your entire future depends upon it.*' And that was all.

"When we tried to get further details, such as where the message was supposed to come from, and

what it meant, the table refused to budge.

"Neither I nor Mrs. Heinsohn had the slightest idea what the message was about, and she was not only disappointed but a trifle cross when I failed to understand the message.

"Then, suddenly and as sharply as if it were an electric shock, the meaning of those cryptic words came to me. *The letter in my trunk, of course!*

"I hurried to my room, got out the letter, addressed it to Winthrop Ames, Esq., at his Little Theatre address and added a stamp. By then it was well past midnight, but I dressed and set out to find the nearest letter box. I found it, I distinctly remember, at the corner of 115th Street and Riverside Drive, and dropped the letter in. By now it was 2:30 A.M. of this hot summer morning in June.

"Two days went by with nothing happening. On the third day, I had an answer. It was *signed personally by Winthrop Ames!* He stated that my letter had interested him 'enormously,' and invited me, in the most cordial and gentlemanly fashion, to pay him a visit at his office!

"No words in any vocabulary could do justice to the thrill that letter gave me. Nor could mere words do justice to the disappointment and chagrin I felt when, on

showing up bright and early next day at his office, I was told that Mr. Ames was ill and couldn't see me. And again, the next day, when his secretary apologized and set the appointment two days further ahead.

"The third time I showed up, Mr. Ames' secretary, Helen Ingersoll, told me that he had decided to waive the interview and sign me to a contract, sight unseen, if I were agreeable. *If I were agreeable!* The great man had liked my ideas on the theater, it seemed, and was willing to hire me on the strength of what I had put into my letter.

"The job was to be assistant stage manager, at \$25 a week, with a new play titled *Her Own Money*—to be directed by that same George Foster Platt upon whose desk I had splattered ink.

"That was the beginning of an association that was to last nine years. Oddly enough, I never saw Winthrop Ames to talk to until some eight months after I started working for him. In February of the following year, he called me in, this time to appoint me full-fledged stage manager for the all-star production of *The Truth*, scheduled for Spring production at the Little Theatre.

"At the conclusion of the run of *The Truth*, Mr. Ames again sent for me, this time to ask how I felt about working for him on a

yearly basis, instead of just a play-to-play arrangement. I had finished my apprenticeship, he said, and from then on was to be identified as his *assistant*. Just 14 months after I had retreated so ignominiously from George Foster Platt's offices, I was occupying his job; sitting in the same office and, in fact, using the same ink-stained desk.

"After nearly a decade of this mutually pleasant association, Mr. Ames called me in one day and asked how I would like to become a producer on my own; he said he would be willing to back a play for me, provided I could find one, and that it was not too expensive to do. I found one, quickly enough—in fact, I already had my eye on it—called *The Dover Road*, and Mr. Ames advanced the money for its production.

"*The Dover Road*, with which I made my bow as an independent producer, got off to a slow start, but within a matter of weeks, it had become a smash hit. In practically no time at all, I was able to pay back all the money Mr. Ames had advanced toward its production.

"About this time, I married a glamorous young actress named Katharine Cornell and soon after acquired a home of my own on Beekman Place, New York.

"Looking back, one can easily

see that my 'entire future' did, indeed, depend upon 'that which I had written' back in June, 1913.

"By this time, I had long since lost track of my former Texas landlady. I always looked her up when possible, between my necessary trips outside New York, but the last time I had been in touch with her was when I sent her tickets for *A Bill of Divorcement*, in which Katharine Cornell rose to stardom.

"After returning from an out-of-town business trip, I tried to reach Mrs. Heinsohn at the old Morningside Heights address but learned that she had moved away, leaving no forwarding address.

"I did *hear* from her again, under circumstances almost as peculiar as that first experience. It had been announced in the newspapers that I was going to produce *Jezebel*, with Tallulah Bankhead as star. Mrs. Heinsohn wrote me a note, urging me not to attempt it; she said, "Miss Bankhead will never play the role." And Miss Bankhead didn't! Tallulah had a

severe illness that cancelled her out of the production. Rather than give it up, or postpone it indefinitely, I went ahead, substituting Miriam Hopkins in the role. *Jezebel* was a complete flop, one of the few real failures that I've ever had.

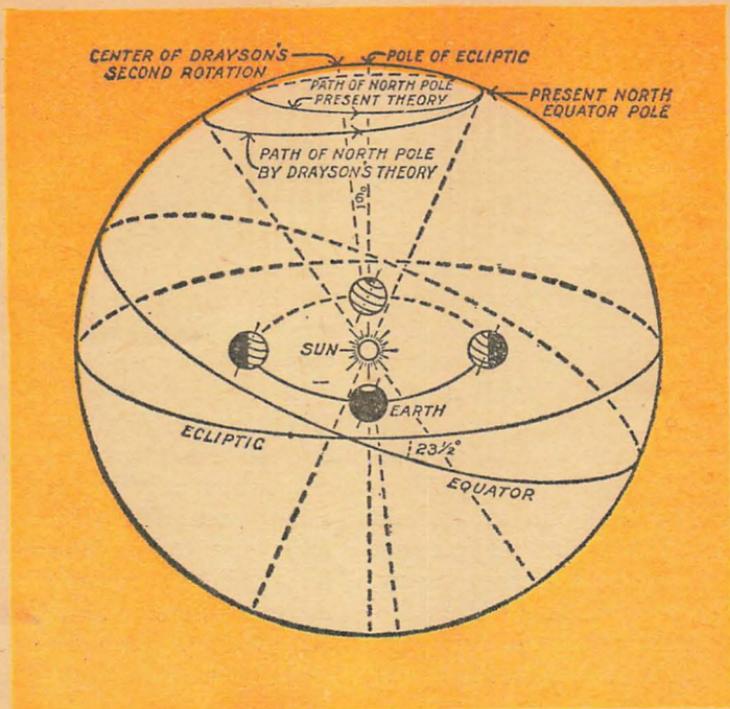
"The mysterious telephone message I received when we were on the verge of abandoning *The Barretts* came, of course, from Mrs. Heinsohn. She didn't give her name, but she didn't have to; and it was only a hunch that made me decide to answer the phone. She must have gone to considerable trouble to obtain my private telephone number, and by some devious device that I never knew about. And after delivering her message—'nothing to worry about'—she hung up, before I could ask her where she was living, or anything else. I have never seen her, nor heard from her since.

"Anyway, we went ahead with our plans for producing *The Barretts*, and the rest is theatrical history."



#### A FLIP OF THE COIN

**A**FTER Mrs. Helen Nokes, 59, of Muncie, Ind., was found beaten to death, Police searched the personal belongings of the dead woman in an attempt to find a clue to her killer. They discovered that the victim was carrying a "good luck" coin inscribed: "Your lucky numbers are 1 and 7, your lucky day is Friday." Mrs. Nokes was fatally bludgeoned on Friday, March 17, 1961.



## NEW ICE AGE PREDICTED

Glacial evidence supports theory of new ice age as the earth slowly "rocks" away from the heat of the sun.

*The works of man will be erased from earth by mountains of ice, and the world will have a snow white page on which to start a new history. Here is the Drayson Hypothesis which predicts the start of a new glacial cycle only 709 years away.*

ALFRED WILKES DRAYSON (Major General, Royal Artillery of Great Britain) was for 15 years a professor in the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich and was for two years attached to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, near London. He died in 1901. His

## DRAYSON'S HYPOTHESIS

Earth orbits the sun within a theoretical sphere, the "celestial sphere." The plane of the earth's orbit about the sun is shown on the celestial sphere as the "ecliptic." The plane of the earth's equator is shown as the equator of the celestial sphere.

The points where a line at right angles to the center of the plane of the ecliptic meet the celestial sphere are called the "poles of the ecliptic." The "poles of the equator" are similarly determined.

The axis of the earth will always seem to point to the poles of the equator on the celestial sphere. Thus, the north star, which is very near the north equatorial pole, has a seemingly fixed position in the sky.

The inclination of the earth's axis to the plane of the ecliptic determines relations to the sun's rays of heat and light, and creates the climatic zones of the earth. As shown, this angle is at present about  $23\frac{1}{2}$  degrees.

While these conditions seem stable, they are subject to slow changes. The

axis of the equator slowly revolves about the axis of the ecliptic. The result is that the north pole is slowly moving, and "rocking" the equatorial plane.

Generally accepted astronomical theory holds that the angle between the equatorial and ecliptic axis remains essentially constant, while the intersection point of the two planes is slowly moving around so that in 26,000 years the north pole will describe a neat circle called the precession of the equinox. This theory holds that only the position of the angle changes while the amount of the angle does not change materially. The theory thus eliminates any possibility of astronomical causes for great variations in the earth's climate.

The Drayson Theory differs by citing evidence that the circle made by the north pole will be displaced to one side of the pole of the ecliptic, thus varying the earth's axis to the plane of its orbit around the sun. This would create drastic climatic changes.

## IN 709 YEARS

*By John Millis*

first published papers on what he called a discovery of "the second rotation of the earth" appeared about 50 years ago, and the Drayson Hypothesis to explain glacial periods on earth is founded on this "second rotation."

Divested of all astronomical nomenclature, General Drayson's the-

ory states that the earth is slowly rocking with respect to the sun as it revolves about the sun and turns on its own axis. If the earth does change its relation to the sun, as Drayson postulates, the polar zones will gradually expand and contract in diameter, while the torrid zone will correspondingly widen and narrow. The temperate zones, at the same time, will undergo reversed changes, becoming narrower as the others expand and vice versa. The resulting effects on the earth's climate will be profound.

Great difficulties are involved in determining the exact path among the stars which the prolongation of the earth's axis traverses in the sky, or on the "celestial sphere." At present this axis points so near to the pole star, or Polaris, that to ordinary observers this star appears to be constantly fixed in the sky at all hours throughout the entire year, while the Big Dipper, Cassiopeia, and other well known constellations and stars seem to revolve around it every 24 hours.

The determination of any change in the position of the polar point must be effected by observations on neighboring stars, and it is clear that the apparent daily revolution of these stars about the actual polar point will be affected by any change in the position of this point. The change of the polar point that is going on is so very slow that reliable observations and records for a very long period of years would be necessary to determine its path accurately, and naturally the farther back into the past the records of observations extend the less numerous and the less reliable they become. Astronomical science has covered as yet only a very small portion of the 26,000 years that are required to complete the entire circuit of the path the polar point is assumed to follow under present accepted calculation and the chances of error as to the exact position of the center

of the complete circular path as determined by direct observation is therefore very great.

By prolonged study of available records and laborious calculations General Drayson concluded that the polar point is not following a circle whose center is on the axis of the ecliptic or earth's path about the sun, as orthodox astronomical principles declare, but that the polar point actually traverses a circle whose center is displaced about six degrees to one side of the pole of the ecliptic and that the entire circuit around this circle is completed in about 32,000 years instead of 26,000.

Drayson's hypothesis has not yet been accepted by astronomers of the regular school as conclusively established even in principle, and it can not be said that glacialists generally concede that his deductions respecting a glacial period would all be sound, even if the theory proves to be astronomically correct. For present purposes the main point of interest is the striking *plausibility of the theory* as attested by many glacial evidences.

The direct consequence of Drayson's so called discovery is that the extent of the apparent traverse of the sun back and forth across the equator and over the tropical belt of the earth, and the diameter of the polar areas within which the sun remains below the horizon more

than 24 hours during some portion of the year, are not constant and fixed for all time as astronomers now claim, but are in reality continually changing. The total of such variation, which it will be understood means a variation in the position of both the tropical and arctic circles, is about 12 degrees of latitude, or twice the six degree displacement above referred to.

The complete cycle of Drayson may be likened somewhat to the changes of the seasons throughout the year, in which we recognize the rapid shortening of the days and lengthening of the nights in the fall, the steady cold of the midwinter season of short days and long nights, the increasing length of days and shortening of the nights with the disappearance of snow and ice and coming of warm weather during the spring season, and the settled heat of summer with its short nights and long days.

So, in the curve Drayson draws to show the changes in the angular distance of the pole of the earth from the ecliptic pole throughout the cycle of about 32,000 years, we can make four divisions, each merging gradually into the others as the seasons of the year do. These are, first a period with shifting of the polar and tropical circles and narrowing of the temperate zones, lasting nearly 8,000 years; then a period of similar duration of the

#### **U. S. Weather Bureau Admits Winters Are Getting Colder**

New York's average annual temperature has been falling since 1953. On a world-wide basis, average temperatures have been falling since 1940.

These facts were reported to the American Meteorological Society by Dr. J. Murray Mitchell, Jr., of the U. S. Weather Bureau.

Supporters of the Drayson Hypothesis claim that this temperature decline supports the Drayson theory. Another fact revealed by Dr. Mitchell is also cited as evidence favoring the Drayson approach. This fact is that up until 1940 the world-wide average temperature varied directly with the apparent heat output of the sun. But since 1940 the temperature of the earth has been going down while the heat output of the sun has climbed.

glacial period.

Drayson's view of the glacial period is somewhat startling since this era of ice and snow is actually seen as a period of greater annual extremes of both heat and cold. The average annual temperature may have been about what it is now. However, the consequences of such extreme annual variations would be great atmospheric disturbances, resulting in high winds and severe storms, a greater evaporation of water on the seas in higher latitudes, and a very greatly increased precipitation in the form

of rain and snow on land. During the initial phase of the glacial period there would be more snow than summer's heat could melt, and so the glaciers would come.

Following this comes 8,000 years again of comparatively rapid change towards the broadest temperate belts, and the most limited tropical zone and polar areas; and then 8,000 years of relative stability which includes the "mid-temperate" period.

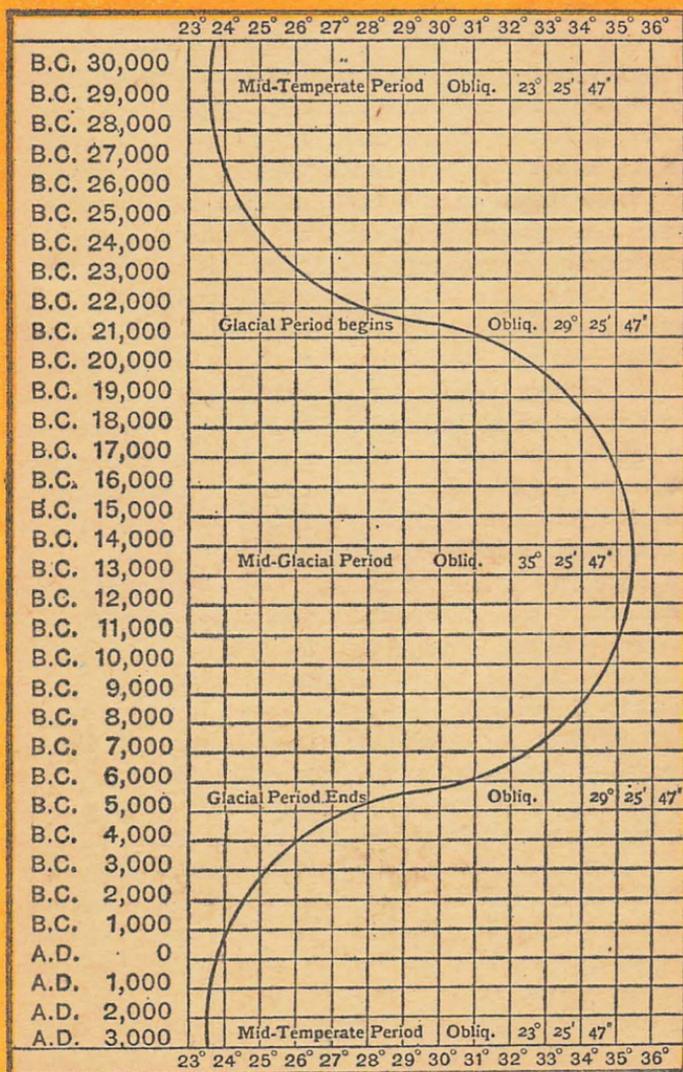
If we compare this complete period to a single year, we are now at the point in it corresponding to about four days before midsummer, but in reality it will still be 334 years before we actually reach the mid-temperate point, and then of course it will be 375 years more, or 709 years from the present date, before we reach again the point where we now are in the glacial cycle.

The Arctic Circle has still to move only about a mile and a half north, and the Tropic of Cancer the same distance south, before we will be at the mid-temperate point, in the year A.D. 2295. The total movement of these circles since the beginning of the Christian era has been about  $1^{\circ} 8'$  or 78 miles. Drayson's theory places the last mid-glacial period about 15,000 years ago but, of course, the beginning and ending of that period were indefinite, since this would depend on the location

under consideration.

Many estimates have been made of the period of time that has elapsed since the final disappearance of the ice of the latest glacial period in our latitudes. Some of these agree fairly well but there have been several rather marked instances of inconsistent or discordant results. The rate of erosion of the rock formation in the gorge of the Niagara River, and the recession of the crest of the falls, as determined by actual observations during a considerable period of years in modern times, has been regarded as one of the most reliable means of calculating the time since the ice sheet uncovered the course of this river, but the result of the calculations based on these data, about 25,000 years, greatly exceeds another group of calculations which have assigned from 8,000 to 10,000 years as the total length of the same period. It is known that in glacial times the general level of the several lakes was higher than at present, and also that the level of the general surface of the earth in the basin of the great lakes has been subject to displacements varying in nature and degree in different localities. These changes must have affected the slope and discharge capacity of rivers and channels, and the melting of the ice with greater precipitation and corresponding greater runoff, would

Curve shows four divisions of 32,000-year cycle.



also have affected the volume of discharge in the Niagara River and rate of erosion of the rock and the recession of the falls. Thus the general effect, if the Drayson hypothesis is correct, would be that the rate of recession of the falls was greater in former times, and therefore the estimate of time that has been made based on the observed rate of recession during the later historic period is probably too great. This would tend to bring the actual period of time since the disappearance of the ice in the vicinity of Niagara Falls more nearly into accord with the shorter estimates above referred to and with Drayson's hypothesis.

It is rather significant that nearly all of the most remarkable known remains of prehistoric and ancient human cultivation and civilization of the higher types are found in or near to the tropical belt, and often in regions now unfitted by existing climatic conditions for residence and activity for the most progressive races of men. The following localities may be mentioned as examples: Farther India, Java, Ceylon, and Southern India, Egypt, Yucatan and Southern Mexico, Central America and Peru, and on certain islands of the Pacific. Practically no remains of importance of this character have been found in the higher latitudes where civilization now has its greatest develop-

ment. In a measure this applies also to the more important monuments of the early Greek and Roman civilizations. The works of early mankind in Mesopotamia, Persia, Palestine, Chinese Turkestan, and in New Mexico and Arizona, are considerably removed from the tropic line, but they also indicate former races now extinct or decadent that reached a high state of development under climatic conditions which must have been materially different from those that now obtain, though there may have been contributing causes other than those here referred to. This subject has been extensively discussed in the writings of Professor Ellsworth Huntington of Yale University.

The Drayson Hypothesis may be applied to solving other mysteries as well as to determining the dates of the glacial period.

The first mystery is the general creep or movement of the ice sheet towards the equator. Conclusive evidence of this movement is found in rock material that has been moved long distances, and in scratches and scoring left on surfaces of rock in vast areas.

The most generally accepted theory is that with increase in thickness the ice gradually yielded to the influence of gravity and naturally moved in the direction of least resistance, while movement

was sustained by the weight of accumulating ice in the high latitudes.

This is not altogether satisfactory under the simple hypothesis of a regularly accumulating mantle of ice, but when excessive temperature changes during each year are recognized, the problem appears much easier. This would produce alternate shrinking and cracking of the ice, melting and accumulation of water in fissures, and then freezing up again with expansion and a general pushing forward. If this action were sufficiently intense and general and repeated every year over a long period of time, it would certainly contribute to the creep of the ice mantle towards lower latitudes.

Another long standing mystery of the glacial periods is the *eskera* — ridges composed generally of confused mixtures of boulders, gravel and sand often miles in length with a fairly direct alignment; steep sided, and with an approach to uniformity of height, that are found in various localities, generally near the extreme limits reached by the ice sheet and within the former limiting border. While these ridges pertain as a rule to reasonably level areas, instances are found where they cross hills and valleys. They vary in height up to 50 or 75 feet and they often have the general appearance of a

railway embankment. The Drayson theory helps out quite strikingly in explaining these curious formations. It can be said quite confidently that the eskera are simply the result of great cracks or fissures opened in the ice sheet during the waning period, when the ice was thinned and generally stagnant, and they were formed by the annual local shove and surge due to temperature changes, the breaking at the edges, the periodic summer melting of the fragments, and the localized deposit of the coarser portions of the englacial material which was shoved up into a sharp ridge, while the scooping or excavating effect of the edges and fragments of broken ice produced the trough or valley along the axis of which some eskera are located. The washing or leaching effect of the water during melting, the draining off of which was generally favored by local conditions, carried away the clay and fine sand of the till material leaving only the coarser constituents. In other words the eskera mark the location of long "expansion joints" in the thinned ice sheet when it was still under the influences of great annual changes of temperature.

A similar action would account for one of the most conspicuous and widely distributed of all the topographic features of the glacial period — the terminal moraines.

Perhaps the following will be regarded as the most surprising suggestion as a possible incident of the glacial period under the theory in question. Could there have been during the fierce summer's heat of those times an annual period of extraordinary *drouth* with a minimum of precipitation, violent winds, and conditions which prevented vegetation from spreading over the land in the general vicinity of the border of the ice sheet which had been recently left bare by its recession? Under such conditions, combined with exalted atmospheric disturbances, it is not difficult to conceive that vast *dust storms* might have occurred. The deposits to great thickness of very fine, unstratified and apparently wind-borne, soil called *loess* over certain extensive areas within the Mississippi basin have been a considerable puzzle. These may be thus explainable by the above suggestion, and also the still more extensive deposits of this nature in Germany and more especially in China.

We generally speak of "the" glacial period, referring to the evidences of glaciation during the comparatively recent pleistocene times of geology. These are by far the most widespread and distinct indications of an ice period that are at present known on any part of the earth's surface, but it is now practically established that

pleistocene glaciation consisted of a number of more or less distinct sub-periods, each probably representing many thousands of years. In addition, unmistakable evidences relatively meager to be sure, of ice ages in much earlier geological periods have been found in various parts of the world in all the continents. The deduction is obvious that glaciation has been a recurring phenomenon throughout geological history, but we can not yet attempt to formulate the complete law that has governed its periodicity in the remote past.

And what do we see upon attempting to look into the far distant future? It must be confessed that it is rather sobering to reflect on the possibility—indeed the strong probability—that at some date in the future, which we may be able to predict with reasonable certainty, a very large part of what we now regard as the highest achievements of human civilization in the most densely populated areas of both Europe and America will inevitably be overwhelmed, engulfed, swept away and completely destroyed by a repetition of glacial conditions, while even extensive areas outside those actually so invaded will become uninhabitable by man because of climatic changes. We can imagine the effects long before the climax, on extensively occupied and developed

bottom land areas, that will follow the restoration of the Mississippi and other rivers and streams and channels to their former volumes of flow. The drowning out of cities like Duluth, Chicago, Cleveland, Toledo and Detroit, all of which occupy sites formerly submerged at the higher lake levels of glacial times, would also precede the actual arrival of the glacial cover in their respective localities. According to Drayson the coming glacial period will culminate in the year *eighteen thousand three hundred and forty*, of the Christian Era.

Of course, this estimate must be

regarded at present with considerable reservations, but there seems little room to question that glacial conditions have been recurring and periodic for a long time in the past, and it would be quite illogical to assume that nature will radically change her program and adjust herself in the future to the needs or desires of a race of beings that have so recently come upon the stage.

*(Study of the Drayson Problem, especially in its astronomical phases, continues under the auspices of the Fortean Society, Box 192 Grand Central Annex, N.Y.C.)*



### TRANSIENT LAKE

**E**ACH AUTUMN for the past 12 years, according to a report in the newspaper *Grit*, a lake has appeared mysteriously in a field on the farm of Warren Gibbs in McCammon, Idaho. The lake, which sometimes reaches a depth of 16 feet, later disappears.



### LATTER-DAY LAZARUS

**D**URING WORLD WAR I William H. Zerwer of Arlington, Tex., was severely wounded and thought to be dead until grave diggers, preparing his body for burial, discovered he still was alive. Recently Zerwer, now 70, was found lying in the doorway of a barn, severely wounded by a shotgun blast. Given up as dead, he was covered with a sheet and watched over by a policeman until a hearse arrived. The policeman noticed a slight movement beneath the sheet and Zerwer was rushed to a hospital where he was reported in poor condition.

# Africa's Dread KALILOZE GUN

Made of bone and wood, this weapon  
shoots only hate and black magic to kill.

*By Ron Ormond & Ormond McGill*

**S**TRANGE AND unexpected material occasionally turns up. The following letter from Africa is an example.

Gentlemen:

Knowing of your interest in the subject of black magic and witchcraft, I am sending you one of Africa's most dreaded instruments of death. It is called a kaliloze gun. Even to have the device in one's possession, in these parts, is to court death from the natives, for it is actually more feared than are modern weapons. It is said to be able to kill over a distance of more than five miles. Quite honestly I am glad to get it out of my possession and into the hands of someone who may put it to some constructive use.

Living as you do in the civilized

atmosphere of America it is unquestionably easy for a person to say that such things are purely the result of superstition and that such deaths are entirely produced as the psychosomatic result of fervent belief. Such may be so, but being in the native wood carving trade and living among these primitive people, as both my wife and I do, it is not difficult for us to concede that there may be certain powers inherent in certain people, and even in certain objects, that science cannot entirely explain.

At any event, we most certainly know that the "kaliloze" is regarded as such a magic vehicle here in Africa and that it possesses, in the minds of those tribes which cultivate its use, the most terrifying power of all — the power to kill.



Ormond McGill examines the kalilozze gun which he and co-author Ron Ormond received from Africa. One of Africa's most feared black magic devices, its stock is carved from a piece of burial stretcher and the barrel is made from the arm bone of a dead girl.



At night around the fires the children hear stories of the kalilozze gun; how it can be shot *here* and kill a man *there*—perhaps five miles away, or in a house with thick mud walls, or deep in the forest. And they grow up knowing what “kalilozze” means and the feeling of the terror which the name inspires in all their kinsmen. The sight of the gun itself, will literally reduce a man to craven, utter fear.

Whatever you may feel about its powers to produce death, I do know that you will respect the device as a possession of great value as it is unlikely that another one can ever be had by a white man. Perhaps

it will interest the people to whom you write and before whom you appear. Together with the gun I am sending you a true accounting of the use of the very “kalilozze” which you will shortly possess.

Very Sincerely yours,  
Gregory Raymond

Eventually the intriguing parcel arrived. We opened it gingerly and with great care. Inside was the “gun” and wrapped about the bone barrel was this manuscript . . .

\* \* \*

**I**N CENTRAL AFRICA, in a remote swampy forest west of the mighty Zambesi, was a village of the tribe called Baluvale. In the village lived a young man named

Myongo with his wives, his seven children, his old mother, and numerous other relations. This family, together with several other families, made up the village. There were cattle and corn and all that men need to keep alive, and not much else.

One day the two smallest children of Myongo fell ill. They shivered and burned and cried and got better. A day or two later they ran high fevers again—grew hotter and hotter—and, despite all the efforts of the womenfolk with leaves and crushed berries, after two more days the children died. Everyone in the village was sad. The old grandmother, who had tried all her nursing skills in vain, finally said it was the will of the spirits and dried her tears.

Life went on and after another couple of years two more of Myongo's children died, this time of enteritis, although Myongo and his family didn't know what it was. Again the grandmother tried in vain all the arts passed down to her by her own mother, all the stews and portions of strange forest plants, ash and thick leaves, again to no avail. Once more she dried her tears and said it was the will of the spirits.

Now, about this time Myongo conceived a madness in his brain; it filled his thoughts, hindered his actions, and kept him brooding and

depressed all his waking hours, and tossing and murmuring in his sleep. His women said he had a sickness but he brushed them aside and told them to leave him alone.

Living on the outskirts of the village, in an isolated hut in the bush, was a Naga, a man versed in the mysterious rites and practices of ancient witchcraft. To him Myongo's thoughts kept turning as he brooded. To the Naga and back again to the person of his mother, the thin, old, sagging, wrinkled little woman who now ruled over his wives, as she once had ruled over him and his brothers and sisters. A witch, yes, undoubtedly a witch . . . the thought hammered within Myongo's mind! She had most certainly caused the deaths of his four children. And his thoughts would wander again to the little hut of the Naga, who was feared in the villages around, and who a man approached only for advice, or help with some very special project.

So, Myongo made his way to this hut one night. He stated his business from outside and was silently admitted. One cow was agreed upon between the two men as an initial fee, to be paid forthwith to the Naga, and a quiet conversation followed. Then Myongo returned to his village.

In the following days Myongo continued about his customary business. He instructed his remaining

## MEDICAL JOURNAL CONFIRMS THIS ARTICLE

The all but unbelievable facts in this story of modern African witchcraft are confirmed by an article in the *Central African Journal of Medicine* dated November, 1960. The author, K. H. Lepehne, M.D., of Mulobezi Hospital, Northern Rhodesia, differs slightly in his spellings from the author — for instance he refers to the gun as "Kalelose" instead of "Kaliloze" — but is in agreement on all of the essential information.

Dr. Lepehne writes:

"The *Kalelose* is not kept in the village, but in a little hut somewhere in the bush by the witchdoctor. Nobody goes there except to buy medicines or seek advice. The *naga* has no friends . . . he lives all by himself but he does not seem unduly depressed by his death-dealing business . . .

"One might say that of course the thing does not kill or do any harm whatsoever. But it is meant to be, and deadly serious and frightening, and to be watched constantly unless it falls into even more unscrupulous hands than the witchdoctor's. As is obvious, the mere pointing of the gun at a man will make him do anything you demand of him in order not to die."

children to be vigilant in minding the cattle. He exhorted his women to apply themselves harder to their work in the cornfields. He ate much porridge and good helpings of boiled meat to make himself strong for the tasks ahead.

One night, when the appointed time had come, he disappeared into the forest, going alone to the burial ground of his ancestors. There he chose a grave at random and spread upon it a bed of the rough-pointed mangalala leaves. There he slept. At 5:00 the next morning by pre-arranged plan and following ancient

custom, while it was still dark in the forest, the witch-doctor came to him. Together they opened the grave that Myongo had slept upon and took out the body. It happened to be that of a young girl, although it would not have mattered. They removed one of the upper arm bones, mixed the rest of the corpse with some roots that had been growing near and over the grave, burnt this and kept the ashes. They worked quickly but they knew they risked no interference, for the Naga had brought with him strong medicine, in a horn which he stuck in

the ground, to make people blind if they should chance to stumble upon them. When they had finished, the witch-doctor took the ashes in a pot and the girl's bone, and the two men left separately.

At dawn Myongo returned to his hut and said nothing when questioned by his womenfolk as to his night's occupation. He brushed them away and, in Central Africa, it does not become a woman to nag her husband. The women chattered among themselves but dared speak no more to him. When more days had gone by his people resigned themselves to his brooding and some said, as they always do in the face of an enigma, that he was bewitched.

The witch-doctor, meanwhile, proceeded one day to the hut of a pregnant woman and laid a mysterious mixture in her doorway. Sure enough, the woman stepped on the medicine, fell heavily, and her five-month child aborted. Soon afterwards the Naga appeared at the house and patiently explained to the woman that she would never have another child if she did not give him the body to prepare for burial. Then he went home where he boiled the foetus in water, then burned it and mixed the ashes with those of the young girl from the opened grave. This concoction he then put into the broth left from the boiling of the foetus and set

it out to dry into powder.

Time passed, and one day the witch-doctor followed the funeral procession of a man of the village, his eyes on the *machila* (stretcher) which bore the body. He waited while the burial took place, watching from the edge of the crowd of mourners as the plate and a cup were placed in the grave with the corpse, in accordance with ancient custom. Afterwards, when the mourners, in their grief, left the stretcher behind he quickly cut a piece of wood from it, carried it home, and shaped it into a rifle butt. Then taking the upper arm bone previously obtained he hollowed it out and fixed it to the wood. He drilled a small hole through the end of the bone and pressed the dried mixture of girl and foetus into it, together with some ordinary matchheads. He then bound the gun with strips of snake-skin and thickly coated the muzzle and breech with beeswax in which erythrina beans were embedded. These red and black beans are associated with all black magic killings and killing weapons.

He had made a "kaliloze!"

His weapon completed, the Naga killed a chicken and smeared himself with its blood. Then he set out for the village, walking as he always did on such missions in the dead of night, and came to the hut of Myongo. Myongo, seeing him knew

that all was in readiness; there was no need for words to pass between them. The witch-doctor returned with all speed to his hut. The light of dawn was already visible.

Myongo, duly warned, rose early and went into the forest. Near the graveyard he picked pointed leathery mangalala leaves and ate them. He also ate mosimba-simba, swallowing them whole. He rubbed red clay on his temples, for this protects those who would shoot the kaliloze gun . . . to save them from being victims of their own shot.

The Naga was awaiting him. When the moon waned to a thin sickle the Naga handed Myongo the "kaliloze" that had been made for him, then like a shadow disappeared into the surrounding bush.

That night Myongo took his gun and, in the dark, went stark naked to his mother's hut. All night he danced about the hut, pointing the gun in the direction of his mother and calling out her name. Just before dawn, he ignited the powder in the bone, with a pop the matches caught, *the shot was fired!* The gun was pointing at the wall of the hut in which his old mother slept. It was then that she should have died — then or a little later. Her heart should have burst, or her entrails rotted away.

But the old woman did not die and eventually Myongo had to admit to himself that the "powers"

had failed. The witch-doctor told him he had not swallowed enough mosimba-simba and advised a repetition of the ritual, against the payment of a further cow. Myongo, however, knew he had done all he had been told to do. He knew too, by time-honored tradition he had only two more chances. For if a man fails three times with a "kaliloze," he must give up. Nor did he forget that any man caught by his own tribesmen using a "kaliloze" is burnt alive at the stake, with arms and legs bound.

However, these considerations in no way deflected Myongo from his purpose. He had gone too far along his chosen path. But they did instill in him extra prudence and he told the witch-doctor to wait while he pondered the course to be followed.

The weeks passed and Myongo kept his own counsel. He visited the neighboring villages on the pretext of seeking a new wife and listened discreetly to the talk of the men. This would turn, sooner or later, to witchcraft and to the local doctors practicing in the vicinity. They were spoken of with fear, with a detachment which showed how much apart they were from the village life. They were not known to them as ordinary people, but rather as separate, superior, incomprehensible beings; not liked, but respected. One Naga referred to

seemed to be greater in the people's esteem than all the others. He had the reputation of never failing in what he set out to do. Men said that he had counted the witches that are said to congregate on the sun.

This Naga had, of course, undergone the usual preparations, initiations and rites to fit himself for his life's work, but his initiators, sensing in him (it was said) unusual power and presence, had taken special care with his training, and he had, it was rumored, undergone additional and more hazardous rituals as a result. There is one initiation ceremony where the aspirant witch-doctors eat portions of human flesh. A paste of crushed erythrina beans and the brain matter of a recently dead man is mixed in a human skull. Inch-long needles are dropped into this mixture and then inserted under the skin of the novice's chest; usually two for each initiate. It was claimed that this particular Naga had no less than five, although of course the needles become rapidly invisible as they work their way into the body conferring their magical strength, omni-science and the death-power of the erythrina bean to the aspirant of black magic arts.

Myongo listened, questioned rarely, and looked brazenly at the girls. No one doubted his motives in visiting their kraals. When his

mind was made up, he returned to his own village, killed two chickens and washed himself in their blood. He then went to the village, 16 miles away through heavy jungle, where he had heard the great witch-doctor lived.

The new Naga received him in silence and heard his brief tale. At once he gave him a strong emetic, to rid him of his own weakness and disease, and cut open the side of his chest. To the wound he applied a three-inch cup made of the point of a cow's horn. The horn tip was open and the Naga sucked through this opening so that blood from Myongo's wound flowed into the cup. When the cup of purification was full of blood it dropped off.

Myongo, still bleeding profusely, collapsed on the ground. The Naga was satisfied. He kept Myongo with him until his cut was reasonably healed and he was strong enough to walk the dangerous 16 miles home. During this time the witch-doctor reconsecrated the "kaliloze" for Myongo, following the same prescribed rituals, and using the same components as the first Naga had done. Myongo was told to wait at home for the sign that all was ready.

Time passed and Myongo grew impatient, but his belief in the new witch-doctor and his kaliloze gun did not leave him. He knew that until the right day nothing could

be accomplished; thus he waited. When the moon again waned, the powerful Naga came to Myongo and led him to the graves. There he was left alone to sleep upon mangalala leaves and to eat them in the morning. Again he ate mosimba-simba and smeared his temples with red clay against his own weapon. When he stood ready the powerful Naga rejoined him, covered in the blood of a chicken, and bearing his kaliloze. At dawn the witch-doctor pointed the gun at the sun, where the witches congregate, and then gave it to Myongo.

That night Myongo danced alone

in the forest, at a place about two hours walk from his village, a spot the witch-doctor had named. He leapt and sprang, naked in the darkness, hearing nothing but his own chants, and fearing nothing for he was magically protected. When the dawn came, he lifted his kaliloze gun, as the witch doctor had done the morning before, pointed it at the rising sun, where the witches congregate, and fired!

A few hours later, when her hut was opened they found the old woman, Myongo's mother, lying on the floor, curled up like a foetus—very dead.



### TODAY'S BELIEVERS IN BLACK MAGIC

**T**HE BELIEF in black magic still is widespread in rural areas of Europe, according to recent reports. In Germany alone, over 70 cases involving witchcraft are brought before the courts each year. Books on black magic are best-sellers in remote sections of the country and, according to Dr. Herbert Auhofer, of Hamburg, a student of folklore, numerous modern crimes may be traced to beliefs in magic and witchcraft.

In a recently published book, *Superstition and Sorcery*, Dr. Auhofer relates that in 1958 a young farmer murdered his 12-day-old child because it was born prematurely and he believed in the superstition that such chil-

dren become witches.

In 1957 a Swiss man killed his sister-in-law because he believed she was a witch and was working harm against him.

A few years previously a laborer died after a reputed sorcerer advised him to eat poisonous mushrooms to cure a skin ailment.

Another instance cited by Auhofer in his book is that of a woman who committed suicide in 1953 after a professional clairvoyant predicted her husband's death.

A 19-year-old boy murdered his grandfather and hanged himself because he was convinced that the old man had employed black magic to inflict stomach pains on him.



# The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

Antonio Carreia of Alfarelos, Portugal, lost his life because he would not spend a dime. Returning from a fair, he tried to cross a flooded creek on foot rather than pay a boatman to ferry him across. He was knocked down by the current, swept away and drowned.

On the spot outside his school in Massapequa, N.Y., where his father had died of a heart attack three years before, Daniel Lehmann, 12, suddenly collapsed and died.

Kampa, Uganda, police reported that after an African hunter killed "Old Satan," an aged buffalo believed by local tribesmen to possess supernatural powers, that hunter was killed by a bolt of lightning.

Frances Schidegger of Kirkwood, Mo., is afraid to leave his station wagon unattended. It has been struck five times now—each time while it was parked or standing still.

For 17 years Patrolman John Cullen stood on busy Washington Street in Boston and helped school children across. Not one youngster was struck by a car while Cullen was on duty. Through his efforts it became known as Boston's safest street. The other night, Cullen, now 75 and retired, started across the street at his favorite corner, the one he'd made so safe—he was struck by a car and killed.

In New York City Mrs. Ann Dawson was taking a nap when she dreamed that her cousin, Juanita, who was visiting her, was falling out of the window. At that moment she woke up and, not seeing her cousin in the room, wasted no time in telephoning the police, who summoned an ambulance to the scene. Only when she saw the police, the ambulance and the equipment which had raced to the scene did Mrs. Dawson recall that her cousin had told her that she was going out to a movie.

# 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 FIREFLY

By Camille Bissonnette

MY FATHER, Pierre Lessard passed away 20 years ago at the age of 80. For a good part of his life he made his meagre living on a non-too-good 100 acres of land in what was then the small French farming settlement of St. Pierre Baptiste, in Megantic County, Province of Quebec, Canada. His land was about 15 miles from the small town.

My father never set his feet on the pavement of a good size town. To the end of his life age had not the power to bend his six-foot frame; neither had it taken away his sense of humor, nor his quick grasp of things.

He had no education, could not even sign his name, except by making an X.

Being passionately fond of fishing and hunting, he had a lot of trapping, fishing and hunting stories to relate, some hair-raising, some comical, some heart-catching. All his neighbors, friends and rela-

tives, were brave people, quite satisfied with their own way of living and never looking over the rim of their horizon. None of them dwelt in science of any kind. They were superstitious in a childish way, as most uneducated people are.

The above lines are in order to give the background of the narration I am going to tell, in my father's own words, as much as possible.

The strange incident that he experienced, one night in the far distant past, had shaken him so much that he always wanted to talk about it. He kept hoping that somebody would give him the key to the puzzle that haunted him for 60 years. He never found that key.

"I was," said my father, "20 years old and single at the time the incident I am going to tell you happened. With another fellow, a middle aged man, a drifter in our parts, I was helping a distant farmer in his harvesting. The drifter and myself slept on the hayloft and that suited me fine.

"In the middle of a certain hot night, I heard my companion going down the ladder and outside. After a certain length of time, as he was not returning, I got worried. I got up to go to see what had happened. It was a starry night. Having looked around, here and there, I finally saw a dark form lying flat on the ground. I advanced cautiously. It was the drifter. He seemed asleep but when I bent over him I noticed that if his breathing was regular it was hardly audible. I did not get alarmed as some people sleep that lightly. As I was staying still, above him, undecided what I should do, waking him up or going back to the loft alone, I saw a tiny light, a kind of firefly light, hovering over his head, then coming down on his forehead into which it seemed to disappear.

"At that very moment, the drifter opened his eyes and saw me. I explained the cause of my presence by his side but when I mentioned the firefly which had waked him up, he jumped on his feet and gripped my shoulder.

"Please, Pierre, promise me that you will never reveal to any one what you saw to-night. Most of all never talk about what you called a firefly."

"Why?" I asked.

"Because nobody will believe you. They'll think you're crazy."

"I cannot understand," I said.

"I cannot explain, Pierre, the words will be too deep for you. You would think that I am insane. I am only a passer-by in this country. I came from a very long distance, in fact, from all around the world, where I have seen and learnt of strange things. What you have witnessed to-night is one of them. Before I leave for other parts, if ever I lay down again under the stars and if you happened to see me, please do not touch me and do not talk to me. Rest assured that I will not be dead."

"I could not get any explanation at all out of this strange man who left two days later and I never saw him again. Even today, after more than half a century, that incident is still so vivid in my mind that sometimes it gives me the creeps. Will I ever know the meaning of it?"

Nobody ever could give any plausible explanation to my father about it but may be, where he is since 20 years, somebody has solved that problem for him.

As you could judge by the first lines of his narration my father could not even sign his name, so he could not have read anything about supernatural happenings and he could not have heard about it as all his friends and neighbors were as ignorant of science of any kind as he was himself. Besides, do

not forget that this happened 80 years ago.

Many times, I have wondered myself what was the meaning of this "firefly" hovering over the head of that drifter and seeming to enter into it.

Was it really a firefly?

If not, what was it?—*Montebello, Calif.*

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### TIMELY WARNING

By Bud Bearor

**MY** FAME as a professional parachute jumper was widespread over many sections of the country. I had been in the business for several years and never had suffered any major accident. Usually I packed my own chutes but occasionally I used one of the ready packed outfits owned by the airport from which I operated. These are always certified by the packer's seal and number attached to the pins on the ripcord. I generally only look to see that this seal is in place prior to using the chute.

I contracted to jump in exhibition at an airport in Woodward, Okla., one day in September, 1948, as a feature in a gala benefit air show. I had difficulty securing a regulation double pack with which to make the jump. At the last minute one finally was located that would serve the purpose.

The day was clear. However, from a parachuter's standpoint, it

was not too good a day for a safe jump. The wind was gusty and quite strong. Frankly, I was worried. Several thousand people had assembled to witness the jump and although I delayed as long as possible hoping the wind would abate, I had committed myself to jump. Regardless of weather and other hazards I would have to go ahead with it.

I checked the pack seal quickly, saw that it was intact, and hurriedly carried the pack out to the plane which was warming up on the line. I had my foot in the plane stirrup when there was a bright flash before my eyes and I saw a mental moving picture of a mushroomed canopy with a large gaping hole in it.

I backed down to the ground and signalled the pilot to cut his motor. When the blast had subsided, I explained to the pilot that I was going back into the hangar for a few minutes. I put the pack down on the hangar floor, pulled the ripcord and strung out the silk. I found several panels with large holes in them!

Our only conclusion was that somehow the silk had come into contact with battery acid just prior to its packing, that the acid had not had time to take effect so as to be noticed by the packer. Or perhaps the packer had had acid on his hands.

I was unusually weak in the

knees as I made my way back to the plane with a substitute single pack. That night, after a rough but successful jump, I thanked my guardian angel for his timely warning. — *Jonesboro, Ark.*

### OLFACTORY DREAM

By Grace Dean

**D**UE TO DROUTH conditions on our ranch, I took a job in town to help out financially. During the summer I drove back and forth from Evanston, Wyo., to the ranch which is about six miles. However, in November, because of bad weather and bad roads, I rented a small house in town. My husband and two sons stayed on at the ranch.

At 3:00 o'clock in the morning on January 4, 1961, I awoke with the acrid odor of burning cloth in my nostrils. Terrified, I jumped out of bed thinking my house was on fire. I turned on the lights all over the house but saw no smoke. I checked my three small rooms completely. Everything was all right — yet I couldn't shake the feeling that something was wrong somewhere.

I decided to call my husband, Ershel, at the ranch. The operator rang several times but no one answered. I asked her to keep ringing. At last I heard a click and my oldest son said "hello" in a sleepy voice. Then he coughed.

I said, "Son are you all right?" There was a brief pause, then suddenly he shouted. "Mom, the house is full of smoke!"

"Don't panic," I told him. "Wake Daddy and Dickie quickly. Find out where the smoke is coming from. Then call me back."

He hung up and after a very long 30 minutes my husband called me. The wood box behind the stove had been ready to burst into flames. The boys had put their gloves on the wood box to dry out that evening. Somehow a spark must have popped out of the stove onto one of them. It had smoldered; then the wood had started to smolder. The gloves were completely burnt, and the wood was catching fire when they found it. No great damage was done, but I know that if I had not had that strange dream, smelled smoke where there was no smoke, and called the ranch, my home would have burned down, with my three loved ones in it. — *Evanston, Wyo.*

### OUT OF TIME?

By Barbara M. McNenny

**M**Y HUSBAND, Bob and I experienced a most unusual phenomena in April, 1959, in Winter Park, Fla. Our second floor apartment overlooked Lake Osceola, about 75 feet away. Our landlord had provided a pier which led out past the weeds to deeper water for

swimming and boating.

We went to bed early this Tuesday night in the middle of April and fell almost immediately into a deep sleep.

Abruptly, at approximately 2:10 A.M. Wednesday morning, we were waked by the sounds of yelling children and a barking dog down by the pier. Bob rose and dressed in one motion while I dove for the bottom of the bed to shut out the noise. It was no use. The children's cries intensified and became panicky. The dog's bark became a shrill yelp. I came out of the bed, my hair standing straight up on my head. They were not happy yelling cries now. Those children were in *trouble!* The dog knew it and was yelping for help.

Swiftly Bob tied his shoes and stood up. He grabbed his gun with one hand, just in case there happened to be an intruder frightening the kids, and with the other hand he reached for the flashlight. No sooner did his hand make contact with the light when all noises down by the pier *ceased*.

Bob sat down quite suddenly and looked at me. I looked at him. We waited. There was dead silence. Slowly he put away the gun and the flashlight. Still all was silence. The phenomena were not repeated.

Did what we heard take place many years ago down by the water, or, was it happening right then hun-



BARBARA McNENNY

dreds of miles away? We'll never know. — *Eau Gallie, Fla.*

### I SAW DEATH

By Nellie O'Brien

**M**Y DAUGHTER, Winifred, had a tonsilectomy in the summer of 1944. She came home from the hospital, hemorrhaged, and was sent back. When she was home again after a few days she came down with pleurisy and pneumonia. There were other very serious complications.

I got her ready for a night's rest this particular evening, telling her if she needed anything to call me, and I went into an adjoining room and lay down on the bed fully

dressed, drawing a blanket over me. I left a night light burning in a third room.

Sometime later I awoke with a start, hearing my daughter cough and then scream. As I opened my eyes and started from the bed I was terrified to see a huge black shape hovering over one side of the bed. It had no face, no figure. It was like a huge bat, with wings outstretched, covered with a dark shroud. It seemed to emanate evil.

I landed on the rug on the other side of my bed with clenched hands and stood there rigid, willing it to go. Gradually it shrank, faded and disappeared in the shadows.

I ran into Winifred's room. She was moaning with pain. She said when she coughed something broke in her shoulder. We were to learn later it was an abscess in her lung.

Months of operations in a Boston hospital followed and finally that lung was removed by the well-known surgeon, Dr. Overholt. There were eight major operations and as many close brushes with death.

I have never been able to erase from my memory the vision of that figure of ill-omen that visited me that summer night. — *Bridgewater, Mass.*

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### TO SAVE A SUBMARINE

By Bill Dye

**C**APTAIN ERNEST A. Johnson, who had just been decorated

by the Secretary of the Navy, took command of a ship recently launched at Camden, Me.

One night shortly thereafter Captain Johnson was asleep in his cabin when he dreamed he was in a submarine and that something had gone wrong. He awoke about midnight so disturbed over this dream that he could not sleep. He dressed, went to the bridge and asked if any submarines had been sighted. There had been none.

In the morning the feeling of distress had not left him and during breakfast he could not resist peering from the porthole. Finally, a tiny speck caught his eye.

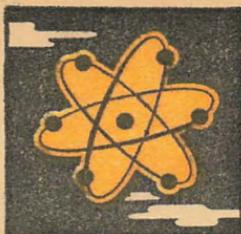
It was a mere speck. It could have been any of the worthless items that are tossed about by the seas. But, because of his dream, he rushed to the deck and ordered the course of the *Alanthus* changed.

As the ship approached, the speck began to look like a small sailboat. Still, because the memory of his dream prodded him Captain Johnson ordered his ship in closer.

He was the only man who was not surprised when that speck became flotsam from a disabled submarine, The "S-5."

Within an hour rescue work was begun, and the lives of 37 men imprisoned in the submarine — men who surely would have died there if Captain Johnson hadn't dreamed — were saved. — *Jackson, Mich.*

# USE YOUR CREATIVE POWER



Is there something you want? Here is a tested method by which you can put your latent "getting ability" to work.

By H. C. Goble

FROM TIME TO TIME we have hammered at us methods of so-called *positive thinking*, most of them based on some form of the old Coue theory of "every day in every way I'm getting better and better" or linked with a spiritual motif, as promulgated by Norman Vincent Peale, and scores of others, who seem to think it is necessary to tie morality and theology to the creative power that lies within all of us.

Perhaps it is all to the good that most people feel that this power, in order to work, must be used in a moral manner. For in this thought is a limitation of belief, and because of this limitation, many who might use this power criminally

are stultified by one last little grain of conscience . . . they do not believe that they can use this power, since their motives are not pure . . . and not believing, they are right, they cannot use it. For those who doubt, it will not work.

However, the power actually is amoral—it knows nothing of morality, doctrine or faith, and is ready to answer the needs of the most evil as well as the most spiritual. It is the power that brings the alcoholic his bottle, the addict his dope, the rapist his victim, as well as the collector of art his Rembrandt, the minister his convert, and the thirsty man his water. To each his deepest need!

It is perhaps the most slighted

of the Psi powers. It has constantly astonished me that the same people who willingly acknowledge that Psi power can influence the fall of die, never suggest that this same Psi power could operate to make certain cards come up in certain order. Rhine, in his papers, suggests that the experimenters who read the card sequences as they came up on the day following, are *predicting* the future . . . whereas they actually may be *influencing* the future.

Many persons successful in public life acknowledge this creative power, but usually only in broad terms of success or failure, with money and power as a general consideration. They visualize and concentrate only upon success, or money, without any clear cut visualization as to how either is to be used if and when acquired. Consequently, from the experimental standpoint, it is hard to figure out how much of their success was concentration upon the "idea" of success, and how much was just plain luck and aggressiveness.

I have had the unique experience of "creating" a remarkable little world for myself with this power, in terms that I consider unmistakable.

I first started applying the power when I began collecting such things as objets d'art, old books, old prints, and items of sufficient

rarity that their occurrence in my neighborhood and at a price I could afford obviously was more than coincidence or luck.

If you wished hard for a 1961 calendar this year and along about January 1 someone sent you one, you were not terribly surprised. But if you concentrated on a first edition of Ambrose Bierce's *Tales of Soldiers and Civilians* and in less than a week a copy showed up at an auction at an absurdly low price, you might begin to wonder. You might figure how many copies are extant, how many are likely to exist in your area, and what the odds are that such a rare edition would show up at a junk auction.

If similar things happen not just once, but countless times, you will wonder even more, especially if your tastes run to the slightly fantastic, the offbeat, and the rare.

I am certain that in a sense I created every item that surrounds me in my den, from my first Currier and Ives Lithograph, the relatively rare *Home on the Mississippi*, for which I paid \$1.00 at an auction, to my last "coincidence" item, a folder on Annette Kellermann, the bathing beauty of past years. This quaint item fell out of a book I purchased the day after I had made a rephotograph of a picture of Annette Kellermann from a 1915 rotogravure section. The

book was on the Civil War, which had nothing to do with Annette Kellermann, and only by the power of mind could the folder ever have crept into this strange location, waiting to come to me just at the right time.

This followed closely upon the heels of my desire to remember what the late actress, Clara Kimball Young, looked like—a desire which was granted by my finding, almost immediately, a 1912 movie magazine with a whole chapter of illustrations on her.

If I concentrate on President McKinley, I find the world suddenly full of McKinley Campaign medals, books, pictures, etc. It is not that they have always been there, usually my thinking about them coincides with the first extant copies that have showed up in years.

The power is fully effective in bringing answers to questions as it is in bringing me offbeat concrete items. A question I had in my mind about the Confederate Flag was answered in a child's pencil box which I casually picked up in a dime-store. A question about the Romanoff family was obligingly answered by an item in the paper concerning the death of Grand Duchess Olga.

Just this week I noted an ad in *Hobbies Magazine*, which mentioned Stevensgraphs. What the heck

are they? I asked myself. Two days ago I walked into an antique store. "Say, Mr. Goble, do you have any idea what these Stevensgraphs sell for?" asked the proprietor. Then and there I found out what they were.

Sometimes the interaction of many thoughts produces strange mixtures . . . such as my letter written by Teddy Roosevelt, in which he applied for his life membership in the National Rifle Association. This was a neat trick since I have been a gun bug for years, sold one article to the *American Rifleman*, the magazine of the Association, and also collect material on presidents and politicians, not to mention collecting old documents. Here is a signed document by a president, dealing with riflery, and an organization with which I have had some connection. One couldn't ask for more. The final touch, of course, was a price tag on the letter which I could afford.

It probably is true, as some say, that you may get what you want, but you also may suffer punishment in this world or the next, for having wanted it if it is immoral or bad. All of which doesn't alter the fact that you get what you want.

Now this presupposes, of course, that what you want subconsciously, resembles what you consciously think you want. The two forces

may be entirely at cross purposes, in which case you may get a muddled result. For instance, your conscious efforts and thoughts may be toward doing good, your subconscious desires toward doing evil—so you may find your efforts at kindness backfiring, resulting in hurt and harm to others. Both minds must be in harmony or you will breed chaos for yourself. This means that, before you can use this power well, it is necessary for you to analyze your basic motivations, and to work out a course on which both minds are in agreement. You must know yourself.

You should start out creating small things, easily within the realm of possibility, since confidence is a prerequisite. If you start wishing for a Lincoln Continental and a 10 room house, you court discouragement right off the bat.

Next, make or get a picture of what you want. Put the picture up in a prominent place and set aside so much time each day to think about it. If it is a three-dimension-

al object concentrate on every side of it, and on the interior also. The more perfect your picture the more perfect the creation!

You may, without realizing it, create an object which is only partially what you want because you have not pictured your desire perfectly enough. Perhaps you want an Oriental rug and end up with an ordinary Wilton. Don't discount the fact that you wanted a rug and that you got a rug. Try again, picturing your desire clearly.

Above all, for your own growth of self-confidence, write down your successes and your failures. You'll begin shortly to see a relationship between your thoughts and the end products. Once you can dismiss doubt, you will progress rapidly in creating, until finally the wish will be almost directly father to the thought.

Below are a few of my wishes, their appropriate market cost at the time, what I ended up with and the price I paid. Just to prove it does work!

WANTED	OBTAINED	MARKET PRICE	I PAID
Mrs. Chestnut's Diary	Mrs. Chestnut's Diary	\$10.00	.65
Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, First Edition	Tales of Soldiers and Civilians, First Edition	30.00	1.00
Currier and Ives River Scene	Home on the Mississippi Currier and Ives	75.00	1.00
Painting by Zucchero	Engraving from a painting by Zucchero, by name artist	Fabulous	8.00
Japanese Woodblocks	2 Hiroshiges, 2 moderns	225.00	2.00
1 Hogarth Engraving	17 Hogarth engravings	340.00	52.00
1 Ogden Lithograph	12 Ogden Lithographs	144.00	12.00

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# ANCIENT X-RAY MACHINES?



*By Bill Walbrich*

Old records tell of marvelous devices which enabled  
physicians to peer into human bodies.



MANY OF THE machines we know today and think of as modern inventions existed hundreds, even thousands, of years ago also. Somehow they were lost to civilization and had to be rediscovered or reinvented.

\* \* \*

ONE OF THE most striking examples of this is the X-ray. Today there is considerable evidence that machines, devices, call them what you will, once existed and served doctors and surgeons in exactly the same way as do our present-day X-ray machines.

One of these devices was in use at least 2,500 years ago in India.

There is evidence that an equivalent X-ray machine was known

in China over 200 years before the birth of Christ.

However, as far as our history is concerned no method by which a physician could look into an ailing human body existed until 1895 when a German scientist, Wilhelm Rontgen, accidentally discovered the X-ray proper. The X-ray, as we know it, has been in existence in its present form less than 70 years.

The earliest use of the X-ray idea is to be found in ancient India. There, Jivaka, a contemporary of the Gautama Buddha, believed that it was necessary to illuminate the organs of the body for the purpose of making a diagnosis, and to perform surgical operations.

Jivaka, called the "King of Doctors" by his contemporaries, was a justly celebrated physician. He practiced trepanning—the art of operating on the human brain by sawing or cutting an opening through the skull—among other advanced and difficult surgical techniques. This operation appeared so wondrous at the time that it was incorporated into many legends which still exist.

Jivaka is said to have discovered, in a load of wood, a marvelous gem so possessed of virtue that "when placed before an invalid, it illuminated his body as a lamp lights up all objects in a house, and so revealed the nature of his malady."

One story told of this great doctor's use of the fabulous gem he "discovered in a load of wood" is as follows: Once, when a sick man was brought to him for help, he placed the gem on the man's head and through its use determined that there was a centipede inside the man's skull. Obviously this "centipede" was either a brain tumor or a cyst. When he knew exactly what to look for, Jivaka opened the sick man's skull with a trepanning instrument of his own design. This instrument is called a "golden knife" in the old stories. Locating the centipede, he withdrew it with a pair of heated pinchers.

Note the antiseptic use of "heat-

ed pinchers" and remember that this took place over 500 years B.C.

The operation accomplished, the patient is said to have recovered completely. In actuality, save for the use of the X-ray-like gem employed by Jivaka in making his diagnosis, the balance of this particular operation was not too far advanced for other Indian physicians of the same period.

As far back as the 6th Century B.C., Hindu physicians thoroughly described ligaments, sutures, lymphatics, nerve plexus, adipose and vascular tissues, mucous and synovial membranes. They knew medicine and they knew the human body.

The record of Hindu medicine begins with the *Atharva-veda* where, embedded in a mass of magic and incantations, there is a list of diseases and their symptoms. Many of the diagnoses and cures contained in this book are still in use in India, with a success that is frequently the envy of Western doctors.

At least 100 years before the time of Jivaka, the town of Taxila had a medical school which was held in high repute throughout the Orient. Students flocked to the universities of Taxila as students flocked to Paris centuries later, during the Middle Ages.

Out of all this just might have come the "marvelous gem in a load

of wood" that permitted Doctor Jivaka to light up the interior of his patients' bodies as a lamp lights up a room.

In the very oldest Chinese books there are to be found accounts of seemingly miraculous mirrors which had the ability to light up the vital organs of the human body.

Medicine in China at this time was a strange mixture of popular superstition and empirical wisdom. It had its beginnings long before recorded history and produced great physicians long before Hippocrates.

A number of quite modern concepts of medicine—such as anaesthesia—were used by the doctors and surgeons of ancient China including the aforementioned "miraculous mirrors".

One of the better known of these contrivances was the "mirror" discovered by the Emperor Kao-tsu, who founded the Han Dynasty in the year 206 B.C. This mirror, called the "precious mirror that illuminates the bones of the body" or "the mirror illuminating the gall" was found in the Palace of the Emperor Ch'in-chi, the last ruler of the Chin Dynasty that preceded the Han, by Kao-tsu.

This mirror has been described as follows: "It was a rectangular

mirror four feet wide, five feet and nine inches high, brilliant both on its outer and inner sides. When a man stood straight before it to see his reflection, his image appeared reversed. When someone placed his hands on his heart, he observed the five viscera placed side by side and not impeded by any obstacle.

"When a man had a hidden malady within his organs, he could recognize the seat of his complaint by looking into the mirror and laying his hands on his heart.

"Moreover, when a woman had perverse sentiments, her gall would swell and her heart palpitate. The Emperor Ch'in-chi therefore constantly availed himself of the mirror to test the women of his seraglio: those whose gall would swell and whose heart would be agitated, he ordered to be killed."

\* \* \*

**H**OW CRUEL of fate and the eroding years that the "X-ray" should have been known and then lost to mankind for so many long centuries. How many deaths, how many hours and days, months and years, of suffering might have been spared untold thousands through those years if only the secrets of the "marvelous gem" and the "miraculous mirror" had continuously been known and used!



# GHOST DOG

## *of the Kiamichi Mts.*

The little dog leaped up on the horse behind me. When I tried to pull him off, my hand met thin air.

*By Edouard Jacques  
As told to A. L. Lloyd*

**I**N THE EARLY part of 1879 farm work was so scarce in eastern Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) that about March 1st I decided to ride south to the foothills of the Kiamichi Mountains. I had heard a lot of new settlers had come into that area and were leasing land from the Indians.

I rode south for about five days. I had a bedroll tied behind my saddle but never had occasion to use it for I always managed to arrive at a settler's house by late evening and they always asked me to "get down, tie your horse to the fence (or hitching rail) and come in." They were glad to have visitors if only to get news from other parts of the country. They never would accept any pay for the night's lodging.

About the middle of the afternoon of my fifth day of riding I passed a small log house about 50

yards west of the road. I paused for a few moments but decided it was early yet and I rode on.

About half a mile south I passed what I took to be an old Indian cemetery, on my right, on a gently sloping hillside. It was overgrown with dead grass, weeds and bushes. There had been a rail fence around it but it had rotted and fallen down. Only rough native stones stuck in the ground marked the graves.

After passing the cemetery, about 50 yards south and probably 100 yards from the road on the right, I noticed a small tumble-down log house. A half-mile farther was a large-size, double log house. From the looks of the house, barn and fences I knew here was a farmer who took pride in his handiwork and was prospering.

Of course, the dogs announced my arrival. A man of about 45 years old came to the door and

on out to the gate. I introduced myself, told him where I was from, that I was looking for farm work, and asked could he keep me for the night.

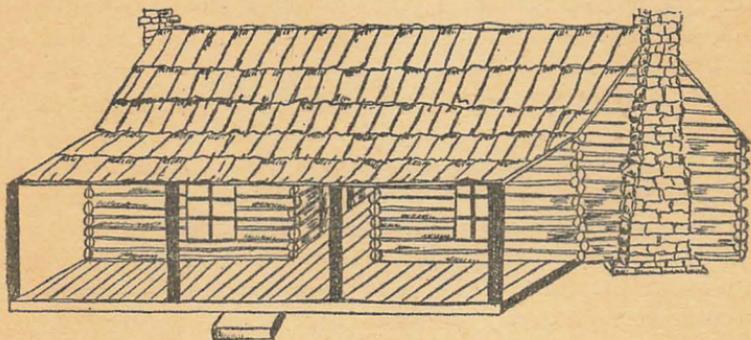
"Sure, I can keep you for the night," he said. "Get off your horse! We will take him to the barn, unsaddle, water and feed him, then we will go to the house and talk while the wife is getting supper."

His name was Matthews. We

dians, thus benefiting the Indians as well as themselves. He asked, "Do you remember passing a small log house up the road about a mile from here?"

I told him I did.

"Well, that man, Brady, is badly in need of a farm hand. He settled there a year ago last winter. He hired three different men last year, but before a month was out they all called for their pay and left. If you want work, he has plenty to



scene of amazing story of "Foxy" was double log house of the type used by pioneers in the eastern Indian Territory (now Oklahoma) in the 1870's.

went onto the porch, where I washed up and then we sat and talked till supper was ready. Like all pioneers, the Matthews were hospitable and friendly, eager for news from other parts of the country.

At the supper table Matthews and I talked of the new settlers coming in every year, building homes and renting from the In-

do. You can ride over early tomorrow morning. I'm sure he will hire you. He has no accommodations to lodge a hired hand so we have arrangements whereby his hired hand can sleep here. We will furnish breakfast. You ride over, do a day's work, he furnishes dinner and supper and then you ride back here for the night. He pays the

hand \$15.00 per month and pays me \$5.00 per month for your sleeping and your breakfast here."

I told him that was all right with me.

After an early breakfast I rode over to Brady's. A woman, who appeared to be in her middle 20's, came to the door. I introduced myself, told her I had stayed at Matthews last night, that he had sent me over as I was looking for farm work.

"Yes, we need help and if you will follow that road," she pointed to the right and west of the house, "you will come to the field where he is plowing."

I followed the new-made road for 250 yards, came to a pole and brush fence, and saw Brady coming back from far side of field, following a plow and team.

I repeated my story and he asked, "Can you go to work after noon?"

I said, "I can go to work as soon as I can change to my work clothes."

He told me to take the plow and team while he did some more clearing and building fence. At noon I heard some one tooting a cow horn, Brady appeared out of the brush and said, "Dinner time."

Brady, I knew, was pleased with my handling of the team and plow and at dinner, his wife also seemed pleased. She remarked, "We've had

so many hired hands, but they don't stay long."

I told them I would stay as long as there was work to do.

At sunset the horn tooted again. I unhitched, drove the team to the house and by the time I had taken care of the horses for the night, supper was ready.

When I started back to Matthews' it was dark but a beautiful star-lit sky made it light enough to distinguish and identify objects. I had a summer's job that would extend on into late fall. I rather liked those evening rides and an hour and a half's talk with Mr. and Mrs. Matthews before bed time. The job became routine. I rode over in the early morning and back again at night.

I had been at work about two weeks when one evening just after dark as I approached the old cemetery I noticed a small white object moving down from the cemetery toward the road. As it neared the old rotted down fence I could make out that it was a black and white fox terrier. As I passed it leaped and landed on the horse behind me. I always carried a quirt on my saddle horn, but never had to use it on the horse. I jerked it off the horn and whipped around behind me two or three times before I realized I was hitting nothing. Looking over my shoulder I could still see the dog riding behind me. I reached

around with my hand to pull the dog off but like the whip, my hand went through thin air without touching anything. Still I could see the dog perched behind me. I put my horse to a gallop thinking I would throw the dog off but he stuck with me until I got about even with the tumble down cabin. Then he disappeared.

This was on Friday night. I said nothing to the Matthews about my experience but I had noticed that whenever I came in they glanced at me quizzically as though they expected me to tell them something.

I soon learned that "Foxy" would ride with me about twice a week, generally on Tuesday and Friday nights. I found myself watching for him, hoping he would ride with me. We became pals.

I had been there nearly four months when, one Saturday evening, Brady had me to quit work early because Mr. Matthews had invited us all to have supper with them.

After supper we sat out on the subject imaginable, until the conversation led up to ghosts. Brady asked me right out if a black and white fox dog had ever ridden with me.

"Oh, yes," I replied, "Foxy and I are good pals."

Brady looked at me in astonish-

ment. "Do you mean to say that he rides with you twice a week and you never try to avoid him?"

"No," I answered. "After that first night, when I found that he was a ghost dog, I had no fear. Although I've often wondered about the cause of his appearing."

At this Brady said, "Mr. Matthews tell Edward" (he could not exactly pronounce the French name Edouard) "the story of Foxy. I never expect to get another hand that will stay on as you have. Foxy was the cause of my other hired hands leaving."

\* \* \*

MR. MATTHEWS began his story of Foxy:

"About three years ago, in April I think it was, about 4:00 in the afternoon I was reading in the living room when the dogs announced someone was coming. I walked out on the porch and saw a man riding toward the house. About the first thing I noticed was a black and white fox terrier riding behind him on a mat or pad.

"He rode up to the gate and asked if I could lodge him for the night. I told him we could and invited him to get off his horse and come up on the porch. Foxy jumped down and immediately made friends with our dogs.

"He introduced himself as Jacobs, said he was a civil war veteran, had been wounded in the chest and as

the wound seemed never to heal the doctors advised a change of climate. He had read a great deal about Indian Territory and the Kiamichi mountains, so he thought he would try this climate for a year. He talked with a slight foreign accent, said he was German. He received a small pension from the government.

"The next morning Jacobs said he wanted to ride around and look the country over. He left his bedroll on the porch and said he would be back in the afternoon, that if we could lodge him for two or three days, he would pay. After he got on his horse he just said, "All right, Foxy." That little dog leaped onto the horse behind Jacobs.

"As you know, Ed, there's a pile of rotting logs at the southwest corner of the cemetery. When Jake came it was an abandoned shack in fairly good condition. Jake asked if I cared if he fixed it up and lived in it. I told him to go ahead, even helped him chink up the cracks, patch the roof, and build a cot against a wall. We fixed him up with some cooking vessels and Jake was at home.

"He would ride down to the village once a week, buy a few groceries and seemed to get along fine. He rode all over this country and learned it better than I. The summer passed and as fall approached we began to get cool nights.

"About 4:00 o'clock one afternoon in early November, I noticed a deeper blue in the northwest. The air became chilly and in 30 minutes it had clouded over and one of those dreaded "Blue Blizzards" was upon us. It began to rain a cold icy rain.

"Jake didn't get in until nearly dark and he was soaked to the skin. He had had no coat as the day had started out warm. He asked to stay in the house that night and also asked me to bring his clothes from the shack. By this time he was getting so hoarse he could scarcely speak above a whisper.

"After I got him into some dry clothes, built a fire in the east room, I told my wife to look after him while I went for the doctor at the village, three miles south. By the time Doc and I got back to the house Jake had begun to choke up and had difficulty breathing. After a brief examination the doctor said a case of double pneumonia was developing rapidly. Although Doc did all he could Jake gradually grew worse. By morning Doc said there were no hopes of him pulling through. Doc stayed all day but by 2:00 o'clock that afternoon Jake had sunk into a coma. Foxy knew there was something wrong with his master. He sat outside the door, on the porch, and howled. We finally let him in and he ran straight to

the bed, jumped up by Jake's side and licked his hands and face. We fixed him a pad at Jake's feet and he lay there with his jaw resting on his forepaws, watching Jake's face.

"At 5:00 o'clock Jake took a turn for the worse. Doc said he was dying. Foxy seemed to think so, too. He crawled up to Jake's face, licked it, and made low piteous moaning sounds. About 6:00 o'clock Jake breathed his last. At the same time Foxy jumped off the bed, ran to the door to be let out, just as though he knew his master was gone and he wanted to go with him. I watched him and he headed straight to the old shack. I could hear him crying and howling.

"Doc drove my team and buggy to the village and sent a couple of fellows back with it to sit up with the dead during the night. Four or five men came out early next morning to dig a grave. Foxy came to the house when the men drove up. We let him in and he went to where Jake was laid out. I uncovered Jake's face. Foxy licked it once, then went out on the porch and cried.

"By 3:00 o'clock the grave and coffin were finished and we laid Jake to rest. Foxy lay at the head of the grave watching the men work. As we left the cemetery Foxy still lay there gazing at the fresh mound. I tried to coax him to the

house but he refused to come along.

"About 10:00 o'clock that night I went out there and Foxy was lying where we had left him. I took something for him to eat, some water and the pad he rode on.

"Next morning I went out to the cemetery and Foxy was lying where I had seen him the night before, his food untouched. I carried him to the house, let him in the room where Jake had died. He walked all around the room sniffing and whimpering, reared up on the side of the bed once, then wanted out.

"As cold weather was coming on I built a shelter over and around Foxy. I knew he would never stay at the house. Besides, he wouldn't eat and drank but little if any water. Two weeks later I went on my regular morning trip to the cemetery and found Foxy dead.

"That dog died of grief. I dug a deep hole by the side of Jake's grave and buried him.

"Nearly three months after Jake's death a lone horseman passing the old cemetery about dark saw a black and white fox terrier coming down from the old graveyard. The dog mounted behind the rider, who almost ran his horse to death getting away from there.

"People for miles around here know about Foxy's ghost. But you, Ed, are the first man to ride with Foxy for a summer and say nothing about it."

I NEVER GOT back down there after that summer. I have often wished I could go, just to see the changes that have taken place since

statehood. And I have wondered if Foxy still rides behind some lonesome horseman on Tuesday or Friday nights.



### A NEW GOSPEL BY MARK?

A COPY of an ancient letter in Greek that ascribes a further gospel to Mark narrating a miracle absent in the present Gospel of Mark was made public recently by Dr. Morton Smith, Associate Professor of History at Columbia University. He reported that he found the copy of the letter two years ago while studying ancient manuscripts at the Monastery of Mar Saba, 12 miles southeast of Jerusalem.

Dr. Smith, an authority on ancient religion, said he found the letter, which is presumed to be a 17th or 18th Century copy, hand-written on the back of the leaves of a Dutch book printed in 1646. He believes he has evidence attributing the authorship of the letter to Clement of Alexandria, who wrote prolifically between 180 and 202 A.D. and who generally is considered to have laid the foundation for Christian theology and exegesis.

The letter attributes to Mark the story of Jesus raising Lazarus from the dead. Previously the Gospel According to John has been the only one of the four Gospels to include the story of Lazarus. The story

also introduces a new witness to the miracle—Salome.

Dr. Smith said that six paleographical experts have agreed that the handwriting in the letter could be dated to the 18th century. Two said they favored the 17th century. Evidently copied by a scholarly monk, the letter bears the heading, "From the letters of the most holy Clement the author of the Stromateis to Theodorè." Careful comparison of the content and style of the letter to known writings by Clement appears to support attribution to him. Words and grammatical constructions he used were found in the letter.

Clement's letter, evidently replying to one from the unknown "Theodore," related the Mark story of Lazarus in full, calling it a "secret gospel." Clement also wrote that when Mark had written "an account of the Lord's doings" while with Peter in Rome, he had not written about all of them, nor had he even hinted "at the ones pertaining to the mysteries." Mark, he said, had chosen those "doings" which would be "most useful" in instruction in the faith.



## The Finding of the SACRED MUSHROOM

Their search had been unsuccessful for an entire year  
— and now automatic writing pinpointed a spot.

*By Andrija Puharich*

From: THE SACRED MUSHROOM. Copyright 1959 by Andrija Puharich.  
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*Beginning on June 16, 1954, and extending over a period of more than a year of intermittent research, an amazing drama unfolded in the life of Dr. Andrija Puharich, an American of Yugoslav descent, who has his medical degree from Northwestern University . . .*

*Dr. Puharich, a widely-known psychical researcher, founded a research laboratory in Glen Cove, Maine, in 1947, to investigate extrasensory perception. Among his experiments was work with a special Faraday Cage—a copper-sheathed double box which enabled*

*him to isolate a “sensitive” within an electrical field and determine whether electrical communication is a significant aid in ESP.*

*Beginning on June 16, 1954, Dr. Puharich started the study of a series of written trance messages which had been received by a young Dutch sculptor living in New York named Harry Stone. The messages purported to come from an ancient Egyptian named Ra Ho Tep who was calling attention to the fact that the Egyptians regarded as sacred a mushroom which appears to be identical with*

what we call *Amanita Muscaria* or fly agaric.

Dr. Puharich became intensely interested. He discovered first of all that the Egyptian hieroglyphics that the medium was producing could be translated by Egyptian scholars—and he himself studied the ancient language and learned to translate it. He discovered that there was an historical person named Ra Ho Tep.

The second thing Dr. Puharich learned is that *Amanita muscaria* has been used as an intoxicant and an inebriant in two widely separated parts of the world—Siberia and Mexico. It is used to assist trance states, to aid “astral projection” or other out-of-the-body experiences, and to intensify clairvoyant abilities.

Dr. Puharich gathered this information and began his research two years before the Wassons published their great book *Mushrooms, Russia and History* which revealed similar information in 1957 (although the Mexican mushroom they described is different).

Shortly after studying the trance messages, Dr. Puharich began an investigation into the subject at his laboratory in Maine. His search and his conclusions are described in his book, *The Sacred Mushroom*, from which the following article is excerpted.

When he began, Dr. Puharich

had a great and basic problem. Where could he find specimens of *Amanita muscaria* with which to experiment? For months his search was unsuccessful.

Yet he did find them—and the story of how and where is told here. It should become one of the great classics of *psychical literature*.

He had been playing checkers for about 20 minutes with a friend, Alice Bouverie. Alice Bouverie suggested that they carry out a mock-hypnosis experiment on either Harry Stone or a Mr. Gallow who were present but asleep. Now let Dr. Puharich tell the rest of the story . . .

THE IDEA didn't particularly appeal to me because I, too, was very tired. But in the absence of a better idea it seemed to be worth a try. I sat down beside Harry while Alice took up a pad and pencil to take notes. I began to speak to the somnolent Harry, and told him over and over that he was sleeping deeper and deeper and that he was going farther and farther back in time. He went on sleeping but breathed deeper and deeper with marked abdominal breathing. The monotony of my own voice was beginning to make me sleepy, and I snapped my head up to see if Alice had noticed it. As I looked at her I saw that she

was asleep but still sitting upright and writing.

I looked at her pad and noticed that she had spelled out a word, which was OST. I asked her what this meant. She mumbled back that she was spelling out a message.

I looked sharply at her and said, "What are you doing? You're not supposed to be hypnotized."

She sort of muttered as though half asleep and said, "I'm playing a game. I have to spell out these words."

"But," I said, "those words have nothing to do with a game. What does OST mean anyway?" She paid no attention to me and went on writing and spelled out the word TIRIAN. I looked at her more closely and decided that she herself must be in a hypnotized state, so I just pretended that I was playing the game with her.

I asked her, "What does TIRIAN mean?"

She wrote out "My nationality."

I said, "Oh, you are Tirian, and your nationality is represented by that word? But I do not know what the word Tirian means. Could you please spell it again?" Alice then wrote a new word, which was SIRIAN. She kept on writing, and I present her answers in reply to my questions:

A.P. Oh, this is a nationality? Could this perhaps be Syrian? (No answer.)

A.P. Are you still awake?

A.B. No.

A.P. Did you ever live before?

A.B. Yes. Nineteen hundred.

A.P. Where were you born?

A.B. Arabia.

A.P. Are you interested in the sacred-mushroom ceremony?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Did you know this mushroom in your lifetime?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Was the mushroom known to your country?

A.B. Yes. Syria.

A.P. Where were they found?

A.B. Amanus Mountains.

A.P. What species of mushroom did you find?

A.B. *Am-amanita muscaria*.

A.P. What was their color?

A.B. Red.

A.P. How did you use the mushroom?

A.B. Piquer.

A.P. What did you dissolve the mushroom in?

A.B. Sulphur.

A.P. What effect did this have on you?

A.B. Trance.

A.P. Were you ever successful in getting out of your body during your lifetime?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. What was the site of injection of the mushroom you prepared?

A.B. Tobroquaine.

A.P. Is this phrase in English?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. How many words does it constitute?

A.B. Two. Tobro Quaine.

A.P. I'm sorry, I do not understand this phrase. Can you get a message from the *curandero* in Mexico?

A.B. No.

A.P. Will Mr. Wasson bring back some specimens of the sacred mushrooms?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Will Mr. Wasson see the place where the sacred mushrooms grow?

A.B. No.

A.P. Is the mushroom that you know and have used in your lifetime to be found in Maine?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Can it be found locally, near here, in Maine?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Can it be found right here in Glen Cove?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. When can it be found?

A.B. July.

A.P. Can it be found under the woods?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Can it be found in the fields?

A.B. No.

A.P. Can it be found under the oaks?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Is there a performance tonight of the *curandero* in Mexico?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Are you in contact with the situation down there?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Are they using brown or red mushrooms?

Alice made no response to this question. Instead she wrote out the following:

A.B. "Will contact Harry at 5:00 A.M."

A.P. Is this a message for us?

A.B. "A.B. could find mushroom."

A.P. Where could she find the mushroom?

A.B. On the coast.

A.P. Do you mean right here on this peninsula?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Do you mean on the Penobscot Bay side?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Will it be near the road?

A.B. Yes.

A.P. Will it be near the north or the south end of the road?

A.B. South.

At this point Alice suddenly snapped to and awakened. She looked around and said, "What's been going on?"

I couldn't help but laugh gently, "Alice, don't you know what's been going on?"

Wonderingly, she replied, "No."

"Alice," I said, "do you know

that you have been writing out words on your pad while I have been asking you questions, and it almost looked like an automatic writing performance?"

I showed her the notes she had made. She was quite taken aback, and said she hoped she wasn't getting like Harry and coming under the spell of "outside" agencies. I assured her that this probably wasn't the case, that she had just been half asleep and had responded to my attempt at hypnotizing Harry by being hypnotized herself, as so often happens.

"Furthermore," I said, "this message contains a prediction. It said that you could find the mushroom. The real test of what just happened would occur if you ever found the mushroom we are seeking!"

"Yes, that would be quite fantastic," she said. "I don't see how it could ever happen in this world."

I laid aside my notes and completely forgot about them during the day, which was the fourth of July, and also on the fifth of July. I didn't think of it again until the sixth of July. On this day we got up very late and were sitting around the kitchen about 11:00 in the morning discussing the events of the past few days. Alice was much more intrigued by her automatic writing performance, of course, than I was; and she

wondered if we hadn't better do something about looking for mushrooms.

Now I must describe the ground layout of the foundation property. The laboratory was located on a peninsula which was a mile long jutting out into Penobscot Bay, which is on the Atlantic coast. The landward side of the peninsula is bounded by a cove called Glen Cove, from which the town derives its name. The outer side of the peninsula fronts Penobscot Bay and the Atlantic coast.

The entire peninsula had on its water periphery an old gravel carriage road. And this is the road referred to in my questioning of Alice on that morning of the fourth of July. The answer she had given me was that the mushroom could be found at the south end of this road. This was the edge of our property. If one followed the directions in looking for mushrooms he would have a relatively small area to explore, perhaps 50 yards wide and 100 yards long. This would conform to the description that Alice had given.

Alice said that she would like to take a walk in the woods to see if there were any mushrooms growing. I directed her to this area of the road at the south end of the property which was about a half mile from the laboratory building. Alice, Harry, and Betty decided

to go on this expedition and get a breath of fresh air. I stayed behind and busied myself going over the laboratory procedure of the past few days and checking my notes. The three of them were gone for about two hours.

They all burst into the kitchen in great excitement about one o'clock and proudly showed a mushroom that they had found near the road at the south end of the property. I must say that the mushroom was of a rare beauty. It was of a golden color, the cap was about six inches across, and the stem was about eight inches long. The cap had sprinkled over it about 30 or 40 yellowish-white warts. We all looked at each other in amazement and practically asked the same question at once, "Could this be an *Amanita muscaria*?"

I examined the mushroom very carefully and found that it was as fresh as it could be. In my judgment it was no older than 24 hours. In other words, it had sprung up within the past two days. I rushed to my mushroom book and carefully compared every detail of this mushroom with the description in the book. The mushroom fitted exactly the description given for *Amanita muscaria*, as did the spores, which I examined under the microscope.

This, however, was not sufficient identification. I knew that the true

*Amanita muscaria* was supposed to kill flies. So we collected 10 live flies in order to see if they would be poisoned by eating the mushroom. The mushroom was mounted on a little base stand and the entire mount was placed within a large bell jar. Into the bell jar were introduced the 10 live flies. After three hours of confinement in the bell jar with the mushroom, by actual count we found that six of the flies were dead. Twenty-four hours later eight of the flies were dead, but two still remained alive. There was no question that this mushroom was toxic for flies.

I took a few of the warts, ground them up, mixed them with honey, and placed them near a beehive that we had on the foundation property. I noticed that the bees were attracted in great numbers to the honey bait. After six hours I counted hundreds of dead bees around this mushroom-honey preparation. There was no question that the honey was toxic for bees. The conclusion was slowly forced upon me that we had a genuine specimen of *Amanita muscaria*. This was confirmed for me later by a botanist who examined the specimen and the spores.

Was there any relationship between the written message that Alice had given on July 4, and the finding of this specimen of *Amanita muscaria* on the sixth of July?

Now it is to be noted that in the summer of 1954 I had written to the Boston Mycological Society inquiring if the *Amanita muscaria* could be found in Maine. The reply from the society was that some of their members had occasionally found specimens in New England, but no recent reports had come in of any found in Maine. I checked the literature and found that in one report, published in 1925, a specimen of *Amanita muscaria* had been found in Maine. I, myself, had never, during the summer of 1954, or up to this time in the summer of 1955, found any *Amanita muscaria* in Maine. (No *Amanita muscaria* was found during the years 1956 and 1957 either.)

My general impression was the *Amanita muscaria* was uncommon in Maine. Could this be one of those rare coincidences where something had been predicted and two days later the event had occurred as advertised? I felt that the relationship between the prediction and the event was probably pure coincidence. But the only way to answer this question was to go out and seek for more specimens of the *Amanita muscaria*.

Therefore, we organized a party of 10 people and over the next four days spent many hours combing every square foot of the peninsula on which we lived and which comprised about 600 acres. No other

specimens of *Amanita muscaria* were found on this peninsula. Over the next two weeks the search was extended to include an area of 10 square miles around the foundation property in those spots where it appeared likely that mushrooms would be growing. No other mushrooms were to be found in this extensive search. The conclusion was forced upon us that this was not pure coincidence, the finding of the *Amanita muscaria*. While none of us could take Alice's automatic writing seriously, we could not help but puzzle over the relationship between this message and the finding of the mushroom.

The finding of this beautiful golden specimen of *Amanita muscaria* mushroom was a noteworthy milestone on the quest which had begun over a year ago for such a mushroom. A year ago I was introduced to the practice of the sacred mushroom by a very strange message, partly in English and partly in ancient Egyptian, sent to me from New York by Alice. Subsequently I had confirmed for me the fact that the ancient hieroglyphs were indeed genuine Egyptian writing. The obscure hints in this message about a mushroom that would have unusual psychic effects were confirmed by the observations of Mr. Wasson in Mexico. Now, while we had been attempting to join across the distance from Maine to

Mexico by means of extrasensory perception; the first tangible and unexpected, result of this reaching was in our hands. Was this the sacred mushroom we were seeking?

(The mushrooms found by Wasson in Mexico are not *Amanita muscaria*. I merely point out that the mushrooms of Harry's writing and those of Mexico are both supposed to induce psychic effects."

What is the reality back of the Ra Ho Tep manifestation (*through which the original information had come about the sacred mushroom cult*)?

With this reality I could not experiment—I could only eliminate factors ascribable to fraud, error in observation or delusion. After all this detective work was done, there was still an unaccountable residue

of reality. I listened to many explanations.

It is difficult for me to accept most of them. I fully accept the idea that there was present behind the facade of the Ra Ho Tep personality intelligent direction. My question is: What is the nature of this intelligence? Is it a finite soul related to Harry or to the historical Ra Ho Tep?

If so, is such a soul capable of making a mushroom grow on a 500-square-yard portion of the earth's surface after predicting its coming two days before the event?

I feel that our diligence at the moment showed this to be the only such mushroom to be found within several square miles of this area. It does not seem likely that it was a fortuitous coincidence.

---

### TRouble TRAIL

**I**N TOLEDO, O., Anthony Dwayne Trail, 5, was hospitalized with skull and collarbone fractures after being struck by a car on Anthony Wayne Trail while on his way home from kindergarten.

---

### UNANSWERED CALL

**A** SUMMONS for jury duty was sent to William J. Allsopp in Miami, Fla., in connection with the murder trial of John Charles Cross, 19, accused of shooting to death a guard at the Fontainebleau Hotel. The dead guard was William J. Allsopp.

---

# 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.

## THE KNOCKING HAND

By Florine Oke

MY PARENTS, John and Dana Sparr, and I were acquainted with Doctor and Mrs. William Dee. Doctor Dee had taken a job as forest ranger in the foothills around Mount Baker at glacier Washington for his health.

Doctor Dee owned a splendid horse named Pat and I, being a girl of 17 and fond of horses, loved the family picnics and the horse-back riding which were part of our visits with the Dees.

On retiring one winter night in 1921 at 9:00 o'clock. I heard three knocks on the wall and a feminine voice say solemnly, "Doctor Dee is dead."

Startled, I nevertheless managed to say, "Well if this is true please knock three times for two more nights and I will believe." I promised to retire at 9:00 each night.

I told Mother the next morning what I had heard but she turned it off as foolishness. She forbade me to think of it again.

That night I was snugly in bed with the covers over my head listening fearfully when I heard the three knocks again. The same voice

repeated the dreaded words, "Doctor Dee is dead."

I heard the knock and the message on the third night too.

However, we heard no news over the week-end and I gave it no more thought until Monday when Dad came in looking very grave. His first words were, "Doctor Dee is dead."

"Mrs. Dee was in the store this morning and, bursting into tears, told me how the doctor was drowned five days ago fording the swollen river on his horse."



FLORINE OKE

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Pat swam ashore but the doctor was swept to his death.

I reminded Mother of the three knocks I had heard and she admitted it was a strange experience.

I have often thought that the good doctor sent me word by a spirit friend that I might realize death is not final for any of us.—  
*Bellingham, Wash.*

**MESSAGE OF THE MUSTARD SEED**

By Betty Hoven

**M**Y MOTHER is a sensible, hard-working person of hardy farm stock who believes one-fourth of what she hears, and discounts half of what she sees.

Yet on the night of November 25, 1954, she actually met and talked with the spirit of a man she never had met, who had been killed exactly two months earlier—more than 4000 miles from her home.

She had stacked the dinner dishes in the sink and was cleaning the dining room table when it happened.

To me, the night was just another part of the same dreary routine with no prospects of the bright future I had happily planned and dreamed of for a year and a half. There was no future for me now. The man I had loved and planned to marry had been killed when his plane went down on September 25, 1954, during a routine training flight over the Yellow Sea of Japan.

I had thrown myself into my work as a radio copy-writer, often working as long as 18 hours a day. On this night, as usual, I dragged my weary body back to the office to work and be alone with my memories.

When I arrived home about 2:30 in the morning, the lights were still

burning. Before I could put my key in the door Mother opened it.

"Someone was here looking for you tonight," she said. "I told him you were out and I didn't know what time you'd be back."

"Who was it?" I asked dully.

"I don't know; he didn't leave his name."

"Well, Mother," I mumbled, "I guess it couldn't have been too important or he'd have come to the station."

But Mother refused to be swayed from the subject, "He said something strange and I've been trying to figure out what he meant. Maybe you can make some sense out of it. He said to tell you to remember the mustard seed. That you'd know what he meant."

"Oh Mother," I said with annoyance, "he was probably one of those traveling preachers. Don't think about it. I'm going to bed and I'd suggest you do the same. You look completely worn out."

I had forgotten the matter in a couple of days. But not Mother. The image of her visitor's face had become firmly imprinted on her mind in the five or six minutes she had talked with him.

She spoke of him frequently; of his politeness, and how she had felt a kinship with him, although he was a complete stranger. She seemed to literally be haunted by the man. She even reported dreaming about the man, and in each dream he mentioned the mustard seed.

In late January, 1955, George's mother received his last effects from the Air Force and she sent me several keepsakes. She included a photograph I had admired which was taken shortly after his graduation

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from college and was a clear, full-face shot.

My mother was looking over my shoulder as I unpacked the items. When I picked up the photo of George, she gasped and snatched it from my hand. Surprised at her sudden unexpected action, I turned to look at her.

She was as pale as if she had seen a ghost.

The truth is—she had. For she insists to this very day that our strange, polite visitor in the night was my dead fiancé.

And I believe her. For the message of the mustard seed is, "If ye will have faith, nothing shall be impossible to you."—*Elmhurst, N.Y.*

### "ONE GOOD TURN . . ."

By Roger Luna, Jr.

WHEN I WAS going to high school John Fallos and I were very good friends. On one of our vacations John and I and a few other friends organized a trip to a nearby lake, where we rented a boat. At a moment when we were having fun in the boat John lost his balance and fell into the water. He did not know how to swim so I jumped in to save him. The rest

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of the boys helped me get him back into the boat. John was grateful to me for saving him and he assured me solemnly that one day he would do the same for me.

When I had finished my third year of high school I left to go to work, through economic necessity. One day when I had gone on a trip in connection with my work I met John. I noticed he was very pale and he explained to me that he had been sick and was just recovering. He was glad to see me and invited me for a cup of coffee.

Later on I wanted to leave him because it was almost time for my bus. But John insisted that I stay till the next bus came. I did this and when I was finally leaving he begged me that I would visit his mother and tell her that the papers she was looking for were in the living room, behind a picture.

We said goodbye. The bus on which I rode had covered only half of the way when it suddenly stopped. The bus driver got out to see what had happened and when he came back he was very pale and shaky. He explained to us that the bus that had left ahead of us had gone over a cliff and that all of the passengers had been killed.

I got very scared when I heard this, to think that if John had not stopped me I would have taken that bus and been killed also.

As soon as I got home I went to visit John's mother and found her all dressed in black. When I told her I had seen John and had a message for her she said, "All you are saying is impossible. John died a week ago."

I felt like the floor had caved away under my feet. However, we

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did go into the living room and there behind the picture we did find the documents she needed in order to be able to collect John's life insurance.

All this took place in the early part of the year 1959, in Linaris Nuevo Leon, a small town outside of Mexico.—*Milwaukee, Wis.*

**FATHER RETURNED**

By Berryman O. Davids

**I** WAS AN instrument baby and an only child. My father, Orville Davids, a Methodist minister, was accidentally shot and killed in June, 1911, when I was three months old. Mother was still bedfast from the ordeal of my birth when Father died. The double ordeal was too much for her frail body to endure and Mother was sure she now would join in death the husband she loved so dearly.

A week after Father's burial Mother lay alone on her bed. Suddenly she heard her husband's voice say, "Lula, it is I, your husband, Orville."

Mother turned her head thinking she was delirious. But Father stood by her bed.

He said, "God has allowed me to come to tell you that He will heal you, that you may raise our son in the admonition of God."

Father then disappeared.

Mother is still alive at 81.

I am a Christian business man. The hand of God has been upon me all my life. He has miraculously healed me several times, snatched me from the jaws of death, given me visions, and been very near and dear to me all my life.—*Longview, Wash.*



## NEW BOOKS

MYSTERIES AND REALITIES OF THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT, by A. da Silva Mello. (Translated from the Portuguese by M. B. Fierz). Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 1960. 494 pages, \$6.00.

Dr. Silva Mello, a prominent physician and psychoanalyst in his native Brazil, obviously is a man of high intellect and sincerity. His interests are varied and his life experiences have been extensive. These facts make it all the more regrettable that his long, careful treatment of psychic phenomena and spiritism is so dogmatically negative and skeptical.

One must read to nearly the end of the book (page 454, to be precise) before encountering the author's standard of judgment: "It clearly owes nothing to the supernatural. It is either natural, and will therefore have a natural explanation, or then it does not happen, and is the product of false or exaggerated stories."

Thus any phenomenon not conforming to orthodox physics and chemistry is the result of delusion, poor observation, prestidigitation, hypnotic suggestion, coincidence, subconscious sensory clues, mali-

cious fraud, or some combination of these.

With a rather heavy hand he thus disposes of palmistry, astrology, graphology, and other forms of "fortune-telling". His experience with these is limited to practitioners who advertise widely in public newspapers, and in almost no case does he bother to consult with psychic researchers for their recommendations. (A safe rule of thumb, he feels, is: the more exaggerated the advertised claims, the less the true ability.)

When dealing with spiritism (as he prefers to term spiritualism), his experiences are limited to what he has read, as is true of his discussion of most other phenomena more properly termed psychic. His reading has been varied and extensive but shows curious omissions. He cites numerous articles in 19th Century French journals and obscure continental medical bulletins, but he is almost totally unfamiliar with the standard classics in psychic research. What he has read of the latter he tends to dismiss as preposterous. The years of painstaking work

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of Dr. Rhine and his followers, for example, he declares "superficial and weak", adding "the results arrived at were nothing more than guesses, and are most unconvincing." And while he discusses everything from trained horses to German religious fanatics, he makes almost no mention of cases of spontaneous psychic phenomena or paranormal dreams. The diversity of subjects covered and sources quoted makes it all the more regrettable that the publishers have included neither index nor bibliography.

A far more serious fault of the book, to my mind, is that Dr. Silva Mello is so exclusively negative. It may be well and good if he wishes to reject all evidence for extra-sensory preception or spiritualism; others far more acquainted with psychic matters have done likewise. But is it not incumbent upon so devastating a critic to supply an alternative to what he rejects? One ends the book knowing very well what the author rejects. But he makes no statement whatever as to his views on survival after death nor on the nature of the subconscious mind. Surely a man with such broad experience must have formed some beliefs during his full and active life. What they are the reader can only wonder.

Lest I give the impression that this long and interesting book is without merit, let me add that the chapters on hypnotism, both history and application, and on mental healing are fascinating and as constructive as the remainder of the book is negatively critical. When he is being positive, Dr. Silva Mello makes absorbing reading. One can only regret that, in this book, such

an attitude is the exception rather than the rule.—*David Techter.*

**MAGIC, ITS RITES AND HISTORY**, by Maurice Bouisson, translated by G. Almayrac. Rider and Co., London, England, 1960. 319 pages, about \$8.00.

Magic today is considered nothing more than the sport of charlatans, yet no student of comparative religion can afford to neglect it. Most psychologists ignore it, yet its study reveals much of profound psychological interest.

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Because Bouisson is French and an old Africa hand, this book places

heavy emphasis on current practices in France, North Africa and other areas where French culture prevails. The reader cannot criticize the book on that basis, however, for the magical practices current in the suburbs of Paris and Algiers rank easily among the most frightening ever invented by man.

The stated aim of this book is to establish the true place of magic in the whole scheme of human society and behavior. It is divided into three main sections, the first of which deals with the principal systems of magical practice, the second with the application of these systems, while the third section analyzes the state of mind which results from the pursuit of magical ideals.

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Books covering so wide a range of fascinating material are rare indeed, and we hope that this book will be made available to U.S. bookbuyers.—*P. O. F. Laught.*

**H<sup>3</sup> IN THE BATTLE AGAINST OLD AGE**, by Henry Marx. Plenum Press, Inc., New York, 1960. 207 pages, \$4.95.

This is perhaps one of the most unique and exciting (to laymen, at least) medical books ever written, by reason of the fact that it reports on the first large scale efforts to treat senility with a particular drug or technique for which major success is claimed by an accredited medical authority. Others have claimed or achieved impressive cures of particular old age diseases, but this is the first instance where in any authority purportedly has found a way to reduce the manifold symptoms of old age with a single treatment and to bring about some degree of rejuvenation. This also is probably the first time that medical authorities around the world have taken very seriously the possibility that somebody has discovered a partial or complete cure for old age itself.

The principal of this unusual

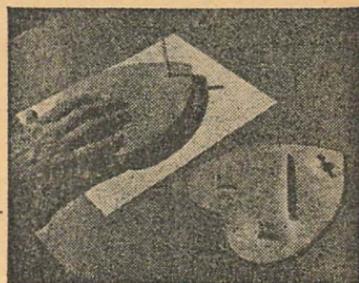
story is Prof. Anna Aslan, M.D., of the Parhon Institute of Geriatrics, Bucharest, Rumania, who has since 1951—starting with 25 old age home subjects—treated thousands of people of all ages, not only old age home residents but also out-patients and hospitalized individuals. The agent alleged to have given the results is one with which persons who have undergone dental treatment are familiar—novocain, the generic or scientific term for which is procaine hydrochloride—or just simply “procaine.” Dr. Aslan calls it “H3.”

It has been known for decades that procaine injected intramuscularly or into the bloodstream can alleviate or cure certain ailments, but Professor Aslan was the first who did not stop procaine treatment when the particular cure wanted was obtained but continued its administration as an aging therapy.

Professor Aslan and others hold that procaine acts directly upon the nervous system and endocrine glands to bring about all sorts of benefits. A Russian scientist and others believe that the aging process is the result of damage to the nervous system and some authorities presumably suspect that procaine works by undoing this damage.

Author Marx quotes Professor Aslan as saying, “It can be stated that novocain reduces the biological age of those treated with it below the chronological age. Novocain affects directly the cerebral cortex and its dynamics, and acts on the whole nervous system, the diencephalon centers, the spinal cord, peripheral nerves, metabolic processes, and brings about trophic changes in the entire organism. It also affects the

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endocrine glands . . ."

The book lists a very large number of specific improvements and states that Professor Aslan reported the regrowth of pigmented hair in a man who claimed to be 110 years old!

Numerous authorities around the world are quoted on their reactions to Professor Aslan's procaine experimentation and similar investigations by others which have followed are reported. At least two Russian authorities are convinced but most experts have a "wait-and-see" attitude, feeling that the trials have not yet been adequate. Relatively little generalized procaine therapy has so far been attempted in the U.S. A procaine clinic for low income old people is planned in Los Angeles.

While an obvious fact is that the elderly patients have not been turned into young people, their mortality rate has been much lower than that of control subjects and their ability to work has been very greatly improved. The questions involved are: Are the procaine patients in better condition simply because of suggestion and superior environment or because they were less ill or more hardy than the control subjects in the first place? Have they simply reverted to normality, which in itself would be quite an achievement? Or are they actually biologically younger? Biological age is hard to measure.

Some younger people in good health are receiving procaine injections for preventive rather than curative purposes and it will be enormously interesting to see if they retain their youth.—*Leon J. Ricks.*

# REPORT FROM THE READERS

## REBELLION REVISITED

The article "The Vision That Stopped an Indian Rebellion," by Francis Dickie, in the April issue, interested my mother and me very much, for my father, William A. Morton, was one of the heroes of that Indian War. I have his Victorian medal, awarded for special bravery, complete with bar and ribbon. It differs from the average medal, his name and company being engraved on the perimeter.

With several other soldiers, one named Baker, my father rescued the McLean girls from a burning building. They cut a hole in the roof and brought the factor's two daughters to safety. The girls gave each of the men a lock of their hair. My father kept his for many years in the small Bible he had carried throughout the campaign.

My father also captured the first prisoner at the battle of Batoche. Some of his letters home were published in Belleville, Ont., papers. I remember that one letter stated "the men all had scurvy and were living on hardtack."

My father served under General Middleton in Battalion A. He later became a police officer and served 15 years in the police force in Belleville, Ont. He died in 1908 and was buried in our family plot in Belleville.

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I always felt rather sorry for the halfbreed attorney, Louis Riel, who organized the Indians for their last stand. He was hanged ignominiously and summarily for a cause which one must admit had some very real justification.

The "vision" may have been instrumental in ending the war, but it was a very real and hard-fought war, the way I heard it.—*Vera Clifford, New York, N.Y.*

### PRE-AUTO SPOOK LIGHT

I read with interest in the September, 1960, issue about the Spook Light at Hornet, Mo.

I sincerely wish the lad who won the honors for his discovery the best of luck in all that he attempts. However, I would like for the young scientist to explain what caused the Hornet Spook Light to be visible long before there were highways or automobiles.

Old timers who used the vicinity of the light as a landmark before the Civil War are gone, but still living are some who will tell you they knew of the light before the 1900's. I well remember the light when my parents drove down to Hornet from Joplin in our surrey with the fringe around the top—before a car ever had been seen in that part of the country.

Folks in that vicinity accept the light as they do the rocks, the weeds, fresh water springs, lush fields and beautiful sunsets there in the foothills of the Ozark Mountains.

The pioneers who first settled in southwest Missouri knew about the light because it had been pointed out to them by friendly Indians living there. When some would-be authority or so-called scientist an-

nounces having solved the mystery of the light, I have observed a sly smile cross the faces of the folks who live there. If they make any remark at all, it is apt to be, "Well, let them have their fun."

I like your magazine very much and wish you continued success.—  
*Edna W. Billings, Hoboken, N.J.*

#### DANCING FOR RAIN

The filler item, "A Rain of Dollars" in the May issue needs a few corrections.

The Smoki people, all white, perform this snake dance to the rain god once each year—that is, one performance. It is not a "three day celebration" as stated.

The Hopis in the nearby Hopi Indian reservation have a nine-day celebration for their snake dance.

It is an ancient prayer for rain. Hopi legends say that the snakes are their little brothers and that, prayed to and treated well during the long ceremony and then returned safely to their desert homes, the snakes will intercede with the gods and ask that rain be sent to the tiny, but very important Hopi sand dune gardens.

Old Orabi, near where the yearly Indian snake dances are performed, is the oldest continuously occupied settlement in the United States. The Spanish conquistadores found this an old village when they came into northern Arizona for the first time in 1540.

The Smoki snake dance is copied exactly from ancient rituals. Not only this, but each year they perform a new dance, and great research is done to get authenticity into each step, each movement and each detail of costume and setting.

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More surprising is the fact that in deepest Africa this same snake dance is performed to the rain god of jungle savages.

As to the insurance policy connected with the Smoki people, each year they take out this \$2,000 policy to insure rain. The record for the last 10 years is that it rained three times on the night of the dance. Six times it rained within 24 hours, for which they collected their \$2,000. The tenth night they missed.—*Mary Elsnau, Prescott, Ariz.*

### TRUTH ABOUT THE AKRON

The article in the February issue by Lt. Dale Basye regarding the Akron dirigible disaster in San Diego, Calif., in 1932, is completely accurate. I was living in San Diego at the time and was a witness to the event.

People seemed to have come from everywhere to Camp Kearny Mesa, as it was called, to watch the mooring of the Akron. The area had been an Army camp during the First World War and still was somewhat active during the early 30's. Everyone seemed in a state of high excitement at the prospect of seeing the Akron land so close by. It was like a big holiday celebration. Traffic was terrific and I believe it is no exaggeration to state that many thousands of persons were in the area before I arrived myself.

I was somewhat at the back of the watching crowd, but was close enough to see men working on the ground with ropes, trying to moor the dirigible. Suddenly the dirigible gave a jerk, its nose turned upwards and it started to rise in the air.

Three men holding to the ropes

---

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were carried aloft. One dropped to the ground before the ship got too high, while the remaining two were borne upward.

One of those two, no doubt unable to hold on to the rope any longer, came catapulting down through the air. People screamed. Some fainted and some vomited because of shock.

The third man, who was nearest the top of the rope, still clung to it. Amid the sobs and moans, I heard voices cry, "Oh, God, help him!" Suddenly this man was pulled up inside the dirigible. I don't know how high it was at that point.

People staggered back to their cars, some crying and some being carried. I know I must have looked like one walking in a trance. I was numbed but was aware of crying. I felt that the bottom had dropped out of the world.

Police asked people to clear the area. When I returned to San Diego proper I found that the city, which just a few hours before had seemed in such a happy mood, had become as quiet as a mausoleum.

For weeks the tragedy seemed to hang over everyone like a cloud. Many felt that what they had witnessed would never fade from their minds. I know it hasn't faded from mine.—*Dr. Virginia Fahlee, Midpines, Calif.*

### SUSPENDED ROCK LOCATED

Thank you for publishing my inquiry about a suspended rock in the May, 1961, issue of FATE. I received six letters to date and four of the writers located the rock about which I had read. I also received some other very interesting information in these letters. It is wonderful to

realize that there are such nice persons all over the country who will take the time and effort to write to a stranger.

In case you would be interested in the information about the rock, I will give it to you for what it is worth.

The statement about the rock is on page 158 of the book *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, by Leslie and Adamski, quote:

"And even to this day there is a huge boulder of 'Tay Nimu', Annam, in French Indo China. Reported to weigh over 300 tons, it hangs suspended in midair, with no visible means of support; a floating miracle of levitation. The natives believe it is held in the air by means of sound, so every moment of the day and night someone is humming a mantra to keep it from falling. Surely, if the reports on it are correct, it would be well worthwhile for a scientific expedition to visit Annam and investigate."

Annam is now Viet Nam.—Mrs. A. S. Taylor, Ogden, Utah.

#### ANOTHER SUSPENDED ROCK

In the May, 1961, issue of FATE I came across the letter by Mrs. A. S. Taylor, Ogden, Utah, asking if anyone knew the location of the rock suspended in midair.

This is a true story. I know the location and anyone who wishes to go and see this huge rock hanging in midair may do so. The story is as follows:

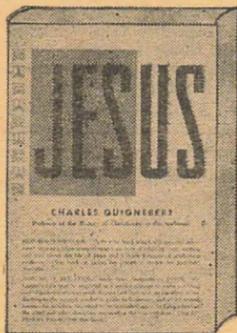
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as it was about to smash a little Hindu temple at the foot of the hill. It has remained miraculously suspended an inch or two above the roof of the sanctuary. There is a very narrow space between the bottom of the boulder and the pagoda's rooftop through which you can see daylight.—*J. B. Young Yianakopoulos, Long Beach, Calif.*

### THE VANISHED GROCERIES

Regarding the interesting story, "The Phantom of the Cariboo Trail," in the May issue, I believe Barksville should be Barkerville, the end of the old extension of the Cariboo Trail. I was in that once gay mining town years ago, about the time I wrote the popular local ballad "Twilight in the Golden Cariboo."

I noticed no mysterious lights over Spencer's Bridge, although the sky is diamond-studded. Once my brother made camp not too far from Spencer's Bridge. Before retiring, he placed a box of groceries beneath his car. They were not there in the morning. We decided some passing hobo was responsible for the loss.

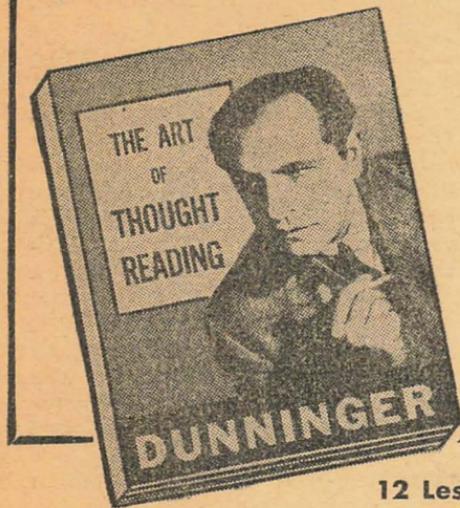
I'm inclined to think that space craft visited that area during gold rush days, and I've no doubt that a few wild men known as Sasquatch crossed the trail.—*Frank Page, Vancouver, B.C., Canada.*

### THAT HUMMING SOUND

In the March, 1961, issue Lucille C. Hieber describes a humming sound which she hears at times. There have been reports from others who can hear, and even feel, this hum.

My cousin in Berlin, Germany, also can hear it and sometimes finds it annoying at night. I, too, have

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heard it on several occasions. It appears to be more audible indoors than outdoors, especially at night when there are no other noises.

The pitch of this hum appears to be a B natural, which is about 60 cycles per second. Frequently there is a harmonic at 120 cycles and sometimes other harmonics of higher pitch. It therefore could be caused by anything operating on 60-cycle current. This would include electric

clocks, a refrigerator, furnace fan, doorbell transformer, or even a large power transformer in the neighborhood.

It is natural for a low-pitched sound to be more audible in some parts of the house than in others. It also is true that low frequency sounds (below 300 cycles) are non-directional. This means that one cannot tell from where the sound is coming.—*Henry H. Wohrer, Milwaukee, Wis.*

#### "TRUE STATEMENTS"

The article about UFO's by Tom Comella in the May, 1961, issue was of particular interest to me. I know Edgar Smith personally and I met Comella some time back. I believe their statements to be true.—*James L. Black, Lakewood, Ohio.*

## To parents of children from 3 to 15

**W**HICH DISEASE do you think is the single greatest killer of children under 15? Shockingly and tragically, the answer is—*cancer*.

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#### EXPLODING MILK BOTTLES

In your February 1960, issue of FATE you carried an account of milk bottles exploding in a refrigerator. No doubt there have been many suggestions offered and I'd like to add mine to the list. I suggest that the answer may lie in ultrasonics. Enrico Caruso is credited with shattering a glass by sounding and sustaining a certain note. I've read of the breaking down of metal by subjecting it to a sound wave of a certain frequency and magnitude.

Is it possible that in this refrigerator is a sound wave of such frequency that it is capable of causing the explosion? A strong clue to the presence of ultrasonics is the temperature of the milk. It was stated that it rose as much as five degrees in two minutes within the milk, yet the airspace and refrigerator unit remained constant. This

indicates to me that the milk is a receiver of some energy. Perhaps a skilled electronic or ultrasonic expert would go over the refrigerator with some measuring device that would reveal the presence of such a sound wave to see if this would solve the mystery.

Ever since reading my first issue of your magazine almost seven years ago I have been fascinated by the content of your excellent publication. — *George W. Dunton, Sierra Madre, Calif.*

*We have heard from Mrs. Roland J. Bibeau since this mystery was first published in FATE and I suspect that we will never have a solution to this as the refrigerator company has simply given them a new refrigerator. — Ed.*

#### ANTS AND WATER DOWSING

After reading the story in connection with ants by Gus Utter in the December issue, I am prompted to write to you. My hobby is locating water for people. Some call it water witching, but I prefer to be called a dowser.

During a lay-off I started experimenting and practicing on known springs, wells, etc. This past summer I located several wells for people, and fortunately there were no dry holes.

The English author and dowser, M. Maury, says in one of her latest works that ants build nests directly over underground streams. However, the same area would cause illness to animals, namely cattle, and to some extent, humans.

The author of your article is correct about ants as I had an opportunity to observe an ant hill in

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western Oklahoma during the Thanksgiving holiday. I went out there to find water for a party after a well driller went down to 200 feet without finding water.

I found that the best site for water was about 30 feet away. There was an ant hill nearby and I found it was directly over the place I staked out to be drilled. The depth to water was only 10 feet. I use the triangulation method and sometimes the wire method.

The American dowser, Henry Gross, says that the sources of all the springs or water veins are called domes. These domes rise straight up to the surface from some place unknown. Somehow, probably due to fissures or cracks, this upward movement of water sends out streams and, when they reach lower areas, springs are formed. A tree standing over a dome would be healthier than other trees nearby. Here I also noticed that such trees are much more susceptible to lightning strikes.

The energy that activates the rods really depends on the human operator's personal field aided by electrical fields over underground streams. The rods alone are not attracted to water but register only when the two fields overlap each other.—*Nathan J. Kelly, Wichita, Kans.*

#### IN DENMARK, TOO

I read the item "Cold Up There" in the February, 1961, issue of FATE about ice falling from the sky in the U.S.A. and in Australia. This happened also in Denmark.

My granddaughter returned after a two-year visit there and related that an airplane (?) dropped a

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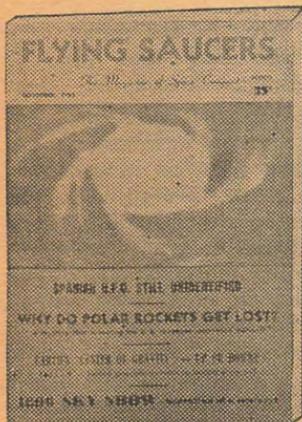
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large piece of ice. It hit a house, went through the roof and made a big hole in the living room floor. My nephew lives across the street from that house.

This happened near Kastrup Airport, Kastrup, Copenhagen.—*Kristine Laufer, Chicago, Ill.*

### "REMOVING FIRE"

I have read the article "Using to Heal in South Carolina," by Lee R. Gandee. I am of German descent myself and I believe in healing of this type if it is done by the Bible.

I have had the power to remove fire on myself as well as on others. I have removed fire from myself without a trace of soreness being left. And it left at once. But like the writer of the article I have told too many how it is done and now it won't work for me. I am going to reveal the method in the hope that it will work for someone else. Here are the words:

*As Paul passed through the land he had all power in his hands to take out fire. In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Amen.—James E. Maxey, Roanoke, Va.*

### POWER TO STOP BLEEDING

I read in the March issue about the power to stop bleeding. This is not news to me as I saw my mother stop bleeding many times. Children and adults in our town came to Mother. She would put her hands on the person's head and silently say, "In the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost (the name of the person bleeding) and when I passed by thee and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee when thou was in thy

blood, live yea. I said when thou was in thy blood, live. Ezekiel 16-6."

Before Mother passed away, she told me what she said to stop blood.  
—Carolyn Michael, East Chicago, Ill.

#### BRIGHT RED UFO

I have seen several UFO's, and one I have not yet told you about I saw last summer (1960). That makes a total of four UFO's I have seen since my first one in 1948.

Last summer's sighting was of a bright red ball which appeared suddenly in the air over the roof of the Bryan Station High School building, which was about 100 yards from my back yard. It was not more than 50 feet over the roof and was about the size of a basketball. It hung motionless for about five seconds, making no sound, then began to move away to the northeast, still at an altitude of about 75 feet and at an estimated speed of about 50 miles per hour, not much faster than a car on the highway. It did not recede out of sight but rather went out like a light after it had gone a distance of about a city block. It vanished just as it first appeared—one moment nothing was visible and the next there it was.

I called for my wife, but before she came out of the house it was gone. Neighbors out in their back yards apparently did not see it. But the local NICAP chapter reported several calls from other persons in Lexington who saw it in different parts of town that evening. I did not see one other well reported UFO here last fall, but it seems that just about everyone else did. However it was on the opposite side of town.  
—Milan Rayfako, Lexington, Ky.

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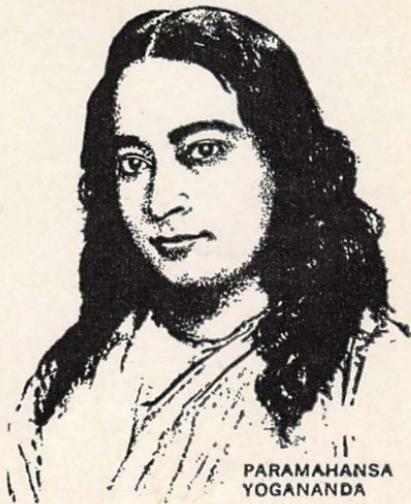
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# What is a PARAMAHANSA?

*Paramahansa* is the highest spiritual title bestowed on a teacher in India. The title signifies complete spiritual achievement—union with the Divine; and may be given to another person only by one who himself has attained that supreme state. A Paramahansa is one who is master of himself, and thus qualified to teach others the path to unending joy and perfect fulfillment.



Yogananda was the only Paramahansa ever to teach in the West, where he lived for over 30 years.

His inspired teachings have been assembled in a series of Lessons, sent weekly to students from the world headquarters of Self-Realization Fellowship.

Write for free booklet, *Highway to the Infinite*.



**SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP, Dept. F4**  
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Please send me the free booklet, *Highway to the Infinite*, which explains how I may achieve my own Self-realization.

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## Do Unseen Powers Direct Our Lives?

ARE the tales of strange human powers false? Can the mysterious feats performed by the mystics of the Orient be explained away as only illusions? Is there an intangible bond with the universe beyond which draws mankind on? Does a mighty Cosmic intelligence from the reaches of space ebb and flow through the deep recesses of the mind, forming a river of wisdom which can carry men and women to the heights of personal achievement?

### Have You Had These Experiences?

... that unmistakable feeling that you have taken the wrong course of action, that you have violated some inner, unexpressed, better judgement? The sudden realization that the silent whisperings of self are cautioning you to keep your own counsel—not to speak words on the tip of your tongue in the presence of another. That something which pushes you forward when you hesitate, or restrains you when you are apt to make a wrong move.

These urges are the subtle *influence* which when understood and directed has made thousands of men and women masters of their lives. There IS a source of intelligence within you as natural as your senses of sight and hearing, and more dependable, which you are NOT using now! Challenge this statement! Dare the Rosicrucians to reveal the functions of this Cosmic mind and its great possibilities to you.

### Let This Free Book Explain

Take this infinite power into your partnership. You can use it in a rational and practical way without interference with your religious beliefs or personal affairs. The Rosicrucians, a world-wide philosophical movement, *invite you* to write today for your *Free* copy of the fascinating book, "The Mastery of Life" which explains further. Address your request to Scribe Z.C.Y.

**The ROSICRUCIANS**  
(A M O R C)

San Jose, California