

June 1962

40c

# TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

PDC

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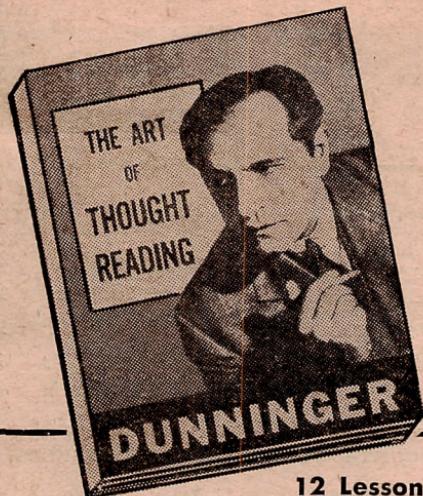
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# FATE

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# I See by the Papers...

## QUOTE OF THE MONTH

*A crazy hypothesis is better than none at all.*

Maurice Burton, D.Sc.

## THE RETURN OF "BIGFOOT"

**R**OBERT HATFIELD, a logger of Crescent City, Calif., was visiting friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bud Jenkins on State Route 20, four miles from Fort Bragg, Calif., one day in February, when he heard a dog howling in terror outside the Jenkins home.

Hatfield went out to discover the cause of the ruckus and he saw "the thing."

"It was standing chest and shoulders above a six-foot-high fence on the back of the property, looking right at me."

Hatfield ran into the house and told Jenkins that "there is the biggest bear outside that I've ever seen."

They all went out to look but didn't see anything at first. Then Hatfield walked around one side of the house and bumped squarely into the creature. It knocked him down and Hatfield called out to the Jenkinses to run into the house, that it was "half man and half beast."



They all raced for the front door and got there one step ahead of whatever was chasing them. But, according to their story, the animal wouldn't let them get the door closed. After several tries to close the door Jenkins got a gun and called to the others, "Step back, I'm going to shoot him."

At these words the door closed and the creature ran off.



## WHAT A FOOT!

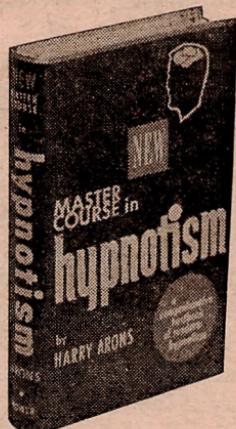
**A**ND SO BEGAN another chapter on "Bigfoot", California's own version of the Abominable Snowman, or Sasquatch, which has

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been reported periodically from that state for many years. The two most recent, previous reports were from Humboldt County in 1958 and 1959.

Skeptics, of whom there are many, have not hesitated to remark that the present account is the first to make it clear that Bigfoot can understand English, as seems evident from his leaving the door upon hearing he was to be shot.

However, Mr. Hatfield and the Jenkinses say they feel the creature's leaving may have been just a coincidence. They also offered as evidence a muddy handprint on the side of the white house. This print measured 11 inches across and a footprint in the mud measured 16 inches long despite the fact that one toe was missing.

Although many residents promptly armed themselves against the dangers of this marauding giant, students of the problem said all information suggests that Bigfoot is probably a vegetarian and harmless.

Dr. Maurice Tripp, of 15321 Quito Road, Los Gatos, Calif., has headed two expeditions (in 1958 and 1959) into Humboldt County (the area of this story is in Mendocino County) to investigate the reports. He says there is absolutely no evidence that the "California Bigfoot" ever has harmed anyone.

In the face of these assurances, only two families from outlying

areas moved into Fort Bragg temporarily.



#### POSTSCRIPT ON BIGFOOT

EARL McCONNELL, a long-time reader of FATE who supplied us with some of our information on the latest sighting of Bigfoot, wrote us a letter stating that his nephew had seen a similiar creature on a hunting expedition in the area in 1953.

The hunters had a deer hanging more than eight feet in the air and they surprised the creature tearing flesh from the deer. They approached within 20 feet before it saw them and raced away. The hunters shot over the creature's head, whereupon it stopped, picked up a log and hurled it at them, then fled.

They estimated it to be eight feet tall and stated that its left foot print was "a foot and a half long."



#### MONSTER SEASON, ALL RIGHT

MONSTER SEASONS are unpredictable. It used to be thought that they were associated with spring fever, but since monsters now are known to be seen at all seasons of the year some far-out persons feel that maybe—just maybe some of the reports are legitimate.

In February, for example, Moscow radio reported that a party of

geologists spotted a monster in Laba Kul, a lake on a remote plateau in eastern Siberia.

Laba Kul is on a 3,500-foot-high plateau, and when the prospectors were about 1,000 feet from its shores they saw an object which they first mistook to be an iron drum gleaming in the lake. Suddenly foam started hissing around it and the geologists climbed a nearby cliff so they could see better.

As the creature swam nearer they could see a head six feet long, its eyes set wide apart, and a body they estimated to be 30 feet long. Along its shiny gray back was a something that looked like a fin.

The animal appeared to swim in sudden swift rushes. Near the shore it halted, made a lather or foam, dived and vanished.

The nearest community is some 80 miles away and the residents have a legend that a monster inhabits the lake, according to Moscow radio. They complain that the monster has eaten their dogs. A fisherman adds that he once was chased by a gray monster.



#### SEA SERPENT

ALAN MACLEAN of Campbell River, British Columbia, certainly would believe this Soviet report because he claims he watched a sea serpent at play for about 15 minutes recently.

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Maclean says his wife saw it first from their seaside home at Campbell River and called his attention to it as soon as he arrived home.

This monster was described as being perhaps 18 feet long with a bulb-like hump sticking out of its back about four feet behind the snake-like head. It was yellow-cream in color, with red vein-like markings. The body ended in a darker ball at the tail.

The serpent swam leisurely about in a kelp bed for 15 minutes. Then two fishermen in a boat took a shot at it and it disappeared.

Maclean freely admitted that the fishermen thought it was a sea lion. But he says: "They couldn't see it very well because they were at water level. We were 40 feet above it on the shore and we could see it very clearly."



**LIFE DOWN THERE**

THE NEWLY developed science of undersea photography is revealing a whole new and mysterious realm of life in the depths of the oceans.

Dr. A. S. Laughton of the British National Institute of Oceanography, recently stated that nearly every photograph taken in the deep ocean shows evidence of some kind of life. It is still difficult to know what it is, however, because many dredged

specimens suffer damage in being collected.

There are tracks and burrows over vast areas of the soft bottom. Some of the tracks are made by animals on the surface and others by creatures beneath the surface.

One of the great difficulties is assessing the age of the tracks because there are no currents to disturb them and sediment accumulates so slowly that some tracks may be thousands of years old.



#### "TALK TO THEM"

**D**O YOU HAVE mice — or rats? You can rid your house of such pests by talking to them, according to no less a personage than Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, who mastered-minded Britain's heroic fighting force in the Battle of Britain.

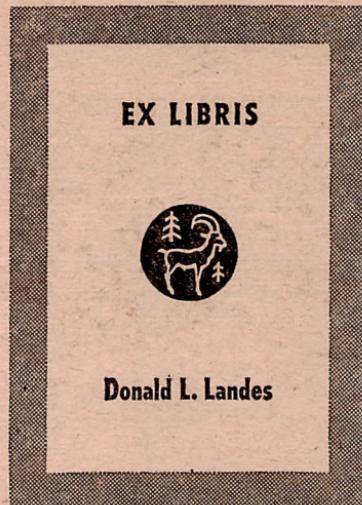
"My wife's mother," Lord Dowding told the House of Lords, "had a plague of rats in a fowl run (poultry pen). She practiced this cure and the fowl runs were cleared.

"We ourselves have cleared our house of rats and mice by similar methods."

Then up spoke Earl Bathurst, Under Secretary at the Home Office, to take exception to Lord Dowding's method. While some persons do have extraordinary powers over animals, the Earl declared, if we all use Lord Dowding's methods "we

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shall merely push our rats and other vermin upon some other individual who does not have these powers."

Lord Dowding admitted, alas, that this was all too true.



### 77 BILLION PEOPLE

**A**LTHOUGH anthropologists are not wholly in agreement on exactly when man first appeared on earth, two professors recently undertook the heroic though highly speculative task of estimating how many persons have lived since the dawn of mankind.

Their estimate: 77 billion. Their figures recently were published in the Population Bulletin of the Population Reference Bureau. The two men are Fletcher Wellemeyer, a manpower consultant, and Dr. Frank Lorimer of American University.

The demographers assumed that human life began in the year 600,000 B.C. In the succeeding 592,000 years — up to 6,000 B.C. — only about 12 billion people were born although this period covers 99 per cent of the estimated span of human existence.

The population of Earth at the beginning of the Christian era is estimated at 200 million to 300 million. It reached 500 million in 1650, one billion by 1850, doubled to two billion by 1930, and is three billion today. So fast is this population

growth accelerating that by the year 2,000, the world's population will be six billion. Some time in the century or so after that there will be standing room only.



### MOST PRIMITIVE MAN?

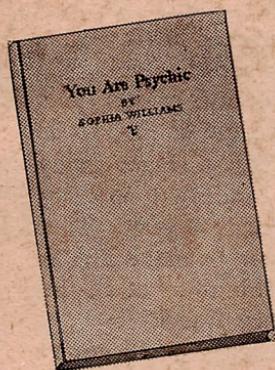
**T**HE MARCH issue of *Readers Digest* has an article by Eugene Burdick, condensed from "The Blue of Capricorn" entitled "Most Primitive Man on Earth," the Australian aborigine.

Without detracting from the fascination of this article, we think the title is a misnomer. We don't know what manner of man is the most primitive on earth but we believe there are several candidates more apt than the Australian aborigines.

One is the Onge pygmies of Little Andaman Island. The Andamans lie in the Bay of Bengal, 780 miles from Calcutta. They were once a British possession but now belong to India. In their hinterland, almost unknown, are the pygmy Negritos.

They are a stone age people, living by hunting and fishing, who recently have been studied by the Department of Anthropology of the Government of India, and by Prof. Lidio Cipriani of the University of Florence, Italy. Professor Cipriani followed a group of them for about a year, learning much about their lives.

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Like the bushmen of the Kalahari desert, the Onges women have enlarged buttocks believed to serve as storehouses of fat for lean times — like a camel's hump. The Onges use bows and arrows, and do not know the use of the fish hook.

The tallest Onges rarely exceed four feet in height, and they seldom live beyond 50 years. They do not know how to make fire, but must keep one burning at all times, even when they travel.

There are no villages and there is no major chief. Each group is made up of a few families under a petty chief. During the rainy season each tribe gathers in a great communal hut under whose floor they bury their dead. Seven days after burial they break off the jaw bone of the deceased, paint it with red ochre and decorate it, using it thereafter as an ornament on a necklace. After about three months they dig up all the bones, wash them and paint them with ochre, then bury them again.

The Onges wear little clothing — usually none at all, but they do decorate themselves elaborately with paint.

There are perhaps only 500 of them left, surviving by food gathering, using only bows and arrows and flint and obsidian chips. A strange, tiny, fey people, the Onges apparently are doomed to extinction in our modern world.

All this in A.D. 1962, in a year of men orbiting the earth, atom bombs, jet airliners, and aid to backward peoples.



## THE QUAKE EVERYONE EXPECTS UNLIKE THE

**U** didn't occur as astrologers had predicted last February, there is a different kind of disaster in the offing that seems as sure as that two and two make four.

It is being predicted with certainty by well-known scientists, but unlike the Indian astrologers they cannot say precisely *when* the thing will happen. But that it *will* happen and *soon*, is the statistical conclusion of such a man as C. F. Richter, professor of seismology at California Institute of Technology.

In fact, Professor Richter is astonished that Southern California hasn't had a really *great* earthquake recently and as each day passes without one, he grows more astonished.

California has 85 per cent of the earthquakes of North America. Dr. Richter has compared seismic activity there with other portions of the world. He has discovered that in parts of the world where about 500 quakes occur annually a great quake may be expected once in 40 years. A similar ratio seems to apply everywhere. Thus, where there are 50 small quakes per year, a

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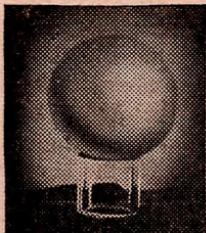
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great one can be expected once in 400 years.

Southern California has about 200 small quakes per year. Thus Dr. Richter calculates a great quake occurs there about once a century. The most recent great quake in California was January 9, 1857, or 105 years ago. It centered near the town of Gorman. Even the damaging earthquakes that have occurred in California since then were in reality "small" ones.

If that is true, the next "big" one may bring devastating havoc if it centers in populous areas.



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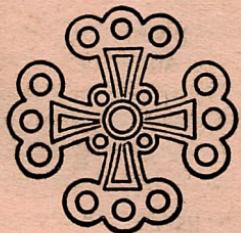
Do you know what genuine Rosicrucianism\* means? Are you practicing its vital principles? Are you utilizing the latent energy of cells and nerves? Do you work with solar energy as a prerequisite to spiritual unfoldment? In all probability you do not! Not even the highest adepts of popular Rosicrucian\* orders know these secrets! Why not?

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### PREMONITION

TO WHAT EXTENT premonitions are coincidence and to what extent they show precognitive clairvoyance or telepathy is not yet resolved by parapsychologists. Yet as we write, the newspapers are full of stories of premonitions that came true.

You will remember, for instance, that early in February two members of the world-famous aerial team — the Great Wallenda troupe — were killed and a third was critically injured when they fell from a high wire at the Shrine Circus in Detroit.

Well, this is not exactly a premonition, but it is akin to it. Ernie Palmquist, author of the song *The Music Goes Round and Round*, has a miniature circus that he displays at expositions around the country. Highlight of this miniature circus was the highwire act of the Wallendas. A few days before the real-life Wallendas suffered their tragedy, the highwire act had to be withdrawn from Ernie's miniature circus because it broke and fell.



### MORE PREMONITIONS

IN HUNTINGTON, L.I., last February 17, Mrs. Richard



A Griffis Air Force Base technician, atop a mobile electronics laboratory, attempts to identify the mysterious high-pitched sounds plaguing the Eugene Binkowski family in their Rotterdam, N.Y., home. The family had appealed to President Kennedy for aid.

Parkinson, Jr., 23 and her two-year-old daughter, Georgia Lisa, were burned to death when fire destroyed their home. Grandfather Richard Parkinson, Sr., had to be restrained from dashing into the building. "I have had many visions and dreams of this exact same thing happening with both the daughter-in-law and child caught in a fire," he cried.

\* \* \*

Thirteen-year-old Michael Humphries of Romford, England, went on a Swiss holiday with schoolmates. It was his first vacation away from his parents.

Before he left, Michael began to cry. His mother thought it was because he was going away without the family but Michael said it was because he was afraid to go. "I don't know why but I know I will never come back," he said.

A few hours after his arrival at Interlaken Michael fell to his death from the fourth floor balcony of his hotel.

\* \* \*

Evelyn Olson, 23, and Evelyn Norris, 20, were apartment roommates at the Rochdale House cooperative apartments in Seattle. On Febru-

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ary 22 both drowned in the building's swimming pool. Evelyn Olson's mother, Mrs. Clarence Olson of Bremerton, Wash., had warnings of her daughter's impending death.

"Her brother phoned one night from Arizona in the middle of the night because he had dreamed that Evelyn had died," Mrs. Olson explained. "After that the pastor's wife in Bellevue had such a dream and my husband had a dream.

"The Lord had prepared my heart for this. I even talked to Evelyn about the dreams and she said, 'I'm ready to go, mother.'



## THE GODDESS PELE

ONE HAS TO put this down as a mad coincidence, but even so it is fascinating stuff. Alan Ward, staff writer of the Oakland, Calif., *Tribune*, tells the story.

On a trip to Hawaii with his wife and friends named Robinson, Ward stood on a wooden platform looking at the lava below in the fire pit of the crater of Halemaumau. "The goddess Pele is in a temper today," Ward remarked. "She's boiling mad. Maybe we should placate her with a gift."

Beth Robinson kidded him about believing in that kind of nonsense, and Ward replied, "I believe in her. I also believe in leprechauns, pixies, and Santa Claus. No one has shown they don't exist."

"Nonsense," said Beth and as they watched a sudden hot blast singed the hair of Beth Robinson.

They drew back in alarm, and half in earnest, half in jest, Ward threw his leis over the edge of the fire pit in the traditional propitiation of the Goddess Pele.

Some weeks later, back at his summer home near Sonoma, Calif., a fierce brush fire threatened Ward's place. Then a huge piece of fire-fighting apparatus roared past and helped control the fire which sped around his property without even scorching a fruit tree.

The man who commanded the equipment said he was glad to help. His name, he explained, was Lieutenant *Pelley*. The next day Ward went to the fire house to express his appreciation further. They had no Lieutenant *Pelley* and knew no one by that name.

But that same night, in far away Long Island, the home of their friends the Robinsons all but burned to the ground. Police seized a big swarthy man loitering nearby thinking he might have set the fire. The man escaped before they could get him to the station house but before he left he told them his name.

It was Paley.



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live at the intersection of Book Hill Road and River Road near Deep River, Conn.

The Grose home overlooks the Falls River mill pond and on the last day of January they saw that one of the swans that visit the pond had been frozen into the ice. The bird was unable to get out of the ice and it even looked to the Goses as if an icicle hung from its bill.

But before the Goses had time to figure out how to save the creature, a flock of 50 to 60 mallards and black ducks that had been sheltering in the woods, came out onto the ice in a body.

First they clustered on one side of the beleaguered swan and began bouncing up and down on the ice until it broke through. Then they waddled around to the other side of the swan and broke the ice there. Then they freed the swan front and back. Within a minute the graceful bird was swimming in a patch of open water 25 by 30 feet.

At this point it showed its gratitude in true swan fashion by driving off its rescuers.



## THE SUN DANCE

CAN THE SUN dance? A "dancing" sun has been associated with many religious miracles, including the Vision at Fatima, and with the purported vision at Necedah, Wis.

Recently near Ottawa, Ont., witnesses reported they had seen the sun "dance." There were the usual denials, and then local newspapers were flooded with letters from persons who said they had witnessed the same phenomenon.

*Herbert M. Katilein:* "Apparently there exists in the Ottawa area, at this particular time of the year, an atmospheric condition such as to cause a unique pattern of refraction of the sun's rays . . . this "sun dance" could probably be compared to the "blinking" of the stars."

*Mrs. M. J. Lacombe:* "Yes, my family has seen the sun dance on Easter Sunday and they see it yet in the country. The sun does seem to be larger than other mornings and it does 'swiftly leap in all directions for a few minutes', but it must be seen coming over the horizon and that cannot be seen in the city."

*Elsa J. Sater:* "I, too, was laughed at when I told about the sun dance. I was born in Finland of Swedish parents and it was an Easter ritual to see the sun dance, because Christ has risen . . . The sun dance was known in northern Finland and now from Ottawa."

*Claire Bessen:* "My family also witnessed the sun dance, two years in a row. We live in Montreal. We may be crazy but at least we have had the joy of seeing it."

— Curtis Fuller

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## Exploring

## the Soul with **LSD**

Lives are being transformed by a substance which produces soul-shaking visions and mystical experiences.

*By Jane Dunlap*

THROUGHOUT HISTORY persons have had enchanting spontaneous mystical experiences. These experiences usually have been momentary flashes of visions accompanied by spiritual insights and soul-shaking emotions which, in these few seconds, have permanently transformed their lives.

I have had 11 such transfiguring experiences induced by a vision-producing substance called lysergic acid diethylamide, or LSD-25. Under LSD-25 the mystical insights, feelings and visions, instead of lasting but a few seconds, may continue without interruption for eight to 10 hours.

LSD-25 is a derivative of ergot which grows on rye. The visions and spiritual insights it brings are similar to those induced by the "magic" mushroom of Mexico and

the peyote cactus of our Southwest, both of which have been used in religious ceremonies for hundreds of years.

No two responses to LSD-25 are alike. But of almost a quarter of a million individuals who now have been given this remarkable material, many many thousands have had life-changing mystical experiences.

What manner of transformations can these visions produce?

Recently we had as our guest a physician who has spent the past decade doing research with LSD. He said that among the thousands of persons to whom he has given LSD-25, he has seen dozens of "hopeless" alcoholics permanently give up liquor; prostitutes turned from their age-old profession; juvenile delinquents stop stealing;



leaders become even greater leaders; ministers gain a deeper insight into religion — after only one administration.

In the light of this doctor's great knowledge I feel that my own 11 LSD experiences give me little right to offer conclusions. Nevertheless, I remarked somewhat timidly, "It seems to me that what the vision-producing substances really do is to reveal the soul."

The doctor's warm gray eyes looked directly into mine, surprise showing on his kind face. "Of course! That's exactly what they do."

If this conclusion is correct, such experiences, often considered mere flights of fantasy, are of inestimable importance.

Only a psychiatrist may administer LSD, either by mouth or injection, and he must be in constant attendance throughout the experience. Usually a trained monitor sits beside the subject, chiefly to give a feeling of "psychological safety." The subject himself customarily lies with eyes closed, although if he wishes he may talk, eat, or walk about even when deep under the influence of the substance. Since all emotions are heightened, it is more pleasant when surroundings are attractive and classical music is played. Lighted candles and religious paintings, sculpture, and music have been found to help in-

duce mystical experience.

The thousands of visions which come before one's eyes may be nightmarish in their horror or be jeweled, radiant with brilliant colors, and breath-takingly exquisite. But the experiences are far more than visual ones. They are experiences in awareness, of wisdom making itself known, of understanding the un-understandable, and of lasting, unshakable convictions. They are experiences in feeling to the very depths of one's soul, perhaps overwhelming love or oneness with all humanity. It appears that LSD makes it possible for the depth of the brain — perhaps the soul — to become the teacher of the conscious mind and that much teaching is done by means of visions.

For me, the experiences have answered age-old questions: What is God? What is the soul? Does life continue after death? Is reincarnation a reality? What is the purpose of life here on earth? The answers which have come to me may not satisfy anyone else but they have brought me peace and serenity.

My 11 experiences, spaced over two and one-half years, all have been religious in nature and each has been a continuation of the previous experience. The first five, described in detail in my book, *Exploring Inner Space*, convinced me that God is not only love, as the Bible states, but also compassion,

wisdom, creativity, kindness, tolerance, joy, beauty, forgiveness, and all positive qualities and emotions; that the soul, being part of God, contains these same qualities and emotions, giving each of us an infinite capacity for all-encompassing love, wisdom, creativity, and happiness; that eternity and reincarnation are indeed realities; and that to achieve spiritual development one must be able to lay aside the powerful ego, the slave-driver of this life.

Continuing on, the theme of the sixth experience was that God had given each of us free will. At first I felt myself to be a variety of shell-covered sea life being washed by waves onto great sun-drenched beaches or against rocky shores or overhanging cliffs. Before my eyes came one beautiful beach after another, several in Florida, others in the South Seas, some along the African coast; then came the rocky Maine coast, the Cliffs of Dover, and every conceivable type of shore throughout the world. Whether scallop, mussel, or conch, I could see striking beauty or darkness, mud, and ugliness. The choice was mine.

Soon I was traveling the world as a barnacle. Again I had the choice of looking at lovely lights reflected through moving waters or at the bottom of rusty ships, rotting piers, or dark stone. In sequence I be-

came each of many animals in an Ethiopian forest. As a silent-footed lion picking my way through a tunnel of foliage, as a curled-lip hyena laughing raucously in a treetop, or as any other animal, by my own free will I could choose the positive or the negative.

As thousands of vivid pictures passed before my eyes I seemed to become primitive man and woman in Egypt, and passed on through many stages to present-day man. Every type of life had free will and could choose to see beauty or ugliness. Like the animals, man could look up or down, backward or forward, and outside himself. He also could look *within*, and this ability, if he chose to use it, distinguished him from the animals.

For an hour or more I gazed into a vast fiery volcanic crater which symbolized the depths of ourselves. Through puffs of red and orange steam I could see intertwined humanity caught in the molten lava, a scene depicting our positive forces struggling for freedom. Then I watched great alligator-like beasts — perhaps our buried angers and other negative emotions — lunging in the viscous inferno. Later, darkness fell and the crater filled with rich blue vapors. In them Christ appeared, His face showing infinite kindness, love, and compassion, and His robe, made of white mists, glistening with diamonds. As He

spoke, His voice contained all understanding and patience. "When you look within yourself and others you can see ugliness or beauty. If you choose to see Him, you can find Christ in every person."

Soon my mind turned to the many mistakes we make by exercising free will. Immediately our errors were symbolized by colorful forests where leaves fell gently to make way for new growth, showing that we learn by our mistakes. Next came a charming, curly-headed toddler learning to walk; she fell and immediately got up, not blaming her toe for causing the fall. A hurdler stumbled, quickly recovered and sprinted on, his forgiveness of the guilty foot instantaneous. Thus should all mistakes, by which we grow, be forgiven and forgotten.

In the next LSD experience, more than six months later, the same theme continued. This time I flew on invisible wings among millions of planets in a radiant, color-filled cosmos which symbolized God's magnificence. Later I saw humanity as thousands of gnats, each in a miniature row boat, rowing upstream on the "river of life." We rowed against a strong current, hurrying, exhausting ourselves, often totally unmindful of God. Indeed, we frequently tried to play God, misusing our free will and making decisions without His guidance. In contrast I became a va-

riety of plants and animals—a waxy water lily, a bee, a butterfly, and others—and as each I felt a tremendous love for life, an at-peaceness, and a glorious feeling of living completely in the now, all of which became personal awareness of God. Before the day was over, I could see God in every animate and inanimate object, every act of human kindness and decency. No longer was He vague or difficult to understand. God was all life, all beauty, all positive qualities. The commandment, "Love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart . . ." was merely telling us to love life and all its creatures.

During a later experience God was shown as a gentle yet powerful force somewhat similar to magnetism which penetrates all things and exists everywhere in the universe. Just as we see electricity manifested in a lighted bulb, so can we see God manifested hourly in each act of love, forgiveness, and mercy, and in every form of beauty. The soul, being part of God, we see manifested in the courtesy of the taxi driver, the cheerful greeting of a waitress, the tenderness of a mother, and each act of graciousness and thoughtfulness.

Of all the visions, the most moving and unforgettable are those of Christ. Invariably His face shows infinite gentleness, compassion, and love. On one occasion I watched

Him carry the heavy cross to Calvary. Because the cross has shown us immortality, it was depicted as the purest amythest which blended into topaz at the base. Then came the insight that each of our crosses is made of jewels, and only by them can we learn and grow in understanding.

Another time, when I felt myself tortuously dying of thirst on a sun-scorched desert, Christ appeared and held to my lips a gourd continuously overflowing with crystal clear water. As He spoke the words, "He who drinks from my cup shall never thirst," I realized He referred to spiritual thirsts which only an awareness of God can quench. During a later experience I seemed to sit at the table with the disciples during the Last Supper. As Christ handed us the bread and wine I felt He was asking us to realize there is a part of God in each of us and that the purpose of communion is to renew our awareness of this fact. Another time I watched Christ's face take on the features of my husband and children, friends, acquaintances, and finally persons of each color and race, showing once again the God-self in every person.

Before taking LSD I accepted evolution merely as an interesting fact which largely had occurred millions of years ago. Almost every experience has dealt with one phase

or another of this subject until now I see evolution as the very meaning and purpose of our existence. To me it has become an exciting personal growth taking place day after day through life after life as we evolve from limited animal emotions to full awareness, use, and freedom of our God-selves.

These experiences have left me with a number of convictions. It seems to me every person is at a slightly different stage of evolution; and the highly evolved are more able to help and contribute but are no better than the lesser evolved. I believe we shall eventually be capable of the wisdom, understanding, and overwhelming intensity of such feeling as ecstasy, happiness, love, forgiveness, and dozens of other emotions, experienced under the vision-producing substances, in our every day lives. The speed at which we evolve depends upon our spiritual awareness and our ability to contact our inner wisdom, free our creative talents, and feel the full force of our positive emotions, all "furnished", so to speak, by our souls.

I am convinced that to date we have had only glimpses of great art, heard a few notes of great music, and can feel only the rudimentary tinges of great love; and that the evolution of the future will bring about the promised kingdom of heaven on earth and within our-

selves. Although I feel that governments will rise and fall and crime and injustice will exist for centuries to come, I am still a hopeless optimist. I believe that eternity, stretching before us, will bring developments and joys impossible now to imagine.

Gerald Heard once told me that he believed crime, suicide, and all neurosis and psychosis stems from a person's feeling isolated with his problems. He defined science as the taking apart of things and religion as putting everything together, adding that the purpose of religion was to give each of us a feeling of oneness with all who live. This feeling of oneness, which results in tolerance, respect, and love for others, is brought out in many ways. One is almost constantly identified with plants, animals, and persons of all ages, nationalities, and races, feeling with seeming stark reality what each must feel. Yet the feelings are the same as those you and I feel. From this I gain the conviction: *We are one.*

Once there came before me, symbolizing the heart of all humanity, a rhythmically beating human heart the size of a three-story building. A single drop of blood represented each person who lives. Which drop was myself I neither knew nor cared; we were each a tiny part of God's life blood. Throughout one entire day I watched huge glowing

vats of molten glass. This time grains of sand symbolized each of us. They were melted, stirred, and blown in glass, I had an overwhelming beauty by the Divine Glass Blower. Reincarnation was nothing more than the remelting of old glass and the blowing of new forms of increasing splendor. Such experiences leave one with a feeling not only of oneness but of being a small yet integral part of the universe.

At times convictions come without conscious understanding. For example, as I watched the common bloodstream of the huge "heart of humanity", and the melted sand blown in glass, I had an overwhelming feeling that a part of me is also a part of you and a part of you is a part of me. I cannot understand this concept, yet it gives me a greater interest in you and love for you. Another non-logical conviction is that, except as a man-made concept, time does not exist; there is only *now*. Eternity is *now*, without beginning or end. This unreasoned conviction has made my *nows* more rewarding and filled with appreciation and awareness of the richness of life.

Thus, by means of visions and insights, understanding is gained, attitudes are altered, questions are answered. It is said that when history is written this century will be recorded as the one in which man discovered he could explore his in-

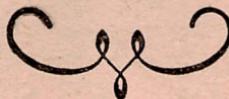
ner self; LSD is one key to these hidden mysteries. But a little understanding leads to a desire for more. For this reason I hope I may take LSD two or three times each year as long as I live.

A friend who, in a few intervening months after a single LSD experience, has become an accom-

plished sculptor and successful in a new business venture, remarked to me: "It's the most important discovery of this century."

Many would disagree. Yet he may be right.

*Note: Neither the author nor FATE can help readers obtain LSD.*



### THE YOGI WHO SLOWED HIS HEART

**A**N OLD CLAIM of Indian Yogis is that they are able to will their hearts to stop beating—a feat which medical science considers physiologically impossible. A report of a careful scientific study of this claim, published in the December, 1961, issue of *Circulation*, monthly journal of the American Heart Association, indicates that, in rare instances, it is briefly possible.

A group of yogis in India was studied by the authors of the article, Dr. M. A. Wenger of the University of California, Dr. B. K. Bagchi of the University of Michigan and Dr. B. K. Anand of the All India Institute of Medical Sciences in New Delhi. The research team reported having found that three yogis, who claimed to be able to will their hearts to stop, simply were capable of masking their heart beats. By

tensing the muscles of throat, upper body and arms, and by holding their breaths, they succeeded in slowing the flow of blood back to the heart to an extent sufficient to reduce normal heart sounds. Although this technique may deceive a stethoscope, tests with an electrocardiograph—which registers the electrical activity of the heart rather than the sounds—showed no real loss of heart action. The only change was the minor one to be expected as a result of the muscular exertion.

An electrocardiogram of a fourth yogi, who claimed only that he could slow his heart, showed that his heart action was changed briefly to an abnormal rhythm, accompanied by an extremely slow pace. At one point it showed a lapse of over five seconds between heart beats.



## “SHE ISN’T DEAD — WE SAW HER!”

Father and I watched Mrs. Johnson working in her dining room—although they had told me she was dead.

*By Hettie Chesney*

WHEN I WAS THREE years old people did not see spirits, anyway not people who went to most churches.

All the earlier Christians recognized that it could happen; some even made provision for exorcism of troublesome spirits. A Scottish prayerbook read, “From Ghosties and Ghoulies and things that go boomp in the night, Dear Lord preserve us.”

Today some Christian churches officially admit that the spirits of the dead do sometimes appear . . .

others are silent on the matter.

But in my childhood people did not see spirits. Especially they did not see ghosts of ministers' wives.

And this is why my father and I “forgot” an event for 40 years.

I am sure that in telling this story today, I am not offending the congregation of the church in which I was reared. Three years ago the present minister of this church preached my father's sermon entitled, “There Are Many Roads To Heaven.” This would not have been possible in my early childhood.

I was a very impressionable child and my memory of early times is phenomenal. I remember a few things from my first year, a great many from my second and practically all of my third. I am telling you this so that you will trust my memory of what occurred in 1921, in the city of Columbus, Ohio, when I was three years old.

We lived with my father's parents, next door to our minister, Mr. Johnson. He was a gentle, saintly man and his wife was a mothering angel. They had four daughters who seemed to me then grown up ladies, but I know now that they were well-behaved teen-agers.

In those days, our denomination tried to follow the Bible according to the very letter; it was so conservative as to be almost rigid. The Johnsons did not even prepare food on Sunday, but fixed it the night before. But God was Love and their home was my second home and Mrs. Johnson my second mother.

When I was told she had died, I could not or would not grasp the fact. I remember overhearing the information that Mrs. Johnson's body had been packed on ice until the funeral and not embalmed, so that the biblical "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," would be violated no more than was absolutely necessary.

This was my first experience with death and that night sleep

would not come. Apparently my father could not sleep either. I heard him get up in the dark and walk toward the bathroom without turning on a light. I listened to his footsteps. Suddenly they halted and I heard him give a smothered exclamation. Needing only a little excuse, I was out of bed and by his side in a second.

He was standing by the hall window at the head of the stairs, staring down into the Johnson's dining room. As I looked, I saw a small light in there, like a candle just lit and beginning to shine.

Walking about with this light, or in it, was Mrs. Johnson.

We had no difficulty in seeing her though the light was with her and around her instead of being diffused over the room. Her features looked happy and pleasant just as they always did and it seemed to me she was just going about her housework.

"Why doesn't she switch on the electric light?" I asked my father, but when I looked at him he seemed dazed, or entranced.

We watched her for some time, probably for 10 or 12 minutes. I asked again, "Why doesn't she turn on the light?"

Shortly after this the light and she both walked out of our range of sight and the glow faded — as though she had walked into another room.

I went to bed with my question still unanswered. But now, sleep came easily.

The next morning at breakfast my grandmother mentioned that today her dear friend's body would be brought back for the funeral and burial.

"She isn't dead," I said, "Daddy and I saw her." Conversation stopped. They all looked at me, then at my father. He squirmed. With his eyes on his plate, he said, "Yes . . . we saw her. Walking in the dining room last night."

My grandmother said, "Oh Arthur Douglas, you couldn't have! You must have seen one of the girls."

"She isn't dead," I cried, "I know Mrs. Johnson when I see her."

My grandmother either convinced my father or caused him to shut his mouth forever concerning this vision. But she never convinced me.

A short time after the funeral I was certain I was right. I went into the yard that morning and there, next door in the bright sunlight, picking apples, was Mrs. Johnson. I screamed her name and she turned and smiled and waved at me in the most everyday manner. I tore around the house, through our gate, her gate and back around her house to get to her. But when I got there she was gone.

I knocked on the kitchen door for I supposed she was inside. One

of her grownup daughters answered and when I asked for Mrs. Johnson, she picked me up, pressed me close, gave me sweets and amused me until I forgot my purpose in coming.

Next day, I saw the minister in the yard. I came close to the fence, called him and began to tell him about seeing her. He took a large white handerchief from his pocket, put it over his face and walked into the house overcome with his sorrow, brought on by what he probably considered the piteous innocence of a child.

News of this must have reached my grandmother. She now sat me down and gave me a talking to. She said I was never to go around anymore telling people that I saw Mrs. Johnson.

Years passed. I went to school and the Johnson girls began to marry. The minister married again. Many experiences had crowded back the memory of the first Mrs. Johnson. She became a puzzling, vaguely troubling enigma. Somehow I must have accepted the fact that she was dead, but I do not remember doing so.

Many years passed . . . the older generation all left us and the church changed unnoticeably with the times. Darwin's theory was accepted and embalming now seemed as indispensable as woman's make-up and silk stockings. We saw picture

shows and danced without feeling we were doomed to Hell.

Then mother died — and Dad's world was swept away. He felt he could not go on living without hearing something of her. He began occasionally to go to mediums and the comfort he found in messages received there would hardly have been denied him by anyone.

By now the enemies of life after death were not established churches but men of Science. There was no proof, they said. As I learned more, I found out how much proof they chose to disregard and ignore.

Fourteen years after mother's death, my father knew that he was drawing close to his own death. He was saddened and afraid. For still in his mind were the lingering doubts implanted in his childhood. Although he had studied for 14 years he still felt he did not know.

One day he said to me from his bed, "How do I know that I'll see your mother again. The messages could have been mind reading. So many have died but none have come back. Not one ever came back to me — I never saw any of them."

Suddenly an old memory came to me in purest glory. "You saw Mrs. Johnson," I said to him.

"What?", he said, staring at me.

"You saw Mrs. Johnson, that night in the dark in the hall. We both saw her down there in her dining room."

I cannot describe what happened to his face as he remembered. It was as though a light had been turned on behind it . . . a radiance seemed to shine from all his features.

"I did," he said slowly. "How could I have forgotten it?"

Almost 40 years had passed and neither of us had ever told the story. My father died easier, I know, because of the memory we shared.

I never told this story out of respect for the Johnson girls . . . their right name. If they are all still alive, they are scattered and are leaving middle age. If I have offended some who still believe in no life until Judgment, along with the doubting scientists, I can only say this after 40 years, "We saw her, we saw her, we saw her."

And we kept silent too long.



# I Taped a

By James Crenshaw

THE BODY OF Joe Scott, distinguished citizen and civic leader, lay in silent state in the rotunda of the Los Angeles City Hall.

But the voice of Joe Scott was not silent.

The unusual and distinctive voice of Joe Scott, the voice that nominated Herbert Hoover for President of the U.S., spoke out through a clairvoyant the very night before his funeral rites.

Joe Scott's message was as unique and personalized as his voice, and both voice and message were captured forever on an electronic tape recorder. The message was intended for the city editor of the *Los Angeles Herald-Express*, and the message, the voice, and the unique pronunciation have all been analyzed and identified. Thus, psychic researchers have been given a unique example of communication to support the belief in survival of the human personality.

In the tantalizing search for conclusive evidence of survival, planned phenomena which may have evidential value often prove difficult to check and evaluate, while spontaneous phenomena usually catch the researcher unprepared.

The most evidential cases rarely suit the convenience of researchers, who would at least like to be ready with pad and pencil or, better yet, a tape recorder at the critical moment. So I was happy to have had a tape machine almost ready to roll one evening in late March, 1958, when I was unexpectedly addressed by a voice that was purportedly motivated by a deceased person whose body still lay in state at the Los Angeles City Hall.

Joseph Scott was a noted Los Angeles attorney, civic patriarch, political leader (he delivered the presidential nominating speech for Herbert Hoover at the 1932 national Republican convention), prominent Catholic layman and

# Dead Man's Voice

This reporter's tape recorded a message for his city editor—a message from a man whose body lay in silent state.



James Crenshaw, Los Angeles newsman and psychic researcher, recorded unique speech apparently of deceased local civic leader.

Brenda Rowland Crenshaw, wife of author and a noted psychic, was channel through whom message issued.

also a professional Irishman.

This last avocation was something of an anomaly, inasmuch as he was born in Penrith, Cumberland County, England. His father was, as is appropriately reflected in the family name, from Scotland, while his mother came from Ireland. This international heritage combined to give Joe Scott a very personable and popular character. It also gave him an unusual speaking voice and certain unique pro-

nunciations of some words.

The death of Joseph Scott on March 24, 1958, at the age of 90, was a major event in Los Angeles history. He was so loved and respected that his body was placed in the rotunda of the 25-story Los Angeles City Hall, to lie in state until the final rites were conducted on March 29 by His Eminence James Francis Cardinal McIntyre.

It was on the day before this service, while the venerable Joe

Scott—or, rather, his remains—still lay in the City Hall, that I had a telephone conversation which may have established what some psychics call a “vibrational link” with a personality who said he was the surviving consciousness of Joseph Scott.

The conversation was with Mrs. Agness Underwood, city editor of the *Los Angeles Evening Herald-Express* and long known as the only woman city editor of a metropolitan daily in the United States. Her book, *Newspaperwoman*, has been widely acclaimed, and in December, 1960, a competing newspaper, the *Los Angeles Times*, recognized her unique achievements by naming her “Woman of the Year.”

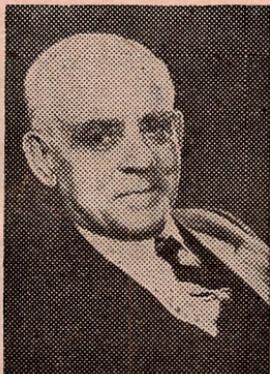
As an editor, Mrs. Underwood often had occasion to communicate with Joseph Scott—in person, by telephone and by letter—concerning civic matters or news events. They were long-time friends.

In our phone conversation she told me how much she regretted not having seen him again before his death. His office was near the newspaper plant and she sometimes went over for a chat. At 90 he was still in active legal practice and so she had made an appointment to see him on the Friday before his passing. His secretary regretfully cancelled the appointment because he had been hospitalized.

Whether or not my talk with the editor was the connecting link or psychic cause of what followed later that evening, I do not know. I can only say, in order that the record may be full, accurate and clear, that my wife, Mrs. Brenda Rowland Crenshaw, was aware of the telephone call but knew nothing of Joseph Scott and said at the time she had not heard of him before.

In 1958 she had been in this country only a little more than two years, having come to Los Angeles from London, where she had won recognition as a clairvoyant of considerable perceptivity. She also had become a channel for occasional light trance control, usually manifesting as a highly inspirational flow of words with an almost poetic quality, rather than the differing speech of a wide range of personalities so often observed in the trance state.

Consequently I was unprepared for a completely different kind of speaking on the evening in question. My wife had sat down and was preparing to give such counseling as she could for a friend who had requested it. I was fumbling with my recorder, readying it for the session, but before I could start it, I heard my last name called twice. The tone was deep, hoarse and, for my wife, unnatural. (As I look back on it now, of all the



Joseph Scott in life was popular Los Angeles attorney and politician with unusual speaking voice.

Agness Underwood, Los Angeles newspaper editor and long-time friend of Scott, agrees recorded voice sounds like his.

many attorneys I have known in Los Angeles, only one—Joe Scott—ever addressed me in quite that way, for the pronunciation was a quick, characteristic staccato and the intonation unmistakably original.)

I quickly started the machine. "Scott! Scott!" said the husky, throaty voice. There seemed to be a struggle for control, but again the pronunciation was clear enough to be identified later as thoroughly characteristic, not as most persons would pronounce the name but as Joe Scott himself pronounced it. The "o" was almost a long "o" but not quite, whereas usually the vowel is given a short sound.

The next words were harder to understand because of a gasping, excited effort by the speaker. First there was another name:

"Agness Underwood!"

Then the message:

"Give my devotion. Tell her I live on!"

As the taped record now shows, all I could think of in my surprise was to ask:

"Who?"

The voice repeated: "Scott." And the pronunciation was the same.

Before he finally lost control, the speaker made another great effort, managing to say again: "Tell her I live on!"

That was all there was to it. At best, it appeared to be just another greeting, supposedly from the beyond. I clipped off the few feet of tape with the message on it and gave the rest of the reel to my friend, whose interview with Mrs. Crenshaw went ahead as planned. The Scott fragment was stored away and not re-played again until November 19, 1960, more than two and one-half years later.

I had decided against telling

Mrs. Underwood about the matter until I could play the recording for her, and unfortunately the occasion did not arise until the above date in 1960, when she was a guest in our home.

She agreed that, even under the difficult conditions of the control, the voice sounded like that of Joseph Scott, and then she said that she believed the word "devotion" in the message had a special meaning.

A few days later I received a packet of 11 letters from her for my examination. She had received them from Joseph Scott over a period of years. The subject matter ranged from a "thank you" note for the "admirable way you streamlined the visit of the Irish Minister of External Affairs and the Irish Minister to the United States" (who had been Joe Scott's special guests in Los Angeles) to expressions of appreciation for a Joe Scott biographical series in the *Herald-Express*.

The first three letters, all in 1949, were simply signed, "Sincerely yours, Joseph Scott."

Then came one, dated July 17, 1950, thanking the lady editor for a birthday greeting. It was signed, "Your devoted friend, Joseph Scott."

The next letter was dated the following day. It noted that he had not seen a news story about his

birthday when he had sent the first letter. This letter was signed, "Sincerely . . ." So was one dated May 2, 1951, a note of thanks for news coverage of one of the oratorical Mr. Scott's speeches.

Thereafter, with the exception of one letter in 1952, all the rest ended with the use of some variation of the word "devotion." Here is the list:

July 17, 1950 — "Your devoted friend . . ."

July 16, 1951 — "Your devoted friend . . ."

July 19, 1951 — "Devotedly yours . . ."

August 14, 1951 — "Faithfully and devotedly yours . . ."

November 13, 1957 — "Devotedly yours . . ."

At a later meeting with my wife, at which I was not present, Mrs. Underwood reported that the same deep, hoarse voice which was reproduced on the recorded tape took control of Mrs. Crenshaw's vocal apparatus. So far as I know, these are the only two occasions upon which this very distinctive voice ever has been heard through a psychic instrument.

On the second occasion, the control was more complete and the handling of the human mechanism more facile. Mrs. Underwood says that she and the controlling personality talked of many things which were first correctly brought up by

the communicating "Joseph Scott." At one point, the speaker addressed her as "Little One," a phrase he had occasionally used during his lifetime, and—using the human instrument under control—he patted her shoulder in a peculiar way, just as he had done sometimes when he was alive.

But in the end, the validity of the communications, the cornerstone of the proof of survival, if it is proof, rests on one word—"devotion."

Analyzing the usual explanations in most cases of survival evidence, the careful student will want to consider:

1. *Coincidence.* Can the long arm be stretched far enough to include all the unique circumstances here?

2. *Fraud.* This, of course, I cannot consider and others will have to dismiss it for lack of motive.

3. *Forgotten access to information.* My wife, a British subject, resident of Los Angeles only a little more than two years at the time of Joseph Scott's death, knew little or nothing of his activities and certainly had no knowledge of Mrs. Underwood's correspondence with him. Neither had I.

4. *Telepathy.* This is always difficult to rule out. My wife had met

Mrs. Underwood on only one or two occasions before the recording and would have had to pick up any information subconsciously as a result of my telephone conversation with the editor prior to the recording. Even at the time of her later visit to our home, Mrs. Underwood was not then sure whether the word "devotion" was significant. It was only when she examined the letters that she was sure.

5. *The "psychic osmosis" theory.* This holds that a sensitive may at times absorb bits of information from the psychic ether, tuning in here and there, according to whatever stimulus may be provided. In my wife's case, I never have known of any similar "tuning in," especially where it would involve picking up a word or phrase from a document the existence of which is not even suggested.

To me, the much simpler theory is that Joseph Scott knew that his friend planned to see him just before he became ill and keenly regretted missing the appointment. It was natural, therefore, that he should try to get some word to her.

And wasn't it natural, too, that the key word of his message should be the one he so often had used to close his letters to her in the past?



# Astral Projection Saved My Life

My physical body was trapped in the ancient tomb  
—but my astral body was free to obtain help.



*By Cheiro*

WE HAD BEEN trapped in the ancient Egyptian tomb more than 48 hours. My companion, the elderly archeologist Professor Von Heller, had sunk into a coma. There was no escape. Within hours the antique burial chamber would become the final resting place for two modern bodies—the professor's and mine.

In these moments of ultimate de-

spair there was no modern skill or scientific instrument that I could use to escape inevitable death. Only the ancient arts of concentration and the age-old practice of astral projection offered any chance to save our lives.

These were arts that I had practiced in India where for several years my home had been an old cave temple carved out of solid rock

by a now-forgotten race. Here, my only food had been a diet of fruit and rice — my only companions a few men who had given up the world, the flesh, and, perhaps the devil.

The contrast between this contemplative life and the rush and roar of modern London was the very thing that had led me into my present peril.

On my return from India to London I found I was out of tune with so-called civilization. In my despair, with everything jangling my senses, one day I heard of an expedition starting for Egypt. The purpose of the expedition was to explore ruined temples at El Karnak and in the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. I offered my services and was accepted.

At last came a beautiful night when we were gliding up the Nile on a well-equipped *dahabeah*, a long, shallow-draft Egyptian house-boat. In the beauty of the night it was easy to forget the noise of the great city of London. A night on the Nile means a crescent moon in a purple sky, and a great silent river flowing through rice and cotton fields. Beyond, stretches of unknown desert with some broken temple or giant pyramid speak of the age-long past.

Our expedition headquartered at El Karnak. We were four Europeans and the two Arab interpret-

ers we had employed at Cairo. Von Heller, an elderly German professor of archeology, was the leader of the expedition. We were to represent the English government in making arrangements for the future safe custody of certain tombs being pillaged by a local band of Arabs.

On the morning after our arrival, the professor decided to start off on his own trip of exploration, leaving our companions to do what they pleased. Taking only one guide and myself, he crossed the Nile and traveled toward the mysterious valley — the site of Egypt's first imperial capitol.

It was scarcely dawn. The first streaks of light from the eastern horizon were shooting like arrows

#### EDITOR'S NOTE

Under the professional name of Cheiro, Count Louis Hamon, who died in 1936, was world-famed as a palmist and clairvoyant. Scores of prominent persons consulted him and gave glowing testimonials to the accuracy of his readings.

This article is one of a series in which Cheiro relates his amazing experiences. The manuscripts, never published in this country before, were sent to FATE by his wife, Countess Mena Hamon, through a friend. Both state in writing to us that these accounts are true. We ourselves do not know — except that Cheiro was a remarkable person and did have many strange adventures.

across the sky as we slowly made our way into the Valley of Tombs.

The professor and I paused for a moment at the mouth of the valley. It seemed that even here at its very threshold everything animate and inanimate in the valley resented our intrusion. A large bat flew out of one of the tombs and dashed against our faces. A long black snake crossed our path, hissing with anger as it passed.

Still we went on, and before long reached the entrance of what appeared to be an exceptionally deep-set tomb running far back into a towering mountain of rock.

This type of tomb was of great interest to the professor so we began a thorough exploration of its passageways. Hour after hour by the light of our lanterns we wandered, always carefully noting down each painted heiroglyphic in order to find our way out.

There was still another reason for our caution. The professor had become suspicious of our Arab guide. He had noticed that the more he had insisted on going farther into the tomb, the more the Arab tried to mislead him.

We finally reached a curious heptagon-shaped chamber totally unlike any other we had passed through. Its seven sides were made of panels of black marble so highly polished that we could see our reflections as if in mirrors.

Not a single mark or heiroglyphic was on any of these walls. In the center of the black roof was a single sign — that of Osiris in his capacity of lord of the other world.

We went round this chamber several times before we realized that we had lost the passage by which we had entered. Seven passages led off at the seven angles. Passages so identical that it was impossible to tell one from the other.

Suddenly our guide disappeared.

To our horror, we realized that we were lost and might never be able to find our way back to the outer world.

We had taken only a few sandwiches with us and we already had eaten these during our morning hike. The pangs of real hunger began to make themselves felt, and we began to shiver in the cold of the underground crypt.

The professor and I were dressed in the lightest of clothes, suitable for the tropic weather outdoors, but unsuited to the chilliness of our underground prison. To save the oil in the two lanterns we carried, we extinguished one, making the gloom of the place still more impressive.

Again and again we tried to get out by groping our way some distance into each of the seven passages that led from the chamber, but we came to realize that escape

was hopeless. To add to our horror, we stumbled across human bones that told the story of others before us who had been trapped.

Completely exhausted, we lay down on the cold floor and waited — waited — waited. My watch told me that another day already had started in the outer world. At last we blew out our last lantern to save the oil for a final attempt at escape.

The professor, a religious man, at times prayed fervently to God to help us. I have to admit that I was not able to follow his example; my mind was too numbed by despair to expect a miracle. Yet there was one gleam of hope that came again and again into my mind. The face of one of the guides seemed to haunt me in the darkness.

This guide had fallen ill on the way up the Nile on the boat. I had diagnosed his case as malaria and doctored him with quinine. I often had sat with him for hours to cheer him up. He seemed intensely grateful to me, and the night before we reached El Karnak he told me that he was anxious to reach El Karnak because it was the place he called home.

He told me that he was not an Arab, but was of old Egyptian stock whose ancestors had been priests serving the temples of El Karnak. He ended by saying, "You have been good to me, sir. If I can ever help you, call on me."

Because this man was ill, the professor and I had left him behind and had taken the treacherous guide instead. As his face cropped up again in my thoughts, I determined to call on him for help.

In India I learned the practice of mental concentration. I made up my mind to use that power. In my mind I found a picture of the guide lying in his hut on the other side of the Nile. Using all my force of will, I sent out the thought-message, "Come to my rescue, I am in need of your help!"

Again and again in the silence of the old tomb I sent out the same message.

Another day passed, hours that seemed like eternities. Faint from hunger and exhaustion, the old professor sank into a coma.

I determined to make one more effort. Lying full length, face down, I concentrated all my power on seeing the man I wanted to influence. In my imagination I projected my astral-self into the guide's hut. In my mind I could see him lying with his eyes closed, weak and ill.

I tried to force my message into his brain. I saw him open his eyes, attempt to rise to his feet, then fall to the floor.

Another effort of my will — the guide staggered to his feet, lighted a lantern and went out into the night. In my vision I followed him

to where our companions were staying, and listened as the guide heard that the professor and I were missing.

I could not follow farther, the effort was too much in my weakened state. My mind slipped into

unconsciousness and I remember no more.

When I awoke men were rubbing my hands and feet. The guide had my head in his lap, pouring drops of brandy down my throat — we were saved!



### A "DEAD" SON COMES HOME

*By Raymond C. Otto*

**I**N THE YEAR 1900 grief-stricken Giuseppina Caldo of Sicily attended funeral services for her son, Giusepppe, who was declared dead at the age of two. His death, however, was only apparent, and the terrified undertaker fled the cemetery when the baby started to move in the coffin after the services were over and everybody else had left.

A woman passing by the unattended coffin, saw the child sitting up and crying. Having just lost her own son, she took the baby to her home. The undertaker returned to the cemetery and, to avoid having to explain the empty coffin, filled it with stones and buried it.

The woman who had stolen the boy reared him as her own until she died a few years later. On her deathbed she entrusted the boy to a childless couple, to

whom she confided the whole story under oath that they would never tell him.

When he became of age, Giusepppe went to North Africa where he lived until a few years ago. Upon his return to Italy with his own family, he settled in Milan where he decided to open a bar. To obtain the required license he needed a birth certificate. He wrote to Sicily and was informed that local records showed that he had died 61 years before.

He went to Sicily to investigate and after nearly six months he finally was able to put together the strange story of his past. He traced his mother, aged 96, to a village only a few miles from his birth place. She was almost fatally shocked when he suddenly walked into her home, embraced her and fondly called her "mama" — this after nearly 62 years.



# 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.

## YE SHALL RECEIVE

By Ann Wigmore

MY NEEDS always have been met in direct proportion to my own willingness to share my own worldly goods with others. I have seen the great truth of "as ye give so shall ye receive."

One particular demonstration of this truth stands out in my mind. Some years ago the Congregational minister in Stoughton, Mass., was the Rev. Theodore Thomas. Reverend Thomas was not well-paid and his wife was forced to devote all her time to the effort of maintaining a family of five on a minimum budget. One day she said to me that she deeply regretted her inability to get around to visit the widely scattered ailing, that her life seemed frustrated because she could not get out to help the needy.

Realizing her sincerity, I cast my mind over her problem and recognized that an automobile would make it possible for this good woman to get out and work among the needful. In a desire to help, I

promised that the next money I received would be turned over to her as a down payment on a small, used car.

Within a week my own situation altered. I found an opportunity for a mission in the West and I needed a car myself as much, or even more, than did Mrs. Thomas. But when an unexpected gift of \$50 came to me a few days later — ample for a down payment on a car — I could



ANN WIGMORE

not forget my obligation. I handed the money over to Mrs. Thomas, asking that she thank only the Almighty as my part in the transaction was minor.

I did not abandon the thought that a way would be provided by which I, also, could obtain an automobile. In fact, I quietly selected the car I wanted and received assurance that it would be held for me until the following Saturday evening. I knew that somehow, from somewhere, the necessary funds would flow into my hands.

And I was not disappointed. Without my asking, on Friday afternoon, came a gift from a friend, of \$100—a friend who did not know of my extreme need. This enabled me to leave, in my own car, for the West on the morning I had planned.

Unsullied faith is the only method whereby the cornucopia of plenty may be made to spill its contents. I have found this true over many, many years. — *Boston, Mass.*

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#### WISH COME TRUE

By Greta Bloomhill

“**M**Y DEAREST WISH is to meet you, Greta. If you could pay a visit to us my wife and I would be delighted.”

My new brother-in-law sent this charming note to me on my wedding day along with a magnificent gift. But I was destined to see him just once—in a prophetic dream.

My husband’s half-brother Sam, my new brother-in-law, and his family lived at De Aar, in South Africa, and we at Bulawayo, in Southern Rhodesia. The 857-mile trip down south was beyond our means, so it appeared that years would elapse before either my husband or I could undertake it. However, fate intervened.

After the birth of my eldest child I grew so run-down in health that our doctor advised a holiday in Port Elizabeth on the South African coast for me. As De Aar was a railway junction en route, at Clara’s and Sam’s repeated invitation, I arranged to stay a couple of weeks with them on my way.

We were, at that time, running a small mixed farm in the suburb of Hillside, near Bulawayo. My hands were pretty full managing the farm all day while my husband was in town at work. I had no time for day dreaming. At night I was so tired out with my innumerable chores that I fell asleep as soon as my head touched the pillow and slept soundly and dreamlessly till daybreak.

However, one night a few days before my departure was due I had a dream.

I dreamt that I boarded the train with my baby, said goodbye to my husband, and waved to him as the train chugged off. The whole 857-mile long journey to De Aar passed

swiftly. Then I recall meeting my sister-in-law, Clara, at a doorway.

We greeted one another and I asked her, "Where's Sam?"

"In here," she replied. She led me into a room outside the house. I now know that room to be the exact replica of an operating theater, with all the accessories of such a place. Under a bright electric light, shining over the operating table, lay the figure of a powerfully built man. But I could not see his face because it was covered, as was his body, by a shroud.

"This is Sam," said Clara. "He is dead."

At that moment I woke and, although I was well tucked in under the blankets, I shivered at the icy breeze that was passing through the room.

Shall I tell my husband of this dream? I thought, no, it is only a dream. Therefore, my husband went off to work that morning without being told of my disturbing dream. As for me, although no word about it passed my lips, the experience and the icy blast that chilled my awakening haunted me all day.

That afternoon I was surprised to see my husband return from work much earlier than usual, but gave little thought to the matter. He was distraught and gloomy and, although usually he had a good appetite, ate a poor meal.

It was our custom to take a walk after dinner. As we were sauntering arm-in-arm through the garden, I said to him, "Why are you so quiet tonight? Has something upset you?"

"Prepare yourself for a shock," he replied. "I had a telegram from De Aar this afternoon."

"Good heavens!" I cried. "Sam is dead!"

"He is. But how did you know?"

Then I told him of my dream. But only two days later, when a letter from my sister-in-law arrived, did we realize how uncannily correct that dream was.

Sam had got a sudden, acute attack of gallstones. The pain persisted so severely that he was rushed to the nearest hospital, at Kimberley, where there was a fully equipped operating theater, and operated on at once. But he died on the operating table.

There is little doubt in my mind that his spirit communicated with me, although I was 857 miles away. What makes the whole episode even more amazing is that when I did arrive at De Aar and came to my sister-in-law's house, I recognized the front as the very house I had entered in my dream. — *Bulawayo, S. Rhodesia.*

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#### I SAW THE END

By Clarence S. Benedict

**I** FELT it must be the end. Four years ago I had a heart attack.

I knew that the doctors and nurses were greatly concerned, but in my state I didn't care. I thought, if this is it—it's it!

I had taken care of my mother during her last illness and I knew what to expect. I just asked God to take care of me.

Suddenly I looked up at the ceiling of my room in Grand Rapids' Blodgett Hospital. It started to get dark although all the lights in the room were burning brightly.

I lost all sense of time.

Then I saw a belt, like the drive belt on a heavy-duty machine. It was passing right over my head, a white belt moving very fast. I saw that it was smudged—black smudges across the belt.

I thought, "Those smudges of black are words, and if that belt would only slow up I could read it."

As I thought this, the belt did start to slow; at each turn of the belt I could see the smudges form into words. Finally I could read them.

A peaceful feeling came over me, a feeling much like waking up on Sunday and realizing that one does not have to get up and go to work.

Only the feeling I had was much stronger as I saw the words on the belt spell out, The 23rd Psalm: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want . . ."

When I came to—or came back—three doctors and three nurses

were standing over me. I had seen the end. And knew there was nothing there to fear. — *Grand Rapids, Mich.*

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#### MY LIFE-SAVING PREMONITION

By Lynne Towne

I AWOKE WITH a premonition of urgency. I couldn't understand it, but perhaps the funeral I was going to may have had something to do with it. But how could the funeral of our old friend, Mrs. Boyd, evoke such a sinister emotion?

I was only 19 and never had been to a funeral. The very thought of seeing someone in a coffin was disturbing but had to be faced. I was the only one in our family who was free to attend since my sister, with whom I lived, had to leave for work.

All at once I realized that I had been walking toward downtown Los Angeles without being aware that I had even left the flat where I lived. I didn't have to be there until 2:30 in the afternoon. It would give me time to walk off this feeling of foreboding.

The day was warm, the sun beat down on me. I forgot the bus completely. I was as in a trance. Each time I finished a block I pushed on to the next one, counting them off, subtracting them from the distance to my sister's office.

I wasn't supposed to go to her office. Why was I thinking of it?

She would be angry, I knew that! But my feet kept right on in that direction.

Facing her would not be pleasant, but it had to be done; I was going to tell her that I couldn't go to the funeral. I had my own personal reasons. I knew now that I had to see my mother!

My sister did not understand, but her pleas and arguments fell on deaf ears. The compulsion was adamant and quickly propelled me from my sister's office and on my way.

I had a long way to go, the street car and two buses . . . I must remember to get transfers. These were the depression years and money was not to be wasted. My family had fallen upon hard times; our big home was gone with unpaid taxes.

My mother was a courageous woman and always managed to think of some way to earn a dollar. This time it was a used furniture store located on the east side of L.A., on Firestone Blvd. and Beach St.

Finally I boarded the last bus and sat right behind the driver and prodded him with "can't you go any faster?" He yelled irritably "what's your hurry, lady? I'm going as fast as the law allows, now!" I was like an animal, instinctively smelling danger; I felt the urgency of life or death!

At last I reached the door to the store and I could see my family



LYNNE TOWNE

through the window; they were all there, sitting in rocking chairs. My dad was holding my little sister on his lap. My mother sat next to them. I was glad that there were no customers.

I burst in upon them and they showed their surprise, "What was I doing there? Why wasn't I at Mrs. Boyd's funeral?" I told them how strong my desire was to come to them instead, but they were unable to understand such metaphysical reactions.

We sat together about one minute when my inner voice said, "You must get them out of those rocking chairs." I thought of food, and said, "Let's all go back and get something to eat." They agreed and got up, following me like three robots — unusual in itself. My dad was normally not that agreeable.

No sooner had we stepped past the doorway curtain that separated the kitchen from the main store than a tremendous crash shook the whole building.

My mother screamed, "Earthquake! Earthquake!" Instinctively I said, "No, it's not. Let me by, I'll go and see." I parted the curtains and there in the middle of the store was a big black sedan with a redhead woman at the wheel. She had come full speed through the plate glass window.

My first thought was to look for the chairs my family had been sitting in. My eyes searched the debris-filled store. Then I saw the chairs, crushed into little pieces,

underneath the back of the car. It had passed completely over them.

I realized then the full significance of the powerful compulsion which had brought me to this place, on this particular day, at this particular time. For an instant I was overcome by the horror of the tragedy which this same compulsion had averted. I breathed a prayer of thanks to the Divine guidance that had sent me there.

When all the excitement was over, my family boarded up the store and moved out. But they still tell friends that if I had gone to the funeral of Mrs. Boyd, I would also have gone to three other funerals — theirs. — *Van Nuys, Calif.*



### CLOSE BRUSHES WITH COINCIDENCE

**S**TANGE THINGS, it was reported recently, happen to objects placed on canvas by Mrs. E. DeWitt Whitener, an artist of Arlington, Va. The first, she recalled, was when she set up her easel at Hains Point and painted the markets along Maine Avenue. The markets disappeared a short time later in line with the Southwest Redevelopment program.

Not long after she painted an old lighthouse at Blackstone Island on the lower Potomac, it burned down. When she painted an old bridge at Ocean City, Md., it was dynamited as a hazard to navigation.

Next, she said, she painted a friend's pier at St. Clement's Shores—and it was demolished in a battle with winter ice. By this time, she related, she was aware that something odd was associated with the subjects of her paintings. The impression was confirmed recently when she painted Key Bridge and included Dempsey's Boathouse. The boathouse went up in flames a few days later.

Mrs. Whitener stated she now has an eerie feeling when she picks up a paint brush. Asked if she planned to do a portrait of her husband, she said she "wouldn't dare."



# PARAPSYCHOLOGY vs. COMMUNIST DOGMA

Report of alleged ESP tests by U.S. military startled USSR into revealing pros and cons of ESP in the Soviet.

*By Curtis Fuller*

SOME WHILE AGO the French magazine *Science et Vie* published a story of ESP experiments aboard the U.S. submarine *Nutilus* which attracted a great deal of attention in — of all places — the Soviet Union, although practically nothing was heard of it in this country.

According to *Science et Vie*, long distance tests were carried out between two persons, one of whom was aboard the nuclear-powered vessel while it was submerged. One of the experimenters, so the story goes, concentrated on the symbols of a typical set of Zener ESP cards

— circles, crosses, rectangles, etc. — while the other experimenter recorded the images that came to his mind. The results, the article stated, showed clear evidence of telepathy.

It is understandable why the Soviets should have been impressed by this report. First, here was the United States apparently taking ESP so seriously as to be using it in military experiments. Second, according to the reports, the experiments were successful.

The Soviets apparently were alarmed unduly. Dr. Joseph B. Rhine, director of the Parapsycho-

logy Laboratory at Duke University, doubts that the reported experiments ever took place. Dr. Rhine has said that Col. William H. Bowers, in charge of psychological research for the U.S. Air Force, denies knowledge of these experiments although Colonel Bowers was mentioned in the French article.

More to the point, however, is that the alleged *Nautilus* ESP experiments really disclosed nothing that parapsychologists have not known for years. The physical locale of ESP experiments long since has been shown not to affect results, and it is as reasonable to assume that they would work from a sender in the *Nautilus* as in an airplane or in a laboratory.

Nonetheless, the French magazine story has had the unusual result of focusing a great deal of attention on the problem of ESP and parapsychological research in the Soviet Union.

Two meetings were held on the subject in June, 1960. One of these was on June 15, in the Leningrad Scientists Club. These meetings, and the publication of the *Nautilus* reports in *Science et Vie*, also inspired publication of a review of the situation in the Russian *Znaniye-Sila* (*Knowledge is Power*). This in turn inspired a translation in the American-published *Soviet Review*.

IN THE VIEW of the more orthodox Soviet scientists, ESP (by which they usually mean telepathy) cannot exist because it is opposed to official Marxist materialistic dogma.

These more conservative men first of all deny that telepathy does exist. Their reasoning is essentially to ignore the evidence and simply to say it cannot exist because there is no communicating mechanism.

The more liberal scientists, on the other hand, are prepared to say that there undoubtedly is evidence of telepathy, even though no one has discovered the communicating mechanisms. These men believe they are bound to be discovered and that when they are identified they will be materialistic in nature.

Thus even the more liberal researchers (by "liberal" meaning those who believe in the reality of ESP) must work within the framework of Communist dogma.

Typical of the skeptical viewpoint is D. A. Biryukov, a corresponding member of the Academy of Medical Sciences.

Mr. Biryukov states flatly that telepathy is impossible because it would have to function through broadcast electrical brain waves and there are no scientific findings to confirm that the brain can broadcast.

"Investigation shows that the electromagnetic waves produced by

the action potentials of the brain do not radiate beyond the head," Mr. Biryukov states in the *Soviet Review* translation. "To study them properly it would be necessary to have a relaying aerial inside the head — an aerial 10s of thousands of miles long. This was roughly how Norbert Wiener, the father of cybernetics, answered a question on telepathy during a visit to the USSR:

"Advocates of parapsychology have recourse to unknown methods of transference and invent what has never been discovered . . .

"It is my deep conviction that the problem of parapsychology cannot, from the viewpoint of method, be posed as a scientific problem. Let me quote a basic Marxist-Leninist philosophical principle concerning the unity and inseparability of the psychic, or mental, and the physiological.

"Thinking is a property of brain matter and cannot be separated from it.' In this light we simply cannot raise the question of separation and transfer of thoughts. If we do, we are merely reverting to the vulgar materialism of the past century, which believed the brain secreted thoughts as the liver secretes bile. In summary, the only basis for parapsychology is belief in it, or faith."

To this viewpoint, Aldous Huxley, the writer-novelist-philosopher,

who is greatly interested in the whole area of parapsychology, recently retorted:

"The Soviet experimenters were forced to conclude — and in the days of Stalin the conclusion was embarrassing — that telepathy occurs and is not a form of radio.

"What does one do about data that do not suffer themselves to be explained in terms of currently accepted theory? In all too many cases, as William James pointed out two generations ago, one sticks to one's theory and does one's best to ignore the disturbing data.

"Herbert Spencer's idea of a tragedy (in T. H. Huxley's words) was 'a beautiful generalization murdered by an ugly fact.' Spencer's scholastic soul goes marching along . . ."

The Soviet parapsychologists themselves were prepared for Mr. Biryukov's dogmatism. Their evidence seemed to them incontrovertible but they were still left with the difficulty of fitting their findings into the official "line."

Elaborate experiments had been undertaken years before by Professor Leonid Vasilyev, now head of the newly formed department of parapsychology at Leningrad University. Briefly, the sender, a hypnotist, was placed within a small compartment completely screened with a door that slid along grooves by a system of iron and lead plates containing mercury.

It was impossible for radio waves to penetrate this device and when the experiments were resumed the results continued as successful as before.

"Obviously then, what that hypnotist was transmitting to the subject was not radio waves," the Soviet report concluded.

These results so dumbfounded the experimenters that they did not publish them for 25 years, when the climate for this sort of thing was more receptive within the Soviet Union.

P. I. Gulyayev, a biologist, interpreted the results:

"Were there no connection between the 'transmitter' and the 'recipient' in telepathic experiments, all we would have left is chance coincidence. The incidence of such coincidence is easily determined by the laws of probability. In the case of five different charts selected at random, for instance, the average number of coincidences would be about 20 per cent of the overall choices. A 70 per cent coincidence rate is impossible for five charts. It could happen, but only once in a billion times.

"Yet in the experiments under discussion we do have a 70 per cent coincidence. We may, therefore, safely assume that the sender and recipient have in truth established some special form of communication. Otherwise we would have to

conclude that the theory of probability itself is wrong."

Mr. Gulyayev thus disposes of the first of Mr. Biryukov's objections by offering proof that telepathy does exist.

Then he disposes of another by assuming that a "connection" of some sort must exist between sender and receiver. It just hasn't been identified yet, but when it is it will be "materialistic" and so the Marxist-Leninist doctrine is not contradicted.

But there is still a further difficulty and that is Mr. Biryukov's objection that in Soviet doctrine thoughts cannot be separated from brain matter and so the question of separation and transfer of thoughts cannot even be raised.

Mr. Gulyayev answers this objection fairly easily. For one thing he has the obvious precedent that both human and animal brains do communicate by means of speech and symbols. In view of this, other means of communication might just as conceivably exist. He clarifies his position further:

"Let me emphasize that thought transference does not mean thoughts travel directly from one brain to another. What the term is taken to mean is the transfer of some kind of information about thoughts, not the thoughts themselves. When we communicate by speech we also convey to each other information

about our thoughts, the carrier in this case being air vibration.

"So far we have no idea what it is that conveys thought information in telepathic communication."

\* \* \*

**P**ROFESSOR VASILYEV himself suggests that some animals may have "biological radio communication" and that biologically such means of communication seem to be justified. He also suggests that in man this ability is a rudimentary inheritance from his ancestors — "a sort of atavistic throwback."

As an example in animals, Vasil'yev cites the experiments of the Soviet entomologist I. A. Fabri, which have already been reported in *FATE*. Fabri placed an unfertilized female of a rare kind of night moth under wire netting on the balcony of a country house. Within a half hour the males began to flock around the female.

Within three evenings 64 male specimens of this rare moth were trapped. Some of them were marked with paint and taken from three to five miles away and released.

They returned — covering the distance in 40 to 45 minutes despite their slow and clumsy flight.

Fabri concluded that the female was sending out some kind of a mating call by some unknown means.

The call was not scent, because the male sensed it under no wind

conditions or down wind or upwind — it made no difference.

Obviously, the signal must be capable of penetrating against the wind. Yet experiments cast doubt that it is an electromagnetic signal.

Fabri did discover that the male moth's receiving organ is its antennae. Males with their antennae removed did not again answer the female's call and did not return to her.

In his conclusion, Professor Vasil'yev shrugs his shoulders and echoes the puzzled words of parapsychologists the world over: "So far the question has not been solved and more special study is called for."

It would be giving a false impression to imply that the dogmas associated with "Marxist-Leninist philosophical principles" are at the present time inhibiting work in the Soviet Union more than parallel dogmas held by scientists in the Western world.

In the Soviet case, it is true, the dogmas are politically reinforced, although not so much today as in the days of Stalin. But it is a question whether, as some scientists use them, they are much more than a conservative rationalization for a materialistic approach.

In the West, on the other hand, there are also many scientists who object to parapsychology and the whole range of psi phenomena and

psychical research. If their seasons were explored carefully they would be seen to be similar to the conservative Soviet objections. They

are merely using a different semantic framework to arrive at rationalizations which are, after all, very similar.



### DID HYPNOSIS REVEAL A CANCER CURE?

DURING a hypnotic trance in 1868 a well-educated Frenchwoman described a plant which she believed would cure cancer. Her remarks were carefully recorded, not because of interest in her alleged cure, but because of the apparent accuracy of her statements concerning her own organic disease, one so agonizing that hypnosis was used for relief.

Although the patient's diagnosis of her own ailment was at variance with that of her surgeon, the famous Dr. Koeberle of Strasbourg, the surgeon's knife ultimately proved her correct in every detail.

The complete report of this unusual case was published in Camille Flammarion's book *L'Inconnu*. An American student of psychic matters, G. K. Kahn, while reading the Flammarion book in French, translated the remarks about a cure for cancer for FATE Magazine.

Here is the description of a plant which the hypnotized woman said would cure cancer:

"It is a herbaceous plant, which forms a bouquet of spatulated leaves, rather large and very tender, of a green color, not too light and not too dark. It is most analogous to a sorrel. The leaves are quite united

and without prickles. They contain a greenish juice which is still more abundant in the large stalk. The stalk is finger-shaped and rises at the moment of blossoming in the middle of the leaves.

"The flowers, hardly visible before expansion, become greenish when they are expanding and are located at the end and along the stalk. The stalk has no leaves.

"The plant grows on the sides of a mountain, probably in Switzerland. It pushes into the zone just where the snow starts. It grows in a reddish soil that is dry and friable and where vegetation is rare.

"The plant blooms once a year, in June. The stalk remains until winter and then dries up. The very small flowers become small black grains, which drop onto the ground. The root subsists and in the spring the leaves come up.

"The plant is probably of the family of Polygones, dicotyledone, perhaps from the family of ranunculus. The Aconit grows in the same places. The flower resembles very much the Lapathum."

Flammarion does not state that this curative plant was ever sought, or tested.



## *“You Shall Die Slowly . . . and alone!”*

... thus the old squaw cursed the crafty brave who caused her granddaughter's death—and die he did.

*By C. V. Tench*

**Y**OU ARE A BAD, bad Indian! You make up to my granddaughter, Marie, because she is the prettiest girl of our tribe. But you do not seek marriage. No! You mean bad things!"

The voice of Mitsue, aged squaw of the Spalumcheen Indian tribe of Northern British Columbia, Canada, shrilled stridently as she admonished the young Indian brave, "Marie is a good girl; I protect her. If you harm her I shall wish

you such a slow and painful death as would make you tremble to think about. Be warned!"

"Bah! You talk empty words," sneered Pierre Williams, the 26-year-old Indian. "I am not afraid of an old woman's threats!" But there was a flicker of uneasiness in his eyes.

"You are afraid!" Mitsue shrilled, pointing her bony finger. "All our tribe know of my power and that I do not use it unless I must.

But if you harm Marie—" Leaving the warning unfinished she turned and hobbled back into her tepee.

It was quite true that the handsome Pierre had discovered he could exert a kind of hypnotic influence over Marie, a strikingly attractive girl of 17. Marie was greatly flattered by Pierre's attentions, indeed his flashing eyes, even white teeth and lithe body had set more than one Indian maiden's heart fluttering.

Pierre undoubtedly could have won Marie openly and honorably had he so desired but, as Mitsue knew, marriage to Marie was not his objective. He merely wanted to possess her.

He was a bad Indian and his wickedness was to lead to one of the strangest, most puzzling murder mysteries the British Columbia Provincial Police ever have been called upon to solve.

\* \* \*

SOME TWO WEEKS after the clash between Mitsue and Pierre the Department of Indian Affairs staged one of the Indian tribal gatherings and celebrations which they arrange from time to time in order to allow the tribes of the various reserves to let off steam — under supervision.

This gathering was held at Kamloops, British Columbia. From all parts of the province natives came

to watch and participate in the horse racing, foot racing and other athletic events, in the dancing and, above all, the feasting — all at the government's expense. There was also a certain amount of quarrelling and fighting at these festivals, due chiefly to liquor consumed in defiance of the law.

Before leaving the Spalumcheen Reserve for Kamloops, Marie again had been solemnly warned against Pierre by Mitsue. Marie's reaction had been to laugh merrily and to deride her grandmother's warning as "an old squaw's foolishness".

By now Marie had learned that men found her desirable. Dressed in her best for the celebration at Kamloops, she found herself attracting the attention not only of young Indian men but also of a white man named William Gillis. Gillis was a drifter, a type common in Western Canada, who never worked or stayed long any place.

However, flattered by the attention of a white man, Marie spurned the young men of her own race and flirted openly with Gillis, thus arousing the furious jealousy of Pierre who warned her that he would kill any man upon whom she bestowed her favors, especially a white man.

A high-spirited girl, Marie scorned this threat, telling Pierre she would do as she wished. Then, as if deliberately taunting Pierre, she

made her way back through the crowds to Gillis' side and slipped one hand through his arm.

In sullen, silent fury Pierre watched.

At dawn the next day a furious pounding awakened Robert Dodd, Indian Agent stationed at Kamloops. Hastily pulling on a few clothes, Dodd hurried down the stairs and unfastened the door. On the veranda stood Marie. Her face was tear-stained; her hands were red and her dress saturated with blood.

The moment Dodd appeared she clutched him frenziedly and began to gasp out a breathlessly incoherent story. Gently Dodd led the hysterical girl through to the kitchen, sat her down upon a chair and endeavored to calm her. Presently Marie was sufficiently composed to speak intelligibly.

She told Dodd that, greatly flattered by the attentions of a white man, she had agreed to spend the night with Gillis at his camp on the bank of the South Thompson River. During the night someone had crept into the camp and battered Gillis to death.

Dodd listened in shocked silence. Then he took Marie a few doors away to the house of Constable Walter Smith of the British Columbia Provincial Police. Here Marie again sobbed out her terrible story. Later, at Constable Smith's

suggestion, she led him and Dodd to Gillis' camp. There, upon a pile of blankets, lay Gillis' bloody remains. His skull had been shattered by repeated blows from some heavy weapon.

Smith knew Gillis carried a heavy, long-barreled, ivory-handled revolver because only a few days before Gillis had applied for a renewal of his permit to carry the weapon. Now a search of the camp site failed to produce the gun.

"Where is Gillis' gun?" Smith asked Marie sharply.

"He had no gun," Marie replied.

"Marie," Smith asked sternly, "why do you lie? You know Gillis wore a gun when you were with him yesterday. If you know where it is, fetch it at once, otherwise I shall lock you up."

For a moment Marie hesitated, then she turned and disappeared into the thick undergrowth surrounding the camp. Presently she reappeared carrying the revolver. The ivory butt of the weapon was covered with human hair and half-dried blood and, before Smith or Dodd could stop her, Marie dropped to her knees beside the bedding and started to clean the weapon with an end of blanket, thus completely obliterating all fingerprints.

Whether Marie's action was deliberate or whether it was an innocent desire to clean the firearm before handing it to Smith, was im-

possible to know. Nevertheless, Smith scolded her sharply as he snatched the gun from her hand.

The weapon was not loaded and Smith could find no cartridges either on Gillis' person or among his scanty belongings. He concluded that the absence of ammunition had forced the murderer to use the weapon as a club.

Constable Smith was far from satisfied with Marie's story. How, he asked, could anyone have crept up on Gillis and killed him in his sleep without waking Marie? Either Marie had been roused and, perhaps threatened by the killer, had stood to one side while he committed his brutal crime, or else Marie herself had battered Gillis to death.

Smith's command to Marie to find the gun had been sheer bluff. He had been genuinely surprised when Marie had located the weapon so quickly and he reasoned either she had hidden it or she had watched the murderer hide it.

Like all Indian women Marie was used to chopping wood and drawing water. She was lithe and strong enough to batter a man to death with a weapon as heavy as Gillis' revolver.

Constable Smith questioned Marie closely, but tearfully she insisted she had seen no one. She had been sound asleep until Gillis' moans waked her. She had clasped his

head to her breast until his moaning stopped and she realized he had died in her arms. Then, utterly terrified, she had run to inform Indian Agent Dodd.

She protested that she had not known where the revolver was but simply had hunted around until she had found it. She denied she had attacked Gillis herself.

Constable Smith did not accept her story. He placed her under arrest.

Marie had been in the Kamloops jail for almost a week when she sent word that she wished to talk to Constable Smith. Smith, who had been working hard on the case without making any further progress, hastened to her cell.

"Well, Marie," he asked, "why do you wish to see me?"

"I want to tell you who killed Gillis," Marie replied.

"That's sensible," Smith said encouragingly. "Why didn't you tell me at first?"

"Because I am afraid," Marie answered. "He say if I tell police he kill me. But you won't let him hurt me, will you?"

"Of course not," Constable Smith reassured her.

"Pierre Williams," Marie said shakily, "is a bad Indian. He all the time make up to me. When I go with Gillis, Pierre get mad and say he kill white man. That night he come to our camp and beat Gillis

dead." She stared anxiously up into Smith's face, ending: "Now you let me go, eh?"

"No," Smith snapped angrily. "You've now made things much worse for yourself, Marie, by telling me a deliberate lie."

"No, no!" Marie insisted. "I tell you the truth. Pierre Williams killed Gillis!"

"You're lying," Smith repeated. "But I tell you—"

"And I have positive proof that you're lying," Constable Smith interrupted. "On the night Gillis was killed Pierre Williams was here; locked up in a cell in this very gaol."

"Pierre—was—here?" Marie recoiled.

"Yes," Smith nodded. "I know Pierre liked to make up to you. I saw him talking to you on the day of the murder. I saw how mad he was and kept an eye on him. Later, because he started drinking and quarrelling with others, I thought it advisable to lock him up until morning. I freed him a few minutes after I brought you here. Now what have you to say?"

"I still say Pierre Williams killed my friend Gillis," Marie insisted.

"And I know that you lie," Smith told her.

And he formally charged Marie with murder.

At the Fall Assizes Marie was the center of attraction. Her pretti-

ness and youth won the sympathy of many in the crowded courtroom. She did not seem to realize the gravity of her position and smiled at everybody.

The Crown Prosecutor was Arthur H. Eberts, a man a more discerning prisoner would have dreaded to see arrayed on the side of the prosecution. The lawyer assigned to defend Marie was William W. Spinks, a young man recently admitted to the Bar.

In his usual polished style, Prosecutor Eberts built up a damning case against Marie. On the other hand William W. Spinks could not call one witness for the defense. Matters looked very bad for Marie as, in closing the case for the prosecution, Arthur H. Eberts told the jury: "You many find the accused guilty of either murder or manslaughter; but before you retire I want you to examine closely the dress the accused was wearing on the night of the murder."

As Prosecutor Eberts passed slowly along the witness box displaying the blood-stained garment, Defense Counsel Spinks stepped forward and carefully studied the dress. He saw something there that had escaped the notice of the others and, as Prosecutor Eberts sat down, Spinks turned and addressed the jury.

"Gentlemen," he declaimed in confident tones, "my learned friend

told you that you can find the accused guilty of either manslaughter or murder. I say that, in the face of the evidence submitted, you cannot do that. You must find the accused either guilty of murder or you must exonerate her completely. And here is why I say that." Holding up the blood-stained dress he went on:

"The prosecution argues that the accused got up during the night while her companion, Gillis, was asleep, picked up his revolver, stood or knelt over him, and hit him upon the head again and again with the heavy weapon. This dress proves that contention to be wrong because, in that case, the accused's dress would have been merely *spattered* with blood. Actually, gentlemen, as you can see for yourself, this dress is *saturated* with blood, bearing out the accused's story that when she heard the murdered man moaning, she lifted his battered head to her breast and thus held him until he died.

"The whole theory of the prosecution is preposterous. You are all strong, iron-nerved outdoorsmen, but would any one of you have the nerve to brutally batter a man to death and then lie down beside him, hold his head, and allow his blood to saturate your clothing? Yet, that is exactly what the prosecution alleges the sweet-faced young girl in the prisoner's box did. Gentle-

men, I leave the decision to you."

Mr. Spinks sat down in an atmosphere of tense silence.

Without leaving the courtroom the 12 men of the jury whispered among themselves. Then the foreman got to his feet and announced the verdict: "Not guilty!"

Marie was escorted back to the Spalumcheen Reserve and there freed. She at once sought out Pierre Williams.

"You are a bad Indian," she told him. "You killed my friend Gillis!"

Pierre sneered, "Everybody knows Constable Smith had me locked up that night. Maybe I wanted to be locked up," he added, craftily.

"Just the same, you killed Gillis," Marie insisted. "I do not know how you make me do things but you do and my grandmother knows. You came to me that night and said: 'Take Gillis' gun and hit him on the head many times.' I did that and then you were gone and I felt very sorry for Gillis. I held his head and tried to make him well, but it was no use."

Pierre stalked away.

Marie became a changed girl. She was always looking fearfully over her shoulders, apparently never free of the dread spectre of the slain Gillis. Because of her association with the white man, the young Indian braves now shunned her. Marie turned to Pierre for companionship, often pleading with

him to marry her so that she would no longer be alone at night when, she declared, Gillis' ghost haunted her.

But marriage to Marie was the very last thing Pierre desired. He was no longer interested in the pathetic little creature who, once the prettiest girl in the tribe, was now thin, distraught and haggard. To be rid of her once and for all Pierre apparently concocted a scheme which must again have involved the use of the strange hypnotic power he undoubtedly possessed.

One night when the moon was full Pierre was seen to creep into Marie's isolated tepee. There he stayed for some time before he was seen to leave again.

Marie never again was seen alive. Her broken body was found the next day at the foot of Hainen Cliff, on September 14, 1936.

It was then that the aged Mitsue, supported by a crowd of incensed Indians, hobbled furiously toward Pierre's tepee.

"Murderer!" Mitsue screamed as Pierre appeared. "You killed Gillis and now kill Marie."

"I was locked up in gaol the night Gillis was killed," Pierre protested. "Last night I did not leave our encampment. Marie must have walked over the cliff in her sleep."

"No. You made her kill herself," Mitsue shrilled. "I know your

power because I have the same power and now I shall use it as I warned you."

"No. No!" Pierre protested. "I tell you—"

"White man's justice cannot punish you," Mitsue interrupted, "but Indian justice can. Because you are a bad Indian you shall die slowly — and alone — and with much pain. It is said!"

With that Mitsue turned and hobbled away, leaving behind a Pierre whose eyes were filled with dread.

\* \* \*

MONTHS PASSED and life went on as usual on the Spalumcheen Reserve. Pierre grew less and less afraid and began boasting that Mitsue had lost her strange power and that her threat was nothing but "an old squaw's foolishness". He became his old, arrogant self again.

In November, when the first snows came, he announced his intention of leaving the Reserve for the winter to go trapping.

He never returned.

The following June 16, 1937, when hunting in the vicinity of Monashee Mountain, a party of Indians came across a rusted bear trap that had been sprung, a human skull, some scattered human bones, some fragments of buckskin clothing and moccasins, and a weather-beaten rifle. Gripped firmly by the cruel teeth of the bear

trap was a piece of gnawed bone, later identified as a portion of a man's shin bone. All about the site were empty cartridge cases.

The rifle was carefully cleaned and positively identified as having belonged to Pierre Williams.

It was not hard for the police to decide what had happened.

While travelling over his trap line Pierre had inadvertently stepped into one of his own bear traps. At once the powerful steel jaws had clamped shut, holding him in a vice-like grip. To open a bear trap a man needs both legs free so that he can tramp down with a foot on the two springs on either side of the jaws simultaneously. It requires a man's full weight. Unable to free himself, Pierre had fired every cartridge he possessed, in a frenzied hope of attracting some trapper or hunter to his aid, or to drive back the wild animals who must have

come to watch his death struggle.

No one heard his frantic cries or signal shots. He must have lain in agonized helplessness for a week or more, as night followed day and day followed night and no help came. From the fringe of the trees the ever-ravaging wolves must have watched his frenzied struggle closely. And when Pierre could neither shoot nor struggle further the wolves must have rushed in to the feast.

As Mitsue had forewarned, Pierre had died slowly, alone, with much pain.

The Indians believe that Mitsue had evoked her strange power to avenge the murder of Marie.

To the authorities, of course, Pierre Williams' death was merely an accident.

Curse or coincidence, it was a fitting end for an unscrupulous killer.



### REUNITED TWINS

**I**N ENGLAND twin sisters who had been separated for 27 years were reunited as a result of the fact that both were running pubs—the English term for bar rooms—and had the same man for a customer. While on vacation, John Weaver noticed that Mrs. Louise Lockwood, who ran the Flower Pot Inn at Duxford, was a double of Mrs. Lisa Hopkins, who ran a village inn called the Fenn Bell at St. Mary's Hoo, Kent, 80 miles south on the other side of London. When Weaver commented on the similarity, Mrs. Lockwood phoned Mrs. Hopkins and they had a reunion in London.





## The WHEEL of FORTUNE

By Paul Steiner

When a Port Washington, Wis., man sent out his Irish setter on the first day of its training as a retriever, the dog came back with a wallet containing \$60.

An Italian peasant woman living near Venice found a valuable Napoleonic gold coin in a potato she had dug from her field and was about to fry.

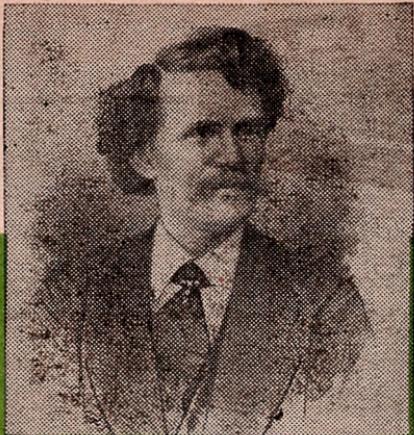
Stanley Wilson, of Hull, England, won \$267,000 with a penny bet on Britain's soccer pools, and so became the first person in the world to win 100,000 pounds for a penny, according to pool officials.

A Klamath Falls, Ore., man who bought a bust of Abraham Lincoln for \$1.75 at an auction of unclaimed stolen goods, later discovered that it was also a savings bank containing \$4.50 in coins. The auctioneer had ignored the rattling inside, thinking it was loose plaster.

A Yugoslav who found an imported Greek cigarette on the floor of a movie house was unable to light it. When he finally unrolled it he found in it a tightly rolled U. S. \$1,000 bill. (Put there by a smuggler?)

In Johannesburg, South Africa, ambulance driver, Bert Daniels, drove his father to the hospital one morning and was called upon to do the same thing for his old nurse at noon. He finished his day's work by rushing to pick up a woman who had been taken ill on the street. She turned out to be his wife.

In Bordeaux, France, Jacques Bernard was driving to work on his motorcycle when he had a collision with a girl motorcyclist. When he came to he discovered that the woman was his own wife from whom he had been separated for 18 months. The couple were reconciled in the hospital.



Feats of famed medium D. D. Home are subject of this exclusive FATE article.

Tables moved without visible agency and gave rappings that spelled out messages in an amazing but typical . . .

## Seance with **D. D. Home**

*By Paul Foght*

CAREFULLY GUARDED in the rare book collection of a foreign library there is one surviving copy of an elegant volume called *Experiences in Spiritualism with Mr. D. D. Home*.

A friend of FATE photographed every page of this rare book and recently brought the films to the United States. They have been developed and now on photographic prints FATE has the first copy of this valuable beyond-price document ever seen outside a small circle of European authorities.

*Experiences in Spiritualism* is the printed account of 78 seances conducted in Europe by Daniel Home between November, 1867, and July,

1869. The accounts were first written as letters from the Viscount Adare to his father. Lord Adare was an eyewitness to all 78 seances and was able to give a very accurate picture of Home since he and Home lived and traveled together throughout most of this nearly two-year period.

An introduction to the book by the Earl of Dunraven explains that he was the one responsible for putting the letters into print, but that at the same time he strictly limited the circulation of the printed volume. The Earl wrote that he saw from Lord Adare's letters that, ". . . the manifestations were so re-

markable that they deserved to be duly chronicled and preserved. General publication is out of the question as much that is interesting and a valuable portion of the record relates to private domestic affairs and to near relatives or intimate friends. Even after the unavoidable suppression of some curious and instructive details, it was not without reluctance that we made up our minds to give even very limited circulation to this series of seances."

The authors appear to have made every effort to make the book as accurate a report as possible within the requirements of their private

censorship code. The Earl stated that in many cases he and Lord Adare wrote independent reports first, then compared their notes. He also stated that some reports, ". . . were looked over by more than one of the persons present: thus everything has been done to insure the greatest accuracy. In addition, each of those mentioned as present at the seances has received a copy of the printed account, and replies have been received from all." The printed book lists a total of 50 witnesses, and two additional names have been added by hand to the FATE copy of the book. Presumably all of these wit-

## ABOUT DANIEL DUNGLAS HOME

Daniel Dunglas Home was one of the most amazing men of all time. His career is absolutely without parallel as a medium, master psychic, wizard and maker of magic. During his life he was a celebrated figure and the sensation of two continents.

Two of the foremost scientists of his period, Sir William Crookes and Dr. Robert Hare, declared phenomena produced by him to be genuine and asserted his abilities to include authentic demonstrations of a new and unknown force.

Crookes, inventor of the x-ray tube, investigated Home's ability to levitate himself and prepared a paper in which he testified that, "On three occasions I myself have seen Mr. Home raised completely from the floor of the room."

The Royal Society of Scientists refused to hear Crookes' report, but he never refracted one word of his testimony. Twenty years later, after he had been elected president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he wrote, ". . . I find nothing to retract or to alter. I have discovered no flaw in the experiments then made, or in the reasoning I based on them."

Home was born near Edinburgh, Scotland, March 20, 1833, but spent the early part of his life in the United States. Later he traveled in Europe and married Sacha de Kroll, daughter of the Russian general, Count de Kroll. Home died of tuberculosis in France on June 21, 1886.

Paul M. Vest, Ph.D., writing in Fate, April, 1952, said of Home, "He was one man who undoubtedly could have given scientific authenticity to psychic phenomena and to the reality of spiritual worlds."

But science wouldn't listen.

nesses testify to the accuracy of the printed reports.

Why did these learned and titled Englishmen spend their time and money investigating such a controversial man as Home, and in printing a few copies of a book which they did not want read beyond their own circle? The Earl of Dunraven wrote, "The answer is simple: Chiefly, to examine for my own satisfaction; next, to enable others, who may consider a similar spirit of enquiry, to have the benefit of the experience from the following seances."

For the first time FATE now makes the experience available to a public with an enquiring spirit.

The Adare-Dunraven book presented complete reports of 78 seances and it is obviously impossible to reprint those 78 accounts in full on these pages. However, Lord Adare's full report of Seance No. 3, which follows immediately, is typical of the series and the techniques of the inquiry demonstrated here. Seance No. 3 was not the most sensational performance, the outstanding phenomena of the complete series will be described in a later article, but few living persons have ever witnessed such phenomena as Lord Adare saw on this November afternoon in 1867.

\* \* \*

**No. 3 SEANCE.** I again went down to Mr. Jencken's to see

Home. After tea we had a seance. There were present: Mr. Jencken, Mrs. Jencken, Mrs. Hennings, Mrs. Scott Russell, Miss D—— R——, Home, and myself. We sat around the card table, all except Mrs. Jencken, who sat in her arm chair in another part of the room.

"The manifestations began by the usual vibration of the table, the floor, and our chairs; and by the cold currents of air passing round the table over our hands. The table moved, and we followed it until it was in a corner close to the wall.

"Home had his back to the wall. On his left, at a little distance, was a small square table, with a vase of flowers on it; and on his right was a small round table, on which stood a large vase containing a fern.

"The chief part of the manifestations consisted in the movement of these tables. They were brought close to Home, and then were sometimes raised in the air and inclined towards him; sometimes simply tilted on one leg, so that the flowers touched his face. The flowers were in like manner also, as it were, presented to Mrs. Hennings and Mrs. Scott Russell.

"Our table moved a little back, and we then saw the window curtains drawn on one side out of the way. This table was repeatedly raised in the air to the height of four or five inches, Miss D——

R—— placing her hands between it and the floor; and it was also frequently inclined at such an angle that the vase must inevitably have fallen off under ordinary circumstances. On placing the ear against the small table, it was found to be full of minute raps, like a current of small electric sparks.

“The phenomena connected with the movement of these two tables occupied some time, during which we talked about various matters and subjects. Miss D—— R—— and Mr. Jencken were talking about spiritualism, and he got rather excited.

“I noticed a remarkable circumstance in connection with the small round table. When it was inclined at a considerable angle I saw the vase move, but instead of slipping down the slope, it moved up against it.

“As I before mentioned, the small table with the fern was raised in the air, and presented as if in greeting to Mrs. Hennings, Home, and Mrs. Scott Russell. After this had been done several times the alphabet was called for (i.e., Home called for the spirits to spell out words by rappings, each letter of the alphabet being assigned a specific number of raps. — *Editor*) and the following message given: ‘We would do more to show our love; these (referring to the flowers) are emblems of God’s love.’ The letters were in-

dicated sometimes by the small table tilting, sometimes by raps on the large table.

“Soon afterwards the alphabet was again called for, and the following message given: ‘Sit alone in a corner with Adare.’

“Accordingly Home and I left the table, and sat in another corner of the room at the small round table, having previously removed the vase. Immediately the table was raised up and tilted against my chest.

“The table had one leg terminating in three claws, one of them just touched my toe, and the letters were indicated by the claw tapping my toe. The following message was thus given: ‘My own boy, I go with you, fear nothing, God will give a mother power to protect her own boy. I will yet speak to you when alone.’

“Home was not touching the table; but during all this time was sitting beside me in an arm chair, and I distinctly felt — and so did he — some one standing between us.

“We then went back to the large table and Home took the accordion in his hand. He asked some questions, which were answered in the affirmative by three single notes on the accordion. Home, in asking these questions, became very much affected — I do not know why — and his voice was quite broken.

"The accordion then played something like a voluntary on the organ. The peculiarity being that the last few notes were drawn out so fine as to be scarcely audible — the last note dying away so gradually that I could not tell when it ceased. I do not think it possible for any human hand to produce a note in that way.

"Sometime before this we had all heard a whistling over Home's head. It is a curious sound, something between a bird chirping and the whistling produced by bird's wings rapidly moving.

"During the time the sounds were heard Home was talking, which I was glad of, as I wished to feel sure the sounds were not the result of ventriloquism on his part. I believe I may also safely say that we all engaged in conversation at the time, so that the sounds could not have been produced by any accomplice among us.

"All the manifestations then ceased. We waited, and Home asked if the spirits were gone. No answer was returned, so we left the table.

"I have particularly noticed three things.

"1st. That the commencement of each seance appears the same, namely, currents of cold air passing over the hands of those at the table as if some sort of chain was being formed. Any abrupt breaking

of which by someone suddenly leaving the table will stop the phenomena.

"2nd. That if the attention be too much concentrated it prevents the phenomena. They take place best when those at the table are keeping up a general conversation. If anything occurs, such as a table moving, and everybody stops talking and looks at it, it is almost sure to stop.

"3rd. That the name of God is always treated with peculiar reverence. In spelling out a sentence, if you guess an ordinary word, they say 'Yes,' and go on to the next. But though you may guess it, they spell out each letter in the name of God, and instead of indicating the letters quickly, as usual, it is done in a slow manner that impresses the mind with an idea of great reverence."

\* \* \*

**T**HIS COMPLETES Lord Adare's report of the third seance with D. D. Home. The levitation of the tables and the transmissions of messages by rappings are two of the phenomena for which Home was most renowned and which were investigated most carefully during his lifetime. In a future issue of FATE you will read the eyewitness accounts of Home's levitation of his own body, fire handling, and flying in and out of a building through third-story windows.

## HOUSE with the EARTHBOUND SPIRITS

It was a large and beautiful house—but strangely lacking in privacy. Guests were spied on nightly through glass transoms by unseen presences.

*By Lady M. S. Lawford*

Lady Lawford is the mother of popular movie actor Peter Lawford, who is the brother-in-law of President Kennedy.



MY SON, Peter, was about eight years old when our little family returned from a voyage to Tahiti, Australia, and the Hawaiian Islands.

Arriving in London, we were met by the usual downpour and leaden skies; it was anything but warm, although it was August.

Among my mail I received a letter from a friend who wished to rent us his house on the island of Madeira for the coming winter. Even though we were half unpacked we all decided to take the house. My husband, Gen. Sir Sidney Lawford,

booked our passages on the next outgoing steamer.

We were enchanted with the house. The garden and grounds were full of Lilies-of-the-Nile, plus Bougainvillaea in all shades of glorious color. In addition, the butler, cook and two upstairs maids went with the home.

We settled happily into our new environment, prepared to enjoy tennis, drives, bathing and other recreation available on the delightful island. The house was too large for us—four or five bedrooms and bathrooms, a drawing room, dining

room, and one huge room which the servants called The Ballroom. My husband and I slept in a large room with three windows overlooking the sea; it also had three doors with glass transoms opening onto the corridor. Peter slept in a smaller room just off ours, with no door and separated only by an archway with curtains.

After we had lived here two or three months we were invited to a big Portuguese wedding and did not return to the house until about 1:00 o'clock. As our son was already asleep, we went quietly to bed.

At 4:00 o'clock I awoke with a start. Peter stood by the side of my bed and his white, China-silk pajamas were sticking to his body as if he had gone swimming in them.

"What on earth?" I gasped.

"I can't sleep in my room. Someone keeps looking at me. Let me stay here — please!" Peter pleaded.

After rubbing him dry and changing his pajamas I put him to sleep on one of the couches in our bedroom. When General Lawford woke in the morning and saw him there, he said, "A fine way to spoil the child!" and indicated he did not believe Peter's story.

Every night our son went to bed in his room, and every morning we found him covered by one of his blankets on the couch in our room.

After a week or 10 days of this I, too, began to wake up with the feeling that someone was watching me. My chiffon nightgown would be clinging to my body and my pillow wet with perspiration.

I awakened my husband who murmured, "Mass hysteria" and went back to sleep.

However, about a week later, around midnight, *he* woke *me* and said someone or something was looking at him from the transoms.

Next day my husband told the butler to glue some brown paper on the inside of the three transoms and that night he removed the keys after locking the bedroom doors.

The following morning I awoke, grateful for an undisturbed night, only to look at the floor and find it covered with pieces of brown paper — paper torn from the inside of the transom by unseen hands.

After some discussion my husband and I decided to take the next ship to Lisbon. The friends we had made on the island then gave us a nice farewell party.

At the party an elderly gentleman said to me, "I wondered how long you would stay there. Six months is about the limit!"

When I asked him why, he promptly answered, "That house is full of earthbound spirits — two murders and a suicide in the big bedroom!!"

# I WALKED on the FIERY COALS



*By Ven. Robert Stuart Clifton*

#### THE AUTHOR

The Venerable Robert Stuart Clifton (whose Buddhist name is Phra Sumangalo) is Abbot of the large and beautiful monastery of Poh Ern Ssu in Singapore. Born in Alabama in 1902, he was converted to Buddhism at the age of 13. He was ordained a Buddhist priest, second class, in 1933 and rose to Dai Sojo, or Archbishop, in 1954. He attended Columbia University, Chicago University, the Language Institute of Paris and the National University of Mexico.

I was the only one who had not walked the blazing pit—and now all eyes looked at me. I was "on the spot!"

WOULD YOU LIKE to go fire-walking with me? If you have Faith, you can. If you have Faith, you can perform miracles, because Faith lends man the mighty power to perform paranormal feats.

Note that I've spelled the word with an upper-case "F." Faith is never to be confused with mere credulity. No matter how strongly I may believe that rabbits have horns at night, the facts remain to the contrary. Many mistake mere believing with Faith because *on the*

*lower levels of accomplishment* it is often possible to obtain identical results from either of the two, but with this vastly important difference: the results of Faith can be and usually are of a lasting nature, whereas results obtained from mere blind believing tend to fade out and, worse yet, be replaced by a condition that is the exact opposite of the one originally desired and momentarily obtained.

Let us test Faith on a searing bed of fire.

In 1955 I went to a small rice-growing community some 32 kilometers, approximately 19.86 miles, outside Bangkok to attend their annual fire-walking festival. I chose this isolated village because I wanted to get entirely away from anything remotely resembling a tourist attraction. I was the only Caucasian present and my priestly robes acted as "Open Sesame" for me. Some 2000 peasants ranging in age from toddlers to octogenarians were present. In unison they recited various *paritta* (devotional utterances or "prayers"), the while the charcoal pit of some 30 by 15 feet was being fanned to maximum heat. Not a piece of unignited charcoal was left atop the burning coals. The entire surface was not only ignited but quite obviously red-hot.

At the moment the pit was judged to be at maximum heat the village headman strode in an unhurried manner the length of the pit. He moved his bare feet as unconcernedly as if he were strolling on the cool, wave-washed sands of a beach. When the elder had traversed the pit he was followed by the adults, *all* of them. When the last adult had made the crossing, then a fairly large number of school-age children scampered into the pit, kicking about quite unconcernedly as American youngsters might kick about in a snowbank. By this time the temperature of the pit had dropped a

few degrees, but it was still hot enough to have broiled steak.

The village elder called the children out of the pit and looked at me quizzically. I was the only adult member of the great throng who had not so much as touched a toe to the coals. My knowledge of the Siamese language was in the elementary stages at that time, but no language knowledge was needed to understand the question in his eyes. To revert to Americanese: I was "on the spot."

I had been told long before this that if one felt deficient in faith, it would suffice to hold the hand of someone who had faith. The old man held out his toil stained hand. Something well nigh indescribable happened within me. For a moment more I hesitated. The thought ran through my mind that if I was such a rank materialist as to be afraid to do what 2000 men, women, and children had just done, then I was a hollow sham of a priest, a shameless hypocrite and ought to be unfrocked and returned to the U.S.A. to become a bookie or some similar adornment to human society.

I swallowed my Adam's apple and then put my hand trustingly into the old man's. I kicked off my sandals and we moved into the fire. With my free hand I started to lift the skirts of my robes higher. They had been a scant three inches above the embers. The old man saw the



Malayan mediums demonstrate immunity to heat by playing soccer in their bare feet with red-hot cannon balls. They also toss the fiery "footballs" from hand to hand—without suffering burns or blisters.

gesture and quietly said, "*mai tong*" ("not necessary").

We moved at the pace of an ordinary, casual walk and the soles of my feet felt no warmer than they would have felt in contact with sun-warmed concrete in late afternoon. It was obvious to me that I was on what was for me a new plane of consciousness. I had no fear and, oddly enough, no sense of being in a novel situation. All the short while (possibly not more than 70 seconds) that we were on the fire

I had complete faith that all was well. I wanted to let go my companion's hand, but he held on.

Just as we reached the end of the pit I suddenly reverted to membership in the White Race. Faith deserted me, or to be more strictly correct I deserted faith! As we stepped out on the grass, inadvertently I kicked a fiery ember a few inches into the air. At that exact moment the old man let go of my hand and a fraction of a second later the hot ember fell back on my

right instep, inflicting a painful burn during the brief moment it was in contact with my flesh. My feet have long been tobacco brown in color as a result of long exposure in sandals to the tropical sun, but the scar of that burn still shows.

At this point I ask the readers to keep in mind that the people I have just described were simple, largely uneducated, plain-living, clean-minded village folk, whose minds were not perverted by one of the major modern deities — scientific education. Herein we have a clue to why the European tends to view all such paranormal feats as "supernatural" fakeries, whereas the simple, uneducated jungle folk look upon these activities as altogether natural. Even the children *know* they can walk on fire unharmed. Merely "believing in" does not enter the picture. Real Faith is *knowledge* — perhaps a kind of super-knowledge, but certainly knowledge.

This question well may be asked by Occidental readers: "What purpose is served by these performances?"

The answer, from the Asian point of view, is that man needs to be reminded frequently, that he is more than the sum of his parts; that within him lie powers which can be turned to good account and, as the centuries roll, to better and better account.

FOR AN ASPECT of paranormal activity more likely to be of interest to Western readers let us take a fairly typical case or two of using "non scientific" means to nullify unbearable pain.

The first case is that of an aged woman in the final months of cancer. Opiates did not provide relief from her intense pain. Her eldest son asked several Buddhist monks to go to her bedside and chant appropriate *mantras* (devotions or mystical formulas couched in sonic dynamic form and usually uttered in Sanskrit) for her relief from pain and for her spiritual well-being.

When we arrived we found the patient in considerable pain and the senior monk present immediately recited a "pain-killer *mantra*" which he followed by anointing the patient's forehead with consecrated oil and sprinkling her lightly with lustral water. Then we all laid our hands on either her head or arms and slowly chanted another *mantra*. The patient joined us. The whole vocal part was an exercise in sound-power alone and devoid of translatable meaning. When we left the house some 30 or 40 minutes later, the patient felt better and asked for food.

The last thing the senior monk did was to give the old lady a Buddhist rosary of 108 beads and to teach her a simple little invocation of four words to say in her native

Cantonese. She was asked to fix her mind on the invocation as she repeated it in full for each of the beads. Then she was to pause for a few minutes and go round the 108 beads again, keeping this up continuously during her waking hours. Five days later the son came to see me. He said that on the third day of reciting the brief invocation constantly, his mother's pains abruptly ceased. Eleven weeks later I was asked to officiate at her funeral. Her family told me she had been completely free from pain throughout the 11 weeks preceding her death.

If this were an isolated instance I probably could convince myself that the cessation of pain was only a coincidence — something that had happened by chance. But, after years of observing strange and wonderful results from the use of sound-power *mantras*, I find myself unable to formulate any normal explanation and thus am forced to classify such experiences as being paranormal in their nature.

Another instance was far more dramatic. A Siamese youth of about 22 years of age was dying of tuberculosis in Penang. He was lonely and homesick for Siam and the sound of his native language. My own command of Siamese is not of the best but I make do with it and on my fairly frequent visits to the dying boy we understood each other

quite well. Finally I had to do almost all the talking as he was too weak to speak more than a few words and was constantly hemorrhaging. Medical opinion was that his death was but a day or two away.

He sensed that the doctors felt his case was hopeless and asked me to tell him how to die peacefully. Suddenly I found myself feeling angry, resentful and rebellious. I rebelled against the idea of an intelligent youth of good character being taken from life almost before he had a chance to look on it with some glimmer of understanding its meaning.

On an impulse I told him he need not die if he would have Faith in the healing power of Divine Mind. At that very moment he hemorrhaged a bit and, after the blood was cleaned away, he managed to whisper faintly that he had Faith that such things *could* be done. I told him this was not enough. He must have Faith that it *would* be done. The boy looked at me questioningly. He seemed to be silently asking if I believed what I was asking him to believe.

Regardless of what my exact feelings may have been a scant 10 or 15 minutes prior to this moment, I told him in all sincerity that I had complete trust that he could and would be healed by Faith. I asked him to stop thinking in terms of

death and to look ahead to a long and happy life in excellent health.

Three months later the "dying" boy walked into my study and showed me his latest chest X-ray. Only a tiny spot was left on one lung and it was progressively getting smaller. A month from that day he had no spot at all and went back to his job. He is still hale and hearty and, incidentally, full of Faith.

\* \* \*

EVEN THOUGH I witnessed this drama with my own eyes, I still find myself a bit dazed by the quickness with which the power of Faith made this boy whole and healthy. I am not aware that anyone is able to give a complete (or even a partial) explanation of just exactly how Faith works its miracles. Sufficient for me to know that it does work.

If my readers "twist my arm" and insist that I offer some explanation of the manner in which Faith can heal even "hopeless" cases, I shall state it this way: An individual who has no conscious awareness of an All-Enveloping Power (call it as you please) with whom or which he may make contact, is dependent on his own life force and medical aid for his survival, if he is *in extremis*. He who feels "not alone" but actually a part of a Universal Entity, is thereby able to draw strength from a store that

is inexhaustible. Faith is the connecting medium, the channel through which the Divine Healing Power flows.

For thousands of years Asians have held certain rather definite ideas concerning the powers inherent in the mind. At least some of these ideas began to gain a slow and grudging acceptance in certain circles of Western thought no farther back than a mere three-quarters of a century. But the process of accepting age-old Asian ideas that are strangely new to the West has been very greatly accelerated in recent years and it is now fairly common to find Occidentals who are familiar with such ancient Oriental adages as "All that we are is the result of what we have thought," and "As a man thinketh, so he is."

The term "psychosomatic illness", referring to mind-induced sickness, is a comparative newcomer in the terminology of Western medicine, yet Asia has long known the power of the mind to produce either illness or well-being, depending on the use made of the mind. Some modern Western doctors now claim that as much as 60 percent and more of all illness is psychosomatic in nature. A wrongly directed mind can wreck the most vigorous of bodies. The loss of will to live can result in death. On the reverse side, a developed and well-directed mind can produce not only physical well-

being but also well-being in all aspects of one's life.

In recent years science has been compelled to accept teachings concerning mind-functioning that were previously dismissed rather loftily as being "occult nonsense." Dr. Karl Gustaf Jung, Adolf Mayer, and a host of other noted psychologists, psychobiologists, alienists and the more observant members of the medical profession in general, have consciously dethroned the formerly held idea that mind is but the brain in action. That mind and brain are closely allied can hardly be doubted. Adolf Mayer went beyond this point and declared that the mind is the totality of a being—the body, in all its departments, being a part of mind in quite the same way as brain. Asians go farther than this. They conceive of mind as being the totality of man plus a hard-to-define "something more". In brief, the sum total of mind is regarded as being more than the whole of its parts.

What is this "something more?" Asians call it Universal Mind or The Infinite. Often it is referred to as "Unconditioned Ultimate Reality." Another way of naming the unnamable is to speak of it as The Absolute. This Ultimate Reality interpenetrates and interdiffuses itself in every fiber of the universes and all contained therein. In other words, man has limited human

mind, which most of us erroneously conceive to be our only mind, and also he is an extension or cell of Divine Mind, which he is potentially capable of realizing and utilizing in this present finite life. If this is done then accomplishments beyond the powers of ordinary mind become entirely possible and, in some cases, even downright easy.

Not so long ago, such terminology as subconscious, group conscious, collective unconscious, superconscious and other similar terms relating to the departments, functions and potential functions of the mind were not included in the vocabulary of any European language. Now Western man is at least on the verge of realizing that mind is indeed a "fearful and wonderful" thing, capable of accomplishing feats hitherto classified as "miracles."

Now let's consider some of the mechanisms for accomplishing these feats. A usual, but not invariable feature accompanying paranormal accomplishments is a trance state on the part of the "miracle worker." Unfortunately, because of centuries of stage tricks and "parlor magic" demonstrations of common hypnotism, in which the terms *trance* and *hypnotic state* are used interchangeably, the general Western public has developed a rather general inability to distinguish the polar differences between the two states. The fact that a few outward signs are

the same in trance as in hypnotic states has added to the confusion.

Hypnotism, whether from an auto-source or from external influence, amounts to a partial paralysis of the mind's freedom and usually seeks to bring the mind into sharply accentuated focus on some one idea or course of action. Whatever may be the intention behind the hypnotism, the phenomena deals only with finite mind or, if I may invent a term, with "braining." Trance, on the opposite hand, is a greater or lesser degree of entering into unity with *Supermind*, by whatever name called. Simultaneously, trance brings about a concentration of psycho-physical force for the purpose of accomplishing what is beyond the powers of mere rationality, will-power and normal feasibility.

True trance always focuses in a paranormal direction. Trance enlarges one or more departments of mind, sometimes in a small way and sometimes in an almost incredibly large way.

Hypnotism narrows the mind, often to a single point. For example, a physician may recommend hypnosis for the removal of some such handicap as stuttering, or perhaps as a quicker and more effective treatment for some absurd phobia than would result from the more usual and more orthodox forms of treatment in such cases. Opinions

vary as to the lasting value of such cures. Perhaps, like all other therapies, the results vary from person to person.

Many trance adepts need no external stimulus as a prerequisite for entering into trance. An act of will suffices and trance can be achieved within a few minutes or, in some cases, a matter of seconds. Some adepts find a certain scent to be their sole key to the trance-door. Sound, color, the stroking of jade, or fixing the mind on "the middle of zero" are favored by others.

Among East Asians and South Indians a combination of scent and sound is, by all odds, the most favored key to trance. The scent is usually the fumes from either sandalwood or benzoin resin. The sound is, as a rule, the measured cadence of ancient *mantras* (mystical incantation formulas), usually recited in Sanskrit. Many of these formulas have no meaning and the grouping of their words never was intended to have meaning. The only way to describe them adequately in modern terminology is to say that their power comes from sonic-dynamics, in short, the power of carefully managed sound.

The resolute, unswerving will of the entranced one to enter into a vastly enlarged state of consciousness — super-consciousness — or, in some comparatively rare cases, unity with Cosmic Mind, does the rest.

At once this question comes to mind: "If resolute will is the prime requisite, then why is it that so many who have the iron will to enter such states are unable to do so?"

The Asian answer is to the effect that it is a matter of how many births one has experienced in the pilgrimage of life or, to state it another way, a matter of how much one has managed to evolve progressively from life to life.

Either one is far enough advanced in spiritual evolution (an "old soul") and can manage paranormal states and accomplishments, or else one is still in the "ABC Class" and can only make ineffectual attempts at what is, for the moment, beyond one's stage of evolution. To the Asian way of thinking, it's as simple as that, no matter how the Western mind may look upon such an explanation.

The greater the degree of true trance, the less beholden one is to the workings of natural laws as they normally apply to life. The higher and broader the level of trance, the greater the insensitivity to pain. The section of the brain which acts as telegraph office to receive and transmit messages of pain is temporarily closed down. A form and degree of superconsciousness supersedes all normal mental processes.

When closely watching trance adepts who are dancing for painful

miles with skewers and swords piercing their flesh, or performing other normally painful feats, one finds it difficult to avoid the impression that mind has largely dissociated itself from body, being connected only by the invisibly thin "silver cord." To borrow from modern phraseology, it seems that body is operated "by remote control."

Once in an Indian village I asked a local *tapasin* (one able to undergo what is usually referred to as "self-torture") if any element of astral projection entered into the success or failure of transcending and nullifying normal bodily reactions. He assured me that an adept who can do conscious astral projection at will is many times more immune to pain than one whose astral being projects but poorly. He further assured me that some degree of dissociation of the astral from the gross physical body is always present in the trance state and this is the most salient difference between trance and the hypnotic states.

To anyone insisting on more "explanations" of the paranormal, I make this suggestion: If you are worried, fearful, anxious, emotionally or physically ill, if life has lost meaning for you, if any one of these conditions is yours, then I strongly urge you to undertake an adventure in Faith to see what happens.

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Don't make the slightest attempt to "believe in" anything. Remember, just be quiet and *just be!*

After you have gone through this short period of natural tranquilization, then open the gates of your being to whatever good, positive and affirmative "broadcast" may come in. Be prepared to let Faith come into your consciousness. Never mind intellectual definitions and "yes, but's."

After awhile make up your mind that just in case the Cosmic should somehow register on your "receiver" you will not dial it off. Don't demand complete success the first time you try. Keep on keeping on! On your very first attempt you may get the surprise of your life. Or it might come on the 101st try. Try!

As another experiment, the next time you visit a sick person, try placing your hand gently on the patient's forehead or hand and radiating towards the ill one positive healing thought. Perhaps nothing at all may happen. On the other hand, perhaps the patient may "take up his bed and walk!"

You'll never know if you never try! It well may be that you are an "old soul" and have dormant powers for great good. Are you? Have you? The truest answers are within yourself.

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## AGATHA'S DUTCH OVEN

By Eva Marie Woodward

**I**N THE YEAR 1912, near Crock-  
er, Mo., Moses and Agatha  
Wheeler owned and operated a flour  
mill and general store.

My grandparents took their wheat  
and corn to Wheeler's Mill to be  
ground into flour and cornmeal  
and shopped for sugar, salt, and  
other staples at the Wheeler's store.

In September of that year, Moses  
Wheeler got caught in a belt in the  
mill and was crushed to death in-  
stantly. A week later Agatha Wheeler  
was dead from pneumonia con-  
tracted at his funeral.

Now, a young uncle of mine,  
Clarence Hamilton, had been helping  
out at the Wheeler store and  
mill for a couple of years after  
school, week-ends, and during the  
summer vacation seasons. Uncle  
Clarence was very fond of both the  
WHEELERS and they of him, since  
they had no children and no close  
relatives.

About three months before the  
WHEELERS passed away, Agatha  
Wheeler inherited property and a  
large sum of money from a relative.  
She sold the property. The WHEELERS  
were quite thrifty and it was gen-  
erally known that they were wealth-  
y, besides having a thriving busi-

ness. However, when the funerals  
were over and the house was search-  
ed for bank books, money, or some  
sort of finances to pay the funeral  
expenses, not a cent could be found.  
No bank deposits. No cash. The  
store, mill everyplace was diligent-  
ly searched in vain for their wealth.  
Only a recent will was found leaving  
large sums to friends and distant  
relatives in case of death.

Uncle Clarence was helping take  
inventory in the store three days  
after Agatha Wheeler died when,  
upon raising his eyes to the food  
shelves, he saw Agatha standing



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there before him. She had a smile upon her lovely face and was wearing her favorite grey dress with large white collar and cuffs. He almost fainted. He excused himself as being very ill and well he looked it, and ran home to my grandmother, Martha Hamilton. She was skeptical at first hearing his story, put him to bed, and dosed him with the current home medicine.

Next evening Uncle Clarence went back to the store to work. Agatha came again at the same time. He stared and said nothing, but when he told my grandmother Mrs. Wheeler had come again she believed him and told him to say to her, if she appeared again, "In the name of The Father, and of The Son, and of The Holy Ghost, what do you want here?"

Sure enough at exactly 4:15 P.M. she stood before him again and he repeated the words, frightened nearly out of his wits. But she smiled at him, took a few steps away and motioned for him to follow her, which he did. She passed through the store, the mill, the long tunnel separating and connecting the house and mill and out into the yard where they had been building a new, large stone chimney when Moses Wheeler had been killed. She stooped down, pointed to a corner of the chimney and made a motion as if she were digging. When my uncle looked up she had disappeared.

He ran home as fast as he could and told his mother what Agatha Wheeler had done. Several people went right over to the place and began digging. In a couple of minutes they turned up a huge Dutch oven securely sealed, filled with

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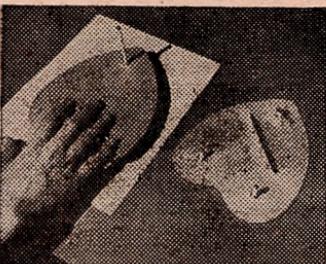
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I could not believe my eyes! I blinked. Turned my head! Looked again! He was still there!

Then my friend and companion, the late Alanson Skinner, who had been sitting on the other side of the fire, sprang to his feet.

"Who is that man?" he demanded.

I jumped up too. "I've been watching him for some time," I told him.

We approached the stranger. Before we could get near, he simply faded away! We called our helper, William Bluesky, a Seneca Indian, who had seen the whole thing, and we searched the site, the embankments and the steep sides of the point, but found nothing—no trace.

We agreed to say nothing to anyone about what we had seen.

Next day we had to check on another site, some distance away, and I engaged a Seneca woman, Mrs. Greenblanket, who lived nearby, to watch our camp. There was a road, not far off on the plateau, used by all kinds of people. I told her to stay until about dark, then to go home, as by that time no intruder could find his way in.

But when we returned to camp an hour or two *after* nightfall, we found her and her two little daughters huddled in one of the tents. Believe me, they looked scared!

"I thought I'd better stay until you got back," Mrs. Greenblanket explained, "but something bad happened. I was sitting in here, sewing by this lamp, some time after sundown and my little girls had been playing outside, when they came running in. 'Mama,' they told me, 'There's a big man out there and he won't talk to us!' I hurried out. There stood a tall man, be-

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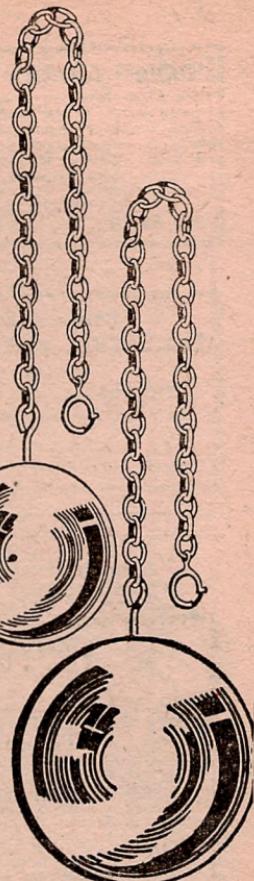
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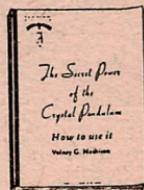
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yond the tents. I walked toward him—got pretty near—then suddenly he was gone! I think that fellow—he's *jisgah!*" *Jisgah* is the Seneca word for "ghost". Whatever he was, he could not have been a mere hallucination. Six people saw him!

Incidentally, the broken pottery we found showed that this fortified village had been occupied by an Iroquoian people, probably the Erie tribe; and the lack of trade goods indicated that it had been occupied before the coming of the whites.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

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Several days later I adopted a new pet, a sheltie puppy. Until Rory was four months old he slept in an empty grocery carton. Then I prepared Ginger's old red metal bed for him, thinking he now was old enough to sleep in it. When I placed him in it, however, he trembled and whined. The instant I let go of him he dashed from the bed, his tail between his legs. I never have been able to force him to sleep in that bed. I finally gave him a rug placed on the other side of the kitchen.

As cold weather came on that

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first winter his instinct for comfort led Rory to select the same spot where Ginger always had curled up before the living room fireplace. Having made himself comfortable he dozed. Then suddenly he yelped, leaping away to cower in a corner on the room's far side. He'd been nipped! Since then nobody can drag him over to Ginger's old spot!

I always know when my former pet returns to visit. Although I only sense her presence, Rory actually sees her. He growls and barks; his fur stands up straight along his spine. As soon as Ginger departs (having let him know she's still "boss") he calms down again—but continues to leave all her favorite spots strictly alone. This has been going on for two-and-one-half years now.

Animals certainly do live on in spirit exactly as people do!—Buffalo, N.Y.

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## NEW BOOKS

**MIND OVER SPACE**, by Nandor Fodor. The Citadel Press, New York, 1962. 221 pages, \$3.95.

Much of the scientific and technological effort of the 19th and 20th centuries has been concentrated on annihilating space, from the steamship on up through the railroad train, the automobile and the airplane to the man-carrying rocket. Even this last is considered only a beginning, and the cranky chemical-fueled space craft of the present, able to carry passengers little further than the moon, are expected to give way before long to atom-powered vessels capable of bearing explorers to the nearer stars.

Radio and television represent another—electronic—form of annihilating space. From these beginnings in the field of electronics we may leap to an ultimate development already forecast in science-fiction—the matter transmitter, a futuristic super-gadget which broadcasts objects somewhat as television broadcasts images. If this visionary concept ever is realized, a traveler may step into a matter-transmitter on earth and arrive practically in-

stantaneously at his destination, a receiving station at some distant point on earth—or even on some other planet. Here is space annihilated with a vengeance!

The reader who finds the idea of matter-transmission sufficiently amazing may be dumbfounded to be told that a non-mechanical version of it has existed for quite some time. Fairly numerous reports throughout history tell of people, animals and inanimate objects mysteriously disappearing from one point on earth and reappearing at another, dozens—and even thousands—of miles away, in a fraction of the time it would take to cover the same distance by ordinary means. It is as though the usual barriers of space-time are miraculously overcome. These incredible transportations belong to the realm of psychic phenomena and have been given the name teleportation, a term which suggests their kinship with such other psychic phenomena as telepathy (feeling or thought transmitted across space) and telekinesis (motion given to objects across space, without physical contact).

Teleportation is one of the rarer forms of psychic phenomena and

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certainly one of the most fascinating. A well-attested occurrence, it is reported from the earliest written accounts of which there is any record. In practically every case, certain consistent features are to be seen: the phenomenon is unexpected, undesired and unpreventable; the transported person vanishes from sight without warning; his appearance elsewhere is instantaneous; he suffers no bodily harm, but is in a dazed or trance-like condition and has no memory of his experience; his destination is not pre-determined but random and seems to serve no practical purpose.

Those who witness an occurrence of teleportation are confronted by the problem of somehow explaining what they have witnessed—a problem on which even modern science sheds little light. In lieu of positive knowledge, man bases his explanations on the theories, religious beliefs, myths or folklore which prevail in his particular time and place. An incredible event like teleportation seems to require an equally incredible explanation. Thus, at various periods, gods, demons, sorcerers, witches, fairies and spirits of the dead have been advanced as the cause.

In *Mind Over Space* Dr. Nandor Fodor, a practicing psychoanalyst as well as a noted investigator and author in the field of psychic research, presents a collection of fascinating cases of teleportation. These have been gathered from ancient and modern records by evidently painstaking research. Dr. Fodor has missed little, if he has missed anything at all, and his collection not only fills a definite gap in books on psychic phenomena but is like-

ly to be the most authoritative text on teleportation for a long time to come. His cases, it may be recalled, first appeared as a series in *FATE*, from the April, 1956, to the August, 1957, issues.

From the Old Testament comes what Dr. Fodor considers to be the earliest known case of teleportation—the Prophet Elijah's repeatedly being "taken up by the Spirit of the Lord." From pre-Christian writings come accounts of "traveling by magic," such as that concerning the famed pagan philosopher Apollonius of Tyana, who reportedly disappeared while on trial before the Emperor Domitian and reappeared the same day before disciples at a spot three days journey from Rome.

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il," or of Irishmen—as might have been expected—being "kidnapped by fairies." Included here is the remarkable story of Gil Perez, a Spanish soldier who while on sentry duty before the governor's palace in Manila, in the Philippines, disappeared and reappeared among soldiers at the Plaza Mayor in Mexico City, thousands of miles away.

From more recent sources come tales of hapless victims being "borne by the poltergeist," such as the young Pansini brothers of Bari, Italy, who on one occasion disappeared from home and reappeared at a convent 30 miles away, and on another reappeared on a fishing boat at sea. And from the modern annals of Spiritualism and psychic research come accounts such as those concerning the "flights" of Mrs. Samuel Guppy and of the Marquis Centurione Scotto. These are particularly interesting—and, in fact, in the examination of the scenes by investigators, the questioning of witnesses and the taking of testimony, are as absorbing as mystery stories. However, the entire volume is uniformly entertaining, for Dr. Fodor narrates his cases with charm and wit.

In addition to teleportation cases, Dr. Fodor presents examples of levitation and apportation to show the similarities and differences which exist between all these phenomena. He examines the validity of the various theories offered on teleportation and offers one of his own—a theory with the merit to be expected of a prominent psychoanalyst and one which time very well may prove the true solution of the teleportation mystery.—Chester S. Geier.

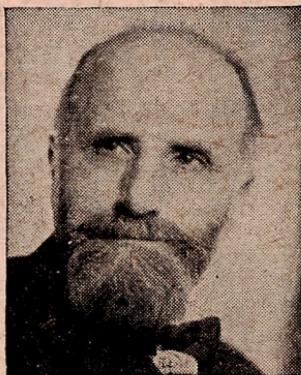
TRINITY KEY, by H. B. Stephens. Published by H. B. Stephens, Rua Dra. Iracy Doyle 6, 2<sup>o</sup>D, Cascais, Portugal, 1961. 251 pages, \$4.00.

This handsomely printed book, published by a retired Canadian bank man permanently resident in Portugal, essentially offers a psychosomatic approach to health, based on a new interpretation of the Bible. The author states, "The Bible is a purely metaphysical work, and as such, contains the truth about life." He believes that the Scriptures are written allegorically and that the key to scriptural writing is the Gnostic doctrine of the Trinity: Father, Son and Holy Ghost, the metaphysical interpretation of which is mind, thought and bodily form.

He also believes that the truth about life in the Bible is that "life and existence are primarily and essentially mental or spiritual in nature, not material as appears to be the case. A human being is a purely mental being, naturally and eternally harmonious and perfect, not a physical being."

Since, according to the author, thought completely governs all aspects of human life, therefore "by virtue of a higher standard of thought, based on the purely mental concept of life, an improvement automatically takes place in the individual health and circumstances to correspond with the improved state of mind."

The author interprets statements and incidents in the Old and the New Testament on the basis of what he considers their allegorical meaning. In addition he offers practical applications of his theories and a concise survey of ancient re-



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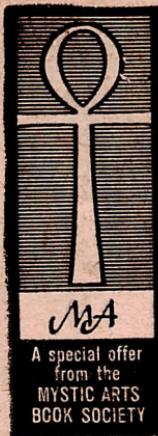
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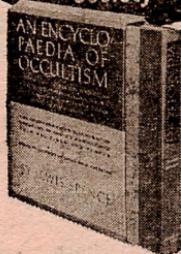
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ligions, which he attempts to prove contain beliefs similar to his own. His views no doubt will be considered controversial, but will be of interest to those who specialize in hunting new ideas in the wide-open spaces of Bible interpretation.—*Guy Archette*.

THE MIND AND TIME AND SPACE, by Dan Tassi, Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia, 1962. 250 pages, \$3.00.

Some of the more intrepid researchers in psychic phenomena have advanced the concept of psychically teleporting a subject to distant planets to determine what conditions prevail there. A few psychics, both amateur and professional, even claim to have had out-of-the-body experiences along this line. Only time and actual space travel, of course, can tell whether this form of research is valid.

In *The Mind and Time and Space*, Dan Tassi, a psychologist who earned his degree at the University of California, reports experiments in this field. "For beneath the muck and slime floating atop the turbulent layer of the unconscious . . . there is a vast unexplored tranquil region. It is not disturbed by frustrated sexuality or broken dreams. Its dimensions are too vast for the petty, its functions too universal for the personal."

In his experiments, Tassi claims to have reached these deep, tranquil layers. However, the myriad of control data necessary to assume any validity for the experimentation are lacking. A subject was hypnotized, a few tests were performed (such as putting spider eggs into a bottle, psychically reducing the subject to a height of one-eighth of

an inch, and transporting her onto the eggs), and she was—with great justification—sent on her merry way to visit the planets of the solar system.

The idea would seem to merit great consideration—more than this reviewer feels Mr. Tassi was willing to confront. The controls were certainly inadequate, and too much attention was given to justifying the subject's often nebulous descriptions with astronomical data which is extremely hypothetical as yet.

What strange conditions, according to the book, exist on other planets?

Mercury: "There is no life on this body which is quite dim in the burned out area."

Venus: ". . . there may be a very unlimited number of primitive organisms here that could hibernate during the day within enclosed, sheltered regions to survive the extreme heat."

Mars: ". . . fragile insect-like creatures" which have "a long, narrow, peaked face; large round eyes, a small thin mouth," etc.

As a record of an unusual type of research attempted at least within the atmosphere of science, the book ends up within the atmosphere of science-fiction—and, at that, lacking the wealth of imaginative detail which characterizes science-fiction.—*Max B. Miller.*

**THE BOY AND THE BROTHERS**, by Swami Omananda Puri. Doubleday & Company, Garden City, New York, 1960. 302 pages, \$3.95.

The overwhelming impression created by *The Boy and the Brothers* is that of a book steeped—one might even say drenched—in occult-

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ism and mysticism. Hardly a paragraph goes by without some mention of karma, reincarnation, yoga, metaphysics, spiritual healing, Masters, or the like. This I offer by way of description rather than (necessarily) criticism.

The author gives only the briefest mention of her career as a child prodigy, who twice was violin soloist with the Boston Symphony; and as the first woman in 2000 years to become a *sunnyasi*, thus legally entitled to the title Swami. But even this achievement is subservient to the main theme: the story of a Cockney boy from the slums of London who became her devoted servant and eventually her second husband. Soon after joining her household, the Boy (as he came to be called) displayed facility for entering the trance state, during which allegedly certain other entities spoke and acted through his body.

The dramatizations were soon superceded by the appearance in trance of various ethical teachers, which collectively became known as the Brothers.

By far the most interesting material is in the third section, in which the Swami discusses the mechanics of the trance state, the nature of the spiritual healing attributed to the Brothers and the nature of those entities. In the fourth and final section, her moving description of the prolonged illness and death of the Boy approaches true tragedy. The evaluation of the book as a whole must remain up to the reader. As one initially rather skeptical, I must confess being much impressed with the Swami's sincerity.—David Techter.

# REPORT FROM THE READERS

## UFO'S IN HAITI

I wish to relate a story my mother once told me. I am fully aware of the fact that many persons place no credence in UFO's. Perhaps this particular episode will alter their thinking.

My mother, Mrs. Anna Succar, now a widow, has been in the commerce field for many years and has a large clientele. Many of her customers live rather poorly and are illiterate. One of them, named Alice, came to purchase a few pounds of merchandise with her meager savings. Mother inquired about her health, knowing the deplorable conditions that existed in some parts of Haiti. Mother had the habit of visiting customers who lived nearby, but she did not know precisely where Alice lived.

Alice replied that she resided at Il-A-Vache, which is quite a tiny island off the coast of Les Cayes in the southern part of Haiti, where there is absolute desolation, except for a few scattered huts here and there. Mother expressed surprise that anyone could live so far from civilization. It was impossible to reach that island without a small *chaloupe*, which is a clumsy sort of tug made of logs.

My mother was surprised when Alice told her she did not feel that

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her island was desolate. She said on many occasions she and her neighbors had the opportunity to see rounded planes, as she described them, land on her island.

She made these statements quite innocently. She did not know how to read or write, and knew little about any type of aircraft except for having seen them in the skies, or when the mail arrived once or twice a week.

Mother was amazed and asked Alice for more information. Alice said that one sunny afternoon a rounded airplane came from the sky. She said she never had seen one like it before. It was quite round, resembling the saucer of a cup, and as large as half a city house in Haiti. It landed slowly, rotating, and from the craft two men emerged. They were very tall and had very white skins, as though they never had any contact with sunlight. They wore beards and had carrot-like hair. From the neck down they were dressed in long suits, and at their belts were lights of some sort which Alice described as red and green button bulbs.

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Alice said she and her friends were very pleased, thinking the arrivals were Americans. They approached the men and asked for a few coins (since they are very poor the natives always beg for money from tourists who visit Haiti).

Alice and the others were greeted by long stares and silence from the strange visitors. The men did not speak even to each other, but merely stared at Alice and her friends as if studying them. Frightened, Alice and the others ran to their huts, from which they watched as the strangers quickly returned to their craft and left.

This is indeed quite a fantastic story, but I believe it has validity as it was told by a woman who did not think it had any significance

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and had nothing to gain from falsehood.—*Mrs. J. I., Staten Island, N.Y.*

**PATHS THROUGH THE SKY**

I have enjoyed FATE ever since it first came out and, also, I have been a sky observer ever since the first Ken Arnold report of "flying saucers." I have seen much in the way of strange phenomena, both at night and in the daytime.

There is one sighting I do wish to report. Many times on cloudy or semi-cloudy days I have noticed a dark path cut through a long cloud bank, and often I have seen a jet following this path. Just a few weeks ago I actually saw a path being cut through the clouds and a jet following whatever was cutting the path.

The strange part of the whole incident is that after the UFO left the clouds and sailed into the bright blue sky, a dark streak still was plainly visible to the naked eye, and the jet was following this dark streak.

I have another eyewitness to this, for as soon as I saw the path being cut I rushed to a gas station where I have a friend who also is interested in aerial phenomena.

The Air Force certainly knows its jets are after something. Although the UFO's are invisible, they evidently show up on a radar screen.—*William E. Wamsley, Aurora, Ill.*

**PULSING LIGHT**

I quote the following from page 40 of your January, 1962, issue:

"On August 14 a family south of Topeka saw an odd pulsing light in the southeast sky around 10:00 P.M. They are familiar with Venus

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and said the light was near Venus, but it faded and grew brighter than Venus in a pulsing pattern."

My wife and I saw this exact phenomenon just one week previously, at midnight in the direct south just where Venus should have been. I watched it slowly fade and return about five times in a clear sky. It appeared to me as if it might be revolving, as does a lighthouse beacon.

My wife went for field glasses, but, alas, the pulsations ceased and did not resume that night nor thereafter. Venus appeared the next evening just where the "stranger" was the night before.

The question unanswered, apart from the UFO itself, is: just where was Venus on the nights of August 7 and August 14? Also, my wife reported observing the same phenomenon about the first of August. However, nobody we have talked with has observed it.—Albert E. Redstone, San Luis Obispo, Calif.

#### APPRECIATION

Although I am only a relatively

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## REPORT FROM THE READERS

III

recent subscriber to FATE, I wish to express my admiration for Curtis Fuller's article, *The Secret At The Heart of the Universe*, in the April issue.

Such thought-provoking, intelligent articles definitely help to raise the caliber of FATE Magazine. May we hope for more of this particular excellence in future issues?

—Leonard R. Tice, New Haven, Conn.

### BOOK MATERIAL WANTED

I have been assigned by a publisher to do a general book surveying the ESP and occult fields. I would appreciate hearing from any authors, students or practitioners in these fields who would like their material, theories or experiences

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considered for inclusion in this report.—Walter McGraw, 61½ Perry Street, New York 14, N.Y.

### SUBCONSCIOUS PREMONITIONS

I was struck by the fact that no one connected with the Ed Koterba *Harp of Angels* case connected the plucking of strings with the fact that he was killed by striking wires. Having experienced many cases of premonition myself, I thought at once that he might have been hearing the "harp of power lines" which caused his death.

The fact that Ed Koterba liked to fly but dreaded that flight also suggests that he may have known subconsciously that he was flying toward his "harp of death." Also the fact that he joked about it suggests that his subconscious mind was trying to warn him.

It seems to me that this case may illustrate Carl Jung's idea that we are separated from our instincts because we have made a *god* of our conscious reasoning mind. Since we completely ignore the findings of the subconscious, animal-instinct mind, instinct no longer can save the organism.

The instinct mind, I am led to believe, has extended awareness and perceives danger far ahead of the conscious mind. But as it is a primitive, animal-mind, it has no words with which to warn us. So it presents a picture, sound or symbol to the conscious mind by way of warning it what lies ahead.—Carolyn B. Bauman, San Diego, Calif.

### "TUNED IN"

In 1946 I was ill for several months, had to rest a lot and was unable to keep up with my usual

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR. Dr. Nandor Fodor is a Certified Psychologist in the states of New York and California. He is a member of the New York Academy of Sciences and an Associate of the Association for the Advancement of Psychotherapy in the United States.



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routine. I was anemic, for one thing, and was taking iron tablets and tonic to bring up my blood count; this is one of the few things which might explain what happened to me. Possibly the explanation is that I have silver fillings in four back teeth, or that I have had a few jolts from touching electric wires when my feet were bare and wet, or that a year previously lightning struck so close to me that I could hear my hair crackle around my ears.

Every noise seemed to be magnified and I found it difficult to get to sleep unless the house was quiet and the room dark. Loud noises seemed to jolt through me.

I had gone to bed and was trying to get to sleep. I called to my husband, Ralph to turn the radio down. He said it was not turned on.

However, I still heard a radio playing inside me! My teeth were not clenched, but were close enough so that they seemed to be vibrating. I did hear a station—the sound was as if heard through a hearing aid.

The radio, I learned, not only was not on—it was not even plugged in!—Mrs. Ralph Mills, Cope-land, Idaho.

### FALSE ALARM

None of the predictions mentioned in FATE in connection with the conjunction of planets in February came true—not even an eclipse of the sun. These predictions upset me and I took down all my vases, statuettes and china for fear of earthquakes. Now I have to put them all back in their places.

Heard on TV there are no flying saucers either.—Miriam M. Garcia, Long Beach, Calif.

**"NO APPORTS AT STANFORD U."**

In his article, "Fraud Is Where You Find It," in the April, 1962, issue of *FATE*, James Crenshaw states:

"Yet as late as 1950 a professor of law at the University of Canberra in Australia charged, in writing, that Thomas Stanford had been taken in by a particularly fraudulent 'medium.' The professor restated a well-known fact, namely, that Thomas Stanford had donated a \$55,000 fund to Stanford University in California—the university founded by his brother, Leland Stanford—for psychical research and had sent many of the apports produced by the medium in question (i.e., Charles Bailey) to the university's psychology department for study."

In 1949, in response to an article, "Through Solid Walls," by Clarkson Dye in the July, 1949, issue of *FATE* in which the alleged exhibition of apports at Stanford University also is mentioned, Mr. Kirk Drussai, Secretary of the Fortean Society wrote to Stanford University and received the following reply from Mr. Robert Cross, Associate Director, printed in *FATE*, January, 1950, "Report From the Readers" (page 95):

"In regard to Mr. Dye's article, it is not based on facts. He has never seen any such material here, and I can assure you there is nothing that would be of value to your organization. There is no such trunk (allegedly containing the apports) at Stanford and to the best of my knowledge there never has been . . . I am sorry you have been misled by an entirely unauthoritative statement."

So, in regard to the allegedly

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## IMAGES AS REALITIES

Many of the incidents reported in your regular feature, "My Proof of Survival," are most unusual and very interesting. But the average man will be convinced only by an extremely unusual psychic experience of his own.

Analysis will reveal that even the most matter-of-fact thought or dream is a psychic experience in the truest sense of the term. Prevalent theories of brain patterns as the physical basis of imagery keep psychology in continuing hopeless confusion. The only alternative theory is that objective realities remain the physical basis of all perception—in memory and imagination as well as in immediate perception by the senses.

Materialism and Spiritualism seem unaware that there is common ground for agreement. Materialism denies survival although this concept is undeniably a corollary to the science of philosophy of space-time permanence. Spiritualism denies material substance to life in space-time depths.

The evidence of survival most convincing to me is any clear "image" of a departed friend in dream or wakeful thought, no matter how matter-of-fact or bizarre the combination of its details. My article in the March, 1960, issue of FATE, "The Reality of Mental Images," states this view more clearly.

I understand that the term "spirit survival" largely is used in defer-

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ence to popular belief. But, to satisfy intense curiosity, can anyone suggest what the "spirit" might be? I'm aware that the word refers to a "departed" person. But if the spirit is immaterial, as commonly theorized, how, without substance of any kind, can forms appear so clearly for our perception in psychic experience? — *Nat Rapport, Jamaica, N.Y.*

### "THE BIBLE SUPPORTS WEGENER"

Just a note concerning your item "And Wilder" on page 9 of the April, 1962, issue.

To some of us unsophisticated minds what is published under the heading "scientific" is amusing.

I am one of those simple souls who believe the Bible to be the inspired word of God, regardless of all the "scientific" knowledge in this so-called enlightened age.

Here is one instance where the Wegener theory is correct according to the Bible. All one has to do is just turn to Genesis 10:25 and read: "Unto Eber were born two sons: the name of one was Peleg; for in his days was the earth divided . . . ."

This word "divided" is Hebrew "palag"—to cleave, to divide, to disunite. The scholars tell us that the earth was one land mass previous to this time. That is why the Divine Truth named this man Peleg, for his name means division. The geophysical earth was divided as an act of judgment to separate the peoples from the rebel Nimrod who was the founder of Babylon. He instituted the false religion of idolatry in opposition to the true worship of Jehovah. — *Earl Hitchcock, Los Angeles, Calif.*

**PSI VS. WEATHER**

Regarding the article "Did They Sense Disaster?" by Paul Foght in the March, 1962, issue, I believe in psi, too, but in these statistics the weather conditions on the days of the accidents should have been considered also.

Most accidents happen on days with bad weather, and people tend to stay at home on such days.—*Ignatz Farber, Phoenix, Ariz.*

**SHATTERED WINDSHIELDS DEPT.**

Having read Edwin S. Parker's report in the April issue of FATE, I was reminded of a similar experience which occurred in July, 1960. I recall that during the late evening prior to our "windshield incident," my husband and I had simultaneously heard a loud booming crash which seemed almost to strike the garage roof top, while at the same time we heard the sound of a strong wind sweeping into and through the garage itself. The door which is the entrance into our den from the garage blew open. However, upon investigation of the garage we found nothing disturbed nor unusual and we then retired for the night.

In the late morning of the following day, when I opened the door leading to the garage, intending to go marketing, I was shocked and dismayed to see the entire rear window of our 1959 Mercury completely shattered with a six inch hole on one side. My husband is certain that everything was normal in the early morning when he left for his office, since he would have seen anything unusual as he passed the Mercury before entering his Pontiac.

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We were informed by the insurance company inspector that, although these incidents are rare, they are usually due to stresses built up through pressure inside the car, particularly when no windows are left open. We always keep the no-draft window on the drivers' side of the car slightly ajar and it was open during the time of the shattering.—*Gertrude A. Lederer, Niles, Ill.*

**CONTACTS WITH THE BEYOND**

I seem to have some contact with the beyond, for here is what happened to me on Sunday, February 11, 1962, as I was getting ready for church about 8:45 A.M.

I had in my left hand a hair comb I wear in my hair. Suddenly I felt a sharp pain in my wrist, just above my hand. The pain automatically opened my hand, and as I looked at it I saw my comb being slowly dragged across my hand. A weight seemed to be on it as the comb felt rough to my hand.

When the comb was just about off my hand, a peculiar loud buzzing commenced and all I saw of the comb was just a heavy shadow with three teeth just at my hand. Then the entire comb disappeared and the buzzing stopped.

I did not see the comb again until about a week later when it appeared on the stand close to where it disappeared. Needless to say, I am still shaken by the experience. Things like this have happened to me ever since I was about 12 years old.—*Nellie Lucas, Orangevale, Calif.*

**GRAVESEDIE PHENOMENON**

I wish to know if any other

reader has experienced seeing the life force or aura leaving the body.

This happened at the grave of my nephew, Roland Rickard, on July 24, 1959, at Enumclaw, Wash. He had died in California and his body was shipped to Washington for interment in our family plot at Enumclaw, Wash.

We never had been close so I do not understand why I had the privilege of seeing his aura, spirit or life energy leave the human shell.

I do not go along with the idea of bowing one's head in prayer; it is defeatism to me. I always look up as it should be an inspiration, a positive thing, not a negative prayer.

While the minister was conducting the graveside rites, all heads were bowed but mine. I glanced at the casket and saw a strange mist or vortex starting to emerge from the head of the coffin. It grew in height, swaying like a balloon on a string. It kept getting larger and larger as the rites continued, until it was almost as tall as a man and shaped as such, but semi-transparent. Thinking it must be a breeze or a dust devil, I looked up at the trees, but they were motionless. Not a breath of air was stirring.

No other head was raised but mine. I looked at the other mourners to see if any one else was observing the phenomenon, but apparently I was the only one to notice it.

As the minister pronounced the word, *Amen*, the man-like, misty shape broke loose from the casket, hovered a second or two, becoming motionless, then rose slowly and

(Continued on Page 129)

# FATE

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took off in a northerly direction.—*Kathleen McNally, Monterey, Calif.*

**"NO WARNINGS"**

I had always thought that the first and foremost reason for developing psychic power was to help people. The more power you had to help the better. But it appears to me all you are interested in is recording rather common-place (occultly speaking) "phenomena."

Another thing that puzzles me is that no place in this magazine do you even mention, much less warn, about the dangers involved in forcing psychic development. It might be a good idea if you sighted a few cases of obsession and other things which have occurred when people do force this power. You carry ads for crystal balls, lessons in Yoga, etc., and *no warnings!*

In India, where Yoga originates, pupils never study even elementary breathing exercises except under the strict guidance of a master. How can people just introduced to the occult distinguish between the real and unreal, the dangerous and the harmless! Just because something is supernatural is by no means an indication that it will help them, or is what it appears.

I think there are many things better left alone until the proper time.

No doubt you are doing a service with some of your information. Many of the books you advertise look interesting and helpful, but advocating the forcing of these highly destructive, as well as advantageous psychic powers, as it is obvious you do, is pure unadulterated folly, I sincerely believe.—*Barbara Platz, Eugene, Ore.*

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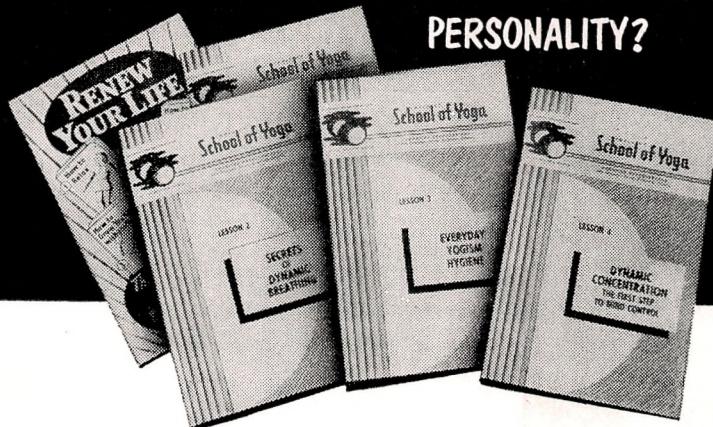
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## PERSONALITY?



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Yes No

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- Are you "getting ahead" in your work?
- Do you use the power of your subconscious mind?
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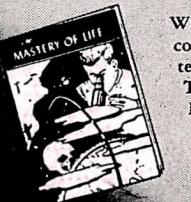


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