

# FADE

July 1962

40c

## TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

Two Midwest Poltergeists:

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#### In Indianapolis, Indiana

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FEATURES

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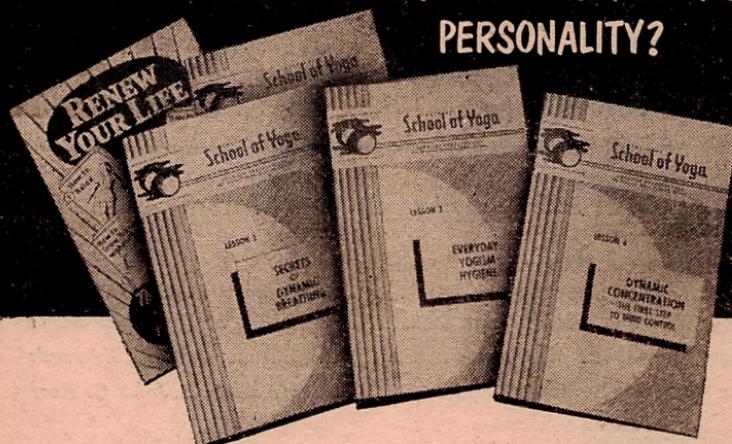
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JULY  
1962

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Vol. 15—No. 7  
Issue No. 148

Publisher: CURTIS FULLER  
Assistant Publisher: PAUL FOUGHT  
Editor: MARY FULLER  
Managing Editor: CHESTER S. GEIER  
Foreign Editor: MIR BASHIR  
Art Director: SYDNEY BARKER



# FATE

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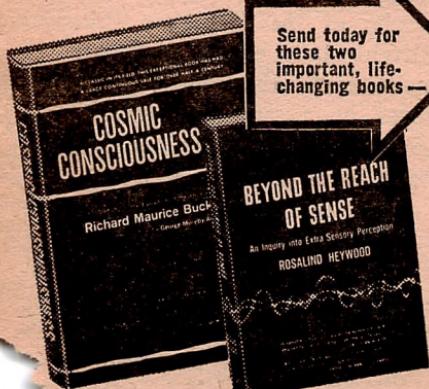
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# I See by the Papers...

## QUOTE OF THE MONTH

*It's all in the amount of electricity in your body. Only two per cent of people have enough to be successful water diviners. Of course, years of experience help, too.*

— H. F. Charles

Dowser of Burnie, Tasmania



## FAREWELL TO DOWSING?

**A** GOOD MANY dowsers hold to the theory that they themselves generate the electricity that finds water. Others believe that the electricity is generated by flowing ground water and they merely are sensitive to it.

Maybe both processes have something to do with it, though skeptics, up to now, have decided that there's nothing to dowsing anyway; it's all a lot of self-deception.

Some years ago *FATE* published a brief article by a man who more than four decades ago conducted experiments that convinced him, at least, that there was measurable electricity in the flow of ground water and that he himself was sensitive to it.

But now science, for all its skepticism, has come up with an electronic device that apparently will dowse. It consists of four elec-



By Curtis Fuller

trodes, two of which act as positive conductors and two as pickups. Current is sent into the ground through the implanted electrodes and readings are taken by skilled operators. The readings are the results of the fact that electrical current flows easier and faster in moist earth than in dry. Differences in moisture, therefore, can be measured and the underground water level determined.

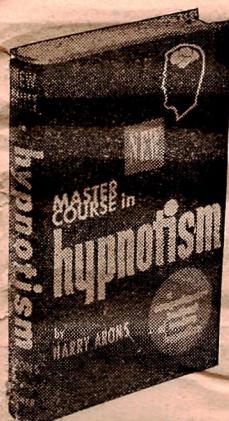
Does this mean the end of an ancient and honorable skill that has at least 25,000 dowsing practitioners in the U.S.? Will the various tools of the water witch — the twigs, wires, keys, sausages, crow bars, scissors, plastic rods, pend-

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lums — no longer be seen gyrating or bending over hidden underground streams?

We doubt it. The new method may be a little surer but it also sounds more complicated. More costly, too. But the inevitable contest between the two methods — the old and the new — will be something to watch.



### SOME ASPECTS OF HEALING

IT IS TYPICAL of our confused times that even science is not helping much to resolve present-day controversies over healing.

On the other hand, the United Lutheran Churches with 2,500,000 members have issued an official report calling healers "religious quacks" who "care more for money and power than for people."

The Lutherans call healers as "those who, claiming to possess or convey spiritual powers that heal the sick, distort the gospel by trying to direct the power of Christ into a miraculous act of bodily healing."

The committee advised its people to have nothing to do with such faith healers. It was less critical of the healing ministries of Christian churches or groups of Christians tied to traditional Christian churches, but still advised Lutherans to exercise "caution and discretion."

At the same time, the committee

was careful to point out that "miracles of healing" are not rejected, and there are psychosomatic elements in some illnesses.

This is confusing enough but now let us consider a recent book by Loring T. Swaim, M.D., a specialist in diseases of the bones and joints. Dr. Swaim's book recently was reviewed by Harold Thomas Hyman, M.D., himself a distinguished physician.

Dr. Hyman points out that Dr. Swaim is "connected with every distinguished medical institution in his native Boston."

The book is called *Arthritis, Medicine and the Spiritual Laws or the Power Beyond Science*, and Dr. Hyman says, "I must confess that I should never have read this book if I did not know Swaim and <sup>about</sup> his work."

Briefly, Dr. Swaim's book, how, as an interne 50 years ago, he was impressed with the effect of the mind on the body. In his work with arthritics he became dissatisfied with results of approved treatment methods and felt something was missing.

He underwent psychoanalysis hoping to find the missing factor there. He was disappointed.

Dr. Swaim then became convinced that medical care must be supplemented by spiritual laws. To bring this about he led his patients in a two-way prayer "to an under-



If they are not, etc. . . .

Do we assume that there is something more sacred in the way a healer works and that, therefore, even the mention of money is wrong, whereas doctors have a natural born right to be commercial?

We raise this question, not in search of an ultimate answer but to demonstrate flaws in our ways of looking at the matter.

If the whole man is to be treated, body and spirit, how can we differentiate between the two in importance or between the physician who treats the body and the faith healer.



#### WHAT IS INTELLIGENCE?

**H**OW CAN I explain a retarded child who can pick up a journal on my desk (*American Journal of Mental Deficiency*) and read from it perfectly?"

This question was recently asked, rhetorically, by Ashley Mixson, psychologist of the Kentucky Children's Home at Lyndon, and he was referring to a 10-year-old boy named Bobby who has been in the Home since 1957.

Bobby is a bright-eyed, blonde boy who was born by Caesarian section and may have suffered brain damage in the process. When Bobby arrived at the Home at the age of five he couldn't feed nor dress himself — all he could do was walk,

sleep, and read. "Read . . . can you imagine that?" asked Mixson.

Bobby has demonstrated that he can read Latin, French, German, Spanish. Once a university student from Turkey visited the Training Home and wrote in Turkish script on the blackboard. The script was completely foreign to Mixson, but he asked Bobby to read it. The boy did, and his accuracy was confirmed by the Turkish visitor.

"How can I explain Bobby when he can read my French book and pronounce the words better than I can? And I had French in college?" asks Mixson.

Bobby has been observed doodling in Old English script.

He may be a genius. "His potential must be way up here," Mixson told a reporter, Thomas Tomizawa, "but he's functioning down at this level." Mixson indicated his knees.

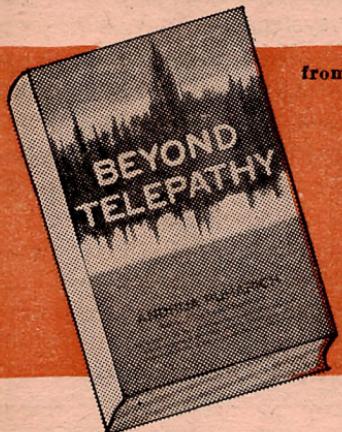
Bobby is uncommunicative most of the time. Various intelligence tests indicate he is "mildly retarded" or "borderline." In 1960 he scored zero in an arithmetic test, yet his teacher says he does well in arithmetic. He's only average in spelling. He scores average in verbal intelligence tests.

Bobby's case demonstrates what an elusive thing intelligence really is. Bobby draws well. He can call out the make and year of nearly any car on the road. He can name

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the capital city of every state. But it is only in reading that his results are spectacular.

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It's hard to say. But although he reads many foreign languages with letter perfection, officials at the school, after all these years, still don't know whether he understands all of it or any of it.



#### WHO WINDS THE CLOCK?

A FEW MONTHS ago Government archeologists dug up some centuries-old skeletons in the foundations of the clock tower in the little highland community of Abernethy, Scotland.

Since then, townsfolk say, the old clock is being wound by some unknown person or power.

The only key to the clock and the only key to the tower door are in the hands of Eric Stevenson, a town official. He told the town council: "I don't know who is winding the thing."

He didn't say: "Or what."



#### RHYTHMS

THOSE PERSONS GATHERING evidence of the reactions of humans and animals to the rhythmic movements of Earth, planets and solar system, take note:

One species of sand flea can direct itself to the sea on the basis

of the moon position — an all but incredible bit of navigational computation. It has been suggested that engineers use sand flea brains in designing advanced miniaturized guidance systems.

Moonlight (so a study team from Yale's Osborn Zoological Laboratory solemnly reports) increases the romantic, amorous activity of Lemurs.



#### NOW IT'S WHALES

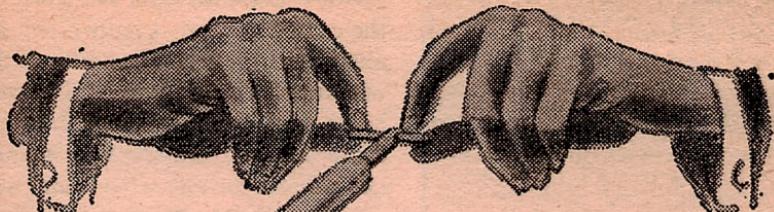
THE BOTTLE-NOSE porpoise may not be the only member of its family able to talk. Recently the United States Navy recorded three killer whales in what may have been a three-way conversation.

They sounded a little like Swiss yodelers, the Navy experts report, and there was sufficient variation in the sounds they made to indicate they could be conducting a kind of animal conversation. Furthermore, only one "talked" at a time, and then another would come in as though replying to the first.

The Navy is studying the matter and plans further tests to determine whether a code or speech pattern can be detected in the whale recording.

One Antarctic explorer already has reported evidence that the fierce killer whales are intelligent and do communicate. In one case a fleet of

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small boats with harpoon guns on their bows were hunting whales along with a fleet of similar boats without harpoon guns. After one killer had been harpooned it became obvious that the very numerous whales in the area now were avoiding the boats with the guns mounted in sight, but not the boats without the guns.



## HYPNOTIZED

**S**IR JOHN Stuart Knill, of Somerset, England, has been hypnotizing his wife in the hope that under trance she can win the weekly soccer pool.

Each Sunday Sir John seats his wife on a living room chair and hypnotizes her. She stares at a blank television screen and tries to "read" the lucky combination there.

So far, no luck.



## ICE FALL

**S**UNDAY NIGHT, March 18, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Unen, 7523 Neenah Street, City of Commerce, Calif., returned to their home to find water dripping from the shattered plaster ceiling of their bedroom.

Investigation showed a hole about eight inches wide and 16 inches long had been torn through three layers of composition roofing and sheeting, and several ceiling joists had been dislocated.

Sheriff's deputies didn't have any solution to the mystery — until they heard a jet airplane whining overhead. Then they suggested the house had been bombed by a chunk of ice.

Obviously, they meant the chunk of ice had come from a jet plane flying overhead.

But how were such ice falls explained before they were jet airplanes?



#### SPAWN OF WITCHES

**T**HOUSANDS OF superstitious Germans today still are being duped by witches and sorcerers, according to Johann Kruse, head of an organization called the "Research Archives for Contemporary Witchcraft."

Herr Kruse says old women still are being persecuted and beaten as alleged witches in rural Germany. At the same time, occult rituals also are being practiced.

Charlatans who claim they can drive out devils or witches often collect fees of up to \$200 for a single visit, says Herr Kruse.

In one village, a woman tried to cure her daughter of asthma by placing an open pair of shears under the doormat, smoking out the apartment with "devil's dirt", holding the girl naked over the devil's dirt, beating the family pig to hurt the witch who had hexed the child —

# Search

## MAGAZINE

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and finally beating the little girl herself.

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### A COMMON MYSTERY

**I**N THIS DAY and age there are more mysteries than ever because every new discovery raises new questions.

Nevertheless, one would think we'd know more about lightning than we do. Now the Air Force is launching a new lightning study which begins about where Ben Franklin left off.

The Office of Aerospace Research plans to fire rockets trailing fine steel wires of high tensile strength into thunderheads. (Why not just fly a kite, as Ben did?)

"It is believed that the main discharge of the lightning stroke will follow this wire to the ground, vaporizing the wire and creating an ionized channel down which subsequent strokes may be channeled," the announcement said.

From this study the Air Force hopes to learn more about the currents and energy of the lightning stroke. It also is investigating the possibility of using the ionized channel created by this method for very low frequency radio transmissions.

Even less is known about that more complicated form called "ball lightning", which may be illum-

inated gas of some kind. A large ball of lightning has been known to contract in front of a keyhole, shrink to a fraction of its former volume, pass through the keyhole, expand on the other side and continue on its merry mysterious way.

In Melbourne, Australia, recently, a fireball danced into the backyard of Mrs. J. W. Cherrie while she was wheeling a barrow of pumpkins.

"I was covered by the sparkling light and got a severe shock," she said.

The fireball then jumped the fence into the yard of Mrs. R. A. Audsley, who was standing outside holding her 20-month-old son. The fireball hit the side of the house with a bang, rattled the dishes, shook the building, then vanished.



### THE LIGHTS OF SUMMERVILLE

**S**INCE WE have mentioned fireballs we feel constrained to tell you about the strange lights that have intrigued the residents of Summerville, S.C., since last December.

The Charlotte, N.C., *News* reported in mid-March that the light was discovered by young persons on a date on Sheep Island Road, which is built over an old railroad right-of-way through swampy land near Summerville.

The light changes color and shape as it scoots up and down the road,

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sometimes high, sometimes low. It has been chased by automobiles at speeds up to 60 m.p.h. but never has been caught.

One young man said he saw the light sitting on the hood of his car. Another heard the faint tinkle of a bell. When the light appeared the bell began to ring like mad.

Another fellow got so excited when he saw the light he jumped into the car and locked all the doors — leaving his wife outside.



## THE MAN WITH THE MAGIC TOUCH

LOOK IN THE London, England, telephone book and you will find the name "Charles Brook" and after his name the profession, "Impulse Changer."

"When I change impulses they stay changed," says Mr. Brook, who was trained as a lawyer but gave it up for his present profession.

And what is an Impulse Changer? Here's how Brook explained it to Robert Musel of UPI.

He believes bad habits are protected and perpetuated by the nervous system and can best be eradicated by altering the nervous impulses. Mr. Brook does this simply by placing his finger tips against a client.

He is mostly interested in human clients but people keep asking him to change the impulses of their an-

imals—their horses and greyhounds.

Naturally people put Mr. Brook down as just another nut when he advertised his new profession but they stopped laughing after he used his fingertips on the horses of the British Olympic Team in 1956. The horses he treated, including one of Queen Elizabeth's stable, won the gold medal in the team competition. Another of the Queen's horses, Aureole, was difficult to handle until Brook laid his hands on it. Aureole went on to become a big money winner and one of the most valuable horses now at stud.

Pas Seul had not won a race in months when Brook was asked to give the horse some attention. The "impulse" he transmitted in this case were designed to keep the horse's attention from wandering. Since then—up to the first of March that is—Pas Seul had won 16 races and \$59,590.

Late in February Pas Seul stumbled in a race. Mr. Brook thought he might have to give it another treatment.



### BACK, BACK, BACK

**B**ACK IN THE DAYS when giraffes were the size of donkeys and elephants the size of cows, there was a creature halfway between man and ape roaming the hills and valleys of Africa. Two halves of its upper palate and a



Remains of 14-million year-old sub-human creature were discovered in Africa by Dr. L. S. B. Leakey, shown with wife.  
U. P. I. photo

tooth recently were discovered by famed paleontologist L. S. B. Leakey. The discovery is so new that the animal has not even been given a name.

This animal lived 14 million years ago, give-or-take a few hundred thousand years—and it was like man in that its canine teeth protruded only slightly, whereas in apes the protusion is decided. Likewise, it had a depression in its cheek bone that is found in man, but never in apes.

What else it looked like will be difficult to say until more bones are found. Dr. Leakey believes that

may be soon, since the site, at Fort Ternan in Kenya, barely has been scratched.



### WHEN IT ALL BEGAN

THINGS WERE pretty simple on Earth until about 600 million years ago; after that complications arose. At least, this is the theory of a Canadian scientist, Dr. J. R. Nursall, of the University of Alberta.

For years paleontologists and others have wondered why so few fossils — and none of them complicated — are over 600 million years old. Now Dr. Nursall has suggested an answer.

Up to about 800 million years ago, he suggests, the earth's atmosphere was oxygen-reducing. What oxygen was present combined with other elements in the earth's crust and was lost from the atmosphere. This had been going on for a thousand million years and the only kind of life that could exist in this atmosphere was a simple form, such as algae, which could live without oxygen.

But gradually a form that learned to utilize light in its chemical processes developed. This photosynthesis caused it to form carbohydrates and excrete oxygen.

That's how vegetable life works today.

Photosynthesis supplied the oxy-

gen and more complicated forms developed which were able to use oxygen supplied by the simple plants. These life-forms evolved rapidly and all animal life stemmed from the fact that the atmosphere had come to contain oxygen.



### THE ROMANTIC SIDE

DIGGING UP OLD bones never has seemed to us half as romantic as digging up ancient cities.

In June, a British Royal Air Force team of 20 skin divers and scientists from the University of Singapore proposes to explore a Malayan lake which may cover a lost city. The lake is known as *Tasek Chini*. It is in the state of Pahang and covers about 10 square miles. Aerial photographs taken near the lake show several squares appearing to be 500 yards on a side. Only fragmentary artifacts have been found; but the area is little explored.

If the archeological search should fail, the searchers can always go monster hunting. Aborigines and Malay fishermen believe there's a monster there, with a long neck. Haji Shepherd, director of Malay's national museum, believes there's an amphibious monster in the lake but doubts there's a buried city.



### PREMONITION

MARY BUSCH, reservations clerk at Vancouver's Bay-

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shore Inn, came to work Friday morning, February 9, with a terrifying premonition.

"Something terrible is going to happen — I just know it," she said. Mary was so distraught she was physically ill. Other members of the staff tried to comfort her and help her freshen up, but she kept repeating at her desk, "I know something awful is going to happen. I feel it."

A half hour later, Police Detective Larry Short and the hotel's executive assistant manager, Larry Kingston, lay dead of gun wounds in an upstairs room. Wounded was airline official Paul Egley. Also wounded and charged with murder, was Eric Lifton of Lake Monomoneck, N.H., who had been questioned by the men about his misuse of a lost International Air Association credit card.



### THE FUTURE . . .

WITH A TINY seven-inch test tube containing sea water, one grain of sugar, and a culture of hard-working microbes, scientists of General Electric Corporation recently demonstrated a major breakthrough in power sources.

For the microbes within the test tube, working with phenomenal efficiency, were producing electricity capable of operating a broadcasting system with a 15-mile range, for

two to two-and-one-half months on that single grain of sugar. A grain represents 1/480 of an apothecaries' ounce—or 1/437.5 of an avoirdupois ounce.

The identity of these microbes is a military secret, but their existence may signify a revolution in electrical generation. Batteries of these bugs, feeding on practically anything, may one day light cities.

They can produce electricity by feeding on sewage, for example, and river pollution. Wastes and by-products which have hitherto been polluting our streams may be turned into productive fuel for these bugs.

Eventually, it is suggested, the development of biochemical fuel cells with efficiencies of 90 per cent (it is already 35 per cent which is better than the best mechanical generators), may light our cities, help recover minerals, convert salt water to drinking water, convert nitrogen from the air and phosphorus from the sea into useful food and fertilizers, solve the water producing problem.

If you have an old swamp handy, hang onto it. It may become a good natural source of electricity.



OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Researchers at the Oklahoma University Medical Center are investigating the chemistry of dreams and sleep.—C.F.

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WRITES ON  
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## Two Midwest

IN JACKSON, MICHIGAN . . .

The ordinary poltergeist tires quickly, according to authorities. But the Lincolns' spook is oddly long-lived.

*By Raymond V. Meagher*

United Press International



Georgine Lincoln, 13, rights mysteriously over-turned lamp in home where such phenomena have occurred for three years

Photos by U.P.I.

MODERN AMERICAN poltergeists, like other modern Americans, seem to be enjoying much longer lives than their pioneering ancestors. The Victor Lincoln family of Jackson, Mich., believe they have one that is now in its third year of activity.

For more than two years the Lincoln family thought they were the target of malicious prowlers. Frequently, on returning home to an empty house they found lamps overturned, bottles and light bulbs strewn about, water running and doors that had been shut tight open.

When Jackson police failed to turn up anything the Lincolns put double locks on their doors, but

*(Continued on page 33)*

Glassware in the Beck home was smashed mysteriously. Then an invisible "bat" bit the three female occupants.

# Poltergeists

... IN INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

By Frank Edwards

**B**OOTTLES SMASHED, tempers flashed, ash trays shattered, and police arrested one of the principals for creating a disturbance. But when it was all over one fact remained — America's latest poltergeist case was still unexplained.

The uproar began in Indianapolis on Sunday night, March 11, 1962, a few minutes past 10:00 P.M., according to 32-year-old Mrs. Renate Beck. Mrs. Beck, a divorcee and her widowed mother, Mrs. Lina Gemmeke, 61, and Mrs. Beck's 13-year-old daughter, Linda, all live together in a huge two story house at 2910 North Delaware St., in Indianapolis. There had been nothing unusual about the day for them until 10:37 P.M. when they heard a resounding crash upstairs.

"For a moment," said Mrs. Beck, "I thought it must have been burglars who had slipped upstairs while the three of us were all in the down-



Mrs. Renate Beck holds broken saucer, one of numerous items unaccountably hurled or dropped in her home, often in presence of witnesses. U.P.I. photo.

stairs kitchen. There's been a lot of burglary in this city lately and that was the first thing I thought of. But when we went upstairs to look we found that a piece of crystal that we had brought from Germany was lying on the floor about four feet from the bookcase where I had kept it — and the crystal was broken to pieces. I don't see how it got off that bookcase in the first place — nor how it landed four feet away."

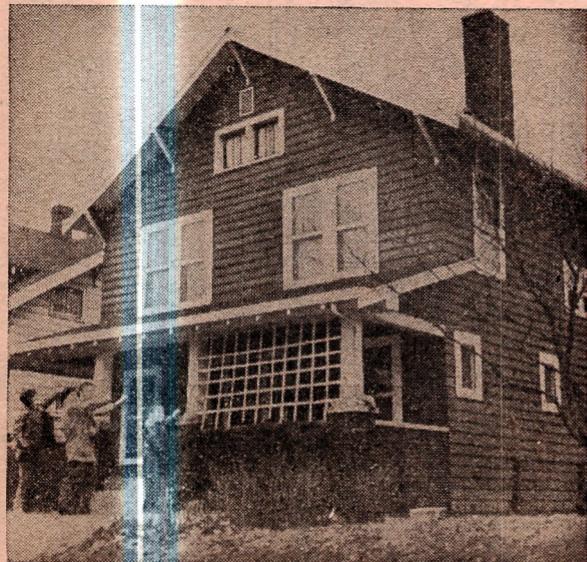
The disturbed trio had little time to ponder that problem before they found themselves faced with another.

About 45 minutes after they

heard the crystal smash to the bedroom floor a heavy ash tray was flung violently against the wall of a downstairs room. Half an hour later still another piece of crystal was broken while the three women were all huddled fearfully in the kitchen.

By midnight this series of events was too much for the ladies and they moved to a hotel to spend the night there, unharried by the sound of breaking glass.

Although they could escape the sound of shattering crockery, it is possible that they could not evade the sounds of their own family strife. Here is an introduction to



Damage to furnishings in Beck home reportedly show a strange selectivity. First only glassware was smashed, next phenomena involved, in turn, only cutlery and furniture. U.P.I. Photo

**FRANK EDWARDS**

Long noted as an outstanding UFO researcher, Frank Edwards conducts a daily full hour television show on WTTV in Indianapolis, Ind. Frank's nightly news commentaries on the Mutual Broadcasting System network from 1949 through 1954 were among the top-rated shows in radio. He resumed his Mutual broadcasts in 1959 but recently he discontinued the radio program to devote more time to his television show. Frank also is the author of such best-selling books as *Stranger Than Science* and *Strange People*.



the members of the family:

The mother is Renate Beck, 32, divorced wife of a former U.S. Embassy officer whom she married in her native Vienna. Mrs. Beck is well educated and speaks English fluently, although with an accent. Presently she is not talking at all, however, on advice of her attorney. "Already too much trouble," she says.

The daughter is Linda Beck, 13. Shy and nervous, she is uncommunicative when the subject of the strange doings of the "poltergeist" are mentioned.

The grandmother is Mrs. Lina Gemmeke, 61, mother of Mrs. Beck. The moderately well-to-do widow of a newspaper publisher in Kassel, Germany, she came here three years ago, following the death of her husband. Friends and neigh-

bors tell me this has not been a tranquil or happy relationship — at times, they say, it has been quite noisy and seemingly unpleasant for those directly involved.

The fourth and fifth members of the cast are Mr. and Mrs. Emil Noseda, friends of the Beck family. Noseda, 64, is a respected Indianapolis businessman who for many years operated the Sheffield Inn, one of the city's best-known hosteries. When the phenomena began at Mrs. Beck's home she made two telephone calls — to Mr. Noseda and to the police — in that order.

Mr. and Mrs. Noseda are very important to our investigation because they are the only credible witnesses willing to go on record with a report of phenomena they have personally observed. The Nosedas are, however, not the only re-

liable observers who have probed the Indianapolis situation. Dr. William G. Roll, project director of the Psychical Research Foundation, Durham, N.C., lived in the Beck home with the family from March 16 to 22. His reports, unfortunately, will not be made public immediately.

Until this article appears in *FATE*, the public's knowledge of the Indianapolis poltergeist will have been limited to newspaper stories based on police reports. I am going to recapitulate those police reports for you, but I give you this warning — the police reports vary dramatically from the eyewitness report made to me by Emil Noseda.

The Indianapolis police first entered the case on the second day. After a restful night at the hotel, the three women had gone home about 1:30 Monday afternoon. They found nothing amiss, but within 30 minutes of their arrival glass was breaking again, upstairs and downstairs. The three women ran from room to room to find bowls and vases broken. When Mrs. Gemmecke arose from her chair in the kitchen and opened the door of the refrigerator a coffee cup which had been lying in the sink across the room smashed against the wall above the chair she had just left.

Bewildered and badly frightened now, the women called police. Ser-

geant John L. Mullin came on the double quick. He investigated, found three nervous women and a house littered with broken glass and crockery. Sergeant Mullin ventured the opinion that the damage had somehow been done either by a hi-fi record player or some sort of pellet gun. Both hypotheses had to be discarded. The house contained only one small record player which was not plugged in and had not been used for weeks. And since the storm windows were all intact, the pellet gun idea was untenable.

Patrolman Ray Patton was present Monday night when the silence was broken by the sound of something falling in Linda's bedroom. He found a green glass figurine of a swan, broken in several pieces, lying in the center of the room.

Other police officers soon arrived, bringing high frequency sound gear. By the time they got there the house was surrounded by hundreds of the curious. Other police had to be dispatched to keep the street open for traffic.

The listening gear detected nothing out of the ordinary and was removed from the premises. During the time that the gear was in use, and while the several officers were probing and prodding and postulating there was no recurrence of the phenomena. Mrs. Beck noticed that her valise, containing \$125 in

cash the operating fund of the small restaurant she recently had opened near her home, had vanished.

Police and reporters all scoured the house for some trace of the valise. They came up empty handed.

Now police found themselves with a new angle of this strange case—bites—or punctures—began to appear on the hands and arms of the girl, her mother and her grandmother. In each case the "bites" consisted of three tiny punctures, like those made by a bat, according to one police statement.\* But there were no bats flying around Indiana in mid-winter—not even in a house where glasses and fishbowls were flying.

One of the most baffling aspects of the Beck case in Indianapolis was that which occurred about 8:30 Monday night, March 12, shortly after Patrolman Ray Patton arrived as an observer. He accompanied the women on a tour of the house, which was still littered with broken glass and pottery. Mrs. Beck showed him a smashed mirror, heaped on the floor where it had fallen after being knocked from the wall by a heavy ash tray which Mrs. Beck said had sailed from her

night table and into the mirror. She then showed the officer a set of three matched glasses. There had been six of them only 48 hours before—but something or someone had broken three over the weekend. For safekeeping, Mrs. Beck explained to Officer Patton, she was keeping the remaining three glasses under her hat on the dresser in her room. That's where they were when Patton last saw them together.

As the officer went through the hall one of the glasses which had been hidden under the hat struck him in the back and broke into several pieces. A moment later came the sound of more breaking glass. Patton ran back into Mrs. Beck's room and found another glass broken on the floor. He raised the hat where the three glasses had been concealed—only one remained.

When the phenomena subsided, the house on North Delaware was littered with fragments of mirrors, feathers from torn pillows, broken pottery and dented walls and wood-work where the violently-thrown objects had struck. Mrs. Beck, her mother and 13-year-old Linda began cleaning up.

But the house at 2910 Delaware was still not out of the news!

The missing valise returned, minus part of the money. Mrs. Beck told police that her mother

\*Authors note: For other instances of attacks of this type, see the Clara Vilaneuva Case reported in **FATE** October 1953 and January 1954. A more recent case was reported by **FATE** in October 1960.

had found the valise, after she felt it nudging her leg. In it, only \$35 remained of the \$125 it had contained when it disappeared.

The money was still unaccounted for on the night of March 25, exactly two weeks after the glassware first began to fly at the Beck home.

On March 26 police were again called to the house at 2910 Delaware "to investigate a lady." The call was evidently placed by one of the neighbors. The officer found Mrs. Gemmecke lying on the floor, apparently only semi-conscious. As he paused on the landing where the stairway makes a turn, the policeman said that he saw Mrs. Gemmecke throw a heavy smoking tray against the wall and saw her upset a piano bench. He arrested her as a disorderly person.

Mrs. Beck said that her mother, a diabetic, was suffering from shock and needed medical care. She was taken first to the hospital, then after having been examined, was sent on to the city jail for the night.

Next day in court the judge proposed to hold her for a mental examination but agreed to dismiss the case if Mrs. Gemmecke returned to Germany within 10 days, as the court was told she proposed to do. She was released on bond in the custody of Mrs. Beck.

Newspapers immediately expressed the belief that the poltergeist ac-

tivity at the Beck household could all be explained by the very physical actions of Mrs. Gemmecke.

The papers were aided in reaching their conclusions by some fascinating research conducted by Lt. Francis J. Dux of the Indianapolis police. Lt. Dux reported to the papers that he had, ". . . tried to get the spirits to come out and play, but they wouldn't."

It appears that Lieutenant Dux sat everybody down in a room at the Beck house for a whole hour and a half. Nothing happened, he said, and he thereupon announced his conclusion that the phenomena happen only when one member of the household is out of sight and away from the others.

This charge, based on 90 minutes of observation, is briskly and thoroughly answered by Emil Noseda. Mr. Noseda bases his position on the fact that he was present, virtually day and night, for the entire 16 days of the occurrences. It is worth noting that the newspapers stopped reporting on the case after the sixth day. This may be in keeping with the conventional attitude toward such matters—"If you can't explain it—ignore it!"

Noseda's account of the phenomena, obtained from his friends at the house and from his own personal observations, differs from that hastily concocted and published in the Indianapolis papers.

He says that the activity began on the night of March 10, not with the breaking of a piece of crystal upstairs, but with the sudden and noisy movement of a heavy glass beer mug which left its position on the kitchen sink and fell behind a flower pot. Both women were in the kitchen at the time. Neither of them was within reach of the mug when it moved, says Noseda.

A few minutes later, the crystal broke upstairs, while the three members of the household were downstairs. This second event prompted Mrs. Beck's calls to Noseda and the police.

Mr. Noseda says that the phenomena developed selectively: First, only glassware was affected; then the activity was transferred to chinaware. When most of the chinaware in the house had been reduced to bits, brushes, cutlery and glass jars came in for attention. Finally, he says, furniture began moving about, oftentimes violently.

"While all of us, including my wife, were sitting in the living room," said Mr. Noseda. "A pin-up lamp fell off the wall several times. I got up and drove a larger nail in the wall. Pretty soon the lamp came down again when nobody was near it. This time it broke."

"Could any of the persons in the house at that time have induced the actions of the lamp?" I asked.

"They could not. We were all

sitting right there together. Nobody was within reach of the lamp. Nobody touched it. And we were all sitting in that same room together when we heard a racket in the kitchen. We went out there and found three steak knives lying on the floor in the form of a cross. They had been in a drawer about three feet from where we found them. We put them back into the drawer and all of us went back into the front room. A few minutes later we heard the sound in the kitchen again. The knives were back out of the drawer, back on the kitchen floor in the form of a cross again. I have never seen anything like it — never!"

Newsmen mentioned that the women had complained of suffering tiny bites of some sort. Mr. Noseda says of such bites, "Yes. I saw them and so did many other persons who were present. One day Mrs. Gemmecke was sitting on the couch and all of us were discussing the case and the damage that had been done. Suddenly Mrs. Gemmecke grabbed her throat and gasped, "They're choking me!" A policeman and I grabbed her hands and pulled them down. On the lady's throat were two sets of tiny punctures. They looked like tiny teeth marks jabbed in the form of a little triangle — on each side of her throat. They did not bleed and were given no medical attention.

"Altogether," says Mr. Noseda, "Mrs. Gemmecke was bitten nine times and Mrs. Beck was bitten twice. The flesh around the bites, or punctures, turned black and blue. But the women said the injuries caused no pain and they had no after effects."

Mr. Noseda says that he sent an eight page airmail letter describing the weird activities to his sister in Switzerland, who he describes as a very devout woman.

"She got my letter on March 25 and took it up with her parish priest. Next morning he and my sister and several other members of that parish held a lengthy prayer session, at which they repeatedly asked that the Becks be delivered from this trouble. We did not know about this at the time, but we did notice that the phenomena at Mrs. Beck's house stopped on March 26, just 16 days after it began. It

stopped on the same day that my sister attended that prayer session in Switzerland. We wrote and thanked her and the others for what they had done."

Mr. Noseda further says "The phenomena had stopped *before* the police arrested Mrs. Gemmecke. I know from what I saw and heard, and from what my wife saw and heard, that neither Mrs. Gemmecke nor anyone else in that house could have done all the things that took place. There was something else involved — some force that deliberately broke up things in other parts of the house while we were all, including Mrs. Gemmecke, seated together in one room.

"I don't know what it was or how it operated but I saw it in action and I can't explain it. I never want to go through such experiences again and neither does anyone at that house!"

### WHAT IS A POLTERGEIST?

No one knows what a poltergeist really is — But researchers have a number of well-defined theories regarding the phenomena.

There are three theories based on the hypothesis that poltergeists are associated with living personalities:

- The poltergeist is the human psyche operating outside the body.
- Poltergeist phenomena are examples of psychokinesis—the movement of objects or matter through mental power, at a distance.
- Poltergeist phenomena are associated with an unhappy or emotionally disturbed adolescent.

A fourth theory is that poltergeist phenomena result from forces originating in personalities no longer living. This theory harks back to the original meaning of the German word *poltergeist*: racketing ghost.

A fifth theory, favored by some conventional psychologists, is that the poltergeist exists only in the minds of the paranoid victims.

A sixth and ever-present explanation is fraud.

*(Continued from page 24)*

still they occasionally found their house had been partially vandalized.

Since last October 30 the Lincolns have been convinced that the intruders are not the type police can do anything about.

In Vic Lincoln's own words, the house is "spooked."

Dishes and bottles suddenly hurtle through a room, moans come from the basement, heavy footsteps sound throughout the house, doors swing open by themselves, water and gas jets turn on for no explainable reason and books transport themselves from bookcases to chairs and beds, he reports.

In a word, the Lincolns believe they have a poltergeist. Except for the long span of the activity, the Lincolns would have an almost perfect case history, an absolute parallel to a dozen previously documented reports.

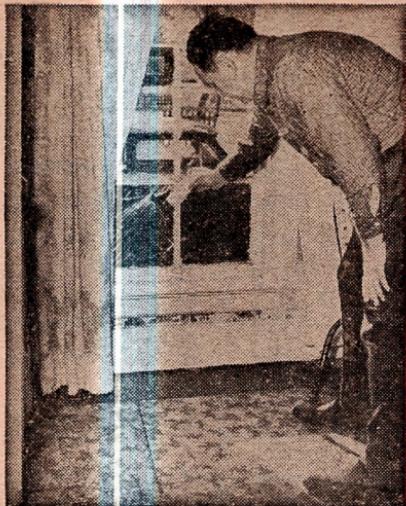
However, the report of phenomena occurring over more than two years is very unusual. Dr. Nandor Fodor, noted psychoanalyst has had this to say about the "life" of a poltergeist, "The lifetime of a poltergeist is always limited. The aggressive energies that manifest themselves are spent in a few weeks, or in two to three months at best, and quiet returns to the house where everything went bump before."

The stretch-out of activity at the Lincoln home already has attracted two experienced researchers from the privately endowed Psychical Research Foundation of Durham, N.C. The researchers are Dr. William G. Roll, project director of the Psychical Research Foundation, and his associate, Dr. John Freeman. Dr. Roll spent four days in the house, living with the Lincoln family, in December and returned for a week-long visit late in January. Dr. Freeman spent three days there in December.

A complete report of their findings is expected at a later date, but they did leave Mrs. Beatrice Lincoln with the impression that they believe "someone's memory has impregnated itself in the house."

"I don't know exactly what it means but from my talks with the doctor I gather that he believes that somehow the memories of a former resident of the house have remained here after the resident's death," she said.

The "former resident" is likely to have been a member of the Lincoln family since the home has been occupied by several generations of this family since 1912. The house is now for sale and some observers wonder if the poltergeist might be protesting the impending loss of his family, since the phenomena are reported to have intensified after the house was put up for sale.



Victor Lincoln examines window shattered by object hurled without apparent agency. Such inexplicable happenings, he says, "We still can't take."



Mrs. Lincoln demonstrates how she lay on living room couch, alone in house, when paring knife from kitchen drawer flew in and nicked her in the leg.

The present generation living in the house consists of the senior Lincolns and the three youngest of their six children. These include two sons, 15 and 22, and a daughter, Georgine, 13. It is evident that the household does not lack for the teen-agers often considered to be central figures in poltergeist phenomena.

At 13, Georgine is exactly the same age as Linda Beck, of the Indianapolis family currently having poltergeist problems.

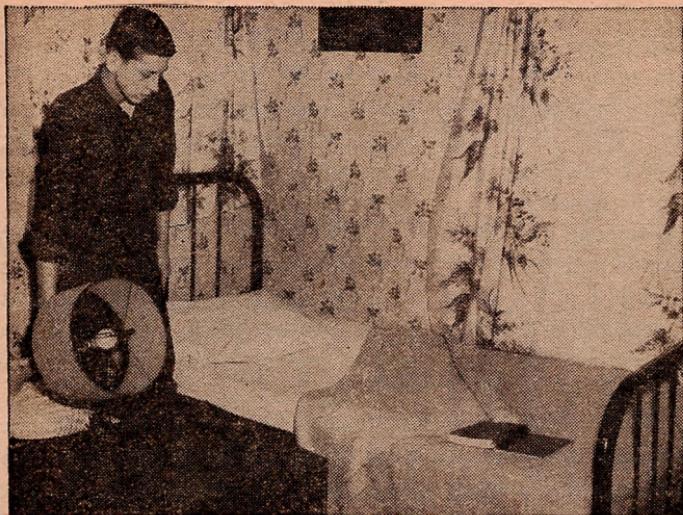
Victor Lincoln is a machinist, and the oldest son, John, is now looking

for employment. He was discharged from the Army last August and has been living at home since then.

On the night of October 30 John and his mother were seated in the living room reading.

Suddenly they heard a noise as though a very heavy person was walking up the basement steps which lead both to the kitchen and to a bedroom occupied by John and his brother Thomas, 15.

"The footsteps stopped but all at once we heard a sound as though someone was pounding terrifically hard on a door and Thomas came



Thomas Lincoln, 15 (above), straightens up his room after it was struck by mysterious vandalism. Strain of long-continued disturbances has led Lincolns to offer house for sale (below)—which reportedly has caused phenomena to intensify.



running from his bedroom shouting that someone was trying to break in," Mrs. Lincoln recalls.

By now Vic Lincoln was up and had his shotgun. With the dog, Jackson, he opened the basement door and went into the cellar.

"As soon as I opened the door the pounding stopped and there was nothing there. I didn't notice anything peculiar in the cellar but apparently Jackson did. His hair went up on end and he wheeled around and bounded up the stairs, whining all the while," Vic says.

From that day on the Lincoln's have known little peace.

"We've gotten so used to hearing steps and moans everywhere at any time that we are learning to live with them. But we still can't take these bottles whizzing through the house for no apparent reason, breaking windows and dishes," Lincoln says.

Thus far no one has been injured seriously but Mrs. Lincoln was nicked in the leg by a flying paring knife that she says had been in a drawer in the kitchen. At the time Mrs. Lincoln was the only one in the house and she was lying on a couch in the living room which is separated from the kitchen by a dining room.

Last Christmas was particularly harrowing for the Lincolns.

Mrs. Lincoln reveals that the family had their Christmas tree for

only two days during the holidays.

"Christmas Eve the entire family was in the living room when the lights suddenly flew off the tree and scattered about the house. That was enough for us and the tree came down," she says.

Harry Kellar, a Jackson County probation officer who was not previously acquainted with the Lincolns visited them after he heard about strange doings in the house. He says,

"Everyone was sitting in the front room talking when Mr. Lincoln said he heard water running. We went into the bathroom and water was pouring from a tap.

"A little later while we were back in the front room, someone smelled gas and we discovered that the gas jets on the stove had been opened, although there was no flame."

Kellar recalls that he went to the Lincoln house a skeptic and admits he's still not certain that there is no reasonable explanation of what happened.

"But I do know this. I was keeping track of everyone and we were all in the living room when the water went on and the gas jets opened," he says.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Gingras, friends of both the Lincoln's and Mr. Kellar, recall water and gas were mysteriously turned on while they were in the house in December.

On another occasion they were at

the Lincoln's waiting for Kellar to join them there.

"My husband had just talked to Harry and he said it would be about 15 minutes before he would get over. About five minutes later, while my husband and I were seated on the living room couch and all the Lincolns were in the room with us, we heard footsteps on the porch.

"We both heard the steps at the same instant because we each turned to the other and remarked that Harry had arrived sooner than we had expected.

"But when Vic and my husband went to the door there was no one there. And though the porch was covered with new snow there were no footprints. Both my husband and I are positive we heard footsteps on that porch and we heard them at the same instant," Mrs. Gingras says with conviction.

When Kellar arrived a short time later, footprints in the snow marked his path across the porch.

Despite these presumably impartial observations there are many in Jackson who insist that the Lincolns' "haunted house" is either a hoax or that the family has been collectively victimized by overworked imaginations.

I have spent approximately 10 hours in the Lincoln house on three separate occasions.

On two occasions — both during daylight hours — nothing happened.

But during an evening visit, lasting from about 7:30 P.M. to shortly after midnight, a number of things did occur.

There were four of us, including a young woman, along with the Lincolns and four of their children in the house that night.

In the first hour nothing happened as we sat around the dining and living rooms, talking and watching television.

Suddenly, though, Mr. Lincoln said he heard water running. Everyone immediately dashed into the bathroom where water was running, in fact, pouring from a tap. It is certain that everyone in the house was in either the dining or living rooms when the water turned on.

Sometime later, while all were in the living room, someone reported they smelled oil. Again everyone made a mad dash, this time to a rear bedroom where, indeed, a strong odor of oil was coming from a space heater.

I had been in that room a short time before and, out of curiosity, had checked the heater. It was not on. There was no odor. I am reasonably sure no one had entered the room between the time I checked the burner and we all rushed back to check on the oil odor.

After this had been investigated (the odor disappeared shortly after we all crowded into the bedroom) and we were moving back toward

the living room, something smashed against a metal closet in the bedroom. This turned out to be a small glass bottle which was found on the floor beside the closet.

While we were examining the bottle the lights in the house went out. They came back on when Mr. Lincoln replaced a fuse in the basement box.

Were unnatural forces responsible for these occurrences? Perhaps.

But I recall that several years ago, while living in an apartment in a rather old building I was plagued with a bathroom tap that kept turning on by itself. A defective tap, rather than an unnatural force turned out to be the culprit on that occasion.

In any evaluation of what occurred while I was in the Lincoln's house a number of things should be kept in mind.

Each time something happened, except when the lights went out which was apparent to everyone

simultaneously, it was the Lincolns who first reported that something was going on.

And each time they gave the report there was a great deal of commotion with everyone, the Lincolns in the lead, rushing to investigate. With the rushing to and fro, the milling about, and the general commotion it was impossible to keep a close check on everyone.

For example:

When the bottle smashed against the closet in the bedroom everyone was moving from that room toward the living room. No one saw the bottle in the air and it would have been a simple matter for someone to toss it behind him unobserved.

I do not say that is what happened, I say only that is what could have happened.

Are unnatural forces at work in the Lincoln house?

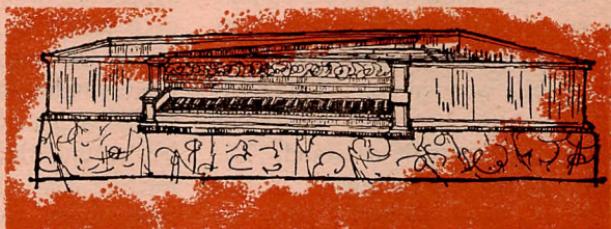
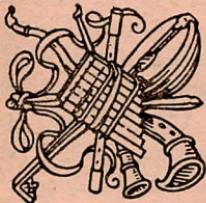
The Lincolns insist they are.

You've heard the evidence. What is your decision?

### CLUES TO A CONTINENTAL LINK

**E**VIDENCE supporting the theory that Australia, New Zealand, South America, South Africa and India once were linked together in one huge continent around the South Pole reportedly has been found by a New Zealand survey party in Antarctica. The men announced discovery in the Miller Range of metamorphic rocks and granite similar to those in New Zealand's Fiordland and Nelson areas. At the Queen Elizabeth and Queen Alexandra ranges, they said, they found glacial morain, previously recorded in Australia, South Africa, South America and India.

# the KING'S MUSICIAN



## and the HAUNTED SPINET

The spirit communicator claimed a king had given him the spinet—and he could prove his claim.

*By Pauline Saltzman*

**L**EON BACH, young-man-about-Paris and ardent antiquarian, browsed among the mélange of art objects, curiosities, and bric-a-brac in the little shop. It was May 4, 1865. Bach had found and fallen in love with a priceless collector's item.

It was an old portable spinet of remarkable beauty. Crafted of oak, with a remarkably well preserved finish, and ornamented with delicate carvings of gilded arabesques, the musical instrument was encrusted with turquoises and literally show-

ered with fleurs-de-lis. It was obvious to the young man that this had once belonged to a person of consequence.

Leon Bach chuckled. He had found the perfect gift for his father, the composer, pianist, teacher, and great-grandson of Johann Sebastian Bach.

He asked the dealer the history of the instrument but, unfortunately, the old man knew almost nothing. "All I can tell you, Monsieur, is that it was brought here to Paris from Italy by the party from whom

I purchased it a few weeks ago," he said.

Leon studied the spinet carefully. It was approximately five feet long by two feet wide, and had no legs. It could be packed away, like a violin, in a wooden case. This portable instrument could easily be placed upon a table or stand. The small keys were arranged in the order of those identified with the contemporary pianoforte but when touched a set of wooden hammers "as thick as a lady's finger" moved; each had a point which struck a corresponding wire. The antique was genuine, all right, clearly it belonged to the French Renaissance.

Monsieur Bach, senior, was 67 years old and in rather frail health, but he was in full enjoyment of his mental faculties and his capacity for work would have daunted a much younger man. He had begun his highly successful career in 1819 when, as a pupil of Zimmerman at the Paris Conservatoire, he had been awarded first prize for piano performance. Even now N. G. Bach was acclaimed by critics as "one of our most esteemed teachers."

His son was right. Monsieur Bach was thrilled, excited, and enchanted with his gift. He spent most of the first day admiring the delicate, intricate traceries and trying its tones. Delighted as a child with a new toy, he inspected the mechanism for hours on end. And

before the day ended Bach had made a discovery.

On a narrow wooden bar which supported the sounding-board Bach detected writing. Two small blocks above the bar and between it and the sounding-board, entirely concealed a part of this writing. But by turning the spinet up and permitting a strong light to flood the room, Bach was able to distinguish these Latin words: "*In Roma Antonius Nobilis.*" There followed a blank probably caused by the intervention of one of the blocks, then the following words: "*Brena Medislani Patrioe.*" Another obstructing blank intervened and then the words "*Die xiiij Aprilis 1564,*" were followed by a sequence of imperfectly formed words, cut off by the lanks — an O, the word, "*soné,*" and "*A per.*" Following this last blank was the word *reducit*. Apparently these words had been written before the spinet was framed.

Thus, Monsieur Bach learned that his acquisition was more than 300 years old, that it had been manufactured at Rome in 1564 by one Antonius Nobilis, who was evidently from the vicinity of Milan. The instrument probably had been completed on April 14th of that year. Now, father and son had confirmation of their belief that the spinet was indeed a priceless relic of the French Renaissance.

The hour was late but Monsieur

Bach was too pleasantly fatigued even to eat dinner. Besides, it was time for bed. In his sleep he dreamed that, as was exactly the case, he was in bed fast asleep. Suddenly a handsome young man with a clipped beard, attired in the fashion of a bygone era, appeared before him. Bach recognized the costume as typical of the French Renaissance Court: rich doublet with generous lace collar and close-fitting, slashed sleeves, trunk hose, low shoes decorated with rosettes. Doffing his high-pointed, broad-rimmed, white-plumed hat, the young man bowed and smiled as he approached the sleeper. His voice was clear although his French was archaic, like an echo of Ronsard's verse:

"The spinet you now have in your possession belonged to me. I played it often to amuse my master, King Henri. When my master was a young man, he composed an air with words; this he was fond of singing, and I played the accompaniment. Both words and air were composed in memory of a lady whom my master loved greatly. When they were separated, he endured much grief. When she died, and in his moments of sadness, King Henri would hum this melody."

The strange guest paused, then continued. "I will play it for you now; then I shall take means to

recall this melody to your memory." He smiled wistfully. "I happen to know your memory is poor." He seated himself at the antique spinet and to his own accompaniment he sang the lovely, plaintive *ballade*.

Bach's eyes were filled with tears when he awoke. He lighted his bedside candle and saw by the clock that it was 2:00 o'clock in the morning. He mused on his very realistic dream and eventually went back to sleep.

When he awoke for the second time with the sun streaming in through the window, it was without the slightest recollection of his dream. However, there was a sheet of paper on the bed. Bach examined it closely, and saw that it was a rare specimen of antique musical calligraphy. The notes were tiny, and the clefs like those found in ancient musical manuscripts. He had seen enough of them in the museums of Paris to recognize music and lyrics of the Renaissance, for here and there, Gothic "tails" were attached to certain letters. Clearly then, both words and music were of Renaissance vintage, probably of the 16th century!

The experienced eyes of the composer ranged over the carefully formed musical notes. Could this possibly be the song of his dream, the memory of which now returned with startling clarity? Bach read the lyrics. Of course, he remem-

bered them now! He hastened to his piano and within seconds was convinced beyond doubt that here was the very music and lyrics his dream vis tor had played and sung!

Monsieur Bach's first feeling, following his experiment, was one of troubled perplexity and alarm. What did all this mean? He took up the mystifying manuscript and reversed it. For the first time he saw that it was a four-page sheet of his own conventional music manuscript paper. Two of the pages contained his own work, notes he had written just the day before. But someone had filled the two blank pages with the mysterious composition so typical of a bygone age!

Now a new though struck Monsieur Bach. *Had he done this himself?* Was he a somnambulist? The thought that a supernatural agency had worked through him occurred to him, but Bach had no patience with this theory.

But the more he studied the names, dates, and the music itself, the more bewildered Monsieur Bach became. The young man he had seen and heard so clearly in his dream had referred to his "master, King Henri." Since the date of the spinet's manufacture was 1564 he reasoned that, at this time, the famous musical amateur, King Henri III, last of the Valois line, had been the Duc d'Anjou, and about 14 years old. It was logical then,

Bach figured, that the instrument had found its way from Rome to the French Court of the artistic young prince. French history corroborates the fact that the tragic, misunderstood Henri III was an amateur composer and patron of the arts. His talent had been genuine.

The matter began to obsess Monsieur Bach and he related his story to everyone who would listen. Writers, artists, antiquarians, all converged upon his home to hear him tell his strange experience and to see for themselves the amazing musical instrument. Among these visitors were a number of sincere Spiritualists. For the first time Bach heard about automatic writing, and the theory that his own hand might have written as he slept made a profound impression upon him.

Public curiosity had to be satisfied, so the Bachs consented to having the spinet lodged for a short period in the Retrospective Museum of the Palace of Industry. Thousands of Parisians flocked to see the Renaissance piece, after reading about it in the newspapers.

One afternoon, three or four weeks following the dream, Bach's head suddenly began to ache. There followed a nervous trembling of his arm and it occurred to him that perhaps some spirit wished to communicate through him in writing,

possibly to provide an explanation of the mystery that plagued him.

The instant Monsieur Bach applied a pencil to a sheet of paper he lost consciousness. He had no way of knowing that his hand was writing in the calligraphy of long-forgotten French:

*"King Henri, my master, who gave me the spinet you now possess, once wrote a four-line stanza on a piece of parchment. This he caused to be nailed on the case (étui), when, one morning, he sent me the spinet. Some years afterwards, having to travel and take the instrument with me, I feared that the parchment might be torn off. For safe-keeping I place it in a small niche, on the left of the keyboard, where it still reposes."*

The communication was signed Baldazzarini.

The stanza alluded to followed in this manner:

*"Le roy Henri donne cette  
grand espinette  
A Baldazzarini, tres-bon mu-  
sicien.  
Si elle n'est bonne ou pas assez  
coquette,  
Pour souvenir, du moins, qu'il  
la conserve bien."*

Loosely translated, this quatrain reads:

*"The King Henri gives this  
large spinet  
To Baldazzarini, an excellent  
musician;  
If it is not good, or not modish  
enough,  
At least, for my sake, let him  
preserve it carefully."*

The Bachs lost no time in removing the instrument from its temporary quarters in the museum. As soon as it arrived in Monsieur Bach's apartment father and son set to work hunting the piece of parchment.

For hours they explored every nook and cranny of the ancient spinet, without result. They were about to give up the project when Léon reread what his father's hand had written. They now raised the keyboard and removed some of the hammers and, to their amazement, found, underneath on the left, a narrow wooden slit. This held a piece of parchment measuring 11½ inches long by two-and-three-quarters inches wide. On this, written in a bold dashing hand were *four lines similar to those Monsieur Bach's hand had written automatically*. The quatrain was signed with the sign manual of King Henri III!

Time had blackened the paper and father and son restrained their overwhelming excitement to take time to cleanse the parchment as carefully as they could. But they'd

been right in the first place—it was indeed a four-line stanza, in slight variation to the lines Bach had written while entranced!

*"Moy le Roy Henri trois octroy  
troys cette espinette  
A Baltasarini mon gay musicien,  
Mais s'il dit mal sone, ou bien  
(ma) moutte simplette  
Lors pour mon souvenir dans  
l'estuy gardie bien.  
Henri"*

*"I, King Henri III, present  
this spinet  
To Ealtasarini, my gay musician:  
But if he finds it poor-toned,  
or else very simple,  
Still, for my sake, let him pre-  
serve it in its case.  
Henri"*

The news of this development spread. Intellectuals argued that in the time of the Renaissance, the French language frequently varied in nuance, grammar, and especially spelling.

In the United States Monsieur Bach's story found the sympathetic ear of Robert Dale Owen, one of the most enlightened men of his age. He was the son of Robert Owen, the Welsh social reformer and philanthropist. Robert Dale Owen had been brought to America, together

with his three brothers, in 1825. He had been school teacher, editor, and member of the House of Representatives prior to serving as U.S. Minister to Italy. As a champion of the emancipation of slaves and advocate of fairness to women in divorce cases he had sat in Congress and had helped draft the bill founding the Smithsonian Institution.

From the outset, Owen was intensely interested in the Bach case. From the pianist and his son he obtained a photograph of the spinet. This later served as an illustration to his version of the story, an integral segment of his work entitled *The Debatable Land between This World and the Next*, published by G. W. Carleton & Company in 1871.

Owen comments:

"Amazed they must have been! Yet I doubt whether it occurred to father or son, as it occurs to me, that the evidence thus brought to light is vastly stronger on account of its peculiar character—is much more convincing because, while absolutely substantial in its coincidence with the promised stanza, it bears no stamp of literalism."

Spelling, semantics, nuance, all were involved. The interpolated "ma" in the discovered stanza greatly puzzled the Bachs at first, but even this was subsequently explained to their complete satisfaction. Here is Monsieur Bach's statement

pertinent to this fact: "No one could imagine the meaning of the word 'ma,' surrounded by lines . . . But one day my hand was again moved involuntarily, and there was written 'Amico mio: The King joked about my Italian accent in the verse he sent with the spinet. I always said 'ma' instead of 'mais.''" (Owen observed that Italians, when speaking French, frequently made this error.)

The original, age-yellowed parchment that had been extracted from the spinet was taken by Monsieur Bach to the Imperial Library. There he compared it with other manuscripts written in the time of Henri III. The writing in Bach's parchment verse and signature was found to correspond even in the most minute details to some acknowledged originals of the King's handwriting. Expert antiquarians all pronounced Henri's signature as genuine.

Furthermore, the tiny holes visible along the upper edge of the parchment gave evidence that it had been tacked to a wooden surface. This sustained the statement that Henri had had it "nailed to the case." On the lower edge it had obviously been cut off inside the nail-holes. However, the marks of four larger holes — one at each corner of the parchment — were distinctly visible. The rough cross above the quatrain comprised ad-

ditional proof of authenticity, for a similar token of piety heads almost every specimen of Henri's autograph.

For weeks, the Parisian newspapers headlined the story, and news services throughout the civilized world followed suit. Everyone, it seemed, enjoyed a field day with Monsieur Bach's antique spinet. On the whole, the story was thought fantastic and impossible; the consensus of opinion seemed to be that somewhere along the line there must be a logical explanation. But Bach's reputation for integrity was excellent. The Paris correspondent for the *New York Nation* (June 12, 1866) referred to him in the most respectful terms.

Monsieur Bach subsequently wrote his own arrangement of the *ballade*, which was published. No treble accompaniment had been evident in the original, only the air with bass, and Monsieur Bach supplied the right-hand accompaniment. This he did with taste and delicacy. The lyrics were graceful and entirely in keeping with the sentiments expressed in the *ballades* of the French Renaissance. (The English version is by Robert Dale Owen himself.) Two special allusions are evident in the score: one is to the Royal composer as he experiences intense longing for the object of his love, "whom he had first met at a 'distant hunt' (*chasse*

*lointine*): the other is to the lady herself, who had passed her last sad days in a cloister.

Numerous research projects were launched. Archives of 16th Century were searched, to determine how far historical records bore out Monsieur Bach's story. It was soon ascertained that the great love of Henri's life was the Princesse Marie de Cléves. A diary kept in that passed era disclosed that she actually had died in her uncle's abbey.

In the United States Robert Dale Owen learned much about the musician who had appeared to Bach in his dream. But in spite of his vast erudition in many matters, including psychic phenomena, he was no musicologist. He found it next to impossible to verify even the existence of Baltazarini of the many spellings. At last Owen found a brief reference at Boston's Athenaeum Library, in a French dictionary of musicians. He found another very brief note by the Abbé Lenglet-Dufresnoy: "In 1579, Baltazarini, a celebrated Italian musician, came to France, to the Court of Henri III." Had Owen known anything about musicology, he would have left no stone unturned to consult the definite work of the 18th-century music historian, Charles Burney, for *A General History of Music* carefully documents the entire career of Baltazarini who was actually a violinist:

"The violin seems to have been brought into favor at the Court of France before any honorable mention is made of it elsewhere, by the arrival of Baltazarini (died c. 1587), a great performer on that instrument, who, at the head of a band of violinists was sent to Catherine de Medicis (Henri's mother) in 1555, and appointed by that princess her first *valet de chambre* and superintendent of music. Baltazarini having contributed greatly to the amusement of the royal family and nobility, by his ingenuity in suggesting magnificent plans, machinery, and representations, received the quaint title of Beaujoyeux (interpreted as "gay musician"!), by which he ever continued to be called . . . In the preface of a Balet (ballet), Beaujoyeux says, he had 'blended together Poetry, Music, and Dancing in a manner, which if ever done before, must have been in such remote antiquity, that it may now well be called new.'

This description tells us that Henri III bestowed the nickname, "Beaujoyeux," upon the Italian Baltazarini, and thus proves the truthfulness of the dream manuscript.

"What shall we say of Monsieur Bach's story?" Robert Dale Owen asks. "The documents from which I have compiled it were procured for me by an English friend in

Paris. This friend, having made Monsieur Bach's acquaintance, obtained personally from him all the particulars, with corrections of the newspaper statements and answers to various queries of mine, suggested by the documents as I first obtained them; also, through Monsieur Bach's courtesy, the various photographs I possess, together with the following certificate, in Monsieur Bach's own handwriting, appended to the facsimile of the original music, which he found on his bed:

"This is a correct facsimile from the sheet of music paper which I found on my bed on the morning of May 5, 1865. The air and words are truly those which I heard in my dream. (signed) N. G. Bach."

At Owen's request, Monsieur Bach sent him this statement, which

is dated March 23, 1867:

"I attest the existence of the parchment still in my possession, containing the verses composed by the King and addressed to the celebrated musician, Baldazarini; and that it was found in a secret compartment of the spinet which the King had given him, and also that the communication announcing the existence of the parchment, and stating that it had been placed there, is, in every point, the exact truth. I add that the photographs of the spinet and of the parchment, and the reproduction of the autograph of the music and words, are well executed and perfectly exact."

The facts speak for themselves. The story of N. G. Bach's antique spinet is one of the best documented stories in the history of psychic research.

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#### THE EARTH—A VAST "BELL"

**A** STUDY of prolonged resonance effects which result when the earth is struck a hammer blow by a major earthquake, indicates that the earth "rings"—and that, in fact, it is more resonant than the most perfectly cast bell.

The discovery of the earth's "ringing" was reported by Dr. Gordon J. F. MacDonald of the University of California, in Los Angeles, at the recent annual meeting of the American Physical Society in New York City. Dr. MacDonald stated that

the discovery grew out of analysis of shock waves from the Chilean earthquake of 1960.

An earthquake of such proportions causes everything on the globe to bounce up and down for roughly a month. This bouncing motion amounts to only about a thousandth of an inch, but it registers on sensitive instruments as a simultaneous rising and falling throughout the world. The entire planet expands and contracts in a 20-minute cycle for about 30 days.

# Those Lost Russian Astronauts

*By Frank Edwards*

**The wraps are off a well-kept Soviet secret—the fate of its astronauts on ill-timed space attempts.**

THE WORLD was understandably shocked when Soviet Prime Minister Khrushchev angrily pounded on his desk at the United Nations with his shoe. And the world was puzzled when Mr. Khrushchev suddenly flew back to Russia a few days later, instead of returning by the ship that awaited for him in New York harbor.

Something very disturbing had happened to provoke such actions—but what?

Little by little the truth leaked out: Soviet scientists had promised to arrange a spectacular space shot which Khrushchev would announce to the United Nations. It had been decided that they would launch the first man into space—and the selectee was their famed speed pilot and parachutist, Piotr Dolgov, whose most recent accomplishment had been a new high altitude para-

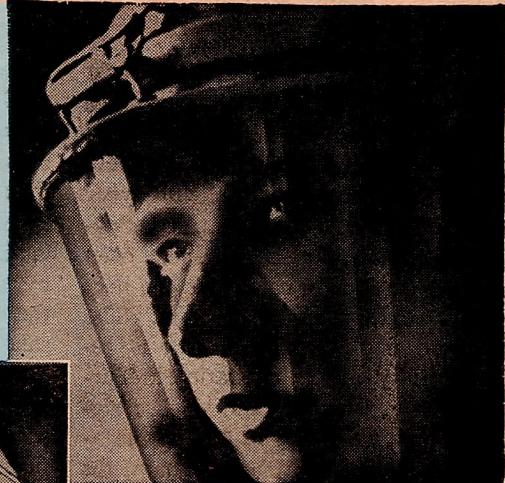
chute jump on June 3, 1960. Prime Minister Khrushchev met with Dolgov, congratulated him on his achievements and personally nominated him to be the first man into space. The shot was timed for October 11, 1960. If successful (and Khrushchev had been assured that it *would* be) Khrushchev was to take the floor at the plenary session of the United Nations on October 13, 1960—at which time Dolgov would telephone greetings to the members of the U.N., plus the news of the Soviet triumph in space. It was to have been Khrushchev's greatest moment. Instead, it became a moment of frustration, temper tantrums and shoe-pounding.

What happened can be pieced together from evidence gathered by monitoring and tracking stations with which we have friendly relations. Here is the story:

Famed Russian speed pilot and parachutist Piotr Dolgov (below) was chosen to be first man into space. The shot, made on October 11, 1960, ended in silence after Dolgov went into orbit. Among other Soviet astronauts missing and unaccounted for is Wassilievich Zavodosky (right), sent up in 1961 space attempt.



After his meeting with Khrushchev Dolgov hurried to the launching base at Kapustan lar, near the Black Sea. Because the shot had been rather hastily conceived, there was little time for practice: the political urgency was regarded as more important than the scientific necessities.



On October 11, 1960, Khrushchev was at the United Nations. He had been in great spirits, had been making little speeches from the balcony of the Soviet Embassy where he was living. The hour of triumph was near at hand, the hour when Russia would show the world how to conquer space—and the hour when Khrushchev himself would introduce the first space man to the assembled United Nations.

Tracking stations in Turkey, Japan, Sweden, England and Italy all picked up the launching of some huge device on October 11 from the base near the Black Sea. They recorded the radio signals from the device as it went into orbit. There were a few mumbled words—and after 28 minutes there was only

silence. Dolgov was gone.

He was not the first nor the last to lose his life in a Russian space shot attempt.

Dolgov died on October 11, 1960. On November 28 of that same year another, and still unidentified, Soviet astronaut perished in space even as he frantically called for the help that could never reach him. The record of his tragic trip was recorded by a listening station in Turin, Italy, which picked up the signals on a frequency of 20:006 megacycles at 1:43, 2:05 and again, for the last time, at 3:00 P.M. In Morse code the doomed astronaut was sending the call for help: "World—S.O.S.—S.O.S.—World—S.O.S.!" Whoever he was, he sent his distress call over and over, until it became so faint that it lapsed into the silence of eternity.

Prior to Dolgov's ill-fated flight another noted Soviet pilot had lost his life in the same sort of venture, although his fate, like the other Soviet space tragedies, has been a well-kept secret. His name was Terentiy Shiborin, and with a bit of luck he could have been the first man to make a space flight—instead of the first man to die in space.

Shiborin was selected to make the space ride in a Lunik II type capsule in February of 1959. You may recall that the Russians had been launching animals into space

and recovering them over Russia by parachute prior to February, 1959. The evidence indicated that it would be possible for a human being to survive the same trip, using the same equipment and techniques. Shiborin took off from Kapustan lar in February, 1960. He reported by radio for several minutes and the reports were recorded at Uppsala and Bochum, as well as in Hawaii. Then the signals ended suddenly, perhaps because the capsule plunged back into the atmosphere and was burned up.

After the tragic attempts which cost the lives of Dolgov and the other (unidentified) astronaut in late 1960 the Soviets confined their activities to some routine testing of their equipment.

The next Soviet space shot was first detected by the Turin listening station at 9:55 P.M. on February 2, 1961. The Cordiglia brothers who operate the station promptly flashed the alert to other centers. Eight minutes later Jodrell Bank confirmed the presence of an apparent booster and capsule in the sky. Several stations detected the radio emissions from the capsule. The broadcasts were done on two frequencies; one gave locations at 30-second intervals, the other broadcast only fragments of words.

Nineteen minutes after estimated takeoff the words ceased entirely and the only sounds heard were the

labored breathing of the astronaut. The heartbeat grew faster and faster. Both breathing and heartbeats grew increasingly loud until both ceased suddenly and simultaneously at 10:33 P.M., about 38 minutes after takeoff.

The Turin tapes were submitted to a famed Italian heart specialist, Professor A. G. Dogliotti, for analysis and he was able to identify the heart beats clearly up to the moment of collapse. It was his unofficial conclusion that the astronaut died of injuries suffered at takeoff. Moscow never mentioned the launching or the loss of the astronaut, of course.

The Soviet launching and recovery of both Gagarin and Titov, marking the first successful flights of men in space, were such dramatic scientific accomplishments that they overshadow the failures. Gagarin was launched into space on April 12, 1961, secretly, in accordance with Soviet policy. Tracking stations outside the Soviet influence picked him up promptly and followed his flight. Turin, Jodrell Bank, Bochum and Meudon, France, all covered the trip. Soviet landing times and take-off corresponded with what we already knew and their claim that Titov actually had orbited the earth was accepted without question.

Having successfully hit the moon with a missile and having success-

fully recovered a man from orbit for the first time in history, the Soviet scientists tried for a grand slam — two astronauts into space in the same capsule.

The launching apparently occurred at the space base of Baikonur, near the Aral Sea, on May 17, 1961. On that day — *and for seven days thereafter* — the tracking stations already mentioned recorded two voices from the Soviet capsule — a male voice and the voice of a woman. They were evidently orbiting the earth, for the male voice frequently reported:

“Everything satisfactory. We are maintaining the prescribed altitude.”

The climax to this venture came in the early evening hours of May 24, 1961. Exactly what happened may never be known, of course, for it is possible that the Russians themselves do not know what it was that brought these astronauts to their fate.

The Turin, Bochum and Meudon listening posts all recorded the last broadcast from the doomed pair in the space capsule.

After the conventional disclosure that conditions were good and the capsule was maintaining its prescribed altitude, there was a brief pause. Then the man's voice:

“We can read the dials. The signals are not clear, however. We see nothing.”

There followed a silence of about five seconds after which a woman's voice interjected: "I'll make it and hold tight with my right hand! Only this way can we maintain equilibrium! Look out the peephole! Look out the peephole! I have it . . ."

A few seconds later the male voice yelled: "Here! Here there *is* something! *There is something!* It's difficult . . ." After a pause of several seconds he continued, "If we do not get out the world will never learn about it! It is difficult . . ."

At that point a Soviet station cut in to announce that it was 8 P.M. Moscow time. When the Soviet station ceased transmitting the hour the transmissions from the space capsule had ceased and were not renewed.

From the study of their words and their voices, the scientists in the listening posts concluded that the man and the woman in that Soviet capsule, in the early evening of May 24, 1961, had seen something that first startled them, then terrified them. Before they could report on its appearance or its nature, they were drowned out by a routine transmission from a Soviet station. After that — it was too late!

It came as no surprise to learn that the Soviets had launched a two-man capsule, for their seven-ton Sputniks had prepared us for

that. And we knew that 30 men and eight women had trained for many months in a special camp in the foothills of the Ural mountains. They had been whirled in centrifuges, swept across the ground on rocket driven sledges and kept for days in frigid and oxygen-venting cabins. Only a few of them survived the training and of that small group several have paid with their lives for the adventure of a space trip: Terentiy Shiborin, 1959; Piotr Dolgov, 1960; Wassikevich Zavadosky, 1961.

Missing and unaccounted for are two other graduates of that same space training institution, Gennady Mikailov and Alexey Belokonev.

The German magazine *Revue*, published in Munich on November 24, 1961, says that Serge Ilyushkin, son of the famous Soviet aircraft designer, was hospitalized after an abortive space shot in April, 1961, and was reportedly still undergoing treatment in November of that year. His present whereabouts are unknown outside the Soviet Union.

Shiborin, Dolgov and Zavadosky, plus the man and the woman just described, all added up to five known Russian astronauts who have lost their lives in the Soviet space program. But they do not constitute the complete list, of that we can be sure.

On the last day of September, 1961, the Moscow paper *Pravda*

trumpeted the news of a Soviet scientific deed that was then being arranged. The headline said:

*"Nations! Listen to the signals!"*

The article beneath the headlines said:

"The date of October 17, 1961, will be recorded in history as the conquest of space accomplished in honor of the Great Party Congress and as a demonstration of our might. For on this date the first manned flight to the moon will begin. Two of our aces, cosmonauts Major Titov and Major Gagarin, will take off together on a flight to the moon. They will be back in four days!"

This marked the first time that the Soviets had announced one of their space shots in advance. It was to be timed, according to *Pravda*, so that it could be announced to the Party Congress meeting then in Moscow. Here, unmistakably, was a brazen example of Soviet political utilization of science.

It would have been ridiculous for the Soviets to have risked both their space veterans on such a project—and they didn't. Major Titov was conspicuously present, seated in a place of honor at the Party Congress. Gagarin appeared briefly and was flown to some unannounced destination.

October 17th, the day which *Pravda* had boastfully set aside as another great day for Soviet science,

came and went. Khrushchev again found himself facing an assembly with his plans down—instead of a trip to the moon he had to content himself with announcing the exploding of a big hydrogen bomb over Siberia. There was no explanation for the cancellation of the highly touted round trip to the moon.

Examination of the recordings at non-Soviet monitoring stations tells the story which *Pravda* dared not report:

On the same day that *Pravda* headlined its proud boast of another historic Soviet space shot their moon capsule was already on its way. Monitoring stations in Alaska and Canada, at Jodrell Bank, Méudon Observatory in France, the German National Observatory at Bochum, and the station in Turin, Italy, all recorded the frenzied activity on all four Russian space frequencies.

The craft had been launched from the base at Baikonur on the Aral Sea. It contained a man and a woman. They repeatedly broadcast on 19:995 megacycles and their code name for the base they had left was "hole". "Moon calling hole! Moon calling hole!" Uppsala, Sweden, pinpointed their position in space and, like the other stations, monitored their transmissions for more than seven hours. Then, for reasons unknown, the sig-

nals stopped, finally and forever.

The would-be moon voyagers became victims #6 and #7 of the life-

costing Soviet space program.

Had they too encountered something they had no time to report?



## HYPNOSIS HEALED THE WARTS

By *Vince Molloy*

I AM an amateur hypnotist, and three years ago a fellow employee, Bob Faust, asked if I could remove warts through hypnosis. Informing him it had been done many times, I asked why he was interested.

Bob told me his wife had warts on both feet and that they caused her much suffering, particularly when she walked. He also said that for three years doctors had burned them off but that they had always returned.

I told Bob I would be glad to see what could be done, and a few nights later he and his wife, Myrtle, came to visit me. After Bob had introduced me to his young and attractive wife we sat and talked of hypnosis and of the various ways it was being used to help people. We talked until I felt that Myrtle was at ease in my presence and had sufficient understanding and confidence regarding the ability of the subconscious to heal.

I then questioned her about the warts, and she hesitantly removed her shoes, which had been made to order. I now fully realized what torment walking

must have caused her, for she had warts not only on the top of her feet but also over the soles. I had not known that warts could appear in such great numbers on one particular part of a person's body.

Seating Myrtle comfortably in a chair, I hypnotized her and suggested that within two weeks the warts would dry up and fall off, never to return. Two weeks later her feet were unblemished and healthy. This was three years ago, and she has not had a wart since then. I wish to emphasize that she was in a light stage of hypnosis and that I hypnotized her only once.

Skeptics may say this is an unusual case, but I say it is not unusual for the following reason. We often have heard of children going to some old man or woman, known to be a "wart healer," who performs some impressive act and tells the children that because of this the wart will go away—and, sure enough, the wart goes. This simply is faith. The children believe it will happen and the subconscious produces the desired results.



# 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.

## A SIGN IN BLOOD

By Evelyn Carlos

I HAD PRAYED for a sign from my departed mother, but I never expected it to be written in blood!

It all began on December 5, 1960, the evening of the first anniversary of my mother's death. I had been to visit my father in a private hospital near us in Victoria, B.C., and on arriving home found my husband and son had gone to bed.

I turned on TV and lay on the chesterfield to view it, my German Shepherd dog lying on the floor beside me. The lights in the living room were off, but as the kitchen and living room led right into one another with no door between, a patch of light lit up the front room and our TV set.

I had not been settled long when I jumped up and went to the kitchen, to make some tea. After this I resumed my position on the chesterfield with my tea. The dog was still sleeping peacefully, not having moved. Had he moved I would have heard him, as he had very

long toe nails, which click on our linoleum floors. Besides I could have seen him moving around as the kitchen looks right on to our TV set.

My attention was almost immediately caught by a pool of liquid directly in front of the TV set. I got up to investigate, tested it on my fingers, and found it looked to be blood.

I could only think that somehow it must be the dog, and I examined him from head to tail, looked down his throat and inspected his paws. My examination showed no injury or bleeding. By this time he was as interested in the pool of blood as I, and he proceeded to clean it off the floor by licking it up, stopping any further investigation.

I next wondered about my son and husband and started to their bedrooms. While examining the floor on the way to their rooms, which were off a small hallway adjacent to the living room, I noticed what appeared to be small globules of blood, somewhat bigger than a

pin point, leading around the sofa, past the oil stove in a straight line through the hallway, to the door of my husband's room, where they stopped.

There was nothing wrong with either my husband or son and no blood on their clothes. My husband said it must have come from the dog, despite the fact he was never in front of the TV and the blood was a big round pool, with no smearing of paws or tracking.

I would have let that explanation suffice had not a similar incident occurred the next day. This time the dog was outside and I was all alone in the house. We have an enameled oil stove in the kitchen next to the refrigerator. I had washed out a white undervest for my husband and one for my son and put them on top of the burner, side by side, to dry.

A sudden impulse led me to see how the rabbit we keep in our yard was getting on. I literally rushed out the house, picked up the rabbit and carried it back in my arms. My feet led me right back to the oil stove.

To my utter amazement, two round pools of what looked like blood confronted me, in the center of each undershirt.

It was so fresh it had not yet been absorbed by the shirts and the pools were identical, looking almost as if they had been poured from a

cup. The rabbit was the subject of a very thorough inspection this time, but there were no traces of blood either on it or me. I next looked through the refrigerator for meat which might have dripped on the stove, though I had not had any out. There was nothing but solidly frozen deer meat in the freezing compartment and the refrigerator yielded no clues.

I soaked the vests in cold water, as they appeared definitely to be blood stains and was just scrubbing the remaining stains with soap and water when my son came in from school. I showed him the stains before they finally reacted to the washing and disappeared.

My husband was convinced, as I had tried to convince myself, I had spilled blood from meat on the vests. A day or two later I thought I would make a test to satisfy myself. I unthawed the deer meat and poured the blood on some snowy white cloths. The blood from the meat was a brownish color, totally unlike the other stains and didn't form two perfectly round pools. This satisfied me that I couldn't have spilled the blood in a moment of aberration.

Was the fact that this happened on the anniversary of Mother's death the reason for this manifestation? Or was this just a coincidence. I had often prayed for a sign that my mother is still near

me. Could this have been the answer? — *Victoria, B.C.*

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### SOMETHING TOLD ME

By Marguetta G. Brown

MY MOTHER frequently blamed her misfortunes on not listening to what "something told me." As I grew up I also learned a respect for "something told me." That my respect was not misplaced was demonstrated in July, 1960.

Occasionally I take off my diamond engagement ring and leave it on a cupboard shelf as I wash dishes. Frequently I leave it there for several hours at a time. If I can't locate it at a glance, I don't worry because I know it is there.

But one day I could see my diamond was not on the shelf and "something" told me it it was really gone. Fear flooded my body. "Something" told me that I must find my ring immediately. I began to tremble. I started toward the phone to call the police. But a new wave of urgency washed over me and made me run past the phone out the door. I ran blindly to quiet the fear within me.

I found myself on my neighbors' front porch so I rang her door bell. The "hurry, hurry, hurry" feeling recharged through my body and without waiting for her to answer the door I whirled and turned down the walk to her garage.

There I met my four-year-old

daughter, who looked startled.

"Do you know where my diamond is? I must find it right away," I asked her.

She shook her head "no" and backed away.

"I won't spank you," I coaxed.

"She doesn't know, but I do," piped up a small voice behind me. There stood a little girl who rarely played in the neighborhood.

"She gave it to me and I'll show you where I put it," she continued.

The little girl took me into the garage and showed me my diamond ring lying on the bumper of the neighbor's car. I thanked her, put my ring on my finger and started home.

As I passed my neighbor's front door she called to me, "I'm sorry I didn't answer the front door right away. You see, when I heard the bell I was just going out the kitchen door to get in the car. I have to go to the store."

It hit me then how very critical the timing was in the finding of my diamond. I was so shaken I nearly collapsed, but I did have enough strength to breathe a prayer of thanks for a mother who taught me to listen to "something told me."

— *Ponca City, Okla.*

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### IN THE TEA LEAVES

By Nellie K. O'Brien

IT WAS DURING World War II that an odd coincidence hap-

pened while my daughter, Winifred, and I were working in a nearby mill during a period when my husband, William, was convalescing from a serious operation.

William was of English descent and a great lover of tea. A pot of tea, containing a brew of loose tea leaves, was usually on the stove. He often called our attention to what he said were pictures in the tea leaves in the bottom of his cup, predicting perhaps company, perhaps travel, or something else. We always joked about it but refused to take it seriously.

The end-of-the-year holidays were coming up and Winifred and I were making plans for Thanksgiving. After dinner on this particular day my husband suddenly said, "Well, you won't have to get a turkey. You are going to get one." In the bottom of his cup was as perfect a form of a turkey as you would want to see.

Two weeks later my daughter and I each got a fat, plump turkey from the firm where we worked.

Another similar incident occurred a few years later. My sister, Mabel, in extremely poor health, was in a nursing home. I had been to see her recently and she had seemed no worse than usual. At home, shortly afterwards, I picked up my tea cup after dinner, along with other dishes I meant to wash, and to my amazement a huge 5 was

perfectly etched in tea leaves on the bottom of the cup. Hands couldn't have done a better job of arranging the tea leaves. I attached no significance to it, however, and rinsed it out.

Two weeks later I received a phone call that Mabel had passed away. The date? May (the fifth month) 5, 1955.

I still wonder if both experiences were coincidences, or is there something prophetic about tea leaves?  
— Bridgewater, Mass.

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#### WITH HELP FROM GOD

By Clarence Benedict

**G**OD GUIDED the great Australian nurse Sister Kenny when she discovered the compress treatment to relieve the symptoms of paralytic polio. Perhaps God guided my hand when I tuned my radio to a dramatization of Sister Kenny's life given over a Grand Rapids radio station in 1944. For it inspired me to try her treatment on a friend who had been paralyzed for 15 years.

Doctors had said that Jack Purcell never would walk again and for 15 years he had remained in bed, paralyzed from the waist down. But just 20 months after my heaven-sent inspiration Jack was walking on crutches!

The evening I heard the Sister Kenny story on the radio I went to Jack and said, "Maybe it's a brain

storm, Jack, and I'm not trying to play God; but maybe, with prayers and the help of God, you could even walk on crutches."

That very evening I started. First I moved his toes, placing the evening paper between us so he couldn't see what I was doing. I would say, "Can you feel that?" as I moved first one toe and then another.

And so it went from April into winter. For five months I saw Jack every morning before I went to work and every evening I would exercise him. The only payment I asked was what Jack maintained his belief in God.

Eight months after we started Jack was able to sit up without aid, and in about a year he was using a wheel chair.

My ultimate triumph came on a Christmas eve, 20 months after we started, when Jack's brother-in-law drove him over in his car and I saw Jack get out of the car with his crutches. He had come to walk for me. — *Grand Rapids, Mich.*

#### MESSAGE RECEIVED

By Pauline L. Jensen

**I**CANNOT RECALL a time when we children and other members of our family were not aware that there was a mysterious means of communication between our parents.

"Put the kettle on," Mother

would say to one of us, "and warm up that meat in the ice box. I've a feeling your father will be home to dinner."

We never were surprised when, a little later, Father walked in, even though at the time Mother had made the statement he might have been in the next town on business.

This strange power of communication also played a part in a far more dramatic incident.

Because of poor health Father's business partner's only son, Paul, was being sent to Mexico where he would have the benefit of sun almost the year around. It was impossible for Mr. Boop to accompany him so Father volunteered to go. This was in 1906.

Arrived in Mexico, Father got Paul established in the school where his father had registered him. He then planned to spend a few days sightseeing.

On the third day as he was eating lunch, Father told us later, he suddenly laid down his fork. "I had such a strange feeling," he said. "It seemed as if your mother was trying to tell me something." He arose, paced a few steps, and decided to go home that night!

Father caught an evening train and said he seemed more relaxed once he was actually homeward bound. He was due to arrive in our home town, Gretna, Neb., late in the evening of the second day

but he had to change trains at Kansas City at 5:00 o'clock in the morning prior to that. There were no sleeper accomodations on the train to Kansas City so Father tried to make himself comfortable on a seat. He finally dozed off and while he slept he had a horrible dream in which Mother was beside him, wringing her hands and saying, "George, George!"

He told us that, at the time, he felt it wasn't just a dream. He could see the agony on Mother's face as she said, still in his dream, "George is gone."

He awoke in a cold sweat and looked at his watch. It was exactly 4:10 A.M. He was frantic. When the train pulled into Kansas City Father pushed his way through the crowd to the nearest telephone booth and called home.

When the call was put through he spoke with Doctor Benson. Mother had been given a sedative and she couldn't talk. She had tried to reach Father by telephone the day before to tell him to come home at once. She wanted to tell him my brother George was very ill.

Now the doctor told him, "George died at 4:00 o'clock this morning." — *Minneapolis, Minn.*

## TWO COLD HEARTS

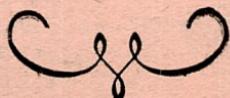
By Evelyn Carlos

**W**RETCHED WAS the word for the way I had felt the whole day long. By 7:00 P.M. I told my son that I had turned cold inside and had pains in my heart.

He brought me hot tea, piled blankets on top of me, and still I didn't warm up. I was shivering. Suddenly I announced, "Daniel, my heart has turned to ice!"

It wasn't long after this that my brother and sister-in-law walked in to tell me they had received a telephone message from Mother's doctor, that she had died while sitting down to dinner at our sister's place, 300 miles away.

We later confirmed that the time of Mother's death coincided exactly with the time "my heart turned to ice" although in the grief of the next days I didn't even remember I'd felt that way until my son recalled it to me. I was emotionally upset at the time with personal matters and had thought my symptoms were caused by them. Perhaps they were. And, yet, my mother's heart had gone ice cold almost at the exact time I announced to my son that my own heart was icy. — *Victoria, B.C., Canada.*





## THE PSYCHIC WARNING That Stopped the Train

A wise railroad man listens when his "inner voice" whispers of danger—and this man's spoke loud and clear.

*By Julie C. Crawford*

THE MEN who pioneered the Canadian Pacific Railway through British Columbia had many hair-breadth escapes from sudden death and most of them attributed their survival to warnings, of one kind or another, they had received. Wherever a group of railway men gathered, sooner or later the conversation turned to this subject and around some of these true warnings have grown up legends that persist to this day.

My father, Matthew Fulton Crawford, was a senior locomotive engineer who became increasingly interested in all things psychic as he got older. He had received several of these supranormal warnings during his career; three in particular are still talked about by the older railroad men.

My father died in 1954 at the age of 92. He was the last living person to have been present at the driving of the last spike on the

Railway in 1885. The 75th Anniversary of the railway was celebrated in November, 1960, a recording of his impressions, made in his 90th year, was broadcast coast to coast on the Canadian Broadcasting network. In Victoria I had the honor of cutting the Anniversary cake.

Father's first psychic warning came while he was a young man, running between the town of Kamloops and the divisional point of North Bend. It was in the spring of 1895, not far from the spot where the Thompson River empties into the mighty Fraser. The track there runs through a twisting series of curves that are still, at times, subject to mud and rock slides that come hurtling down the hillsides after a rain or snowfall, blocking the track for yards and sometimes carrying it away altogether.

On that night of the first warning Dad was going west with a long freight. It was a rainy night. The pitch black outside the cab was only dimly pierced by the locomotive headlight of that day. He had been thinking of his young, dearly-loved wife who had died suddenly and tragically in childbirth. In the darkness she seemed very near to him.

But along with these thoughts came another that made him uneasy. He called across to the fireman who was placidly sipping tea

over on the opposite seat.

"It's a dirty night. There'll be slides somewhere along the line."

"It won't be long till we get to the Bend, now," the fireman replied. "After all we're over the worst part of the road. Old Honey (the watchman) must have been over this bit less than an hour ago."

Dad nodded. He knew Old Honey was a faithful and competent watchman who probably would make an extra patrol on a night like this. Still he couldn't shake a feeling of apprehension. Then suddenly a voice said in his ear, "Stop! Don't go any further!"

Dad looked back at the fireman, "What did you say? What did you see ahead?"

"I didn't see anything or say anything; because I wasn't looking out of the window," the fireman replied. "What's the matter with you?"

"But you said to stop!"

"I said no such thing! Why would I? Don't go getting pipe dreams, Matt."

As the fireman turned away Dad heard again the single clear command. "Stop! Stop right now!"

He looked around him, then leaned out of the window but he could see only a few feet ahead in the rays of the headlight. He glanced at the fireman who had opened the firebox door to refuel. And, as he hesitated, once more the

clear, loud command came.

"Stop . . . stop . . . STOP!"

This time Dad obeyed. The train began to slow down.

"Well! What do you think you're doing?" the fireman wanted to know. "They aren't going to like this back on the tail."

"I'm stopping the train," Dad replied quietly. "And I don't care whether they like it or not. Someone or something told me to stop and I'm doing just that, till I find out what's ahead."

"Wait till you hear the dressing down you'll get! Ha . . . ha!"

"All right. If I'm wrong, I'll take it without a kick, but I'm going to see."

Father took the torch he used in oiling and was at the gangway as the conductor and brakeman hurried up, sputtering and swearing.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"To have a look up ahead," Dad said doggedly.

"He says he heard a voice telling him to stop," jeered the fireman.

The conductor paused and looked sharply at the young fireman. "You're still pretty green about these things, ain't you? After a while you'll learn—maybe. If you don't you'll be no use on a railroad. I'll go ahead with you, Matt."

The two men plodded ahead through the darkness while the fireman and the brakie watched derisively. A hundred yards ahead of the stationary engine the two men stopped and then beckoned the others with the torch.

They came reluctantly, for it was very wet and the mud was heavy. But when they stood beside Dad and the conductor, their mouths fell open.

"My God!" said the fireman fervently. "Look at that!"

"Yes," said Dad. "You should thank God, for certainly, but for that warning, we'd be in the Fraser now."

Just beyond where they stood a huge rock slide had carried away the track and the embankment for more than 100 feet.

"We'd have been in the Fraser," the fireman repeated slowly. "How did you know?"

The conductor looked at him sternly. "Let this be a warning to you, my lad. When a seasoned railroader like Matt says he has a hunch to stop, he has a hunch! See you never forget what you've learned tonight—if you want to be a railroader. Bill, out with the flags and then back to Honey's cabin so he can send out the word. Matt, you get the highball back into the sidetrack; it's only a couple of miles back, thank God. When the wrecker's through they may let

us go back to Lytton. And Matt... thank heaven you had that hunch."

\* \* \*

FATHER'S SECOND warning occurred about a year later, in the spring of 1896, on this same section of the railroad, although this time he was going east to his home town, Kamloops. It was a night similar to the one on which he had received the previous warning, and along where the road follows the margin of Kamloops Lake in a series of sharp curves and passes through short tunnels. These curves and tunnels are still there as no way has been found to eliminate them.

This time Father's fireman was his young brother-in-law, John Ladner, a blithe spirit, always good-tempered, and a good railroader. But on this night, for some reason, Jack was uneasy and kept saying to Dad, "I don't know why I feel like this but I'll be glad to get home safely tonight."

Dad started to reply but suddenly broke off as the gong that hung in the cab, in those days used to warn the engineer there was trouble somewhere along the train, began to ring loudly. This gong was connected with the caboose by a long cord running across the top of the train. When anything happened to break the train apart, which was frequently in those days of hand-brakes, both

the conductor and the engineer were alerted.

Jack looked at Dad and whistled. "What would cause a break in the train just now? There's no grade here to speak of. Maybe just a jar jerked the cord."

"Probably some brake somewhere along the train just hasn't held," Dad replied, reaching for the throttle. The engineer slowed to a stop at the beginning of a long curve. "Well, better here! The Cherry Creek tunnel is around the corner."

The gong had only just stopped ringing when the conductor came up wanting to know what the matter was up front.

"We'd like to know what the matter is back there in the caboose," Jack grinned at Sam Jones. "Did you get so excited back there arguing about elections that you pulled the cord by mistake?"

Sam, who was known for his choice English when annoyed, responded exactly as Jack had anticipated. But both Jack and Dad were too much concerned with finding out the trouble and getting started again to bait Sam further.

After a minute or two Sam said "We weren't talking politics . . . and we were watching our language . . . we took on Father La Jeune back there at Cherry Creek. I've a proper respect for the cloth . . . and what's this about the gong ringing?"

"Oh, it rang loud and long," Dad replied. "So . . . unless the train has broken apart, you must have rung it."

"Didn't see any sign of a break as I came along and we sure didn't ring the gong. We were cooking breakfast. If it was anybody else than you Matt, I'd say that you were playing tricks. Are you sure it . . . ?"

"Yes, we both heard it. It rang for a couple of minutes steadily." Dad and Jack answered together.

The conductor looked at them soberly.

"If I didn't know that neither of you is a drinking man . . . You say the gong rang for about two minutes and I say it never rang in the caboose at all. You weren't both asleep, were you?"

"No, having tea," Jack retorted.

"Well, maybe a hobo somewhere. One of you go over the top of the train and I'll see if there's anybody riding the rods."

But in a few minutes both men returned without a solution to the mystery. It was beginning to grow light and the steady drizzle continued.

The conductor scratched his head. "I still say you've been hearing things. Let's get going."

He hurried back to the caboose. Dad reached for the throttle. But no sooner had the train begun to drift around the long curve than

the gong rang again, loud and insistent. At the same instant, Jack, who had his head out of his window, drew it in to shout, "My God, Matt! The mouth of the tunnel is blocked with a slide. Shut her off and jump for your life! Quick! Before we hit!"

In less time than it takes to tell it, both men had jumped through the cab windows since there was no time to seek the usual way out of the stricken engine as she mounted the huge rockpile and lay there a broken thing, panting out great clouds of steam in the dawn air.

Dad was the luckier one. He landed on the sandy slope of the lakeshore where he lay unconscious. The rest of the train crew, shaken but unhurt, carried Jack from the rock pile where he had lit and placed him beside Dad. Father Le Jeune volunteered to go back to Cherry Creek and wake the operator there.

Dad's wrist was broken and he had received a cut from one eyebrow to his hairline. He carried the scar from this till his dying day. Jack had injured his back and was off the road for some time.

However, if the gong had not rung and Dad had not stopped the train just before the accident, both of them would have been killed, for the train would have plowed into the rock pile going at full speed.

Jack managed to get the gong from the repair crew and for years it hung beneath his window so that the call boy, summoning him in the middle of the night, needed only to pull the cord to wake him.

In spite of his happy nature, my uncle had a very thoughtful side. On more than one occasion he said to Dad, "Matt, I've a hunch that one of these days I'll be going out in a hurry. When I do I'll find a way to let you know."

\* \* \*

**I**N JANUARY, 1904 both Dad and my Uncle Jack were working out east of Revelstoke. Dad had the passenger run from Revelstoke to Laagan through some of the most beautiful—and the most dangerous—scenery in the world. The Connaught Tunnel was not yet built but smaller tunnels and snowsheds made easier passage during the long winter in the Rockies. The track ascended to the summit by a series of loops and switchbacks, infinitely picturesque but requiring the use of an auxiliary engine, or pusher, to assist the trains to the top. The pusher jobs were monotonous but better paid and for this reason some engineers chose to spend their whole time in that capacity. Jack chose it because it enabled him to provide extra luxuries for his mother. His father, The Rev. Charles Ladner, was a pioneer minister too given to open-handed generosity.

Dad had been home for Christmas that year and on the night of January 21, as Dad was saying good-night to the Ladners at the parsonage, Grandmother gave him a pair of the warm wristlets she was always knitting to keep Jack's wrists warm during the extremely cold Rocky Mountain winter.

"Are you likely to see Jack on your run tomorrow?" she asked. "If you don't would you leave these with somebody to give to him? He wrote someone had taken his."

"I'll probably see him at Field either going up or coming back. Sure, I'll take them," Dad replied.

"Thank you, Matt. I'll be so glad when Jack is off the big hill," Grandmother fretted.

All the way east the next day Dad was glad his mother-in-law could not see the mountains as they looked in the intense cold, menacing, implacable. The track was in fair condition for the big rotary plough had preceded the passenger train and he was right on time when he pulled into Field station at the summit at 6:00 o'clock.

As soon as Dad was properly stopped, Jack swung easily into the cab with a cheery greeting. "Pity poor sailors on a night like this! Can't be much colder at the North Pole. What's this? O, good. Just what I need. And how's my best girl?"

"Worrying about you as usual. Where are you going?"

"Down the hill with a freight. Did you get your new watch, Matt?"

Dad pulled his watch out for Jack to examine. "The case isn't much but it's 21 jeweled, the best works I could afford, and guaranteed to keep perfect time."

They discussed the watch for some minutes and then Jack, noting the time was nearing for Dad's departure, turned toward the gangway.

Dad followed him. "Jack, be extra careful going down the hill. It's a bad night and if you've got a heavy train you may have some trouble. It's slippery now and the track's getting worse all the time. Hold her tight."

"Thanks, Matt. You're always looking out for me, but I've gone down the hill in a lot of blizzards this winter. I'm getting used to it. Besides, if the train starts to run away there's always the safety switches. Nothing could happen once the train got in them. I'll be all right."

He turned just before he stepped to the ground and said, cheerfully, "But if I don't get there, I'll find a way to let you know."

"Forget that! Just take care!"

Jack swung into the cab of his own engine that stood headed west on an adjoining track and waved

as Dad's engine began to move east down the hill toward Laagan, the end of the run.

It was good to sit in the dining room of the boarding-house, to enjoy the hot supper, and once that had been consumed the men began to ask Dad about his watch.

With pride, Dad pulled it from his pocket saying casually, "It's not much to look at because I didn't splurge on the case. But it keeps perfect . . ."

He stopped, looked at the watch more closely, then glanced up at the big clock on the wall. He couldn't believe his eyes. The new watch had stopped at four minutes to 8:00 . . . 1956 railroad time!

The men began to make derisive remarks about the jeweller who had sold the watch and Dad's gullibility in believing what he had been told.

Dad did not hear them. He wound the watch carefully but it still would not go. Neither would the hands budge. He could not move them ahead of the hour at which they had stopped.

He finally pushed back his chair and got into his outdoor clothes. Paying no attention to the continuing jibes of his friends he went out into the cold and started for the station.

Half way there he met the operator running. "Matt, I was just at the bunk-house looking for you."

"What's wrong, Mike?"

"Matt . . . Matt . . . My God, I hate to tell you this . . . Jack's train ran away on the hill!"

"But there were safety switches," Dad protested.

"She went clean through the safety switch and telescoped into that big rock at the end of the second . . . No sign of Jack or his fireman!"

Thus a week of nightmare began. Dad got an exchange engineer to take the train to Revelstoke the next day. He himself joined the wrecking crew until three days later when Jack was found under the wreckage of the completely demolished engine.

When they did find him, *his watch too was stopped at exactly four minutes to 8:00*—the same time as Dad's. Nor was this all! *The clock on the second safety switch that automatically recorded the instant an engine passed over it also stood exactly at the same hour and minute.*

*All three clocks had stopped on precisely the same minute.*

But there was this difference. Jack's watch ran again when it was wound up and his father carried it to his dying day. The clock on the switch, once it was released, also resumed its normal function.

But Dad's watch never would go again!

He took it to the jeweller who had sold it to him but Guy Barber could find nothing wrong with it. Later, when he went east on legislative work for the Engineer's Lodge, Dad took it to a big jeweller's for examination. There was, they said, no reason why it should have stopped in the first place, nor why it wouldn't go in the second, as it was in perfect working condition. After that Dad stopped trying to do anything about it.

One of Jack's very good friends gave Dad a watch to take its place and begged Dad never to change the other or to use it again. And he didn't. It still is in the family; its hands fixed at the hour when my uncle left this world so tragically.

Naturally, the watch was talked about for a long time wherever two railroaders met and it was not unusual to have perfect strangers come to the house and say: "I work for the C.P.R. out of Calgary—or Moosejaw—or Brandon—We heard that you have the watch that stopped when your brother-in-law was killed. Can we see it?"

And Dad would show it, and tell the story again.

Coincidence? Maybe.

But Dad said that Jack had kept his promise and had let him know the exact minute he had reached the end of his earthly run!

# THE GOLDEN FIREFLIES OF SPACE

*By John C. Ross*

What were the tiny luminous objects Astronaut Glenn saw swarming in space from his orbiting capsule?



WHEN COL. JOHN GLENN'S Atlas rocket lifted slowly from its pad at Cape Canaveral last February 20 the people of the Free World could know for the first time some of the mysteries of space. What parts of the story remain untold we do not yet know, but Colonel Glenn's flight has revealed at least two unexplained mysteries.

The orange lances of flame bore the shining rocket aloft in increasing and almost unbearable acceleration and it arched gracefully toward the east. America's first Astronaut was able to gasp prosai-

cally, "It's a little bumpy along about here."

Six minutes after the 9:47 A.M. launching Glenn was already 100 miles up and weightless. "I feel fine," he said. "The view is tremendous."

Fifteen minutes after liftoff he had nearly crossed the Atlantic Ocean; he could see the Canary Islands and shortly afterward the coast of Africa, the Atlas Mountains shining clear. Inland, Colonel Glenn could see huge dust clouds blowing up from the Sahara Desert, along its edges brush fire smoke.

His first sunset came over the Indian Ocean, where oranges, yellows and purples mixed in vast profusion over a third of the horizon. The sun set 13 times faster than it would on Earth and in a few seconds the space capsule plunged into the thick darkness of night. And here Colonel Glenn observed his first unexplained phenomenon. As the stars raced by and dipped below the earth, they shown steady and bright until they neared the horizon. Then they dimmed for a bit—but brightened again before they actually set. It appeared to Glenn that the stars were passing through a layer of haze about six to eight degrees above the earth and two degrees thick.

At sunset there was an unexplained bright band of orange and blue light over the horizon and it seemed to last for a long time after the sun had set. This was entirely unexpected, and the temporary dimming of the stars near the horizon may have been another expression of the same phenomenon.

The space capsule completed three orbits of the Earth in four hours 41 minutes, and Colonel Glenn witnessed three sunrises and three sunsets during that brief time.

During the sunrises came the strangest sight of all. His first dawn was over the Pacific Ocean. He was checking his instruments

and looked out the window. For a moment he thought he must have tumbled upside down and was seeing a field of stars. But his instruments showed he was oriented properly and he looked out again.

There, spread as far as he could see, were countless tiny luminous objects, glowing in the sky like fireflies. They drifted slowly by and Colonel Glenn later commented:

"I was riding slowly through them, and the sensation was like walking backwards through a pasture where someone had waved a wand and made all the fireflies stop right where they were and glow steadily."

These "space fireflies" were greenish gold in color; they seemed to be only six to 10 feet apart and they obviously were also in orbit at about the same speed as Colonel Glenn. They drifted by slowly—he thought he was passing through the swarm at perhaps three to five miles an hour—a negligible difference in speed compared with the space capsule's 17,545 m.p.h.

The nearest "fireflies" occasionally would move across Colonel Glenn's viewing port as if the passage of the capsule had disturbed their normal orbits.

Apparently the objects were visible only at sunrise because of the oblique angle of the sun at that time—but whether its rays were of such a value as to activate a lu-

minous mechanism in the "fireflies," or whether they were illuminated merely by reflection, remains unanswered.

Colonel Glenn observed the identical phenomena during each of his three sunrises. Since each sunrise took place over a different area of the globe, and since there was a negligible difference in their speed, the conclusion is inevitable that the swarm was accompanying him on his orbit — although we are not implying that this was more than by chance.

Even though Colonel Glenn saw them at each sunrise it is also uncertain whether he was merely in the midst of a swarm of the "fireflies" and they were orbiting the Earth together, or whether they were widespread everywhere at the altitude where he was flying — 100 to 160 miles above the earth.

During his second sunrise Glenn turned the capsule around so he could look in the direction of the flow of the "fireflies". Although he could see far fewer of them than when he had been facing the other direction, they were still there. This disproved any idea that they might have been from the exhaust of his control jets.

He attempted to take photographs of the objects with his 35-mm. hand-held camera, and these photographs were being analyzed as this is written, although there have

been no public announcements.

Colonel Glenn discarded the idea that these tiny space objects were anything coming from his capsule. It crossed his mind that they might have been the lost batch of needles that the Air Force had tried to orbit, but he could think of no reason why needles would glow like fireflies.

Later, Colonel Glenn explained to his post-flight news conference that during his debriefing he had described the golden fireflies he had seen. A psychiatrist present asked him, "What did they say, John?"

And well the question might have been asked.

UFO fans who believe that flying saucers have contacted humans on earth triumphantly pointed out that George Adamski, the No. 1 contactee of our time, has described an identical phenomenon.

In his second book, *Inside the Space Ships*, first published in 1955, Adamski describes what purport to be his trips into outer space aboard giant ships containing humans from other planets. Adamski tells us under the heading, "My First Look At Outer Space:"

"Firkon (a spaceman) motioned to me to come to one of the portholes as he said: 'Perhaps you would like to see what space really looks like.'

"I soon forgot my disappointment as I looked out. I was amazed

to see that the background of space is totally dark. Yet there were manifestations taking place all around us, as though billions upon billions of fireflies were flickering everywhere, moving in all directions, as fireflies do. However, these were of many colors, a gigantic celestial fireworks display that was beautiful to the point of being awesome."

There is not really a discrepancy between Adamski's description and that of Colonel Glenn.

While Adamski has the fireflies "moving in all directions", his space ship during the period of his observation was presumably in deep space. Under such conditions, if gravitational forces were reasonably balanced, sentient objects presumably could move in different directions.

This would not be the case with John Glenn's "fireflies", however. If they were of physical matter, as seems likely, they would have to be orbiting the earth just as he was, and at the same speed, or they would fall to its surface.

Just why they would all be going in the same direction, however, poses another mystery, since the earth could be orbited in any direction, though "fireflies" orbiting in the direction directly opposite to his space capsule would have to have a speed of 35,090 m.p.h. relative to his own. It is doubtful that

he could see tiny objects at such speeds. Even if he could they would be only tiny instantaneous flashes of light.

Colonel Glenn could not take much time to concentrate on his "fireflies", however. There were many other things to do—managing his space capsule and its controls; scanning and operating instruments; communicating with ground stations; and withal, marvelling at the magnificent panorama of the earth unfolding below him.

The sky was black overhead, even by day, and he could pick out a few stars in daylight. He was surprised that so much of the earth was covered with clouds—a great deal more than he had expected. The moon gleamed on the surfaces of the clouds as he crossed the Pacific Ocean three times during his flight, and he could see their tops etched brightly in the moonlight. Over the Indian Ocean he watched great thunderstorms to his left, and could see the lightning illuminating them dramatically "as if they held bulbs which pulsed on and off."

He saw the entire state of Florida in one view, outlined against the ocean as if it were a map, and communities as far apart as Perth, Australia, where the residents turned on all available lights to send him a greeting, and the Mississippi Delta were simultaneously visible.

At 2:43 P.M. Astronaut John Glenn splashed down into the warm ocean near Grand Turk Island in the Bahamas. Eighteen minutes later the Destroyer *Noa* hauled his space capsule aboard. He was fine, in great physical condition, and had not suffered with disorientation or nausea which plagued Soviet

Cosmonaut Gherman S. Titov.

But as will be true with other explorers in the developing space age, however many problems his flight has solved — and we do not know what these may be as yet — he probably has returned with more questions than he has been able to answer.



### THE CUSTOMER IN THE CEMETERY

*By J. Mortimer Sheppard*

A STRANGE-LOOKING man, dressed in black from head to toe, entered a furniture store in Foggia, the leading town of Apulia Province in Italy, and in a soft voice told the salesgirl, "I wish to purchase a sofa like the one in this drawing, but it must be black, made of ebony and finished in black silk. The arms can be of silver or gold color."

The salesgirl, according to Italian newspapers which ran the story recently, explained that the store did not have such an article in stock. The prospective customer, however, insisted, "I am not in a hurry. I have waited for many years, and I can wait a while longer for my sofa to be built according to my specifications. Here is my address." He handed the young woman a sheet of paper.

The girl accepted the paper and glanced at the name and address. When she looked up in a second or two, she found that the man had disappeared.

Failing to see him either in the store or on his way out, she called to a boy who worked in the store and asked him to help her look. They searched diligently, but failed to locate the black-garbed man.

When the owner of the store returned and had matters explained to him, he examined the paper which bore a drawing of a sofa shaped like a coffin and also the name and address of the prospective customer: Franco Saverio Ricci, telephone number 19629, third plot.

The telephone book failed to reveal the man's name and there proved to be no such number. But the word "plot" suggested a cemetery, and upon investigation they found that the so-called "third plot" was reserved for bombing victims of World War II in Foggia. They visited the cemetery and discovered that plot number 19629 was the grave of Franco Saverio Ricci — the name of their would-be customer.



## THE RESTLESS SEXTON

The garden path was made of tombstones—but only one particularly interested the little man with the spade.

*By Lilian Chapman*

WHEN MY COUSIN Jim retired from the Metropolitan Police Force he decided to buy a cottage in his home County, Somerset, and so taking a furnished house at Taunton he set about finding what he thought would be a perfect cottage for himself and his wife. They had no children and a large place would be useless, but both are keen gardeners so a sizable garden was important to them.

After much searching and many headaches for themselves and the house agent, they found what seemed just right in a small village near

Taunton. True, the cottage was sadly in need of a coat of paint and would have to be re-decorated throughout, but both Jim and his wife were prepared for more than a little "Do it yourself". The garden was almost a wilderness, but buried beneath the tangled brambles there were good herbaceous borders, a nice kitchen garden and beyond this a small orchard, and surely with the help of a jobbing gardener it could be licked into shape.

The previous owner, Tom Bond, had been a very old man who according to village reports was a

“queer one” who firmly believed in ghosts, witches, and hob-goblins and had often been heard talking “to them.” He would not allow anybody to touch his garden.

Having bought the cottage, Jim and Helen worked at it for some months and then with the help of Bob, a really hard-working old gardener, they started tackling the garden. One of the tasks was clearing a paved path leading through the kitchen garden to the orchard. This path had become so overgrown with weeds and covered with soil that only a little of the paving was visible.

Having cleared a few yards, Jim was astonished to find that the stones were of curious shape, some broken and roughly put together, and some with very worn inscriptions and what appeared to be epitaphs. It soon became clear to him that they were ancient tombstones.

He decided to ask Bob a few questions about them as Bob knew much of the history of the village.

“Oh yes,” said Bob, “I remember hearing that they were given by ‘Old Parson’ to Tom Bond when he was making a garage of the old coach house at the Rectory.”

“Old Parson” had been dead many years, but even so the present Vicar was still known as

“Young Parson” and couldn’t be expected to know much about it. But according to Bob the stones had been stacked in the coach-house for a great number of years. Nobody knew where they had come from.

Jim was rather proud of having such an unusual path in his garden, and after much labor the whole was finished and the following summer my husband and I received an invitation to stay a few days with my cousin. At the end of the letter a P.S. said: “There is something very queer going on in my garden!”

Thinking Jim had raised a quite new species of plant we looked forward to an interesting weekend.

Arriving at the Cottage on a Friday afternoon we were proudly shown around and I must say they had made it very attractive. However, when I asked: “Where is the new plant?” Jim laughingly explained that it was not a plant but a ghost, or at least a ghostly noise. Very often they had been awakened between 11:00 and 12:00 o’clock by something that sounded like a spade banging on stone and once he had seen a misty figure like a bent old man carrying a spade. Jim admitted this might have been a trick of the light but added, anyhow we might hear or see something ourselves and he proposed that we all sit in the garden the

following evening until after midnight.

This night as we were now rather tired after our long journey an early to bed seemed a good idea and so thankfully we were in our bedroom just before 11:00 o'clock. I think it must have been just before midnight when I was awakened by a metallic banging, three sharp bangs, just like a spade on a stone, then three more, followed by silence. Our window looked over the kitchen garden and the path towards the orchard, but in the dim light I could see nothing. Thinking that Jim was playing tricks on us I returned to my bed and slept soundly until morning.

At breakfast I asked Jim if he thought he had fooled us with his spade banging, but he assured us he had done nothing, neither had he heard anything. The day passed pleasantly, a rare warm day and we were able to sit in the garden even after supper. At about 11:00 o'clock we decided to move a garden seat to a spot where we could get a good view of the tombstoned pathway. Jim fetched a large jug of Somerset cider; Helen and I donned our cardigans and so, fortified within and without, we sat awaiting events.

Just before midnight a blackbird whistled and flew out from a nearby bush, making us all jump and giving Helen and me an attack of

the giggles. A few moments later we all heard shuffling footsteps, followed by three distinct bangs of metal on stone. Looking along the path I could see, in the dim light, what appeared to be a misty figure of a little man with a spade raised in his hand ready to make three more bangs. These were then heard by us all, and were followed by yet another three metallic bangs.

As I watched, my scalp feeling more prickly every moment, the figure just melted away. With a gasp I said: "Did you see it?"

Jim and Helen had seen nothing but had distinctly heard the bangs. My husband said, yes, he had seen it and described the identical figure I had seen. We all had been too petrified to move and now, shivering a little we went indoors where we decided, after much discussion, that we would watch again the following night and that at the first bang we would all walk towards the figure which had paused to bang somewhere around the sixth paving stone from the orchard gate. We told ourselves we should then know for a certainty if it was somebody playing tricks.

The following evening, a Sunday, we again waited on the garden seat. Nothing happened and feeling rather foolish and still a little doubtful we decided to have a good look at the stones the next day. We had intended returning

home on Monday but Jim begged us to stay a few more days to try to solve this strange happening. We agreed not to discuss it with Bob or anybody in the village as we did not want to be bothered with ghost hunters or the press.

After a rather late breakfast Monday morning we walked along the path towards the orchard gate, then turned and counted six stones. This sixth stone was one of the whole ones, very worn and with no inscription. Jim suggested that it would be a good idea if he turned it over so, fetching a couple of crowbars, he and my husband carefully turned it. When they had cleaned away some of the earth they were able to read a little of what was left of the epitaph.

The name, Thomas Green, was clear enough; the date of his death was not so clear, 1741 perhaps. Most interesting were the words, "For—years sexton of this Parish—Rest in Peace."

Poor Thomas Green apparently was not resting in peace and then suddenly I knew why. Surely he who had dug graves and erected

tombstones for so many was entitled to his own grave and stone in consecrated ground. What had happened to his grave we could not say—but here, clearly enough, was his headstone and he seemed to object to its remaining in this garden.

Jim and my husband decided they must go and see "Young Parson" about it and returning to the house they immediately phoned him for an appointment. After "Young Parson" had heard the whole strange story they all decided that the tombstones should be returned to the churchyard, where they may be seen to this day propped against the wall by the old yew tree.

"Young Parson" never has discovered how the tombstones came to be in the coach-house. Even Bob has not been able to ferret out any information for us on this.

One thing is sure. The restless little Sexton is now at peace and nobody has either seen or heard him or the clang of his spade again.

My cousin now has a concrete path running through his garden.

### LUCK IN REVERSE

**A** FEW MINUTES after Mrs. Stephen Hayes of Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, Canada, found a four leaf clover in her lawn, her husband's car was struck by another, causing damage estimated at \$500. The next day a five-ton truck loaded with cement rolled over and demolished the Haye's picket fence.



For 25 years this shy medium produced evidential phenomena under laboratory conditions. Her ability was acclaimed as genuine by famed scientists.

*By Alison J. Smith*

*Leonore Piper*

## **Prof. William James'** **"ONE WHITE CROW"**

THE LATE PROFESSOR William James of Harvard was one of the greatest psychologist-philosophers America has yet produced. The son of a Swedenborgian clergyman, he was one of the founders of the Pragmatic School which holds that only those principles that can be demonstrated not only theoretically, by deduction, but practically, by use, deserve intelligent consideration—a far cry from Swedenborg's "Heavenly Arcana."

Yet this unbending pragmatist was converted to a belief in the reality

of psychic phenomena to such an extent that he became one of the founders of the *American Society For Psychical Research* and a president of the *Society For Psychical Research*, London. The medium who accomplished this seeming miracle was Mrs. Leonore Piper of Boston, who became to Professor James "the one white crow that proves not all crows are black". In other words, she was the one honest medium whose mere existence refuted the charge that all mediums are fakes.

Professor James first met Mrs. Piper in 1885 when she had been practicing her mediumship for only a year. She had discovered her psychic ability quite by accident when she consulted a well-known Boston medium to have a medical problem (a tumor) diagnosed clairvoyantly and, for the first few months after the discovery, she practiced only in an amateur way with personal friends and members of her own family. Indeed, when Professor James first met her she was hardly more than a semi-professional medium, largely unknown even in Boston.

Professor James' first contact with Mrs. Piper came about quite casually. His mother-in-law, a Mrs. Gibbens, had heard about Mrs. Piper through friends and, since she had never visited a medium, she decided to satisfy her curiosity by making an appointment for a seance.

On returning to the James residence in Cambridge after the seance with Mrs. Piper Mrs. Gibbens was most enthusiastic. She informed Professor James that while in trance Mrs. Piper had told her facts about certain relatives, living and dead, which she could not have acquired in any normal, ordinary way.

Professor James laughed at her credulity and called her a victim of mediumistic trickery. He gave a rather superior "explanation" of

how mediums accomplished their fakery. However, Mrs. Gibbens remained impressed by Mrs. Piper and the following week she attended another seance, this time inducing Professor James' sister-in-law to accompany her.

The sister-in-law was just as impressed by the seance as Mrs. Gibbens had been and both women returned to Cambridge singing the praises of Mrs. Piper. Again Professor James tried to disillusion them, without success. They, in turn, challenged him to visit Mrs. Piper. Somewhat irked by the women's stubbornness in refusing to accept his "logical" explanations of the phenomena they claimed to have witnessed, he agreed. His wife made an appointment for a "Mr. and Mrs. James" to see Mrs. Piper.

On arriving at Mrs. Piper's home where the seance was to be held Professor James was surprised to note the complete absence of the usual mediumistic props. There was no cabinet, no red light, no circle of chairs, no trumpets, no crystal ball. The sitters — two or three others were present — merely sat wherever they liked in Mrs. Piper's modest but comfortable living room. Mrs. Piper herself surprised him also by her quiet manner and conservative dress. There was nothing garish or flamboyant about her; she might have been a middle-aged Sunday School teacher. She polite-

ly warned her guests that there would be nothing sensational about the seance, that she was not a materializing medium, there would be no telekinesis, no levitations, no apports, the lights would be dimmed, she would go into a trance and one of her spirit-controls, probably "Doctor Phinuit", who in life had been a French physician, would then take over. There might or might not be messages — this was something over which she had no control.

Professor James tells what followed:

"Mrs. J. and I were, of course, careful to make no reference to our relatives who had preceded. The medium, however, when entranced, repeated most of the names of 'spirits' whom she had announced on the two former occasions and added others. The names came with difficulty, and were only gradually made perfect. My wife's father's name of Gibbens was announced first as Niblin, then as Giblin. A child, Herman, (whom we had lost the previous year) had his name spelled out as Herrin. I think that in no case were both Christian and surnames given on this visit. But the facts predicated of the persons named made it in many instances impossible not to recognize the particular individ-

uals talked about. We took particular pains on this occasion to give the Phinuit control no help over his difficulties and to ask no leading question. In the light of subsequent experience I believe this not to be the best policy. For it often happens, if you give this trance personage a name or some small fact for the lack of which he is brought to a standstill, that he will then start off with a copious flow of additional talk, containing in itself an abundance of 'tests'.

"My impression after this first visit was that Mrs. Piper was either possessed of supernormal powers, or knew the members of my wife's family by sight and had by some lucky coincidence become acquainted with such a multitude of their domestic circumstances as to produce the startling impression which she did. My later knowledge of her sittings and personal acquaintance with her has led me absolutely to reject the latter explanation, and to believe that she has supernormal powers."

Professor James visited Mrs. Piper a number of times that winter and also sent strangers to her unannounced beforehand, in all about 25 persons reported. One half of these reported nothing worth mentioning. The remainder were

surprised, according to the statement of Professor James, at the communications they received. All this Professor James reported in *Proceedings* of the ASPR for 1886. He concluded his report with this statement:

"I am persuaded of the medium's honesty, and of the genuineness of her trance; and although at first disposed to think that the 'hits' she made were either lucky coincidences, or the result of knowledge on her part of who the sitter was and of his or her family affairs, I now believe her to be in possession of a power as yet unexplained."

Hypnosis was then popular as a technique in the new science of psychiatry (Freud was using it with considerable success in Vienna) and Professor James was curious about the possible relationship between the hypnotic state and the mediumistic trance. He engaged in a series of experiments with Mrs. Piper, finally coming to the conclusion that the two conditions bore no relationship to each other.

Professor James continued his own sittings with Mrs. Piper and although now completely convinced of her integrity he realized that further investigation was desirable. At his request the ASPR sent its new Research Officer, Doctor Richard Hodgson, to Boston.

Doctor Hodgson, who had come to the ASPR from the faculty of

Cambridge University in England, was an exceedingly tough-minded investigator with legal training. He recently had returned from India where he had examined the famous Madame Blavatsky and had published a detailed report terming her a complete fraud. He came to Boston with a snickersee well sharpened for Mrs. Piper.

In his report to the ASPR on Mrs. Piper the destroyer of Madame Blavatsky wrote:

"My own knowledge of Mrs. Piper began in May, 1887, about a fortnight after my arrival in Boston, and my first appointment for a sitting was made by Professor William James. Professor James had visited her about a dozen times during the previous year and a half, and had sent a large number of persons to her, making appointments himself for most of these people, whose names were in no instance announced to the medium. As a result of his inquiries he became fully convinced that Mrs. Piper had supernormal powers.

"I had several sittings myself with Mrs. Piper, at which much intimate knowledge, some of it personal, was shown of deceased friends or relatives of mine, and I made appointments for sittings for at least 50 persons whom I believed to be strangers to Mrs.

Piper, taking the utmost precautions to prevent her obtaining any information beforehand as to who the sitters were to be. The general result was the same as in my own case. Most of these persons were told facts through the trance utterance which they felt sure could not have become known to Mrs. Piper by ordinary means. For several weeks, moreover, at the suggestion of one of the members, detectives were employed for the purpose of ascertaining whether there were any indications that Mrs. Piper or her husband, or other persons connected with her, tried to ascertain facts about possible sitters by the help of confederates, or other ordinary methods of inquiry, but not the smallest indication whatever of any such procedure was discovered. My own conclusion was that—after allowing the widest possible margin for information obtainable under the circumstances by ordinary means, for chance coincidence and remarkable guessing, aided by clues given consciously and unconsciously by the sitters, and helped out by supposed hyperaesthesia on the part of Mrs. Piper—there remained a large residuum of knowledge displayed in her trance state, which could not be accounted for except on the hypothesis that she had some

supernormal power; and this conviction has been strengthened by later investigations."

During his work with Mrs. Piper a good friend of Dr. Hodgson's died unexpectedly. His name was George Pelham, Boston-born and a Harvard graduate, but living in New York in bachelor quarters at the time of his death. He had been a member of the ASPR and Doctor Hodgson had known him very well. Like Hodgson, Pelham was a lawyer by training, although devoting himself largely to writing on philosophical and psychological subjects. He and Hodgson frequently had engaged in long, metaphysical discussions about a future life, which Hodgson had held to be conceivable but incredible, and which Pelham considered both inconceivable and incredible. They had agreed that whichever one of them died first would—if he could—"make things lively" enough to reveal his continuing existence to the one still living on earth.

Although Pelham had relatives in Boston he had been living in New York for three years and Hodgson had known him in that city, not in Boston. The obituary notice was carried in the Boston papers but that was a routine matter and it did not occur to Hodgson to tell Mrs. Piper that a friend of his had just died in New York.

Weeks passed. Then one night, as Hodgson sat with Mrs. Piper, her control, "Dr. Phinuit", suddenly announced that a "George Pelham" was there. The control then spilled out a torrent of information about George Pelham, most of which was unknown even to Hodgson. "Dr. Phinuit" then reminded Hodgson of the pact he had made with Pelham to "make things lively" if either lived after death — something that Hodgson was sure he never had mentioned to Mrs. Piper.

Later Hodgson brought some of the Boston relatives of George Pelham to the seances to confirm the details unknown to Hodgson of Pelham's early life which continued to pour in through "Dr. Phinuit". They admitted that all of the details were correct and that they could have come only from Pelham himself.

Pelham soon "made things lively" to such an extent that he frequently displaced "Dr. Phinuit" as Mrs. Piper's control. Through "Pelham" she was able to develop automatic writing to supplement the voice automatism and often "Pelham" and "Dr. Phinuit" would manifest themselves together, "Pelham" writing while "Dr. Phinuit" talked.

After an intensive three-year investigation of Mrs. Piper, Hodgson turned in one of the few affirmative

reports made during his career with the ASPR:

"It may be that further experiment in the lines of investigation before us may lead me to change my view, but at the present time I cannot profess to have any doubt but that the chief "communicators" are veritably the personalities that they claim to be, that they have survived the change we call death, and that they have directly communicated with us whom we call living through Mrs. Piper's entranced organism."

Mrs. Piper had passed her American tests with flying colors, but the Vatican of psychical research in those days was in London, not in Boston. Professor James and Hodgson were both members of the *Society For Psychical Research*, London, and through them an invitation was obtained from that body for Mrs. Piper to come to England and subject herself to further investigation by men like Professor Henry Sidgewick, Cambridge University; Sir Oliver Lodge; Sir William Barrett, Dublin University; F. W. H. Meyers; and Dr. Walter Leaf.

These men were formidable investigators — mathematicians, physicists, psychologists — and many a fraudulent medium had come to grief under their stern scrutiny. But Mrs. Piper did not hesitate to accept their invitation.

For a considerable part of her stay in England, Mrs. Piper was a guest of the Lodges'. As she soon discovered, the word "guest" was a polite euphemism. Actually she was under a kind of house arrest to prevent her from obtaining any knowledge through normal means of her hosts and the others who were to sit with her. All her mail was carefully inspected before being turned over to her. New servants, who were entirely ignorant of the Lodges' antecedents, had been installed. All photographs and family albums were hidden, as were all reference books, dictionaries, and biographies. Mrs. Piper never was permitted to meet in advance any of those who were to sit with her and even their identities were kept secret. Two long trance sessions a day were scheduled, afternoon and evening.

In spite of all these precautions and the tiring regime of two lengthy sittings a day, Mrs. Piper was able to produce an astonishingly accurate amount of trance testimony.

At one of the sittings in the Lodge home Mrs. Lodge asked the control, "Dr. Phinuit", to tell her something about her father, knowing that Mrs. Piper had had no opportunity to learn anything about her father while in England and that there was no information at all on him in the United States.

After Mrs. Lodge's question about her father "Dr. Phinuit"

made some rambling and incoherent statements, then said clearly: "He says you have got something of his. He says if you had this it would help him. He has difficulty in coming back. It's a little ornament with his hair in."

Mrs. Lodge here ran upstairs to get the locket referred to.

"He passed out long ago; she was but a little thing."

Presently his name, Alexander, was given and the statement that the father had given the locket to Mrs. Lodge's mother and that she had given it to Mrs. Lodge. All this was correct, although Mrs. Lodge had not known that it was her father's hair in the locket. Mrs. Lodge had been only a fortnight old when her father had died.

There immediately followed a very striking message regarding his death. "Dr. Phinuit" said: "He had an illness and passed out with it. He tried to speak to Mary, his wife, and stretched out his hand to her, but couldn't reach and fell and passed away. That's the last thing he remembers in his mortal body."

The control added a statement about Alexander taking some medicine, and that something had happened to his right leg, caused by a fall affecting the leg below the knee. It also was stated that the leg pained him frequently.

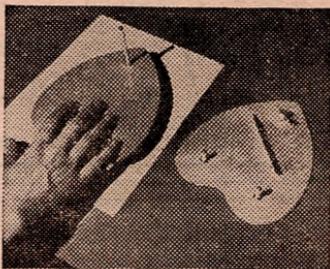
The facts were that Mrs. Lodge's father had had his health broken

by tropical fever and yellow fever, and his heart was weak. A severe illness on the part of his wife was a great strain on him. As she was recuperating he entered her room one day, quite faint, half dressed, and holding a handerchief to his mouth which was full of blood. He stretched out his hand to her, removed the handkerchief and tried to speak, then gasped and fell to the floor. Very soon he died. He once had broken his leg by falling down the hold of a ship, and the leg often pained him thereafter.

"Dr. Phinuit" further stated that Mrs. Lodge's father had had trouble with his teeth; that he wore a sort of uniform with bright buttons on it; that he traveled a good deal, and that he had obtained the locket which was now in Mrs. Lodge's possession on one of his journeys. A little later "Dr. Phinuit" intimated that he had been a ship's captain. The facts were that during his married life he had been troubled a great deal with toothache; he was a captain in the merchant marine and traveled a great deal in the course of his work; and he *had* obtained the locket on one of his voyages.

Following weeks of the most intensive and searching investigation, F. W. H. Meyers summed up the reaction of the SPR London researchers to Mrs. Piper: "On the whole, I believe that all observers, both in America and in England,

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who have seen enough of Mrs. Piper to be able to form a judgment, will agree in affirming (1) that many of the facts given could not have been learned even by a skilled detective; (2) that to learn others of them, although possible, would have needed an expenditure of money as well as of time which it seems impossible to suppose that Mrs. Piper could have met; and (3) that her conduct has never given any ground whatever for supposing her capable of fraud or trickery. Few persons have been so long and so carefully observed; and she has left on all observers the impression of thorough uprightness, candor, and honesty."

Mrs. Piper returned to the United States and a long unpretentious career of quiet mediumship. She remained the good friend of Professor William James until the latter's death in 1910; he sat with her many times and never wavered in his faith in her honesty and in the reality of her mediumship.

Not only was no imputation of fraud ever proved against Mrs. Piper, none was ever made.

She made an important contribution to the science of psychical research and for psychical research as a whole as well as for Prof. William James the quiet, unassuming Mrs. Leonore Piper was "the one white crow that proves not all crows are black."

# My PROOF of SURVIVAL

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

## JUST HORsing AROUND?

By Jesse L. Hicks

I WAS RAISED by my Aunt Mary Hicks, since my mother died before I was two years old. Just the two of us lived there in an old, old farm house, out of La Follette, Tenn. Ghosts were the last thing we thought about I assure you.

On a rainy summer night nearly 30 years ago, when I was 11 or 12 years old, we had gone to bed, as usual, about dark. In those days country folk didn't burn kerosene to make a light when sleeping was cheaper. About 10:00 o'clock we were awakened by a horse. Not a horse in the house, but one walking around outside. Walking and snorting!

We lay waiting for the horse to go away. There were flowers in the front yard and we knew the horse was trampling them. But it wouldn't go away, just kept snorting and stomping real close to the house.

Finally I went outside to chase it away but I found nothing to chase. There was no horse anywhere around the house. It was dark of course but not too dark to see a large animal. I thought it had wandered off while I was getting outside. I looked around a little, then went back to the house.

A few minutes later with a snort and a stomp, old horsie was back. Again I went outside, again no horse! This time I didn't look so long for I was beginning to think something wasn't quite right. This *horsey* noise kept up for the next two hours or so, then all was quiet for the rest of the night.

The next morning bright and early we went out to see how much damage our "guest" had done. Nowhere around the house, front or



JESSE L. HICKS

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back, was there a horse track, or so much as a broken blade of grass.

Several times in the years that followed we heard these same noises, but never were able to find a track or sign of any horse.

When I was about 18 we moved out of that house and my uncle, who had lived there as a boy, moved in. I once asked him if he ever heard any strange noises at night.

"No," he answered, "I've never heard any queer noises, that I can think of."

"You mean," I asked, "you have never heard a horse at night?"

"Oh, that," he smiled. "I've heard that horse all my life. One stormy night, about 1840, a man riding a horse was killed by lightning on top of that ridge. Since then, on some stormy nights, the horse has been hunting his master. He probably will from now on, but it don't bother me none!"—La Follette, Tenn.

### THE LORD SPOKE PLAINLY

By Blanche E. Mercer

**F**IIFTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, when I was a young woman of 24, I became very ill with blood poisoning. Despite everything the doctor could do I lay hovering between life and death. Instead of getting better I became worse and there seemed no hope of my recovery.

However, my husband and I believe in divine healing and we earnestly prayed. Our church friends all prayed with us. We had three small children and I wanted to live to raise them, to keep our home together.

Nevertheless, I continued to grow worse.

My husband had to leave my room

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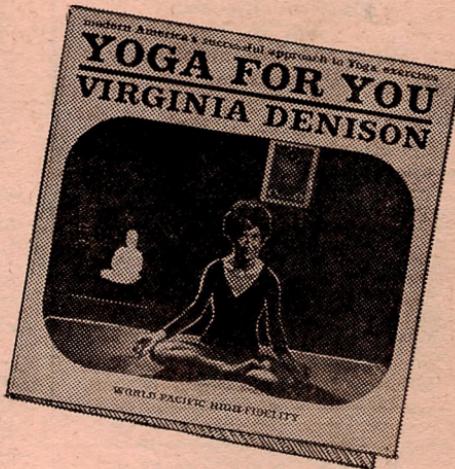
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for a short time and I lay there praying.

Suddenly, I heard beautiful singing. I listened but couldn't imagine who could be singing to me. Then suddenly I saw Jesus, and my husband's brother and little sister, both of whom had died, stood with Him. They were close together, in white robes, singing that old song, "I'm Going Home To Die No More."

When my husband came back into the room I told him what I had seen and heard. I told him I was going to die. He asked if I was ready to go. I answered, "Yes, but I don't want to leave you and our little children."

The Lord reappeared a little later when I was again alone and this time I spoke to Him saying if He would let me live I would do everything I could to bring my children up right. He spoke plainly to me and said He would add years to my life.

This time when my husband returned I told him, "I am going to get well!"

I immediately began to mend.

My children are married now and I am still living at 79 years of age.  
—Portland, Ore.

**FOOTSTEPS OVER MY HEAD**

By William H. Waters

MY LAST SATURDAY class at St. Lawrence University was dismissed. I pushed my way through a group of students and hurried across the campus to Morrel House, a dormitory for theological students. I had not been home to Watertown, N. Y., for months and it would seem good to see my parents. However, my real reason for going was to see my girl friend who was

studying to be a nurse at the Strong Memorial Hospital in Rochester. She was to have the weekend off and we would spend as much time together as possible.

I put my suitcase in the back of my '36 Chevrolet coupe. Soon I was driving along Route 11. I went through Dekalb Junction and Richfield and before I knew it I was on the outskirts of Gouverneur, about half way between Watertown and the University at Canton. A little to the south of this area I served four small churches as a student pastor. Early on Sunday morning I would have to conduct services at three of these churches. I realized that I would be up late working on my sermon, especially since I wanted to spend the afternoon and evening with my girl. I pushed my foot

down on the gas pedal.

My girl and I spent a pleasant day together and the time passed all too rapidly. Then I was sitting at my desk at home. I worked for about an hour putting the finishing touches to my sermon.

At 1:00 o'clock I leaned back in my chair for a brief rest. As I sat there I distinctly heard a baby crying. The sound seemed to be coming from tree-top level, just outside my window. I went to the window, pushing the curtains aside to look out at the branches of the trees. The moon was full and bright. I thought, how silly it was to be looking for a baby in the branches of a tree! Then I remembered that a cat sometimes makes a noise like a baby crying. But no cat was in sight.

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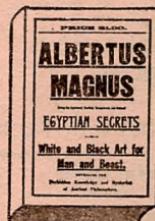
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I went back to my chair. As I reached for my papers I heard a muffled noise from the direction of the attic window, located over my head. Subsequent sounds made it evident that something was climbing into the attic. The attic window was three stories high.

Now I heard footsteps. Someone walked across the attic floor. I couldn't believe my ears. At this point complete terror gripped me. I was so frightened I began to shake. Beads of sweat came out on my forehead. I felt that what was up there was not of flesh and blood.

After another endless moment of silence I heard the footsteps again. They started down the stairs.

My desk was right next to the attic door. At that moment I would have traded places with anyone and I'll never be able to understand why my hand automatically reached for the door knob, why I flung the door open, expecting to see—heaven only knows what!

The desk lamp partially illuminated the stairway. There was nothing there!

A great feeling of relief swept over me. I closed the door.

As I was still shaky I decided to go down stairs for a glass of milk. Passing the living room I saw my father, mother and younger brother talking excitedly about something. This did not seem strange to me, although it was an hour past midnight. The members of my family are great talkers. I did not want to become involved, since I had to get up early to go to my churches. After drinking the milk I retired and, managed to sleep.

The next morning I ate break-

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fast alone, then started towards Gouverneur. After the services I returned home to Watertown, to a late family dinner. I had decided to say nothing about my experience. During the middle of dinner, however, my father told me the following story which he had told the rest of the family the night before:

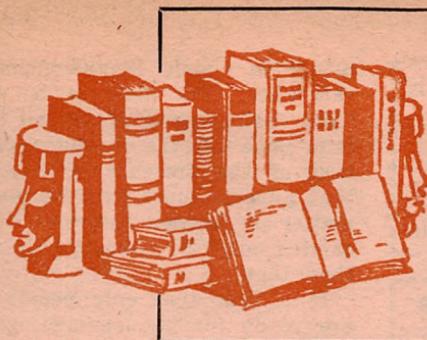
At a little after 1:00 o'clock he had waked up to see, standing in his bedroom doorway, his mother who had died several years before this time—October, 1949. She looked, he said, as she did during her last days on earth. He motioned for her to come forward but she did not move. Father said that she seemed to try very hard to convey some message. Her lips moved but there was no sound. He got out of bed and moved towards her. She motioned for him to stay away. But Father was so excited he rushed forward and she vanished.

A few minutes after I had heard the sound of footsteps over my head Father saw his mother. These two experiences are linked together.

I believe that the reason I did not see my grandmother is due to a promise she once made me when I was a child. Grandmother and I had talked about ghosts. I told her I never wanted to meet one. She laughed and promised never to reveal herself to me after she died.

I have never explained the baby's cry. Nine months after this event, however, my older brother's wife gave birth to a baby girl who was named after my grandmother and remarkably resembles her.

Did my grandmother come back from the spirit world to tell my father that she would be reborn?—*Center Moriches, L.I., N.Y.*



## NEW BOOKS

THE WORLD IS NEW, by Joel S. Goldsmith. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1962. 209 pages, \$3.50

On page 74 of *The World is New* Joel Goldsmith says:

"We may go to a teacher or to a book for guidance and help along the way, but we cannot go to a teacher or to a book for God. For That, we have to go to our own Soul, to the innermost depths of our own being. No man, woman, or book can reveal God to us. All any one of them can do is to show us the path along which we may travel until we get back into the kingdom of our own being, the kingdom of our own Soul, and there find God."

This route is long and tortuous for most of the persons who tread it, and they will no doubt be grateful that Goldsmith has presented them with a clearly-drawn map of the way he recommends. His is a path well-marked with signposts and cleared of the usual underbrush of verbiage which makes so many metaphysical books difficult to comprehend.

Some who have read the earlier writings of this popular author may have been put off by his ground-



JOEL S. GOLDSMITH

work in Christian Science, although others may have been helped by it. Although his terminology still shows the *Science and Health* influence—he speaks of mortal mind, materia medica, error, supply, demonstrations, and practitioners—he has clarified the meaning of those terms so that one who is not a Christian Scientist can understand their use, and he uses them sparingly. What he does more often is to make state-

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ments in simple language anyone can accept. For instance, he says: "The real purpose of all our work is to come into the conscious awareness of the presence of God, but that purpose must first be made a matter of decision before it can be carried out." What could be plainer than that?

It is true that only people who are ready for his message will be likely to read this book, and Goldsmith knows this. He does not "talk down" to his readers as one might to a beginner in metaphysics. A beginner might read it, anyway, but it would be of little value to him unless he was prepared in his seeking for some deep soul-searching moments.

The author presupposes from his first paragraph that his reader is with him: "We are all unfolding states of consciousness, and our outer experience will never be any greater than our inner unfoldment. Therefore, the only hope we have for better health, increased success, and more harmonious human relationships lies in the development of our consciousness. So, unless by a week from now we have grown spiritually to a point beyond where we are today and our consciousness has been enriched, changed, or has reached a higher level, our demonstration of life and its harmonies will not be any more satisfying or better than it is now. Today, then, should be the beginning of a period of spiritual enfoldment which will be evidenced to the world by the fruitage in our lives. Only one thing can bring this spiritual consciousness to us, and this is the realization of the presence of God in us."

Healing is discussed lengthily in

this book: "The work of healing through the Spirit, however, is never the healing of a body or of any physical condition, even though it *appears* as the healing of the problems of human existence. That is the result, but it is not the work. The real work is the spiritualizing of consciousness and of thought, and the opening of consciousness to God.

"The Infinite Way does not teach that there are no human problems: it teaches that in the presence of God there are no problems, and so when we stand in the conscious awareness of the presence of God, there is no poverty, sin, disease, or death to overcome . . . Healing is accomplished through a spiritual state of consciousness."

We are told how to get along with our fellow men.

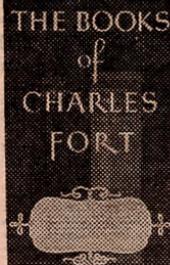
The author also discusses tithing, prayer, solving individual problems, and spiritual freedom. But he insists that as we get deeper into spiritual life the day-by-day vexations become of less importance to us. We "rise above them" as it were.

As has been indicated, *The World is New* is not for those who are satisfied with their old world. Unless you have an urge for improvement, a desire to go beyond the mere platitudes of most writers of "self-help books" and penetrate the depths of meditation, this book is not for you. But for one seeking deeper meaning, we do not need to have a single new idea added to our experience. According to Goldsmith: "We have only to open our spiritual eyes to see the fullness and completeness of God's universe, which is already here and which is already now—and then the world is new."—*Susy Smith*.

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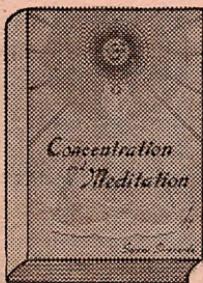
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THE HEALING GODS OF ANCIENT CIVILIZATIONS by Walter Addison Jayne, M.D. University Books Inc., New Hyde Park, N.Y., 1962. 569 pages, \$10.00.

The ancients often are given credit for knowing far more than they actually did. But in the field of medicine they did possess a considerable fund of knowledge, the value of which we moderns only recently have begun to discover.

This big volume, as interesting as it is informative, presents a historical study of the beliefs and methods used in healing by ancient practitioners. The author gives a wealth of scholarly detail on healing practices in eight ancient cultures, those of Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria, India, Iran, Greece, Rome, the pagan Semites and the Celts. This particular aspect of ancient life, as he points out, seldom has been considered independently.

Dr. Jayne has gathered facts, traditions and myths from a wide variety of sources. The subject matter of each culture is considered independently and under two sections, the first giving a general review of the religion and the healing customs, and the second dealing with the cure of the sick. Essentially, Dr. Jayne presents a study of what took place in the personality of ancient man due to his belief in the healing powers of his deities.

Ancient and primitive healing are considered only as they apply to the spiritual beliefs of the people. Dr. Jayne does not attempt to evaluate the relative worth of divine, mental and material healing practices, and he has avoided the beliefs and theories of compilers unless based on sound evidence.

The book gives a fascinating picture of the old temple disciplines of purification, temple-sleep and hypnotic rest states. Drugs played a subordinate role in ancient theurgic medicine. Bodily processes were stimulated and concentrated through inspiration and mental suggestion.

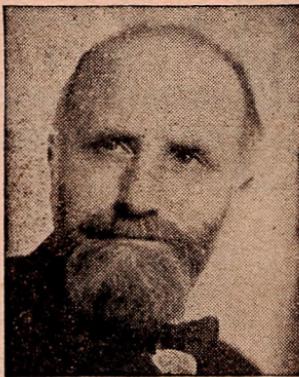
Although the ancients lacked the refinements of modern science, their medical practices indicate that they were not without resources of their own. They possessed in particular knowledge regarding the mind-body relationship of which healers of today have just come to recognize and which as yet they do not understand fully.

Dr. Jayne's study first appeared in 1925, a time when medical science still looked wholly to the research laboratory for answers. Due to the impressive discoveries of Koch, Pasteur and those who followed in their footsteps, the physical theory of disease dominated medical thought. Dr. Jayne's book has been reprinted now that there has been a return to older concepts, such as the belief of Hippocrates that the mind and body are a unity, one affecting the other.—*Guy Archette*.

**FLYING SAUCERS AND SPACE MEN**, by Dr. John H. Manas. Pythagorean Society, New York, 1962. 124 pages, paperbound, \$2.00.

This is something of an oddity among books on flying saucers and their alleged passengers. It is chiefly noteworthy for the author's homely yet engaging style and for his views, which combine the physical and the metaphysical in a rather confusing fashion.

Dr. Manas, a native of Crete who emigrated to the United States when



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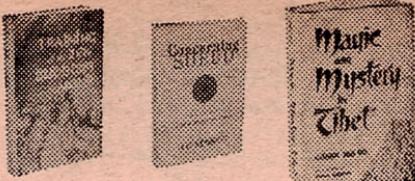
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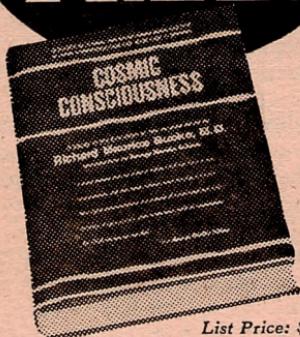
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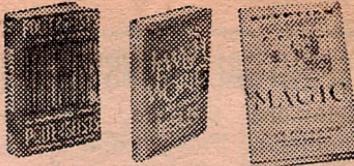
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in his early twenties, considers himself a scientist as well as a metaphysician. This may strike many as contradictory, somewhat like being an advocate of capitalism and communism at the same time.

He asks, "What are Flying Saucers? Are they a fact or a fake?"

He replies, "In order to answer this question one must resort to the sciences of Physics, Astronomy, Astrophysics, Philosophy, Occultism and Metaphysics." But a scientist may feel that after astrophysics, Dr. Manas has parted company with the realm of science.

Where Dr. Manas debunks the claims of various noted flying saucer "contactees," he has his feet on solid ground, and one is prepared to conclude that he is a hard-headed, clear-thinking man; a man not disposed to swallow flying saucer confections or metaphysical-occult concoctions. But then, disappointingly, Dr. Manas spurns *terra firma* and takes off into the ethereal.

For example, Dr. Manas is skeptical of such a contact claim as that Martians broadcast messages which are received by certain receptive minds on Earth. He feels that such communications issue not from Martians or other interplanetary races but from "earthbound discarnate entities or souls, who represent themselves as Martians in order to win the confidence of our gullible Earthians."

Having shattered the claims of flying saucer and spaceman contactees, Dr. Manas sweeps away the pieces with the question: "Is interplanetary travel possible at all?"

According to his interpretation of "metaphysical teachings," above the atmosphere of the earth are the

strata of four ethers: the Chemical Ether, the Life Ether, the Light Ether and the Reflecting Ether. These constitute an etheric envelope extending approximately 205 miles into space.

Above the Reflecting Ether is the astral plane, or region, which "according to metaphysical calculations," extends into space for 2,051 miles. Above the astral plane is the mental plane, or mental world, extending 929 miles into space. Above the mental region is the spiritual plane, approximately 1,146 miles in thickness.

The souls of all the departed, Dr. Manas asserts, "live in all these regions or worlds, each soul gravitating to the plane to which it vibrates and radiates."

He expresses the opinion that, despite the optimism of the U.S.A. scientists regarding the ability of manned space ships to reach the moon and nearer planets, man never will be able to navigate interplanetary space. The reason, he states, is that no human being can travel on the astral plane of space in the physical body. An astronaut could hope to do this only by abandoning his physical shell and traveling in his astral form or vehicle. If he could do this at all—which Dr. Manas contends is possible only for a trained occultist and metaphysician—he would not need a cumbersome space ship to begin with.

In this connection, Dr. Manas quotes Dr. Lee W. DeForrest, "the father of electronics," who predicted that man never will reach the moon regardless of all future scientific advances. However, we are certain that Dr. DeForrest had purely physical obstacles in mind.

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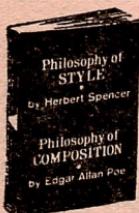
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Dr. Manas also discusses such metaphysical or philosophical matters as "Divine Trinity in the One Creator," "Limitations of Astral Traveling," "Four Cosmic Planes of Creation," and "The Soul of Our Planet Earth." He does, however, intersperse with these such more factual considerations, as "Cosmic Rays," "Sputnik, Explorer and Vanguard Satellites," "Creation of a Solar System," "The Limitations of Astronomy," and "A and H Bomb Explosions and Their Fall-outs."

The book sheds no light on the flying saucer question, unless Dr. Manas' metaphysical-occult views be considered illuminating. But still and all, his attractively printed little volume has a certain appeal and should not be overlooked by deep-dyed saucer fans ready, willing and able to consider any novel approach to their subject of interest.—Regie Stecher.

### FATE AUTHOR HAS BEST SELLER

Readers of this feature will be interested in the news that long-time FATE author Alson J. Smith has hit the best seller lists with his recently published *A View of the Spree* (John Day, New York, \$5.95). The book is a lively biography of one of Alson's own ancestors, who married a German count and came to exert such religious and political influence on Kaiser Wilhelm II prior to the First World War as to be called "a sanctified Pompadour."



# REPORT FROM THE READERS

## ASTRAL JOURNEY

Recently I experienced what seemed to be an involuntary astral journey. As I dozed between sleep and wakefulness, I suddenly experienced a dream-like sensation of flying over unfamiliar villages and landscapes.

In my notes, made immediately afterward, I wrote, "Flying rapidly at great heights or moving slowly above the earth." I had a feeling of complete safety and contentment. My body passed through trees and walls like smoke. I felt secure that my invisible support would not fail.

The scenes were in brightest daylight, also at dawn and again in blackest night. When I was in darkness, a russet colored light seemed to surround me, I felt neither heat nor cold.

I saw few people, no automobile traffic, railroads or carriages. I did float slowly above an embarkation point and watch columns of what seemed to be Australian soldiers marching. I seemed to think this was during the Boer War in Africa. I also saw, from a distance, a night bombardment of old type cannon.

I searched below me for signs and lettering along roads and on buildings, but passed so rapidly that it was difficult. With some

amusement, I did see on a distant factory building in a rural district a large sign in blue and white with the words *International Harvester*.

I approached in daylight a church with a square Norman tower. I read a numerical builder's inscription on one of the stones in white paint. I seemed to recall this English-type church from a long-gone time. I never have been in England.

I then melted into the walls and found myself in a most interesting Victorian-type attic, with antique furniture and with many old greeting cards fastened to the walls. I attempted to read the names of the persons inscribed in old Spencerian handwriting, but I circled the room too quickly in my flight. I saw an old cowhide trunk, solidly stitched with heavy thread. It had no hinges, brads or ornamentation. I never had seen a trunk of this type before.

I then floated swiftly down to the main part of an old-fashioned room. It seemed to be dawn, and there was an old four-poster bed, and drapes and a large round table and portiers. A man was asleep in the bed, which was covered with an expensive pea-green silken quilt with little checks, the like of which I have never seen. Each check seemed to be decorated with a silken bow.

The man, who looked like a person of fashion of 100 years ago, with a large mustache and an outmoded hair style, seemed suddenly alarmed as though he sensed my presence in the room. I was gliding past him, about four feet from the floor. I raised my hand in an Indian gesture of peace to still his fears. He seemed reassured.

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I then passed to the door leading to the street. It was an old-fashioned oaken door with a large glass window and white curtains. I oozed through the glass and wood of the door, and my journey ended as quickly as it had begun.

I did not seek the experience—it merely came to me and may never be repeated again. I have no explanation. I can only wonder if I were not recalling a previous trip of this sort when I was in the spirit world before my present existence.—R. W. Findlater, *Los Angeles, Calif.*

### ANCIENT ALASKAN VILLAGE

I have heard that an ancient village is located not far from Ketchikan Alaska. I believe I am the only person alive who has heard of this place. It was discovered by an old prospector who, after falling off a clump of rock and examining the place where he fell, discovered it was a man-made pyramid. The valley reportedly contains man-made canals and on the hill were said to be ruins. I know the close area in which the ruins are situated.



The late Dr. Reginald Mills

Do you know of any persons or institutions who would be interested enough to investigate? I would appreciate having them contact me.

I have visited a spot not too many miles from this alleged secret location where a homesteader, while plowing a small beach area for a garden patch, discovered all sorts of artifacts (crude designs).—*Meredes B. Matter, Jackson, Mont.*

#### HOST OR GESTALT?

In the February, 1962, issue you published a story, "With His Head Tucked Underneath His Arm," by Lawrence Stevens, describing an apparition of a beheaded soldier, carrying his head in his arms, appearing in Seoul to announce the end of the Korean War in three months.

This apparition possibly may have been a manifestation of a telepathically-formed "group-mind" or *gestalt* of thoughts concerning the Korean War. According to parapsychologists like Whately Carington, G. N. M. Tyrrell, H. H. Price and Nandor Fodor, groups of thoughts common to many minds may form autonomous, mind-like, conscious, active psychical entities, with telepathic, clairvoyant, precognitive and telekinetic powers.

In this case we may assume that the psychical system consisting of thoughts connected with the Korean War determined the date of the end of that war through precognition and then used telepathy to appear in the form of a grotesque speaking apparition to the soldiers.

A similar "group-mind" also may explain the dazzling silver-colored sword seen for two hours over England on the night of March 10, 1643 (see "The Silver Colored Sword," by

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Barnet Hyams, FATE, September, 1952). In 1643, the English civil war between the Puritans and the Royalists was in progress, and Englishmen's minds were preoccupied with this conflict. These war-thoughts easily could have coalesced to form a *gestalt* which then manifested itself to the English populace through the production of a sword (a symbol of war).

This type of hypothesis likewise may be applied to the swastika which, in 1937, at one North German town some Nazis claimed to have seen supernormally emblazoned against the sky (see *Strange Mysteries of Time and Space*, by Harold T. Wilkins, page 164). That could have been the production of the Nazi group-mind.—T. Peter Park, Garden City So., L.I., N.Y.

## ANTI-AMALGAMATION

I wish to take exception to one point in Dr. Hermann Oberth's article on UFO's in the May issue.

Dr. Oberth states that the smaller disc-shaped objects sometimes amalgamate and form one cigar-shaped object. This simply is not the case. In all the saucer literature I have read, I never have seen such a report. Actually, the smaller disc-shaped ships are released from, and received into, larger cigar-shaped mother ships. There have been reports of this type of activity since the 1600's.

Aside from this one error, I consider Dr. Oberth's theories quite interesting. I am glad that FATE is devoting more space to the subject of UFO's. Despite perennial debunkings by the Air Force, UFO's still are a very important subject.—Lucius Farish, Plumerville, Ark.

**"WONDERFUL ARTICLE"**

I must drop you a line to tell you that "Secret at the Heart of the Universe" in the April issue was a wonderful article.

An atheist friend has been giving me a hard time by quoting as fact things that still are but theories. That article jarred him to his heels. I now notice that he falls back on saying "I believe" instead of acting as Final Authority. My deepest gratitude to you—*Bertram W. Hanscom, Kennebunk, Me.*

**ANOTHER TALKING DOG**

I was interested in the talking dog mentioned in "Report From the Readers" in the May, 1962, issue.

In 1922 Miss Laura M. Saunders of Ottawa, Canada, had a little black spaniel she had rescued and kept. He learned to pronounce the words

"Jes' a crumb" very plainly after many ineffectual attempts during which he made terrific noises in his throat while sitting up to beg. He finally found that, by rolling his tongue up over his nose, he could speak the words more distinctly. When very excited he repeated the last two words several times. He was an old dog when he learned this new trick.—*Fred L. Ashworth, Heuvelton, N. Y.*

**UNDERSTANDING HINDUSTANI**

In the article "Fraud Is Where You Find It," by James Crenshaw, we find the following passage: "In London, a Hindu control was confounded when a member of the SPR committee attempted to speak to him in Hindustani. (Since the control, one Abdul, was a Moslem from what is now Pakistan, this was not

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surprising.)" However, I am afraid that to one who knows what Hindustani is this does seem the slightest bit odd.

In *A Sanskrit Grammar For Students* (Oxford University Press), by Arthur A. MacDonnell, we read (page 1), "From the ancient Prakrits . . . are descended most of the dialects of modern India, Panjabi, Sindhi, Gujarati, Marathi, Hindi (which, with an admixture of Arabic and Persian, is called Urdu or Hindustani)." Urdu is the official language of Pakistan.

I found the April issue rather disappointing, but the article by Stephan Hoeller was very good—as usual—and the article "The Secret at the Heart of the Universe" was altogether too short.—Bruce L. Hanson, Flaxton, N. Dak.

#### INSIDE THE CRYSTAL SKULL

The article, "Crystal Skull of Doom," by John Sinclair, in the March, 1962, issue, was very interesting from quite a few different points of view.

If the picture accompanying the

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article is correct then this skull does not represent a skull of the Mayan Indian. The statement that priests worked on the skull for 150 years is absurd. Also the statement that the skull is 3,000 years old is based on a wild guess and on the circumstantial evidence of it being found in a grave which might be that old. It seems to me that the skull already might have been thousands of years old when it was put in the grave.

The interesting feature of the skull is that apparently it has within it a temperature supply and regulator. It is unbelievable that scientist. It is unbelievable that science did not find the skull interesting enough to take a closer look into it. If the energy is supplied from within, the source surpasses everything

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we have today. If the energy is supplied from without, then the skull acts as an energy transmitter.

X-ray examination of the skull might reveal some interesting data. Study of the crystal structure of the skull might help in solving the mystery. I hope that some organization will buy the skull, undertake the study of it, and inform the public of the findings.—W. M. Smith, Milwaukee, Wis.

### ENLIGHTENED

Upon reading the letter headed "Pictures on Eyelids," by Madeline Hill of Topanga, Calif., on page 108 of the January, 1962, issue, I was greatly enlightened. I have experienced this phenomenon numerous times.

One incident, in particular, seems noteworthy. I had casually dropped, fully clothed, on the bed for a few minutes prior to retiring. My wife was preparing for bed while I was talking to her with my eyes closed, relaxing. Suddenly I began seeing actual landscapes appearing and disappearing in movie-type lap-dissolves. I did not recognize any familiar places. Some of them "unreeled" like movie scenes shot forward from a moving vehicle. Trees, fences, homes, farms were clearly discernible.

To the amusement and skepticism of my wife, I described these unexplainable images as I lay viewing them. I was not asleep but fully conscious, on my back with a palm over my eyes, and hearing my wife rustling clothing in the room. Finally we both casually laughed off my experience and I arose and prepared myself for sleep.

In other occurrences of this na-

ture, I've seen faces of people. I don't seem to have much trouble accomplishing this unique viewing of images on the eyelids. In discussions with others, nobody else has admitted similar experiences.

I am gratified to learn via your magazine that such experiences are shared by others throughout the world.—*Jack Paxton, Fresno, Calif.*

#### A THREAT TO HEAVEN?

I write this hoping that some influential news commentator or reporter may share my protest against what I firmly believe to be our greatest peril—the efforts of a nihilistic, "atheistic" scientific-industrial-military-political vested interest, or combine, to devise and test an increasingly "sophisticated" weaponry, with not the least concern relative to the possible detrimental effects such devising and testing may have upon the welfare of the physical body-and-soul!

The Argus nuclear space shots, conducted several years ago to satiate the curiosity of one Nicholas Christofilos, a Greek scientist, may well have destroyed millions of defenseless human souls in that heaven (now dubbed "outer space") our forefathers held real and inviolate! No mortal—parapsychologist, priest or space scientist—knows the exact geographical location of "heaven," hence no one has the mortal right to endanger that realm, callously and arrogantly, by nuclear blast, missile or satellite.

John Glenn observed small, globular, yellow-green luminosities following his capsule. Although it was not mentioned in print, these were UFO's, literally speaking. For all anyone knows, these flying objects

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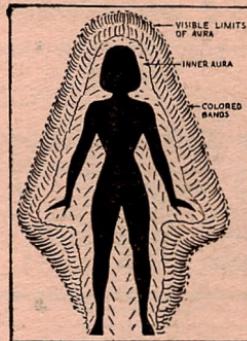


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may have been human souls, or animal souls!

Our earth, through man's insanity and greed, is now contaminated. Let us spare heaven the same sorry fate!—J. Bessor, Pittsburgh, Pa.

### INFLATED FACTS

I have been reading FATE since the first issue and have not missed a copy yet.

In the May, 1960, issue is a short article, "Queerly Advanced Age," by David Gunston. What I wish to know is why authors do not investigate before they attempt to have such articles published.

Mr. Gunston states that this strange phenomenon (a boy dying of "old age" at seven) perhaps might be put medically right today. If he had bothered to check with the local A.M.A. or public library, he would have learned that medical science has encountered about 50 such cases in history and has not yet found a cure. Instead Mr. Gunston has attempted to make the disease a strange happening—something for readers and students of psychic phenomena to ponder over.

A recent Associated Press news release, which appeared in a local paper, told of an 11-year-old boy dying in Watsonville, Calif., of conditions attributable to old age. The boy started aging at five years.—Martin Boxer, Miami Beach, Fla.

### DREAM SYMBOLISM

I have noticed that when individuals have failed to locate other sources of help they have appealed to the readers of FATE for illumination on some matter.

I recently have been very ill with fluids accumulating in the tissues

of the body, and while ill have had the following dream containing symbols which should make it easy to interpret.

I dreamed that I was working in an exclusive resort hotel of some kind on the shore of a long, curving bay. It was surrounded on all sides by snow and ice, and gave an impression of immaculateness, but the whole atmosphere was cold and harsh, the light harsh and without any softening color, absolutely without any feeling of warmth or softness. I had to deliver something to the "Bride's Suite" which was Room 16, off an almost indistinguishable alcove. I could not get any response from the room and reported this to a man named Jimmy who, while senior to me, seemed to be not a superior but a co-worker.

Suddenly some unremembered emergency came up. I had to travel hurriedly some distance all around the bay to the opposite side and was fretting about the slowness of the trip. Jimmy seemed to have "patent-leather" hair, a very white face, and was dressed in a severe black suit and white shirt, very immaculate in appearance. He seemed a "cold" person and at no time did I feel any warmth in his personality. He said, "I'll show you how to go. Follow me."

I had perfect confidence in him and followed without question even when he started to walk across the waters of the bay. I walked about five feet behind him. I noticed a huge wave coming at an angle toward me and faltered from fear. But I decided that when Jimmy had said, "Follow me," he seemed to know what he was doing. If the wave hit me or engulfed me, I nev-

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er saw it or felt it. I followed Jimmy. Apparently all went well and that is the end of the dream.

I would have no problem in interpreting the dream except for the fact of the coldness, the snow and ice, the lack of warmth, of feeling, of love, of a softening influence of any kind. All this puzzles me. Can anyone interpret this dream?—*Mary V. Reeves, Glendale, Calif.*

#### SETTLING THE SOOT

With regard to the soot fall on Tampa, Fla., mentioned on page 22 of your January, 1962, issue, a friend recently wrote me:

"That smelly soot you mention was found to be from the Tampa Electric Company's plant, I believe, though they had denied at first that it could be possible. The soot did not come out our way (North Bradford Avenue), and I believe most tormented the Davis Island folks. There has been a sort of smog in Polk County lately (though not in Lakeland) which has caused some accidents on the highways."—*Olive R. Imhof, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

#### ANOTHER "PROFANE" SPIRIT

In the January, 1962, issue I read with interest the letter "Profanity Via Ouija," by Sue Catranbone, of Lakewood, Calif. I too own and use an Ouija board and have had the same experience.

I was, however, amused when Sue Catranbone said she finally quieted this "profane spirit" and talked to high spirits. The lady talked to only one—the same one. If she will pay careful attention to what the spirits say, she will agree.

When her "Tim" is cussing away, she might take a small New Testa-

ment and lay it on the plaque, put her fingers on the book and watch what happens. The spirits seem terrified of a Bible for some strange reason I have been unable to determine.

When my spirit threatens me, I have only to reach out for the New Testament and she stops short. She will cry, "Take that hateful thing away! Stop torturing me!" Or she will plead, "Come on, let's be friends!"

This spirit I talk to says she lives in a nearby city, is Irish—or was. (I am Irish myself.) She is quick-tempered, blasphemous and tender by turns. She has "moved in" on me and tells me she will see to it that I talk to no other spirit. I enjoy our mental "fencing" and often trick her into giving me information. Then she cuts loose with profanity.

She tries to get me to surrender my mind to her, promising to make me wise and rich. My advice to users of this instrument is to be always on guard. Never surrender your mind or will to any spirit, good or bad. And take any information with a "grain of salt."—*Bertram W. Hanscomb, Kennebunk, Me.*

#### LIVING TWO LIVES

I am writing to you about certain events in my life to see if you or your readers have any knowledge of what has been happening to me. What follows may seem fantastic and to many unbelievable, but it is the truth.

As I look back on the past, I find that I have lived two lives, one which took place in the daytime and one which took place at night.

As a small child I recall that my earthly mother would put me into a small bed with sides much like a crib. She would tuck the covers about me, for we lived in the northern part of Montana and the nights were cold.

As soon as she left the room, a cloud would appear and out of this would step a woman in a sheer white dress. She would pick up and carry me into the cloud, where I entered a room filled with many wonderful things.

I would be dressed in a white robe and set to play with many toys, not toys of this world but of past ages. Here I was loved and looked after by many persons I knew and trusted. I was happy and contented, but as the night faded into morning I found myself back in my bed with my earthly mother leaning over me. She would take me up and my day also would be filled with love and toys and happy play with my sisters and brother.

The years passed with me living both in this earth world and in the dream world at night. Then one night I had an unpleasant experience. The monks, whom I had learned to love and who always were teaching me in the great building, helped me to kill and burn an unknown person who seemed to be in my way.

From that time on I no longer was as happy as before, nor were there as many persons near me when I entered the dream world. The great house and the servants were the same, but somehow a shadow had fallen and I felt it not only at night but in my daytime life as well. All this time I said nothing about my experiences to my earthly

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mother. My teens were happy and in time I was graduated from high school and married a fine man.

But each night I was taken to a land which was no longer green and beautiful, but misty and filled with the unknown. I sat at the feet of teachers and learned things of value to me in my daytime life. I roamed the rooms of a large house which looked much like the buildings of India. Here I was happy until last year I sold my house. I walked out, entered a carriage like those of the 16th Century and went into the mist, to awaken in bed near my husband.

At night now I find myself flying over the countryside with unknown persons. On these flights I pick up many persons who are just wandering around and seem to be lost and give them aid. But a feeling of something lost forever has settled over me. I feel depressed and lonely as if all that mattered to my life on this earth plane has gone from me.—M.L.N., California.

### NON-MYSTIC EYE?

I noted the letter headed "Seen With the Mystic Eye" in the April issue. The principles of the "Mystic Eye" or, better stated, the pendulum are comparatively old; there is not much mystery about it. It just will do what you want it to do.

It does not matter whether the pendulum bob is an overcoat button, a piece of candy or a key; it will be equally effective as long as a pendulum is created. It will express your thoughts by motion as they otherwise are expressed by speech. Hard concentration on the subject will induce the pendulum to act correspondingly.

When the writer of the letter asked the question, "Are thoughts things?" he might have had a positive opinion on the matter, but still a deep feeling of doubt. As this subject is somewhat difficult to conceive, the reaction of the pendulum was negative. On the other questions the operator was fully convinced of his opinion and the result was a positive answer.

As for the difference in the pendulum motion between male and female, it is circular for the women and straight for all men. It has long been used to determine sex in eggs. It will be effective on articles handled by a woman or by a man. A most severe test disclosed the sex of an unborn child.

But a pendulum will not respond when it is rigidly fastened, or is not supported by the hand. It seems that a connection of the string with the human body must exist to produce results.

I tried the pendulum just recently and found it will show the points of the compass with uncanny accuracy.—*Fred W. Gawert, New York, N.Y.*

#### FLOATING—OR DREAMING

In the March, 1962, issue I read the letter by Mr. Frank Sudlow of Victoria, B.C., Canada, in which he stated that he experienced a strange happening which he could not explain. He stated that he floated up near the ceiling of his bedroom, and that he felt comfortable and light. My theory is that he was dreaming.

I experienced the same dream about two months ago. I have the habit of returning to bed after I get my husband off to work, and

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this particular morning I dreamed that I arose from my bed while lying on my back, then floated into the hallway and into my two-and-a-half year-old son's room, and then floated around his ceiling.

In the dream I thought to myself, "What was he going to tell his father that night about seeing his mother float around his ceiling?" He said nothing to indicate that I actually had done so, and I must assume it was a dream.

Since I was a small child I often have dreamed I was walking on air, and in these dreams it seemed quite normal for me to do this. It never was an unpleasant experience and I look forward to my next dream.—*Mrs. Patricia Verdugo, Lawndale, Calif.*

#### NOXIOUS EARTH RAYS

I wish to point out that there seems to be a link between the experience reported on page 48 of the March issue ("Devil Ring," by Paula Jackson) and the paragraph on page 75 entitled "Link Cancer To Soil."

At the Congress of the British Society of Dowsers in Farnham, England, last June, we had quite a round-robin discussion of what we term "noxious earth rays" and their association with cancer.

Many dowsers can detect these rays which seem to emanate from underground streams of water (particularly where two streams cross) and from other underground sources. There is no question but that these rays are contributing causes not only of cancer but many other ailments as well.

Many rays seem to affect only certain sensitive persons, while oth-

ers are so powerful as to cause a dwelling built over them to be completely unhealthy for any person living in it.

Several methods have been developed to screen out these rays and so render them harmless. Sometimes the effect is so localized that the mere moving of the person's bed to another part of the room will show a marked improvement in health.

Many dowsers can walk down a street and tell you which are the "healthy" houses and which the "sick," and the reaction to a "cancer house" always is a violent one.

I rather imagine that the damp soil referred to on page 75 would tend to support more of these noxious rays than the dry soil and hence be more unhealthy generally.

—*Robert S. Plimpton, President, American Society of Dowsers, Inc., Storrs, Conn.*

#### FROG RAIN THEORY

I have a theory concerning the raining of frogs, although I won't go so far as to say it doesn't rain frogs, for I believe it is possible. But I do know that frogs will dig themselves into the ground during dry weather and come out after a rain.

I am a native of Florida and made part of my living frog hunting for several years. My father-in-law and I have gone out and hunted ponds at night after a big rain. Ponds which had been bone dry the night before will contain many, many frogs after the rain. I have felt thousands of holes in the ground where the frogs came out from dry weather hibernation.

As for fish, here is something I

saw once while working at Carlstrom Field in Arcadia, Fla., during World War II. We had asphalt ramps where we parked the airplanes. It had been very dry for over a year and all the small streams had dried up. But one day a cloud came up which resulted in an electric storm and one of the hardest downpours I had ever witnessed. After the rain was over we all started out to the line to take the cockpit covers off the planes. One of the crew yelled and motioned for the rest of us to come and see something on the ground. We thought he had run onto a snake. But instead there was a space of about 50 feet up and down the ramp in front of the hangar that literally was covered with small fish. I venture to say there would have been at least a 10-quart pail full. They were mostly large minnows and small perch. Fifteen other crew members saw this, besides myself, and if it didn't rain the fish down I can't see how they got there. — Paul Henderson, Dickinson, N. Dak.

#### SHIFT OF A SATELLITE

In "I See by the Papers" in a recent issue of FATE, Curtis Fuller mentions that "Astronomers, including Russian astronomers, have observed that Phobos (a satellite of Mars) is accelerating in its orbit. It is getting ahead of the path it would follow if it were moving only under the attraction of Mars ..." Astronomers theorize Phobos may be an artificial satellite of Mars.

In the book, *My Contact With Flying Saucers*, by Dino Kraspedon (Saucerian Books, Clarksburg, W.

(Continued on Page 129)

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Va.), the author speaks of his contact with a Space Being from a satellite of Jupiter. This space being says (page 53) that:

One of the satellites of Mars will be torn from its present orbit and thrown into space. As it is a relatively dense body, it will be attracted toward the center of the system rather than repelled outwards. Its trajectory will be such that it will become a satellite of the Earth.

"Everything depends on its direction of travel when it establishes contact with this planet. If this happens to be against the direction of rotation of the Earth, the shock produced by its contact with the etheric covering of the Earth will smash it to pieces, if it is with the rotation of the Earth, then the satellite will attach itself to the planet. The Earth itself will not be affected by this impact, as its etheric covering will protect it. According to our calculations, a shower of rocks is all that will reach the surface of the planet; principally in the area of Europe and North Africa, Asia Minor, the north of South America and the south of North America. The impact will turn this now splendid Martian satellite into fragments weighing about 50 pounds each, which will lay waste to these areas. After that, everything will become normal again and we shall have a new sky in which to travel, and you will have a new Earth."

He says too that our Moon is to "move out of its orbit" and become a planet, that the orbits of all the planets will be changed and that we will have two suns. Also Pluto will be ejected from the system.—*Mary Elsnau, Prescott, Ariz.*

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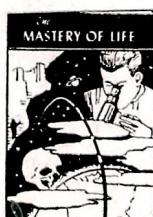


BENJAMIN FRANKLIN (A Rosicrucian)

WHY was this man great? How does anyone—man or woman—achieve greatness? Is it not by mastery of the powers within ourselves?

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