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TRUE STORIES OF
THE STRANGE AND
THE UNKNOWN

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MAE WEST'S PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

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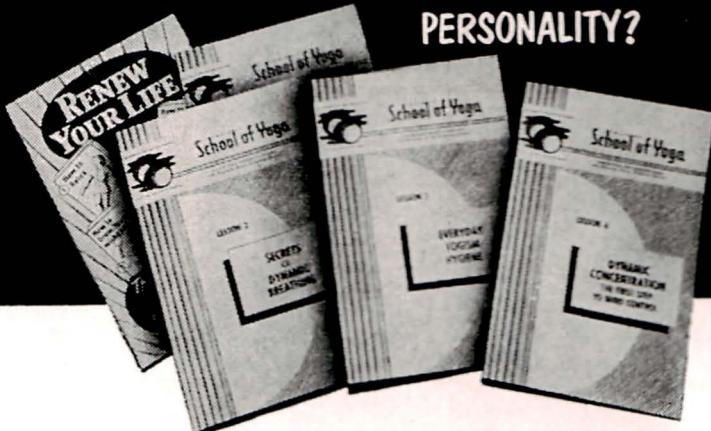
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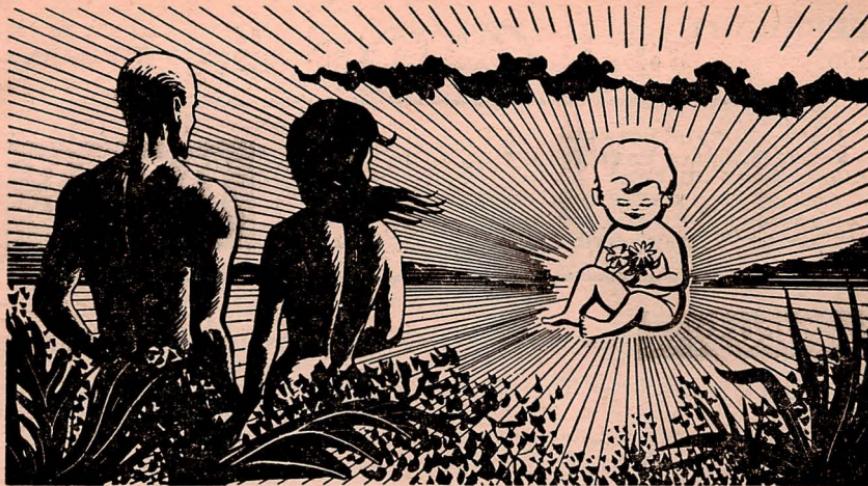
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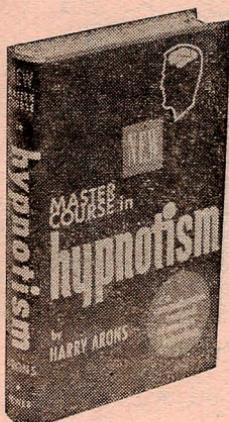
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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"Criticism is not being its own true, humble, scientific self if it introduces a priori "presumptive" principles that miracles do not happen . . . The a priori rejection of miracles is really a claim that in the universe God has less leeway than we have ourselves."

Most Rev. Arthur Michael Ramsey
Archbishop of Canterbury.

HIS GRACE the 100th Archbishop, in purple cassock, black academic robes and red velvet cap, stood before a Chicago audience one day last October, and discussed the problem of miracles.

While Biblical narratives may contain exaggeration and fables may have been elaborated, yet wholesale eradication of miracles by scientific principle "is, I believe impossible," said the Archbishop.

"Miracles are signs showing light on the existence of God." They must be looked at, he said, within a broad framework of supernatural events which simply means "the free activity of the creator.

"For God is free to act in inexplicable ways" including the sacraments, mysticism and grace.

"The Gospel describes no more and no less than God using his own



By Curtis Fuller

freedom," continued the Archbishop. "The glory of Christianity through the ages is shown in acts that are miraculous."

He believes Christ gave up His healing miracles at their height and suffered and died because "Jesus knew that while a miracle helps on the way, in the end suffering helps still more."



CASES IN POINT?

WHAT IS A miracle? How is a miracle defined? What qualifies it? Last September Test Pilot George Aird was nosing his supersonic *Lightning* jet fighter in for a landing at Hatfield near London.

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At around 250 feet "suddenly she started to roll," Aird later said. "I pressed the ejection seat button and bailed out. I remember nothing else."

Aird was too close to the ground for his chute to open. Arthur Seeley, a witness, saw him plunge right through the roof of a greenhouse. "He was still mumbling when I and some other men got to him," Seeley said. "He was lying in a mass of tomato plants and ripe tomatoes."

"Thank God for the tomatoes," Aird said from his hospital bed. "What an amazing escape."

An official of Aird's employer, de Havilland Aircraft Company, had another word for it. "It's a miracle!"

Was it indeed? And does this help to make it more of a miracle—that a year earlier a *Buccaneer* fighter crashed through the same greenhouse as the plane was taking off? Its pilot was also unhurt!



LIGHTNING BOLT

WHEN A BOLT of lightning struck the home of Burton A. Wilbur, Pumpkin Hill Road, near Old Mystic, Conn., last October 23, it really meant business.

It demolished the top of a gas stove, hurled pieces of glass and fragments of metal about the kitchen, knocked a hole in the plaster

wall, blew up the cesspool, shattered soil pipe and plowed an eight-foot gash in the earth, ripped the telephone box off the side of the house, blasted two craters beside the metal gym swing, and then apparently hop-skipped along the south side of the two-acre yard beside a small brook, gouging two-foot-deep holes every 10 feet or so.



BRAIN POWER

DR. WILLIAM KROGMAN is an anthropologist at the University of Pennsylvania who believes that man's psychic powers may some day save him from extinction.

Man's brain has remained the same size for the past 100,000 years but its power, organization and efficiency have increased tremendously Krogman recently declared.

In the future, Krogman believes, man will develop such telepathic ability that war will be impossible.

"I foresee the average man of the future with brain waves so powerful he will send and receive mental messages just like a wireless radio," Dr. Krogman told a state conference on nursing education.

As a result, no secrets could exist between men or nations and "peace will come from this psychic status quo."

In this view, Dr. Krogman disagrees sharply with those who be-

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

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lieve that psychic abilities are not a result of evolutionary development but an atavistic remnant of ancient abilities which men are in the process of losing.



"JUST LIKE ANOTHER MAN"

LATE IN JUNE, Trawlerman Brian Smith left his home in Hull, Yorkshire, on a fishing cruise. He spoke with a broad Yorkshire accent but knew a smattering of Norwegian.

At sea Smith was hit on the head by a swinging tackle and was landed at Vardo, Norway, for an emergency operation on his fractured skull. He lay unconscious for two days. When he recovered, he spoke Norwegian fluently but only broken English.

A month later Smith was back at his home in Yorkshire, learning to write English again with the help of his wife Barbara. "It's just like another man coming home to me," she says.



IN THE CAVES

ALMOST UNKNOWN is the discovery, over the past 10 years, of one of the world's greatest network of caves in the mountains of Venezuela. A decade ago only 40 caverns were known to exist. Today 670 more have been discovered and 180 have been partly explored.

Largest of the known new caves is Guacharo Cave in the Caripe Mountains. It has been explored to a depth of four miles. It is named after the Guacharo birds which spend their nights there.

So huge is the cave system that whole new classes of animals and reptiles have been found living in them. Hitherto unknown, they are now being classified. Meanwhile the search for more caves continues.



EARTHQUAKE MYSTERY

HERE'S A MYSTERY that seismologists and geologists can't understand — there are no earthquakes at the South Pole.

Some of the world's best earthquake observation stations are spread across Antarctica but no earthquake epicenters ever have been located there.

Why? No one knows.



A NEW LOOK AT HYPNOTISM

THOSE CAREFUL souls, including ourselves, who have approached hypnosis cautiously because of its possible dangers need to take another look. At least that's the view of Dr. William S. Kroger, a Los Angeles physician.

"The incontrovertible fact is that no one ever has died of hypnotism. Can the same thing be said about shock therapy, which is used by psychiatrists primarily for symp-

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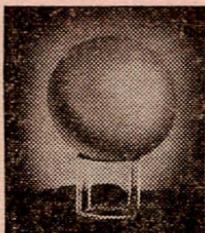
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tom removal? Actually it is doubtful if there is a modality less dangerous than medical healing in hypnotism," Dr. Kroger told the American Society of Clinical Hypnosis.

Of course, hypnosis only removes symptoms; it doesn't get at the underlying cause of illness, Dr. Kroger admits. But he argues that the same is true of most medical therapy.

As for tranquilizers, steroids and other drugs, they also do not attack the roots of a symptom yet they can be harmful, he continued.

But hypnosis—it is harmless.

**CHANGES IN THE BIBLE**

MOSES DID not cross the Dead Sea after all, nor is the Third Commandment really an injunction against profanity.

So says the distinguished committee of Jewish scholars who, on January 28, 1963, will issue a new translation of the five books of Moses, known as *The Torah* or *Pentateuch*.

Editor-in-chief of the translation is Dr. Harry M. Orlinsky, professor of Bible at Hebrew Union College. Dr. Orlinsky says that the new translation is the first Bible ever translated directly into English from the traditional text preserved through the centuries by Masoretic scribes.

As to the Red Sea crossing, Dr. Orlinsky explains that new historical and archeological knowledge has led scholars to conclude that the Israelites crossed over an area where the Suez Canal is today. The Hebrew text gives the name of the area as *Yam Suf*, meaning sea of reeds. Today it is sandy desert but at the time it was a marshy, wet area.

The Third Commandment states in part, "*Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain . . .*"

The scholars conclude that it is a mistranslation to regard this as an injunction against profanity which is not sufficiently important to be one of the 10 commandments. "A more accurate reading," Dr Orlinsky told Lewis Funke of the *New York Times*, "reveals it to be a commandment against perjury."

The new translation reads:

"You shall not swear falsely by the name of the Lord your God: for the Lord will not clear one who swears falsely by his name."

The new Bible has made some other major changes, even in Genesis. Among the numerous changes were from:

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," to *"When God began to create the heaven and the earth."*

Dr. Orlinsky says that his com-

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mittee feels that in the content of the meaning of the Bible, the better translation is "When," not "In the beginning" and that recent discoveries clearly show that other stories of creation in the New East begin with the word "When".

"We do not know when eternity began," Dr. Orlinsky says, "nor was it so intended in the Bible."



NASHVILLE POLTERGEIST

THESE SEEMS to be more poltergeist-like activity these days than at any time in recent years and one of the most interesting cases at this writing is in Nashville, Tenn.

It started early in October in the John Hawkins home at 1627 Ninth Avenue. "I heard a knocking at the front of the house and I thought it was one of the kids," Mrs. Hawkins told Larry Daugherty of the *Nashville Tennessean*.

"I went to answer the door, but no one was there. It continued until morning. The second night we got guns.

"My husband thought I was imagining things. He took off from work and stayed here one night. That's when he started believing me."

The knocks come from front and back doors and the sides of the house. They start as early as 6:00 P.M. and stop as late as 5:00 A.M.

and continue for hours at a time.

The police have been there, of course. One night they really staked the place out but they couldn't catch whatever or whoever was making the noise.

Once when the taps came on a window pane a member of the Hawkins family fired through the window. Didn't bother the poltergeist a bit! It just moved down the wall and kept on tapping.

Another night more than 20 North High School football players sat on the front porch listening to the knocks. They couldn't catch anything either.

This had been going on for more than a month at last report. The knocks didn't hurt anyone but the family was upset by them.

"The ghost doesn't really bother us," Mrs. Hawkins said, "But the noise is so loud that none of us can sleep. We're all about to go crazy."

Mr. Hawkins was formerly a Davidson County sheriff's patrolman and someone suggested the noises might be made by an enemy.

Mrs. Hawkins doesn't believe that for a minute. "If it's human it ought to be dead," she says. "We've killed it enough times."



HAUNTS IN PHOENIX
DON DEDERA, a columnist for the *Arizona Republic*, re-

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cently told an all but unbelievable story about a haunted house in Phoenix.

Bob, Dorothy, Fred and Amy Young had turned their house back to the mortgage company, he wrote, because it was haunted.

Early in 1961, Dorothy, who is Mrs. Young, turned a corner into the hallway and saw a faceless something, tall, eerie and white, floating right through a door. After this initial encounter she saw the figure many times, usually in the hall.

"At first I didn't tell anybody. People think you're crazy for saying things like that."

But one morning four-year-old Amy announced that she had seen "that man" again last night. He had come into her room and taught her some new songs. Forthwith Amy began to sing them—songs her parents never had heard before.

Seventeen-year-old Fred was sure his mother and sister were imagining things until he saw it too.

And then Bob, a metals company inspector, stepped into the bathroom only to find it was already occupied. A dim figure leaped up and past him, right through the closed door. Bob said it made an audible "whoosh."

Anybody want to buy a nice old gray brick haunted house? Cheap?

TOMBSTONE IMAGE

IN THE CEMETERY of the Musgrove Chapel Methodist Church in Fayette, Ala., is the tombstone of Robert L. Musgrove, a railroad engineer who was killed in a two-train head-on collision in 1904.

Robert Musgrove was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl from Amory, Miss., at the time of his death, and W. L. Moss, a pioneer resident, still remembers seeing her kneeling at the grave, praying.

Today, on Robert Musgrove's eight-foot tombstone, turning dark with age, is gradually forming what appears to be the nearly snow-white image of a woman. It is even visible from the road that passes by the church.

The dress of the image resembles a bridal gown. Features are clear, even to eyelashes. Hair is freshly coiffured and curled. Hands, somewhat indistinct, appear to be holding something.

FATE readers in that vicinity may find church and cemetery by turning West at Earnest's Grocery Store, about three miles south of Winfield on Highway 43.

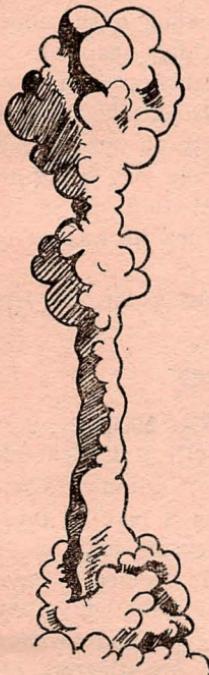


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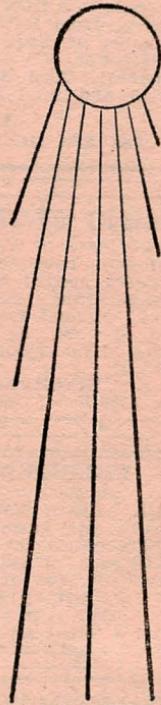


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saw his brother Doug, Sunday, September 9.

Shortly before noon on Monday, Myles Moore and his workmate, Lawrence Houle, fell to their deaths when a cable holding a three-ton beam they were riding snapped.

"Myles wasn't depressed or anything like that," Doug said. "It just seemed by the way he was talking that he knew what was going to happen. He just told me quite bluntly that he knew he was going to die.

"He said it just before he left . . ."



"THAT WHICH YOU BELIEVE . . ."

DR. CARLETON J. Hollenbeck (or James Carlton Hollenbeck) always was a man of mystery and recent events have made him no less so. He claimed to have been associated with the University of Alexandria, Egypt, and to have been one of the investigators on British Lord Carnarvon's famous King Tut expedition with its often publicized "curse".

Six years ago FATE quoted Dr. Hollenbeck to the effect that only he and Dr. J. O. Kinnaman of Long Beach, Calif., were still alive from all the staff of that expedition. He described a mysterious paralysis that had killed nine members of the staff within a year after Tut-Ankh-Amon's tomb was opened. He and

Kinnaman were both stricken but recovered, Dr. Hollenbeck then reported.

In recent years Dr. Hollenbeck spent much of his time on tour, speaking before clubs and giving details of his hair-raising experiences and of the dread curse of King Tut's tomb.

Here and there dissenting voices were raised.

"Why wouldn't most of the men on the expedition have died?" they asked. "After all, the King Tut dig was 40 years ago."

One archeologist declared there was no inscription over the entrance to the tomb such as Hollenbeck had claimed: *"Cursed be those that disturb the rest of a Pharaoh. They that break the seal of this tomb shall meet death by an unnamable disease which no mendicant can diagnose."*

Still other skeptics said they could find no record of Dr. Hollenbeck ever having been on the expedition and stated he was not known in archeological circles.

Nonetheless, Hollenbeck went about the country telling his stories and who could know what was truth and what was fabrication? Dr. Kinnaman, apparently, but who was he? According to reports he had died September 8, 1961.

Hollenbeck told of the curse in eerie detail. He described reports of the ghosts of guards dedicated to

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revenge the despoilment of the tomb. Yet when seriously questioned about the King Tut curse he answered reasonably enough:

"That which you believe and accept to be true has power over you."

This is a profound statement and it is perhaps the best epitaph that could have been devised for Dr. Carleton J. Hollenbeck. He was found dead in his room in a San Francisco hotel on August 2, strangled by a mysterious and unknown assailant. Equally mysterious was a mound of ashes from burned papers found in the center of the bath tub. Police said they had been sifted and could not be recovered.



THE PHARAOH'S CURSE

LORD WESTBURY died in July, 1961, at Geneva, Switzerland at the age of 46. No cause of death was given. His father, Capt. Richard Bethell, also died suddenly at the same age. In fact, Lord Westbury was the fourth member in his British family to die unexpectedly since 1929.

All these deaths are said to be the result of the legendary curse of the Pharaohs. Captain Bethell had a hand in excavating the tomb of Tutankhamen in 1923.

Bethell died six years later. His father, who had kept relics from the tomb in his home, committed

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suicide the next year. Bethell's widow killed herself five years ago.

Lord Westbury is survived by a brother and a sister who reportedly do not believe in the curse.



HERE WE GO AGAIN

A 1959 MODEL black-and-white TV suddenly burst into beautiful color for about 20 minutes on July 25 in Covington, Ohio. Mrs. Fred Coghill, of Russell St., her husband, a Pinkerton guard, and their two children all saw it. They were watching a WCPO movie named *Scarlet Street* and appropriately, Mrs. Coghill says, the red hues were fine.

WCPO can't explain it — the station can't originate color broadcasts in the first place, the film wasn't in color in the second place, and the Coghill TV set can't show color in the third place.



THINGS TO KNOW

- After winning 100 pounds in a lottery a Melbourne man decided to spend it taking a vacation in his native Marton, New Zealand. While there he bought another lottery ticket and won 10,000 pounds.
- At Sullivan, Ind., recently, more than 40 homeowners complained that their entire houses were discolored or smudged by an unknown agent in the atmosphere.
- Russian whale hunters near the

Kurile Islands, recently killed a whale that had "legs" — two twin projections with underdeveloped hip bones. Scientists reported it was a recurrence of ancestral characteristics.

● The Soviets also tell us that by inserting two electrodes in the bark of a pine tree their foresters are able to gauge the state of its health. Professor Y. Kashiro deduces that the information is based on the ability of tree sap to conduct electricity.



THE SALT LAKE UFO

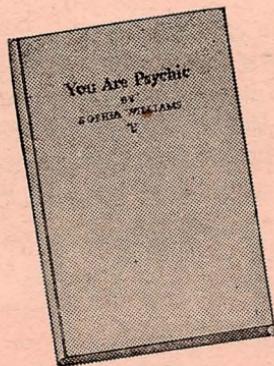
WALDO J. HARRIS of Salt Lake City is a real estate and insurance salesman and also a veteran pilot.

Last October 2 Harris was at Salt Lake City's Utah Central Airport preparing his plane for take off, warming it up and going through his checklist. He first sighted what he thought was another airplane when he turned onto the runway for his take-off run.

When he was airborne, however, he was surprised to find that the object was still in the same position as when he had first observed it. He decided to investigate.

"I changed my heading and flew toward what appeared to be a large disc hovering with a rocking motion at an altitude of between 6,500 and 7,000 feet," he said. He radioed

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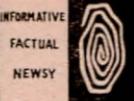
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back to Utah Central Airport that he had sighted what he thought was a flying saucer and was going to try for a closer view. He estimated that the object was about five miles distant at the time he first saw it and he had approached to within about three miles when it suddenly moved upward and began to fly south.

The pilot followed the object, which was still not moving fast, and watched it suddenly halt and hover at a point almost directly over the Utah Lake Omni station, which provides direction radio signals for aircraft.

After hovering there, the UFO again climbed straight up, then began to fly west at an extremely high speed. It disappeared completely within a few seconds.

During his entire flight Harris maintained radio communication with both the Utah Central Airport and the Provo Airport. He also relayed the information to the FAA communications tower at Salt Lake Municipal Airport. Seven witnesses saw the object from Utah Central Airport.

Here is Harris' description of what he saw:

It was light gray in color, at least 50 feet in diameter and an estimated four feet thick at the thickest point. No openings were visible. "There was no vapor trail or exhaust smoke, yet I am sure

that it was a controlled craft from its performance during my observation."

Virgil S. Redmond of Salt Lake City had just landed at the airport and had not seen the UFO while he was airborne. "It wasn't there when I flew in," he said. However, once he was on the ground Redmond, with other persons around the airport, watched the object through binoculars they shared.

Redmond said that "whatever it was seemed to be rocking while hovering almost stationary just south of the field. At times, as it turned, it almost looked like a zepplin."

Winds at 10 A.M., shortly before the UFO was sighted, were only two m.p.h. from the southeast. At 4:00 P.M., when the next weather balloon was sent aloft, winds at the 7,000 foot level were five m.p.h. from the northwest.

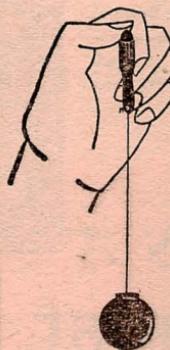
Investigation teams from Hill Air Force Base questioned the witnesses. Federal Aviation Agency said its radar scopes hadn't picked up the object. The long range search radar at Hill Air Force Base reported nothing unusual, although its range usually does not extend into the sighting area.

In Washington, according to the Associated Press, the Air Force command post said it had not heard of any sightings of UFO's.

—Curtis Fuller

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Time-worn frame house in Detroit, Mich., stands empty after terrifying experiences in it caused the William Adams family to flee.



THERE'S A Ghost IN DETROIT

Visits from a hag-like phantom turned the back bedroom of this old house into a chamber of horrors.

By Cornelius Sheehan

THE GRAY FRAME house at 5508 Martin St., in Detroit, Mich., looked out with empty windows on the quiet neighborhood. The cold light of a street lamp cast moving shadows across the stoop.

Inside, a blue light from a table lamp in the front room added an eerie touch to the small house from which, only hours earlier, a family of seven had fled in terror.

Dirty dishes still were piled in the sink in an old-fashioned kitchen. A cake with one slice missing sat on a shelf over the stove. Beds, from which the five children of William and Lillian Adams were hastily snatched in a hysterical flight from what has come to be known as "The Horrid Hag of Martin Street," were rumpled and unmade.

Adams, 29, is a sensible, soft-

spoken southerner with a strong trace of his Atlanta, Ga., birthplace in his speech. He met his wife, Lillian, 28, while he was a soldier stationed at Fort Wayne, in Detroit, and they were married nine years ago.

About a year ago, Adams moved his family into the old home. It is in a comfortable but declining neighborhood on Detroit's west side. Its residents are predominantly Pol-

ish, and they're good neighbors, Adams says, and good neighbors are important to a family man who works the midnight shift in one of Detroit's automobile plants. It was one of the big reasons they picked that neighborhood in which to rent.

Despite its age, the house is comfortable. The old wooden floors creak a little more than they should under the worn linoleum. Plaster walls show the scars of repeated re-



William Adams (left) and Shirley Patterson gaze at bed in back bedroom of old house, scene of the strange experiences they have reported.

Mrs. Lillian Adams displays dress and fur coat described by her husband and his cousin, Shirley Patterson, as having been worn by apparition seen by each of them on different occasions.



pair and the entire story-and-a-half structure has a tired, weather-beaten lean that is hardly noticeable.

Nor was there anything about the tiny back bedroom that seemed strange to the Adamses. It was a room without personality. The flat paint had faded on the drab, blue-green walls. There was no room for furniture other than a bed and the only other things that broke up the stark lines of the room were a casement window high up on the back wall overlooking the rear yard, and a closet which was built in one corner of the room.

It was simply "the back bedroom" to the Adamses in the early months of their tenancy. But that bedroom now is forever a part of the life of Bill and Lillian Adams. It has been seared on their brains by the white hot terror of being confronted with something they will never be able to explain.

In retrospect, small incidents about that back bedroom come flooding back to the Adamses. Their small terrier, the family pet, avoided the room — carefully. The Adams children — Jimmy, eight; Deborah, six; Johnny, five; Laurie, two and one-half, and Tammy, one and one-half — always managed to find someplace else to play. Apparently there was something repelling about the back bedroom that only the dog and the children sensed at first.

But about three months ago, Adams noticed a strange and unexplainable effect the room had on him.

"I often chose the back bedroom to sleep in," he explained, "because it was in a part of the house where I wouldn't be troubled by the noise of the children during the day. Even after years of working the midnight shift, I still have trouble, sometimes, sleeping in the daytime.

"Sometime during the early summer I started having the most horrible nightmares you can imagine. I never had been troubled with bad dreams before but now they were plaguing me," he said.

"They were nightmares that would leave me limp with fear because they were so real. I would find myself sitting in the bed screaming till my throat was sore. And then wondering if it had been a dream at all.

"One of the dreams was when I found myself opening a door and a mutilated body fell out," Adams said. "It got so bad that one day I told my wife, 'if this doesn't stop I don't know what I'll do. I'm about ready to see a psychiatrist.'"

The dreams, Adams said, occurred, strangely enough, only when he slept in the back bedroom.

In August, 1962, another incident took place that was preliminary to the horror which was hovering over the Martin Street house.

"My grandmother came to visit us from Georgia," Adams said. "We gave her the back bedroom to use during her stay but said nothing to her about anything strange in the room."

The first night she spent in the room was her last. She came to breakfast the next morning shaken and upset.

"She told us that there were strange sounds in the room all night," Adams said, "and that it sounded like someone was trying to get in. She told us she wasn't going to sleep in that bedroom again. Then she cut short her stay and went back to Georgia."

Uneasiness about the room settled over the Adams' home. There was never much discussion about it, no attempt to explain the unexplainable incidents that took place in the room. Just a quiet, heavy fear that becomes deafening in its silence became part of their lives. Bill and Lillian Adams moved about in this tense atmosphere, afraid to believe what they feared. Something — that was all they could call it — was moving in on their heretofore unencumbered existence.

When he arrived at the Adams house on October 27, Shirley Patterson failed to notice the tension that gripped the home. Patterson, 27, was married to Adams' cousin and the two were friends in their home state of Georgia.

Patterson was in Detroit to pick up a new car for delivery down South. He planned to spend a few days with the Adamses before heading back to his home in Decatur, Ga.

Without mentioning the strange events of the past weeks, Bill Adams told Patterson that he could use the back bedroom during his stay. It was, perhaps, a final effort on Adams' part to prove to himself that there was nothing strange about that back room.

Giving it to a person who had no reason to fear a 'night there might explode all worries and anxieties, all the foolish fantasies that were certainly only in their minds.

Patterson, whose eyes widen when he tells of his first — and only — night in the room, speaks with a heavy southern accent. His words trip over each other in excitement as he relates his story. He pauses frequently, puzzled at his own words, apologetic for telling a tale he is sure no one will believe. It's a tale he's not even sure he believes, although he knows, as sure as he breathes, that what he saw was real.

"I didn't know anything about the room," he said. "There was no reason for me to suspect anything. No reason to be afraid."

"On Saturday night (October 27) Bill went to work at about 11:30 P.M. and it wasn't but a few min-

utes later that I decided to go to bed," Patterson said.

He went into the back bedroom, undressed, and climbed into the bed after putting out the ceiling light. Lillian Adams was in the bathroom setting her just-shampooed hair in curlers.

"It seems I was in the bed for just a few minutes. I don't know whether I was asleep or not. I was facing the wall and then I felt something turn me over. Don't ask me to describe the feeling. All I know is that it rolled me over and then I saw it standing outside the bedroom door," Patterson said.

"At first I thought it was Lillian but I started to tremble. It was a woman with long hair and she had her back to me looking into the kitchen. She was wearing a short fur coat and a kind of blue dress," he said.

"As I was laying there shaking in the bed it seemed as though some part of me had left my body and walked across the dark room toward this thing. This part of me — call it my spirit if you want — was trying to turn the strange woman around — so I could see her face.

"But every time she turned," Patterson said, "her back was always to me. It seemed like she said something to me about why I was standing there in my shorts and all the time, I was in the bed, not able to make a sound.

"Then this part of me that had left came back to the bed and I screamed as loud as I could and jumped out of bed and ran across the room toward the thing. At that minute every light in the house went out."

Patterson ran to the kitchen where he met Mrs. Adams. The lights went on as suddenly as they had gone off. Patterson, numb with fright, stood shaking in the kitchen, unable to move. Next to him, speechless from fear, stood Mrs. Adams.

As they stood in the quiet kitchen, afraid to move, they heard a frightful wail — a part human, part animal sound that made their scalps tingle and turned their knees to water.

"It was like nothing I'd ever heard before," Mrs. Adams said, "and then there was an awful smell that made both of us sick. It was coming from the room where we heard the moaning."

Still standing in the kitchen, Patterson and Mrs. Adams said a heavy trap door in a utility room — a room through which you must pass to get into the back bedroom — raised several inches and then fell back again into place.

The trap door opens on a set of shaky wooden stairs that lead to a partially dug out basement.

The police were called and searched the house, the small attic

and the basement. They found nothing.

When Adams came home from the Cadillac plant early Sunday morning, October 28, Patterson and Mrs. Adams were sitting up, waiting for him. They told him what had happened and he made a decision.

"I'm not the kind of guy who believes in ghosts—at least I didn't then. I'm a grown man with a family. I've been in the Army. I just couldn't convince myself that there was anything to it," Adams said. "I had to try again and see what would happen."

That Sunday night, at about 7:30 P.M., Adams went into the small back bedroom and lay down on the bed. The room was dark. Only a pale gray light from outside filtered through the casement window.

Patterson and Mrs. Adams sat silently in the front room; a small table lamp there was the only light in the house.

"I don't know how long it was. I was still awake. I heard a noise in the room. I thought it was Lillian and I was going to tell her she would have to leave the room if we were ever going to get this thing settled," Adams said.

"I turned over to look and the face was inches away from me. It was the most horrible thing I have ever seen. The eyes stared past me and the mouth moved to talk

but only a hissing noise came out—and a terrible stench," he said.

Adams described the thing as a formless hag with the cold, staring eyes of death. Gray hair hung like decayed Spanish moss over an indescribably horrible face.

Adams ran screaming from the room. When he got to the front room he was pulling handfuls of hair from his head. Patterson caught him with both arms and tried to wrestle him down.

"He got a hold of me around my middle and my ribs still ache from it," Patterson said. "We finally had to get a blanket and wrap it around him and throw him in a chair. He was about hysterical."

The same stench that has been present the night before now drifted through the house.

Adams saw only the face of the hag. Patterson saw no face but saw the clothing it wore. When he described it, Mrs. Adams recognized it as a fur coat and a blue dress she owned.

She got the articles of clothing from a closet and showed them to Patterson. They were, he said, the same clothes the "thing" was wearing when he saw it standing outside his bedroom door. The two pieces of apparel were permeated with the same horrible stench they associated with the apparition.

An hour after Adams had seen the face the old house on Martin

Street was empty. The Adamses and Patterson had fled with the children. They took nothing with them and ran to a neighbor who kept them for the night. Mrs. Adams sobbed hysterically in her bed all night.

The next morning they moved in with Mrs. Adams' mother and father who live in nearby Dearborn, a Detroit suburb. "All I could think of the next day," Adams said, "was that if the bedroom door had been closed that Sunday night I would have killed myself beating against it to get out."

In the week that followed Adams, in the company of friends and relatives, made several daylight visits to the house to retrieve personal belongings. In a week, all his furnishings had been moved out and he started to look for another place to rent.

One night during the week Mrs. Adams' sister, Virginia Sanocki, 19, and her brother, Leo Sanocki, 34, visited the deserted house to see for themselves whether or not there were strange goings on there.

"I stood in the kitchen and Leo said he was going to go and lie on the bed for 10 minutes in the dark," Miss Sanocki said. "A few minutes later I heard this awful groan come from the bedroom. If it was Leo I have never heard him make a sound like that before."

"Then he came rushing through

the door into the kitchen with the most horrible look on his face, like he was scared out of his mind," she said. "I asked him what he saw but he wouldn't tell me anything. He just wanted to leave that house."

Leo Sanocki still refuses to discuss what—if anything—he saw that night. But his family said he was unable to sleep that night, finally resorting to the front room floor where he spent a fitful night and awoke many times trembling.

The police searched the house twice more and found nothing. Their explanation that the family may have been frightened off by some kind of animal, was never given any credence.

A story about the house being abandoned to the apparition appeared in the Sunday, November 4, 1962 *Detroit Free Press* and crowds of the curious flocked to the house, necessitating that a police guard be on duty around the clock.

The owner of the house from whom the Adamses rented turned down hundreds of offers from persons who wanted to spend the night there. Dozens of others offered to rent the house for a week or a weekend and set up housekeeping and wait for the apparition.

Electronics engineers from the research laboratory of one of the auto corporations wanted permission to rig the bedroom with electronic equipment to get a "sounding" on

anything that broke a beam. The owner refused to let anybody but the police inside the house. The police said there was no re-occurrence of any "visions" in the time they spent there.

No clue or plausible explanation has been given to date.

One woman called the *Detroit*

Free Press which carried the story and told them her grandmother had lived in the house for 68 years and had died there 10 years ago. She was the only person who ever had died there, she said, but she was a sweet kindly old lady.

So she hardly fits the description "Horrid Hag of Martin Street."



THERESE NEUMANN DIES

THERESE NEUMANN, the Roman Catholic mystic who was world-famed for her religious ecstacies during which she displayed stigmata, or wounds, similar to those suffered by Christ on the cross, died of a heart ailment on September 18, 1962, in Konnersreuth, Germany. She was 64 years old.

Miss Neumann was born in Konnersreuth on Good Friday in 1898, the first of 10 children of a Bavarian tailor. According to published accounts her life was normal until the age of 20 when she was afflicted with paralysis and blindness. In 1925 she suddenly recovered, stating that the Holy Ghost had appeared to her and assured her she would be well again.

The blood which oozed from what appeared to be wounds in Miss Neumann's palms, feet,

forehead and side reportedly first began during Holy Week in 1926. Since then, with the exception of 1951, she apparently entered a trance on Good Friday every year and displayed the stigmata of Christ. Thousands have passed through her home on Good Fridays to see her unconscious on the bed with blood trickling from her wounds.

Villagers claim that, except for Holy Communion, Miss Neumann took practically no nourishment during the 36 years of her mystical affliction.

The Roman Catholic Church never has issued a formal pronouncement in connection with Miss Neumann's mysterious wounds. In 1956, however, a Vatican official reportedly stated that her case was under examination.



Can HYPNOSIS Break Through the Language Barrier?

The Russian girl obeyed the American hypnotist's commands—although neither spoke the other's language!

By Stanley V. Mitchell, Ps. D.

IN JULY, 1958, while touring Europe I conducted various hypnosis experiments and demonstrations in the countries where I visited. I was much interested in seeing the progress and uses made

of hypnosis in Europe and behind the Iron Curtain, especially in the field of therapy.

In Russia I visited three clinics or institutes. At Ganushina Psychoneurological Clinic I met Doctor Vojutsko and his assistant, two men in their 40's who spoke English fairly well. They were friendly and seemed as interested in what we in the United States were doing with hypnosis as I was in their work in this field. They took me on a tour of the institute and explained the various types of cases with which they work. I was tremendously impressed. In no other single place have I seen so much fine equipment devoted to hypnosis and allied fields. There was a machine using electrodes to show the patient his own heartbeats in bright lights. The subject concentrates on these flashing lights and is told that as they slow down, his heart is slowing down and he is falling asleep.



Author Stanley V. Mitchell is president of the International Guild of Hypnotists in Chicago.

High frequency oscillators, blinking colored lights, spinning discs, revolving mirrors and crystals, strobe lights working on controlled frequencies, tape recorders, phonographs, earphones, pillow-speakers, weird music and other strange sound-producing devices, all were there, designed to induce the state of hypnosis and to facilitate hypnotic therapy. I couldn't help envying them and wishing all of these facilities and equipment were available to me here in this country.

Probably the most impressive appliance was a device with a combination of colored lights, blue, yellow, red, placed at intervals on a spinning disc. The purpose of the machine is to fix the subject's attention on the disc. As the disc starts to spin the colors appear to blend and the eyes of the subject watching them gradually close in a hypnotic state, the doctors explained.

"Do you," they asked, "have aids like this in your country?"

"Yes, many hypnotists in the United States use similar devices," I replied, "although I must admit they are not as elaborate as the equipment you are showing me here."

They smiled with justifiable pride.

I did tell them my own practice does not demand complicated devices. Patients come to my offices



Nurse hypnotized by author was on staff of Ganushina Psycho-neurological Clinic in Moscow.

voluntarily and the induction of hypnosis is accomplished with as little mystery as possible. I explained that I like to have the subject sit erect in a straight chair. The subject not only knows everything that takes place during the hypnosis but is in a position to accept or reject any of the suggestions I make.

Thus, the subject remains in a position where he is able to help himself and suggestions will only be effective if they are consistent with what the subject really desires to accomplish. The Russian doctors seemed rather skeptical of this technique, which we call "motivational hypnosis." They appear-

ed to think it would not work well in their country.

"Could we have a demonstration of this technique?" one of the doctors asked.

I asked which of them would like to volunteer as the subject but, since they both wished to witness the demonstration, they called in a young nurse. The doctor explained to her, in Russian, what I was going to do. She nodded, as if it were a common occurrence and sat down in the chair I indicated. I stood in front of her and took a deep breath, held it a few seconds and exhaled. I motioned for her to do the same, to assist her in relaxing. Snapping on my per-light I held it slightly above her head—not beaming it into her eyes—but, nevertheless, holding her gaze in focus.

When I said, in English, "Your eyes are becoming very tired. Your eyelids are getting so heavy all you want to do is to close them. . ." she closed them and went promptly into a state of hypnosis. When I suggested, in English, that heaviness and limpness was felt throughout her body she responded, even to letting her head drop forward.

It is true at this point I touched her head, but I used no pressure as the Soviet doctors could see. I raised her arm and it dropped back into her lap.

Then I said, "Your arm is ris-

ing; it is becoming lighter, lighter, slowly rising upward as though some magnetic force is drawing it up."

There was no great reaction at first. However, as I repeated the suggestions and emphasized the desired action her arm slowly rose until it was outstretched at her shoulder level.

Next I suggested her arm would become rigid "as a bar of steel" and then would be numb, without feeling. I asked for a needle and pricked her right hand. She showed no reaction whatsoever. When I pricked her left hand she immediately responded by withdrawing it. I then suggested that her right arm would become normal and drop back into her lap when I snapped my fingers. As soon as I snapped my fingers her arm dropped limply into her lap. Finally I suggested, "You will feel refreshed and energetic when I count to five and you will be wide awake."

At the count of five she opened her eyes and I felt the demonstration had been a success.

I turned to the doctors but they ignored me completely and, instead, began questioning the nurse excitedly in Russian. After a few moments they turned to me looking puzzled. They explained that the nurse did not understand one word of English.

It was my turn to be excited and

puzzled. Had I known the nurse did not understand English I never would have dreamed of attempting the demonstration.

For several hours thereafter these two Russian doctors and I discussed all the possible explanations for what had occurred.

Our question was, had we leaped the language-barrier through some form of telepathy. Perhaps the nurse's subconscious mind had understood my words even though her conscious mind could not.

Or, perhaps, something similar to the "gift of tongues" mentioned in the Bible could explain it.

We even considered the possibility of reincarnation—that in some previous life the nurse had spoken English. However, no suggestions had been given to regress the subject.

After considering all sorts of possibilities, some of them weird, we recalled the nurse and questioned her as to why she had carried out the suggestions I had given her. Throughout a long, detailed interrogation—translated for me by one of the doctors—she shed very little light on the matter. She said she had not understood any of the words I had used but had seemed to understand what was expected.

This may have been due partly to the surroundings; a room filled with hypnotic devices where hypnosis was regularly performed; as

well as the doctor's statement of what I was going to do with her. This could explain the initial induction of hypnosis. However, even the doctor was unaware of *what I was going to suggest to her.*

The nurse told us that as she heard my voice her eyes became heavy, felt as though they wanted to close and did so. She then began to feel as though she were floating down through space, but she was not asleep and could hear the sound of my voice at all times. Her body became limp and the sensation of complete relaxation was pleasant. It seemed it would have required too much effort on her part to hold herself erect. Her right arm began to feel light and it seemed to her I was displeased with her. However, after her arm began to rise it seemed I again was pleased with her. She had no idea why her arm became rigid but assumed afterwards it was because it was being held in a strange position. She said she felt amused when I pricked her right hand with the needle but that her left hand involuntarily withdrew when I pricked it. Because of her previous experience with hypnosis she said the tone of my voice and the fact that she could tell I was counting was enough to signal her awakening.

* * *

SINCE MY RETURN from Russia I have worked with subjects

who understood very little English yet seemed to understand what was said to them when they were under hypnosis. One of the most memorable of these is a Polish woman I met in Warsaw in 1958 on that same trip. She came to this country to visit relatives about 18 months after I returned. While she was in Chicago she asked one of her relatives to contact me because she felt the effects of the suggestions I had given her in Warsaw were wearing off. She did not have a good enough command of the English language to use the telephone nor were we able to conduct anything resembling a conversation.

The first time I hypnotized her, in Poland, it was by accident rather than by design. Several members of our party were sitting in a hotel room. She was present, visiting a member of our party, her cousin from the Chicago area. A 17-year-old student wanted to satisfy his youthful curiosity about hypnosis and asked me to hypnotize him. The Polish woman was sitting behind him and as he went into a state of hypnosis she did also. After I had given both of them a number of generally helpful suggestions I awakened them.

The woman was amazed at what had happened to her and later sought me out. Through her cousin she explained that she had been having trouble sleeping and, as a

result, was very nervous. We went to my room and I placed her in a state of hypnosis. I found it more difficult this time, however, and I now believe it was because I was aware of the language barrier between us, which I had not been when she went into hypnosis accidentally. After I had given her suggestions to remove some of the tensions that were preventing her sleeping I awakened her. Then, with the assistance of her cousin, I explained a technique that she was to employ to help her go to sleep every night.

Eighteen months later, when she came to my office, she told me that these suggestions had worked very well for her. And now, since she was here in Chicago, she thought it would help to have these suggestions reenforced. To give her as much assistance and confidence as possible I suggested she attend my weekly class in self-hypnosis on the following evening. My intention was to have our medical director, Dr. R. S. Ziehn, who speaks German, which she also speaks, give her the suggestions while she was in a state of hypnosis.

She came to class the following evening and was hypnotized by him. Upon awakening she told him, in German, that she had not felt the sensations he had suggested as intensely as she had felt them when I placed her in a state of hypnosis

in Warsaw, and on the previous day in Chicago. He asked how I had made these suggestions and she told him she had not understood what I had said but she had felt the physical suggestions I had given to her strongly. I hypnotized her on several other occasions before she returned to Poland and my last report from her indicates she is sleeping well.

* * *

IHAVE EXPLORED many theories in my attempt to explain what occurs in these cases. There is a valid theory that telepathy and other extra sensory abilities can be increased through hypnosis. It has been said that we think in words, but in this case these subjects had to understand my words.

I believe that in hypnosis *rapport* and *projection* are two of the most important elements. I have had subjects tell me, upon awaking, that they felt the sensations I was about to suggest while I was forming them in my mind and before I put them into words.

I have witnessed demonstrations by students wherein their intention was to produce one type of reaction but their words actually suggested the opposite. The subjects, however, carried out the intention rather than the worded suggestion. This occurred when the rapport between subjects and student-hypnotists was excellent.

I have observed, during these and other incidents, that when the hypnotist believes unquestioningly and feels intensely the need to produce a certain phenomenon the subject reacts more rapidly and in all ways more favorably. The hypnotist's chance of success is increased in direct proportion to the intensity of his belief and feeling. You will recall that I mentioned having some difficulty placing the Polish woman in a state of hypnosis only after I discovered she understood very little English and this then affected my own confidence and feeling.

We work with many executives and salesmen whose chief problem is one of communication. Our intention, in teaching them to hypnotize others, is not to make hypnotists of them but rather to help them develop their ability to communicate. Many of these subjects have earned promotions and increased sales and have achieved a greater pride and satisfaction in their work because of their increased ability to establish rapport and the projection of their ideas.

My strange experiences with hypnosis and language barriers show that hypnosis can play an important role in increasing understanding between peoples. And in an age when communication is important, understanding is needed to keep us from destroying each other and our mutual world.



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

A celebrated personality of show business, noted for spectacular performances of her own, relates how her sitting with a medium "brought down the house."

By Danton Walker

Mae West is a stage and screen star and a popular nightclub entertainer.

Mae West's

ABOUT THE LAST person you would suspect of having an interest in psychic phenomena is that spectacular and very tangible personality, Mae West. But Miss West *is* deeply interested in spiritualism and makes no bones about it. Far from being evasive in discussing such things, she is eager to spread the word—to the right people—about something that has answered a spiritual need for her and given her a deep inner satisfaction.

I had gone backstage to interview Miss West at the Latin Quar-

ter night club on Broadway, where she was playing to packed houses in a highly amusing and slightly ribald act involving eight young athletes whom she called her "muscle men."

In the course of our conversation, I asked her if it was true that Mr. Ralph Pressing had given her a demonstration of trumpet mediumship, as he claimed. She nodded assent.

"Then you *are* interested in spiritualism?" I inquired.

"Definitely," Miss West replied.

Sensing a story, I asked: "How did it come about?"

"I first became interested in spiritualism several years ago, when I was at the peak of my success as a movie star in Hollywood," Miss West answered.

"This may seem an odd way of putting it, but I was satiated with success. I didn't become interested in psychic phenomena because of any personal tragedy; it was from a completely different angle.

"I had proved my ability as a

rabbis. Perhaps they themselves were too highly developed to get their ideas across to a mere beginner, but somehow I derived little satisfaction from what I was told.

"The possibility of life after death continued to fascinate me. When I read in the Los Angeles papers that there was to be some sort of spiritualistic convention there, to which the public would be welcome, I determined to investigate.

"I couldn't very well attend one of these meeting personally, without causing a lot of talk, so I asked my manager and long-time friend Jim Timoney, to do so. Jim consented to go to one of the meetings and bring back a first-hand opinion on whether he felt it was the real thing, or just a lot of phony showmanship.

"Jim did attend, and he took along with him one of his prize-fighter protégés, a young man whom we knew only as Mickey. Like so many boys who grow up in that atmosphere, Mickey was a sort of 'dese, dem, dose guy'; a diamond in the rough, with very little education or cultural background.

"Presiding over that particular session of spiritualism was a man from Buffalo, the so-called 'Reverend' Jack Kelly. At one point in the proceedings, Mr. Kelly looked in the direction of Jim and Mickey, who were sitting in the second row,

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES

playwright on Broadway, after a long and successful career as an actress, and had made a great name for myself—as well as a great deal of money—as a movie star. I had acquired most of the things that usually satisfy a woman's desires, but it wasn't enough.

"'What,' I kept asking myself, 'is beyond all this? Is there a *hereafter*, and what proof do we have that there is?' I felt that religion could possibly give the answer, and I did discuss these things, many times, with preachers, priests and

and said, 'I get the name of S.,' and he rattled off a long and practically unpronounceable name that might have been Russian or Polish. Mickey turned to Jim Timoney and whispered, 'That's *my* family name!' Jim was completely surprised, because he had always thought Mickey was of Irish descent. They were both in for further surprises.

"The father of this man S. is here, with a message for his son. He wants his son to know that he was killed—murdered—and his body thrown into the water *afterward*.' (Mickey told Jim later that his father's death had always been ascribed to drowning.)

* * *

JIM AND MICKEY were both so impressed with what went on at that meeting that I decided to learn something about spiritualism for myself first-hand. I asked Jim if he could arrange a private sitting for me with Jack Kelly.

"'If he's that good,' I said to myself, 'I'll share him with others.' So I invited a dozen or so friends and relatives, including my sister, Beverly West, and we had a meeting—I suppose you might call it a séance—exclusively for us. Lest he be suspected of trickery in singling out the persons for whom messages might be intended, Mr. Kelly asked that he be tied to a chair and completely blindfolded.

"Some of the things he told us at that meeting were absolutely astounding—things about which he could not possibly know in advance, and some of which would be decidedly embarrassing to certain people if made public.

"The most interesting and significant revelations that evening, however, weren't along personal lines. They were Jack Kelly's answers to some questions I wrote and placed in a sealed envelope. This took place, I forgot to mention, in the fall of 1941, when war clouds were beginning to hover over our country and everyone was curious about how we might become involved.

"To my first question, 'Will we be in the war?' Kelly's answer was, 'We will have a surprise attack in Hawaii within three months.'

"To question number two, 'How long will the war last?' the answer was 'From five to six years.' To this answer was added something I hadn't asked about, namely, '... and President Roosevelt will not live out his *fourth* term.'

"My third question was, 'Will we win the war if we *do* get into it?' Kelly answered, 'Yes. America and England together will win the war.'

"There were many other questions and answers—these along distinctly personal lines—that convinced me that whatever the 'Rever-

end' Kelly's power was, it was real.

"Sometime after this, my sister Beverly was visited at her ranch in the San Fernando Valley by a man from Brooklyn who had known both of our parents back East. Something Beverly didn't know, of course, was that this man—Berkman, we'll call him—was at that very moment wanted in the East, under suspicion of having done away with his wife. There were newspaper mentions of it and stories on the radio, but Beverly learned nothing about it—for the very good reason that while Berkman was at the ranch, he had contrived to keep the papers out her sight, and had also managed to keep the radio turned off. Beverly told us later that he had been a very agreeable house guest, making himself useful around the place, et cetera.

"The Los Angeles police learned of this man's whereabouts and came to see me, asking me to co-operate with them in getting him into custody. I went with them to the ranch to question Beverly. She could only tell them that he had left a day or so before leaving no forwarding address. They were stumped. Since there was nothing else to go on, I decided to call on the services of Jack Kelly.

"I put in a phone call to him at Buffalo, where he lives, and got through almost immediately. I started to tell him the whole story

of Berkman, and how we—my sister and I—happened to be mixed up in the case. He interrupted me to say 'The man they're looking for was arrested 20 minutes ago.'

"I told this to the detectives. It certainly seemed a slim clue to go on, but they didn't scoff at the idea. Instead, they immediately phoned Los Angeles headquarters and asked if there had been any news of Berkman. And the answer was 'He was arrested in San Diego half an hour ago!'

"I learned later that quite a few crimes have been cleared up with the aid of mind readers or psychics.

"Having become interested in spiritualism as an observer, I decided to delve into it deeper. I made the acquaintance of a well-known practitioner, a woman, in Los Angeles, and asked her how to go about developing such powers. I offered her whatever sum of money she might ask for giving this instruction. Her answer was that money couldn't buy such knowledge; it had to be attained only by meditation and serious study.

"She taught me, first, how to go 'into the silence'; how to blank my consciousness and let the inner voice come through. I then became aware that, to some extent, I had been doing this all my life. I remember once sitting at a prize fight and having the entire plot of a play come to me, out of nowhere.

"It is that 'inner voice' that tells us what to do at times when outside aid or advice can be of little or no help. The discovery has given me tremendous confidence and a wonderful sense of peace. It may not be the answer to the life-after-death problem that I was once seeking but it is, in itself, enough. I suggest you try it.

"I could tell you many more interesting things, and some rather amusing ones, that came about as a result of that first meeting in Los Angeles that Jim Timoney and his protégé, Mickey (of course that isn't his real name) attended. Jim, my good friend—a good man, and

a good Catholic too—passed on some time ago. And I have an inner conviction that some day he may try to contact me, from the other side.

"Jim's protégé, Mickey, now has his own stable of fighters. Incidentally, Mickey learned later that what Jack Kelly had told him at that first meeting—about his father's death—was correct. And Mickey has developed into quite a successful medium himself. He gets messages by 'spirit writing,' in languages that he doesn't understand, spelled out in words for which he has to go to the dictionary to learn the meaning!"

THE HOODOO MUMMY CASE

By C. V. Tench

A HISTORY of weird events reportedly exists in connection with a mummy case listed as Exhibit No. 22542 in the British Museum, London. Of the three men who discovered it in Egypt, one disappeared overboard from a boat on the Nile, one was shot in the arm, and the third lost his entire fortune in a bank failure.

Two porters carried the case upstairs in the museum. One fell and broke his leg. The other died of a heart attack the next day. And a photographer who took a picture of the mummy case went home, locked himself in his bathroom and shot himself.

Hearing of all this, Brian

W. Legg, of West Ealing, London, recently scoffed aloud. To demonstrate that he did not believe in ancient curses, he went to the British Museum and took several pictures of Exhibit No. 22542. At the time he enjoyed good health, had a lovely wife, children and a good job.

Since taking the pictures, a news story stated, he has had a nervous breakdown, was threatened with the loss of his job and, because in desperation he began to drink heavily, his wife and children left him. According to last reports, he was in serious family and financial trouble.

He declared that never again will he scoff at hoodoo legends.

Could Ancient Sculptors Soften Stone?

By Ivan T. Sanderson

Mayan artisans formed intricate bas-reliefs without metal tools—and may have used something far better!

ALL OVER THE world tourists are invited to come and look at "the giant's footprint." I have visited dozens of these, on five continents, and have found them, on the whole, dreadfully disappointing. Often they are obvious frauds, sometimes so crude that the chisel marks are left, unabashed, for all to see. But others are truly remarkable.

Fossil footprints of dinosaurian reptiles and other extinct creatures are a commonplace and there is nothing mysterious about them. The creatures walked over some soft surface which later was covered by

silt, sand, or some other sediment which in due course dried out, got buried and compressed into rock. Human footprints have been found similarly preserved. They are usually in dried mud or clay, such as on cave floors, but occasionally they have turned up in what we definitely call "rock." A famous example was found on the banks of the Columbia River late in the last century by the well-known hunter, guide, and surveyor, Capt. Joseph Walker. This was in extremely hard sandstone and caused quite a stir at the time.

But there is no real mystery

about this type either, for certain sands mixed with some clay can harden to rock-like consistency in a matter of hours and may be buried under dozens or scores of feet of silt or other material in a matter of a few dozen hours in a flood. Then, if dried out correctly and, of course compressed by the weight of the material above, they will produce a true sandstone just the same as any piece of such rock formed a couple of hundred million years ago. I assisted in chipping a "fossilized" car tire track out of a solid sheet of limestone on behalf of a police department in Mexico; and bloody hard work it was too, even with a heavy hammer and a set of cold chisels.

So, there ought not to be anything mysterious about these alleged giants' footprints. But wait!

First in Cornwall, England, near a place named Tintagel; then in Switzerland near Martigny where the Rhone rushes through a narrow gorge on its way to the Lake of Geneva; and finally at several places in Central and Western South America, I stumbled upon something quite different. These were human footprints (or a very fair semblance thereof) in *non-sedimentary* rocks.

The significance of this needs a word of explanation.

Rocks (meaning all solid substances on and in the crust of the

earth) may be divided into three basic types. These are called sedimentary, nonsedimentary, and metamorphic. The first were laid down under water or air; the second were formed within the earth, either due to volcanicity or other fundamental geophysical processes; the third are just what they are called, namely sedimentary strata that have been changed to unstratified masses by heat and/or its equivalent, pressure, so that they look and actually are more like nonsedimentary rocks.

Now, fossils — including fossilized footprints and other impressions — *cannot* survive this *metamorphosis* and, what is more, you manifestly *cannot* impress anything into already solidified rock of any kind, however much pressure you exert. The old idea that footprints could be so impressed, provided the impresser was big enough is, of course, complete nonsense. If you picked up the *Queen Mary* and dumped her on a couple of acres of granite you would not get any imprint of the ship's keel.

So how come "footprints" in non-sedimentary and metamorphic rocks?

The first obvious answer — and the one that I personally jumped to in Europe — is that said footprints were fakes, or at least man-made with hammer and chisel; and it is quite possible that those in Cornwall and Switzerland were. In Neo-

lithic times men seem to have had a tendency to record all sorts of things on rock faces by means of what are called petroglyphs, for religious and other purposes. Our own North American "Indians" even left enormous maps on the sides of canyons out West. These rock carvings were often most miraculously and meticulously executed so that one would at first swear that some of them must be *imprints*.

* * *

IN THE TROPICS we find quite another set of enigmas. The pre-Columbian inhabitants of Central and South America were apparently equally addicted to gouging pictures on rock-faces and on boulders, flat stones, and such. They continued this practice right up to the last phases of their great indigenous civilizations, such as those of the Maya, Inca, Quiché, etc. However, here as elsewhere, these gougers started at a very early date to develop and elaborate upon their works. They took to gouging *around* their depictions, so that these *stood-out* rather than *sank-in*. Thus they developed bas-reliefs. Instead of having, say, an apparent imprint of a dead fish, they got what looked like the fish itself, in the round.

The next stage — and this too was, of course, almost universal — was to cut under said fish until it was all but perfect, in bulk, and attached by only a sort of stem.

But here's the rub.

In the Maya city of Chichen Itza, in Yucatan, Central America, you may look at a building called "The Nunnery." It's an eerie structure with bas-reliefs that sprawl all over it. After studying these bas-reliefs for half an hour or so I guarantee that you'll find it hard to remember that the men who built this had no metal tools, and there are no hard rocks within 200 miles. You may well begin to ask yourself how they executed these acres of intricate carvings, some of them not just bas-reliefs but very nearly in the complete round. Try chipping a thousand figures out of a block of limestone with, presumably, another bit of limestone, from behind, with about an inch of space in which to do it.

Did the Mayas really chip out these bas-reliefs with stone hand-axes, picking away day after day?

Let us examine the possibilities here by asking an apparently simple question. What is concrete?

Look it up in an encyclopaedia and you may get a bit of a surprise. It's "a mixture of stone, sand, water, and a cementing material." What we invariably overlook is that, by the purely mechanical mixing of four substances, we create a solid rock of great durability. We can *make* rock!

Let us now consider the obverse: Can we *unmake* solid rock?

Of course we can, by two simple methods — pulverization or heat. However, both procedures involve the expenditure of great energy. It takes enormous temperatures to liquify most rocks. But consider: if we can so simply make a rock (concrete) by using inherent chemical energy, why can't we unmake rocks by a similar method?

The answer is, of course, we can! Given the correct agents or re-agents in sufficient concentration we can dissolve at least one component of any rock (most of which are mixtures of several kinds of substances in crystalline form). There is nothing odd about the procedure. It occurs in nature all the time, though usually at a much slower pace than in our laboratories. Yet, it is only within the last couple of centuries that we (in our current, "Western", scientifically-oriented culture) have learned to unmake rock in our laboratories.

But could other peoples in the past have learned how to do just this by other means?

One is always stumbling across unorthodox and unauthorized objects "stuck into rocks," and I am referring here to man-made objects, not fossils. The most extraordinary are metal bars seemingly "fused" into large, homogeneous, and seemingly undisturbed masses of rock. These are seen in monumental buildings of many cultures when

they are taken apart or fall apart. Tiahuanaco in Peru and Veddic temples in India both had silver internal pinnings; predynastic Egyptian monuments had similar copper cramps. (I would like to know how you get a double-ended-double-expanded cramp into two blocks of stone at once!)

Then there is something else.

Everybody, even architects and archeologists have wondered just how sundry ancient peoples — most notably those of the high Andes — managed to shape their vast blocks of building stone so accurately that they fit together, without mortar, and so that you cannot "insert a knife-blade between them." When the rocks are of no precise form, with bulging sides of varying number and all manner of curvatures, how could anybody figure out in advance just what counter-curves would be needed so that several hundred thousand, formless blocks would fit together to make a perfect mile-long wall such as is to be seen today in Cuzco, for instance. Any engineer, architect, or mathematician living today will tell you frankly that he does not know how it was done and that nobody else knows either.

But what if these particular ancients knew of a way to *soften* stones so that, like bags of concrete that we lower underwater when building dams today, these stones

automatically took on the appropriate contours of all the stones next to them—and then, be it noted, bulged out where there was no containing stone, just as is seen along the faces of the walls in Cuzco?

Further, if these particular stone-softening ancients wished to put a bit of decoration on their walls, why spend the summer picking away at a bit of rock when they could soften up the surface of the block until it was of the consistency of plasticine and then, in an hour or so, mould their favorite god in all his pristine perfection?

But, was there ever a way of so softening massive stones—such as granites, basalts, diorites, andesites, and other non-sedimentary rocks?

Nobody can say for certain, but there are many *de los Indios* who state positively that there was once such a process. And these indigenes may be encountered from the uplands of Chiapas in southern Mexico through Central America, and again in upland Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, and Bolivia.

But this is not all!

There was a very remarkable man to whose works I find myself increasingly referring. His name was Col. P. H. Fawcett. He was a British Army officer who took up surveying and was commissioned by various South American governments at the beginning of this cen-

tury to explore and define their political boundaries. He prosecuted this work on eight major expeditions. From the last of these he never returned, thereby giving rise to all sorts of fabulous and fantastic fables as to his demise or continued whereabouts.

Fawcett disappeared with his eldest son and an English assistant. His second son, Brian Fawcett, later published his dairies which give details of his previous seven trips. This book is packed with extraordinary information. Colonel Fawcett was an extraordinary man. He won a Gold Medal from the august Royal Geographical Society of London for his accomplishments, and the South American governments for whom he worked for so many years heaped honors upon him. In a way, Fawcett was a mystic in that he firmly believed there had been many great civilizations other than the Inca in South America and he constantly sought evidence of the previous existence of these. He never really found any concrete evidence of such but he did find many other strange things that are, one by one, being rediscovered today.

Among these was the matter of the birds.

It seems that in the upper forested slopes of the Peruvian and Bolivian Andes there is a little bird, looking somewhat like a kingfisher,

that nests in small perfectly spherical holes in rock faces above mountain torrents, streams, and rivers. Such holes occur only where these birds are found; and they are found in all sorts of rocks, both sedimentary, metamorphic, and nonsedimentary, such as granite. Fawcett was fascinated by this and enquired how such nice little holes always were present just where the little birds seemed to need them most. The answer he got, not only from the locals but from Europeans who had lived for over a half century in the areas concerned, was invariably the same. The birds *made* the holes.

Fawcett watched and in due course saw the little birds arrive on the rock faces where they clung like chimney swifts or swallows. Each bore a leaf in its bill and with this it rubbed the rock with a circular motion until the leaf crumbled. Then it flew away presently to return with another similar leaf and continued the process. After about four such trips the bird started to peck away at the rock and, believe it or not, the rock then crumbled away, in a steady cascade. In due course a perfectly circular hole was thus produced—a hole large enough for the bird to enter, make a nest, lay its eggs, and raise its young in.

At first this seems to defy most of what we have been led to believe

about rocks, leaves, and birds. But is it really so illogical? You can dissolve some rocks with a bottle of dilute hydrochloric acid; there are some plants that produce by no means dilute acids (and alkalines). Who is to say that some bird did not long ago find some plant that did not dissolve the keratin of its bill but *did* render granite plastic like putty?

Colonel Fawcett records two other items bearing upon this fantastic subject. The first is an account of a man who made a five mile trek through virgin forest along the Pyrene River in the province of Chuncho in Peru, wearing large Mexican-type spurs. He was fetching his horse that had been crippled the day before and left at a neighboring ranch. When he arrived at his destination he found his spurs completely corroded away. Amazed, he showed the stumps to his host and the latter got very excited, asking him if he had walked through a dense patch of low, fleshy-leaved plants with red leaves. He said he had. The rancher said that was what had "eaten" his spurs and went on to remark, "*That's the stuff the Incas used for shaping stones.*"

Fawcett's other report is even more remarkable. It appears that an Englishman, a long time executive of a mining camp at Cerro de Pasco, in central Peru, told him the following story:

He, together with some other Europeans and North Americans, had taken a Sunday off and gone looking for ancient burial grounds. They took along a local man to do the digging and, it seems, some local and potent alcoholic refreshments. They found some apparently undisturbed graves and set to work, stopping the digging every now and then to take a libation. One of the party soon got fairly plastered, whereupon he started chiding the local laborer. At the end of the day they had nothing to show for their efforts but one large earthenware jug. This was carefully sealed and, as ascertained by shaking, still contained some liquid. This they decided to open.

It contained a thick, black, viscous, and somewhat unpleasant smelling liquid. The inebriated member of the party decided it should be sampled and picked on the luckless local to do the sampling.

The party unstoppered the jug and held it out to the wretched man. The latters' reaction, after one sniff, was instantaneous and violent. He blanched, recoiled, and tried to flee. However, the boorish gringoes grabbed him and tried to force him to drink (this was about 1915, circa half a century before our present somewhat better understanding of racial relations). The poor man fought like a maniac and

finally broke away, running for the bush. Meantime, in the scuffle the earthenware jug was knocked over and broke and its contents formed a pool on the rock where it had been set.

The leader of the party, who told the story to Fawcett, was amazed to see that the liquid was gone and in its place was a pool covering the entire center of the large rock with a sort of clay-like putty. The liquid had gone and so had the entire surface of the rock! Together they had formed a sort of dough which could be kneaded and shaped as one desired just like plasticine or warm wax!

So is there, or are there, plant juices that can dissolve solid rocks — even granite? And did the ancients, notably in the New World, know of these long ago, manufacture their extracts in volume and thus soften the rocks with which they built their incredible forts, temples, and other structures? Did they use the same or similar products to soften the stones they used to ornament the fronts of these buildings, softening and then moulding their exquisite, grotesque, fantastic, and otherwise altogether incomprehensible mazes and masses of bas-reliefs, sculpts, and other designs with their fingers in a jiffy, rather than chipping them out by months of labor?

Were the Amerinds of Central

and South America the only ones to discover this technique? Or are there little birds in tropical Asia that also make their own holes in granite cliffs?

And did the ancients soften up

rocks in order to record for posterity the footprints of their "leading ladies" just as we record in soft concrete at the entrance to the famous Chinese Theater in Hollywood the footprints of our "stars?"



THE MIRACLE-WORKING NEGRO SAINT

IN MAY, 1962, Pope John XXIII elevated to sainthood Martin de Porres, a mulatto whose life is an amazing record of miracles. Born in Lima, Peru, in 1579, St. Martin was the son of a Spanish knight and a Negro woman, both of whom neglected him. He spent his early years in poverty and loneliness, but by the age of eight he already had established his reputation for holiness and charity.

As a Dominican lay brother in Santo Domingo monastery in Lima, St. Martin was believed to possess the power of bilocation—to be in more than one place at the same time. Visitors to Peru told of having been taught and healed by him in lands to which he could not have gone except through some supernormal ability.

Two Dominican monks left accounts stating that as young novices they left the monastery without permission one day and

feared to return lest they face dismissal and disgrace. They claimed that St. Martin, who had been questioned regarding their whereabouts, suddenly appeared to them in a distant house, took their hands and miraculously transported them back to their monastery cells.

He is said to have performed many miracle healings, one in connection with the archbishop of Mexico who on a visit to Lima fell ill and was on the verge of death until St. Martin came and cured him with a touch. When the Rimac River in Lima went on a rampage in 1634, St. Martin reportedly threw three pebbles into the water in honor of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, after which the flood subsided. As the first lay social worker in the New World, he distributed food and gifts to the poor, founded hospitals and orphanages and supported needy missionaries.



True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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VISITING SPOOK

By Eileen Rutherford

THIRTY-TWO YEARS ago my aunt and uncle, Charles and Winona Highsmith, who were living on a farm out of Mt. Vernon, in southern Illinois, became the host and hostess to an uninvited and invisible guest. Without any warning the guest first called one summer evening, on or about the year 1930, after the family had retired.

Suddenly the back door screen, which had been firmly latched at both top and bottom, opened and closed with a loud slam. A man's footsteps echoed across the linoleum of the kitchen floor. They continued into the dining room where our ghostly visitor clumsily stumbled into the table, setting the table rocking and the china and silver clattering. After a few seconds he continued across the dining room, out the front door screen, which also was doubly locked, and into the darkness.

Although my aunt and uncle were wide awake when all of this hap-

pened neither of them made the slightest move to light a lamp or to meet their unknown guest — until the front screen slammed. Then they both jumped out of bed. They checked the front and rear screens and found them still securely locked from the inside. The dining table was in perfect order. No one was to be seen in the open yard around the house nor on the road in front of the house. The guest



EILEEN RUTHERFORD

simply had walked through the house and disappeared.

During the next two weeks the ghost, or spook as they called him, paid nightly visits. He always made the same tour, through the back door, across the kitchen, into the dining room, never failing to walk into the table and to set the china and silver clattering, and on out the front door.

We did a little experimenting with our mysterious guest but we never outguessed him or caught a glimpse of him in all the four years he spent passing through that house. We tried waiting in the adjoining room fully dressed and armed with flashlights, but he would not be heard until we finally gave up and went to bed. Then, within 10 minutes, he would open the doubly locked back door screen and tour the house. A flashlight was focused on the kitchen one night as he walked through but the beam showed nothing whatsoever.

His nightly visits would continue for two weeks and then he would leave for 10 days, only to be back again and up to his old tricks for another two weeks. He never varied his route but there were small indications that he was in the house during the day. He seemed to like to wind up the spring of the Edison record player and then to release the spring with a loud whirr. This he did many times. I have watch-

ed the player being wound while standing in the same room.

He also hid an invisible alarm clock in the linen closet. It ticked so loudly it could be heard in the three adjoining rooms. It would tick for two or three days, then suddenly stop. No mistake, the sound came from inside the small linen closet — a small storage space about four feet by four feet between the bathroom and the kitchen. One day I took everything out of the closet to find the clock. I stripped that closet to the bare shelves and the clock continued to tick loudly somewhere behind the wall. I didn't find it and the next morning it had stopped.

Any door between the kitchen and bedroom or between the dining room and living room which was bolted the night before always would be open the next morning.

The spook got to be a regular member of the family and even visiting relatives accepted him although he seemed a little shy and seldom walked on the first two or three nights of their visit.

Then quite suddenly, just as he had come four years before, he left and never paid another visit as long as my aunt and uncle lived in that house.—*Phoenix, Ariz.*

BUSHY TAILED VISITOR

By Ora Beck Harper

IT HAD BEEN a damp miserable morning with off and on show-

ers. I had gone to the kitchen to prepare a belated noon meal when I heard the excited laughter of my three young sons as they approached the house. But I was unprepared for the big, red shepherd dog that came bouncing toward me through the opened screen door.

"Look Mom," said my eight-year-old all out of breath, "Tippie's lost, can we keep him?"

"Wipe the mud off your feet," I said and, before I could say more, the dog ran off down the hall to my bedroom. By the time we caught up he had piled himself comfortably on my bed.

After the boys got him out into the back yard it came to me that they had been calling him Tippie.

"How do you know his name?" I called through the open window.

My eldest pulled a collar out of the thick fur and read me his name and a telephone number. I dialed the number and asked if they had a dog named Tippie.

The lady assured me that they did and why did I ask.

After I explained everything, she said it couldn't be right. For their Tippie was right there, and too old, too crippled up to move out of their yard. She had no explanation for the dog at my place, although the descriptions exactly matched. We figured the distance to be about 10 miles from her place to mine.

When I went outside to recheck name and phone number on the collar, Tippie had disappeared.—*Covina, Calif.*

THE FACE IN THE MASK

By A. M. Antkiewicz

WHEN I WAS a child of 12 a strange thing happened in my family.

One evening in October, 1935, after supper, we were all, except Father, seated around the fireplace in the parlor. My father was sitting in the kitchen just finishing a late supper.

The lamps were not yet lit, although it was dark. We sat in the firelight in our home in Bradford, England. My mother was singing to my baby brother who was half-asleep on her knee. My other brother and I played on the rug.

Mother's singing stopped abruptly. I looked up to see her gazing intently into the fire. Her face bore an expression of utter amazement. Instinctively my brother and I looked too. There, outlined by flames, deep in the red heart of the fire, was the face of a man obscured by some kind of a mask he was wearing.

"Bill," my mother called over her shoulder. "Bill, come and look at this face in the fire."

There came a disbelieving laugh from the kitchen but no father.

I jumped up, "Mom, Dad's just

got to see this, I'll bring him." But no amount of pleading would induce Father to come into the parlor. He just laughed.

When I got back to the parlor the face was gone.

Three weeks later my father was admitted to hospital, dangerously ill from blood-poisoning. In spite of all the extreme efforts to save his life he died. While he was in hospital the skin on his face erupted and, under doctor's orders, a mask was made from white gauze, saturated with medication and placed on his face. He died with that mask still on his face.—*Clifton, N. J.*

OUIJA PREDICTS

By Val Spires

I OFTEN HAVE played with the Ouija board and had a lot of fun getting answers. One day, however, it wasn't quite so much fun. A friend of mine, John Cotrell, was asking some questions. He had been offered a choice of positions and was wondering which one he should accept.

"Would you help me with the Ouija board?" he asked. We always had had great success working it together and we made arrangements to try it that evening.

The board was quite active when we started but we quickly found that any time we asked a question concerning Johnny or his work we always received this same answer,

"Dead"—or "will die."

John had a patient who was dying and we thought it concerned this patient, but were rather disgusted because we couldn't get any other answers. We tried all sorts of questions but the answer was the same, "Dead"—"will die."

Suddenly I looked at Johnny and he was beginning to look haunted, so I suggested we stop this nonsense. This was on July 10, 1955.

A week later we had dinner together at the Strata Room and watched the planes coming and going. "There is nothing I would rather do than spend the rest of my life flying," Johnny said, looking wistfully at the soaring planes.

"Have you decided which job you are going to take?" I asked. I knew he had to decide shortly or lose both opportunities.

"Somehow, it doesn't seem important any more," he said.

"Not important?" I exclaimed, shocked. "Why, Johnny?"

"I don't know why—" he replied with a smile. "It just seems unnecessary for me to make up my mind about it."

"Perhaps the answer will come," I said knowing that he believed in guidance.

"It would be wonderful—flying around in those beautiful clouds," he said, changing the subject.

I let the matter drop.

The very next Sunday John was

invited to fly with an outstanding captain, John Gaines, in a small plane. They had been up for about one-half hour when suddenly, on the clear blue day of July 4, 1955, the plane was caught in a down-draft and crashed into the nearby foothills. Both men were killed instantly.

The Ouija board was right when it predicted "Dead" or "will die" to all John's questions. And I believe Johnny knew it meant him and that is why he ceased to worry about a job decision. The Ouija board had told him. — *Boise, Idaho.*

LADY OF THE ROCK

By Norma Jeffries

I WAS IRONING in the living room of our apartment when one of the most startling phenomenon of my life occurred. I can only relate this true event as I know it.

I love to iron in the living room where one complete wall is made up of windows and the sun shines bright and cheery lighting the task. On this summer day in 1951 the radio was playing a popular song and I was humming along with it. Suddenly the music broke off. There was no sound from the radio at all. I wondered if a tube was gone, if the station was having trouble, or whether the electricity was momentarily out. Checking my iron I found the electricity was all right.



VAL SPIRES

It was then I noticed the room had begun to grow dark. Carefully I sat the iron in a safe place and flicked it off. What was happening? Was I about to faint? No. I felt perfectly well. Was there a storm coming, hiding the sun? No. I had been outside just a moment before and the sky was cloudless. What, then, was happening?

The room turned a dark grey color. I backed a few feet away from the ironing board my eyes adjusting to the peculiar light. There in the center of the room was what appeared to me as a large rock. A feeling of awe came over me and I watched with fascination. My vision seemed glued to the spot.

Then the room radiated with a bluish glow emanating from just above the rock on the floor. In the wink of an eye a woman stood upon the rock. She was the most beautiful creature I ever have seen. As my eyes traveled from the stone, to her bare feet, along the graceful draping of her white and blue dress to the serene features of her face, an enormous sense of peace filled me and I fell to my knees.

"Ave Marie," I said.

She smiled down at me, at the same time extending her hand palm downward, "*Dominus Vobiscum*," she said.

Again words came from my mouth in Latin, "*Et cum spiritu tuo.*"

A warmth descended upon me penetrating every fiber of my being. Then the woman and rock were gone, the room returned to its sunny self and the radio was audible, still playing the same song I'd been humming. Everything about me was unchanged.

I picked myself up off my knees and returned to my ironing. My forehead and the palms of my hands were wet with perspiration.

For several days and nights I mulled over the event in silence, afraid to mention it to anyone for fear of being called crazy. The fact that the Lady was trying to tell me something to help me never entered my mind. I was busy wondering

why I had used Latin words, whether I was crazy, why did she come to me of all people, etc. True, I had a working knowledge of Latin from the ninth grade and prefixes and suffixes from medical terminology, but I couldn't translate what she had said nor what I had said. A quick trip to the library for an English-Latin dictionary satisfied that curiosity. I had said, "Hail Mary," to which recognition she had said, "The Lord be (is) with you," and I had responded correctly, "And thy spirit."

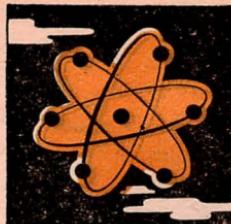
I went to a psychiatrist I had worked for and asked "Am I crazy?"

He laughed and replied, "The very fact you come here and ask me that question makes me answer no. What is your problem?"

I explained.

"Well," he said, "I know things of that nature do occur. If you were a highly religious person I would say your imagination ran away with you. Why it happened—and I'm certain knowing you as I do, that you are not lying about it—I'm not qualified to say. Perhaps some day you will know. Meanwhile, I'll give you some sleeping capsules and you get some rest and forget about it."

But I can never forget my beautiful "Lady of the Rock" nor stop my yearning to see her again.—*San Diego, Calif.*



an atomic theory of apparitions

A concept that atoms have "ghosts" may explain how it is possible for ghosts to be objective and tangible.

By James Crenshaw

James Crenshaw is a Los Angeles newspaperman and a psychical researcher.



TRYING TO ANALYZE the stuff that ghosts are made of might seem to be as potentially unrewarding as attempting a chemical analysis of a dream. Yet there are facts and clues which not only make this search worthwhile, but which hint at the very nature of the universe.

Many modern psychical researchers, or parapsychologists, claim that ghosts are mainly subjective psychological manifestations without objective reality. But a considerable body of evidence now supports the view that haunts do have an objective substantiality.

For example, repeatedly stories have been told of apparitions which occur either in night time or in full

daylight, whose appearances fulfill all of the sensory requirements of time and space and whose disappearances confound the senses. The retired mayor of a Canadian city has told me of such an experience.

He said he was approached on the street one day by a woman in costume. At least, she was dressed peculiarly. Perhaps she was a native of some colony where the women dressed unconventionally by urban standards. She obviously was poor, and she begged him for money. He handed her a Canadian half-dollar, for which she thanked him profusely.

Then in an instant she had disappeared, half-dollar and all. It was daylight. They were on a pub-

lic street and were near no object or building where she could have hidden. She and the coin had simply been swallowed up into the ether.

Or was it into a etheric world?

There have been too many occurrences of this general sort to ignore or cast aside as inexplicable. The natural explanation, however, may lie above and beyond the usual trite theories based on hoax, hallucination or misinterpretation of the facts.

* * *

ONE CURRENT scientific view is that ghosts manifest only in the presence of an observer capable of furnishing psychic power. Whatever vibratory impressions have been stamped upon an environment or situation are somehow amplified and made perceptible with the help of this psychic power. Here one recalls the old argument as to whether there is any sound when a tree falls in the forest if there is no ear to hear it.

According to this idea, the phantoms are no more real in the living sense than a photograph or a moving picture is living and no more solid than the glow of light in a dark room. To support this contention, it is asserted that ghosts leave no tangible evidence of their transitory presence—no physical traces, no lasting mementos.

There are numerous credible case

histories which seem to refute this theory—cases where tangible, physical evidence has been produced. Two such case histories have come to me first hand.

The first concerns a friend who, while walking late on a moonlit night in Philadelphia, unexpectedly encountered another man in the middle of a lonely square. The man held out a cigarette for a light, and though my friend cannot now remember what words, if any, were exchanged, the flare of the match made it possible to observe the man's face perfectly. It had a strange, blue-gray color, hardly life-like. The man wore no hat, and there was something odd about his hair—meticulously combed, as though it had been carefully dressed by another person for public exhibition. He wore a dark suit.

Cupping his hands to shield the lighted match still held by my friend, the stranger paused just long enough to make sure the cigarette was burning and then turned away. My friend did likewise. He had walked only a step or two when something prompted him to look back. The man and the cigarette had disappeared. The square was empty, again lonely and soundless. Yet only a few seconds had passed. There were no buildings nearby. The encounter had occurred near the center of the intersection. There had been no sound of *running* nor even

walking, despite the fact that footsteps at that hour echoed up and down the empty streets with unnatural loudness.

But contradicting the assertion that ghosts leave no trace, my friend was startled to see, in the bright moonlight, curling up from the spot where he and the stranger had just been standing, a wisp of smoke. It hung tentatively in the air, a little cloud such as a smoker would have exhaled after the first deep puff. My friend had not been smoking—nor drinking.

His comment upon the experience was this: "It is strange that at a time like this you realize something is not quite right. At first you accept it without question. Then later you start to wonder . . ."

The other true ghost story was told to me by one of Mexico's leading artists. Dr. Atl, who has become something of a national hero in the republic. After attempting unsuccessfully to reconcile differences between President Carranza and the forces of General Obregon in 1920, he took refuge in an old monastery in the Mexican capital.

Billeted there following the revolution was an army colonel and his orderly. The only other persons in the ancient "convento" were a caretaker and his family. Rumors that the place was haunted by a monk of giant stature had been current for years, though Dr. Atl

knew nothing of these before he began living temporarily in one of the old cells.

However, the orderly claimed to have seen the ghost, and the colonel on several occasions fired his pistol at the something he thought lurking among the colonnades around the open patio. At dusk one day, the colonel and his man returned from some mission. Soon afterward, Dr. Atl heard shots. He ran to a balcony in time to see the colonel drop his gun and begin to struggle with something unseen in the open plaza below.

Very slowly the officer's body was bent backward. He gasped for breath and with his hands tore frantically at whatever was grasping his throat. Wriggling and groaning, he was gradually forced back onto the ground. By the time Dr. Atl reached him, he was still and lifeless.

Police found huge finger marks on the colonel's throat, and a plaster cast of these helped clear all others in the monastery of any suspicion of murder. The orderly, who had fainted during the death struggle, on being revived made a statement to incredulous police that he had seen a shadowy figure, a giant-sized phantom, attack the officer. The occurrence received considerable attention in the Mexican press, according to Dr. Atl, so much so that he had to secrete himself to

avoid harassment and annoying cross-examination by mystery mongers.

Ghosts then, it would seem, occasionally do leave physical traces, and whether or not the traces are produced by extruded telepathic embodiments of a force drawn from living subjects, as some parapsychologists maintain, it appears that bona fide physical energies are at work.

* * *

WHAT IS the force that does the work of producing ghosts and ghostly effects? Is it some new kind of powerful radiation, new in the sense that it has not yet been analyzed by science, or is it simply an extended manifestation of old atomic principles?

There are indications that the answer involves both. For instance, Dr. Gustaf Stromberg undertook in his book, *The Soul of the Universe*, to correlate physical and biological data in support of the idea that organizing fields of energy determine structure in both organic and inorganic matter.

In the atomic and subatomic world, he noted that the distinction between particles and their fields has tended to disappear. Particles are regarded as the cores of energy fields, as points of energy concentration, rather than independent entities. Dr. Stromberg subscribed to a theory of "autonomous fields,"

that is, fields of force which are not to be pictured as having their origin in particles or caused by particles but representing independent, preexisting patterns of "emergent energy."

Particles, he said, are merely nature's "evanescent indicators" of the fine structures of the preexisting fields, associated in turn with the emergence from another dimension of definite amounts of energy into the physical world of space and time.

Can it be said that this source world, this other dimension (or dimensions), is the proper domain from which the manifestations we call ghosts emerge and into which they recede? This concept begins to strike us as sensible as we continue to examine Dr. Stromberg's reasoning as applied to the world of physics and biology.

In living bodies, significant fields take over the direction of structural growth and development, as seen in the almost miraculous directive processes of mitosis or cell division. An invisible organizer appears to move and reform elements of the dividing cell structure.

Dr. Stromberg envisaged all autonomous fields as being "rooted" in dimensions of the cosmos other than the space-time continuum, a transcendent non-physical world of organizing forces which become identified with the emergent energy

we perceive as tangible particles.

His studies led Dr. Stromberg to the conclusion that matter and consciousness both are rooted in the non-physical world and that the elements of consciousness, including memories, are capable of existence independent of matter (as we know matter). However, aside from these scientific intimations of immortality, it is in the basic theory of emergent energy that we find palpable clues to the origin of ghosts.

* * *

THE EMERGING and receding behavior of Stromberg's "cores" is a perfect parallel to the behavior of both apparitions and materializations. Each type of phenomenon appears to be made up of the same general kind of transitory, emergent matter. It appears and disappears, can sometimes be seen and felt before disappearing, occasionally moves objects and leaves material traces. It behaves like ordinary matter but still has no permanent existence in the framework of our conception of space and time.

In fact, after its transitory manifestations, it seems to be absorbed back into another dimension or dimensions, such as the sources of emergent energy postulated by Dr. Stromberg.

How can this be?

Possibly the answer lies in the nature of matter itself. Solids are no longer regarded as solids at all

and have not been for many years of this century. They are arrangements of complicated wave patterns, with little left of the old concept of individual particles except the cores or focusing points representing intricately complex bundles of energy waves.

Electrons, protons, positrons, neutrinos, mesons—the whole imposing array of subatomic "particles" turned up by modern physics—prove to be little more than congealed wave patterns, a kind of coagulated vibration complex of differing frequencies that achieve particle-like characteristics somewhat in the same way that wave patterns in tones and overtones produce characteristic sounds.

* * *

THE KEY TO the entire mystery of the reality of matter—including ghosts—may well be the repeated assertions of psychic communicators themselves that their world—to be regarded by many as a ghost-world—is not entirely non-physical at all; that it is in its next dimensions a greater world or worlds which envelops and interpenetrates our own. Of greatest importance is the reiterated statement from the communicators that the transcendent spheres and planes of their world have perceptible aspects of substance and form. Simply because they are not perceptible to our ordinary senses does not war-

rant our regarding them as any less real.

The supposedly non-tangible fields which apparently become perceptible energy, momentum and mass only when they emerge into the three-dimensional earth world are rather continuously tangible after all—to those attuned to the “vibrations,” as they call them, of the beyond world. If this beyond world is not actually non-physical but only seems so to us on this “earth plane” of grosser vibrations, then it must have form and mass appropriate to its own dimensions.

This is precisely what the communicators report. They say they have bodies, buildings, articles with many forms, substantial environments and tangible being in a series of dimensions or “degrees” which we cannot perceive with our ordinary apparatus or sensitivity.

The sensitivity of the residents of the so-called higher dimensions, it is said, is tuned to a more attenuated kind of matter, yet a kind of matter which is thoroughly substantial in its own right. Just as in the case of our recognizable electromagnetic frequencies, the range of perception is entirely dependent upon the range of attunement. This concept is reported over and over, in many places and through innumerable channels. Moreover, those who so report frequently speak of the same kind of atomic building

blocks—use, for example, the term “atomic energy” as pertaining to their world—and refer to the same kind of energy patterns as we are attempting to dissect in our world.

Theirs is a world of molecules and atoms too. Theirs is not so much a different kind of world as a different degree of worldliness, the spiritual quality being inherent in all degrees but perhaps less easily unfolded in the so-called “lesser” degrees. Aside from the considerations of pure spirit, the same kind of vibrating energy, the same kind of dancing wave patterns that we encounter here are to be found there. Only the wave lengths, the incredibly rapid rate of vibration—frequencies of high orders unimagined in our world—appear to be different. The condensation of energies into the particles we call molecules and atoms becomes perceptible on the ghosts’ own frequency levels and takes on shells or layers of a lower frequency only under circumstances yet to be explained and explored. Ordinarily the higher levels of frequency patterns are no more perceptible in other “degrees”—ranges of frequency—than is one radio or television station perceptible to a person or receiver tuned to another frequency band.

* * *

WE ARE NOW armed with a valuable tool to be em-

ployed in understanding the nature of apparitions and, for that matter, the whole gamut of psychic happenings exhibiting physical effects. The tool is our discovery of what may be called "the ghost of the atom." For if ghosts indeed are composed of quasi-physical units or wave patterns, and their perceptible forms emerge from and are absorbed into other vibrational dimensions, then we must concede that each unit and particle has its "ghostly" counterpart beyond our perceptive range.

The "ghosts" of atoms and par-

ticles, therefore, can help us formulate some concept of what happens when someone or something beyond our five senses suddenly "materializes" before us. The atoms which motivate the materialization are already there. In some way, associated with particular persons or environments, their vibrations temporarily condense; their constituent wave bundles somehow, for the moment, draw to themselves earthly shells, and their preexisting forms break through from what Dr. Stromberg perhaps erroneously calls a non-physical world.



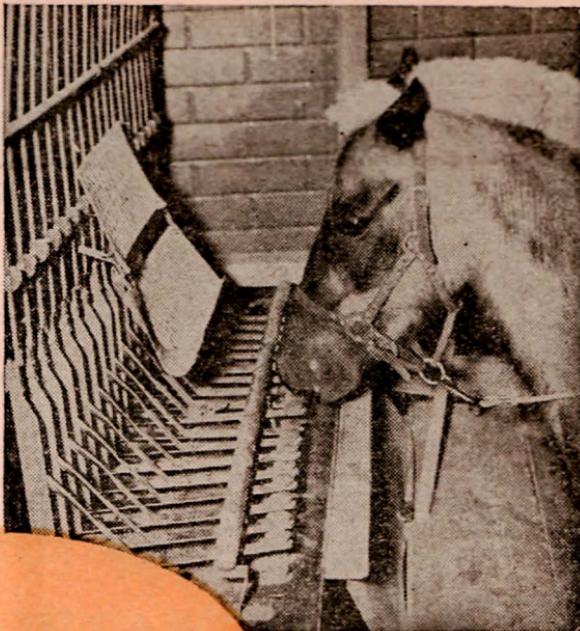
FRANCIS BACON AND THE WARTS

FRANCIS BACON (1561-1626), famed English statesman, scientist and philosopher, was not, as a rule, the type of man who entertained superstitious ideas. Yet a remarkable wart cure he experienced as a youth impressed him for the rest of his life. In *Sylva Sylvarum* (1626) he wrote:

"I had, from my Childhood, a Wart upon one of my Fingers: Afterwards when I was about Sixteen yeeres old, being then at Paris, there grew upon both my hands a number of warts (at the least an hundred) in a Moneths Space. The English Ambassadours Lady, who was a Woman farre from Superstition, told me, one day; She would helpe me away with

my Warts: Whereupon she got a Peece of Lard, with the skin on, and rubbed the Warts all over, with the Fat Side; And amongst the rest that Wart, which I had had from my Childhood; Then she nailed the Peece of Lard, with the Fat towards the Sunne, upon a Poast of her Chamber Window, which was to the South. The Successe was, that within five weekes space, all the Warts went quite away: And that Wart, which I had so long endured, for Company. But at the rest I did little marvell, because they came in a Short time, and might goe away in a Short Time againe: But the Going away of that, which had staid so long, doth yet sticke with mee."

"Lady Wonder," shown in her stable near Richmond, Va., in 1956, was famed for her demonstrations of psychic ability. She operates her special "typewriter" to predict Eisenhower would win presidency. She died in 1957 at the reported age of 33. UPI photo.



Lady WAS A WONDER

By Jack Woodford

I hated the "mind-reading horse" and she hated me. But she told me what not even my friends knew!

I FIRST HEARD of "Lady" years ago in a fan letter I got from England, from an English writer named Shaw Desmond. He wished to know what I thought of Lady. Although I lived in Richmond, five miles from Lady at the

time, I never had heard of her.

I hate horses. Next to politics they constitute the most vicious racket in America. Besides, they bite, kick, smell, and are inclined to knock your eye out with their tails when they switch flies. In this

frame of mind I approached Lady.

I never found out about Lady although my investigation covered a period, off and on, all told, of about 30 years. Dr. J.B. Rhine also investigated Lady and never found out about her. Her owners never did. Psychologists, psychiatrists, educators, priests, ministers, rabbis who came from all over the world to have a look at Lady never found out about her either.

Hollywood tried in vain to import Lady. Her owners would have no part of it. The owners, Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Fonda, never made any money out of Lady. They were simple, country, "God Fearing" people. They never exploited Lady. They never put up so much as a Neon sign to point out Lady's location on Ruffin Road between Petersburg and Richmond, Va.

So, about 30 years ago I went out to see Lady for Shaw Desmond, whose novels in England got excellent reviews and, respectably enough, not much money.

I had a dickens of a time finding Lady. When I did I saw a sway-back, tattered horse who looked old. Nobody seemed to know how old she was even though when she died on March 19, 1957, the papers said she was 33 years old. If this is true then she was eight when I saw her. She looked older.

She was in a small yard with a tumble-down fence. She had a leaky

roofed old stable. The house of the owners was a small house and they never moved from it. The whole aspect was one of poverty. Hollywood would have paid the Fondas 100 grand at any time and it cost me a quarter to interview Lady.

She was the most loathsome-looking horse I have ever seen, before or since, and I detested her and was enraged with Shaw Desmond for getting me into such a mess of mud.

The horse looked me squarely in the eyes. I avoided her gaze. But I could feel—and Mrs. Fonda told me—Lady had taken an instant dislike to me, a dislike which increased through the years. This was mutual.

"Do you want to come inside?" the woman asked.

We went into an untidy stable where there was a curious contraption with the alphabet on it. It looked as though it had been bought second-hand from a vaudeville animal act. If the horse nosed one of the letters it stood up.

Lady was brownish, mottled and spotted. The woman was unfriendly. The horse hated me. I hated the horse. The surroundings were monstrosely uncongenial. There was no place to sit.

"What do you want to ask the horse?" Mrs. Fonda asked me.

"What's my name?"

The horse knocked down four letters: "J-A-C-K."

I nearly fainted. The lady couldn't possibly have known who I am, if anybody. I was dressed in nondescript fashion; my hair was uncombed. I looked worse than the horse. I had made up my mind to go see the horse only half an hour before. And I'd never even heard of her before that.

When I recovered I snarled, "That's not my name." (And it isn't! Not really!)

I figured the horse was trained to knock down common names like Jack and Dick, and if it made a mistake the woman would double-talk the horse out of it somehow.

The woman gave me a suspicious look. The horse gave me a contemptuous one. The woman said to the horse, "Try again."

This time the horse knocked down four more letters: "J-O-S-H."

I asked the woman, "Is there a chair here?"

I honestly felt dizzy. The woman grudgingly brought me a chair. I sat down. I tried to collect my thoughts. The name I am usually called is "Jack," although it is not my name. One person on this earth ever called me "Josh," my grandmother, since that is what she affectionately made out of "Josiah," which is my legal first name. And my grandmother was dead.

For some reason I was shaking all over, as though I'd seen a ghost.

"What's the matter," the woman

asked, "you sick?"

"I guess so," I told her.

She showed no sympathy. And what she now told me she told me many other times in later years, "Lady wants you to leave."

Lady was knocking her front foot on the floor. And Lady didn't want me to leave one-tenth of one percent as much as I wanted to leave.

I got up and went out. Far off I could hear the traffic on the Dixie Highway. It was a comfortable city sound. Born in the middle of Chicago I am always disoriented in a small place.

I went out to the car and sat there and tried to think like an intellectual. There was *bound* to be some explanation I told myself. But coincidence, chance, none of those would fit. Not with those *two* names, Jack and Josh. It occurred to me that Shaw Desmond might have tipped off the woman and described me, or some such. But that wouldn't fit because Desmond didn't know about Josh. Nor did anybody in the whole state of Virginia. Not even my daughter knew about that; nor my wife.

So I thought of the British Society for Psychical Research and I thought of the theories of telepathy, with no pleasure whatever. I don't believe in telepathy from one human mind or animal mind to another. I think there is something

there but I don't know what it is. Eventually I felt better and drove home.

I never told Shaw Desmond a thing about it. I never told anybody anything about it — until this minute.

* * *

WHEN YOU interviewed the horse you stood close enough to it to touch it easily.

There were no props of any kind. The stable was just a stable. There was nothing in it (except the board on which the horse could knock down answers) that wouldn't be found in any ordinary stable. There were several windows. There was bright light. You could see under and over and all around the horse. I watched the woman out of the corner of my eye (when I went back there again later). She had no possible connection with the horse. She yelped orders at it if it were dilatory. Otherwise she said nothing, did nothing. She'd look off out the window with an abstracted expression. Her feet were motionless on the floor. Nobody else was in or around the stable. There was nothing under it, nothing over it. Her hands remained motionless; her body remained motionless. Her breathing was regular. She seldom even looked at the horse. There were no sounds of any kind, only dead stillness.

I discussed this from time to

time with various vaudeville people who were acquainted with animal acts. We considered the whistles that can't be heard by the audience, all that sort of thing. Two of these experts, who I knew, went out there to have a look. They told me they couldn't for the life of them figure out how it was done. They were enormously impressed.

Chiefs of Police consulted the horse concerning crimes. They were always reporting to the newspapers that the horse solved the crimes.

Numerous persons told me that the horse was bewitched but they would never tell why they thought so. I suppose they couldn't without exposing family skeletons.

Finally one day I found Mrs. Fonda outside raking leaves.

"How do you account for it?" I asked her.

She looked up at me wearily, "I don't know."

"Do you consult the horse about your life?"

"Of course not. I consult God."

"Then doesn't it seem to you passing strange to let other people take what would appear to be a rather faithless attitude toward their own destinies and God by consulting the horse?"

"If God didn't want it, it couldn't happen."

I was tempted to ask why not considering some of the things that would appear to be fairly inimical

to God that did happen but I remained silent and she added, "God has let Lady live a happier and a longer life than I ever heard of any other horse doing."

"How old is Lady?"

"I don't know."

"How old do you think she is?"

"I have no idea."

You will think (and so have I) of lots of other things I could have asked her. But this woman was a bit irascible naturally, and she had been plagued by questions for decades. And I knew she viewed me with some antipathy because all Lady had to know was that my car was coming down the road to start being untractable.

Often, when I was waiting my turn to get in, or after I had come out, I talked to people standing around. Many of these had been coming for years, one of them from Saskatoon, Saskatchewan, Canada. These people heard about Lady through articles in newspapers and magazines written by persons who had visited Lady. These articles usually made preposterous claims. The woman in charge of Lady never did. Confronted with some of these tales she *always* said they were not true or they were exaggerated.

However, some claims she would substantiate. Natives from around the South came to consult the horse about illnesses. I heard that the

horse often made some simple diagnosis that would turn out to be accurate as later proved clinically. Mrs. Fonda recited one of these and gave me the doctor's name. I called him up. He confirmed it.

The local papers *never* went overboard about the horse. But they often reported cases of lost persons being located by the horse. These Mrs. Fonda confirmed and several occurred at times when I was in Richmond. I checked on three of them. All three reports tended to show something supernatural or preternatural had occurred.

* * *

I DIDN'T SEE Lady or her mistress again for 10 years. By that time I supposed the phenomenon, whatever it was, would have been exposed somehow. It wasn't. It was going stronger than ever.

I checked Lady's mistress carefully until I had satisfied myself she was obviously incapable of trickery of any kind about anything, with anything. Whatever it was went on between her and this confounded nag, she thought God did it.

Soon after that I left Richmond again, still unable to put the horse out of my mind.

When I returned to Richmond to stay briefly another 10 years later I got a letter from a minor official in Washington who told me he would be down for one day, for one

purpose only, to see Lady The Wonder Horse. He wanted me to fix it. I explained to him there was no fix necessary so far as I knew. (I hadn't seen the horse since coming back) and that Richmond was not a place where everything had to be angled.

So he came on down one morning with his pretty wife.

Still there was nothing but a nondescript wooden sign, practically unnoticeable from the Dixie Highway. The sign was weather-beaten; the road to the corral was dirt, very narrow and uncomfortable to negotiate. Nothing was changed. We were the only visitors.

I wanted no part of the horse and I knew the horse wanted no part of me. When the Washingtonians saw the set up they lost some of their interest. How could anything that wasn't expensive be any good? I sat outside while they went in to interview the horse.

But I was extremely uncomfortable. I had a hunch something was going to happen. I hadn't wanted to go; now I wished I hadn't. The farm was small. There was no other stock except dejected-looking poultry. You couldn't see any other house from it, just trees and rolling country. Virginia creeper vines ran all over everything.

Now, out came the Washington visitors, into the car. They said nothing, not a word.

As I drove back toward Richmond I forced a conversation about other matters since apparently they didn't want to talk about the horse, and I didn't either. Evidently they'd had a rough time. I knew that Lady's mistress could be plenty rough with people she didn't like. Now my guests wanted to catch an earlier train than they had planned on back to Washington.

At the Broad Street Station I started to go into the station with them but the woman went on ahead without saying goodbye and the man detained me.

"It was damn cute of you," he said, "to tell the Old Bag to tell the horse all about us. I suppose you did it because you wanted us to have a good show . . . but I don't think it was so damn funny to tell her we aren't married!"

Then he walked off.

I stood there, stunned. I had told the horse on them? How would I know they weren't married? I didn't know anything at all about her and all I knew about him was that, like everybody else in Washington, he wanted to write a novel exposing Washington.

I got to wondering in savage, manic-depressed fashion, what was the worst they could do to you for shooting a horse in Virginia and drove home so deep in thought that I liked to get killed in traffic.

* * *

L OUELLA, MY DAUGHTER, had wanted terribly to go see the horse when she knew I was taking them, but had decided against it since it would mean missing school.

But I had promised to take her tomorrow! And I never broke a promise to Louella in my life. She adored horses and every other living thing. After a rain it was hell to walk down the street with her, being careful not to step on worms that had come up for a bath.

I tried to trade Louella out of it but it was strictly no deal.

"Remember one thing," I finally cautioned her. "The horse will have seen the *Sunday Times Dispatch*. Your picture was in it. It says you're 13, and an arrived novelist. It says you're Welsh. It says a lot of things."

"I won't ask the horse anything it could possibly know. I'll ask it things neither you nor mother nor anybody else on earth could know but me."

"Good . . ." I said grimly.

Saturday turned out to be the angelic sort of day Richmond has once a year, New York has twice a year, some years, and Hollywood has every day. I drove Louella out and parked as far away as I could get and let her make it alone.

Although she was only 13 she already had sold poetry, articles and short stories to magazines, besides

having a novel published. In her entire life I never had seen her anything but happy and ebullient.

But she came back from her visit to the horse looking as though she had been stabbed. Her eyes were wet. I could see that she was near tears, so I didn't speak to her. I sat and drove in silence, morosely trying to think of ways to assassinate a horse without getting caught at it.

Later Louella said, "It's the only horse I ever saw that didn't like me. It didn't like me a bit. It kept pawing the floor. I asked it a question *mentally*."

"What question?"

"About the wish."

It was no use to ask her about the wish. Since she was nine every time she saw an early star she made the same wish.

"What did the miserable creature say?" I asked.

"It kept on saying nonsense until the lady spoke severely to it and then it said 'No.' "

"Surely you don't think the horse is psychic?" I said.

"All animals are psychic. So are all human beings when they are very young. Somebody tells us it's all nonsense and then we no longer believe it and we're no longer psychic," Louella said.

"What was the nonsense the horse said?"

"Josh."

I pulled myself up. "How did it come to write 'Josh?'"

"I don't know. It started writing it right away when I came in. It puzzled the lady too, and made her mad. She was nice to me but she got mad at the horse. I don't ever want to go there again. I felt queer."

"You didn't feel any queerer than I did," I told her grimly. "I'll never go near that animal again either."

"Why should an animal hate me?" She wanted to know. "I love all animals. They usually know it."

"It wasn't you it hated. It apparently knew I was with you; and it hates me because it knows I hate it."

Eventually, many years later, she told me what "the wish" was. She had asked the horse that day: "Will my father and I die at the same time?"

* * *

THE REAL REASON I never have written an article about Lady before is that I always had to ask myself before I wrote the article: "What do you believe about this?"

I still don't know.

But I can tell you one thing about Mrs. Fonda. I know, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that what always worried her was that she believed *any* horse could do what Lady did and she never could understand why other people didn't go get an alphabet and a horse and prove it. She never saw anything in the least unusual about the phenomenon. It didn't even interest her.

Her friends too thought that any horse could do it, but they considered it irreligious to encourage such goings on. They thought people should go to God with their problems, not to a horse.

OXYGEN DISCOVERED ON VENUS

OXYGEN HAS BEEN discovered in the upper layers of the planet Venus, the Soviet news agency *Tass* reported recently. *Tass* said Vladimir Prokofyev, a scientist at Moscow's Crimean astrophysical observatory, made the discovery when the planet last made its closest approach to Earth. He used a large turret telescope and a special spectrograph.

ALARMED AMBULANCE

AT ST. MARY'S Hospital in Knoxville, Tenn., a small fire broke out in an ambulance which was the veteran of many mercy errands. The ambulance's siren started screaming and did not stop until someone disconnected a wire and put out the blaze.



Bringing THE BIBLE

Healing of the Lame Man at the Beautiful Gate

— From Acts 3:1-17 —

1 Now Peter and John went up together into the temple, at the hour of prayer, *being* the ninth hour.

2 And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple;

3 Who, seeing Peter and John about to go into the temple, asked an alms.

4 And Peter, fastening his eyes upon him with John, said, Look on us.

5 And he gave heed unto them, expecting to receive something of them.

6 Then Peter said, Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.

7 And he took him by the right hand, and lifted *him* up: and immediately his feet and ankle bones received strength.

8 And he leaping up stood, and walked, and entered with them into the temple, walking, and leaping, and praising God.

9 And all the people saw him walking and praising God;

10 And they knew that it was he which sat for alms at the Beautiful gate of the temple: and they

were filled with wonder and amazement at that which had happened unto him.

11 And as the lame man which was healed held Peter and John, all the people ran together unto them in the porch that is called Solomon's, greatly wondering.

12 And when Peter saw *it*, he answered unto the people, Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk?

13 The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his Son Jesus, whom ye delivered up, and denied him in the presence of Pilate, when he determined to let *him* go.

14 But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you;

15 And killed the Prince of life, whom God hath raised from the dead; whereof we are witnesses.

16 And his name through faith in his name hath made this man strong, whom ye see and know: yea, the faith which is by him hath given him this perfect soundness in the presence of you all.

17 And no, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did *it*, as did also your rulers.

UP TO DATE



In the Light of Parapsychology and Modern Knowledge

IN BIBLICAL times the sight of a blind, lame, or otherwise handicapped person begging at the entrances to public buildings was a common one, and it is still common today in many parts of the world. To hundreds of persons in Jerusalem this lame man, sitting at the temple door with outstretched hand, was a familiar, daily sight. He had been sitting there begging for years.

His instantaneous healing and subsequent leaping about and rejoicing must have had an electrifying effect on these people. When they turned with excited questions to the healers, Peter and John, Peter answers them with a sermon and a reproof. It is God, through Jesus Christ who has accomplished the healing, he points out, and he also takes occasion to tell them that they (the crowd which demanded release of Barrabas rather than Jesus) are the ones who are responsible for the death of Jesus. He wants them to understand that it is God (or the spiritual component, or whatever you want to call Him) who heals, and not the human instrument or medium. This is a lesson that we, too, need to learn.

This miracle raises a question about the role of *faith* in spiritual healing. This healing was instantaneous and there is no indication

whatsoever that the lame man had any faith at all, even though later on in verse 16 Peter claims that he was healed through faith in the "name" of Jesus. There is some indication that the lame man did not even know who Peter and John were, for he asked alms of them. Yet, as they lifted him to his feet and bade him walk, he must have felt the charismatic power flow through them and unto him. They were subjecting him to a kind of shock treatment by boldly lifting him to his feet as though there was nothing wrong with him, and it worked. Although they told him that it was God who was healing him, they made no appeal at all to him to "have faith." Unlike most of the other people who were miraculously healed by Jesus and the disciples this man had no psychic or psychological preparation for what happened.

This was a shock treatment, followed by an immediate remission of the symptom (lameness).

How necessary is faith in spiritual healing? The answer would seem to be that it is desirable, but—as this incident illustrates—not absolutely essential.

We must not copy Peter by insisting that *all* spiritual healings are "faith-healings."



I Knew Death Was Coming

Whence came the conviction that I, although ill, would live
—but that Rex, although well, would die?

By Dorothy Housh

REX GWYNN AND I were childhood sweethearts. We strolled to and from school together, studied together, danced together, flew into fits of jealous rage, kissed and made up.

However, life never remains stationary and Rex's parents moved to a distant city. We did not meet again for many years. In the interim I had married, borne a child, and my husband had passed away. Chronic insomnia and devastating migraine headaches had turned me into a semi-invalid.

So one warm glowing day in October when the door chimes pealed their message of a caller, I groaned inwardly and went wearily to answer the summons. Rex stood there. In an instant the years were swept away and once more we were engaged. I was young, strong, alive.

Rex urged an immediate marriage but I resisted that temptation, for I was soon to undergo surgery, the outcome of which was very much in the balance.

The surgery over, I lay for a few days and nights almost in a cat-

aleptic trance. I was perfectly conscious of all that went on around me, but it seemed remote. I was completely without emotion, observing life objectively and from a vast distance.

Then about 3:00 o'clock one morning I was wide awake and heard a car pass under my window. It was not remote, not on some far away star. It was honking its way along the street where I lived. The milk man came to the back door, bottles rattling. He was no longer a mere robot, but a living, breathing man. I was going to live, and instantaneously with that knowledge came other knowledge—Rex would die. How did I know? I cannot tell, but I did know, unerringly I knew, too, it would not be for several months.

I grew stronger, and told my family what I knew of Rex's approaching death. They laughed good naturedly. Why didn't I tell Rex, himself? Well, one can hardly tell a strong, healthy man that he is to die, without a shadow of evidence to prove the truth of such a statement. Nor would it have done any good. Death would strike in its own good time, in its own way.

I loved to walk and one evening Rex and I were walking together, and passed a mortuary. Rex said, "There is a light in the back room. Some one is being worked on there.

Maybe somebody's heart is breaking, or maybe nobody cares."

Before I could catch back the words I said, "Someday, I will come to you in such a place."

Like my family, Rex laughed good naturedly.

"What a morbid little thing you are. You have been sick too long. I'll have to make you well faster."

I knew the time was growing shorter, perilously shorter, and, because we occasionally had talked of being buried close to each other, because I was still very sick, I told him that in case of my own death I thought we should plan exactly what we wanted. He was shocked, refused to discuss the subject, but finally was coerced into saying he always had liked the old cemetery with its great trees and rolling hills overlooking the drowsy river, he thought no hymn so hopeful, so full of solace for the forlorn as *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere*. Thus I knew what he preferred for himself, and I insisted that he tell his sister so she would be prepared when the time came.

One afternoon I was sitting in the porch swing. Rex had been out of the city and I hadn't known of his return until he ran up the steps. Before either of us could speak, a voice—inaudible to the ear of sense, but clear and distinct to the spiritual ear—said, "This is the last day."

Still I did not tell him. Why

should I? It would have changed nothing.

That evening when Rex returned and we again sat on the porch swing, Rex said, "A few minutes ago I had the strangest experience of my life. I was crossing Water St., when suddenly the whole world changed. It became crystalline, translucent, shimmering with an indescribable quality for which I have no words. But with that came knowledge that I would never see you again after tonight. This is absurd, of course. I know I will, and yet somehow, I know even more that I won't. I, a man of the world, a confirmed sophisticate, seem to have lost every physical emotion. I only want to sit and look at you, so that wherever I go, whatever comes, I will take that picture with me."

It was late on Friday night when Rex left for the last time. We had exchanged daily letters whenever he was away, but I expected none on Saturday as there would have been no time to write one, even if writing had been possible. No special delivery letter came on Sunday as was customary. There was no letter on Monday morning, nor did I expect one.

The telephone rang instead and Rex's sister asked, "When did you hear from Rex?"

"I haven't heard since he left on Friday night," I told her.

"You won't hear," said Rex's

sister. "Rex is dead. He was murdered soon after his train reached Peoria early Saturday morning."

I asked no questions then—about how or why it had happened. Rex was dead. That was all that counted.

"I am going to him," I said. "If you care to join me I will be glad to have you."

So together with my daughter then in her early 20s we did go to Peoria. We went to the funeral home where Rex lay. I did not speak or cry. Then quite suddenly the funeral director picked me up, carrying me into another room, locking the door on death behind us."

"You have had enough," he said.

Rex apparently had left the train and started to walk to his hotel. He was seen by witnesses as he paused near a street light waiting for the signal to change. Stealthily a man crept up behind him, and struck. Rex fell striking his head on the curbing. The man started to go through his pockets but was frightened away by the startled witnesses. Rex had not moved. He never regained consciousness. Returning to see what had happened, the man was recognized by the witnesses, arrested, later tried and sent to prison.

We took Rex home, into the house of his sister. I stayed all night; together his sister and I

kept the long vigil.

During the funeral I was very tired, very sleepy. I laid my head on my arms across the casket. Somewhere in the far distance I heard the murmur of the minister's voice, as he gently stroked my hair,

and somewhere far away, a voice sang *Beautiful Isle of Somewhere*.

Rex was buried as we had planned, in a lot I owned in the lovely old cemetery overlooking the winding river, where Rex and I had picnicked as children.



THE SHEPHERD WITH HEALING HANDS

IN ATHENS, Greece, patients, stream each day to the little stucco house where Athanasios Contogeorge, 80, known as Vlahos—the Greek word for "shepherd"—performs healings which have brought him international renown as a wonder-worker. Vlahos, who believes that the power of God goes through his hands, reportedly sees up to 60 patients a day, ranging from peasants to kings and statesmen.

When King Paul of Greece broke his foot while skiing several years ago, he went to Vlahos, who cannot read or write. During a visit to Greece, Emperor Haile Selassie of Ethiopia, suffering sciatic nerve pain, went to Vlahos for treatments. Among other notables who have gone to Vlahos are the late John Purifoy, formerly American Ambassador to Greece, and Sir Charles Peake, British Ambassador.

Vlahos practices what is essentially orthopedic medicine, but his patients are convinced that he possesses powers which go beyond mere massage and manipulation. As a shepherd boy, he states, he learned to heal the injuries of sheep and when he was 20 he applied his knowledge to people.

In 1941 Vlahos was summoned to court for a hearing after doctors charged that he was a charlatan, operating without a medical certificate or legal permit. A simple and inarticulate man, Vlahos argued his case by bringing a lamb to court, where he broke its legs and at once put the bones together again. Then he stood the small animal on the courtroom floor and it walked about, apparently as whole as ever.

Vlahos challenged the doctors present to do the same. If they could, he said, he would stop practicing. He won his case.



Fingers of FATE

By Harold Helper

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Radford of Jackson, Tenn., had been married 58 years. One morning recently Mr. Radford died. That afternoon Mrs. Radford died. They are buried together, side-by-side.

Science teacher Dante Fiore promised his Caldwell, N. J., physics class he would produce lightning. As he prepared to flick the switch on a high voltage coil to loose a miniature storm a real lightning bolt struck the building, tearing off part of the roof.

When Frank Wallace of Chicago suffered a heart attack his wife began massaging his arms to increase circulation. A minute or two after Mr. Wallace died, Mrs. Wallace slumped to the ground. She was dead too.

Instead of taking her usual route home, Barbara Pietrasz of Cleveland took a short-cut through an alley. This detour saved the life of a 19-month-old neighbor, Stanley Gonley. Barbara saw him clinging to the window sill of his second-floor apartment and rushed over in

time to catch him as he came falling down.

A London coroner ruled that Walter B. Potts died of a heart attack as he was fixing a noose around his neck to hang himself.

An older boy left his fishing rod to help nine-year-old Larry Simons of Clearwater, Fla., prepare his equipment. As he did so, a fish struck and his rig went sailing into the bay. He went home. Ten minutes later Larry hauled in his first catch. It was the older boy's rod and reel and on the end of the line was a 15-inch trout.

When John Schuering of Brentwood, N.J., ran inside to answer the telephone, his one-year-old daughter climbed into a small pool and drowned. The call was a wrong number.

When his boss showed E. O. Hartig of Phoenix, Ariz., the watch he had found at a swimming pool Hartig asked, "Is it inscribed 'Love to Bud?'" It was. "May I have my watch back?" Hartig said.

Gladys Markle of Underhill, Vt., mailed a heart-shaped pin to her sister-in-law for her November birthday. Three months later the package finally arrived—appropriately on St. Valentine's Day.

At Talavera De La Reina, Spain, Juan Antonio Diaz got a prescription from his doctor for quinine tablets, took one and died. Pharmacist Jose Mendoza, who made up the prescription, swore to police his pills could not have killed Senor Diaz. To prove it he took one himself. He also died.

A windstorm at Neenah, Wis., tore a storm window from the attic of the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mose Bellanger, swept it around a corner of the house, and stacked it neatly with a pile of other storm windows in the family garage.

A man listening to a broadcast of Evangelist Billy Graham's sermon *The Love of God And Man*, in a church hall at Katoomba, Australia, went berserk, stabbed a woman to death, critically wounded two others and escaped before anyone could learn his name.

Mrs. C. R. Thomas of Gary, S. Dak., has one daughter living at Big Spring, Tex., another at Silver Spring, Md., and a third at Colorado Springs, Colo.

Although he tried hard to kill himself, W. May of Sarasota, Fla., just couldn't do the job. He shot himself three times in the chest and once in the head, but the first three bullets passed through his body without hitting a vital organ and the other flattened when it struck his skull and was deflected.

Nebojsa Ramoc of Belgrade, Yugoslavia, is the youngest person to be wounded during World War II. He wasn't even born at the time. His mother, serving with the Yugoslav guerrillas, was hit by a machine-gun bullet while she was pregnant. When her son was born there was a bullet wound on his left leg. He still carries the scar.

Leaping into his car, Elmer Stout of Logansport, Ind., sped down the street to report a fire in his home. His son, Kenneth, raced home in another car hearing of the fire. The two cars collided head-on at a narrow bridge. The father was killed.

The wife of Dalip Singh of Moga, India, refused to allow him in the house when he returned home drunk after selling their calf for \$2 to buy wine to fortify himself against a cold wave. When she opened the door the next morning, she found her husband frozen to death.



Prayer and My Canvasbacks

"All efforts to breed these wild ducks in captivity failed—until I found a way as old as faith."

By Henry Marak

I AM A "WANTED" man—wanted by scientists who think I am keeping from them a secret that can save the vanishing Canvasback duck from extinction. These scientists want the secret of my ability to breed the elusive Canvasback in captivity—they need my secret because I am the only person in North America who ever has been able to do it.

In this article are my answers. I freely offer my secret to science although I am afraid few if any scientists will try it. You see, my "secret" is as old as faith itself; it is simply that I pray and that my prayers are answered.

The Canvasback is the king of ducks, but its population is declining rapidly. As a result both United States and Canadian au-

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Henry Marak, who states that he always has loved nature and wild creatures, was born in Brunn, Moravia, Czechoslovakia, in 1894. At the age of 14 he left home, embarking on travels that took him to France, North Africa and South America. In 1909 he arrived in the United States, where he worked as a cowboy in Texas and Arizona. Later he became a coyote trapper and sheepherder in Wyoming and Montana. He married a Texas girl and has a grown son, Henry, and a daughter, Beatrice. In 1948 he purchased a home in Los Angeles, where he built duck-breeding ponds and raised several varieties of wild ducks. In 1958 he began raising Canvasbacks exclusively and now is considered an outstanding authority on this distinct wild species. He writes stories and articles as a hobby and is a student of metaphysical subjects.



Author's flock produces 15 pairs of young Canvasbacks each year. Baby Canvasback shown is a recent addition.

thorities are trying to breed these glorious birds in captivity, for release. The earnest scientists have tried for years, but each year only the five ponds at my Los Angeles home are host to new-born ducklings. Every year the scholars come to analyze my feeds, to study my methods, to examine my equipment, and to go away wondering at my "secret."

I always have had a special feeling toward the wild things of nature and for much of my active and, to me, exciting life I have lived with nature. I started as a cowboy in Texas and Arizona soon after landing in this country in 1909. Later I worked as a coyote trapper and sheepherder in Wyoming and Montana. Always I have felt the pulse of nature near to my

heart. Wild creatures always have been close to me and often I have made friends with them.

I have been breeding wild ducks in captivity since 1948 when I started our two-thirds-acre spread as an aid to my son who was then a college student and who is now with the California fish and wild life service. This activity brought me in contact with other waterfowl collectors and breeders and eventually I met the Canvasback, king of all the ducks.

The Canvasback (*Nyroca valisneria*) is a distinct species of wild duck. They are diving ducks as differentiated from dabbling ducks such as Mallard, Pintail and Teal. Canvasbacks find their food below the water, on the very bottoms of lakes and rivers. Dabbling ducks are essentially surface feeders and have adapted to civilization by learning to enjoy dining out in corn fields. Apparently the Canvasback finds it too hard to adapt to the spread of civilization with its polluted waters and other chemical side-effects, so each spring there are fewer Canvasbacks to join the familiar and thrilling Canada-bound formations.

The Canvasback breeds in the prairie provinces of Canada and in Alaska, migrating each winter to California and northern Mexico.

I made my first acquaintance with these magnificent birds

through William Parsonson, owner of a wonderful collection of waterfowl gathered from all parts of the world, and including a few pairs of Canvasbacks. He explained that he obtained his Canvasbacks by ordering some dozens of eggs from Canada. The eggs were collected in the wild and shipped by air in the last stage of incubation.

Mr. Parsonson explained that the Canvasback is a freedom-loving species and would not breed or even lay in captivity. Watching the handsome birds I was possessed by an irresistible desire not only to possess these Canvasbacks, but also to compel them to breed.

I sent at once to Canada for eggs, but in this venture I failed miserably. My eggs did not hatch but simply rotted away in the incubator. In the meantime, Parsonson's Canvasbacks not only refused to breed but also began to die off, one after the other, until the tiny flock was gone.

Two years passed — years of search and expectation — during which I sought to locate some captive Canvasbacks for my breeding experiment. Nobody seemed to have Canvasbacks. For a commercial waterfowl breeder this species is a waste of time and money, since their inability to breed in captivity has been a long-established fact.

Finally in 1954 I learned that a

Connecticut waterfowl collection had Canvasbacks for sale. It developed that these birds were from the pond of Dillon Ripley, the great ornithologist, Yale professor, and curator of the Peabody Museum of Natural History. Professor Dillon's manager, Richard Bates, offered me a pair of unrelated birds, and these were flown to California when they were about seven months old.

In the spring of 1957 these birds were old enough to breed, and they began an intense and ardent courtship. With great emotion and excitement I watched them copulating in the water. Then they walked around together, looking for a nesting site. I had placed three boxes in their enclosure, to give them a good choice. Mama Canvasback unhesitatingly chose the one placed on a low wall right above the water.

On the first Sunday of May she walked in and set on her nest. I must say I walked on tiptoes, in great hope.

She sat for a long time, from 11:00 in the morning, 'til about 3:00 in the afternoon, then finally left the nest. When I took a careful peek I was greatly surprised to find that there was no egg. Mama Canvasback was just teasing me.

She repeated this performance day after day for about 14 days. All the while Papa stood by in a

belligerent mood, watching me suspiciously.

I wrote to many authorities for an explanation for Mama's failure; but I received none. It was plain and evident that nobody knew the correct answer.

Just about this time I became acquainted with Rev. Franklin Loehr, and his interesting experiments in praying over plants. Reverend Loehr demonstrated beyond all doubt that by concentrating in prayer over plants, or rather seeds, he could compel them to grow faster and better. By praying against them he was able to retard their growth until the plants withered and finally died. I considered this work a clear demonstration of the power of mind over matter, with the help of God, of course.

Reverend Loehr wrote an interesting book about his experiments, *Power Of Prayer On Plants*. When I read it I was immediately impressed and later on I met Reverend Loehr and we became friends. After we met I was inspired to attempt to reproduce Reverend Loehr's experiments but using a much higher organism than plants, an organism that is governed by instinct and will of its own: my Canvasback ducks.

When the next breeding season came around, day after day, in deep reverence and humbleness, I

prayed fervently to the Creator to help me with my Canvasbacks. I prayed to the Universal Divine Mind, the Universal Creative Spirit and Creative Energy.

I asked the Creator to inspire my Canvasbacks with the breeding spirit and inclination, to compel them to cooperate, to inspire the hen to develop eggs in her body and to move into her box and lay. My prayers were very fervent, and at the same time humble.

Here is how I prayed:

Universal Divine Mind, Universal Creative Consciousness and Creative Spirit. Help me with these Canvasbacks. These are Your Creatures, not mine. You brought them into this world, they came into this life by Your own hand, and it is Your will and Your law that they create and multiply. Inspire them to obey Your will, inspire them with the breeding spirit. With Your Creative Spirit inspire them to cooperate as a pair; inspire the hen to create eggs in her body, and with the inclination to build her nest and lay those eggs. Those eggs are already created in her body by Your own Spirit, that resides in them. This will be a manifestation of Your power, love, and wisdom, for which I will be eternally grateful. Amen.

Day after day I prayed. At night, before retiring, early in the

morning sitting in my comfortable arm chair and sipping my morning coffee, I conversed with the Creator, asking for help.

Help came far sooner than I dared to expect. With great delight I noticed that the tummy of my Mama Canvasback was becoming rounder and bigger each day.

Standing quietly by the enclosure, watching my Canvasbacks closely, I prayed and prayed.

My Canvasbacks understood quite well. Under the spell of my prayers they became somewhat restless, moving about and eying me from time to time, but in a more friendly manner.

Finally I again saw my Mama Canvasback move into her nest. She sat for about a half an hour.

Imagine my excitement when I took a peek and found, carefully hidden under cover, one large and beautiful Canvasback egg!

Besides my prayers and ardent desires I use visualization. My mental picture of the egg in the nest is so clear, so realistic, that I could almost reach into the nest of my mind's eye and touch that egg. This thought never leaves me and I don't swerve from it. I see, because I desire and want to see. This ardent desire and compelling wish is a prayer in itself.

Then I use insistent persuasion and direct command. I stand very quietly by the enclosure and talk to

my Canvasbacks as if they were humans. During my talk the hen swims excitedly around the edge of the pond, head upraised, chattering excitedly. Then she gets out, moves about, and then goes back into the water. Papa Canvasback evidently does not understand what all the fuss is about. He just swims around, eying me suspiciously. However, my persuasive talk is not addressed directly to him.

Here is the speech I address to Mama Canvasback:

You will obey the command and will created in your body; you will build your nest and lay those eggs. I already see those eggs in your body; they are growing bigger, until finally you feel the inclination to move out of this water, build your nest, and lay. And you will do just this: build your nest and lay. This is the will of your Creator who brought you into this world alive and wants you to do just this: build your nest and lay.

At this time I myself change slightly. Standing by the enclosures and watching my Canvasbacks as I say a silent prayer, I feel something like a slight electric current moving through my body. I shake slightly and tears come to my eyes; I feel the hand of God.

I believe, and believe firmly, that I have a subtle telepathic com-

munication with my Canvasbacks. As soon as I come around, even before they see me, there is a slight commotion on the pond. They know that their friend and protector is near.

The first year that Mama Canvasback laid eggs even I was not enough protection to convince her to hatch them out. Marauding 'possums broke into my enclosures and frightened Mama into abandoning her nest. But the following year she hatched a beautiful brood of ducklings and she has produced a fine new family every year since.

My old Mama and Papa now are joined by four other pairs of breeding Canvasbacks. Two pair are Mama's offspring, one pair originated in Pennsylvania, and one pair were sent me by H. Albert Hochbaum, chief of the Delta Waterfowl Research Station at Delta, Manitoba, Canada.

Each year my flock produces about 15 young pair of Canvasbacks that I can supply to other researchers. Every year I have many requests for Canvasbacks, even at \$100 a pair, and I sell only to those I consider worthy of my Canvasbacks. Unfortunately none of these other researchers have used the power of prayer over their birds and none of these Canvasbacks have proved fruitful.

All of my breeding activities are conducted right in the city of Los

Angeles. Our five ponds are built into a gently sloping hill, divided by terraces and rock gardens. The rock gardens are planted with seeds from England, and the ponds and runs are planted with plants and wild grasses suitable just for Canvasbacks.

Certainly, I provide the best possible environment for the birds, but so do other would-be breeders. The thing that I do, and that they do not, is to pray for help for my cherished Canvasbacks. I ask the Creator to inspire them and awaken

in them the breeding spirit and inclination, persuading them to obey the will of their own Creator.

Year after year, season after season, my Canvasbacks respond to my treatment and lay their eggs, bringing into life their precious ducklings, God's offspring.

I feel very humble and grateful. I know perfectly well that this is not my work, nor my cleverness, nor my knowledge. I know it is the work of the Creator, that my Canvasbacks come to me out of the Hand of God.



DEATH CARRIED THE BALL

MOST OFTEN death seems to strike indiscriminately, but at times a strange pattern is noticed. How such a pattern involved the four best players on the 1952 Boston University football team recently was related by Red Smith in his Chicago *Sun-Times* sports column.

John Pappas was the center, Tom Gastalla a quarterback, Harry Agganis an end and Jim Meredith also an end. These four, according to Red Smith, were superior athletes and helped to make up, if not a great team, at least a pretty good one.

John Pappas, who still was playing for the university in 1953, made two consecutive head-on tackles in a game against Syracuse. He walked unassisted from the second—

but died before morning from a massive brain hemorrhage.

Agganis turned to baseball after graduation from the university. He was playing for the Red Sox in June, 1955, when he died from a blood clot.

After he was graduated, Tom Gastalla, who held a civilian pilot's license, began flying a small plane. During a flight over Chesapeake Bay his engine failed. His body, found several days later, was identified by his Boston University belt buckle.

Jim Meredith was commissioned in the paratroops after graduating. He broke a leg in a bad landing and the leg was amputated after cancer developed. Recently a news report stated that Meredith, 29, had died of cancer.

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GRAVES IN THE WOODS

By Ruby L. Mitchell

MY CHILDREN and I had been travelling all day and it was very late. In 1931 I was sales representative for the Health-O-Bonded Products Co. of Ohio. Sometimes when my schedule was not too strenuous my small children went along for the nice drive. This particular day we had driven farther than we planned and had been late starting back home.

About midnight, as we drove along, the little ones curled up on the car seats and went to sleep. The night was beautifully clear. The moonlight was so bright it was almost like day. I could see for miles across the hills.

Coming off the mountains the old road between Kingsland and Llano curved sharply away into the timber. On the right as it made this curve there were a few trees and low shrubs, a kind of thicket. As we passed this I was thinking: only a few more miles and we will be home to our nice soft beds. The day had been nice; the babies had been perfect little angels. Already I was planning the morrow's work.

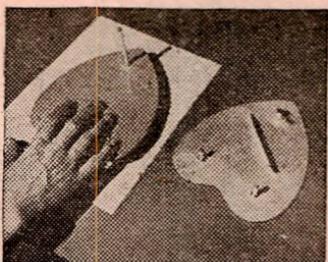
Then I slowed the car. It seemed that suddenly I had driven into a deep bank of snow-white fog. I could not see beyond the windshield

or windows in any direction. Fearing we might meet another car head-on in the fog I stopped and got out of the automobile.

But as I stepped out and looked about, again it was a clear moonlight night; there was no trace of fog or mist. I took a handkerchief and polished the windows and windshield then happily singing an old favorite song, climbed back behind the wheel and started off again. But as soon as the car started forward there was the fog. It looked like a heavy snow-white sheet had been draped over us, completely closing out the view. It was impossible to drive blind so I rolled down the window, leaned out far enough to see the highway and in this manner was able to drive home.

Arriving at home I told my father of this queer occurrence and described the locality where it had started—about eight miles west of Kingsland. He seemed amused at first but then told me that at this bend of the highway, in the patch of trees and shrubbery, there were two lonely graves with old and faded headstones. They had been there for many, many years, he said, and were the graves of a man and his wife who were murdered in the early days of the country.

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He confessed that many persons had seen strange things there but added that he had passed there many times over the years and never had seen anything himself.

This, he said, was the same place where a young friend of ours, Hubert Swift, had seen a vision in the moonlight just before his death in 1907.

Hubert was passing this place one night on horseback when a lovely woman, dressed in white, came out of the trees. Believing her to be a real person he had tried to talk to her. She seemed not to hear but came close to him, laid her arm across his saddle and seemed to float beside his horse and against his knee.

Becoming frightened the young man put spurs to his horse and tried to run away. But the woman kept pace with his horse even at breakneck speed and did not leave him until he reached his own front door. There Hubert found he had all but run his horse to death, and he subsequently informed his family and relatives he believed the vision to be a warning of his own death. For several days he was moody and distraught but then seemed to forget the incident.

However, two weeks later his horse ran away with him and crashed headlong into a tree. Hubert was killed instantly.

The next day my brother Robert and I drove over to the graves. We cleaned the site of weeds, brush and tall grass. After making their graves as nice and attractive as possible we said a prayer for the poor murdered couple. We asked God to give them peace and rest.

Since that day I have driven by

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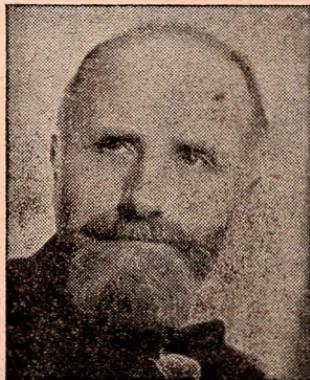
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the place many times without ever again seeing anything unusual.—*Houston, Tex.*

THE HAUNTED WAKE

By Mrs. C. G.

As Told to Hazel Wade Kennedy

IT WAS NEARING the end of Uncle Joe's wake. Many friends and relatives had paid their respects on the evening of January 17, 1962, and now only a few people remained in the funeral parlor in Cranston, R.I. Among these were Uncle Joe's widow, his daughter, sister and her husband, and a few cousins.

They lingered in the quiet sanctuary, reluctant to leave, for they all were thinking of Uncle Joe's one obsession in life; he hated to be alone. He had been a fun-loving man and very popular. He ran a gas station where he was constantly in contact with people. At parties he entertained with his jokes, and never had lacked for companionship, because people liked to be with him.

Soft chimes sounded, announcing the end of visiting hours. At that precise moment the heavy bronze coffin in its bank of flowers began to rock back and forth.

The women screamed; the widow became hysterical. Uncle Joe's sister fainted. A cousin became so frightened she was completely immobilized in her chair. The few men in the room stood like statues.

The casket continued to move slowly back and forth, back and forth. Then it came to a slow stop.

One woman later said she had been so terrified she trembled all over and burst into sobs. Sitting in the front row before the casket, she had thought the body of Uncle Joe

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was going to fall onto the floor in front of her.

The undertaker hurried into the room as the casket came to a halt. He never had seen people so disturbed and upset before. Nor in his many years of business had he ever seen a casket rock.

He discussed the incident with the relatives and suggested lamely that perhaps it had been caused by the vibrations from a truck passing outside. This seemed hardly possible because the road is at least 50 feet from the building and nothing else in the room had vibrated. No one felt even a tremble from the floor or chairs.

Sometime after the wake the funeral director told the family it could have been gas in the body that caused the casket to clink back and forth and then go boom-boom as it fell back into its natural position. This explanation also seems impossible. It took six men to carry the casket and one pall-bearer said it was so heavy that he didn't see how gas or any vibration could move it.

What strange mysterious force was responsible for this seemingly impossible event? Was it Uncle Joe protesting against being left alone? Or was it his last joke for friends?—Cranston, R.I.

SHARING DEATH

By Margaret C. DeJavannes

ONE DAY IN 1913 I received a letter from my brother Ben's wife saying he was in the hospital in St. Cloud, Minn., with typhoid fever. Later, in another letter, she notified me he was getting along nicely and there was every hope for his recovery. Outwardly, therefore,

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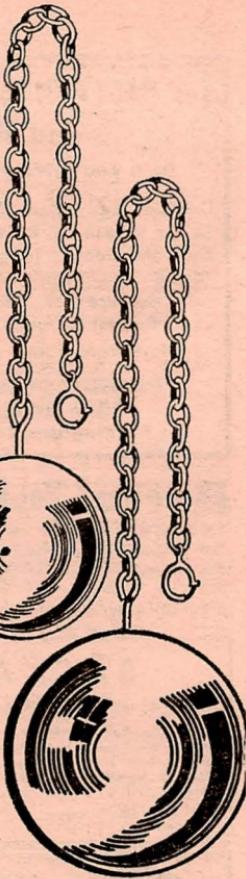
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I had no cause for the peculiar form of deep concern that seized me one night.

I awakened feeling very ill. In fact, I felt as if I were dying. My chest seemed to be compressed. I felt as if I were choking to death. I could not cry out for help. I could not wake my husband. Then, quite suddenly, this strangling pressure was relieved and I heard a voice say, "Thank God, it is over."

It was the voice of my brother, Ben. Then I saw him at my bedside. I felt that he had suffered much and was grateful that it was over. I knew that I would receive a telegram on the following day saying that he had passed on.

The next day a friend of my husband's, Dr. N. Prisco, was visiting our home. The two men were seated together in the living room conversing while I was busy with the household duties. Snatches of their conversation drifted to me. My husband was telling the doctor of my experience of the night before and that I was expecting a telegram saying that my brother had passed on. I heard my husband say, "I am inclined to think there is something to these strange experiences."

"Nonsense," the doctor said. "Just overwrought nerves. She is hypersensitive."

I felt the doctor had about convinced my husband that I suffered from a state of overwrought nerves when the doorbell rang. The sudden clang startled me but the telegram was not a surprise. It stated that my brother Ben had died.

The telegram was followed by a letter saying that, alone in a private room in the hospital, Ben had been seized with an attack of as-

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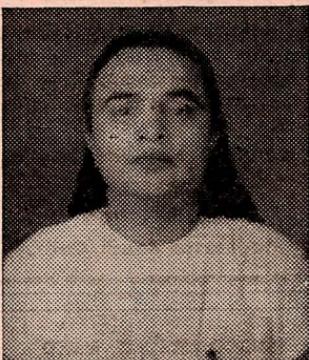


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thma and, weakened by the typhoid fever, he had been unable to summon help—*North Plainfield, N.J.*

WAKED TO SAVE

By Margaret C. DeJavannes

DURING A NIGHT in May, 1908, I was awakened by the sharp barking of my children's pet, a fox terrier puppy I had shut up in the kitchen.

I got up and went into the kitchen to quiet the dog, fearing his barking might disturb the neighbors. However, I found the puppy lying peacefully on his cushion in the corner, apparently asleep. The part of the room where the puppy lay was illuminated by a strange light and sitting near the puppy I saw our little son who had died in convulsions some years before. Startled, I called to my husband, Frederick, and asked him to turn on the lights. When he did so I instinctively ran to look at my baby daughter, Edna, in her crib and was terrified to find her in convulsions. While my husband summoned the doctor I put her into a warm bath and by the time the doctor arrived at our home the convulsions were over.

If I had not been waked and somehow warned, by what or who I cannot tell, I think we would have lost our baby girl too.

My husband related the experience to one of his friends who in turn told it to the late Professor Hyslop of The American Society of Psychic Research. In a letter Professor Hyslop asked me to tell of this and other experiences. I did not then do so but kept a record of the experiences that came to me.—*North Plainfield, N.J.*



NEW BOOKS

THE INNER WAY, by Robert Galen Chaney. DeVorss & Co., Los Angeles, Calif., 1962. 149 pages, \$3.50.

Everyone, according to Robert Galen Chaney, possesses a little-known and little-used faculty—a sense of intimate and productive union with the Infinite, a general term for whatever source of inspiration one personally finds meaningful. In his book he explains compactly and incisively how this faculty may be discovered and developed, and how it may be exercised to solve personal problems, increase creativity, transform personality and even improve health.

Genial and energetic, Author Chaney may be considered a living testimonial to the success of the methods he offers in his book. He is the founder and director of Astara Foundation, a "New Age church and school" in Los Angeles, one of the largest and finest of its kind. He states that whatever inspirational qualities he possesses as an author and lecturer have been gained "the inner way"—a solitary high road of the inner self, traveled during moments of tranquility and quiet.

As one whose own life is crammed with activity, Dr. Chaney has addressed his book to those who have many problems but little time for leisurely reflection. Confined to fundamentals, *The Inner Way* is refreshingly free of the psychological, theological and occult jargon often and confusingly used by other writers in the field. The result is an outstanding book for those who, bewildered by the variety and volume



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WAYS TO SELF-REALIZATION, by Mouni Sadhu. The Julian Press, Inc., Publishers, New York, N.Y., 1962. 242 pages, \$6.00

Although this book contains much that is sound and all in all is interesting and readable, it offers what has been offered many times before by Oriental scholars attempting to acquaint Occidental minds with Eastern wisdom. It is nonetheless a better-than-average effort, even if it has the quaint style of most Hindu authors who write in English.

The chief objection is that Mouni Sadhu, a pupil of the Indian guru, Sri Ramana Maharshi, follows the old avenue of Vedanta thought, which is a departure from the traditions of the true Initiates of Arcane Knowledge. Therefore a book like this, even if one of the best, can present only a pale reflection of the Ancient Wisdom—which is not experimental, empirical, or statistical, but a direct revelation given by the gods to early man.

Ways To Self-Realization constantly refers to "God" as a "being." According to our highest authorities the omnipresent, omnipotent Force or Power behind and within manifestation, in view of its nature, cannot be an entity of any kind. This is one of the fundamental misconceptions of Eastern exoteric thought, paralleling in this respect Western theological speculations.

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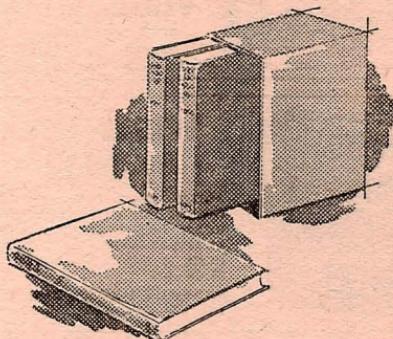
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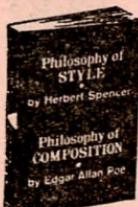
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threaten Occidental "yoga" enthusiasts who rush blindly into psychic practices which unwisely promise short-cuts to "initiation" and cosmic wisdom.

In the chapter on "Marriage" the author apparently makes an astonishing error in stating that "The renunciation of sensuality belongs to the advanced ranks of men, and manifests itself in the almost last earthly life of the disciple." This is a shocking departure from occult truth. As every tyro in occultism knows, the vow of chastity is mandatory in every case of genuine chelaship, and the latter takes at least seven incarnations. Unless chastity is maintained, the kundalini force backfires and brings either madness or death.

The big book is divided into five chapters covering such fascinating subjects as "Maha Yoga," "A Lamp in the Darkness," "Self-Analysis," "Masters and Disciples," "The Way to Samadhi," "Sleep and Death," "The Secret of Sankara," "The Fourth Dimension," "Magic," "Levitation," and "The Egyptian Tarot." —George Cardinal LeGros.

MAN'S HIGHER CONSCIOUSNESS, by Prof. Hilton Hotema. Health Research, Mokelumne Hill, Calif., Revised edition 1962. 258 pages. \$5.00.

Among Professor Hotema's many books, this one, in my opinion, in spite of being somewhat prolix and repetitive, and without building up a sequential, logical thesis, nevertheless deals with a subject so intriguing and unusual, that it should engage our attention.

There are five sections, each separately paged, some of which have

appeared in print before. As a whole, the book is scarcely true to its title, even the section named "Man's Higher Consciousness" dealing almost exclusively with diet, nor is there any mention of what the title indicates—what is known as cosmic or mystic consciousness.

The main objective appears to be to present a vast array of evidence, including masses of statistics, that it is theoretically possible for man to live, in health, and with enormously increased longevity, without taking any physical food at all, in some cases not even liquid. That this has actually been done is substantiated by an array of evidence from history, down to the present day.

By way of leading up to total non-eating, for indefinite periods, Professor Hotema presents numerous actual cases of people, all over the world, having taken nothing but water, some not even that, for periods up to 100 or more days, without appreciable discomfort, often with elimination of almost every kind of disease, and with great improvement of health. He then mentions a number of cases, substantiated by witnesses, often including medical doctors, where people have eaten nothing at all, for periods up to 50 or more years. The explanation offered for this remarkable phenomenon is that man does not maintain his body, or derive his energy, except very partially, from physical substances, but from cosmic rays or force drawn directly from Space.

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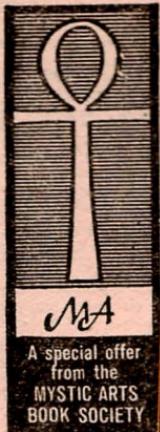


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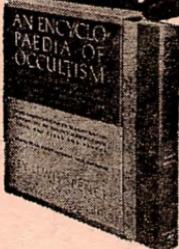
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The non-eating thesis, of course, is directly opposed to the accepted theory that plants, animals and men derive sustenance from chemical forces, liberated by combination of physical substances with atmospheric oxygen.

Professor Hotema sums up his ideas thus: "The world is flooded with books on food and feeding. No one seems to realize that eating is not natural, but an acquired habit, like smoking and drinking, and that Air is the Cosmic Reservoir of all things, including the substance that builds and sustains the human body."

Is this nonsense, or is it New Age material? Read the book for yourself and form your own opinion.—A. E. Powell.

I BELIEVE IN MIRACLES, by Kathryn Kuhlman. Prentice-Hall, Inc. Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1962. 206 pages, \$3.50.

Carey Reams had been almost fatally injured on Luzon during World War II. He had been crushed from the waist through the pelvis; his right eye was gone; he had lost all his teeth; his jawbone was fractured; his neck was broken; and his back was broken in two places. The lower part of his body was completely paralyzed.

Veterans' hospitals had done what they could for him, but by December, 1950, he was unable to eat any food, he was suffering repeated hemorrhages, and his life was slowly but surely ebbing. Then he read an article about Kathryn Kuhlman in a national magazine, and at the same time he received letters from friends telling him about her healing services in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Convinced that if he visited her church he would be healed, Carey made a supreme effort. He got on a bus and rode from his home in Florida to Pittsburgh. Totally exhausted and in almost intolerable pain, he managed to wait until the service was almost over, but nothing happened. Then, in his own words: "Miss Kuhlman raised her hand for a benediction, but she didn't speak a word and my heart sank. At that moment all my hope was gone. Then, very slowly her hand came down and she looked directly at me, and pointing her finger at me she said, 'Are you from Florida?' My hopes soared as I replied, 'Yes.' Then she asked me to stand up and I said, 'I can't'—and she said, firmly, 'IN THE NAME OF JESUS, STAND UP AND LOOK UP AND WALK!'"

Walk Carey Reams did, and he reportedly has been walking with a jaunty step ever since his miraculous healing 11 years ago.

Most of us look with some skepticism on stories of persons arriving at a church in a pitiable condition and being healed by faith. If the healing seems to have been permanent we wonder if it might not have been psychosomatic to begin with. And even if it was evident that the disease was really terminal cancer or something else as terrible, we wonder if the cure might not have been one of those temporary natural remissions which are known medically to occur in rare instances.

Because she knew that most of her readers do have such reactions to stories of faith healing, Kathryn Kuhlman has given in *I Believe in Miracles* only cases which

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had been diagnosed as incurable and in which the healing has remained permanent for as long as 10 to 15 years. One is grateful for the fact that she uses real names in each of her case histories, and sometimes the names of the hospitals.

We do wish that some hospitals records indicating the severity of the conditions had been published, also reports from doctors who had treated the patients and who saw them after their cures. It is not enough to accept the author's word that the doctor said, "A miracle has occurred."

Kathryn Kuhlman's healing services and their radio broadcasts have become a mainstay of the Pittsburgh area. We are told in the Foreword by Judge Samuel A. Weiss of the Court of Common Pleas of Allegheny County that: "It was 15 years ago, in Franklin, Pennsylvania, that members of her congregation suddenly began to claim spontaneous healings during her services. As the number of these healings increased, this Baptist-ordained minister began to preach on healing by the Power of God... The following year Miss Kuhlman moved to Pittsburgh. The fact that she has remained in one location for 14 years and that her ministry has successfully survived the criticism . . . is a tribute to her integrity.

Miss Kuhlman claims, however, that she as an individual has nothing to do with any of the miracles that occur. She stresses that the faith of the sufferer performs the healing.

If the book were more thoroughly documented, we all would be persuaded to say with its author, "I believe in miracles." —*Susy Smith*.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

REVIEWER'S REPLY

My review of *The Great Flying Saucer Hoax* by Coral Lorenzen in October, 1962, issue of FATE was my honest and true opinion of the book. Mrs. Lorenzen, in her letter in the December, 1962, issue, takes many issues with my review. For example, she states: "Miller also insinuates that the book contains little new information. It is true that there is little information which is new to APRO members, but the average UFO researcher, or the layman who is not familiar with the *APRO Bulletin*, will find much in the way of reports, new ideas and theories, interpretation of facts and attitudes which he could not find elsewhere."

In reality, I wrote of the book: "... Mrs. Lorenzen has had access to untold quantities of UFO lore for a good many years. Her contacts in South America are particularly unique, and have given APRO many 'exclusives' in this field."

Coral Lorenzen accuses me of not having read her book. I wonder if she has read my review?

Regarding Dr. Fontes, I stated (quite objectively): "Dr. Fontes has uncovered many spectacular events over the years, including an alleged rape of a Brazilian farmer by a somewhat uninhibited female from space, but not enough of these accounts have been sufficiently verified for us to establish Dr. Fontes'

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reliability at this stage." I believe most objective UFO research groups will concur with this statement. Actually, Dr. Olavo Fontes has written several articles which later were found to be premature or superficial, or inaccurate.

Mrs. Lorenzen vehemently states that "Dr. Fontes has earned a reputation for thoroughness, objectivity and originality of thought." Mrs. Lorenzen certainly is correct in one respect. Dr. Fontes has earned a reputation for "originality of thought."

Mrs. Lorenzen further suggests that my attempts to "discredit him" are because my "efforts to interest Fontes in reporting to [me] for [my] magazine (*Saucers*) were to no avail."

This is not true. In a letter to me, dated March 9, 1959, Dr. Olavo Fontes wrote: "Thank you very much for your kind invitation. To write an article on the UFO topic for a future issue (or issues) of *Saucers* will be an honour for me. I will do it, of course, but before I would appreciate hearing your comments and suggestions on the mat-



The late Dr. Reginald Mills

ters you would like to see discussed in such an article."

An article by Dr. Fontes never was published in *Saucers* because of the suspension of publication a few months later.

Before closing, I wish to clarify a few points. My intent via my review and this letter is not to attack Coral Lorenzen or Dr. Fontes. They both are pioneer investigators who have made lasting contributions to UFO research. Rather, my intent has been, as objectively as possible, to cover the questions raised. I have tried to look at these things *the way they are*, not as they have been, will be, or should be.

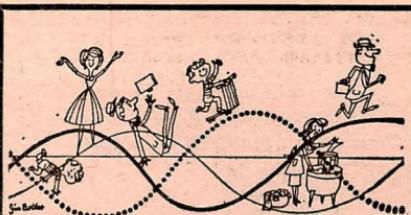
Noelle Fojut suggests that my "unfair" review of Mrs. Lorenzen's book may have been inspired by jealousy. I can only ask: Jealous of what, Mrs. Fojut? Nevertheless, I appreciated her obviously sincere comments.—*Max B. Miller.*

REMEMBER A PAST LIFE?

I am making a survey and analysis of two kinds of cases suggestive of survival, cases of people who say they remember a past life and those of people who have the experience of being out of the body. I would be grateful if your readers who have had such experiences would write me about them.

Because the value of such cases usually depends on particular details, I would like to hear from correspondents who will be willing to answer questions about details I may put to them.

Correspondents can be assured that although I may use cases they write me about in my analysis of these cases, the identity of correspondents who wish to remain anonymous



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mous will not be revealed in any publication.—Ian Stevenson, M.D., Department of Neurology and Psychiatry, School of Medicine, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.

REINCARNATION OF SUSIE?

I have read of many strange incidents concerning animals and their psychic ability, as well as reports of their appearing to former owners as apparitions after death—but how about reincarnation?

I never have quite accepted the theory of reincarnation, although I know millions do, and I have read accounts of persons in India apparently returning in new bodies with knowledge they could have gained only in a former incarnation.

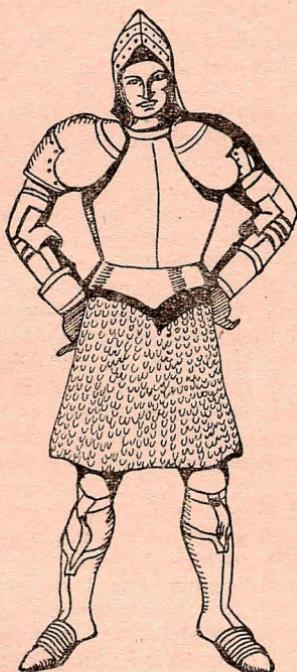
A recent personal experience has caused me to ponder the question of reincarnation again.

About a year ago our dog, Susie, passed away. She was a wonderful dog, gentle, affectionate and possessed of a personality which at times seemed almost human.

She had a fixed daily routine, special spots for naps, was particular about her food and seldom left the yard unless accompanied by a member of the family. When she passed on, we made no effort to find another dog to replace her as we felt it could not be done.

One morning I turned on my radio to catch the news and heard an announcer state that a friend who had a nice dog about a year old wished to find a home for it as they were moving to an apartment where pets were not allowed. I called immediately and went to see the dog. He looked a great deal like Susie, except that his coat was

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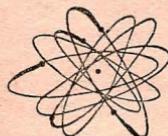
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a different shade. When he saw me his tail began to wag and he rushed into my arms just like Susie used to do.

I took him home and he bounded out of the car and up to the front door. In the house he acted as if he had been living with us since the day he was born. He had the same loving disposition as Susie, the same big brown eyes, and gradually we noticed that even his personality was the same. He slept in the same spots as Susie had slept, ate just as fastidiously, and in general acted so much like Susie that even the neighbors remarked about it.

I took him back to his former mistress. He was delighted to see her, but he returned to our car and hopped in as if to say, "It was nice knowing you, but I'm home now!"

Each day reveals some similar trait, and I am reluctantly accepting the belief that in some way Susie is responsible. She loved us so much and we loved her so much that it seems she found a way to return, although with a different gender and with a different coat. But the dog "inside" is Susie without a doubt.—*Russell Kay, Tampa, Fla.*

WARTS AND DANDELIONS

As a regular subscriber to FATE, it appears to be about time that I express my thanks and admiration to you for your fine little magazine.

Since a few others have related their experiences on successful methods of removing warts, I wish to relate my own true story.

Seven years ago, when my son was seven years old, I took him to a plastic surgeon to have several

warts removed from his feet by an electric needle.

In no time at all, it seemed, the warts returned and thrived vigorously.

From time to time I tried various home remedies to remove the warts, but to no avail. They kept growing and multiplying until my son's feet were quite horrid to see and were getting painful.

Then an item in FATE told of a Gypsy wart treatment using the "milk" of a dandelion stem.

Since it was winter, the weed was dormant and I had a difficult time locating some and finding juice in the dandelions I did find.

For several days I used the "milk" on the warts and then, running out of dandelions, decided I would have to wait until spring.

One day, about a month later, I asked my son about his warts—and, surprise of surprises, they had completely disappeared.

I'm ever so grateful to FATE for being the kind of magazine which publishes such unorthodox cures—or folklore, if you like. I sincerely believe you do a service to your fellowman by publishing off-track material. Because of FATE we are kept aware that all is not quite as it appears to the naked eye. At one time I would have been embarrassed to be found reading such literature, but now I am proud to be a subscriber.—Genevieve R. Larson, Carmichael, Calif.

WUDEWASA UPGRADED

The information so effectively presented by Mr. Ivan T. Sanderson in his recent article, *Wudewasa—the Furry Men of Europe* (November, 1962, issue), strongly sug-

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gests that the origin and development of Western civilization may not have been so prosaic as most orthodox archeologists and anthropologists would have us believe. Confirmatory material can be found in such basic works as Sir Walter Scott's *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* (my copy the third edition, published by George Routledge in 1887), the late Morris K. Jessup's *The Expanding Case for the U.F.O.*, and the late Howard Phillips Lovecraft's essay, *Some Backgrounds of Fairyland*, included in the 1944 Arkham House release, *Marginalia*, by H. P. Lovecraft.

I am puzzled by the etymology of the word Wudewasa: "Wude" is, of course, Anglo-Saxon for "wood"—however, Anglo-Saxon for "man" is "were," as in such words as were-wolf and weregeld. The thought arises that the word might in part be of Cro-Magnon or Neanderthal origin, handed down by oral tradition. It is well known that in many sections of Europe customs are ob-

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served which had their origins with the Cro-Magnon or the Neanderthal, or perhaps even before, and it seems quite reasonable that perhaps a few scattered words of some mystic importance could have come down to our time.

Mr. Sanderson errs greatly when he terms the poor Neanderthalers primitives or submen. This they certainly were not. They were true *homo sapiens*, of the same general intelligence and mental capacity as ourselves. The pictures so often painted of the Neanderthal—showing a shambling ape-like creature, matted with dirty hair; nude, or clad in a stinking, half-rotted animal skin; with no speech but the slobbering growls of the jungle-beast—not only are unfair but also bold-faced lies.

The Neanderthalers lived perhaps 60 or 70 thousand years ago, although a few survivors, largely interbred with more modern stocks, can be found in our day. When we consider that in recent years researchers working under L.S.B. Leakey in East Africa have found that their newly-discovered *Zinjanthropus* *Bosei*, believed to be nearly two-million years old, was not too much unlike us in the basics of life (for stone tools and leather-working devices have been found in the same deposits as these famous bones), we can only contemplate in awed wonder the tremendous continuity of the human race.—George H. Wagner, Jr., Bellevue, Ky.

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ders, the Ouija board has given us many enjoyable evenings, and a Spiritualist advertiser in FATE was precise in her predictions, so I'm thankful for those ads.—*Mrs. James Wolf, St. Augustine, Fla.*

ELECTRONIC AURA

I was much interested in the article *Russians Photograph Life and Death* in the September, 1962, issue. Since a large number of persons are interested in this subject because of its connection with aura theory and visible applications, I wish to present some hitherto unpublished or little-known facts.

The interest aroused by Semyon and Valentina Kirlian, the Russian couple who are researching aspects of contact electronic photography, has caused the U.S.S.R., through universities, to assist in this program. Since the work by the Russians closely parallels my own work in an allied field, "Photographic Dosimetry," about which an article by me has appeared in the magazine *Scientific Experimenter*, I wish to explain what the Russians are doing and how they are doing it.

On page 24 of the September, 1962, issue of FATE is a picture of a finger. The lower and major part of the picture shows the ridges of a finger and the upper part shows the ridges disappearing in what appears to be small flames dancing up and around the upper limits of the tip of the finger. These are caused by an electronic corona. One may notice further that the finger ridges go up, past and through the corona. This shows that the corona discharge extended over the edge of the fingertip and down onto the finger proper.

To understand this we also must understand that the high-frequency field mentioned in the article is an actual high-frequency voltage applied to the body of the person undergoing this electronic contact photography. This high frequency acts to expose the photographic film and therefore produces this photographic effect after the film is developed. This applies also to the leaves shown on page 27.

Electronic photography dates back to my early work in this field. A plate is attached to the negative low amperage voltage high-frequency current supply, the photographic film is placed on the hand, leg, etc., and then the body of the person is placed in contact with the positive source of power. The process can be reversed and sometimes the photographic paper is damped to obtain desired results. In using film, the plastic base of the film insulates it from the charge between the applied negative currents and therefore acts to photograph by static forces of galvanic currents.

The Russians are researching what we did in our laboratory in 1934 and thus I speak with some authority on the subject. The leaves and other objects used by the Russian researchers were found to photograph while moisture and chemical activity remained in the matter under investigation. Time will show them that after a few hours the leaves appear to die, the glow fades under the microscopes and in photographs, since as the living matter dies its moisture content and chemical activity diminish. Should the Russian scientists wish to observe undeniable proof, they need only conduct a simple dehydrate test. Re-

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In the past issue of FATE I noticed a letter from a lady reader who asks for occult help. She stated that, although there are many advertisements offering such help, all want money. In her defense, I can say that she might spend considerable money and still not find what fits the necessity or the direction of her case.

For such cases, I wish to offer my services free of charge.

I am now 66 years of age and have "gone through the mill" in all phases of occultism. Incidentally, due to my particular line of development and personal direction, I never have charged for psychological or occult help and advice.

To avoid being swamped with requests, I am making the following stipulation: This offer is extended only to those who live in Southern California. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.—*Louis T. Culling, Hollywood, Calif.*

SPIRITUALIST CONGRESS

Do the readers of FATE know that in 1963, September 21-27, in Philadelphia, Pa., the triennial Congress of the International Spiritualist Federation will convene. The delegates will be meeting for the first time out of Europe.

It would be a serious error to picture this coming event as a Council of Churches, for only Anglo-Saxons will represent ecclesiastical bodies. Japan follows Asanov's psychology (Continued on page 128)

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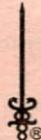
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WHAT IT MEANS

In "I See By the Papers" in the October, 1962, issue, Curtis Fuller mentions the word "seiche" and states that its origin is unknown. It is derived from the German words *seicht* and *seichtheit*. *Seicht* simply means "shallow, and *seichheit* "shallowness." In most Swiss dialects *seich* and *seiche* means a shallow bit of water."

The word "Wudewasa" in the November issue is not explained correctly. Both *Wude* and *Wasa* are collective names of pre-Christian Northern European gods. *Wude* is derived chiefly from *Woden* (Odin). In Christian times the stature of these gods was reduced to that of demons, and if left-over Neanderthalers received the name it is no surprise. The original name for dog is *hound*, or *hund*, but the Christians likened the name of the old gods to the *hunds* by spelling the word "God" backwards—"dog!"

Incidentally, you have published several articles mentioning the practice of human sacrifices. In ancient times every human act and thought was a part of religion, and the execution of criminals was always a religious act of purifying the people, or folk, called *Vargar i Veum*, meaning "a strangling off to keep the people holy." Our executions no longer have a religious significance, but the idea of eliminating the "stranglers (vargars) of the goodness of our people" remains the same.—*Erich Stirnemann, Los Angeles, Calif.*

"BEST EXPLANATION YET"

George R. Larikov's explanation of the Tunguska "meteorite" seems to be the best yet offered. Up until reading his letter, I have accepted the "visiting spaceship" theory for lack of a better one, but Mr. Larikov's seems to tie in with facts.

Soviet scientists have speculated that the Martian satellites may be of artificial origin, launched around 1880. Suppose this were true. Then later, in a space program much like our own (the only difference being that "they" seem to take much more time, indicating thoroughness), the hypothetical Martians launched a missile armed with a nuclear warhead the 1908 "meteorite"), then later they sent manned probes (the so-called "ghost rockets" and World War II "foo-fighters"), and finally organized advanced expeditions (the "flying saucers" of today). In the light of our own present space program, this seems logical and deserves consideration.—*Allen Greenfield, Director, Research Organization of Aerial Phenomena, Atlanta, Ga.*

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