

July 1963

40¢

FATE

TRUE STORIES OF
THE STRANGE AND
THE UNKNOWN

REPORT FROM RUSSIAN SCIENTISTS:

THE GIRL WHO SEES WITH HER FINGERS

WILLY LEY SPECULATES ON AFRICAN MYSTERY CREATURE
IS THERE A NANDI BEAR?

DR. J. B. RHINE ON SCIENCE AND MAN

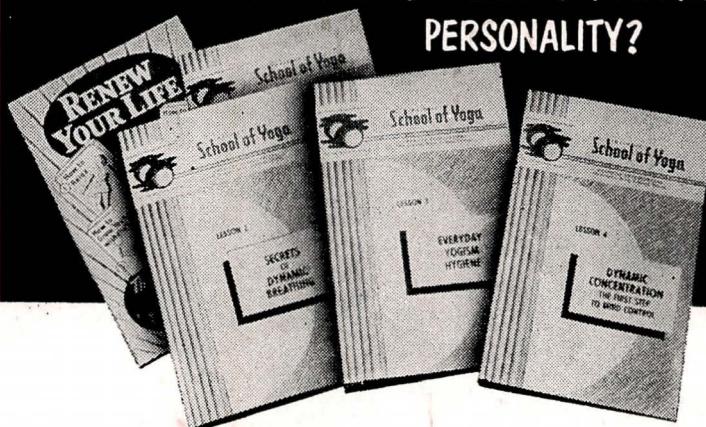
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DR. MARCUS BACH VISITS ENGLISH SHRINE WHERE
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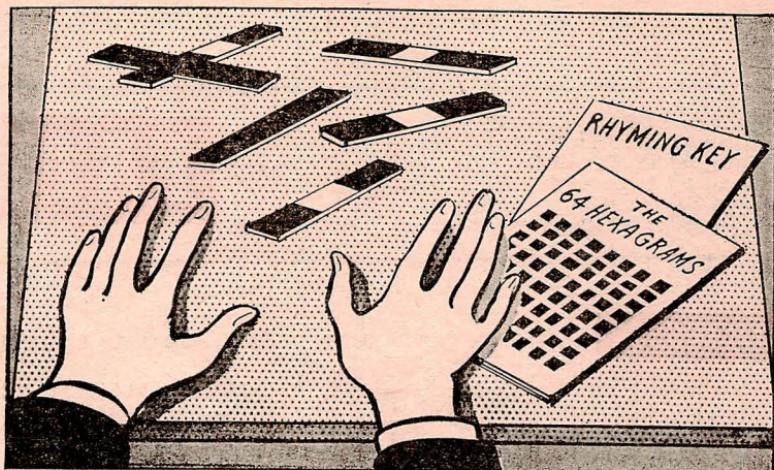
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FATE

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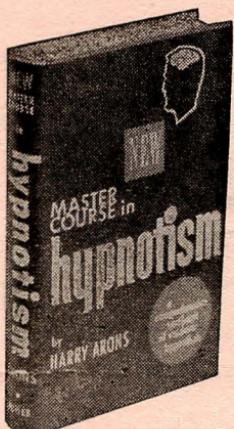
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I See by the Papers...

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

A hundred years ago no scholar believed in the historical reality of the Trojan War, an incident of primary importance in the Greek oral tradition of later times. Schliemann's work on the site of Hissarlik proved beyond a doubt that the old tale was based solidly upon fact. It was the same with the legendary Minos, and the brilliant civilization of Crete, revealed to modern eyes so spectacularly by Sir Arthur Evans' excavations at Cnossus.

— Aubrey de Selincourt
"The World of Herodotus"

VIEW FROM LENINGRAD

PROF. LEONID Vasiliev of Leningrad University, whom we have quoted in this magazine, has added a new postscript to his researches into telepathy.

Vasiliev already has proved, he believes, in researches extending over 40 years, that telepathic signals are not in the electromagnetic spectrum — which includes a spectrum as broad as visible light and invisible radio waves. We already have described in FATE Vasiliev's experiments of putting subjects inside specially built rooms, like Faraday cages, screened to eliminate

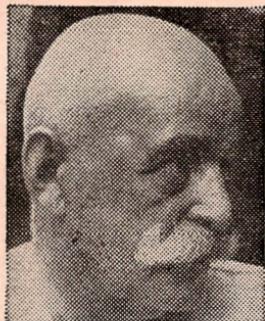


By Curtis Fuller

electromagnetic waves. Even with subjects inside the cages, telepathic results were not impaired.

Henry Bott, science editor of this magazine and himself a physicist, rightly points out that there are still a couple of areas in the electromagnetic spectrum that behave in a peculiar way and haven't been thoroughly explored. Until this has been done prudence requires us not to accept Vasiliev's findings as final.

When he gets into describing how telepathy does work, however, we confess that Vasiliev loses us. He concludes that all humans and some animals have both a "transmitter" and a "receiver" for tele-



Who is Gurdjieff?

Mystery shrouded his strange life.

No extraordinary events marked his birth in 1877, near the Persian frontier of Russia. His early schooling trained him for the priesthood.

But, shortly after his studies began, George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff "disappeared."

His 20-year "disappearance" (all that is known is that he traveled extensively in the most remote regions of Central Asia) was the first stage in a life-long pursuit to "know the inner world of man."

Now, the posthumous publication of his second book provides a vital key to both the man and the mystic, shedding brilliant new lights on this spiritual leader and philosopher whose work goes on today through the Gurdjieff Foundation.

Here, for the first time, are illuminating portraits of the people

who helped shape his thoughts—a stimulating narrative of Gurdjieff's probing into the secret labyrinths of man's mind.

Among the men who shaped the master's thought:

- His poet father — who implanted the notion that man's fundamental striving should be the creation of an inner freedom.
- Bogachevsky — deacon at the Kars Cathedral, who first introduced Gurdjieff to spiritualism, auto-suggestion and other supernatural phenomena.
- Piotr Karpenko — with whom Gurdjieff met the fakir who told him the truth about the astral body of man.
- Prince Yuri Libovedsky — who accompanied Gurdjieff on his visits to an isolated monastery in Turkestan, site of the sacred rituals that today comprise a part of Gurdjieff's teaching.
- Father Giovanni — the Italian whose ideas about "the divine body of man" are also a part of his teachings. Of Gurdjieff, Frank Lloyd Wright has written, "He not only intends to awaken a man to the nature of himself as an individual above personality. He knows how!"

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN, by G. I. Gurdjieff

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pathic communication, and that these tiny organisms seem to behave like two electronic computers connected by a cable. Telepathy, he says, seems to obey the laws of cybernetics, the science of numbers which governs the planning of computers.

This may describe the way telepathy works but Vasiliev still is telling us very little about the mechanisms involved.

He does have one rather important thing to say in this regard, however, something worth repeating, even though he may be led to say it by the requirements of Marxist theory. It is not "thoughts" which are transferred in telepathy, but "information about thought," Professor Vasiliev concludes.

Which gives us a tool for understanding why telepathic messages so often are given symbolically.

**UNUSUAL HAUNT**

ONE WONDERS what the Russians are coming to, giving serious consideration to such non-materialistic ideas as telepathy. And now we have a ghost reported direct from Moscow by none other than that conservative wire service the Associated Press. Moreover, the dispatch had to be passed by Soviet censors.

One of the most feared men in Russia was Lavrenti P. Beria, chief

of Stalin's secret police. Since he was executed, Muscovites say his house is haunted.

For a while after Beria's execution 10 years ago his house was used as a kindergarten. But this didn't last, apparently for good and sufficient reason. For instance, Lydia A. Smetanova said, "My little boy was there for a while but he became nervous and frightened. I removed him. The place is haunted."

Today Beria's home is the Tunisian Embassy, and the occupants deny that anything unusual goes on there. It was not always so, the wife of an unidentified European ambassador told Eddy Gilmore of the AP. She said the wife of the former Tunisian Ambassador "was frightened to death of the place. She said all sorts of strange noises kept her awake. There were moans and groans and unexplained footfalls and slamming and banging of doors."



NOT COLUMBUS?

BEFORE WE turn away from those surprising Russians we want to leave you with one last word from them: Columbus did not discover America!

Soviet Historian David Tsukernik stated:

"A detailed study of Columbus' first voyage suggests that his flo-

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tilla sailed on somebody else's heels . . . there is every ground for the conclusion that Columbus had predecessors. He used their information when setting out for the new world.

"The circumstances of Columbus' first trip show that the map and sailing direction used by Columbus contained precise information not only about the location of the new world islands, but also about the routes both ways."

Meanwhile another historian, Samuel Varshavsky, states his belief that an Englishman named Nicholas Lynn discovered Hudson's Bay as early as 1360 — 132 years before Columbus. Ancient writings have often mentioned a 14th Century Latin book called *A Happy Discovery Voluntarily Made from the 54th Parallel to the Pole*. The book apparently has not survived and although many historians consider it pure fantasy, Varshavsky disagrees.



WHEN THE LIGHTS WENT OUT
HERE IS A mystery that no one had solved a month and a half after it happened. In Denver, Colo., last February 14, there was a sudden power failure that affected more people and electrical power than ever before in the history of the Public Service Company. No one has found what went wrong.

At 11:04 A.M. electricity suddenly ceased flowing along a 10-mile 115,000-volt line between the Zuni Plant and the Cherokee Plant.

This caused a surge of current which couldn't pass over the line to instantly overload lines to Cheyenne and Boulder, knocking out relay equipment. Fearing damage to the turbines, the Cherokee Plant was shut down. The generators provide 360,000 kilowatts.

At 12:46 P.M. the power returned to the line just as mysteriously as it left.

Engineers hunted hurriedly for the cause. Men patrolled the lines carrying the power from Cherokee to Zuni and found no break. Crews double-checked equipment and plants in the entire Denver area. They found nothing.

At first the engineers said bravely that their investigations would continue until the exact spot and nature of the cut-out was found "so necessary steps could be taken to prevent a recurrence."

Later, a PSC spokesman admitted "there is no guarantee that such a failure won't happen again. We may never know the cause."

This is indeed a great mystery. One might speculate that some mysterious force literally repelled the power passing through the line. Or there may be a simple answer.

We cannot resist reporting the solution to a mystery that plagued

How To Step Up Your Vigor And Live Longer

By William Brady, M.D.

I've been a Doctor for 60 years. In all that time, I reckon I've come in contact with just about every illness and injury the body can suffer. I don't think I'm any smarter or better than other Doctors I know, but I do have some different ideas about health.

Some of these ideas have got me into a peck of trouble! You see I write a daily health column in the newspapers—I've been writing it since 1914—and I've done my level best to bring my ideas to the attention of the folks who need them.

I really think that a lot of our troubles—things like tooth decay, rheumatism, sinus trouble, bronchial asthma, and others—START IN THE STOMACH. In my more than half-century of experience, I've become positively convinced that POOR NUTRITION is the root of many of these complaints.

Well, I don't have to tell you that this doesn't go well with the "Drug Trusts" and the "Pill Peddlers." I mean the big pharmaceutical laboratories that make millions every year by persuading people to buy PILLS, when they ought to buy GOOD FOOD.

We, the American Public, have been brain-washed from babyhood with lies, superstitions, myths and fairy-tales about our health, and I think it's high time we woke up and stopped being a nation of suckers!

What kind of lies? These—lies about constipation, and that once-a-day bowel regularity is a vital health law. That you should have your children's tonsils taken out to prevent sore throats and "colds." That you must treat "colds" with pills and "cold medicines." That you must brush your teeth two or three times a day or get cavities.

Folks—these things just aren't true. "Constipation" is one of the Great American Myths. There's no such thing. NO food you can possibly eat is constipating. You DON'T have to have "roughage." "Cold medicines?" I can show you how to avoid "colds" without medicine. And I want to warn you that some popular "cold remedies" contain very dangerous ingredients, and none of them do you much good, after all.

About the Tooth Decay Legend. I haven't used toothpaste for 30 years, and I still have good teeth. Did you ever stop to wonder why you still get cavities, even though you brush your teeth as you are told? Could it possibly be—lack of enough CALCIUM?

I firmly believe that if you will follow my ideas for your family and for yourself, you can enjoy the sort of DEEP-DOWN, GLOWING HEALTH AND VIGOR that everyone of us deserves.



Now, don't go thinking that this is just an advertising claim, with no facts to back it up. I feel very strongly that my health rules will help you. They are based on practical experience, and have helped others find true health. I wanted to speak to you myself about this, and tell you about my book.

I'm not promising you any miraculous cures, or anything like that. These cures will not cure cancer or leprosy. But I feel that a Doctor's job is more important than just CURING sick folks—he should also try to keep HEALTHY FOLKS.

But I CAN offer you GOOD STRONG LASTING HEALTH. I CAN tell you how to ENJOY life with zest and energy. I CAN give you simple rules of eating, sleeping, exercising and living that give you the pep and vitality we all want to feel. I don't work miracles, but I know I have helped thousands of men and women to get back on the road to good solid health. ABSOLUTELY ANYONE AND EVERYONE can use my Seven Rules for Positive Health—anyone, young or old, rich or poor, man or woman, healthy or sick—and regain the wonderful joy of feeling REALLY swell again. These Seven Rules, together with hundreds of health tips and advice, are in my new book called—

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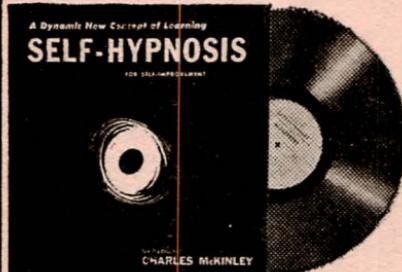
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Pacific Gas and Electric Co. electricians for a month last winter. Near Grass Valley, Calif., the lights would blink and dim and grow bright and blink again repeatedly each sundown. Turned out there was a large bull on a nearby ranch that scratched its back on the guy wire attached to one of the power poles.



CRASH!

READERS OF THIS column know things always are dropping more or less from nowhere. The latest addition to this collection is a seven-inch triangle of metal, about three-fourths of an inch thick, that crashed through the roof of a Cleveland home around 5:00 P.M. March 6.

Mrs. John Maxwell was on the telephone in her second floor flat when she heard something like an explosion. She ran up to the third floor and found an eight-inch hole in the roof and a big chunk of the inner wall ripped off. When Patrolman George Phillippe arrived the chunk of metal was still warm.

The Federal Aviation Agency, of course, was checking to see from what airplane it might have fallen.



THAT CATAPULT AGAIN
THREE ARE SOME who believe these falls are due to a poltergeist-type phenomenon. But

since we only speculate on what poltergeist phenomena are, who can say. One wishes, though, that authorities would get a bit more sophisticated in their investigations when these mysterious objects begin plumping down.

In Wellington, N. Z., late in March, a strong contingent of police searched for the "artful dodger" who was terrorizing occupants of a guest house in the suburb of Brooklyn with a well-aimed bombardment of stones.

R. A. Beatty, proprietor of the place, was rightfully worried. Guests were moving out and the police were helpless, even though the bombardment lasted for hours at a time — on one occasion from 7:30 P.M. to 1:00 A.M.

But Mr. Beatty was not optimistic. An army of cops and civilians came up with no clues. He told one newspaper reporter:

"He will be back again tonight — there is no doubt of it — and we can't take much more."

As for the police they *knew* what was causing the rain of rocks — a powerful catapult concealed somewhere in the vicinity. All they had to do was to find it, the assailant, and his rock supply!



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Lanarkshire, Scotland, the sound of unearthly music has filled the living room every now and then for two years. It is the sombre refrain of a church organ.

Engineer John Hamilton and his wife Margaret moved into the house over two years ago when their son Ian was five. They soon became so familiar with the refrain that frequently Ian will halt in his play and say: "There goes that song again."

The story of the music-haunted home did not become public until this past New Years Eve when neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Andy Shearer, spent the evening with the Hamiltons. The Shearers heard the music, and Mrs. Hamilton explained that they had not told anyone outside before because they did not wish to be laughed at.

Despite investigations, no natural cause for the music has been found.



CATALYST?

YOU CAN BELIEVE this or not but the Associated Press reports it with a straight face from Beckenham, England.

It seems there's been a phantom coachman driving four horses around the cottage of Albert Betts for years. One day late in February the family dog Cindy was taken away to the animal hospital at Ilford, about 20 miles away.

When Cindy left, so did the family ghost. Apparently it went to stay with Cindy at the animal hospital.

Reg Filmer, a photographer, says he was walking his own dog after midnight when the ghost galloped by on its way to join Cindy.

"I heard the noise of horses and wheels. It got closer and closer, but I could see nothing," Filmer later related.

Questioned about this, Albert Betts said yes the coach and four were gone—but he had a complaint. "After the dog went," complained Betts, "there was a bump. I saw our ghost crashing through the greenhouse with a coach and four. He ruined my chrysanthemums."

Everything worked out fine, though. When Cindy returned home so did the ghost. Little Joey, a three-and-one-half-year-old neighbor girl was visiting Mrs. Betts when the spook showed up. It frightened her so much she spilled cocoa all over her white pajamas.



THE MOVING RUG

AT SAN SIMEON, the impressive estate of the late William Randolph Hearst, which is now the state's most popular historical monument, there is one rug different from all the rest.

THE OCCULT OVERTONE



" . . . the mystic chime"

Dear Fellow Seeker:

Recently, the Individualist Society issued an invitation to the readers of this magazine to write to I.S. for information concerning the organization. The response was overwhelming, not only in numbers but in the surprisingly high level of intelligence of the inquirers. I.S. realizes that an awareness of Occult Phenomena and sensitivity to Psychic Manifestations are higher forms of human intelligence . . . having nothing to do with formal education or dogmatic learning. *When an individual reaches a certain level of understanding, he then becomes aware of the Higher World . . . the Occult Overtone!*

Let me quote the words of one of the moving forces behind the Society, the Yogi Ram Bashida: "The Occult Overtone and Psychic Sensitivity are not dogmas that men believe in. Rather, they are manifestations of which some men have become aware."

Within I.S., any individual who has become aware of Higher Laws and Unseen Powers finds kindred, understanding minds. Within I.S. are many highly developed Masters of the Occult and many spiritual leaders. Their communion with the energies and forces behind Nature's transient images and visible pattern constitutes the basis of Society Reports. These are sent to members regularly. At open meetings, and at our closed meetings, outstanding mystics and spiritual leaders describe Occult Encounters in the Psychic World. Cosmic Dramas are vividly described and interpreted. *The great powers of these Masters are made available to members in certain Applied Techniques developed by the Society.*

If you are aware of the mystic world of which we speak, you will want to learn more about this fascinating Society. We have prepared a history of the Society, and detailed information concerning its work. This will be sent to you free upon your request, together with an invitation to membership. The Society is neither a religious nor a political organization. Membership is composed of people of a wide variety of psychic, spiritual and occult experience. We look forward to hearing from you soon, and urge you to write to us today.

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Hundreds of imported rugs are scattered on the floors of the massive castle built by Hearst, and this particular Turkish rug looks not much different from the others. But it is different. It keeps moving around.

The rug is in one of the upstairs bedrooms which are not yet open to the public. Repeatedly the caretakers at San Simeon find it moved — usually they find it curled up against one of the bedposts.

"We straighten it out, then the next time someone enters the room the rug is out of place," the guides told a reporter from the Fresno Bee. "No one goes in there except the staff. None of us will admit, at least, to curling up a corner of the rug, so how does it get disarranged?"



HOW OLD?

DESPITE ALL the work done in excavating the ancient Mayan civilization, but a fraction of the sites have been investigated in detail. Tikal in Guatemala is now considered probably the greatest of Mayan cities and it barely has been touched.

One of the difficulties still plaguing the archeologists is chronology. Two basic correlations exist — one by Herbert Spinden and the other suggested by J. T. Goodman and later revised by Martinez Hernan-

dez and J. Eric Thompson. This is called the "GMT correlation" after the initials of the three men.

There is a difference of at least 260 years between the two but the disagreement might be as much as 500 years, as suggested by radio-carbon datings. The problem lies in the fact that the Mayan calendar was kept in very accurate 20-year cycles but nobody can find out what year, in our time, they began keeping it.



FACE ON THE WALL

IN THE TABERNACLE of Glad Tidings, Nassau, Bahamas, last January 20, the Rev. Paul Roberts just had begun his sermon when a young housewife named Euna Lowe leaped to her feet and shouted: "I see Jesus! I see Christ! He is here!"

Other worshippers turned to look at the freshly painted light green wall at which Mrs. Lowe gazed transfixed. They could see nothing.

News spread around the island of New Providence and the church was packed for evening services. "By then," says Reverend Roberts, white leader of the integrated congregation, "most of the congregation insisted they could see three faces on the wall. The dominant one was the face of Christ."

Luther Evans, of the *Chicago*

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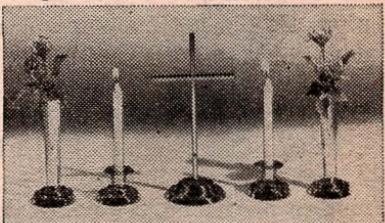
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Daily News Service, visited the church and could also see the outlines of three faces. One of the subordinate faces looks like the conventional depiction of the Buddha, but it is superimposed over the face resembling Christ.

When Evans stepped close to the wall the outlines of the faces merged and disappeared. From farther back, he said, the outlines are clearly discernible.

This case has special interest, it seems to us, because even by the minister's report, when Mrs. Lowe first shouted out that she could see the face of Christ on the wall, none of the other parishioners could do so. Nor could they until evening. But now, apparently, everyone can.



THE HEALING

IN 1949 WHEN James Kent Lenahan was 19, he was thrown off the running board of a moving car into a telephone pole. The next thing he remembered was opening his eyes in nearby Bryn Mawr Hospital. He did not know it was nine days later.

The attending physician, Dr. Charles Steiner, now dead, told the Lenahans that James could not live. They did not despair. James' mother placed on the dying youth a shred of cloth from the religious robes of the late Bishop John N. Neumann, 19th Century Catholic

Bishop of Philadelphia.

Lenahan did not die. Five weeks later he was discharged from the hospital with only deafness in his right ear.

As for Bishop Neumann, his beatification recently has been approved by the Sacred Congregation of Rites at Vatican City. One of the cited reasons is his intercession to work a miraculous cure on James Lenahan.



STILL WITH US

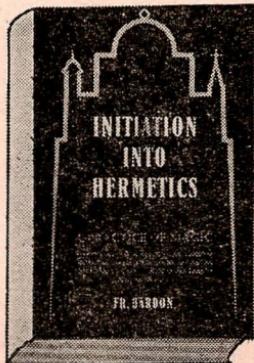
GENERAL PUBLIC interest in UFO's certainly has declined lately but UFO sightings themselves have not. They are still with us, their reports often blurred with other information that may or may not correctly explain them.

Two men from Rubidoux, Calif., ran out of gas near the California-Nevada border early in the morning of Tuesday, February 26. While James Brown and Victor Hirt were walking eight miles to Cima, the nearest town, between 2 A.M. and 3 A.M., they saw a blue light moving in a semi-regular pattern among the stars in the southern sky.

As they trudged along, Hirt and Brown were watching a display of meteor showers when they saw the light "leapfrogging" from east to west about 20° above the horizon in a series of apparently regular maneuvers.

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Asked what he meant by "leapfrogging", Hirt explained that the light would speed up slightly and then at the end of a "leap" hesitate. The two men had no notion how near the object was. All they could see was a spot of light—no shape or outline. As they walked and watched the light stopped near another object in the sky—they called it a "star." Then suddenly the light was gone. It did not reappear.

Two days later, Sheriff's Deputies John L. Crisan and Jerry Webster reported an unidentified object from the top of Carmel Hill on the Monterey Peninsula of California. They drove to the spot after receiving a radio call from Deputy Rudy Carillo that he had seen the object in the Salinas area.

Crisan described what he and Webster saw as bright red, travelling from southeast to northwest, with a crescent-shaped tail. It was visible for about two minutes, obviously neither a satellite nor a meteor.



OVER HAWAII

A GLOWING OBJECT passed over the Hawaiian Islands around 8 P.M. on March 11 about the same time what the Air Force announced the firing of an Atlas Missile from a base in Wyoming, although a connection between the

two seems most unlikely.

It was described as looking like a "giant spotlight" or "a search-light." Hundreds of persons saw it, including two Hawaii National Guard jet pilots flying 40 miles west of Honolulu. They said it was much higher than their 40,000-foot altitude and going "very fast."

Lieut. George Joy described it as "a light spot with a light vapor trail — lighter than a high-flying jet's trail." An unidentified FAA spokesman described it in similar terms except that "a beam fanned out behind it." Another description compared it to a "giant spotlight that was in a fog, except it was a clear night. It wasn't a single brilliant thing, not like Echo at all." Other watchers said it looked like a "crescent-shaped moon."

In summary, its appearance was not like that of a satellite, and it was in view too long to have been a missile or a meteor. Lieutenant Joy and his wingmate observed it for a minute and a half, and an observer in Waikiki said he watched it for five or six minutes.



UFO OR METEOR?

VICTOR AGNE of Garden City, L.I., was driving on the Long Island Expressway in East Hills at 10:08 P.M. on March 25 when he and his three companions saw a bright greenish object moving "five

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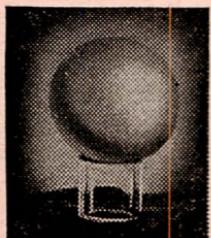
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times the speed of a jet plane" in a southerly direction.

"There was not the slightest doubt in our minds—it was a flying saucer," Agne declared. "It was circular and seemed to throw off white streaks from a tail as it disappeared behind clouds and then reappeared."

Despite Agne's certainty, however, all evidence suggests that the object was a meteor. It was variously reported as far north as Long Island, as far south as Richmond, Va., and as far west as Harrisburg. It lasted only a few seconds.

**POSTSCRIPT ON BIG FOOT**

A RECENT ISSUE of FATE described evidence found for a huge ape-like creature near Sonora, Calif. The last day of February, Pilot Lennart Strand was flying Alden Hoover, an employee of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, into the mountains for a snow survey flight.

About 9:30 A.M., in scattered brush in a lava rock area 200 to 300 feet south of the Confidence Road, between Confidence and the Cherokee Valley Road, both men saw a mighty strange-looking animal.

They described it as cinnamon brown, covered with hair, and about 10 to 12 feet tall. Strand later said

it "was sort of half bear and half gorilla, and had ears on the side of its head." He did not get a rear view to determine whether the animal had a tail.

When they spotted the creature they were flying at 700 feet and they swooped low and made three passes over it. They saw it on the first two passes but on the third pass it had vanished.

Because it was a snow survey plane both men were equipped with motion picture cameras—Strand with black and white film and Hoover with color film. They had to shoot in a hurry, of course, and their films showed nothing but rocky terrain.



YES, THERE IS A MONSTER

IT'S MORE or less official; there is a monster in Loch Ness. As the tourist season approaches, we are privileged to give you the results of last fall's team effort to locate "Nessie".

Last October a 26-man expedition under Peter Scott, son of famed explorer, Robert Scott, and David James, a Conservative member of Parliament, went to Loch Ness. They scanned the mile-wide lake for 24 hours a day, using powerful searchlights during the darkness.

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object in Loch Ness," Scott told a British television audience recently. "In fact, there may be a number of such creatures."

David James showed film of a length of back estimated at 40 to 60 feet long. They also saw schools of salmon panicking in a mysterious way one night. "Immediately we were aware that there was an object following the salmon, which was seen by practically everyone for three or four minutes."

Under the searchlights it was difficult to make out what it was but one expedition member said "a fish is easiest to imagine."



A POUNDING ON THE WALLS

THE KNOCKING and the banging and the rapping began early in January at the Harry Sydora home in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada. The racket wakened the family night after night. Mr. Sydora's nerves were near the breaking point with such carryings-on as a blanket being moved over his face when no one was near him and unexplained noises being heard at all hours.

But when reporters were called in to listen all was quiet during two, all-night vigils.

There was peace for a time, and then the entity—if such it was—struck again. This time Sydora had a tape recorder going.

It recorded a "terrific pounding" on the walls. Then there were sounds like someone walking overhead. It sounded "almost human." This continued for several minutes. The children came running upstairs and all 10 members of the family huddled in a lighted room. The noise stopped for a few minutes. Then it returned as loud as ever for another five minutes.

"At least we've got it on tape now," Sydora said. "And it's there for anybody to hear."



NEWS & NOTES FROM ALL OVER
AS WE WRITE, the Sovereign State of California is prosecuting three Navajo Indians on a charge of eating peyote—as part of the sacramental rites of the Native American Church.

If convicted, the defendants face from 2 to 10 years imprisonment.

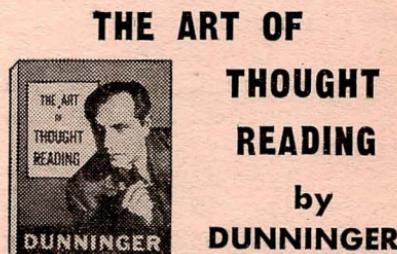
However, the Navajos are not alone. The American Civil Liberties Union has entered the case as a friend of the court. Then, too, the Federal Government permits peyote to go through the mails.

Dr. Gordon A. Alles, a professor of pharmacology at the University of California at Los Angeles, testified that on the basis of 30 years' study he does not consider peyote a narcotic and never has observed any long-term ill effects on its users.

—Curtis Fuller

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By Valeria Trisvyatskaya

Correspondent for UPI

ROZA KULESHOVA can "see" with her fingers. She is blindfolded. A book lies before her. She moves her fingers along the page and rapidly reads the text. She reads with correct accent and expression.

"There is nothing new in that," you may say. "Evidently she has learned to read Braille, which opens up for the blind the world of letters and words."

But the point is that Roza Kuleshova, reading with her fingers, is not blind at all and the book before her is *not* in Braille.

Perhaps she is acquainted with the text of the book and she has trained her memory to such an extent that she can easily remember things by heart you say?

This is *not* the case!

The woman who "sees" with her fingers is a 22-year-old housewife from the Ural city of Nizhni Tagil, Russia. She is married to a factory worker and has a little daughter.

To meet her, I visited the Neurological Institute of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Medical Sciences in Moscow, where Roza was being tested.

When Roza entered the room I decided to test her in my own way and asked her to "read" a photo-

graph. She readily agreed. After blindfolding herself, she moved her fingers over the photograph and stated it was of a man. She "saw" a moustache on his face, and said he was of an advanced age.

"How did you determine his age?" I asked.

"It's very simple," Roza replied. "His face is covered with small wrinkles."

HOW IT ALL BEGAN

"I DISCOVERED my abilities," Roza related, "when I was 16. I had just finished seven-year school and got interested in literature, dramatics and wrote verse. I was invited to take part in the amateur dramatics circle of the Society of the Blind, so as to help them in staging small skits. Seeing how the blind read the texts in Braille, I also decided to learn to read with my fingers — not the letters in relief as they did but ordinary printed books.

"At first it was mere curiosity on my part, but then I really became absorbed in it. Many a long evening I would sit over an ABC for the first graders, in which the letters were larger. At the beginning I read under the control of my eyesight. I practiced persistently

SHE “SEES” WITH HER FINGERS

A Russian girl's fantastic ability confronts science with new mysteries of human perception.

Wearing a blindfold during a test conducted by Russian researchers, Roza Kuleshova, 22, displays amazing ability to detect words, photo subjects and colors with her fingers. UPI photo.



and regularly. And gradually I learned to read with the third and fourth fingers of my right hand.

"Subsequently I wished to try to distinguish the colors on drawings and fabrics. I ran my fingers through a heap of scraps of materials, trying to separate them according to color without the aid of my eyes. At first I used to get mixed up in the different shades, got chagrined and began it all over again until I attained my aim."

Roza seems to be very sociable, readily demonstrating her abilities. She lacks any idea of being "exceptional," willingly sharing her ability with others. She claims that "every one who wishes" can learn to determine, say, colors with his fingers, on condition that he trains persistently.

It is interesting the way Roza defines her perceptions: she feels red as a "zigzag" line, white is always "smooth" to her, black — "peas under the fingers," and green — "little squares."

Having learned to read and determine colors with her fingers, Roza ceased practicing and, according to her, gradually lost interest in her phenomenal abilities. They might have remained unnoticed were it not for a fortunate chance.

She was troubled by epileptic fits, which seized her from time to time, and she went to see a

doctor. Neuropathologist Iosif Goldberg of the Nizhni Tagil hospital was the first to make a detailed investigation. The girl told him that her fits had started after she began regular training in "reading" with her fingers.

Roza was placed in the Sverdlovsk neurological clinic for treatment. There she underwent a thorough clinical examination under the supervision of Professor David Shefer. Then she was given a course of treatment against epilepsy. This fortunately had no effect on her abilities.

After a series of experiments Dr. Goldberg concluded that Roza possesses a supersensitive skin.

Roza was invited to the Neurological Institute in Moscow to continue the experiments. A special commission was set up for this purpose. It consisted of some staff members of the Neurological Institute (Prof. Filipp Bassin, and Researchers Esfir Bein, Galina Knyazeva and Kharis Yarullin) and the Information Transfer Problems Institute of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences (Dmitri Mirza, Diana Bogoyavlenskaya and Tamara Kiseleva).

The commission made wide use of the examination data of the Biophysics Institute of the Academy of Sciences, the Physiological Institute and of other establishments which could be of help.

EXPERIMENTS FOR AUTHENTICITY

ROZA WAS ASKED to read some texts with her eyes tightly blindfolded with a cloth bandage. An opaque screen was placed in front of her for fuller control. She read without effort.

Painted items were put into a bag or a special box into which the woman's hand entered through a hole with a tightly fitting muffler. Roza determined the colors accurately by touch alone. This excluded all possibility that consciously or unconsciously elements of optical vision contribute to her perception with the fingers. The experts even became convinced that Roza reads more successfully when she excludes eye vision entirely and "reads" only with her fingers.

To discover the secret of the Kuleshova phenomenon, scientists went over and over the experiments. Roza patiently demonstrated her abilities. She "read" texts with her fingers and told about the content of drawings. It was necessary to use new books and new drawings for every experiment.

New things were discovered during these experiments: that Roza is able to "read" not only with the fingers of her right hand but also with the toes of her right foot; and, more incredible, that Roza can "read" with the tip of her tongue! However, she doesn't



Ability of Roza Kuleshova includes "reading" even musical notes and Latin letters.

"read" with as much confidence with her foot or her tongue. Roza herself did not suspect these additional abilities.

Another remarkable discovery was made; when the light near her fingers was feeble Roza had difficulty "reading" the text; in the dark she couldn't read it at all.

The scientists considered this very important and immediately undertook further experiments. They bound up Roza's fingers in

black paper, smeared them with glue and soap, and changed the usual position of her hands. In each of these variants the effect on Roza's perception was different.

Her ability to determine the color of figures through glass or sheets of plexiglas (up to two centimeters thick) also was checked.

The Biophysics Institute carried out a series of experiments in which they checked Roza's finger vision as they usually examine eyes.

At first they tackled the problem of the finger sensitivity to different rays of the spectrum. Roza distinguished most easily the yellow, green and blue rays, just as does the eye of an ordinary person. But she did not feel the infrared radiation in doing so.

Roza's color perception was investigated also. As we know, color for human beings is made up of three components: in mixing the three "basic" colors (red, green and blue) in varying proportions, one may obtain any other color. According to the proportions of the colors mixed to obtain a new color one can determine the so-called curves of the spectral sensitiveness of the three types of "receivers" that are represented in the nerve elements of the retina which ensure normal color vision. It was found that these proportions of Roza's "finger vision" are the same as in the ordinary eye or very close to it.

The scientists checked four hypotheses in the course of their research.

The intense sharpening of the tactile sensibility of the fingers, i.e. the simple sense of touch, was the first hypothesis subjected to analysis. It very soon was learned, however, that this idea was insufficient to explain Roza's abilities. If her ability is merely a matter of the intensification of the sense of touch, then how can one explain the fact that she freely reads texts covered by glass or a cellulose film? And actually, of course, the fingers gliding over a completely smooth printed page cannot feel any roughness. To eliminate this possibility entirely, Roza was given uncolored designs in relief on metal, as for instance, a high relief on a cigarette case. She could not determine the subject of the design, although a man with little training but a normal sense of touch can successfully cope with such a task.

Thus any grounds for connecting Roza's abilities with merely tactile sensitiveness were convincingly eliminated.

An hypothesis on the special sensitiveness of Roza's fingers to changes in temperature was advanced. It is common knowledge that different painted parts of the surface of the same body have different temperatures. Does Roza determine the color of different sec-

tions of the same object according to the insignificant differences in these temperatures?

Tests carried out in the Biophysics Institute established that Roza is insensitive to heat effects even considerably more intense than the rays of the different colors used experimentally. The woman easily called the colors of the spectrum, although a special heat-absorbing filter was placed in the path of the rays. On the other hand, she did not feel the infrared rays, although they were a thousand times more intense than the rays of, for instance, green, which she noticed easily. Hence, Roza does not determine color through the sense of heat, but through some other aspect of the action of this light.

It is known that some persons can know or pick up the thoughts of another. Is this the case with Roza? Were the experimenters involuntarily suggesting these things to Roza?

Roza was given a book; the doctors went off to one side. She opened it to different pages and read the first word that came under her fingers. Only after she had pronounced the word was she approached to make sure that she had read it correctly. Thus telepathy was eliminated as an explanation since no one knew what word Roza had touched.

The scientists then considered the

most unexpected and the most daring hypothesis. It is difficult to imagine the existence of "vision" in the tips of the fingers, but the experimenters showed that this is the most probable explanation for Roza's unusual abilities.

Roza does not "see" with her fingers in the dark. She needs good light when she reads with her fingers. That is precisely why Roza refused to read when the tip of her finger was painted black. She claimed that she "felt with her finger some kind of black dirt" and couldn't read. Incidentally, Roza's finger was painted after she was blindfolded, so that she couldn't have known what was smeared on it.

With every new experiment the similarity between the sensitiveness of Roza's fingers to light and the work of the eyes for ordinary vision was confirmed.

Another simple test was proposed by scientists from Sverdlovsk. The ribbon was removed from a typewriter. The letters were thoroughly cleaned of any remnants of ink. By hitting the keys hard a "blind text" of several lines appeared on a white sheet of paper. Then the ribbon was put back into the typewriter and on the same paper a very dimly printed text was typed by lightly hitting the keys. Despite the fact that the "blind text" was in great relief, Roza was un-

able to read a single word of it. She determined with great difficulty only the letter "o" and a period. However, when her fingers glided over the letters printed lightly in ink, she read the text rapidly, by whole sentences.

When a bright light was shone on her fingers and a subsequent transition was made to a dim light, she could not discern anything for the first 20-40 seconds. Then her "vision" gradually was restored. This resembles the case with our eyes, of course, which do not get used to darkness immediately after a bright light.

There is some evidence that the sensitiveness to light of Roza's fingers is greater than the sensitiveness of the retina of her eyes. She reads a book with her fingers and correctly decodes intricate tables even in twilight.

How can Roza's ability to determine the colors of painted items dependent on the color of the rays hitting them be explained except by supposing she has authentic vision in her fingers?

A lamp was covered with a red shade. Because of this red light the light green cover of a book looked blue to all observers. Roza, blindfolded, called the book "blue" without hesitation. When the shade was taken off the lamp Roza could not understand why the blue book in her hands had turned light green.

PROFESSOR BASSIN'S VIEWS

I INTERVIEWED Prof. Filipp Bassin concerning his views on Roza Kuleshova's unusual ability.

Question: Professor, it would be very nice if you could express your opinion on the last hypothesis.

Answer: The experiments led us to believe to an ever greater extent that Roza possesses a developed receptivity to light irritants in the skin of the fingers. The receptors of her skin manifested functions of authentic light sensitiveness, i.e., the ability to be irritated by the action of light falling on it and to send, as a result of this excitation, centripetal impulses. The data on the investigation fitted in well with this hypothesis.

Thus, evidently, the Kuleshova phenomena is bound up with the existence in certain sections of the surface of her body of true photoreceptive zones, i.e. sections in which photoreceptive formations (we have in mind structures that are made to generate currents of light stimulation) prove to be especially clearly represented. It is not excluded that the sensitiveness of man's skin to light is to some extent an expression of atavism. It could have been lost because there was no need for it. The experiments of some specialists prove that it is possible to restore it by training.

Question: Do you completely deny the role of the sense of touch in

the process of discernment?

Answer: No, we do not assert that. While accepting the hypothesis of skin receptivity of light, several reservations must be made regarding it. It must not exclude the idea that Roza includes also the functions of feeling items with her fingers in the process of discernment. In other words, the mechanical irritations of the skin structures facilitate or stimulate the process of skin sensitiveness to light. These irritants, therefore, have to be considered as components of an intricate physiological mechanism that ensures finger "vision."

Question: Have cases like this been known to science and is there any mention of them in literature?

Answer: The very idea of light sensibility (precisely sensibility and not irritation) of the skin is nothing new. Its elaboration is bound up with a number of names. The first of them is that of Dr. Khovrkin of the Neuro-Psychiatric Hospital in the city of Tambov. Way back in 1898 he published his observations of a patient which resemble in many respects the case we are investigating.

In the '30's of this century Nina Poznanskaya investigated the sensitiveness of the skin to the rays of the visible section of the light spectrum.

Prof. Alexei Leontiev demonstrated not only the possibility of

developing the sensitiveness of the skin to light in normal beings undergoing these tests but also determined that training facilitates this process. He made more precise the relation between the processes of forming skin photoreceptiveness and the dynamics of conditioned reflexes.

Question: Has the case with Kuleshova helped broaden our knowledge in a definite field?

Answer: It certainly has. Evidently the range of the irritants which may activate skin receptors is broader and less specific than has been believed before. Under certain conditions light may make skin receptors more active. Therefore, our customary view on the strict specific character of these formations must be revised. We have to take into account their reaction to the influence of a broad range of factors, among which may be light.

Question: With what physiological mechanisms can the functions of finger vision be connected?

Answer: Both the central and peripheral sections of the nervous system take an active part, of course, in this function.

The Neurological Institute gave Kuleshova an electroencephalographic examination when intense light was shining on the photosensitive zones of the third and fourth fingers of her right hand. Under

the influence of such stimulation, powerful electrical charges of a pathological character arose in the left hemisphere of the brain. When the same section of the left hand was lit up, analogous shifts in the right hemisphere were not discovered. This observation shows the existence of a definite functional connection between the state of the nervous elements of the skin's photoreceptive zone and the brain.

Epilepsy, from which Roza suffered, evidently also played a role in the phenomenon, but it is not clear what that role was.

CONCLUSION

THE KULESHOVA phenomenon burst upon science and placed before researchers a series of questions. Evidently scientists from diverse fields of knowledge will participate in further studying Roza's "riddle" and, the main thing, determining its use to science. This problem will interest neurologists, physiologists, psychologists, opticians and cybernetics experts.

This will help those studying the evolution of the living organism to understand how the systems of perception of light and color arose, what this perception was like at first, and how the organ of sight, the eyes, developed.

Roza Kuleshova's fingers are a wonderful model for conducting tests that can't be conducted with eyes. And her abilities are needed by the blind. Perhaps the blind can learn to use their fingers in lieu of eyes. I have been told that quite soon the Sverdlovsk Teachers' Training Institute (in the Urals) will start experiments on both blind and seeing persons to explore the possibility of developing their skin sensitiveness to light.

Cybernetics specialists are considering a number of riddles: how the signal on color is transmitted from the eye to the brain, how it is coded, how it is decoded, how it interacts with other signals, such as the signal on pressure, and how, at last, the intricate process of recognizing images takes place.

ACCORDING TO THE HOROSCOPE

ONE RECENT summer day A. A. Lenhart of Minneapolis found that his horoscope indicated it was a good day for him to engage in sports, so he went out to play golf. On a 135-yard water hole he topped his tee shot, but saw the ball skip three times across the top of the water, hit the bank on the opposite side, bounce high into the air, and plunk into the cup for a hole-in-one.—*Raymond C. Otto.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Major C. Court-Treatt, who died in Los Angeles in 1952, lived in Africa for many years as a British Commissioner. He was a big game hunter, explorer, aviator, linguist, artist and poet. His collaborator, Helen R. Hunger, states the adventure related here is one of many from a collection of tape recordings made in his own voice.



Duel by Witchcraft

On the verge of death from African black magic,
I knew my only hope of living was to fight fire with fire.

By Major C. Court-Treatt, as told to Helen R. Hunger

A DUEL TO THE DEATH proved the only way to settle matters between myself and the foul witch doctor called "the Kariogi."

The year was 1921 and my native trackers and I had established a rest camp in Bandala country along the border between Sudan and French Equatorial Africa. We had camped to rest, refit and explore ahead for the next year's hunting which I proposed to do in the

little-known Koreish Divide.

I had no intention of becoming involved in local matters at all. I meant to enjoy leisurely discussions with the young chief and the very intelligent Fiki, or chief priest, of the Arabic-speaking Bandalas. But Fate over-ruled me and I was soon empaneled to serve as a grim and primitive coroner's jury deep in the forest.

One morning just before dawn the chief of the Bandalas came se-

cretly to my tent and told me of the cruel death of a young girl of the village. The young chief, brave but obviously terrified, begged me as a friend to come with him and the girl's parents to "see what I would see."

The girl, he said, had left home to become a servant to the Karogi, the local practitioner of black magic. Now she had been found dead, apparently mauled by a hyena.

The Karogi was a member of the Karogi tribe who, 10 years before, had wandered into Bandala country and built himself a hut in a dense thicket in the forest. He soon became known simply as "the Karogi." Gradually there had arisen around him, like a foul miasma, a reputation for evil, black magic and spells. He admitted he was a witch doctor but he preyed on the people and practiced extortion by imbuing them with fears and threats. He demanded excessive gifts for his services and it was said that anyone who opposed his wishes fell sick and died.

I joined the funeral party, taking with me some of my boys—tough, hardened hunters who had shared many experiences with me.

We came to a little clearing in the forest where the body of the girl lay. A short distance off, in the shade, sat the Karogi, wrapped in a filthy, evil-smelling skin robe. It covered the whole of his body and

almost all of his face, but from the fold over his head his eyes gleamed out at us. He was silent and motionless.

We approached and looked down at the body of the young girl. On the ground, which was sandy, was the undoubted spoor (tracks) of hyena pads. The body was terribly torn and mauled.

Now a hunter with years of experience in the far places must, perforce at times, have seen bodies mauled by wild animals. As I gazed at the pathetic remains, I had a strong feeling that there was something wrong, something unnatural. I called to Koh Kong, my little bushman tracker, and gave him, surreptitiously, the bushman sign which means "look carefully."

That night after dinner I summoned Koh Kong and gave him tobacco for his little black pipe and he squatted, puffing at my feet. Now Koh Kong is the best tracker I have ever had. His powers were uncanny. He could run on spoor in dry grass which I could not see even when it was shown to me. Above all, he had the art of sensing or seeing subconsciously thousands of small signs which gave him a true picture of what had happened.

For awhile I let Koh Kong smoke his pipe in peace and then suddenly I said, "Koh Kong, was the girl killed by a hyena?"

He looked at me for a second,

his eyes mere pinpoints and then shot out his hands, fingers extended. This is the sign for warding off evil. Then he rose, turned rapidly and left. I knew that I would not get one word out of him, but I had my answer.

Very shortly word drifted through to my boys and so to me of the Karogi witch doctor's enmity. Possibly my slight training in medicine and surgery by which I was able to cure minor ills earned his jealousy, for naturally I charged nothing and he must have felt that I was not only robbing him of fees but also whittling down his prestige.

I did not take the witch doctor's enmity lightly; magic or trickery, call it what you will, can be dangerous and it seemed that his tricks and spells began to work. At first it was odd things, small things, but yet annoying. Little objects disappeared. Water jars were found leaking. Tent pegs were pulled from the ground with only the strain of a slight wind and tents fell.

I became anxious and annoyed when things started happening to my pets. It has long been a habit while hunting to catch animals and train them. In this camp I had a baby giraffe, several species of buck, half a dozen gazelles, some monkeys, several maribou storks, demoiselle cranes, and various other animals. Several of these animals just disappeared.

One of the storks was found with a broken leg and had to be destroyed. Two of the monkeys unexplainably were found hanging limply over the branches of a small tree, apparently poisoned. Then the compound where the large animals were kept was raided several times at night—apparently by hyenas—and several of my pet gazelles disappeared.

My suggestion that one or two of the boys should mount guard over the animal pen was received with cold fear. They seemed ashamed to refuse and answered with down cast eyes, but I did not feel entitled to press the point.

For three or four weeks nothing further happened and we heard that the Karogi had gone on a journey. Then news was brought that he had returned and that he had another servant to replace the poor girl who had been killed. This servant was a boy.

One day soon after we got this news I was sitting outside my tent while Achmad, the head boy, was clipping my hair. While he was doing this I was paring my nails. As we talked I noticed a strange-looking small boy, wandering dreamily about the camp. Twice previously he had asked me for work but I told him there was none for him and dismissed him with a small present. I noticed him now, squatted not far from my tent and I stu-

died him. He looked about seven or eight years old and was thin and dirty. His face was utterly expressionless and his eyeballs seemed fixed; the pupils enlarged and clouded like muddy pools.

My hair finished, I looked around for the tent boy and then remembered that I had sent him on an errand. So I called the little boy with the strange face and, pointing out a broom and a flat basket, told him to sweep up the hair and throw it on the fire about 50 yards from the camp. This fire always was kept smoldering for the burning of rubbish.

I sat down and was studying a map of the Divide when I heard a yell.

Jerking my head up, I saw the small boy running hard for the forest with Baballa, our expert elephant hunter, behind him. The boy tripped and fell but was up in a flash and streaked into the shades of the forest.

After a little Baballa returned. To my surprise, I saw that he was back-tracking himself with infinite care; suddenly he stopped and bent over, gazing at the ground. He looked towards camp and, seeing me watching him, waved to me to join him. I walked over. Wordlessly he pointed to where the little boy had stumbled. He had dropped a few tufts of my hair and a nail clipping or two, but must have

gotten off into the forest with quite a handful.

Baballa told me this small boy must be the servant of the witch doctor. We looked at each other and I am not ashamed to say that I was scared. This was a type of magic of which I had heard.

However, for a week or so, I was busy planning the new season's hunting and had not much time to think of witchcraft. But I noticed my boys watched me more attentively than usual.

Then I began to feel weak and ill. It is hard to describe the sickness which came upon me so gradually. It started with just a feeling of laziness. This got worse; every day I felt a little weaker. At first I hoped it might be sandfly fever but soon knew it was not.

I had to admit that I was faced with the allegedly impossible. I knew the Karogi had used my hair and nail parings, probably in a clay model, in order to work some vile black magic upon me. I stirred my sluggish brain and fading energy to the point where I made up my mind to fight fire with fire.

I have quite a skill in modelling, so I had clay and bamboo brought to the store hut which always was kept locked and which was just behind my tent. Locked in the sweaty gloom of the hut I made a framework, or armature as sculptors call it, from the bamboo and on this

frame I constructed a life-size dummy of the Karogi.

This dummy finished, I summoned Baballa, Koh Kong, Achmad and Jamahala, my chief hunter. All of them had been with me for years; they knew me and I knew them as my faithful friends. I swore them to complete secrecy and we made a plan.

First we must entice the Karogi away from his hut. So I persuaded the young chief to send a message to the Karogi, saying he wished to consult him on a profitable but very secret matter. It was so secret in fact that he must meet him alone, at the rise of the moon, at a ford some three miles from the Karogi's hut. This message was carefully framed to appeal to the Karogi's avariciousness.

Later we got word the Karogi had agreed. The chief was told not to keep the appointment but to remain in his hut and he seemed happy not to come in personal contact with the Karogi.

That night, a dark night, my four boys and I wrapped the dummy of the Karogi in a cloth and stole out of the camp by a back trail. A little distance along the trail to our surprise, we found my friend the Fiki waiting. He said no word but joined us and his muttered prayers and incantations seemed to hearten my boys and even to encourage me, for I was now very

weak and shaking as though with malaria. I acted in a dream. Only my will power kept me going.

Eventually we arrived near the Karogi's hut. Koh Kong stole forward and returned reporting all was clear. We went up to the hut and cut the leather lashings of the door and entered.

My flashlight showed strange objects piled up in corners and slung from the roof poles. There were greasy leather bags of unknown contents. There were bones and dried entrails of animals, strips of hides and claws (apparently hyenas') strung on a brilliant scarlet rope. Above all, there was a vile and evil smell.

Baballa, whose eyes were darting everywhere, froze and pointed to a corner of the hut. There was a foot-high replica, made out of an old bit of canvas, of a tent.

I stepped forward to move it but the Fiki held me back. I saw he had brought with him a pair of wooden tongs. Later I learned these were made from the branches of the tree called Shiggra Beida, which means "The White Tree." If a branch of the tree is stirred in muddy water it will immediately clear it. I have used it since many times for clearing mud from wells or streams or water holes fouled by game. Because of its ability to clear water it has acquired a connotation of purity.

With these tongs the Fiki moved the tent and I was horrified, but not surprised, to see a devilishly clever wax figure of myself spread-eagled and pinned upon the ground with long needle-sharp thorns from the Tahl tree. These thorns are not only sharp, but somewhat poisonous; their prick causes an aching pain for hours.

My boys by now were huddled together and literally trembling with fear.

The Fiki touched nothing with his hands. With the tongs he removed the thorns one by one and placed them, together with the doll, in a piece of skin. All the while he recited prayers and finally tied the bundle tightly with thongs.

I now set about executing my plan. I was too weak and sluggish to do anything myself and my boys were sweating with fear, but such was their discipline and affection for me that they carried out what was to them a task so fearsome as to be *almost* impossible.

The effigy of the Karogi was slung by a rope from the roof poles. The hands were tied out sideways to wall poles of the hut and the feet were pegged to the ground with two sharpened stakes. From my haversack I produced four of the long razor-sharp hunting knives used by the Arabs. One, I drove to the hilt into the image between the eyes, one into the throat, one where the

heart would be, and one into the stomach. All this was done in a great hurry for the Karogi might return at any moment.

As we left the foul smelling hut we tied the door exactly as it had been. The hinges had been cut but my boys cleverly faked them so that they looked good. However, when the door was opened, with no hinges, it would fall forward into the face of anyone trying to enter.

We quietly walked some half mile into the forest and there squatted nervously on the ground to wait.

Only the Fiki remained calm. He squatted, clutching his amulet (which held excerpts from the Koran) with one hand and my wrist with the other. His melodious monotone, praying continuously, was the only sound in the dark depths of the forest.

Koh Kong lifted his hand and gave the bushman sign for "listen." I heard nothing but it was obvious that Koh Kong and Baballa heard. Their eyes turned in the direction of the Karogi's hut.

Suddenly the night silence was rent by a succession of screams. Screams of horror, fear, rage, and terrible curses were followed by the sound of a body plunging wildly through the bush.

Almost immediately we saw a yellow glow from the direction of the Karogi's hut, followed by a sheet of red flame which rose above

the tree-tops with sparks and whirling clouds of black smoke.

We sat and listened to the sounds of the Karogi thrashing about in the forest. Periodically we heard strange animal-like howls or a string of curses. There would be short periods of silence.

Suddenly we heard the most terrible prolonged scream of rage and fear that it ever has been my luck or misfortune to hear.

Then the Fiki, still holding me by the arm, and still reciting his prayers, began to move forward. I thought I now heard a note of thankfulness in his praying.

In a clearing of the forest we found the body of the Karogi.

He lay spread-eagled on his back. The expression on his face defies description. His lips were drawn back in an animal snarl, showing yellow teeth. His eyes protruded, staring fixedly up at the dark sky. A great Arab hunting knife had been driven through his heart, pinning him to the ground.

The Fiki now took complete command. Two of the boys were sent, running, to camp for spades. On

their return a shallow grave was dug. Using the spades the Karogi's body was pushed into the grave and poles thrown on top. The Fiki sharpened a stake some six feet long from a branch of the white Shiggra Beida; peeled the bark from it, lifted it high and with one tremendous surge, drove it through the body of the Karogi and into the ground. Then branches and windfalls were piled into an immense funeral pyre.

A light was set to this pyre and as the flames rose the skin containing the wax image of me was placed against the white pole.

We watched the flames rise in wavering curtains of fire, then burn lower and lower until only a red hot bed of coals remained. I saw with amazement that the white pole stood almost unscorched and intact.

Silent and strained by our terrible night we started the short trek back to camp. As we walked I realized that a change was coming over my whole body. It was like a drink of old French brandy. The world seemed alive again and I was returning to it.

20-TO-1 ODDS SPELL TRAGEDY

POliceman Lawrence McDonald of Detroit's suburban Southgate force dropped his service revolver as he started to clean it in his home. The weapon discharged and the bullet sped 138 feet down the street where a group of 20 children were playing. The bullet struck and killed one of the 20 youngsters—Officer McDonald's seven-year-old daughter, Linda.

Weird reports about a powerful and dangerous African beast, unknown to science, raise the question—

is there a
NANDI BEAR?

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Willy Ley is a prominent science writer, lecturer and authority on space travel and rocket research. He was an early associate of Hermann Oberth, German space flight pioneer. He has authored such books as *Rockets, Missiles and Space Travel*, *Exotic Zoology* and *Engineer's Dreams*.

LEAFING THROUGH the very useful, one-volume natural history book entitled *World Natural History*, by E. G. Boulenger, director of the aquarium of the Zoological Society of London, I came across the following remark:

"Some 20 years ago (which is to say about 1920) weird stories were widely circulated in our press concerning a strange animal known as the Nandi bear, frequenting Kenya Colony and peculiarly given to attacking women and children. The stories became so persistent that the British Museum authorities instituted an enquiry.

"As a result, skins and skulls of the alleged bear were sent to England. These were always those of either leopards or hyenas, the skull of one often being forwarded with the skin of the other — the two being alleged to belong to one and the same animal. Finally a tracing of the "bear's" footprint arrived. This showed six toes, a state of things unknown amongst mammals recent or extinct. Close examination showed it to be two impressions of hyena pads, one superimposed upon the other and so the legend of the "Nandi bear" was at last dispelled . . ."

While I have no doubt that the British Museum received shipments of leopard and hyena skins



Illustration by Olga Ley

and skulls in all possible combinations, and while I wonder what kind of a person could manage to live in Africa and know so little about wildlife that he did not become suspicious when confronted with a six-toed footprint, I have to say that the case is not quite as simple as it has been made out by Professor Boulenger.

To begin at the most fundamental level, Africa is one of the few places left on earth where a fairly large animal might still exist without being known to science. During the years from 1900 to 1914 not less than three large mammals were discovered there. It began in 1900 when Sir Harry Johnston discovered the short-necked giraffe now generally known as okapi.

The streak of discoveries continued when, in 1904, Captain Meinertzhagen of the British East African Rifles discovered an unknown species of wild pigs in the Ituri Forest, named, in his honor, *Hylochoerus meinertzhageni*.

The discoveries reached a third climax when the German explorer and animal hunter Hans Schombergk discovered, in 1911, an animal which had been believed to be extinct. It had been described by natives and missionaries as an enormous black pig which was very dangerous, but the Negro officials of Liberia stated with visible relief that it no longer existed in Liberia; "if it ever lived in our country," they added.

The "enormous black pig" not

only existed, it turned out to be identical with an animal described by the American physician Dr. Samuel Morton in 1844. But Dr. Morton had not seen the animal, he only had a skull to go by and had concluded, from the study of that skull, that it had belonged to a relative of the hippopotamus. The animal found by Schomburgk was what is now called the pygmy hippopotamus.

The end of the discoveries was not yet. In 1937 Dr. James Chapin of New York discovered the bird *Afropavo congensis*, the Congo peacock.

It is only natural that a man like Hans Schomburgk, with one major discovery to his credit, looked around for more. I listened to him in 1930 in Berlin at the occasion of a privately arranged small lecture which he devoted to rumors he had heard. There were rumors of a dangerous animal living in the inland swamps, rivers and lakes which went under a name which would translate as "water elephant." There were rumors about a pygmy rhinoceros which was supposed to live somewhere in the mountains.

And there was a story about an animal called *Too* which was said to be all black, have a "very bad face," and which sometimes attacked without the least provocation. When somebody asked Sch-

omburgk which of these stories he believed he said that he had been shown a piece of skin covered with reddish-brown hair which was said to have come from the "Water elephant." But he added that his mention of this piece of skin was not meant to imply that he did not think the stories of the pygmy rhinoceros and the *Too* were just stories.

The first point in favor of the existence of the Nandi bear which could be brought up by its defenders is what has just been mentioned: namely that Africa is just the place where additional discoveries are possible, even likely.

The second point that could be brought up in defense of the Nandi bear is somewhat more sophisticated. This is, that it is very strange there are no bears in Africa. The bear tribe is well-represented everywhere else, except, of course, on the two isolated continents of Australia and Antarctica.

Here in the United States we have *Ursus americanus*, the well-known Black bear and the not quite as well known *Ursus ornatus*, the Spectacled bear. And we have, last but by no means least, *Ursus horribilis*, the Grizzly bear which is the only species of bear known to attack at night time if it feels so inclined. In Asia (and formerly in Europe) they have *Ursus arctos*, the brown bear, they have *Ursus*

tibetanus, the Himalayan black bear and they have two forms related to the latter with names that do not need explanation: *Ursus japonicus* and *Ursus malayanus*. In the far North there is *Thalarctos maritimus*, the Polar bear which can reach a weight of 1500 pounds. The Polar bear is the only bear which is a meat-eater exclusively since fish and seal is all he can get. All the other bears are decidedly omnivorous, though meat forms a large part of their diet.

That bears are missing in the African fauna is quite surprising just on the strength of the distribution of the bear tribe otherwise. It is even more surprising if you know one additional factor. During the last century a veritable treasure of fossil bones was found in Greece near a shepherd's settlement called Pikermi, not far from the much better known Marathon. The Pikermi fossils are fossils of mammals. They are about seven million years old, belonging to the early part of the Pliocene sub-period of the Tertiary Period. The fossils found at Pikermi indicate clearly that species of mammals which had evolved in south-western Asia and in Europe were migrating to Africa then. There were various forms of hyenas, antelopes, elephants and horse-like animals.

And among the Pikermi fossils — but also known from Persia and

India — is an ancestor of the later bears. Its scientific name is *Hyenaerctos* and it was of about the size of the smaller bears of our time. So we are confronted with the strange fact that all the tribes of mammals which lived in south-eastern Europe and in south-western Asia reached Africa — except the bears. And, of course, there is no conceivable reason why the bears who are doing very well indeed everywhere else, should not thrive in Africa.

Having explained some of the zoological background it only remains to get rid of a linguistic confusion before we can proceed to a few of the Nandi bear stories.

The confusing fact is that the stories that have come out of Central Africa ever since about 1910 deal with two different animals, both evidently mammals, both unknown and, unfortunately, with somewhat similar names. The Nandi bear is one of them, its name was coined by the British and is taken from the name of the people who live in the area. (The Nandi themselves refer to the animal as *chemosit*.) The name of the other unknown animal is Nunda which is a simplification of the native term *mngwa*. *Mngwa* is, in turn, a contraction of the Kisuaheli term *mu-ngwa* which means "strange one." The *mngwa* or Nunda is usually described as a

lion-sized, cat-like animal with grey fur and the stories about it all come from the coast of Tanganyika.

The descriptions of the Nandi bear, on the other hand, definitely do not suggest a feline and the stories about it come from Central Africa, mainly the Kenya region, but also from the Congo area.

Here is a typical one, told to the British anthropologist C. W. Hobley by a Major Toulson:

"It was getting dark when one of my boys came into my room and said that a leopard was close to the kitchen. I rushed out at once and saw a strange beast making off. It appeared to have long hair behind and it was rather low in front. I should say it stood about 18 to 20 inches at the shoulder; it appeared to be black, with a gait similar to that of a bear — a kind of shuffling walk. Unfortunately it was nearly dark at the time and I did not get a fair view of the head.

"Several Dutchmen had asked me a few days before what the strange animal was on the plateau; they said it was like a bear, but they had only seen it at dusk; it turned on their dogs and chased them off. They described it as a thick-set beast and it was making a peculiar moaning cry."

The date of that story is 1912.

Some 20 years later Captain A.T.A. Ritchie, who was the game

warden of what was then the Kenya Protectorate, collected Nandi bear reports which were actually incorporated in the *Annual Report for 1935 of the Game Department* of the protectorate.

A typical one, told to Captain Ritchie by a Mr. Anderssen, reported that Mr. Anderssen went out on a rainy day because of excited noises made by a group of natives whom he found standing around a dead and disembowelled pig. At that moment he heard a roar from the forest and he tried to get the men to go with him to pursue the beast. But the men refused; they were not going to go any nearer the "devil" than they were at the moment. Questioned about the appearance, those who said they had seen it agreed on long black fur and a head which was not very big but *baya sana*.

"As regards black hair," Mr. Anderssen continued, "we found long black hair lost in the battle; this was not from the pig which had coarser hair. The boys could not explain in what way the head was *baya sana* but they all agreed that it was "very bad." I could not get a clear footmark in the grass. What I could see looked very large, something like the mark of an old leopard which could not draw in its claws properly. The pig appeared to have been killed in an extraordinary manner, as if it had

been hit, say, with a log, breaking the backbone; it had then been turned over and the stomach torn open with powerful claws. The stomach, heart, etc. had been eaten."

The fact that the internal organs had been eaten and nothing else, unfortunately, is not indicative of a particular predatory animal. Most carnivores, after a kill, will begin their feast with the internal organs of the victim and then go on to the larger muscles. In this particular case the predator, whatever it was, probably was scared off which would account for the condition of the dead pig.

But there seems to be a general feeling among the natives that the feeding habits of the Nandi bear are somehow unusual and strange. Whenever a corpse of a man with a smashed skull is discovered by somebody the Nandi bear will get the blame. It is supposed to lie flat on low branches waiting for somebody to come along. Then one blow of its clawed paw will smash the skull and the Nandi bear will eat the brain. There is even a special word for it which means "brain-eater."

An actual case of such a brain-eater was described in 1919 by a farmer named Buxton:

"Its first appearance was on my farm, where the sheep were missing. We finally found all 10, seven

dead and three still alive. In no case were the bodies touched, but the brains were torn out . . . During the next 10 days 57 goats and sheep were destroyed in the same way; of these 13 were found alive. The Lumbwa were all in a state of great terror, and weird stories were told about the brain-eater, how it walked on its hind legs, pulled babies out of huts, and was even able to kill a man. Finally it was tracked to a ravine and killed by the Lumbwa with their spears. It turned out to be a very large hyena of the ordinary spotted variety. It had evidently turned brain-eater through some sort of madness."

The fact that the men tracked and killed a very large hyena, however, does not make the case completely clear. Hyenas have no paws which could tear the top off the skull of a sheep or goat in order to get at the brain. And if old hyenas turned brain-eaters that fact would be known, just as it is known that old lions and tigers turn man-eater. But if the killings had been made by another animal it is very likely that hyenas were attracted by the presence of the corpses of the victims.

The investigation of the Nandi bear stories is made more difficult by the fact that the Nandi themselves use their word *chemosit* in more than one sense. It is not just

a name for an animal which they know and for which the white man has no name since he does not know it. It is a word which also means something like "demon." The word is used to scold children into submission. And inquisitive travellers are supplied with curious detail, such as that the chemosit has long whiskers and that its urine smells so bad that dogs run away from it and no man can force himself to remain near it.

It is detail like this which has prompted conservative zoologists to discredit the whole story of the Nandi bear and has, on the other hand, caused less conservative zoologists to "explain" the Nandi bear by assuming the existence of a giant mandrill at least as large as a man, while still others have invented a giant hyena for the purpose. Such "explanations" disregard the simple fact that a land-roving animal is the less likely to remain unknown the larger it is.

To find an animal, real or hypothetical, which fits *all* the descriptions of the Nandi bear is impossible, for the very simple reason that the descriptions to which this name has been attached are descriptions of several different animals. Some of the reports almost certainly refer to old, large and solitary hyenas. In other cases the deeds of leopards were attributed to the unknown animal. One care-

ful, if scared, description is indubitably that of an aardvark seen suddenly at night by a man who never had seen a live aardvark before. And a good number of the alleged misdeeds of the Nandi bear look to a skeptical observer as if they were simple murders, committed for unknown reasons without any witnesses and later slightly disguised so that they would be blamed on an attack by a predator.

But even if all these things are discounted there remains a set of statements which refer to a "bear," which is to say to something that looks like a bear even though, zoologically speaking, it may not be a bear at all.

Now it so happens that there is a mammal in Africa that would make a fine Nandi bear if only it were larger. It is comparatively rare and because of its habits — usually nocturnal *and* burrowing — it is very rarely seen.

The animal goes under a small collection of names. It is called African honey-eater (its scientific name is *Mellivora*, which means the same) or African honey-badger, and the customary name among English naturalists is ratel. As for the other names, one feels like paraphrasing Voltaire's famous statement that the Holy Roman Empire wasn't holy, wasn't Roman and wasn't even an empire by saying that the African honey-badger is

not really a badger, that its main food isn't honey but that it is, at least, African.

The ratel is one of the family of carnivores to which the badgers belong and which numbers among its members the wolverine (also called "glutton") of the Arctic which has been called the most voracious and bloodthirsty of this generally bloodthirsty group. Every naturalist has remarked on the fact that the wolverine looks like a bear cub and this applies to the ratel, too.

The ratel's body is, in a fully grown specimen, almost precisely one yard long, to which an eight inch tail is to be added. It is very sturdily and powerfully built, has strong claws (not retractile) and a set of teeth which can do almost as much damage as the teeth of a wolf. Its long fur is black, except for the back where it is silvery white.

One fact about the ratel, significant when it comes to Nandi bear stories, is that the white portions of the fur disappear with age and are replaced by black fur, except for a crescent-shaped marking above and between the eyes which remains white.

If by now you begin to wonder whether Hans Schomburgk's *Too* (after all, he did not see it himself, but was just given a description) was just an old ratel, we are in

complete agreement. And if you like to know what a "very bad" face might be like, look at the illustration.

While the ratel does like honey, it is omnivorous and mainly carnivorous; it hunts for mice, birds, snakes and large snails. It looks for fruit and fleshy roots and for ground-nesting bees. It will break into chicken coops and even kill a young deer on occasion. Its thick fur and tough skin are like an armor but when it encounters a superior enemy like a leopard or a large dog the ratel tries to escape without a fight. Its strong claws enable it to dig with fantastic speed. Observers have said that a ratel, even in medium hard, stony soil, appears to sink into the earth, disappearing under the surface like a diving submarine.

If the ground is too hard to do that it still has another weapon: the same weapon as the skunk to which it is distantly related. The Dutch naturalist van Arkel d'Ablaing told that he put two rifle bullets into a ratel one night from a distance of less than 20 paces. But the animal escaped in the dark and since it started to rain van Arkel waited until the next morning. "Looking for it the next day in the underbrush was simple; all I had to do was to follow my nose. The rain that had fallen had diminished the stench but failed

to destroy it; the stench was still so horrible that only my scientific zeal made me keep up the search."

But if even the stink glands do not enable the ratel to do what it wants to do, namely to be left alone, it will turn into a ferocious fighter. There is no report that a ratel ever killed a man, but it seems reasonably certain that an unarmed man would be wise to run away at full speed if confronted with a thoroughly aroused, full-grown ratel.

The ratel, then, has all qualifications but one for the Nandi bear stories. It is nocturnal; it is rarely seen; it looks like a bear; it is carnivorous; it is powerfully built and can be dangerous; it even can produce a nauseating stench. If the normal length of an adult ratel were five feet instead of three nobody could entertain any doubts about the identity of Nandi bear and ratel. As it is one has to conclude that any killings of livestock or people which are unusual in some respect are habitually attributed

to the "unknown" and the ratel, on the rare occasions it is seen, is taken to be this unknown.

It is even possible that an occasional solitary and old ratel grows to an unusual size. In spite of the fact that the animal is not very rare actually very little about its habits is known.

The Nandi bear problem has two possible solutions.

One is that it is not an unknown animal at all but rather it is a case of mistaken identity in which old ratels have been blamed for things they didn't do. This mistake is possible because the habits of the ratel seem to be better known to people working in zoological gardens far from the scene than to the people who live where it lives.

The other possible solution, which grows less and less likely with passing years, is that the Nandi bear is not yet known to science. If you feel inclined to believe this you may start wondering all over again why there are no bears in Africa.

THE PRESENT IN PAST TENSE

SEVERAL YEARS ago, according to a United Press International news report, Transworld Airlines employed workmen in Rome to dig gravel for ballast for its piston-engine Constellations. The men were instructed to dig the gravel from one central pit so as not to spoil the site with a multitude of holes. While digging they unearthed an ancient plaque in Latin, which proved to be a sign intended for Roman workmen digging gravel for ballast for Roman ships. It admonished them to dig from a central pit so as not to spoil the area with a multitude of holes.



March of the Invisible Musicians

The many-voiced choir seemed to pass by on the road—but the swift-legged girl could not catch up with it.

By Michael Bouisset

DURING THOSE black years after the first World War had broken out there was no question of going for summer holidays into the Swiss mountains or to the sea. My father, a confirmed Parisian for whom the very words "country house" were anathema, installed us, nevertheless, for those war summers in a charming and very simple country house near Mantes, where some of my mother's cousins owned a property.

In the old days this house had

been inhabited by some nuns who for the purpose of teaching the little village girls, had added two bright classrooms with windows opening onto the road and the garden. They became very pleasant living rooms. Nothing could have been less mysterious than this village house which my mother, as though with a magic wand, had quickly turned into a gay and comfortable home.

It belonged, as I have said, to my mother's cousins. Being fervent Catholics they had closed the house

when the nuns, no longer allowed to teach, left their little convent; and until our arrival nobody had been allowed to occupy it. In addition to an impressive display of *priedieu*, carefully stored in deep cupboards, we found a number of statuettes, fortunately small in size. They had all come straight from the religious shops near St. Sulpice and each of them ingenuously sported the emblem of the saint it portrayed: all the virgins had lilies or roses on their blue mantles; the good shepherd's lamb had the most life-like curls; St. Roche's dog never left his master and I could almost swear that there was not a single St. Anthony without his little pink pig.

It was in this calm and infinitely simple setting that one evening an unexplained phenomenon took place. My mother and I were in the drawing room; it had formerly been the Mother Superior's study but now it was a comfortable, pleasant room full of bookshelves, with a piano, and large armchairs which encouraged one to read. I was ensconced in one of these chairs. My mother was writing, and, except for the faint scratching of her pen, the noise of an occasional falling ember, nothing troubled the silence which at nightfall enveloped the whole countryside.

Suddenly a chorus of great beauty and purity rose in the night. The

chant, unaccompanied by instruments, was quite perfect and the harmony of the various voices gave me such a sensation of superhuman joy, liberation and exaltation that the words "Celestial choir" immediately sprang to mind. My mother and I watched each other without daring to move, fearing that our slightest gesture might break this divine harmony. This wonderful singing certainly lasted several minutes in the still night, then grew more remote and finally ceased.

Coming out of our rapture (and this word is not too strong to depict the state of mind into which this choir had plunged us) we opened the single window of that room which looked out onto the deserted road. It, too, was sleeping peacefully, silent save for the light rustle of leaves in the autumn wind. There were no houses round the convent, which lay outside the village, and even had there been one, who could possibly have been singing with such perfection in this many-voiced choir?

I left the house and ran as fast as my 15-year-old legs would carry me along the road. So little time had elapsed that I should certainly have caught up with the mysterious singers; I ran a long way but there was nothing. . . . The flat road flanked by fields and a few trees offered no hiding place and the ditch was narrow and shallow. And then what

cause had these magnificent choristers to hide themselves? When I returned to the house I found my mother sitting near the fire, thoughtfully poking the burning logs with the tongs. I told her I had seen nothing. In the meantime she had been upstairs to the children and had found them fast asleep. She had also discreetly peeped into the bedrooms of the two servants, who would certainly have been as incapable as would the children of singing so magnificently.

The garden wall would have been difficult to scale, and then, once more, why should our mysterious singers have hidden themselves? It seemed as though we were the only ones to have heard these voices which had nevertheless echoed so powerfully.

I sat down at the fire opposite my mother and I was struck by her sad and pensive look. She did not seem surprised, but after a few minutes' silence she looked at me and said, "Of course you heard them too?" Then, without waiting for my reply, she went on, "Yes, obviously. I've often thought that a mysterious domain hidden from normal mortals has been opened to you too. I am sorry, for I'm sure you will get more sorrow than joy from it." She stared once more into the fire and, without giving me time to reply, went on, "I hope that it is not a sorrow or a loss that these

wonderful voices were announcing to us this evening. Perhaps they were singing the liberation, the joy of some of our unhappy soldiers dying in the front line without solace, without their mothers' last caress. Perhaps it was that, this time."

She seemed to have forgotten my presence and spoke softly, in a very calm voice. In this way I learned of the premonitory image, the "herald" who always announced to her the approaching death of a loved one: an elderly man with greying hair, dressed in a grey suit, who stood motionless, looking at her for a long time in silence, and then slowly vanished. "The last time he appeared was just before the death of my brother. I had seen him previously before the death of your grandmother. The spectre was there in my room and that day I was so afraid that I went to fetch your father. He put his arms round me and kissed me and in some way I felt protected."

At that moment she lifted her head and noticed me listening in silence. With a swift and graceful gesture she pushed back the curls on her forehead, got to her feet and picked up the lamp — there was no electric light in the convent: "Come, we must go to bed," she said. "It's getting late. How beautiful those voices were."

It was a mysterious and quite inexplicable incident which may

help to explain how the mysterious and the occult can become manifest in a life which in other respects is completely commonplace. Those marvellous voices that evening had revealed to me the still hidden source, which one day would bring to me the strange gift of being able

to read human destinies in bodies and souls.

This is the third installment concerning the adventures of Madame Bouissou. In the next issue she tells of witnessing an amazing "simultaneous double incarnation."



PARALYZED BY A MAGNETIC CLOUD

By Jeanne Booth Johnson

AN INTERESTING "Foreign" item was reported in "Shipping News," a chatty column which appeared around the turn of the century in *The Maui News*, published on the island of Maui, Hawaii. The item, originating in Philadelphia, apparently reached the islands by cable, and was not identified with any newspaper or other Philadelphia source. It appeared in the August 18, 1904, issue of *The Maui News*.

"PHILADELPHIA, July 31—When the British steamship *Mohican*, Captain Urquhart, from Ibraila, Roumania, which was in this port today, was making for Delaware Breakwater, it had a most remarkable experience which terrorized the crew, played havoc with the ship's compass, and brought the vessel to a standstill for a half-hour.

"For that length of time the *Mohican* was enshrouded in a strange vapor, which glowed like phosphorous. The entire vessel

looked as if it were on fire and the sailors flitted about the deck like glowing phantoms. The cloud had a strange magnetic effect on the vessel, for the needle of the compass revolved with the speed of an electric motor and the sailors were unable to raise pieces of steel from the magnetized decks. The captain says:

"The seamen were in terror. Their hair stood straight on end, not from fright so much as from the magnetic power of the cloud. They rushed about the deck in consternation and the more they rushed about the more excited they became. I tried to calm them, but the situation was beyond me.

"For a half-hour we were enveloped in that mysterious vapor. Suddenly the cloud began to lift. The phosphorescent glow of the ship began to fade. It gradually died away and in a few minutes the cloud passed and we saw it moving off to sea."

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

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

THE MIST FROM PRAYER

By Harold Leader

IN 1948 MY BUSINESS was good, my health was good, my marriage was happy and I had no problems in any department of my life. Yet I suffered from a most terrible malady.

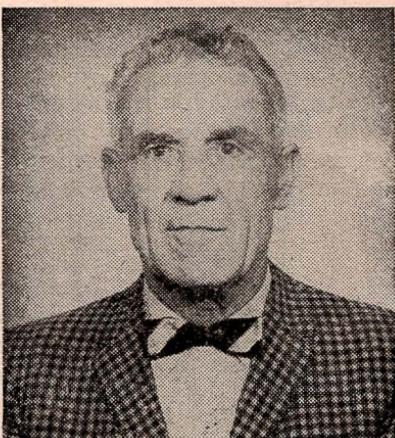
It was a terror which came in the night and left me each morning. Each night I would go to bed and almost immediately slip into a deep sleep for about one or two hours. Then I would wake up and feel quite comfortable for a few moments but, gradually, I would begin to feel hot and the most terrible thoughts or imaginings would take control of my mind and I would see nothing but disaster and futility in everything I did or was.

All through the rest of the night the anguish would increase in intensity until it seemed unbearable. Suicide seemed the only answer. I bought an automatic pistol and kept it loaded in a drawer next to my bed. Only the knowledge that I had the means to end it all if it

got any worse gave me the strength to endure the nightly agony.

For 100 successive nights I entered this hell and on no night was I able to sleep for more than two hours and most nights the surcease was much shorter. I lost weight and became morose. Only habit kept me functioning on the job and nothing could have inveigled me to enter upon any new venture.

Gradually I became more and



HAROLD LEADER

more miserable and unsociable. I looked like a zombie and felt worse. My wife, Emma, was sympathetic but I spurned her as I did all our friends.

On the 101st day I left home for work and arrived in my office about 8:30. I started on what I knew would be another perfunctory day of nothingness. But about 9:00 o'clock I had a strange feeling that an invisible mist was covering the floor of my office. The door was closed and the mist seemed to get deeper and deeper until it flowed up over the top of my desk, surrounding me and also interpenetrating me. At last it reached the top of my head and I was inundated in this strange miasma. It swept on upward and popped out through my scalp with a mild spurt.

With this spurting sensation I suddenly felt vital and alive. Rarely have I felt so good. I started to work with enthusiasm; my old vigor returned and there was no vestige of the malaise. I felt so alive that I thought I must call my wife and tell her the good news. As I related to her what had happened she told me that as I left the house that morning I looked so done in that she wept and fell on her knees and prayed to God to help me. It had been 9:00 o'clock when she so abandoned herself to this prayer for mercy.

I worked the rest of the day and

felt fine. I went home that night and spent a pleasant evening before retiring at about 10:30. I slept the whole night through and waked in joy, gloriously refreshed. Never, since that time, have I lost sleep through anxiety or worry. I have passed through circumstances much more calculated to induce worry since then but I seem able to handle the problems as they arise.

As for the gun; I sold it. Now I find my security in the knowledge that *Something* is available and near. Prayer opens the curtain to a very present help in time of trouble.
—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

WEDDING NIGHT WARNING

By Frances Turney

ON DECEMBER 28, 1956, my parents were 2,000 miles away and couldn't be present at my wedding. I missed them so much during the ceremony and longed to have them meet my husband-to-be.

After the 8:30 wedding and late evening reception Robert and I started towards our new home, traveling from the central California valley over the Tehachapi Mountains to Nevada. We were pulling a small house trailer.

I was completely worn out and, as our car pulled slowly up the nearly deserted highway between Bakersfield and Barstow I put my head on my husband's shoulder and fell into a deep sleep. Suddenly, I heard

my mother calling my name in alarm. I saw a yellow car coming towards us. It was straddling the center white line. Very clearly in the light from our headlights I saw the green ladder sides of an empty trailer that the oncoming car was pulling. And I felt our car lurching on the gravel shoulder beside the canyon which dropped into blackness at our right. Then it was gone.

I must have cried out with relief.

My husband asked, "Honey, what's wrong?"

I described exactly what I'd seen, feeling positive that it had not been a dream brought on by overtiredness. Robert calmed me and, finally, I fell asleep again.

Fifteen minutes later I awoke as he pulled the car off into a safety turnout. I saw his hands tremble as he lit a cigarette.

"It happened," he said, "exactly as you described it. I didn't dare wake you. I slowed down when I saw it coming and doubled my control of our car. Without your warning we probably would have gone over the side."

Was it my warning? Or was it the warning of my mother, who was with me for my wedding? — *Redding, Calif.*

MISTER X

By Kay Norton

prisingly willed all his worldly possessions to me, including an old Shepherd dog named Mister X.

I say surprisingly because Grandfather had disowned me when, against his wishes, I married the man of my choice. Grandfather was very strongwilled; he hated doctors and banks; and no one ever knew where he kept his savings.

We sold our equity in the home we had in Los Angeles and moved to our newly inherited ranch home, feeling rather wealthy with the thousand dollars we had left after paying our bills and moving expenses. My inheritance was a six-room house, double garage, thousand-unit poultry house, and two-and-one-half acres of bearing grapefruit trees.

This seemed like security. Bill didn't have a job — the depression had taken care of that. We thought we had inherited a little "gold mine," and what a disillusionment we were in for! That first year was anything but security! Our chickens died of flu; Bill was injured on the first job he got, after weeks of hunting, and had to be hospitalized for months in the veteran's hospital at Sawtelle. Bills piled up, causing me to spend tearful and sleepless nights of worry. Our credit was exhausted. We borrowed our limit on everything we had. I grew to hate the place which I had once

IT WAS IN 1933, when my grandfather passed away, and sur-

thought of as a little "gold mine."

Our three little boys were all that made life worthwhile. Their love and affection made me vow to make a go of things somehow.

One day I realized I had not seen our calico cat for several days. Immediately I suspected Mister X of having chased her off, or of injuring her. He hated cats and was very jealous of the little pet we had brought from Los Angeles.

I walked to the back of the feed-room where he was napping on the mound of leaves which served as his bed the year around. Rain or shine, he never would sleep anywhere else. He had indifferently refused to use the warm shelter we built for him.

"You bad dog," I said sharply, "where is the kitty? Go find her!"

Mister X jumped up as though electrified. He hated a scolding even worse than he hated cats. He walked three or four steps toward the farthest eave of the slanting feed-room roof and, cocking his head on one side, stood looking up and wagging his tail furiously, half-whining, half crying, a habit he had when wanting to tell us something.

"I hope he hasn't cornered the cat up under the eaves," I thought, following his glance but seeing nothing.

"You old silly," I said, thinking to shame him, "there's nothing

there. Now go find kitty."

He didn't move, just stood looking, first at me, then back to the spot under the eaves, beseeching me with his eyes. Once again, I looked and noted that the last section between the two-by-sixes was boarded up. All the others had been left open.

My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused. I got a pinch bar and a hammer and soon the boarding was removed. As the last nail let go I stared open-mouthed at a metal chest resting within the enclosure. My hands shook as I removed it. It was dust covered, and cobwebby, and quite heavy. I seemed to recall having seen this same chest resting on Grandfather's dresser many years ago. He had kept it locked and I had imagined or been told that he had kept his Captain's papers in it when he had been at sea. It was very old. A key had dangled from a chain at its side. But no such key was there now. I had to pry open the lock. The lid flew back as though on a spring, revealing a yellowed document and bundles of currency which covered numerous 20 dollar gold pieces resting on the bottom of the chest.

I read the document. It was Grandfather's original will and it stated, as had the second one, that I was the sole heir of all his possessions, including this little

chest of money. This will differed from his second will only in that all of his worldly goods were itemized, including the chest.

Wonderful Mister X, who now was sitting at my feet studying me with almost human expression in his eyes, had led me to the security which we thought we had found upon our arrival at our ranch home. Some word or memory, I will never know which, had sparked him into disclosing the chest's hiding place. Something had stirred this intelligent friend to action.

Because of his hatred for banks, Grandfather had used this enclosure as a hiding place for his savings, probably commanding Mister X to *watch* as he placed the chest there. Mister X had remained faithful to this command, sleeping close by, instead of in the warm shelter which we provided for him.

We have had several dogs since Mister X died but none with the faithfulness and intelligence he exhibited. — *Fontana, Calif.*

ASTRAL FLYING IS REAL

By Vince Molloy

MY INTRODUCTION to astral projection occurred approximately seven years ago. It was about the time *Bridey Murphy* was popular and articles on hypnosis told of the wonderful results being accomplished through this medium,

physically and psychologically. I decided to study hypnosis, hoping thus to overcome my shyness and increase my memory.

I encouraged my friend, Lee Thompson, to take these lessons in hypnosis with me. It immediately became apparent that Lee was an excellent subject, a somnambulist (a person who goes into deep trance).

One night while Lee was hypnotized the hypnotist, Mr. K., asked me to give him an address, any address. I gave him my mother's home address. Mr. K. repeated this address to Lee and said, "I want you to fly there and let me know when you are outside the house." I sat up straighter!

After about one minute Lee said, "I am there." My mother's house was about seven miles away.

Mr. K. asked Lee to tell us what he saw. "Its a row house of red bricks. There are four stone houses in this block and the rest are red brick," Lee reported.

This I had not known but later checked and found it to be true. Lee never had visited my mother's house and was not familiar with that section of town.

Mr. K. instructed Lee to enter the house. After saying he was inside Lee described the rooms, the furniture and its location; he even described my mother and father and said they were watching television.

I admitted the accuracy of Lee's descriptions and Mr. K. told Lee to fly back.

After that incident I purchased some books on astral projection and decided to find out the truth for myself. Another friend, George Ellis, and I worked out a plan for what we consider a foolproof test.

Although George and I are good friends I never had been to his home. I only knew he lived somewhere in Catonsville. Lee never had met George and also was unfamiliar with this area of Baltimore. I had become quite adept at hypnosis and we decided I would hypnotize Lee at my house and ask him to go to George's home, astrally. We had decided not to tell Lee of this experiment until it was over.

After repeating George's address to Lee several times I ordered him to fly there immediately. He was sitting in the chair very quietly, but after about a minute he said, "I am there."

I told him to stay where he was for a moment. I dialed George's telephone number and when he answered I said, "George, this is Vince, you have company."

George said, "Good, let's hear what he has to say."

Lee described a bungalow sitting by itself with a lawn all around it.

He entered the kitchen through a back door and reported it to be rather small. He said it must be used primarily for cooking and said the family eats in the adjoining dining room. He described the dining room furniture and its location and then said, "Over in the corner is a short, dark haired man standing, talking on the telephone. Above his head is the beginning of an arch that continues over to the other wall. It acts as a room divider between this and the living room."

I told Lee, "Now, move that ash tray there on the table."

Lee answered, "I can't. I tried but I can't. By the way, that man over in the corner just sat down."

On the phone I asked George if he had heard Lee say he just sat down.

George said, "Yeah, Vince, I heard him. And you know what? *I did just sit down!*

We were convinced, so I told Lee to fly back to my house and re-enter his body. After he was back I awakened him and explained what had transpired.

There are a number of theories put forth as to how this phenomenon takes place. I have no theory. I simply do not know. But I do know *astral projection is real.*—*Baltimore, Md.*



Let the FLOWERS heal you



Unique English healing method uses simple flower essences—yet patients report fantastic results.

By *Marcus Bach*

Dr. Marcus Bach is an internationally known authority on world religions. A former associate director and professor in the School of Religion at the University of Iowa, he is a popular lecturer on inter-faith understanding and contemporary religious movements. He is the author of such distinguished books as *Strange Sects and Curious Cults*, *Major Religions of the World*, and *The Unity Way of Life*.

IN 1931 A SHIP loaded with tile was wrecked in a North Sea storm off the coast of Cromer, England. Two men on board had lashed themselves to the mast and were eventually rescued. One of them, unconscious, his clothes stiff with sea salt, was being carried ashore when a physician waded into the water and moistened the man's lips with several drops of liquid from a small vial. Almost immediately the man regained consciousness and in a few moments was fully recovered.

The doctor who ran into the sea was Edward Bach, a Welsh-born scientist, bacteriologist, and

practicing physician. The solution he applied to the lips of the shipwrecked victim was a concoction of his own making called Rescue Remedy, the basis of which is the essence of five flowers: Rock Rose, Clematis, Impatiens, Cherry Plum, and Star of Bethlehem.

If this had been the only testimony to Dr. Bach's remedies, the incident might quickly have been forgotten or checked off as mere coincidence. But through the years of his life (1888-1936) reports filtered in from people who claimed fantastic cures through the power of Bach's "Flower Healing" method. Today more reports are being re-

ceived than ever before.

From Australia comes the account of a man injured in a car crash, bleeding and in deep shock. Upon receiving three doses of the Rescue Remedy, he was sufficiently fit within 12 hours to travel to his home 1000 miles by train. In Pennsylvania a man lost his thumb and index finger in a Fourth of July fire-cracker accident. A local physician who recommended skin grafting later admitted this would be unnecessary after he saw the effect of a Bach "flower-poultice" on his patient. He called it a miraculous healing. Cases of asthma cured with drops of Wild Rose, Agrimony, and Gentian; nerves calmed by the essence of Mimulus; melancholia dispelled with several drops of Gorse and Hornbeam; even an injured dog made well by the use of a Bach remedy; these are part of the fabulous repertory of testimonials kept on file, fully signed, at the Dr. Edward Bach Healing Centre, Sotwell, Wallingford, Berks., England.

I visited the headquarters this past winter and found it to be housed in a modest red brick Tudor cottage. I went there because more and more questions about the Bach Method were coming to me from persons interested in spiritual healing, persons who had heard of Dr. Bach's contention that God has placed in nature, primarily in flow-

ers, the "divine substance" for the prevention and cure of every disease. Some indicated they had ordered some of the flower remedies and several had experienced phenomenal results.

Parking my car in the wooded lane and stepping out into the pastoral quiet of friendly surroundings, I was greeted by the Centre's directors, Miss Nora Weeks and Victor Cullen, late-middle-aged people with the buoyancy of youth and the characteristic enthusiasm of devotees to a great cause. To them nothing in the world seemed more important than the dissemination of the Bach Method. They talked about it over our cordial cups of tea, emphasized it when they showed me the pamphlets the founder had written, spoke of him with deep feeling when they showed me the furniture he had made and, most of all, praised the remedial process as we admired the flower and herbal gardens which he had developed.

It is their conviction that Edward Bach was an inspired man of God who came into the world specifically to divulge the art of flower healing and to pass away when his life mission had been fulfilled. It is their assignment to carry on that mission. Although Dr. Bach built upon the foundation of a science already explored by Dr. Samuel Hahnemann, the

founder of homeopathy, and upon a foundation suggested earlier by such men as Hippocrates and Paracelsus, Bach's procedure was unique in the way in which he extracted and potentized the "divine essences" of flowers and interpreted their use.

His procedure was so startlingly simple, in fact, that I can well understand why scientifically minded moderns might look upon it with skepticism. I learned about it when Miss Weeks escorted me into the cottage dispensary. Here, in cupboards, tidy and immaculate as a pharmaceutical lab, stood an array of neatly labeled bottles: Agrimony, Centaury, Cerato, Clematis, Gentia, Impatiens, Mimulus, Scleranthus, Star of Bethlehem, Vervain, Willow, 38 in all.

Explaining that these were the stock bottles containing the essences, Miss Weeks informed me that the blooms of the plant are picked on a bright, sunny day and gently placed in a glass bowl containing spring water. When the surface of the water has been completely covered by the floating blossoms, the bowl is left in the sun for three or four hours. The blossoms are then carefully whisked out with a twig and the water is poured into bottles to which brandy is added to preserve the remedy. There is also a boiling method which is used in some preparations, but the final product is the same, the "living

essence" of each blossom is said to be extracted through the rays of the sun.

"Several drops from these stock bottles," Miss Weeks informed me, "are sufficient to fill a prescription for a patient. The drops are put into a smaller bottle partially filled with water and the patient then takes several drops in water or milk."

"Who diagnoses the patient?" I asked.

"We have practitioners," she explained, "who are trained by coming here or by correspondence."

In answer to my question, "How many practitioners are there?" she informed me that the Centre has a list of over 200. Among them are medical doctors, osteopaths, chiropractors, herbalists, and spiritual healers who use the flower remedies in conjunction with their own methods of healing.

"An intelligent patient can be his own diagnostician," she assured me, "for Dr. Bach taught that we need take no notice of the disease, but must analyze the outlook on life of the person in distress. Treat the patient, not the disease, is the rule."

Here is the core of the Bach Method and the understandable reason for the criticism leveled against it by his fellow medics. Bach insisted that the cause of every disease was related to some

deep-seated fear, anxiety, worry, fault, or failing in the patient. "Seek out the cause," he said flatly, "and with the healing of it, the disease will disappear."

In his Method he enumerated 38 basic states or moods which caused disease and told his followers exactly what Miss Weeks was telling me, "Any honest observer should be able to ascertain the state or mixture of states or moods in the afflicted." All that was necessary was complete honesty in the analysis.

For the 38 causal moods, Bach prepared 38 remedies and placed them under seven specific categories: Fear, Uncertainty, Apathy, Loneliness, Over-sensitivity, Despondency, and what he called "Overcare for the welfare of others." Each category was again broken down into detailed subdivisions. For those who suffered basically from fear, for example, it was necessary to determine fear-of-what or fear-of-whom or fear-because-of-what or fear-because-of whom? All of these could be ascertained, Dr. Bach insisted, through a detection of personality traits. He even began to identify, as Miss Weeks felt she also is able to do, basic personality tendencies just by looking at the patient. Patients are thus frequently referred to as "flower-types."

The Clematis type are those who

are dreamy, drowsy, with no great interest in life. The Vervain people have fixed principles and ideas, are confident of themselves and rarely change. Scleranthus personalities are those suffering from indecision. And then, of course, there are types within types which need careful analyzing. Miss Weeks smilingly surmised that I am a Gentian type with a bit of Wild Oat influence!

When I asked for an explanation of all this, I was quite amazed how right she was. The Gentian people are those annoyed by delays and hinderances to their progress; the Wild Oat type are ambitious to accomplish things, they long for new experiences, and they have difficulty in determining exactly what occupation to follow. All of which comes very close to home.

Having analyzed the personality type and screened the traits to their finest level, the Bach Method prescribes the flower remedy to fit the type and trait. If I took sick, I would very likely need a bit of Gentian and Wild Oat essence, but it is not quite as simple as that. There might be times when I would require the Rescue Remedy which is a combination of five remedies. Then there are also progressive or successive remedies.

Take the case of a patient suffering the after effect of a hysterectomy. According to the record, Gen-

tian was prescribed for her feeling of depression, and Olive for weariness and fear. Or consider the asthmatic sufferer who had been told by his specialist that he would have to resign himself to life-long suffering or move to another clime. He was cured by using Wild Rose for his resignation to the condition, Agrimony for his worried state, and Gentian for his doubts that a cure could be effected. Having corrected his mental condition, his asthma disappeared.

It was little wonder to me that Dr. Bach's medical confreres in their day took exception to such unorthodoxy. It was no surprise that critics occasionally referred to the flower-essence-medicines as "liquid placebos," "brandy water," and "Bach's beverages." How, they asked, could one or two drops of "perfume" heal anything outside of make-believe illnesses? Think of an accredited diagnostician meeting a coronary case by saying, "You are the uncertain type and need four drops of Clematis three times a day!"

But the fact of the matter is that Edward Bach was a reputable physician, qualified at University College Hospital, London, a noted Medical Officer, and a recognized bacteriologist. And it remains that because of the cures effected, no less than by reason of the growing understanding of psychosomatic ills

and the healing power of herbs and plants, his claims, strange and exaggerated though they may seem, are beginning to be given new consideration.

About 20 patients are treated each week in the Great Britain offices of the Bach Healing Centre, and though no statistics are available on the number treated elsewhere, it is estimated that there are some 200 patients who weekly consult practitioners in Australia, South Africa, Canada, Germany, India, New Zealand, South America, and the U.S.A. In some countries these dispensers of Bach remedies are compelled to work in secret because of medical opposition and laws which forbid "flower-healing" activities.

When I inquired how much flower essence is dispensed each year, Miss Weeks said, "This is impossible to say. The quantities used are very minute and no report is made on how much is used or dispensed. We could estimate the amount by reviewing our stock bottles, but this would be inconclusive."

Case histories are open for investigation although the names of the patients are customarily withheld. One that interested me was the account of a woman, aged 43, who, according to the report, was suffering from a severe case of psoriasis. She was "very nervous,

strong inferiority complex, ashamed of her skin condition and stayed at home in order not to embarrass others because of her appearance." For three months she was treated with three essences: Crab Apple for her feeling of uncleanness; Gorse for her sense of hopelessness; Mimulus for her nervousness. At the end of the three month period her skin condition had disappeared. "Body, legs and arms completely clear," said report, "only a few dark marks remain. She is now confident and happy, having lost her fears. Is still continuing with the same remedies in order to consolidate the improvement."

While such case histories might not stand up under medical probing, they seem to satisfy the directors of the Centre and similar accounts were sufficient to give Dr. Bach all the evidence he needed to convince him of the merit of his discoveries.

His writings consist of surprisingly few publications. Beside several scholarly monographs, he authored only two small booklets, *Heal Thyself*, and *The Twelve Healers*. The story of his life and work was written by Nora Weeks who, with the collaboration of Victor Cullen and other associates, edits the monthly *News Letter* and circularizes pamphlets on the movement.

Besides the remedial essence of

the flower preparations, whatever their power may be, the soundness of Dr. Bach's theories are today being conscientiously investigated. He enumerated five simple principles fundamental in any consideration of the nature of disease:

1. The soul of man is his real self.
2. Life is a school of experience.
3. Our earthly sojourn is but a moment in the course of our total evolution.
4. As long as the soul and the personality are in harmony, the individual will experience peace, happiness, and health.
5. Unity is the keynote of all life and its Creator is love.

Then he cited what he called two major fundamental errors of thought: failure to honor the dictates of the soul and cruelty or wrong to others, both of which, he maintained, are sins against unity. Committing either of these basic errors, Bach said, brings conflict to the individual, and conflict eventually leads to disease.

Dr. Bach admitted that he reduced illness to such a level of simplicity that his discovery would be rejected by those who insisted upon keeping disease mysterious and complex, but he was quite prepared to be accounted queer and

revolutionary because of his beliefs.

Townspeople in Sotwell, however, had the utmost affection and respect for him. To some he was a Thoreau, working his gardens and stressing a homespun way of life; or a Luther Burbank, believing that flowers and all living things respond to the spiritual approach and reflect the mood and the attitude of those who move among them. To others he was a kind of St. Francis, filled with love for animals and birds and the good earth. But to Miss Weeks and Victor Cullen and those intimately involved in the program, Edward Bach was a prophet with a hint of Messianic vision, foreseeing a world in which disease would be eradicated and death would be a natural step into another form of life.

Perhaps only those who experience miraculous healings through a Bach remedy will go this far in an

appraisal of the man and his method, but many people, I am sure, will at least partially agree with a practitioner in California who said, "To feel and to know that the beauty of a flower can heal the emotional transgressions of humanity is truly inspiring, particularly to those who look upon all nature as a kingdom of divine intelligence capable of responding to that same intelligence in other forms of life."

One gets this feeling after a sojourn at the Bach cottage, or during a walk through the garden, or in a visit with Nora Weeks. I left the headquarters with a renewed sense of the innate goodness in man and of the unending quest that goes on among people everywhere: the quest for health and healing which, no matter what seemingly strange, uncharted paths it takes, is always closely linked with the everlasting quest for God.



Coming next issue:

Gene Albright describes

"MY EXPERIENCE WITH DEATH"

"Suddenly the darkness cleared. I became extremely aware of everything. My mind became sharper and clearer than it ever has been. The pain was gone. I felt wonderful and supremely free. I saw my body, very still and white, the eyes rolled back and the mouth open. Then I was no longer alone . . . "



By ALSON

Bringing THE BIBLE

HEALING OF THE MAN SICK OF THE PALSY

— From Luke 5:17-32 —

17 And it came to pass on a certain day, as he was teaching, that there were Pharisees and doctors of the law sitting by, which were come out of every town of Galilee, and Judea, and Jerusalem: and the power of the Lord was *present* to heal them.

18 And, behold, men brought in a bed a man which was taken with a palsy: and they sought *means* to bring him in, and to lay *him* before him.

19 And when they could not find by what *way* they might bring him in because of the multitude, they went upon the housetop, and let him down through the tiling with *his* couch into the midst before Jesus.

20 And when he saw their faith, he said unto him, Man, thy sins are forgiven thee.

21 And the scribes and the Pharisees began to reason, saying, Who is this which speaketh blasphemies? Who can forgive sins, but God alone?

22 But when Jesus perceived their thoughts, he answering said unto them, What reason ye in your hearts?

23 Whether it is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Rise up and walk?

24 But that ye may know that the

Son of man hath power to forgive sins, (he said unto the sick of the palsy,) I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy couch, and go into thine house.

25 And immediately he rose up before them, and took up that whereon he lay, and departed to his own house, glorifying God.

26 And they were all amazed, and they glorified God, and were filled with fear, saying, We have seen strange things today.

21 And after these things he went forth, and saw a publican, named Levi, sitting at the receipt of custom: and he said unto him, Follow me.

28 And he left all, rose up, and followed him.

29 And Levi made him a great feast in his own house; and there was a great company of publicans and of others that sat down with them.

30 But their scribes and Pharisees murmured against his disciples, saying, Why do ye eat and drink with publicans and sinners?

31 And Jesus answering said unto them, They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick.

32 I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.

J. SMITH

UP TO DATE



IN THE LIGHT OF PARAPSYCHOLOGY AND MODERN KNOWLEDGE

PALSY IS DEFINED by the dictionary as "paralysis; loss of power to feel, to move, or to control motion in any part of the body."

Such paralysis may be due to damage to the brain and central nervous system, or it may be self-induced and psychosomatic. We do not know which was the case here, but we do know that Jesus treated this palsied man as though his infirmity was caused by guilt-feelings: the man was palsied by his own conscience.

When Jesus heals the man by saying, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," he is expressing an insight that is both very old and very new. The ancients associated sin with sickness; so do modern psychiatrists. A strong sense of guilt can paralyze as surely as can a blow on the head, and paralysis caused psychosomatically can be healed by exorcising the guilt-feelings. What Jesus did was *give the man permission to forgive himself*. He was not practicing spiritual healing so much as he was anticipating psychiatry.

Unlike some other so-called "miracles," this healing was made possible by the palsied man's faith. No man who did not believe that Jesus could heal him would have gone to

the trouble of having himself let down from the roof into the presence of Jesus. He believed that Jesus had power to forgive sins; he believed that Jesus could heal the sick; and in all probability he shared with Jesus the common concept of sickness as sin. His own faith, plus the charismatic presence and authority of Jesus, enabled him to rise up and walk once he was relieved of his paralyzing burden of guilt.

Jesus did not adhere to any one method of healing. He always used the method that best fitted the case. Here he employed no physical adjuncts—no clay, no symbolic bathing, no laying on of hands, no prayer. In some cases we have read of him using clairvoyance, telekinesis, and other parapsychological effects. Here simple forgiveness of sins sufficed.

Parapsychology would not question a healing like this, for parapsychology has demonstrated in the laboratory the ability of powerful emotions to effect changes in test scores. And the feeling of relief, of being given a fresh chance, that comes with the laying down of a burden of guilt, surely is one of the most powerful emotional experiences any person can know.

DID I MEET the Ghost of MY FATHER?

By Pauline Kappel-Prilucik



The tall man in the uniform of a German officer was a stranger to the boy—and to the world of the living.

WAR MEANT LONGING. This was how Herbert Schmidt thought of it when he was nine years old, living in Wurzburg, Germany, during the Second World War.

It was longing for chocolates and fresh fruit. It was longing for shoes with rubber soles and a pair of pants that were not extended to ankle length with three different colored fabrics. War meant Mother crying. War meant fire and fear

and air-raid sirens. War meant a futile longing for peace . . . whatever that was.

Herbert never had known peace. The war had started when he was a baby. The war had swallowed his infancy, his security, and his father before he had been able to speak.

Herbert shifted his school bag to his other shoulder, as he walked on the Kaiserstrasse, and picked up a stick. He whipped the heads off

some tall Queen Anne's Lace.

"What makes you so angry, boy?"

Herbert looked up. A tall stranger in a ragged German officer's uniform fell into step beside him. He had a pleasant face, wide-set laughing, brown eyes, and a mouth that smiled. A light scar extended across his cheek to the bridge of his nose. The scar was crescent shaped and white like a new moon. Herbert recognized it as a fencing wound.

"Well?" inquired the smiling stranger. "Why do you clop off the heads of those poor flowers?"

"I am angry about the war," Herbert said.

"How so?"

"I have not had any chocolate since Easter and then it was such a little piece I hardly tasted it at all."

"That is too bad," the soldier shook his head sympathetically.

"And I am tired of having to sleep in the shelter at night. I'm sick of all the snoring noises and the smell of the babies."

"It will end some day." The stranger took out a cigarette and paused to light it. The boy noticed a ring on the man's finger. It was a little mermaid holding a beacon, an unusual design.

"Is your mother well?" asked the officer.

"Yes. Do you know Mama?"

"I knew her. . . long ago."

"She is ill sometimes. She cries too much the doctor says. . . since my father died."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Is your grandmother still living with you?"

"Yes, but she is getting very old. She won't go to the shelter with us nights any more. She says she is too old to care whether she lives or dies. Nothing will make her go."

"Sometimes it is best to leave old people alone. Do you have enough food? Are you well provided for?"

"Yes. We are not hungry like some of the others."

"Good. I'm glad to hear that. How are you doing in school?" asked the soldier. "Do you like school?"

"Yes. I have a nice teacher. Mama was very pleased with my last report card. She said someday I might be able to go to the university and study like my father. My father was a very good student. He had many honors. I will never be as smart as he was."

The soldier laughed, then asked, "Your mother talks a great deal about your father does she?"

"Oh, yes. She tells me often of the things they did together, their trip to Italy, their summer in France, and about the holidays, the foods he liked . . . and about their happiness when I was born. She misses him very much."

"My poor Erna. . ."

"Erna?"

"Your mother meant a great deal to me once."

"Oh . . . would you like to come home with me now? I think Mama is home from work."

"No. I do not have time. In a little while I must go. Would you like some chocolate? I know of a shop that used to have good chocolate. I went there often when I was a boy."

"Yes. But its getting late."

"It won't take long. It's only around the corner."

Herbert nodded vigorously and took the firm masculine hand that the soldier offered. They entered a tiny candy shop that snuggled between a big bakery and a tailor shop. The shelves of the sweet shop were relatively bare of wares, but in the show window lay a thick slab of chocolate covered with shiny silver paper. The soldier pointed to it telling the woman behind the counter, "We'll take that."

"How many gram, sir?"

"All of it!" the soldier grinned.

The boy sputtered in protest but the soldier waved him silent and said, "Let me have the pleasure of giving you this at least."

Once they were outside again the soldier extended his hand. "I must say goodbye now. It made me very happy talking to you."

"Thank you for the chocolate, sir."

"I want you to give your mother this for me." The soldier bent down and kissed the boy lightly on the forehead. Herbert shuddered because the kiss was so cold. "And tell her," said the soldier, "that life is but the bridge to another life in which we shall all meet again—living and dead. Can you remember that?"

Herbert nodded. He opened his school bag to put in the chocolate. When he looked up again the stranger was gone. Puzzled, he scanned the street. No one was in sight.

He hurried home. It was very late. His mother would be angry. When he entered the yard his mother was already at the head of the steps. Her pretty face was anxious.

"Where have you been?" she demanded.

"I met a man. He bought me chocolate."

"What!" She took hold of his arm. "How often have I told you not to talk to strangers?"

"He wasn't exactly a stranger, Mama. He knew you. He knew your name. He asked me how you and Grandmama were."

His mother looked at him curiously, "Come inside. Tell me about it."

They went into the living room.

Grandmother sat by the window knitting. She clicked her tongue when she saw him and scolded, "Naughty boy."

Herbert cleared his throat, "I met him on the way home from school, Mama. He was a soldier, an officer. He had a nice voice and he asked me why I was angry."

"Angry?" repeated Mrs. Schmidt.

"Yes. I was chopping the heads off weeds. He asked me about school and if we had enough to eat. He wanted to know how you and Grandmama were. He was sorry you were not feeling well."

"Did you ask him his name?" snapped the grandmother.

"No."

"What did he look like?" his mother asked.

"Well. . ." Herbert paused. "He was very handsome. He had a scar across his cheek and nose. Like this. . ." Herbert traced a half crescent on his cheek. "It was a little white moon."

Now his mother leaned toward him, "What else? Did you notice anything else?"

"No. . . yes! He had a ring."

"Speak up, boy!" commanded his grandmother. "What kind of ring?"

"It was a little fish lady, a mermaid, holding a lantern."

His mother's face was very pale. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Mother," she gasped, turning

to the old woman. "Did you hear? Could he be alive?"

"No. He is dead!" said the grandmother with finality. "The child had a dream."

"I was awake, Grandmama. How could I dream?" protested Herbert.

His mother took Herbert by the shoulders and looked searchingly into his face, "This soldier. . . what else did he say?"

"He told me to give you this. . ." Herbert kissed his mother lightly on the forehead. "And he said to tell you that life is but a bridge to another life in which we shall meet again, the living and the dead."

His mother began to weep.

"Go wash your hands for supper," ordered Grandmother rising to her feet. "Your mother will feel better after a little rest."

* * *

This encounter, which has taken on more meaning for Herbert Schmidt than it had for him when he was nine years old, occurred in 1944, four years after his father was killed in the war. It has convinced Mr. Schmidt that the separation of the living from the dead is as fine and fragile as the thread of a spider's web. And he believes that once, years ago, the fine curtain parted, enabling him to spend part of a short afternoon with his father—his dead father.

By Dr. J. B. Rhine

PERHAPS IT IS time to see what the science of parapsychology or psychical research has to contribute to our conception of the spiritual nature of man. Perhaps it is even urgent that we do this at this particular time because the world is going through a great crisis involving the question of whether the traditional belief in the spiritual nature of man has any foundation in fact.

Our religious heritage has given us a spiritual view of human nature, and the advancing tide of scientific knowledge of man and nature has developed an opposing view variously identified as mechanism, materialism, physicalism, and the like. The two views are to be distinguished by the question of whether man has a side to his nature that is beyond this physical system to which, of course, he belongs. Is there any reality, any cause-effect relationship in the spiritual part of man's personality? In a word, is there anything non-physical about man?

The question is so large and so involved, there is need to focus this vast issue in some concrete but representative form. With this in view, I wish to review the developments through which I myself have lived in searching for the

answer to this question. However, it has been my hope that anything I could find of value in my own search would be of use to others facing a similar problem. From the other point of view, it has been the sympathetic interest of thousands of intellectual seekers for the truth about man's nature, through this last half century and more, that has given support and larger meaning to the researches I am about to review. In fact, the story is so little personal and is so sufficiently re-

Science and

A famed parapsychologist discusses a vital question: Is man just a machine—or does he have qualities which transcend physical limits?

presentative that I need hardly apologize for the narrative form of presentation.

What happened to me 45 years ago, when I was a pre-ministerial student in a small college of Northern Ohio, is typical enough to serve as a starting point. It was then I discovered, in my psychology course, that freedom of the will, a principle on which the practice of

the ministry as I understand it would have to depend if it was to be effective in human life, was a quite unsupported and even mistaken notion. The most distinguished of the psychologists, William James, said it was a problem for the philosophers, but I wanted to know it as a fact. Thus discouraged by all the scientific authorities I could consult on the matter, I gave up the ministry and went into one of the branches of biology — one that took me into an area of problems



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the Spiritual Nature of Man

beyond the domain of the will.

Biology was then and still is, for all practical purposes, one of the physical sciences; and the beautiful simplicity of mechanistic explanations of living systems — as far as these explanations go — gives a welcome peace of mind to the searching student.

Then 40 years ago another transition occurred. I was at the University of Chicago as a graduate student in plant physiology, when I received a challenge that profoundly jarred my new-found complacency. I heard a lecture by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. What Sir Arthur had to say did seem ridiculous,

and I left with justifiable scorn for the manifest credulity displayed. But in my mind, which I opened far enough to look for possible facts, there were deposited a few seeds of thought that germinated; they doubtless found soil in the still unanswered questions in the back of my groping thoughts. I went to the library to see whether Sir William Crookes did what Sir Arthur reported; whether Sir Oliver Lodge had, indeed, as a young physicist, carried out the experiments on telepathy the speaker mentioned. And I came upon the writings of Professor William McDougall, F. R. S., then recently

come to Harvard from Oxford. McDougall was a psychologist who defied the mechanist interpretation of man and scoffed at the physicalistic theory of behaviorism that was sweeping the country. A trail of reading was started which took my fellow-student wife and me through many a volume not on the reserve shelf of plant physiology. Mechanism at least was challenged, and McDougall, it seemed, had drawn his most clear-cut factual support from the struggling little infant science of psychical research. So we looked into that.

Thirty-five years ago we were on the doorstep, so to speak, of McDougall the great psychologist who had gone to Duke University to establish a Department of Psychology. We went not only to see, if possible in a short semester's time, whether psychical research was really a science or could become one; but we had the assignment given us by John F. Thomas, a Detroit educator who asked us to consult Professor McDougall, concerning the value and interpretation of stenographic records of mediumistic utterances which he had collected over a number of years of personal study.

The semester passed and we stayed longer, with teaching positions to sustain us. The investigations of the Thomas material, though they did not lead us at

Duke to the conclusion Thomas himself reached, namely, that they represented post-mortem communication, were sufficiently impressive to afford him a thesis for a doctorate at Duke in 1933.

Five years of study, research, and teaching at Duke decided one thing — there was a scientific field involved. There were evidences to justify continued effort. The problems and phenomena deserved to be taken seriously, and Duke University was a harbor for such research.

It is true, our conclusions were tentative. We had not been sure of the origin of the communications contained in the Thomas material. We were not sure it was evidence of post-mortem communication. We were not satisfied with the evidence then existing for those abilities ascribed to the medium as counter-hypotheses — telepathy and clairvoyance.

During the next five years, as we eagerly pursued the problems of telepathy and clairvoyance, we had a most fortunate opportunity. The well-known medium, Mrs. Eileen J. Garrett, volunteered her services to the Duke Department of Psychology. Mrs. Garrett asked for a thorough investigation, under whatever conditions the Laboratory wished to impose.

While the Department of Psychology was responsible, with Pro-

fessor McDougall a sponsoring member, the work with Mrs. Garrett over the next two years (of several weeks in each year) fell mainly to my young colleague, Dr. J. G. Pratt, and myself. For the first time a medium was tested in the Laboratory with her usual method of operation, adding only such modifications as were needed to guard against confusion in the interpretation of results. With the medium in one room and the sender in another and with stenographic records as the basis for the judgment of accuracy by the sitters (without knowing which record pertained and which did not) and with the methods of evaluation developed at the time, evidence was obtained that the medium did communicate information to sitters that she could not have hit upon by chance and could not have come by sensorially or by reasoning. This justified the conclusion that extrasensory perception, at least, was involved — a term which had been introduced that same year (1934) when the first report of the Parapsychology Laboratory at Duke appeared in a monograph published by the Boston Society for Psychic Research.

While the experiments with the medium in trance were going on, Mrs. Garrett also was participating in the card-calling tests of telepathy and clairvoyance. Much of

this ESP testing also was conducted with the subject and the target in different rooms. Even the medium's "control", Uvani, was tested with the medium in the trance state. It was noted that Uvani and the waking Mrs. Garrett scored in the card tests at approximately the same level and showed very similar curves of distribution for the different tests and conditions. This suggested that Uvani was very closely identifiable with Mrs. Garrett, at least in his ESP ability. It is safe to say that in these standard ESP tests of Mrs. Garrett's ability, she was able to communicate more information per unit of time than took place in the communication of trance utterances to which she was normally accustomed in her practice. We were left, then, with the question of whether anything more was needed than the evident ESP capacity Mrs. Garrett's card tests had demonstrated to explain her ability to get the knowledge she was able to communicate to her sitters.

As you can well see, that left us at the crossroads. There had been an important advance but it called for a series of further steps before its ultimate value could be assessed. At this point in our investigation of mediumship as a possible phenomenon of survival, we had to recognize that we lacked a design that could give us a conclusive

case for incorporeal personal agency. So long as the medium had the ESP ability, and this medium clearly had it, we could see no way to frame an experiment which could demonstrate a source beyond her and clearly apart from her.

The other choice at this cross-road, the further investigation of ESP, was clearly open and we advanced into it with enthusiasm. The early psychical researchers had given special attention to telepathy because it seemed, in the transcendent interaction of mind with mind, to suggest spirit agency among the living. When, therefore, in spontaneous experiences a deceased person appeared in a dream, or an apparitional hallucination, or in some other way, and conveyed an important message, the interpretation was given and widely accepted that this very agency could be taken as paralleling what happens between persons in normal telepathy from the living agent. This emphasis on agency was rather a distinctive point.

But as the study of telepathy and other ESP capacities went on, it became increasingly evident that this agency had been unduly stressed. It was, in fact, the initiative of the percipient or receiving subject that was most important, and as more and more critical analysis was applied to the test conditions, telepathy itself as a dis-

tinct phenomenon was brought into question. A series of advances in method led up to this. First, the old telepathy tests had consisted of the agent, let us say, looking at a card while the percipient attempted to identify it. The first improvement, then, was to eliminate the card so that the transfer, if it occurred, was on a thought-target basis instead of a thought-and-card basis. Telepathy worked without the card and even when, in a still further step, precognitive clairvoyance had to be eliminated because it always could be supposed that this subject, who was attempting to catch another person's thought, might alternatively go forward in time to the point where the thought was recorded. To rule out that possibility, a complicated system had to be worked out. It is too intricate to describe here. But telepathy worked even under those conditions and was sufficiently well-confirmed. Still we had to ask: How do we know this percipient is not connecting up with the agent's or sender's brain making it clairvoyance again? How do we know there is anything like an independent thought that is not just brain reading? Here we are stuck with the present limitations of psychology and neurology. Parapsychology will have to wait until more is known about how to deal with thought-brain relations.

Here, we have a choice between saying "Telepathy is, indeed, mind-to-mind transfer of thought. Or it is the apprehension of the thought-brain action, in which the brain itself is an essential part of the target." Thus it may be there is no fundamental difference between what we call telepathy and what we call clairvoyance. Probably there is a common stem of process for both of these phenomena anyhow. But the net effect for the survival question is that the case for telepathy cannot give any support, as it was once construed to do, to the survival hypothesis.

It is true that this crossroads situation for the survival hypothesis is more of an advance than is realized by those who are impatient for an early solution. Had the evidence for extrasensory perception not been what it is, had it not grown up as a strong counterhypothesis, there would be no case at all for survival. Now it has at least reached the crossroads. Now, if someone knows how to go about it, it stands ready to be investigated. But without the evidence of ESP communication in the living what kind of post-mortem existence would be thinkable? What kind of communication in such an order of existence or between it and our own would be conceivable? If it is not sensory, it would have to be extrasensory.

But the point is a much stronger

one than this. The outstanding characteristic of ESP phenomena is their failure to conform to the type of lawfulness expected of physical processes. There appear to be no physical media of stimulation that can account for them. The conditions seem to defy the space-time properties on which the science of physics is based. In other words, here in the counter-hypothesis itself is the kind of evidence that mankind has been seeking in the investigation of spirit communication — evidence of another order of causality but one that is none-the-less, real for all its defiance of physical explanation.

So I say, then, that we have rather successfully answered at least one question: whether human personality has anything in its make-up that conforms to the concept of the nonphysical or spiritual.

However even the kind of evidence that has given scientific support to the spiritual concept of man's nature is not entirely beyond dispute; rather, it is likely to be the most disputed of all the major issues in the history of science by the time it is fully accepted by the scientific world, if that is to be its destiny.

Let us examine the general character of the evidence that psi is a nonphysical phenomenon:

We might first look at spontaneous cases of parapsychical phe-

nomena. There always has been rather outstanding in such material a seeming indifference to the *distance* involved. A woman in China hears her mother's voice as the mother is dying in Vermont. A young man dreams in Java of his mother's funeral in South Carolina.

But the disregard of *time* in ESP experiences is equally striking. We find many examples of precognitive dreams and premonitory apparitions. When a picture, in considerable detail, comes to the dreaming mind days before a wreck or other catastrophe, the rational mind gives up attempting to find an explanatory theory of the universe on physical lines. (And what others have we?)

And when the phenomena in question were brought into the Laboratory for study and it was possible to make the kind of quantitative comparisons such a fantastically revolutionary hypothesis as time-space-free-perception calls for, it could be seen that even under controlled conditions distance appeared to make no difference in the success of subjects who were attempting to identify card order. Experiments have been carried out, under test conditions, spanning the Atlantic both ways and from different countries. The experimental evidence confirms spontaneous case studies.

It does likewise in precognition

tests. The slow, difficult ascent of methodology in the researches in precognition have carried us through a number of modifications of methods, but even the beginning procedures, in which card order was predicted ahead of the shuffling of the cards whether by hand or mechanical shuffler, with the cards cut by the throw of dice or by the use of temperature figures from the next morning's newspaper, a large body of evidence has been assembled, indicating, as do the case studies, that *time*, no more than distance, influences the operation of ESP ability.

More recently there have been highly complex ways of randomizing targets for precognition tests, and these methods seem sufficient to rule out all alternatives and to permit us to conclude from the results that precognition alone could be responsible.

The evidence now has accumulated to a considerable magnitude, variety of experimenters' conditions, and methods. Furthermore, it all hangs together well with the evidence from the comparison of distances and other physical conditions which would affect sensory communication but which do not seem to affect extrasensory. And, finally, the experimental evidence confirms the spontaneous case material. It seems, then, reasonable to say the criteria which apply to phy-

sical operations are not in evidence here. This kind of perception is something else than physical; nevertheless it is a natural process, real, in the sense that results are produced, and that certain principles apply. Even quantitative measurement is possible and there is no escape from the concept of ESP phenomena as energetic. Anything that influences another system in the universe, as ESP has to do to manifest itself, must belong to the natural, causal system of operations for which the hypothesis of energy always has been used. The fact that this energy does not present to our senses direct effects or manifestations does not mean it does not exist. There are other energies too that do not so manifest.

The only distinctive quality thus far known for this psi energy is just this feature — it does not give us the experience of space-time. It lacks the property that produces that effect or possesses the property that transcends that effect, whichever way one prefers it put.

These phenomena of parapsychology now demand experimenters who will join in the task of finding out what this energy of man really is. The important next step, of discovering how it can be that energetic causation can occur in a space-time world by a force independent of space-time, is surely the scientific challenge of the century.

Parapsychology is definitely taking the direction of a stronger case for the spiritual nature of man because of the indication that there is something about man that behaves unlike the world the physicists have been describing for us. But we must recognize that this is only the beginning of a large exploration.

But man simply must understand himself. He must know more about the man who holds the fate of the world in his hands, more about the forces that can be used to save the world from the misguided behavior of those who have more power than wisdom. Man has to know first of all, whether he has a spiritual nature or whether he is simply an automaton of the complex physical forces in his being. If there is a spiritual function in man, and if it does in some way transcend the physical system of his body and environment, it could very well give him a certain free leverage by means of its transcendence of space-time. Moreover, this other side of man has its own natural, lawful system, and therefore it can be studied, understood, influenced, and educated. So the idea of a validated morality is possible and even makes sense. The government of men is, as our heritage testifies, verifiably more than the engineering of material robots; life and personality are more than elaborate mechanics.



The Apparition at Mannington Hall

By Tex Lowell

Illustrated by Tex Lowell

gave evidence that he was far from complete as a living person.

AN UNUSUAL GHOSTLY visitation was experienced by Dr. Augustus Jessopp, a dentist of Norwich, England, in 1879. He wrote a detailed account of the occurrence a few days after it occurred, and related it to a few of his friends. The story became so exaggerated and confused in the process of telling and retelling that the doctor finally felt obliged to permit the *London Athenaeum* to print a true account of the incident. At the time of publication, some two months after the experience,

Dr. Jessopp stated that he objected to being "looked upon as a kind of medium to whom supernatural visitations are vouchsafed, and, on the other hand, do not wish to be set down as a crazy dreamer whose disorganized nervous system renders him abnormally liable to fantastic delusions." He was, in fact, a very stolid, straightforward man, in no way given to flights of imagination.

He insisted that he was in perfect health and in no way in a condition approaching weariness,

irritability or fatigue at the time he was "visited." He was, in fact, in high spirits as a result of an invitation from Lord Orford to spend a night at Mannington Hall in the company of mutual friends. An antiquarian by hobby, the doctor had been hoping for an opportunity to examine some very rare old books in his lordship's huge library.

Arriving at 4:00 P. M., the doctor enjoyed a pleasant and animated conversation until time to dress for dinner. The group—six in number—dined at 7:00, continuing their discussion of art and travel in far countries. The doctor emphasized that their talk did not in any way touch upon the supernatural. Following dinner they played cards and at 10:30 the group broke up, as two of the members had a considerable distance to drive.

Dr. Jessopp received permission from his host to sit up and make notes and transcripts from the rare books. Lord Orford first suggested that his valet remain in attendance, but the doctor asked that the servants be permitted to retire as it would likely be five or six hours before he would have finished his work. So it was that by 11:00 o'clock Dr. Jessop was the only person downstairs. He set right to work in a room which opened into the library.

The room was an expansive one,

with massive fireplace and chimney, luxuriously furnished. From a high shelf of the library the doctor brought the six small volumes and stacked them at his right hand on a wide desk. He had four long candles on the desk, and the night being chill, a crackling fire in the fireplace, so that his illumination was excellent. He worked swiftly, alternately reading and writing, elated at his good fortune. Just before 1:00 o'clock he started work on the last book, the others now being stacked to his left. At about 1:30 he suddenly glimpsed something white on the desk about a foot from his left elbow. It was a large hand.

The hand was colorless but for the strong blue veins across its back. Putting aside his pen the doctor turned and saw a tall, sturdily built man, sitting at the desk with his back to the fire. The visitor was bent slightly over the desk, intently examining the pile of books the doctor had been studying. He was dressed in a garment of black corded silk, similar to the habit worn by clergymen in the early 1800's, cut close to the throat with an edging of satin or velvet serving as a stand-up collar fitting close to the chin. The reddish-brown hair was closely cut, the face clean-shaven. The profile gave an appearance of rugged strength. The man seemed quite relaxed, his

hands clasped lightly together, and he seemed completely oblivious to the doctor's presence.

For some moments Jessopp stared at his visitor, convinced only that he was not a truly living being. Curiosity crowded out any sense of alarm or even uneasiness. He fumbled for a pencil, then remembered his sketchbook upstairs. But his desire to make a sketch of the stranger was ruled out by the fear that his subject would be gone upon his return. Then, for some reason he never could explain, he felt compelled to reach out and move the first book, upon which the apparition's gaze rested. As he did this his arm passed before the eyes of the figure, and it suddenly disappeared.

Smothering his disappointment, Jessopp returned to writing. After some five minutes, just as he was nearing the end of his task, he saw the hands reappear near his own. The stranger had returned and now was sitting in the same position and attitude as before. The doctor turned and studied him more closely, framing in his mind a sentence with which to address him. But then a delayed action of

fear flooded over him; he dared not speak—he feared the sound of his own voice.

After a few moments of silent speculation, he returned deliberately to his writing and completed the few words that were left, conscious the while of the presence at his side. Completing his task he looked around again and further studied his silent companion, whose position blotted out the flames in the fireplace. Closing his book, Dr. Jessopp let it drop to the table. At the sound the figure quickly vanished; the fire suddenly reappeared to the doctor's view.

For some time the puzzled man sat back in his chair, wondering if the visitor would return. Then a feeling of dread began to envelop him; he wondered if he were losing his nerve. Replacing the first five books on the shelves, he left the sixth on the table, put out the candles and went up to bed. Fear left him and he slept soundly.

Dr. Jessopp never tried to explain his remarkable experience, although he related it often. Explanations, theories or inferences he preferred to leave to other persons.



COMMAND PERFORMANCE —

“I Must Read Your Cards . . .”



I had to obey the voice I alone could hear—
and break up a gay party to give a warning of sorrow ahead.

By Judith Childs Speer

I FELT A PRESSURE on my shoulder as though an unseen hand had been placed on it, and a disembodied voice said, “Read her cards.”

“Her” meant Ellen, a woman my husband and I had met soon after arriving as guests at lush Pyramid Lake Ranch outside Reno, Nev. Ellen was “in residence” at the ranch awaiting her divorce. For some unexplained reason Ellen and I had taken an instant dislike to each other.

Now I was standing alone in a corner playing a nickel slot ma-

chine while my husband, a professional pianist, entertained a group of our fellow guests, a group that included almost all the other women at the ranch.

I had fed the bandit a couple of dollars and was about to put in another nickel when I felt this pressure on my shoulder and heard the voice. I do not know what impelled me to look across the room at Ellen, but I knew immediately the voice meant her. I hadn’t read cards for years and I certainly wanted nothing to do with this woman.

I turned back to the machine and put in a few more nickels. Now the pressure was much harder and the voice more insistent. "Read her cards," it said in a tone so loud that I looked around to see if anyone else had heard. Again I glanced at Ellen across the room. She was drunk and making a lot of noise. I disliked her even more and turned back to the machine and angrily put in another nickel.

But the voice was to have its way . . . a third time the hand grabbed me by the shoulder, and the demand was shouted. I looked at Ellen with a growing sense of panic. I was impelled to obey so I pocketed my remaining nickels and walked over to where she stood talking to a bunch of cowboy gigglers. No one's presence could have been more unwelcome than mine, and I was quite aware of it.

"Excuse me," I said feebly, "but I simply have to read your cards."

Everyone stopped talking and looked at me in amazement. When Ellen got over her surprise she let out a wild guffaw and said in a patronizing tone, "I don't believe that stuff. I have had readings all over Europe and no one has ever told me anything."

Undaunted, I insisted and to get rid of me she said, "Oh, all right, but don't forget I'm an unbeliever."

Someone got an ancient pack of greasy cards and we were led to an

old Black Jack table. Many curious people wanted to hang around to see what was going on, but I shooed them away.

As I looked into Ellen's sullen face I said apologetically, "I don't know what I'm going to tell you, if anything. Please do me the favor of not interrupting me until I am through."

She nodded and I cut the cards.

The cards fell gently to the table and I could hear my own voice going on and on as though someone had turned on a phonograph.

I told her that her mother had been a very beautiful woman, that I did not have a feeling of incest but, nevertheless, I saw her mother in her brother's arms. A woman named Nora Bailey came to my mind and I placed her in New Jersey. I saw two sons and a litigation over some property that Nora had left upon her death. The boys, Jim and Eddie, had bitterly feuded among themselves, and Ellen and her family were in danger of losing their share of the inheritance. I saw a lovely little old red leather trunk in an attic in Norfolk, Va., it was being opened by Ellen. She was down on her knees before it, the top was up and she reached inside and took out a bundle of old letters tied with a faded lavender ribbon. The smell of sweet lavender assailed my nostrils as she held it in her hands. Then she slipped

the ribbon off and selected one letter; I could see it came from Lavinia. This scene faded and a man stood before me. I knew he was very rich and that Ellen was getting her divorce so she could marry him.

The same voice which had interrupted my slot machine game said, "Tell her that in three weeks this man will be certified and put in an insane asylum in his home town of Philadelphia. She must not marry him. Tell her she must not marry him."

The reading ended abruptly. I sighed and said, "Well, what do you think?"

I was really taken aback when I looked up at Ellen. She sat staring at me, trembling violently; her face was ashen. When she spoke her voice was only a whisper.

"My mother married a man who was a great deal older than she was. He had a son a year older than my mother by his first wife. I was eight years old when I first saw my mother in my half-brother's arms and knew they were having an affair."

She gulped and ran her tongue over her lips, "I haven't thought of that for many years."

She reached down and idly picked at an up-turned card as she continued, "Nora Bailey was my mother's sister. She died as you said and her sons, Jim and Eddie,

have been fighting over her estate, in which I share in a small way, for three years. The estate has not been settled and the property is in New Jersey.

"The trunk you saw was in my family's attic in Norfolk and I did go through it and I picked the name Lavinia from one of the old letters and named my child that."

Suddenly she jumped up and clenched her fists and looked down at me as though she hoped I didn't exist and was a figment of her imagination. She was cold sober now and trying to believe that what I had said last wasn't true.

"I am engaged to an enormously wealthy man from Philadelphia. He has had two nervous breakdowns, but he seems perfectly all right to me. He is coming to meet me in Reno a week from next Saturday."

She was so upset I felt sorry for her, but I had given her only what was given to me.

My husband was rather disgusted with my antic, to say nothing of being baffled. Our hostess, Clara, took me to one side and asked me please not to do anything like that again.

Two days later my husband and I took our leave. We said goodbye to everyone. Ellen was very reserved in her goodbye. Fate had been unkind enough to most of these people and they couldn't help

being glad to see someone who might know more about them than they wanted to tell leave.

This incident occurred early in June of 1948 and by the end of that same month I got a long distance telephone call from Ellen. The connection was not very good but I could hear and recognize her voice when she said, "Judith, I

think you should know. They have just certified Ben and he never came for me . . . no one knows what happened; he just suddenly went to pieces."

She was crying. And I wished I never had gone to Reno, never had met her, never had played a slot machine, and most of all never had seen a pack of playing cards.



THE FLATWORM'S "BIOLOGICAL COMPASS"

WORKING with ordinary flatworms, which are found in ponds and streams, Prof. Frank A. Brown, Jr., biologist at Northwestern University, reportedly has found that such factors as the moon, magnetism and electrical fields influence living creatures in strange ways.

Dr. Brown long has made a study of "biological clocks" and "biological compasses"—mysterious influences which give creatures a sense of direction and time. He has learned that oysters and crabs follow a cycle that coincides with the tides, which are controlled by the moon.

Probing other possible controlling forces, Dr. Brown and his colleagues have studied the effect on experimental animals of such things as the earth's magnetic and electrostatic fields, and gamma radiation. He reports having found that the flatworm, if aimed in a north-

erly direction, will tend to move to its left when the moon is new. As the moon waxes, the worm changes direction and with a full moon veers to the right.

Dr. Brown also placed flatworms in a magnetic field sufficient to blot out the earth's weak magnetic field. A toy magnet brought near a compass needle, for instance, is sufficient to overcome the earth's magnetic field and to set the needle spinning in the mild magnetic field he created, he found that the worms no longer veered right or left as the moon waxed and waned.

Working with the *Nassarius* snail, Dr. Brown created an electrostatic field by placing electrically charged plates on either side of a tank. The snails veered to one side or the other, according to the electrical field, making it possible to determine the direction in which they would move.

WANT TO LEARN

2

LANGUAGES

IN

1

WEEK?

By Claude A. Logan

Time suddenly ran out on my project to master two African tongues so—I had to find another way to do it.

SEVEN DAYS BEFORE I had not been able to speak more than six phrases in either Cris' or Tom's native language. Now I could converse fluently with them both. They were amazed—and, to tell the truth, so was I.

It was neither trickery nor magic that allowed me to accomplish this feat, but rather the remarkable phenomenon of posthypnotic suggestion.

The events which led up to my language learning abilities began in 1948 when I developed an ardent interest in hypnosis. My wife, a psychiatric worker, became interested in 1952 and we often practiced on each other.

However, I never had any real need to take advantage of hypnotic techniques until February, 1958. I was trying to write a book on the social and political structure of modern Africa and as I had become

convinced that the Swahili and Hausa languages would play an important role in Africa's communication, I decided to do a couple of chapters on them.

Fortunately, I had two friends, Cris Elorie, a Nigerian who spoke Hausa, and Tom Farealle, a Tanganayan, who spoke Swahili. They lived on the floor below us in an apartment building at 72 Holland St., in Toronto, Canada. Both were working on advanced degrees at the University of Toronto and had at least two years to go.

I had bought a couple of texts on Swahili and Hausa and with the aid of the two boys, was studying the languages at a normal pace. Imagine my dismay when Cris suddenly developed an acute feeling of nostalgia and decided to pack his trunk for Africa. He said he would leave in only two weeks.

With this sudden change of plans

I told my wife that I had decided to learn both languages the quick and easy way: through posthypnotic suggestion.

I am a very receptive subject and go into a deep somnambulistic trance within minutes. Although the term generally refers to sleep-walking, I mean here that the subject is able to open his eyes, to walk and talk while under hypnosis.

A little review of how hypnosis works may be helpful. First, hypnosis depends upon the utmost co-operation between the subject and the hypnotist. With few exceptions, an unwilling subject cannot be hypnotized. Hypnotism pushes one's conscious mind into the background and brings the unconscious mind to the fore. The deeper the trance, the more predominant the unconscious mind becomes. Experiments have demonstrated that vast, normally untapped mental abilities can be utilized under hypnosis.

It was by this technique that I was going to try to learn two languages within a few days.

* * *

WE DID NOT foresee all of the difficulties which lay ahead of us.

My wife and I first gave the texts of both languages a quick reading. Then she tried to read them to me while I was in trance. However, the tongue maneuvering

and subpalatal gutterals of some of the Swahili and Hausa words were too much for her. We had to change our plans.

We decided to teach the boys how to hypnotize. Step by step we explained the preliminaries. There followed many sessions on hypnotic techniques.

Finally, it was time for Cris to hypnotize me. He did fine at the start; my wife said I was in a light trance. However, his early superstitions apparently frightened him; he often had called hypnotism "black magic." When I responded to his suggestions his eyes widened in amazement and his voice quivered. This was confusing to me and, since the trance depth was light, I woke up.

We changed our strategy again. We reread both texts while Cris and Tom corrected our pronunciation, inflection and accent. We went through the books chapter by chapter, with the boys correcting us whenever necessary.

After my wife felt she had mastered a few chapters we were ready for our next step. In a comfortable chair I was put into deep trance. We became so absorbed with the lessons that first day my wife did not have a chance to prepare dinner. So she played a trick on me; she told me, while I was under hypnosis, that I had eaten, and I was not even hungry.

After "dinner" she read to me and asked me to repeat certain phrases, which I did. Although hereafter each lesson averaged three to four hours, this first one lasted five.

At intervals my wife made these suggestions: "You are relaxed, very relaxed. You will remember everything that I read to you after you awake. Do you hear me?"

"Yes," I replied.

"O.K.," she said. "Tashi means 'to rise up, to start.'

"Tafo means 'to come.'

"Zamna means 'to sit down.'

"Koma means 'to return, to go back.'

"Shiga means 'to enter, to go in.'

"Chi means 'to eat.'

"Samu means 'to find, to obtain.'

"There are three ways to say why: 'domi, dommi, domni.'"

And so she continued with page after page of vocabulary. Next she read the idiomatic expressions and their meanings, colloquial expressions, market terms and various salutations.

To put it simply, I was learning the language the same way you learned English — by hearing the language and repeating what I heard. You didn't begin by studying grammar. You first learned how to say things, how words are arranged, and only when you knew the language pretty well did you

begin to study grammar. I did it the same way. The only difference was that I "harnessed my subconscious" to get maximum retention of a tremendous amount of material within a relatively short period of time.

The posthypnotic suggestion was given that when I awoke I would be able to speak with Cris. If the hypnotist specifically suggests that you will remember or not remember, as the case may be, you will act accordingly. In my case I did not remember the actual learning sessions but I remembered the language.

When I awoke Cris spoke to me, carefully keeping the conversation as best he could to the vocabulary which I had been "learning" during the trance lessons.

After my first lesson that Sunday morning, February 9, 1958, my speaking vocabulary in Hausa was several thousand words. My "teacher-wife" was obliged to take a back seat when I began to converse with Cris.

My second lesson under hypnosis took place the following Monday evening at 7:00 o'clock and lasted three hours. I had more vocabulary study and I started grammar: pronouns, verbs, cases and practice exercises. The next evening I had more exercises and more grammar: nouns, tenses, voices, passive participles, verbal

suffixes, prepositions, and numerals. On Wednesday we did the rest of the grammar: adverbs, adjectives, etc. The entire grammatical structure of the language was read to me.

My lessons in Swahili followed a similar pattern on Thursday and Friday. We spent six hours on each of those two evenings studying Swahili, a very precise language.

Saturday, February 15, 1958, marked the end of a hectic week. That morning I listened to further translations in both languages from 7:00 A.M. til noon, under hypnosis.

I was then given the posthypnotic suggestion that at 4:00 Cris would commence to talk to me in Hausa, and I would answer him in Hausa, that Tom would do the same in Swahili, and I would answer him in Swahili, and that my wife would speak to me in English and I would answer in English.

* * *

WE CELEBRATED the week's end with a sumptuous meal of fried rice and lobster. Later I noticed Cris watching the time very closely. I asked him if he was going out. He answered no. I glanced at my watch and observed that it

was almost 4:00 o'clock.

Suddenly Cris began to talk to me in Hausa. I understood him and I answered him in Hausa. Tom spoke to me in Swahili and I answered him in Swahili. My wife then asked me a question in English and I replied to her in English.

What an evening! I had an unexplainable urge to talk and I snapped back and forth in three languages with the greatest ease, and without any conscious knowledge of the posthypnotic suggestion. All I knew was that I had the urge, the vitality, and the facility to talk; and talk I did.

My rigorous lessons, coupled with the remarkable phenomenon of posthypnotic suggestion, now have been over for three years. But today I still speak both Hausa and Swahili fluently. Through hypnotic techniques I also have perfected my Spanish.

I plan to go to France someday and my French needs a lot of improvement. But I won't clear a jungle with an axe; I'll use modern machinery. When it comes time to improve my French, I'll do it the easy way — over a weekend!

THE FIRE HAD GOLDEN ASHES

ELDERLY Vittorio Bazzo of Tortona, Italy, leaped from his burning automobile and as he sadly watched it destroyed by the flames, he got a hunch. Vittorio played the car's license number in the weekly National Lottery and won 2,125,000 lire—about \$3,500.

—Raymond C. Otto.

My PROOF of SURVIVAL

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

MOTHER CABRINI HELPED

By Winnie Adcock

I WAS A YOUNG nurse in charge of a delivery room in the Columbus Hospital in New York City in the year 1940.

The hospital building had been built in 1892 so was old, with no modern conveniences such as hospitals have today. Nurses worked 12 hours a day or night, six days a week. A registered nurse those days did the amount of work and had the responsibility three registered nurses assume today.

Reporting on duty at 7:00 P.M. I worked through to 7:00 A.M. Sometimes during the night I had relief and slept on a stretcher in the nurses' dressing room. On those nights when I took my nap I would see a nun standing by the stretcher but when I became fully awake she would disappear into thin air. I was surprised that I had this same dream almost every night; the same nun appeared.

One morning at 4:00 A.M. I was on my way to the delivery room with a patient on the stretcher. We were in a big rush but the elevator was busy most of the time and there was a 15 to 20 minute wait. The delivery room was several floors above the patients labor room. Many times accidents happened and babies were

born on the stretchers while nurse and patient waited for the elevator. It always meant lots of excitement. One nurse had 23 births on the stretcher by the elevator in just three months. She lost her job.

I always whispered a prayer that we would get to the delivery room on time. And many times the nun of my dreams walked with me, holding and pushing the stretcher to the elevator. If I spoke to the nun she always disappeared—she just seemed to vanish into the night.

Many of the other nurses con-



WINNIE ADCOCK



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fessed to seeing Mother Cabrini, who many years before had been with the Columbus Hospital, making rounds on the wards. This of course was long after Mother Cabrini's death on December 22, 1917.

Mother Cabrini not only helped me run a delivery room and manage a busy ward in the hospital for that year, but because of her help I never had one birth outside the delivery room. On the delivery room table my patients gave birth to dozens of beautiful, healthy babies. And my mothers had nice easy deliveries that year.

I never called Mother Cabrini from the unseen to help me, but I'm glad she came so many times when I needed her help so desperately.

I have heard that since her death many persons have been healed by holding a piece of her habit and praying to her.—Cleveland, O.

IT'S A WISE PARENT

By Bertha G. Fleming

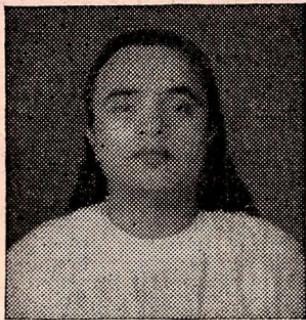
“GET IN, WILL.” There was nothing unusual about my grandfather, Lawrence Laffin, inviting a neighbor to ride with him. By day or by night, on the lonely, country roads of the Provinces one extended such courtesy to friend and stranger alike.

It was October 17, 1882, and Lawrence was a revenue officer in the service of Queen Victoria. His territory was Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

It was a cold, damp fall night so there was nothing remarkable about the pedestrian having his coat collar turned up and his hat brim down. The carriage creaked and sagged as the big man climbed in. The horse gave a nervous start. Then

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the vehicle rolled along in darkness except for what little light the mist-covered half-moon could provide.

"How's the family, Will?"

In reply the man just grunted. Other amenities were turned aside in the same gruff manner. This unusual attitude and the fact that the man seemed to be even bigger than Will Simpson, who was noted for his size, caused Lawrence to wonder if he had made a mistake. Eventually he came to the unspoken conclusion, "Well, you're not Will Simpson, whoever you are."

Lawrence's nerves felt stretched some as the horse and carriage came abreast of the cemetery on the outskirts of town. To his overwhelming relief the man said in a soft, low voice, "I will get out here."

Without so much as "goodbye" or "thank you" the man left the wagon and walked rapidly to the cemetery fence. Lawrence Laffin watched the man's huge form disappear over this fence. The horse took off at a gallop and, beyond restraining, did not stop until he, the carriage, and Lawrence were safely in their own barn.

If physical evidence was needed to substantiate the story Lawrence told it was present: the horse was flecked with foam and the dashboard was cracked through the center as a result of the tremendous size and weight of the carriage's erstwhile passenger.

Because it was very late and other members of the household were sleeping Lawrence did not tell of his unnerving experience until the family gathered at the breakfast table the following morning. The Laffin family was completely mystified by the tale. Before going to his work in the village Lawrence's son,

John, went out to the barn and examined the split dashboard and the horse which had not been wiped down.

It was more than a week later that John brought home the startling sequel. Word around town was that on the night Lawrence had picked up his mysterious passenger two rogues from the village, knowing it was his day for collecting the Queen's taxes and that he would be very late getting home, had planned to set upon him and rob him.

They had been quoted to John as saying, "We were all set for him but he had a monstrous big man with him and we dared not molest him."

At once Lawrence and every member of his family, including my mother, had the same thought. Buried in the graveyard into which the stranger had disappeared was Ambrose, dearly beloved son of Lawrence and Ellen Laffin. A fine figure of a man, noted for his physical prowess and size, he had been struck down in a mine disaster at the age of 19.—*Providence, R. I.*

GRANDFATHER'S "TREAT"

By Mrs. R. L. Devore

AS A CHILD I had an abnormal fear of death. Life was so wonderful, I never wanted it to come to an end.

I was the first and favorite grandchild of my maternal grandfather, W. A. Dow. We spent many joyous hours together. How I loved holding onto his hand as we walked to the neighborhood store, for I knew that he would buy a treat for me there.

He sensed my fear of death and often tried to impress me with his own great faith in the goodness of

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God and His power to protect us even in death. But I preferred never to think of death at all.

My heart was broken when I was told, in March, 1941, that Grandfather had died in his sleep. Now, for the first time I faced the fact of death. With my beloved Grandfather, part of my own life seemed gone forever.

Gradually, the shock wore away and I longed for some assurance that the things Grandfather had told me about life after death were true, that I really would see him again someday. And still my paralyzing fear of death remained.

In August, about four months after his death, just before dawn, I felt Grandfather's presence. It was not exactly a dream. I was not fully awake, yet I was conscious of my surroundings. In my mind's eye I saw Grandfather advancing toward me from a thick mist. He held out his hand and I raised mine to meet him.

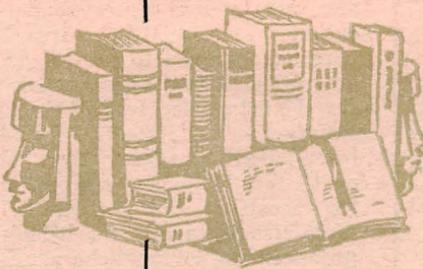
He said, "You are not afraid to go where I am, are you?"

I experienced the same feeling of anticipation I had known when we walked hand in hand to the store for my treat.

Immediately he faded away, back into the mist, but I knew then that beyond the mist was truly a "treat" — a life more wonderful than all our fondest dreams.

Since then I do not think of death with the same fear and dread. Grandfather came back to give me the faith to believe that death is only the doorway to the perfect life with God. — Greenwood, S.C.





NEW BOOKS

NAVAHO WITCHCRAFT, by Clyde Kluckhohn. Beacon Press, Boston, 1962. 276 pages, \$4.95.

To the Navaho, witchcraft is "bad medicine" as opposed to "good," although "a legitimate technique" when used against "all outsiders." To the author—Rhodes Scholar, student of psychiatry at the University of Vienna, and Professor of Anthropology at Harvard University until "his fatal heart attack" in the New Mexico back country—Navaho witchcraft was not a body of claims to be investigated but a pattern of belief to be explored for "unconscious motivations" (he seems to have known nothing about parapsychology).

Sections and Appendices (the latter, about one-half the book) are translated Navaho narratives, devoted to its major "definite categories": Witchery, ghouls and grave-robbers, women and (mostly) men, disguised as wolves and coyotes, and bedecked in ill-gotten jewelry, meet in caves, and, amid baskets of corpse-flesh, conduct rites of evil prayer and song, indulge in cannibalism, necrophilia and other obscenities, initiate newcomers (the price of initiation being murder of

a sibling), and prepare powdered "corpse poison" for new forays of murder, vengeance and extortion. *Sorcery*, magic-at-a-distance, by images (doll or sandpainting), afflicting man, his possessions or community. *Wizardry*, the "shooting" of tiny objects by magic into the victim's body, curable only by extraction by a "sucker", who is often suspected of splitting fees with the "shooter". *Prostitution Way*, divination, love-magic, etc., by mind-affecting herbs, chants, etc. Protection is generally afforded by good prayers, songs and chants, and by the presence of sacred medicine and objects; but strong "witching" can only be broken by the confession and death of the witch.

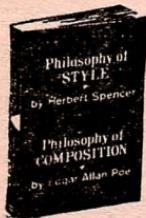
The author asserts that, whatever its origin, witchcraft provides the Navaho with exciting stories for entertainment, "explanations" for otherwise perplexing events, support for established taboos and ritualism, and an outlet for publicity-seekers and, to suffer as "victims." More important, it "provides one of the principal socially understood means of expressing" the Navaho individual's "anti-social tendencies." With the coming of the white man, tensions and anxieties for the Nav-

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also increased under economic, educational, and social pressures. Numbers have turned to alcohol or peyote, or fallen into hypochondria; but for the many, deprived of the "hate-satisfaction" formerly found in inter-tribal warfare, the "scapegoat" for "displaced aggression" is the wealthy, old witch. "Under these circumstances, the beliefs and practices related to witchcraft constitute eminently adjustive cultural solutions for Navaho individuals."

This sounds plausible enough, but may not such psychological focus sometimes give rise—if anything can—to genuine paranormal phenomena of the very type so ardently desired or feared? The author has "not the slightest doubt" that *some* witchcraft "is practised," adding that, "The similarity of the accounts as to names, places, sequences of events was astonishing." Some of these would be—if corroborated—as good as (and no more intrinsically improbable than) any "spontaneous report" from the white man's psychical research societies.

Confronted by such ~~various~~ ^{believe} the author retreats ~~to~~ ^{verisimilitude}, escapehatches, "hiding to the familiar," "misinterpretation," "hallucination" and—though ~~lack~~ ^{lack} "lack" of sensory data for such ~~lack~~ ^{lack} specific evidence he ~~lack~~ ^{lack} aberration (on principle, attributes one case of apparent grave robbery to "coyotes" assisted by "pack-rats"). But this is not a problem to disturb anthropologists who, to paraphrase what one of their number wrote (evidently) of aboriginal behavior, "tend to interpret particular events and experiences in a manner which offers empirical support to the traditional dogmas," i.e. witchcraft is only a ~~fantasy~~ ^{Walter A. Carrithers, Jr.}

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VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE BY ASTROLOGY, by Charles E. Luntz. Llewellyn Publications, St. Paul Minn., 1962. 213 pages, \$5.00.

Those of us who believe in astrology are convinced that it offers sign posts by which the course of life can be made a lot easier. And this very fine book by a man who has enjoyed outstanding success in the business world as well as in the astrological field, presents in most admirable form the "vocational guidance" aspect of stellar art.

Our work in life is, obviously, of tremendous importance because it has so much to do with whether or not we are well-integrated beings; and we should leave no stone unturned in seeking that particular vocational path on which our special abilities can be utilized. The world is full of square pegs in round holes; and it well may be that astrology, correctly applied, can rectify the condition.

As a practicing astrologer, this reviewer sincerely believes that the horoscope of birth contains the best vocational guidance anywhere obtainable. Mr. Luntz's book on the subject is by far the best that we know of, and we have read them all.

Here we have the whole fascinating story of human temperament and its talent correlatives; the way to locate these factors in the birth chart, and how to step forward into life, apply them, and thus attain to one's rightful place in the scheme of things. Even the "right time" to seek a position is explained, along with expert advice on how to conduct oneself during the interview. Mr. Luntz, as a businessman, knows what he is talking about.

A generous assortment of horo-

scopes of the eminent are explained, including F. D. Roosevelt, Winston Churchill, John D. and Nelson Rockefeller, J. P. Morgan, Sr., and Vice-President Lyndon Johnson. By examining their potentials as revealed by the birth charts, it is a simple matter to apply the same procedure to your own horoscope and see if you are making the most of what you have to offer.

For anyone who suspects that he is in the wrong job, and wants to give astrology a try, if only as a last resort, we heartily recommend this practical, well-organized work. It is on the desk of many professional star-gazers, and has proven its value for over 20 years. Llewellyn Publications has done a good service in bringing out this new and revised edition.—*George Cardinal Le-Gros.*

ASTRAL PROJECTION, a Record of Out-of-the-Body Experiences by Oliver Fox. University Books, Inc., New Hyde Park, New York, 1962. 162 pages, \$5.00.

There is little doubt that *Astral Projection* by Oliver Fox will be of interest to professed occultists, Theosophists, yogis and the like; and they probably will accept with equanimity the author's efforts to reach the ancient Tibetan temple of his Master Azelda. Talk of the Deva Kingdom, the Eternal Records, and the Great Lotus of a Thousand and One Petals will not discomfit them. Nor will they find it tedious going as the author repeatedly reports his own subjective experiences in which he leaves his body during dreams or dream-like states and visits beautiful gardens or strange and unknown cities.

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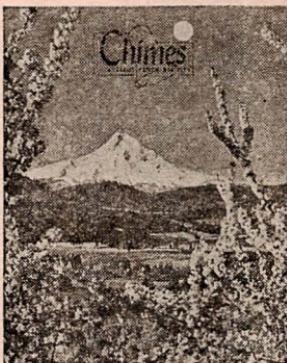
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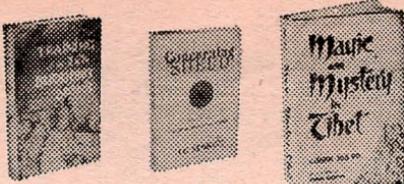
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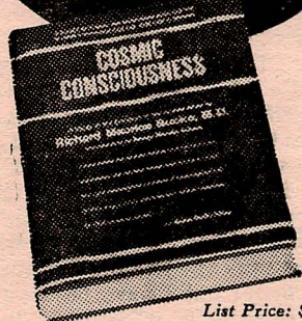
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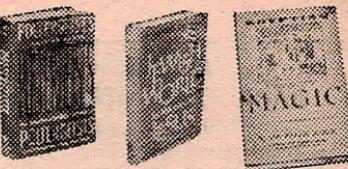
of the American Medico-Psychological Association, Superintendent of the Provincial Asylum for the Insane at Hamilton, Ontario, and Professor of Mental and Nervous Diseases at Western University. At 36 he had the sudden and illuminating metaphysical experience that lightened his life thereafter and led to the production of this remarkable book. This extraordinary event proved to be not an isolated occurrence, or a mental aberration, but the emergence of a new faculty which was neither supernatural nor supranormal, but the natural outgrowth of our present level of consciousness to a level that is as far above ours as ours is above the simple consciousness of animals. Dr. Bucke calls this faculty cosmic consciousness. He believes that the men who possess it, such as Buddha, Jesus, Paul, Dante, Spinoza, Blake, Balzac, Whitman, and a growing number of others in our time, are forerunners of the beings who will eventually people the earth.

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Others, who are more inclined to look for a bit of verification now and then when they read of such amazing adventures, won't care much for the book. It may be of a little consolation to these, however, that the author is aware of his problems in this connection. He states at the beginning of his last chapter:

" . . . I admit this book presents but little of evidential value as to the truth of astral projection. It does contain a large amount of evidence—verifiable, I believe, if the reader is prepared to take the trouble—that it is possible to obtain a new state of consciousness in which the soul appears to function outside of the body; but I have been on the whole singularly unfortunate in obtaining corroborative evidence as to the reality of my own seemingly disincarnate experiences. Several people have told me they woke in the night to find me standing by the bed; but though I do not doubt their word, on each occasion I have not been able to remember anything. And when I have seemed to encounter a person during my astral functioning, either he or she failed to remember, or it has been a stranger, so that confirmation could not be obtained."

Fox is said to have first reported his out-of-body experiences in the English magazine *Occult Review*, in 1920. Some time after March, 1938, he expanded these articles into a book which was published just once, in England, and with so little fanfare, evidently, that the existence of the book was largely unknown. This is the first publication of the book in the U.S.A.

In his out-of-body excursions Fox has one talent which makes him rather unique, even among astral

flyers. He is aware in his dreams that he is dreaming and that he is having an out-of-body experience. Another of his unique powers is, or was—for the power has left him, he says—his ability to let his consciousness proceed past the "Pineal Door," hear the click, and go into his astral projection in this much more complicated manner. Although it is painful and extremely unpleasant at the start, it is more effective, Fox says. He tells his readers how to go about accomplishing it. If you're the timid type you won't want to try the techniques he advocates, however.

He warns that as well as pain there also are possible dangers in attempting such out-of-body activity. He gives a formidable list of things that might go wrong. If, after reading this list, the intrepid reader still is willing to undertake the exploration, details are given as to how to do it.

In the precisely detailed techniques it offers, the book may be of the most value. For if Fox's experiences can be corroborated at all, it must be through duplication of the feats he describes. This reviewer eagerly tried—brushing aside all the admonitions of danger—but just kept falling asleep.—*Susy Smith.*

THE EXTRA-SENSORY MIND, by Kenneth Walker, F.R.C.S. Emerson Books, Inc., New York, 1961. 256 pages, \$3.95.

The Extra-Sensory Mind came to our attention late, but it is of such high calibre that we may be justified in invoking the old adage "better late than never."

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British physician whose books on medicine are well-known. Medical and scientific men rarely write on ESP, but when they do—and favorably—they endow it with special qualities of freshness, excitement, authority and conviction.

Dr. Walker gets his book under way by summarizing the theories of the various schools of psychology concerning the nature and functions of the unconscious mind. It is on this "level" of the mind, he suggests, that psychical phenomena are produced, and he illustrates how little science knows about the unconscious.

The major part of the book deals with the allied subjects of telepathy, precognition and clairvoyance, outlining the various experiments which have been conducted to show that they have a factual basis. Dr. Walker indicates that he is prepared to accept the existence of ESP in the light of the evidence he presents.

In such chapters as those on telepathy, apparitions and survival, he recapitulates many of the classic cases which appear to be *de rigueur* for books on ESP. But he brings to the cases a freshness of detail and insight, so that if one recognizes the familiar, it is in a new way—often one furnishing a new comprehension.

This novelty of viewpoint gives the book its particular interest and value. Here, one feels, is not a writer simply rehashing the classic cases of ESP so as to serve up a book on the field, but one who presents them for what they reveal of his own study, observations and conclusions. And these, summed up in the chapter *The Significance of the Whole*, possess the weight and wisdom to be expected of an eminent medical man. —Guy Archette.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

STORY OF A JINX

Do you believe in jinxes? I did not—until the following experience.

I received a witch doctor's head from South Africa. It was about four inches high, of roughly carved, black wood and with wire around the neck.

On the day I received it, I put it on my cabinet next to my statuette of Kwan Yin (the Chinese goddess of mercy). As someone came near, my Kwan Yin fell and smashed on the floor. I had had her for many years.

So I put the carved head in the window—and within a week the road and sidewalks were dug up. They remained uprooted for weeks. I had to clamber over rubble to reach my house and this kept friends from visiting. Cars could not use the street at all.

Then my gas meter was robbed. I had to repay the money and pay for a new lock, as the old one had been damaged. In all, it cost me \$15.

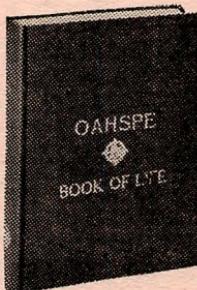
I buried the head outside in the garden and within a week I heard that someone proposed to build a garage at the back which would block up my garden. I organized a Petition of Protest and put the head on a bonfire, making several fierce fires over it.

My sister, who had been most amused by my fuss, said she would take the head. I warned her about

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it and said it must be ashes now. But when I rummaged among the cinders I found the head—without so much as a scorch mark on it.

Life resumed its even tenor for me, and remains fairly quiet and pleasant. But my sister has had blackout spells, caused by the wrong drug given her by her doctor. Then came a vicious cold spell. She ran out of coal and was unable to get more, so once again she had to leave home for some weeks.

Then her house number, which for 20 years she had considered lucky, was changed to a number she does not like at all. But here is the final blow—the town council proposes to demolish her house and others in the street to make a car park. The houses are only 20 years or less old—no age at all in England. My house is 90 years old and still strong. And there is a housing shortage!—*Judith Gee, London, Eng.*

RADICAL ROCK FALLS

I read the report about the falling rocks mystery of San Bernardino in the March issue. Once again, some know-it-all explains that such phenomena are due to the psychological influence of an adolescent. This theory is no less ridiculous than the one claiming spirits throw the rocks. Let me tell you my experience.

Some years ago I moved into a bungalow in Los Angeles. I was a widow of 34. My daughters were aged seven, five and three. No other person was with us then, although later I married and my new husband moved in.

Almost immediately rocks began to fall, and for a long time we thought neighbor children were throwing them. But as time went on,

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thorough investigation ruled out this possibility and the mystery remained. Our experiences paralleled the San Bernardino events, with approximately the same kind of activity. The rocks mostly were ordinary, smooth river rocks, varying in size from a pea to an egg. There were two exceptions, one a smooth, oblong rock about the size of a football and the other rough, jagged and porous, like a chunk of lava, or a meteor fragment. In time the accumulated rocks, when raked together in one corner of the yard, made a pile about five feet high.

Some rocks also fell into the yard on one side of us, none into the other. At first this neighboring house was occupied by one lone lady. Later a family with a girl of 10 and a boy of 12 moved in. The intensity of the phenomena remained the same after the two children arrived. An old couple lived in the house on the other side.

We lived in the bungalow for almost seven years. Psychic activity occurred also—in short, the house was haunted. But that is another story. My girls reached adolescence while we lived there, but I can see no connection between that fact and the rock bombardments.

I will give more complete details to those who wish information for research purposes. Interested persons may write me in care of FATE. —Dulcie Brown, Fresno, Calif.

CREDIT DUE

I have just received the April issue of FATE and have read your revision of my article, *Scientists Research Machine To Contact the Dead*. I think you handled it very cleverly.

I am a bit unhappy that you edited

out the item in my manuscript crediting the *Round Robin*. While I got a good deal of the material direct from Gilbert Wright when I talked with him the bulk of my account of the Edison device and Wright's supposed contact with Steinmetz and Edison, was lifted from his *Round Robin* articles; and I should have preferred to credit them.

Another point—a minor one—is that the lead as you have rewritten it seems to suggest a degree of credulity on my part considerably in excess of what I really feel. I have, I hope, an open mind with respect to all these matters, but actual communication from the Other Side is a thing that is going to take an awful lot of proving. That lead, I feel, makes me sound a bit naive, and perhaps over-credulous.—J. Wainwright Evans, La Luz, New Mex.

A "BIRTH-DATE FILE?"

The suggestion, in Mrs. Wilson's letter in the April issue, that any two persons born the same year, day and hour will have coinciding years for important events in their lives, seems to offer highly interesting possibilities for research and service by your magazine.

Readers could be invited to send their birthdates and times (with name and address) which could be filed in chronological order. Whenever two have coinciding birth dates, they could be invited to send in the dates of the most important events in their lives, with a brief indication of the nature of the events. They then could be given an opportunity to get in touch with each other if they so wished.

I would be glad to handle this if any of your readers care to send me

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their birth dates and times, c/o FATE Magazine. It will not be possible for me to reply to letters except when I receive two coinciding birth dates. Results could eventually be reviewed in your magazine.—
Ben Geddes, Cambridge, Mass.

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"THE SAME MYSTERY"

Three times I have encountered the same sort of mystery Richard B. Osborn reported in the April issue. One day, after reading for a while in a small housekeeping room, I laid down my paper and went to the other side of the room to get something. I was certain I also had laid down my glasses, but when I returned to my chair I was unable to find them. I turned everything over, looking for them, but they were nowhere to be seen.

About a week later I was mixing some flour and water in a bowl near the gas plates. I left the room for a while and when I returned I was surprised to see my missing glasses beside the mixing bowl. Had somebody stepped into the room while I was gone? But how could anyone else in the house have obtained my glasses in the first place? And why should he have been so secretive about returning them?

A couple of years after this event I had a ticket for a football game put

away in a dresser drawer. While getting ready for the game I took the ticket out of the drawer and must have placed it on a table beside the dresser. But when ready to leave I could not find the ticket on either the table or the dresser. I looked in other places for it and searched all my pockets. I returned to the table for another look under the few objects on it. As I did so there appeared on the table what looked like a puff of white smoke about the shape and size of the ticket—and in another moment there was the ticket.

I had a third such experience about six years later. Beside an easychair was a stand which held a large ash tray. I seldom smoke and had little use for the tray except to place my glasses on it when I took them off. One evening I laid my glasses on the tray and went to the table for something. When I returned to the chair and the ash tray, my glasses were gone.

Recalling the previous happenings, I checked carefully to make certain that this present mystery was not due simply to some oversight or confusion on my part. I knew I had placed my glasses in the ash tray, but I checked into all the other things I might have done.

At last, certain my glasses were gone, I decided to go to the closet and get another pair I had in a coat pocket. I took another look at the ash tray—and there were my glasses. I guess only a poltergeist could cause such things to happen.

—D. W. Beach, Oakland, Calif.

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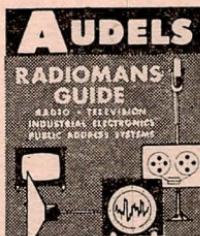
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that, in the wondrous hope of a universal unity through channels of all religions.

Some time ago, I sent you one of my experiences. When it was rejected, I had the impression that this was due to my faith in Judaism.

Now, having read the article about Miracle Rabbi Salomon Friedlander in the April issue of FATE, I proudly admit to wrong thinking. In its stead, I bless the minds that constitute FATE for its continuation of equality of speech and thought.—*Franceen Lee, Wawarsing, N.Y.*

RIO REORIENTED

An article in "My Proof of Survival," April issue, states, "Ten years after graduation, in 1911, Uncle Tom was taking a stroll in Rio de Janeiro, when, according to my mother and my grandmother, he heard his name called from the direction of some small shops . . . As he knew no one in Argentina . . ."

There might be a Rio de Janiero in Argentina, but are you sure you don't mean Brazil instead of Argentina?—*John Finn, Perth Amboy, N.J.*

Obviously Brazil is what we ALL meant!—Ed.

ACROSS THE POND

Since I began reading your magazine, it has helped me to understand my many unusual experiences.

One of my strangest experiences occurred on February 12, 1963. I had gone to bed exhausted after a hard day's work, but found myself unable to sleep. I had a troubled feeling which I was unable to explain.

An hour or more passed—and then I found I was unable to move any

REPORT FROM THE READERS

part of my body. I was wide awake and my first thought was that I'd had a stroke.

As I lay staring at the dark ceiling, I suddenly saw a large pond of muddy water. On the other side of it was my mother, who lived in Tennessee.

She begged me to wade through the water and help her as she was very ill. I protested that it was impossible for me to reach her.

At last, finding myself able to move again, I got out of bed in a cold sweat. I sat in the kitchen for a long time, too frightened to return to bed. Finally I lay down on the couch in my living room and fell asleep.

In the morning I told my husband and the operator in my shop of my experience. As I was speaking the phone rang. A hospital in Tennessee was calling to notify me that my mother was near death with pneumonia. She had been alone and trying to get help when a neighbor found her with a high fever. There had been a severe storm that night, the phone lines were down, and she had been unable to call the doctor.

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ESP VS. EVIL

Apparently Mr. Charles Pizzano of Dedham, Mass., whose letter appeared in the May issue, does not understand ESP and divine powers. No person having reached the state of divinity of the Tibetan monks, where they can transport themselves through space, etc., ever uses these gifts for aggression or evil. It would go against all their teaching and training.

These God-given gifts are not to be used lightly against a materialistic world. To the Tibetan monks, resisting the invasion by China would have been evil. They know that the Chinese transgressors will pay for their acts in the next lifetime. To live like Christ, one must accept with grace all the trials of the world.

I suggest that Mr. Pizzano do a bit of studying about reincarnation in such books as *Many Mansions*, by Gina Cerninara, and *Mansions of the Soul*, by H. Spencer Lewis. In them he will find the answer to his questions.—Yvonne A. Anderson Matteson, Ill.

MISSED: THOSE COLOFUL COVERS

Having been an ardent reader of FATE for many years, I sorely miss the colorful illustrated covers that went out, I believe, in 1960, to be replaced by the present more sophisticated, plain, respectable and business-like affair. I think that in addition to bringing back the old style covers (you should have the readers vote upon this matter), it also would be a good idea to include more illustrations, some perhaps full-page, as

these stimulate reader interest and would help sell FATE.—*Richard Martin, New York, N.Y.*

GRATITUDE

Mere words are inadequate to express my gratitude for the May issue of FATE. Curt's column was, as usual, superlative. Professor Maney's exposure of the noxious pact between government and commercialism is classic. The article about the Atta ants by Sanderson deserves highest praise and reminds us that 60-odd years ago H. G. Wells predicted in one of his books that insects finally would take over.

Why I Became A Spiritualist, by Wallace, deserves the close consideration of every person of common-sense. I have a letter written Father, by Wallace, in 1870, containing much in the present article.

My brother, who passed away in December, 1961, came to me three months ago, woke me up by shaking me, and told me of a bequest about which I knew nothing. He said I would receive a large sum in March. It came on March 17. He also told me I would outlive all my family and indications concerning my health are that it bids fair to come true.—*Dr. W. D. Chesney, Janesville, Wis.*

GRISLY GARNISH

Your articles concerning "proofs" that there is a life after death would be stimulating and hopeful for the great mass of people who want to believe—but why must you "garnish" so many of your entrees with such grisly descriptions of what one is to look like after passing on? As for me, I want to feed my mind with appetizing, wholesome, healthful,

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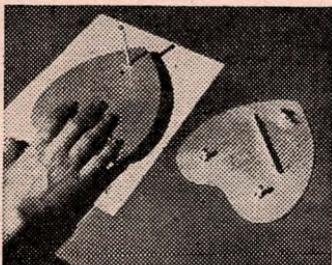
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stimulating food; just as I want to feed my stomach with good, not decaying or revolting food. Doesn't everyone?

What is agreeable or "appetizing" about "the smell of decaying flesh," "the fetid stench of death," the horrible-looking frightening faces and bodies, living a horrible life themselves as well as being devoted to frightening and injuring others? Why must you feel it so piously necessary to include those revolting details? Don't most people feel they want to feel *better*, not *worse* than they already do? Can't you just give us the pleasant facts?

So have a heart and let's feel *more happy* about there being a future life, instead of feeling we'd rather have *oblivion*, and at least *peace* after the grave!

If you *must* keep on, will you please cancel my subscription? I'd rather do without the nightmares, thank you.—George A. Posner, Los Angeles, Calif.

VANISHED STEAMBOAT

I have just re-read the June, 1959, issue of FATE, which I have been keeping all these years. What prompts me to write is the letter in this issue about a steamboat which disappeared on the Mississippi.

My grandfather, William I. Smith, and three sons vanished while going downstream—steamboat and all. My grandmother tried to find what happened to them for the rest of her life—more than 40 years.

My mother is 81 years of age, and was about nine when the steamboat mentioned in FATE was lost. I believe she was five when Grandfather's boat vanished.—M. I. Hensley, Blackwell, Okla.

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