

AND

# FATE

FALL  
1948  
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VOLUME 1

NUMBER 3

✻  
**AMERICA'S WHITE  
SUN WORSHIPPERS**

By THOR HEYERDAHL

✻  
**CHARLES FORT**

APOSTLE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

By FREDERICK CLOUSER

✻  
**ARE MARRIAGES  
MADE IN HEAVEN?**

By HERMAN M. WEISMAN

✻  
**VALLEY OF  
NEVER-COME-BACK**

By JOSEPH A. MURPHY



True Stories Of The Strange,  
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# TABLE OF CONTENTS

FALL  
1948

VOLUME 1  
NUMBER 3

# FATE

## STORIES

Factual accounts of actual experiences

|   |                              |     |
|---|------------------------------|-----|
| THE RED RIVER WITCH.....                | Frances M. Deegan            | 6   |
| THE DREAM THAT CHEATED DEATH.....       | G. H. Irwin                  | 22  |
| VALLEY OF NEVER COME BACK.....          | Joseph A. Murphy             | 26  |
| ENTER: THE DEVIL.....                   | Scott Hatfield               | 52  |
| AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS GHOST STORY ..... | Vincent H. Gaddis            | 70  |
| THE MAN WHO TALKS IN YOUR SLEEP.....    | Frank Patton                 | 82  |
| TWO GIRLS—ONE BODY.....                 | Max Freedom Long & Rex Elgin | 89  |
| PHANTOM LIGHTS IN NEVADA.....           | Kenneth Arnold               | 96  |
| THE AMAZING PROPHET OF OAK RIDGE .....  | Richard B. Gehman            | 114 |

## ARTICLES

Competent discussions on current topics

|   |                                 |     |
|---|---------------------------------|-----|
| AMERICA'S WHITE SUN WORSHIPPERS.....        | Thor Heyerdahl                  | 16  |
| CHARLES FORT—APOSTLE OF THE IMPOSSIBLE..... | Frederick Clouser               | 36  |
| ARE MARRIAGES MADE IN HEAVEN?.....          | Herman M. Weisman               | 46  |
| THE TEMPLE GIRLS OF INDIA.....              | Harry E. Wedeck                 | 58  |
| THE BLACK ART.....                          | C. N. W. Maxwell                | 62  |
| RADIOACTIVITY IN THE ATOM WAR.....          | Chester Abbott                  | 78  |
| CAIN NEVER HAD A WIFE.....                  | Gregory Kent                    | 80  |
| THE FLYING JIGSAW PUZZLE.....               | Neil Stanley & Chester S. Geier | 101 |

## FEATURES

Articles on the strange, the unusual, the unknown

|   |                   |     |
|---|-------------------|-----|
| APPENDECTOMY BY A GHOST.....                  | John D. Murphy    | 15  |
| A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE.....                | V. N. Gebhardt    | 21  |
| COTTON MATHER'S LETTER TO JOHN HIGGINSON..... |                   | 25  |
| HOLLYWOOD SUPERSTITIONS.....                  | Vincent H. Gaddis | 34  |
| BILLY BOW-LEGS AND THE HURRICANE .....        | John D. Murphy    | 44  |
| EYES IN THEIR HANDS.....                      | K. M. Warren      | 57  |
| TELEVISED IN BLOOD.....                       | Ernst Groth       | 60  |
| MATHEMATICAL GENIUS .....                     | Gilbert Rohlwing  | 69  |
| OVER THE BRIDGE OF TIME.....                  | Arnold Burt       | 77  |
| ANGELS SPOKE TO LINCOLN.....                  | Robert N. Webster | 98  |
| TRUE MYSTIC EXPERIENCES.....                  |                   | 105 |
| ECLIPSES THAT LASTED A YEAR .....             |                   | 113 |
| REPORT FROM THE READERS .....                 |                   | 121 |

Published quarterly by CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY at 139 North Clark Street, Chicago 2, Illinois. Entered as second-class matter February 9, 1948 at Post Office, Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879, additional entry at Concord, New Hampshire. We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork.

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# the Editorial

So many requests have reached us from readers, asking that FATE be brought out more often, that beginning with issue number four, which is the one immediately following this one, we will publish FATE every two months instead of every three months. Later, if it seems there is sufficient demand for it, we will attempt to put FATE on a monthly basis. Of course we are delighted at the reception being given to FATE, and our efforts will continue to be directed toward a better magazine each issue. Along those lines, we appreciate the many letters of suggestion we have already received, and we hope that you will continue to tell us what you'd like to read in FATE. It's *your* magazine, and what you say, goes!

THE OTHER DAY a prominent New York magazine editor made so bold as to comment to us that FATE wouldn't last, as he put it. The reason, he went on to explain was very simple—once a magazine dealing in the "occult" (that's what he said we dealt in!) began to call its articles true, it was the same as signing its own death warrant. Now, in our career, we've heard a great many opinions advanced on dangerous editorial practices, but this is the first time we've ever heard it said that telling the truth was deadly! If by any chance there are any of our readers who have similar ideas concerning FATE, let's correct them right now. FATE pre-

sents no fiction—it gives you only the truth, insofar as it can determine the truth, concerning the unusual, the mysterious, the strange events of our world and its peoples. Nor is FATE an "occult" magazine. True, it has the courage to present the unknown, giving details as completely as it can concerning things which may be called, and in fact are, occult. The word means: hidden, concealed, secret, invisible. Occultism is: inquiring into the mysterious or supernatural. Thus, FATE can be called an occult magazine, because it does pry into the mysterious, and does uncover the hidden. But it does a great deal more than that. It gives you the chance to think about such things for yourself. It doesn't "explain" them or "explain them away." It flings dogmatic precepts to one side, and disdains "dictated thought." It will have no part of "belief" just for the sake of believing, nor does it have "blind faith" in anything. It asks to see what proof there is, and passes it on untampered and undistorted. If something doesn't fit already known facts, FATE doesn't try to twist it until it does fit, and then forget about it. And if so doing means we're going to go under, so be it. But we predict that we will *not* go under, and that we are correct in believing that the average man wants, as a part of his freedom, the freedom of personal thinking, of personal investigation, and of personal analysis as well as all the oth-

er freedoms. We are no longer sheep who can be driven by blustering words, sly propaganda, and outright lies. Just let the common man know the truth, and let him think out things for himself, and we'll have an end to war, to party politics, to senseless spending and equally senseless taxation, and to ignorance, selfishness and greed. You won't be *tricked*, nor made a fool of, in the pages of FATE!

IN LINE WITH the foregoing statement, FATE does not claim that when it presents the truth, it is always infallible. The editors are human, and can be tricked. They can be hoodwinked. They can be lied to, and can repeat the lie in good faith. The main point is, the editors themselves will not lie. Thus, we want to state that at least one incident presented in the Summer issue of FATE has failed to stand the test of proof. We refer to Kenneth Arnold's article "Are Space Visitors Here?" In that article, we mentioned a mysterious globe or disk seen on the Crow River, in Canada, and presented a strange photo, said to be all that the camera recorded of one of those disks descending into the water. When we asked for the original negative, we were informed it had been destroyed. Also, a request for further information was not answered. We present these facts as we do everything else in FATE; make up your own mind about them. Personally, your editor suggests at least one way that photo could have been faked—by detonating an explosive beneath the water, and snapping the picture at the moment of the ex-

plosion. But as to the balance of Mr. Arnold's article, we stand on the evidence, and every other item mentioned in it has stood the test of proof. Now that is has been revealed that our armed forces have "flying disks" of their own, we are even more sure. Our army technicians are no dummies—they know a good thing when they *see* it!

IT IS QUITE true that the future is occult. . . that is, it is hidden. So let's look into the future and see if we can learn anything about it from the few *facts* we have at our disposal. Let's present those facts, and then let's think about them: America—and in fact every nation in the world—is preparing for the future. And how are they preparing? They are building atomic weapons, manufacturing atom bombs, doing research into new atomic possibilities; they are arming to the teeth; they are setting up a "balance of power"; they are dividing the world into two camps. Worst of all they are bombarding the helpless common man with a deluge of propaganda which has him in a dizzy whirl, and which is slowly driving him to anger—against other common men! They are driving prices ever higher and higher, and operating costs even more so, until only the already rich can afford to launch new enterprises. They have erected a mountain of debt only runaway inflation can wipe out, and which depression would make catastrophic and totally ruinous. They have made war a business, and talked peaceful citizens into military partnership.

Taxes are higher than income, considering the number of times each individual dollar is taxed. All this in the name of peace! They say the only way to insure peace is to prepare for war with such a gigantic war machine that nobody would dare attack us. They say this is fact, and are doing it at the common man's expense, whether he likes it or not. But is it *true*? Will more soldiers, more battleships, more bombs, more implements of murder and destruction bring peace? Is world peace a matter of everybody being fully prepared to *destroy and completely annihilate* his neighbor? Was it true in Hitler's Germany? Was it true in Caesar's Rome? Was it true in Amen-Ho-Tep's Egypt? Was it true in Cro-Magnon's cave? No! Then why are we doing it? And "we" doesn't mean just Americans—it means Russians, French, Britons, Chinese, Turks, Jews, Arabs, and Hottentots. It means the common man, the citizen of the planet Earth. Why are we doing what we *know* won't work? Who's making us do it? Who's lying to us? Who's fooling us? Why don't we think before we act? It's our *fate* that's hanging in the balance! It's our *future*, our lives, we're building. Is the future *really* unknown? Is the final result of all this arming to the teeth something you would call *unknown*? No, it's the surest thing of all—we're on the highroad to hell, and we *know* it! Then why don't we turn around and go the other way?

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SPEAKING OF peace, here's an example of how it's done: When

William Penn went into Indian territory to build a "city of brotherly love" he went unarmed. He was firmly convinced that the only way to be peaceful was to proceed as if you intended to be peaceful—and a peaceful man has no need of weapons. He expressed it to the Indians in these words: "The great God hath written His Law in our hearts, by which we are taught and commanded to love and help do good to one another. It is not our custom to bear hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, but to do good. We are now met on the broad pathway to good faith and good will, so that no advantage may be taken on either side, but all is to be openness, brotherhood and love, while all are to be treated as the same flesh and blood." When we remember that all the other colonies of the Atlantic seaboard were engaged in bloody Indian wars, and many settlements were attacked, inhabitants slaughtered, and their buildings burned, it becomes evident that the militarists of that day were wrong, too. They would have warned Penn that the only way to be safe from attack was to be well-armed. History tells us that Penn was the only one who was never attacked, and who enjoyed uninterrupted peace and prosperity.

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SCIENCE HAS always been interesting to us, and we've devoured each new discovery as it was made. We read a lot of books, and we found that a lot of little people had made pretty big discoveries—and it add-

ed up to this super-scientific world of today. But to date, we've noticed that none of the basic questions have been answered, or even understood as a problem. The Why of things, the How of them, the Whither? Until one day we learned a very simple trick—best expressed by the first philosopher who said: "There's nothing new under the sun." We began to look at the things around us, for an example to illustrate the things we didn't know. We figured out, long ago, that the spiral nebulae in space were no different than a whirlwind of dust on a country road—so we looked at those country road whirlwinds and watched what they did. We found that they left little piles of dust neatly at their centers when they died away. That little pile of dust would have been spherical if it hadn't been deposited on the Earth's surface in its giant gravitational field. So we knew how worlds and suns were formed out in space. We were much flattered, a few weeks ago, to see that science had at last made that tremendous discovery. Huge whirlpools in space drive matter to their centers, where it accumulates and finally, because of its growing mass pressure, becomes incandescent and presto, we have a sun; and smaller, attendant whirlpools form planets, which become a retinue of worlds capable of producing life. Great thing, science—but the common man can make all its discoveries himself, without a single degree tacked onto his name, by using his eyes and his head. For every big thing, there's a little thing which can serve as an illustra-

tion, a blueprint, a pattern. And, in line with that, have you ever noticed that snowflakes, although each is different in design from the other, are almost invariably if not invariably, six-sided? We wonder if that isn't the pattern for the design of all matter? Maybe the atom scientists might do well to wonder about it too!

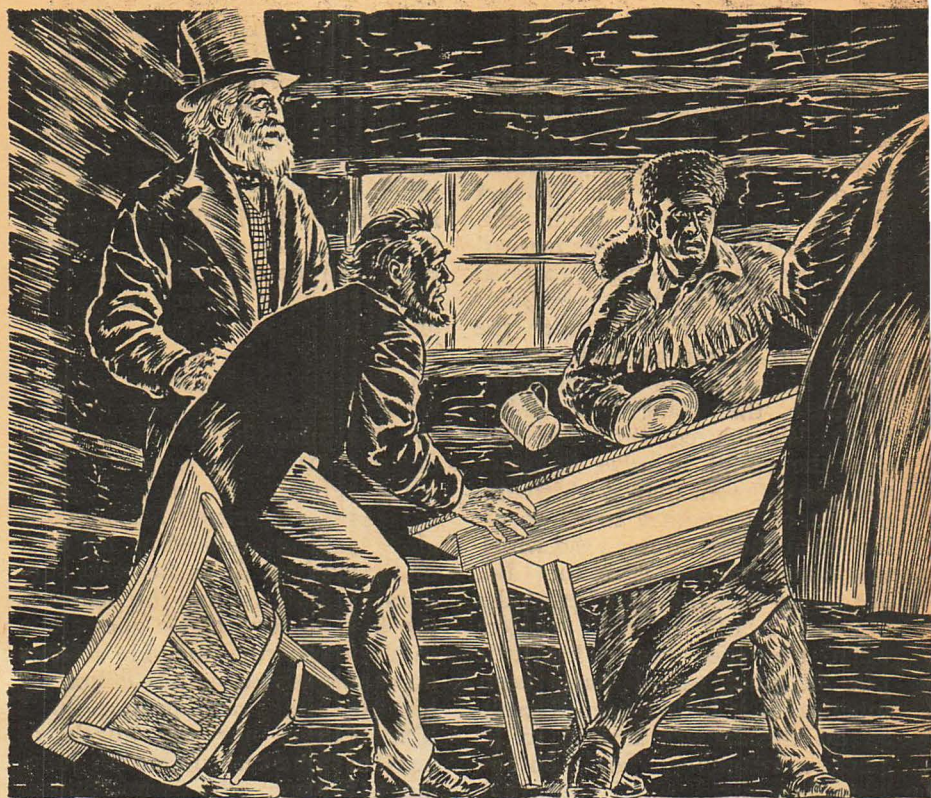
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PAGING ABOUT in the book *Oahspe*, we ran across one of our readers! We recognized him because of his description: A great man is the unbelieving man; he is without spiritual sight or spiritual hearing; his glory is in understanding his own understanding. It is he who subdues the forest, tames the beasts of the field to service. He goes alone in the dark, unafraid. He follows no man's course, but searches for himself; the priest cannot make him believe, nor the angels of heaven; none can subdue his judgment. He says: why permit others, even priests, to think for you? Stand on your own feet—be a man! Through his arm are tyrants and evil kings overthrown. Through him are doctrines and religions sifted to the bottom and the falsehood and evil in them cast aside. Who but the Creator could have created so great a man as the unbeliever?

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IF YOU'VE READ this far, you've noticed our editorial is longer than in previous issues. That's because you asked for it. We're flattered, and pleased, and we'll try not to waste this space! Your comments will be welcomed and appreciated.

Robert N. Webster



# THE RED RIVER WITCH

*by Frances M. Deegan*

The Bell Witch was the most sensational ghost that ever haunted the American scene. She attracted the attention of the great General Andrew Jackson, and in a personal encounter, sent him fleeing in panic.



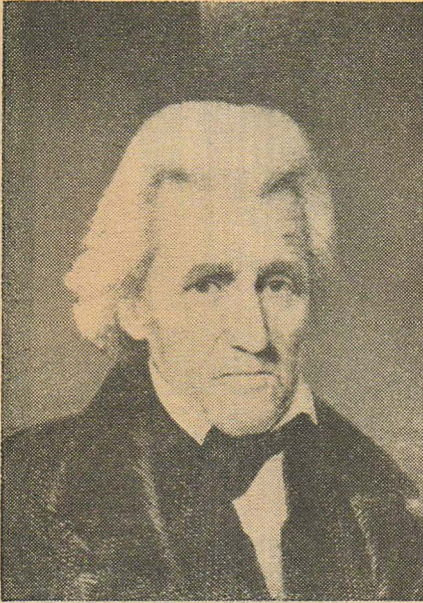
*Busby was pulled violently toward the door by his nose, and the next thing Andrew Jackson and his fellow ghost hunters knew, they saw him fly through it and land in a heap outside.*

**T**HE Nashville Inn was cloudy with smoke and noisy with talk of politics, land deals, horse thieves and the tobacco crop. As always, the talk got around to Robertson County and the latest news of the Bell Witch.

There were some mighty wild tales going around about that old woman's ghost, and naturally the more enlightened folks just laughed and shook their heads over such

superstitious beliefs; but they listened to the stories all the same.

On this particular night there happened to be a man present who had just come from the Bell farm, and he stated unequivocally that the old woman had cussed him out and kept him awake all night, hammering on the wall and howling dirty songs. He said he wouldn't spend another night in the Bell farmhouse, not if all his business



GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON

dealings depended on it. If he did any more business with John Bell, he said, he'd do it from a safe distance.

Also present that night were six or seven high-spirited young fellows who wouldn't hesitate to face the Devil himself. One of them was General Andrew Jackson, who had made quite a name for himself when he whipped the British and chased them home. Another was a man named Busby, who claimed he was a witch-killer from 'way back, and he'd be willing to bet he could face the old Bell Witch and calm her once and for all. They all agreed that this was an excellent thing to do, and General Jackson proceeded to organize the party for an early morning start on the witch-killing expedition. They were out

for sport, of course, but they were also more than half in earnest. And for good reasons.

John Bell was no poor backwoods trash, he was a man of substance and considerable influence. He came from over in North Carolina to take up his land grants for a thousand acres along the Red River in Robertson County, Tennessee. It took twelve big wagons to carry his household goods, and his eleven children, and all his slaves, and he put up one of the finest houses in the country on his new land.

There was no foolishness about John Bell, he saw to it that everybody did their full share of work, and devoted the proper time and attention to religion, too. As a prominent member of the Baptist

Church he was dead set against sinners, and his family knelt for prayer before every meal, and learned the Gospels by heart. He headed the posse when there was a horse-thief to be caught and hanged, he spoke forcefully at political rallies, and he accumulated cash money and more land faster than anybody else in the country.

Everybody agreed that he was a shrewd business man and nobody ever got the best of him in a deal. If there was any harsher criticism than that, it was never said very loud, because John Bell was too important to be criticized out in the open. A stern, pious, upstanding citizen like that was above reproach. That is, he was until he made a deal with Kate Batts.

Kate was a cantankerous old widow-woman, and some said she was a witch, but she had some rich bottom land that adjoined John Bell's holdings and he wanted it. He beat her down to his price and closed the deal. Then the old woman got to thinking it over, and the more she thought, the less satisfied she was with the bargain she had made. The madder she got, the more she talked about it, until finally she was going around saying right out that John Bell had cheated her because she was a lone widow with no husband to protect her.

John Bell paid no attention to her complaining. He dismissed it with the remark that a bargain was a bargain, and the parties that made it should stick to it. But Old Kate never got over it, and she continued to make dark threats till the day of her death.

"I'll get even with him if I have to come back from my grave," she said. "I'll haunt John Bell and all his kith and kin. I'll drive him to his death!"

It was not long after Old Kate was in her grave that queer things began to happen around the Bell farmhouse. At first it seemed as if it was just nervousness or superstition on the part of the children and the house slaves, and John Bell was pretty harsh about it, and laid down the law about giving in to such foolish imaginings.

He said the soft tappings in the walls were made by the logs seasoning and settling; and the scratching and slithering was made by field mice. Nevertheless the noises kept getting louder, and the whole household was aware of the sudden sharp raps and the sibilant whispering sounds. Bell forbade anybody to mention it, but that did not put a stop to the nervousness. Everybody was on edge and something was bound to happen sooner or later to bring the whole thing out in the open.

It happened to the youngest girl, Betsy, who was also her father's favorite. Betsy went into the woods with two little friends to pick wildflowers. They came screaming out of the woods in hysterics, shrieking about a little green woman hanging up in a locust tree, who gibbered and squealed and spit at them and stuck out a long black tongue.

That night the noises in the house got worse. There was a thin, screeching whistle that got on everybody's nerves and left them raw. After a couple of days there was a



FRANCES M. DEEGAN

mewing, plaintive and monotonous, like lost kittens, and finally one night a shrill, thin woman's voice broke through, reciting Scripture. It went on and on, and at last John's wife, Lucy, asked:

"Oh, what is that? Who are you?"

"I'm anything and everything. I'm here, there and everywhere!" the scratchy voice came back. Then it whistled a tune and broke off to say, "I'm Old Kate Batts' spirit, that's what!"

It wasn't only the Bell family who heard these things. There was at that time a young schoolmaster living with them, named Richard Powell. Bell had put up a one-room log schoolhouse on his land and hired the teacher for his own and the neighbor's children. Powell was a likeable young man, studious and pious and minding his own business, and he fitted right into the Bell household like one

of the family. He and John Bell saw eye to eye about a good many things, not the least of which was their mutual fondness for young Betsy. Therefore they shared their concern for Betsy when the attentions of Old Kate seemed to center on the girl.

Betsy was a pretty little thing with blue eyes and golden yellow hair, and soon after Old Kate had announced herself, she began to torment the child, hissing at her, pinching and slapping, and yanking the yellow curls until Betsy was constantly having crying fits. All this time—except for the experience Betsy had in the woods when she claimed to have seen the little green woman—nobody ever saw Old Kate. But they all heard her, and it was not long before everybody in the Red River district knew about the queer goings-on at the Bell place, in spite of John Bell's stern admonition never to speak of

*Frances M. Deegan was born certain years ago, which makes her about thirty-two. She is one of the most prolific pulp fiction writers in America, having had her stories published in great numbers in such magazines as the leading detective pulps, and also in top-notch westerns. However, she has a hobby, and it is the writing of stories for the super-science and fantasy magazines. She delights in giving free play to her vivid imagination. But in writing for FATE, she is catering to her first love, the study of the unknown. Mysticism is a wide streak in her makeup, and her life is much colored by her beliefs. She vouches for the accuracy of the details contained in this witch story, which were the object of a WPA writers' project in Chicago during the great depression of 1929-33. Her references are unimpeachable.*

the affair to strangers.

Being a man of affairs, people were always coming and going at the Bell house, and they too, began to hear Old Kate. Her scratchy voice would come out of thin air to break into a conversation, and then she would call John Bell vile names in that high, nasal whine. Loud, coarse laughter would start from all over the house, and then Kate would take to singing hymns in a nerve-wracking screech. She interfered at meals, too, sliding dishes around the table and upsetting things, mostly on John Bell and Betsy. Sometimes a dish would fly through the air all by itself and smash against the wall.

A good many people got the notion that the Bell family was just cutting up and putting on a good show. With a house full of lively young ones—nine boys and two girls, this was a logical thing to expect, and people started coming

from near and far to join in the fun. They came from the east coast states and as far away as New England; but it didn't take them long to realize that the grim-faced John Bell was not the type to stand for any such monkey-business on the part of his sternly disciplined family.

Furthermore, Old Kate was improving her technique as she went along, developing tricks that could convince the most hard-headed skeptic; and terrifying a good many who were not so hard-headed, by pointing out details of their lives which they would much prefer to keep hidden.

There was the time a bale of sheepskins disappeared from a farm nearby, and Kate pointed out the thief in front of a number of people who were visiting the Bell house by asking him point-blank what he had done with them. That man left in a hurry and he didn't

stop until he was clean out of the state.

She tattled on philandering husbands, and cackled at wives who were making sheep's eyes at some other man. Any business deal that was not strictly on the up-and-up was sure to be mentioned by Kate at the most inconvenient time. She seemed to know everybody's business, and talk about it. And then she would attend prayer meeting and mock them all by singing louder and praying longer than any one there. She dumfounded the preachers whenever they held forth on some scriptural teaching by quoting Scripture right back at them to prove they were wrong. And at revival meetings she really cut loose, shrieking and wailing and moaning until she drowned them all out. It is on record that she broke up more than one meeting, and destroyed the work of strong-minded preachers like Sugg Fort and James Gunn. But her religious antics were mild compared to her drunken sprees.

One after another Kate raided the neighbors' stillhouses and made her way back to the Bell homestead, cursing and yelling and singing bawdy songs at the top of her voice. She smashed lamps, threw furniture out the windows and kicked and pounded John Bell and his daughter Betsy until they were black and blue. She kept the whole house in hysterics until the liquor wore off; but always, drunk or sober, she concentrated her efforts on John Bell and Betsy. The other members of the family came in for a fair share of shoves and slaps, all except Mrs. Bell and the school-

master, Richard Powell. For some reason Old Kate was sympathetic toward these two, and even lowered her voice to a gentle tone when she spoke to them.

All this time, no matter what else she was engaged in, Old Kate kept after John Bell day in and day out, reminding him of her grudge and promising to hound him to his death and to ruin Betsy's life. No matter where he was or what he was doing, it got to be a common thing to see the austere Bell suddenly jump and clap a hand to the seat of his pants or some other part of his anatomy as if he had been stuck with a needle. Again he would be sitting soberly at table when the food would be snatched off his plate and flung in his face.

For a short while Old Kate had some friends visiting her at the Bell farm. Their names were Blackdog, Cycography, Mathematics and Jerusalem. They each had a different voice, and sometimes it sounded as if they were all drunk and brawling and scrapping among themselves. Finally Old Kate got fed up with them herself, and chased them out of the house with a good deal of profane noise.

Every once in a while the Bell family started making plans to move out of the county to some state far away, but Old Kate always butted in to point out the disadvantages of moving, and the loss involved in disposing of the extensive holdings John Bell had by now acquired. She always ended by assuring him that she would move right along with him anyway.

"I'll follow you to the ends of

the earth," she said. "You ought to know that by now, you old fool!"

John Bell had long since given up trying to conceal the ghostly persecution from the world at large. As time went on, there were more and more witnesses to the activities of the discarnate Bell Witch. Reliable witnesses, people of standing and some authority, such as lawyers and merchants, ministers and doctors, all bore testimony to the fact that an invisible being which declared it was Old Kate Batts was present and active at the Bell farmhouse and in the country round about. Often when pious neighbors gathered at the Bell home to pray and speak of religious matters, the whole house would suddenly be filled with a horrid stench that got worse and worse until the pious ones were driven out into the yard, and then Old Kate would taunt them with their piety.

"It's too bad you folks can't seem to put up with the odor of your own sanctity!" she would screech.

As Betsy grew older, Old Kate began to interfere with her love affairs, except in the case of the schoolmaster, whose fondness for Betsy seemed to increase as time went on. Betsy, however, seemed to favor a young man named Joshua Gardner. Josh was a brash young man who had tangled with the witch more than once and refused to be intimidated by her devilment. So Kate kept dinning at Betsy to beware of Josh Gardner, to send him packing, or she would suffer terrible consequences all the rest of her life. If Betsy planned to go to a party with Josh,

all manner of things went wrong. Burrs got in her hair, her clothes ripped and tore when she tried to put them on, something got into her eyes and blinded her, and eventually poor Betsy would be reduced to helpless tears of frustration, and had to be put to bed.

This was the state of affairs at the Bell farm on the day that Andrew Jackson and his friends arrived to slay the witch, or silence the outrageous tales for all time. The carriage had no sooner crossed the boundary of the Bell land when the wheels stuck. The driver flailed at the horses and he cursed until he was blue in the face, but the carriage would not move. Jackson looked out of the carriage, could see no obstruction, and began to berate the driver for such crazy carryings-on. The driver replied that the wheels were locked and wouldn't move forward or backward, no matter what.

Suddenly there was a squalling that seemed to come from directly overhead.

"There, you see, General?" Kate's voice jeered. "All right, you can go on now, but I'll see you later!" Whereupon the carriage gave a lurch and rolled on.

By the time the carriage reached the house, Old Kate had the place in an uproar. She overturned furniture, threw dishes, and sang and cursed at a nerve-wracking pitch. No sooner were the beds made up for the guests than all the bed-clothes were snatched off and scattered all over the house.

Busby, the self-styled witch-killer, hastily primed his pistol and loaded it with a silver bullet. "Here

I am!" Kate's voice cackled at him. "Go ahead and shoot me, old witch-killer! Just try it!"

Busby aimed in the direction of the voice and pulled the trigger. The gun clicked harmlessly and refused to explode. Before Busby could examine it, his long nose was seen to twist and he seemed to be trying to back away from something. Whatever it was, it wouldn't let go of his nose and he was soon yelling and hopping up and down in a ridiculous horn-pipe. Then he was pulled toward the door, tripping and stumbling, and the next thing they knew he went flying out the door and landed in a heap. He scrambled to his feet and ran like blazes toward the turnpike.

Old Kate screeched and yammered after him, and then turned to Jackson.

"There's some more frauds in your party, General. I'll show 'em all up like that. Just you wait!"

But they didn't wait. They had had enough, and the General led them all in a hasty retreat back to the Nashville Inn. Jackson never denied it either. "By the Eternal!" he said, when he was asked about it, "I'd rather fight the British again than have any dealings with that torment called the Bell Witch!"

It was about a year after Jackson's visit that John Bell died suddenly during the night. There was a poison bottle on a chair beside the bed, and Old Kate was blamed for that. As a matter of fact, she was silent for a long while after John Bell was buried. And then along in 1839 Betsy Bell was about to announce her engagement to her

favored suitor, Josh Gardner, and Old Kate came back.

She announced herself suddenly at a family picnic, and old Mrs. Bell started crying.

"Hush your noise now," Old Kate said. "I've come back to make sure that Betsy don't marry Josh Gardner. Don't you dast do it, Betsy! I'll make your two lives a Hell on earth if you do!"

Old Kate screeched and yelled and sang for a while, just to show she was as good as ever, and then she declared:

"Well, I'm going now, but I'll be back in a hundred years. There's somethin' turrible bad goin' ter happen 'round about that time, an' I want to be on hand to see it. Yessir, it's goin' ter have its start right here in Tennessee, an' it's goin' to be bad news for the whole blamed Nation!"

As a result of this visit, Betsy broke her engagement to Josh, and a few days later Josh left the county and went off to Texas, and was never heard of again. In time Betsy married schoolmaster Powell, as Old Kate had wanted her to do in the beginning, and if she ever had any more visits from the witch, they were never mentioned.

Whether Old Kate kept her promise to come back around 1939, nobody seems to know for sure. If she did, she probably saw the Oak Ridge Project come to life down there in Tennessee, and she certainly knows by this time what that "turrible bad" thing was that was started there, and why the whole Nation still looks on the Atom Bomb as bad news.

# APPENDECTOMY BY A GHOST

by *John D. Murphy*

**Dr. Do Amaral came back from the dead to operate!**

**I**N the city of Pindamonhangaba, Brazil, the ghost of a physician dead for 20 years performed a successful operation on one of the citizens who was suffering from appendicitis.

The story begins when Zabeau Kauffman, a Spiritualist medium, contacted Dr. Do Amaral, a leading physician in the city, and advised him that his deceased father, who had also been a doctor, wished his son converted to Spiritualism. To do so, the elder Dr. Do Amaral had agreed to perform an operation upon Ricardo De Bernardi, who was suffering from appendicitis.

The younger Dr. Do Amaral refused to be convinced at first. But upon hearing of the elaborate arrangements that Kauffman had made so that the operation might be a "scientific test" of Spiritualism, he consented.

De Bernardi was examined by 11 physicians in the town. All agreed that he had chronic appendicitis. As an extra safeguard, a specialist from out of town was called in to make X-ray photographs. The plates confirmed the diagnosis. De Bernardi had appendicitis.

Forty prominent townspeople were on hand as witnesses—lawyers, business men, and the 11 physicians, including the younger Dr. Do Amaral.

De Bernardi was placed in a small room that had only one door. He was strapped to a table; the win-

dows were sealed; surgical instruments and equipment were placed on a nearby table. After examining the room to their satisfaction, the 40 witnesses left to take up their vigil just outside the door which was closed and sealed, after the lights had been turned out. Outside the house, policemen were stationed to see that no one entered or left.

For two hours the witnesses waited. Then a mysterious voice, which Dr. Do Amaral said was that of his dead father, announced that the operation was over. The witnesses filed into the room and found De Bernardi still strapped to the table. There was a neat incision, expertly sewn, on his abdomen. In a glass jar on a nearby table was a human appendix.

De Bernardi stated that the spirit of the dead doctor had come to him shortly after the others had left the room. He said that he could hear sounds as if the spirit were washing its hands. Then he felt hands on his body. A low voice constantly reassured him that he would feel no pain and that everything would be all right.

De Bernardi said that he had felt no pain, although he had been conscious throughout the entire operation. Several days later, De Bernardi was again X-rayed and this time the pictures showed that his appendix had been removed!

THE END

# AMERICA'S WHITE SUN WORSHIPPERS

by *Thor Heyerdahl* As told to Birt Darling.

**The famed scientist who proved by float-  
ing across the Pacific on a balsa raft that the  
ancient Peruvians could have settled Polynesia, tells  
his proof of an ancient white race in America.**

**W**HILE the six of us, members of the "Kon-Tiki" Expedition, were drifting across the Pacific from Peru to Polynesia during those 101 days in 1947, we had plenty of time to think about the ancient race whose trail we were following.

Coasting along on the Humboldt Current in a balsa raft—the same kind of raft we were very certain that the "Tiki" people had used to escape their enemies—we felt a strange sense of kinship to this fair-skinned race of sun-worshippers which had sailed into the unknown from Peru about 500 A. D.

We set out to prove that prehistoric South Americans could have crossed the Pacific to the far-flung islands from Polynesia to New Zealand. We ended by picking up clues to a fascinating new mystery.

Who were America's white sun-worshippers?

Evidence we picked up points to

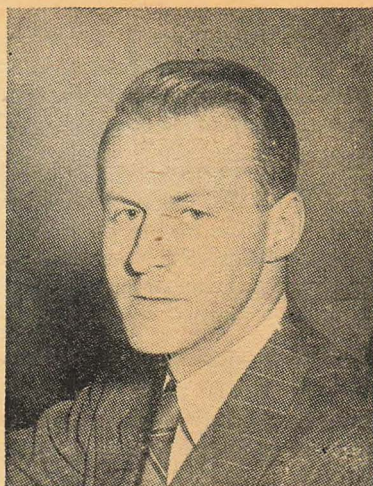
the fact that "missionaries" of this highly-civilized pre-Incan race ranged far and wide, spreading their gospel as far as the Great Lakes and British Columbia, bringing culture to stone-age savages of another race—the American Indian.

Many a North and South American tribe has its pet legend of fair-skinned, bearded people who came to bring strange new teachings.

We know that the Mound-Builders were Indians. But they were on a much higher plane than the Indians the early French and English explorers found. From somewhere, in the centuries after the death of Christ, they learned how to become expert artisans and erect great monuments. And, moving down the Mississippi Valley, the closer you get to South and Central America, the greater these monuments became.

But the culture of the Mound-Builder, the Pyramid Temple-

*Thor Heyerdahl was born October 6, 1914 at Narvik, Norway. He attended the University of Oslo and later of Berlin, specializing in Polynesian ethnology. Wrote his book "The Hunt For Paradise" in 1938. Joined the Free Norwegian Air Force in Britain after Norway's fall, parachuting back into Norway in the reoccupation. He set out to prove his theories, and organized an expedition to cross the Pacific from Peru to Tahiti with five companions on a balsa raft. He has a wife and two children. His new research concerns the white race he thinks existed in 300 B.C. in the Americas. Member New York Explorers Club.*



Acme Photo

Builder and others died out centuries before Columbus arrived.

It is as though the source of that culture had suddenly been smashed!

And that is exactly the theory to which the Kon-Tiki Expedition's findings point.

That is why the stone faced statues of Easter Island gazed silently out to sea, their inhabitants long dead; why the sun-circle dirt enclosures of Ohio stood with great trees growing on their rims when Sieur De LaSalle strode among them in the 1660's.

Let us slip back to the South America of about 300 B. C.

The Mayas of what is now Yucatan, Mexico, and Guatemala, were little better than savages, hunting and tilling their meagre crops in jungle clearings. The Incas were at the same uncivilized level. The Aztecs would not rule Mexico for more than 1,000 years to come.

Upon this scene came a little group of intruders. From what we

know of them, they could have been Phoenician sea-rovers, blown far off their course or bent upon opening new frontiers. We are not sure. But they were not a dark-skinned race. They were not Indians.

Wherever they came from, they settled in time in Tiahuanaco, near Lake Titicaca in Bolivia, close to the Peruvian border as we know it today.

Revered by the natives for their leadership, they set up a hierarchy like that of the Incas who were to follow centuries later.

But—and this is significant—these first great rulers of the Americas did not call themselves "Inca," the traditional title of rulership. They called themselves "Tiki" (pronounced teé-ka).

"Tiki" is a title, usually with the pre-fix "Kon," which means "Sun." "Tiki" is not translatable, but indicates "ruler."

Digging into the mythology of

the later Incas, we find that the last Kon-Tiki was defeated in war by the predecessors of the Incas (probably by the ancestors of the Incas).

In a great battle of the day, most of the Kon-Tiki's people were massacred. Here was a great drama being enacted in the so-called New World about the time that Rome was falling before the Goths and Vandals.

The mythology of the Incas hints that some of the Kon-Tiki's people escaped, making their way to the Peruvian coast, where they hastily built balsa rafts of the type they had sailed on the calm waters of Lake Titicaca, and which you may still see there today.

It was upon this slender bit of evidence that we decided to launch the "Kon-Tiki Expedition" of 1947. The Inca myths said some of the light-skinned Tiki people escaped "toward the setting sun" in huge balsa rafts.

Not much credence was ever given this myth. How could a balsa raft live upon the vast Pacific? The ethnologists and archaeologists didn't believe it could, and we weren't too sure.

With many misgivings, and a notable lack of backers, we shoved our raft out onto the Pacific on that April day in 1947.

We had one other thing to go upon, beside the old Incan myth: The Humboldt Current flows from east to west, *away* from South America and toward the Polynesians, 365 days a year—and never toward it.

That saved us. Fourteen hundred years before, it saved the Kon-Tiki people.

The pre-Incas who drove the Kon-Tiki race into the sea described them as "light-colored with strong beard." We found that on all the islands of the Pacific the natives say their "ancestors" had light-colored skin.

This could be a result of centuries of dealing with Europeans—but it isn't. Records show that the first Europeans to explore the Pacific found certain families having blonde hair and blue eyes. Members of these families called themselves "Uru-Kehu," and claimed direct descent from the first people to settle the islands.

The darker-skinned Polynesians themselves give credit to this light-colored race of sun-worshippers for the construction of huge walls and monoliths in human likeness (such as we find at Easter Island). These structures, I might add, are remarkably similar to those of Peru and Bolivia. I might also add, as a clincher, that "Uru-Kehu," in Polynesian, means "red hair!"

One of the most amazing shreds of evidence we picked up, from the linguistic standpoint, was the universal use of the word "Tiki" in the Polynesians, as far west as New Zealand.

The natives all say that a certain leader brought their ancestors to the islands; that his name was "Tiki," and that he was the "Son of the Sun."

Aside from the amazing fact that a word has spread intact over half the globe without having been changed, is the irrefutable evidence of plant cultivation.

In both Peru and Polynesia the sweet potato and the gourd were



BIRT DARLING

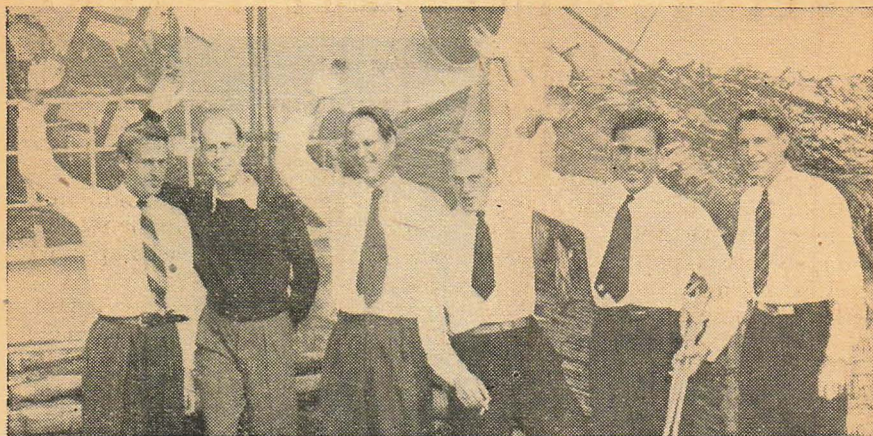
*Birt Darling, to whom Thor Heyerdahl told this story, is a newspaperman with 20 years experience. He is now free-lancing, and appears regularly in more than 18 publications and syndicates. Does amateur Indian mound and village site investigation for the University of Michigan Museum of Anthropology and is a member of the American Association of Variable Star Observers and of the American Meteor Society. Is a personal friend of Thor Heyerdahl and his associates.*

the two most important plants. These vegetables could not possibly have propagated themselves across a wide stretch of water, under their own power!

And we know why other plants, such as maize or corn, failed to show up on the Pacific islands. They simply could not be adapted to other soils and climes, or else they couldn't survive the journey. We know. The only plants which survived our expedition were—the sweet potato and the gourd!

The clues we found seemed to fit into the jigsaw puzzle of the mystery of these American sun-worshippers with a smoothness almost too good to be true. For instance, we found that "kumara" is the name for the sweet potato in both Peru and the Pacific islands—a strange thing, considering the difference in languages.

Botanists have proved that the sweet potato originated in South America. This is the only place in the world where it grows wild.



Acme Photo

*These Scandinavian scientists worked to prove that pre-Inca inhabitants of South America could have lived in the Polynesian Islands of the South Pacific. They built a raft and sailed it 4,360 miles without power. Left to right they are Thor Heyerdahl, Bengt Danielsson, Erik Hesselberg, Torstein Raaby, Herman Vatzinger and Knut Haugland. It took them 101 days to make the dangerous journey.*

You'll find it in the Pacific, but only where carefully cultivated.

Your Polynesian, when first discovered by European explorers four hundred years ago, and even the elders of today who have not entirely forgotten the ancient legends, would point toward the east and say: "Tiki brought the first sweet potato here from his homeland. His home was in the heart of the sun."

And your Polynesian knew, centuries before Europeans knew, that the world was round. They had a word meaning "equator." They knew of five planets, and navigated over distances of hundreds of miles among the islands. They knew 200 stars. They were good astronomers.

They didn't become good as-

tronomers through influence from the East Indies and Indonesia, as some ethnologists have tended to believe in the past. The peoples of the East Indies were backward in astronomy—and they never had heard about the sweet potato until fairly recent times.

The mythological or "culture hero" of the Americas is everywhere. He was "Quetzalcoatl" in Mexico and "Kukulkan" in Yucatan. He was "Xue" in Venezuela and "Bochica" in Columbia. But he was always fair-haired and long-bearded. We can conclude that no one man could have covered so much ground. We can conclude that fair-haired, long-bearded *white* or light-skinned missionaries of the Kon-Tiki were everywhere.

THE END

# A GLIMPSE INTO THE FUTURE

by *V. N. Gebhardt*

## The startling experience of a United States Senator

CHAUNCEY DEPEW, famed United States Senator and raconteur from New York, had a strange experience in October, 1898, on the day before a political convention was to meet and nominate Theodore Roosevelt for Governor of New York. Depew, in a personal letter to Professor Newbold of the University of Pennsylvania, said that the following account, published in a newspaper of that day, "is substantially true as written:"

"On Saturday afternoon, before the Republican convention was to meet, Mr. Depew went to the Country Club at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, which was his temporary home, and after luncheon he went out upon the piazza, from which a beautiful vista across the Hudson can be obtained.

"He sat there, lazily intent upon the scenery, which was especially agreeable to a man who for a week had been in the thick of the most exciting business undertakings. By and by, the vista seemed to pass away. He saw as vividly as though the scene were real the convention hall in Saratoga. He saw the delegates stroll in. He looked at the presiding officer, whose name he did not know, as he called the convention to order.

"He heard the temporary chairman's speech. He saw the various details of preliminary organization. All the work in the convention was as vivid as though he were a part

of it at the moment. Then at last he saw Mr. Quigg make a motion for the nomination of candidates, and heard the brief comment with which Mr. Quigg accompanied that motion.

"He did not, as a matter of fact, know that Mr. Quigg was to make that motion; nevertheless he saw him do it. He said to himself, 'Your time is come for your speech placing Roosevelt in nomination.' He saw himself rise, address the chair, and heard himself deliver the speech and felt the glow of satisfaction at its reception, which is the highest reward of eloquence.

"After that, the convention hall, the voices of the orators, the faces of the delegates faded away as in a dream, and Mr. Depew again saw the vista of the Hudson and the distant mountains across the stream. He got up, went to his room and wrote out with his own hand the speech, exactly as he in fact delivered it.

"The address which the delegates heard was the address which, by that singular pre-occupancy of the mind, Mr. Depew composed on that dreamy Saturday afternoon. Afterward, at the convention, he was amazed to discover that the picture which he saw with his mind's eye was perfectly reproduced to his physical eye and ear in the convention, even to the words of the chairman and the manner of motion of Mr. Quigg."



CAPT. WILLIAM C. EDDY

# THE DREAM THAT CHEATED DEATH

*by G. H. Irwin*

**If Captain William C. Eddy hadn't believed  
in his dream, he would not be alive today to tell of it.**

THE green-clad mountains of Pennsylvania drifted slowly beneath the wings of the big two-motored plane. It was a beautiful sight—the kind of inspiring view that makes life seem pretty wonderful—and Captain William C. Eddy grinned appreciatively as he surveyed the terrain below.

The motors of the big plane were roaring smoothly, and seemed in great shape. Good plane, this war-surplus job. Didn't cost a fortune, and it gave good service. About time, though, to have it inspected and re-licensed. It was a good idea to keep your ship in perfect condition, even though it was flying like a dream over these Pennsylvania mountains.

Eddy thought of his job as director of television station WBKB, 190 North State Street, Chicago and his eyes lit up. Great future in that job—and interesting as the very devil! Television was going to be the biggest of big things in the new world of science that was striding forward like a giant after the holocaust of war. Even the miracle of the atom-bomb was going to look trivial beside the marvels of world-wide television.

There were a lot of things about the new science that interested Eddy. He had an imagination, and the gift of hard work to go with that imagination, and besides, he loved his hobby. That's what it was—a hobby; not just a job, something that would pay him a salary. That was the only way to work! Like what you were doing, that was the secret of real happiness. Captain Eddy liked what he was doing. . .

The creak of sudden strain on the

wing, the sharp sound of breaking wood, wasn't entirely drowned out by the roar of the motor; and to Eddy's ears it sounded like the crack of doom. His face turned just a shade toward white as he snapped his head around to the left wing.

It was shuddering and flapping in the wind like a mad thing, and even as he watched, horrified, paralyzed by the unexpected suddenness of it, the wing broke away and in an instant the plane was plunging earthward. There was no chance whatever for Eddy to land safely. There was hardly time to say a short prayer, to regret that this was the end, and that all those things he'd wanted to do. . .

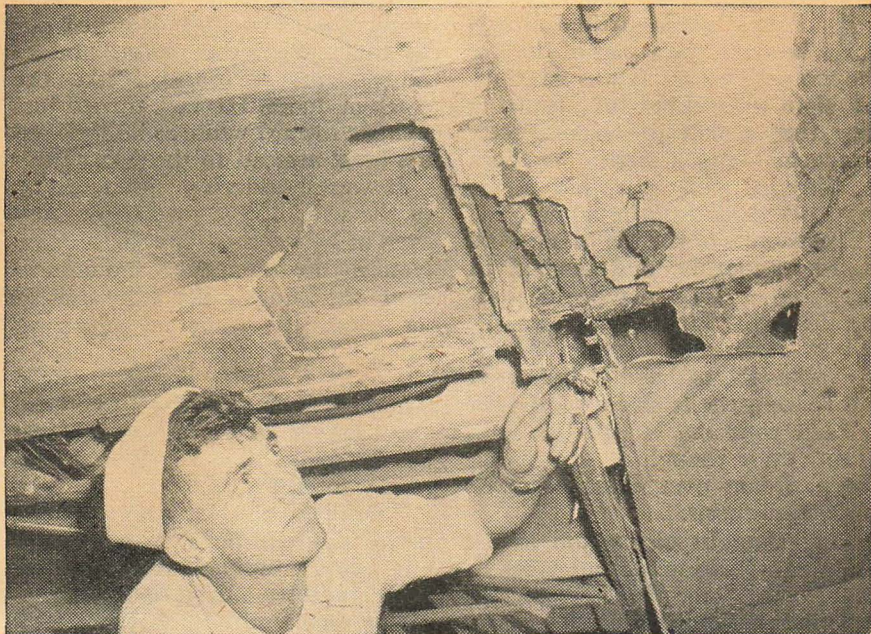
The plane crashed with a roar, a tremendous gout of debris and dust and smoke plumed skyward. Nobody could have lived through it. . .

But wait a minute! Captain William C. Eddy did! He is still alive, because it was all a dream!

That's the way these stories always end, you say, disappointed and annoyed at the writer's lack of originality or cleverness. But this story's different, because it's not fiction. It's true. Let Captain Eddy tell you about it himself.

"As an inventor and a retired naval officer, I've never had much tolerance for people who trust in such things as dreams and leprechauns and the like. But I'm converted, now. This dream saved my life. . .

"It happened this way: I had had the plane sitting out during the winter months at the Michigan City airport near my home. Previous to that I'd used it in studying the countryside for obstructions in the



*Mechanic Earl Manges is shown here examining the rotating wing supports which were revealed after the wing fabric was removed. Tragedy was narrowly averted.*

way of television waves. With the coming of spring, however, I had it flown down to South Bend for inspection and re-licensing.

"It was while the plane was being repaired that I had the dream. I dreamed I was flying over the mountains of Pennsylvania when suddenly the left wing fell off.

"The dream was so vivid and real that I couldn't sleep the rest of the night.

"When my daughter, Nancy Jane, got up, we piled into the car and rushed to South Bend. In my mind I could see the exact spot where the defect was.

"At the airport, I went to the

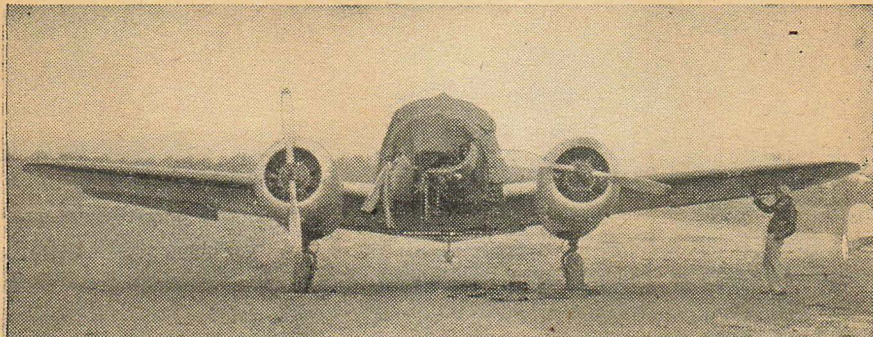
plane, and at the very spot I had seen in my dream, I dug into the spar with my knife. The wood came out like dust. It was soft with dry rot.

"That spar is the piece that keeps the wing attached to the plane. If the rot hadn't been discovered. . ."

Captain Eddy shivers when he thinks of it.

"In my last trip in the plane, I crossed Lake Erie and Lake Michigan in the roughest weather I have ever seen!"

Eddy is a lanky man, with a crew haircut. He seldom has dreams, he declares, but this one



*This is the plane in which Captain Eddy might have died had not he foreseen in a dream that the wing structure was defective — and found his dream true!*

was so vivid that he didn't doubt it for an instant.

"It doesn't scare me," he says. "I'll go anywhere in a plane, but not in that one! I gave it to the Chicago Board of Education. It will be used by students at the aviation school at 87th Street and Anthony

Avenue for training on the ground. It is understood that it will never be flown.

"I've bought me another twin-engined plane, one I'm sure has sound wings!

"That dream sure saved my life."

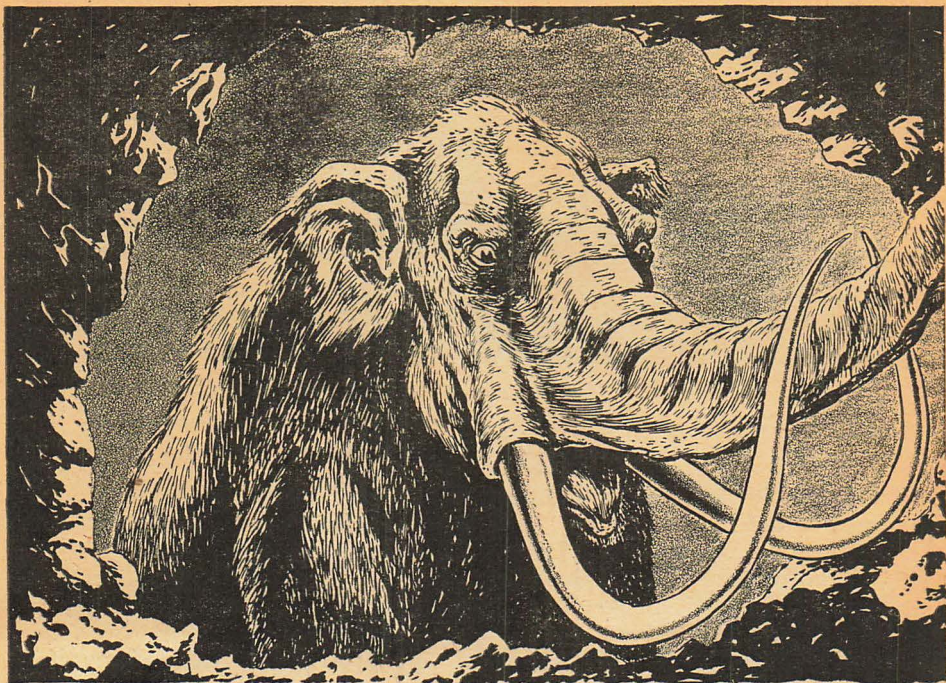
THE END

## COTTON MATHER'S LETTER TO JOHN HIGGINSON

**T**here be now at sea a shippe (for our friend Elias Holdcraft, of London, did advise me by the last packet that it would sail sometime in August), called ye "Welcome," R. Greenwas, master, which has aboard a hundred or more of ye heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn, who is ye scamp at ye head of them. Ye General Court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huxtett, of ye brig "Porpoise," to waylaye ye said "Welcome," as near ye coast of Codd, as may be, and

make captives of ye Penn and his ungodly crew, so that ye Lord may be glorified and not mocked on ye soil of this new country with ye heathen worshippers of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling ye whole lot to Barbadoes, where slaves fetch good prices in rumme and sugar; and we shall not only do ye Lord great service by punishing ye wicked, but shall make gayne for his ministers and people. Yours, in ye bowels of Christ.

Cotton Mather



# VALLEY OF NEVER COME BACK

*by Joseph A. Murphy*

Veteran Alaska explorer Gregory Hildebrand is not the kind of a man who scares easily — but he admits he felt fear when he met a living mastodon in the mysterious Valley of Never Come Back.



The ground shook, the stench was so terrible, that Greg and his brother, Jim, reeled before the awful blast; but worse, would that trunk reach in to kill?

**I**F YOU want to tangle with the mysterious, try Alaska. You'll find plenty of puzzles there . . . but I hope you're not easily frightened!"

That is the advice, and warning, of my old friend, Gregory Hildebrand, veteran of forty years in Alaska, whose terrifying experience in *The Valley of Never Come Back* makes a sound basis for his statement.

"I was a young man when it happened," Greg says. "Young and strong, and unaware of fear. But after that experience I was a

changed man. I knew what fear meant, and I respected the Indian tales that many Alaskans scoffed at."

Greg's experience began with just such tales, told by an old sourdough who believed them. Greg was incredulous, then. But he soon came to think differently.

It was the fall of 1900 and Greg and his brother Jim, were heading into the Upper Yukon country to try their luck at prospecting. Greg was only 18 at the time, half his brother's age, and his youthful imagination was fired by the great

gold strikes being made in the Territory, and by the tales of adventure he had heard from the lips of Jack London, Rex Beach, and countless sourdoughs.

Determined to make their own rich strike, Greg and Jim outfitted themselves and hit out along the trail, minds soaring with dreams of wealth. But after their first night out, dreams of wealth were sidetracked by other, stranger fancies. They had spent the night with an oldtimer, a sourdough, who had welcomed and entertained them far into the night with his tales of Alaskan mysteries. Fascinating stories that found the travelers' minds eager to hear, but unwilling to believe.

On the trail next day Greg broke a long, thoughtful silence and turned to what was on his mind. Could they really believe the yarns of Old Pete, he asked his brother. Especially that one about *The Valley of Never Come Back*. Couldn't that be merely an Indian superstition? Jim wasn't sure, but he reminded Greg that Pete swore he knew men who had gone into the valley and never come out.

As they mushed along the trail, the youths discussed and pondered the likelihood of Pete's stories. Was there really a *Valley of Dancing Scenery*, where mountains, trees and streams appeared to be swaying as if in the grip of a strong wind? Had anyone actually seen *The Land of Big-Little*, where birds and animals and even men changed in size from giants to miniatures and back to normal in a matter of seconds? Was Pete having fun at their expense or were

these things a reality?

Then Greg found some cause to believe Pete. The oldtimer mentioned the finding of huge animal carcasses frozen in ice, and completely preserved. Greg himself had seen a thirteen-foot mastodon tusk on display in front of The Arctic Brotherhood Hall in Dawson, and a single mastodon tooth that measured five by thirteen inches on the top surface.

At least, Greg said, that part of Pete's story had been true. Why not the others?

And then the brothers made the decision that was to affect the entire course of their lives in Alaska. It was Jim who suggested it.

"Greg," he said, "let's postpone our prospecting for a few days and visit those Indians Pete told us about. They aren't far from here. And I'm dying to hear more about those mysteries."

Greg hesitated only a moment and the pair changed their course to the Indian village, which Pete had said was friendly to visitors. The tribe was called the Yellow Spears, and Pete had been right. For the chief greeted them warmly and made them as comfortable as he could.

After a big feed, Greg spoke to the chief about the mysterious valleys and the strange happenings Old Pete had related. Greg noticed the change come over the chief's face as he talked, but he and Jim weren't prepared for the Indian's terror when he learned they planned to visit *The Valley of Never Come Back*.

Excitedly, the chief spluttered protests against their foolish pro-

*Gregory Hildebrand was labeled the "Bernarr MacFadden of the Yukon" back in 1900, and is a veteran of over forty years of hunting, trapping and exploring the wilds of Alaska. Over seventy now, he has retired, but he still recalls the many adventures he had in that land of mystery. There is no doubt in his mind that actual living mastodons still roam that hidden valley of never-come-back where he spent the most horrible night of his life. "This story is true," he said emphatically to Joseph A. Murphy, to whom he related the adventure for publication in FATE magazine.*



ject. It was certain death, he said. Some of his men had gone there a few years before and had never come back. Then he, himself, had led a search party to find them. They had found a high, rocky valley, like a gigantic corral, whose only entry was a small tunnel. Inside flowed a hot water stream, and the valley's hard, flat ground showed tracks as big around as a wagon wheel and all of knee-deep. Shuddering as he recalled it, the chief said their progress in the valley was marked by loud noises such as a riverboat makes and like giant trees falling. They saw no living thing larger than a squirrel, but when, from around a rocky bend they heard these noises approaching, this time accompanied by heavy shaking of the ground, the

Indians were sure they were the snorting and stomping of an animal big as a mountain. Terrified, the Indians turned and fled for the exit hole. Since that day none of the tribe had dared return, and the men who went there first had remained—their fate unknown.

Urgently the chief begged Greg and Jim to abandon their crazy notion to visit the place, and his seriousness almost convinced them. They knew that although superstitious, the chief and his men were brave, and that it must have taken a lot to frighten them so badly. But Greg and his brother were young and unafraid, and the thought of mystery intrigued them. Besides, Jim said, they might even find some ivory tusks which would be just as valuable as gold.

Reluctantly, the chief gave them directions, a warning behind every word, and the brothers started out.

Two "sleeps" after leaving the Yellow Spear village, they came to the tunnel the chief had mentioned. Beyond that small opening lay the making of their fortunes, or . . . what?

Talking over all possibilities, Greg and Jim decided to take with them only their rifles and a lunch. If they later decided to stay in the valley, they could shoot their food. So, caching their packs out of reach of animal marauders, they turned toward the tunnel hole that spelled adventure and mystery in capital letters.

Greg went first, and when Jim stood by him, he pointed out the high, forbidding valley walls the chief had told about. Slowly they started up the narrow defile, cautious, alert, hardly daring to speak. The strange feeling of the unknown ruled their minds.

By noon they had walked a couple of hours and had reached the place where the Indian rescue party had seen fit to break wildly for home. So far, they had neither seen nor heard anything out of the ordinary. Only the steep, jagged walls impressed them, plus that subtle feeling of strangeness that was almost a warning.

Pushing ahead, they came upon plant life which dwarfed that found outside the valley. The growth was lush, almost tropical. Jim pointed out varieties of grass and shrub they had never seen before. Greg spotted fungi big as a gold washing pan, ferns that made them look at each other in disbe-

lief. This was a strange place indeed!

After lunch, the pair moved ahead again, traveling more and more slowly as the afternoon progressed. Jim took especial care to look behind each large growth of shrub before passing it; Greg constantly glanced behind them to be sure they weren't followed. It was a tense afternoon, and when Jim suggested making camp earlier than usual, Greg agreed hastily. The strain of their extra watchfulness had wearied them both.

Reversing their usual procedure of sleeping under the stars, they showed the effect the strange valley had on them by selecting for a campsite a small cave about ten feet deep. Unconsciously, the men were seeking protection, though they could not have said what it was they feared.

For supper they contented themselves with wild fruit and a few mushrooms instead of shooting some of the plentiful game and cooking it over a fire. Something told them not to draw attention by firing their rifles or building a fire. And again they couldn't have told whose attention they avoided. After their meal, Greg and Jim crawled through the narrow cave opening and settled at the far end, backs against the wall, facing the entrance. The heavy air of uncertainty and foreboding stilled their usual bedtime chatter, and with a brief goodnight to each other the men laid their rifles across their laps and tried to make the best of uncomfortable positions.

Just before dozing off, Greg mentally reviewed the day. They had



*This rock formation is typical of the upper Yukon river, where Gregory Hildebrand was exploring when he entered the mysterious valley of the mastodon.*

traversed more of the valley than the Indians, but they had seen nothing more unusual than giant plants. The wagon-wheel-sized tracks mentioned by the chief had not been found, nor had unusual noises been heard. Everything seemed all right. Yet he and Jim were patently scared. Why? Greg didn't know. He only knew, or felt he knew, that there was something in that valley neither of them wanted to meet face to face.

Greg doesn't remember how long he drowsed, but he'll never forget what he awakened to in that dark cave of mystery valley!

Sounds, strange sounds, came to his ears. He sat upright, heart pounding madly. The sounds came nearer, grew louder. The rocky cave around them trembled. Then, steadily, came a *thump, thump, thump, thump*. Nearer and nearer the rhythmic thumps came, each heavy sound accompanied by a sharp heaving of the ground.

Greg held his breath. A mammoth animal! Clumping heavily toward their cave, shaking the very earth with its footsteps! Then came the noises the Indian chief had described. A panting sound, like that of a steamboat, then a screeching roar that literally stood Greg's hair on end! Rigid with horror, Greg waited.

A scuffling, rasping noise sounded at the mouth of the cave. Tusks! Greg thought. Would the long trunk probe the cave now and drag them out to be trampled. . . or worse?

"Shoot! Shoot!" Greg screamed to his brother.

"No! He'll pull the mountain

down on us!" Jim shouted above the terrifying noises.

At that moment, the cave was filled with an odor that nauseated both men. Greg was sure it was the monster's foul breath. He wished desperately they had listened to the Indians.

Something clattered next to him and he turned to see his brother slumped over on the floor of the cave. Then, in the midst of terror came courage. Seeing his brother helpless and unconscious, Greg forgot his own fears and dragged Jim toward the fresh air outside the cave. At the mouth of the cave, with noises piercing his ears and fetid stench hurting his nose, Greg collapsed over the outstretched form of his brother.

When he came to later his lungs ached from the foul gas he had breathed and he took deep draughts of fresh air to clear them. Seeing Jim still unconscious, Greg applied artificial respiration and brought his brother around. As soon as Jim was able to sit up, Greg dived back into the cave for the guns and emerged with them, gasping for a breath of clean air.

Weak though they both were, the men had had enough of the valley and as quick as their shaky legs would carry them they made for the entrance tunnel. Gone were all thoughts of ivory hunting, and gone was their skepticism of Indian "legends."

"Our only thought," Greg says today, in retelling the story, "was to get out of the *Valley of Never Come Back* before we helped to make its name more appropriate. No, we didn't see any mammoths

*A member of the Yellow Spears tribe of Indians who inhabit the region near the mysterious valley. It was one of these Indians who guided Hildebrand to the valley, and warned him of its frightful inhabitants.*

Photo by

GREGORY HILDEBRAND



outside our cave. Frankly, we were in no mood to look for any. I do remember noticing that the ground was somewhat rocky and thus wouldn't track easily. Maybe that's why we didn't see any tracks like the wagon wheel holes the chief saw."

Asked if perhaps an earthquake plus interior earth gases might have caused their terror, Hildebrand smiled slowly, his face crinkling where forty Alaskan winters have left their lines.

"Maybe so," he answered. "Jim believed that later. But I never quite agreed with him. And neither of us cared much about going back to find out."

Now retired and living peace-

fully with his Alaskan memories in Southern California, Gregory Hildebrand grew serious as he finished his answer to the question.

"I've seen a lot of strange things in Alaska," he said. "But I'm not qualified to give the last word in explaining them. I can tell you, though, that if you're looking for mystery, real mystery, you can't do better than go to Alaska. That great country hides many a strange secret."

THE END



**Ramon Novarro** (above) once a Hollywood star, deserted the films at the very peak of his success to study yoga philosophy. **Basil Rathbone** (right) had a feeling that he should not board a certain plane. He didn't, and it crashed.



## HOLLYWOOD SUPERSTITIONS

by *Vincent H. Gaddis*

**B**EHIND the fleshpots and gold of Hollywood, cinema capital of the world, lies a startling tale of occult belief and guidance. Many stars, and even one major studio, have allowed astrologers to determine their actions. To the many superstitions of show business, the film stars have added their yearning to know more about the subtle influences that affect their destinies.

Ralph Bellamy, for example, has relied on hunches to guide him to

fortune. One of these intuitions led him to buy Texas property that gave him an oil well gusher producing 485 barrels a day. Once he had a prophetic dream of his future marriage. Five years later every detail of the dream became reality—even the first name and appearance of his bride Catherine were the same.

When Basil Rathbone was in England several years ago, he had a premonition that he should not take a certain plane. He cancelled

**Mary Astor** was the victim of a tragic prediction. An astrologer forecast that an airplane accident would give Doris Lloyd a chance for a come-back. Mary Astor's director husband was killed in the accident and Doris got Mary's coveted acting role.



**It seems to be true that people in the limelight are more prone to belief in charms, premonitions, dreams, fortune-telling and other mystic superstitions. Here are beliefs of several famed film stars.**

his reservation and the plane crashed, killing all aboard. During World War I, while lying in a French hospital recovering from wounds, Rathbone suddenly burst into tears, thinking of his brother, and wrote him a letter. Word came later that his brother had been killed by shell fire at the instant he was writing him.

Ramon Novarro was once the idol of Hollywood. At the height of his stardom he retired to seek spiritual peace in the study of

yoga philosophy. For 10 years he has lived a Spartan existence with his mother and sister—so near and yet so far from Hollywood's raucous night clubs.

A mystic named Madame Wanda told Doris Lloyd that an airplane disaster would bring her the opportunity for a comeback. Soon after, Mary Astor's husband, Director Kenneth Hawks, met death in a plane accident, and Miss Lloyd took Mary Astor's part in the play "Among the Married."



**Scientists ignored him — because they couldn't answer his questions! He became famous because he didn't believe in anything!**

**L**AST year's furor over the "flying saucers" recalls the work of a scholarly genius, Charles Fort, one of the most interesting characters of his time — or, it may be said without exaggeration, of any time.

For Charles Fort's stock in trade was the unaccountable, the exceptional, the paradoxical—the things that can not possibly happen but do. Reports of strange occurrences that the "busy" man is apt to relegate for indeterminately future thought, if not to forget, Fort re-

membered and pondered. So odd a matter as the "flying saucers" would have engaged his keenest attention. He would have run down obscure accounts, carried on extensive correspondence, checked files of newspapers, magazines and scientific journals for previous reports of similar or related phenomena. And of every facile explanation advanced he would have been suspicious.

It was this quirk of his—not to be content with offhand reasoning or explanation—together with

# CHARLES FORT

--Apostle of the Impossible



*by Frederick Clouser*

a collecting instinct like a magpie's, that led him to compile a most amazing body of evidence on anomalies—actual happenings irreconcilable with natural law, so understood. Fantastic at first glance, these happenings can not, for the most part, be considered other than authentic in view of the attestation of their repetition by widely-different classes of witnesses at widely-separated places. Summarily to reject them *in toto* would be to take the position that there is a world-wide mania for fostering hoaxes, in

many cases to the disconcertion of the persons reporting.

To assume that Fort was a crank or a dilettante with a flair for haphazardly collecting data on the extraordinary would be grossly to misjudge him. He studied, he analyzed, he winnowed, he collated, he correlated, he synthesized. Now and again he argued—brilliantly. When he contradicted, a piercing humor flashed; when he expressed hypotheses of his own, he frequently laughed at himself, for he kept tongue more or less in cheek, always



*Frederick Clouser was born March 25, 1909, at New Bloomfield, Pa. Served four years in World War II, the latter half in the European Theater; awarded Bronze Star for meritorious service. Employed as traffic computer with the Highway Planning Division, Pennsylvania Department of Highways. Chief intellectual interests are psychology, parapsychology and varieties of religious experience. Formulated the hypothesis of birthmark causation by telepathic projection of mother's mental state to foetus or embryo. Member of the Fortean Society and the American Society for Psychological Research.*

insisting he be allowed the reservation that quite possibly he was on the wrong track. All in all, his work is manifestly the product of a broadly-talented personality. His four published volumes, totaling more than a thousand pages, with a combined index running to more than sixty pages, are a monument to the industry, the pertinacity, the boldness, the breadth of vision and the balancing sense of humor of the man.

The man himself was almost as impressively different in personal appearance and habits as the things he wrote about. Tall, fair, rather heavy, with a bristling brown mustache giving his face a somewhat Nietzschean cast, he seemed an anachronism in contemporary clothing, as if the unavailability of proper dress had forced him to make-shifts. Tiffany Thayer remarked after his death that he should have been clad in leather and buckles,

that his residence should have been a castle, that characters such as Faust and Villon should have been his companions. Appropriately it could have been added that he should have had a coat of arms—emblazoned with a large question mark.

As a boy he was a naturalist, collecting, studying and classifying every specimen he could lay his hands on.

While still a youth he went in for novel-writing. Year in, year out, story after story flowered from his imagination, amounting to something like 3,500,000 words according to his own estimate.

Novel-writing, he finally decided, was not his bent. Abandoning that tack, he began a serious study of the arts and sciences. The latter were his chief interest—physics, chemistry and astronomy, especially. He made notes—about 25,000!—classifying them in a specially-

constructed pigeon-hole arrangement covering the wall of a room. One time, thinking over the possibility of their destruction by fire, he half-seriously considered using an incombustible material for his future note-making.

The romance of his scientific studies caused him to wonder why men's energies are so taken up by ordinary mundane busy-ness.

"I marveled," he said, "that anybody could be satisfied to be a novelist or the head of a steel trust or a tailor or a governor or a street cleaner."

Plumbing the depths of his subject matter, he developed the plan of his life work. He would collect and classify notes on whatever research had been done and on whatever conclusions had been reached relative to known phenomena. Then, to the end that he might arrive at incontrovertible generalizations, he would track down agreements and diversities. The bare result was 40,000 notes under 1,300 headings!

But the really astounding thing was the diversities he turned up—actual happenings which by the rules of basic theories as commonly accepted should not have happened at all! That even he was astounded, in spite of his preoccupation with all kinds of phenomena, usual and unusual, the literary style of his first writings seems to indicate. It is taut, nervous, intense, often rapier-like, the style of an explorer standing with one foot already over the threshold of a hitherto unknown and undreamed-of world. He had hit upon something really big and he knew it.

"Char me," he wrote, "the trunk of a redwood tree. Give me pages of white chalk cliffs to write upon. Magnify me thousands of times and replace my trifling immodesties with a titanic megalomania—then might I write largely enough for our subjects."

Once asked for a description of himself, he answered, "I'm just a writer."

A writer he was, beyond question. But he was more than that. If we think correctly of philosophy as synthesis and of philosophers as advance troops in the siege of truth, then, indeed, he was a philosopher. It would be difficult to overestimate the sweep of his philosophic thinking.

"Every now and then," said a critic reviewing one of his books in *Vogue*, "you will come across an idea that is colossal . . . and before long, you will be invaded by some edge of the cosmic excitement of the author, the intoxication of the greatest sport on earth, such a curiosity and terror as Columbus must have felt when his ships dropped Spain below the horizon."

The names in the coterie that gathered about him read like a Who's Who of American intelligentsia: Theodore Dreiser, Booth Tarkington, Alexander Woollcott, John Cowper Powys, Burton Rascoe, Ben Hecht, J. David Stern—to list some of his original sponsors.

Dreiser called him "the most fascinating literary figure since Poe" and "one of the master minds and temperaments of the world today." Tarkington, in his introduction to one of Fort's books, wrote that "the wildest mundane earthquakes are

but earthquakes in teapots compared to what goes on in the visions conjured up before us by Mr. Charles Fort." Maynard Shipley remarked: "Reading Fort is to ride on a comet. If the traveler return to earth after the journey he will find, after his first dizziness has worn off, a new and exhilarating emotion that will color and correct all his future reading." Those who admired him admired him unreservedly.

One of the most readable and interesting examples of the Fortean method is his treatment of the problem of the fall of fish and frogs from the sky. The natural reaction to this sort of thing is that it is impossible, though nearly everyone can recall, at least vaguely, having read accounts of the phenomenon in news reports or in newspaper features of the "strange-as-it-seems" or "believe-it-or-not" variety.

Ripley cites an occurrence at the town of Longreach, Queensland, Australia, in March, 1942, quoting one correspondent who had picked up live fish  $1\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 inches in length. The usual explanation, comprising one short paragraph, is given—that the fish were caught up from a pond or lake by a water-spout or tornado and later dropped at Longreach, which happened to be in the path of the storm.

To Fort the matter is not quite so simple and easily disposable. His approach is unique. Reviewing *every single acquirable fact* having any relation whatsoever to the subject, he weighs each fact against the others, looks for similarities and discrepancies, explores the phenom-

enon to its utmost ramifications. Like a dog with a bone, he worries his subject. Adducing account after account, taken sometimes from newspapers and magazines, sometimes from staid scientific journals, he evaluates the facts and asks questions. Thus: Many instances are reported of the fall of frogs; none is reported of the fall of tadpoles. Why? One report records a fall on a certain day at a certain place; a subsequent report records a later fall at exactly the same place. If the creatures are thrown out by a storm, how shall we account for the remarkable marksmanship, a characteristic hardly attributable to storms? If fish or frogs are sucked up from a pond or lake, why are not fish *and* frogs sometimes dropped at the same time at the same place? Why do not débris from the shore, mud and floating vegetation fall along with the creatures? Why do they land alive and unharmed, contrary to all we presume we know about the accelerative velocity of falling bodies? Perhaps, after all, we have been just a little hasty with our picked-up-at-one-place, dropped-down-at-another-place explanation. Maybe there might be something to that other stock explanation that they were in the locality originally and simply assembled in a sort of fish or frog convention. But then there is the embarrassing fact that they are sometimes found on the roofs of houses, in extensive metropolitan areas like London, in deserts—places not especially fishy or froggy.

So Fort continues, bombarding you the while with data almost to the point of exhaustion. He leads

you on, he shunts you into a blind alley, he pulls you out again, he beckons you to follow in another direction. Sometimes you think you have caught him: out of the mass of material with which he begins his assault you see enough agreement in factual detail to warrant conventional generalization. Then he presents an equal amount of material knocking your generalization into a cocked hat.

Do not conclude from the foregoing that he had merely an academic concern with trivia. His interest ranged from the seemingly most insignificant to the obviously most significant. Like the true scientist, who shows absolute impartiality in the face of facts, nothing was too small, nothing too large for the sieves and refineries of his mind. Dowsing, stigmata, bleeding statues, the man who could not be hanged, so-called displacements in time, the sudden appearance of swarms of insects, strange sounds in the sky and under the earth, cloudbursts and flash floods, lightning and accompanying phenomena, earthquakes and accompanying phenomena, the problem of interplanetary communication, the nature of light and of gravitation, the sizes, motions and distances of celestial bodies—such were the subjects with which he grappled.

The value of his work lies in its catalytic quality. It induces thinking—comprehensive thinking—and this must eventuate in progress. He said, in effect, to research:

“Much, as you will admit, we do not know; much, as you should admit if you do not, that we think

we know we do not know certainly. Here are accounts of the extraordinary—things that in many cases have occurred in direct violation of the assumption that they are impossible. You will generally find the reports to have come from competent witnesses; often the sources are your own specialized publications. I am well aware that many of the occurrences can be ‘proved’ impossible. I have nothing to do with the question of their possibility: *I say they are facts!* How will you, glossing over no detail, ignoring no single element incompatible with preconceived assumption, account for them?”

Rather frequently Fort has been called an enemy of science. He was not. To scientism he was inimical, certainly, if we restrict the term to mean a fixed predilection amounting to blind faith in “scientific” guesses, hypotheses, theories and dogmas. With the genuinely-scientific spirit, that of temporary acceptance, of scrupulous avoidance of dicta, he was in complete accord.

For the ordinary person of no special scientific inclination, a knowledge of his work stimulates a discriminating awareness contributing much toward making life adventurous. It causes you to notice things you had not previously seen, and a good deal of what you had previously noticed will appear in a fascinatingly-different light.

For example:

Every spring and every fall, if one keeps his ears open and occasionally looks upward, one hears wild geese honking and sees them winging across the sky. In some mysterious way they seem to sense

that at a distant place there is warmth and food, and they clearly possess a sense of direction that man entirely lacks. It is the same with many other kinds of birds. What stirs them to migrate and what holds them to their course?

A local family presents a cat to a visiting family from a city more than a hundred miles distant. The cat is put in a box and taken along by the visiting family on their return home. A short time after the cat's arrival at its new home, it disappears. Several months later it appears, footsore, bedraggled and weary, at its original home. How did it find its way back?<sup>1</sup>

Sitting at an office desk, one looks across the room at a fellow worker. The latter breaks off from his absorption in his work, turns around and returns the glance. This happens so often. Is it just coincidence, or is there a causal connection? If some strange force is present here, what is it? The word "telepathy" immediately comes to mind. But what is telepathy? Many things are not explained by being named; this, assuming that telepathy is involved, is a case in point.<sup>2</sup>

A newspaper shows a diagram of the earth with two encircling lines, one longitudinal, one latitudinal, drawn through the Great Pyramid of Egypt. Accompanying para-

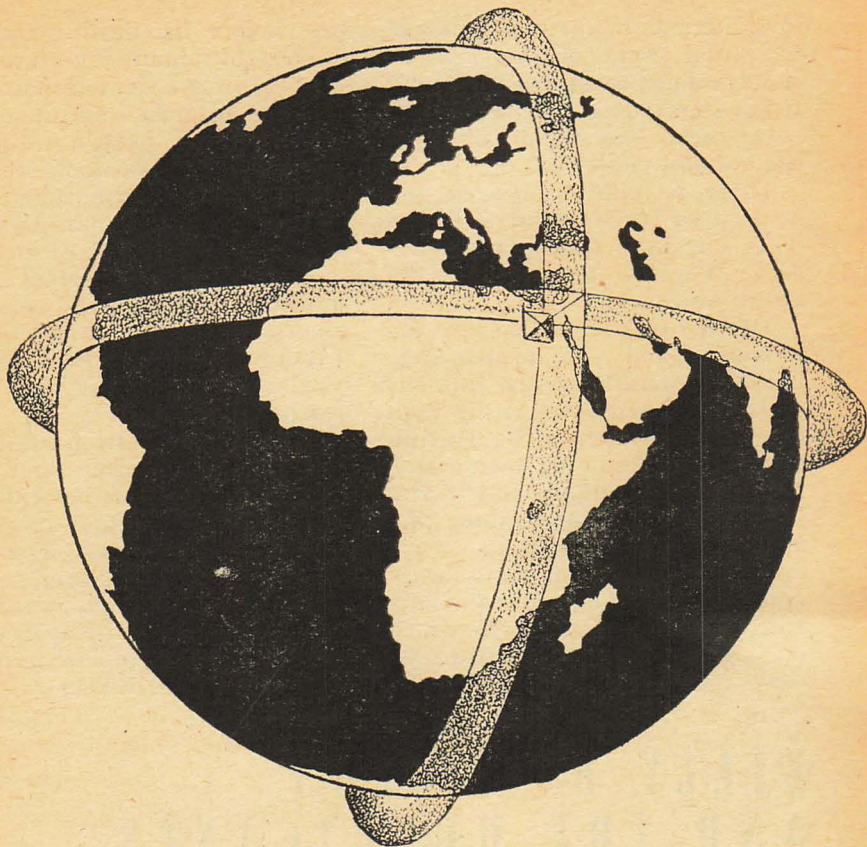
graphs state that these lines *divide the earth's land surface into four equal areas*. The question is raised: Did the ancient Egyptians, erecting this pyramid thousands of years before Columbus sailed to the New World, happen to hit upon the site by pure coincidence, in spite of the tremendous odds against coincidence, or might they have had a knowledge of the earth's land masses not generally thought attributable to any ancient civilization?<sup>3</sup>

An account is related in a newspaper of a series of mysterious fires in the farm home of one William Hackler, near Odon, Indiana. At 8 A. M. a fire breaks out on one side of the house near an upstairs window. There is no fire in any stove and the house has no electric wiring. A little later a fire breaks out in some paper that had been placed between the springs and the mattress of a bed. Then, successively, a calendar on the wall goes up in flames, a pair of overalls

<sup>2</sup>*Making the person at whom one is looking turn around and return one's glance at them is by most people considered not only possible but commonplace. The Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M. P., F. R. S., in his presidential address before the (British) Society for Psychical Research, reported in "Proceedings, S. P. R." vol. X, pp. 9, 10, said: "I have constantly met people who will tell you, with no apparent consciousness that they are saying anything more out of the way than an observation about the weather, that by the exercise of their will they can make anybody at a little distance turn around and look at them."*

<sup>1</sup>*Experiments with homing pigeons recently conducted by Professor H. L. Yeagley of Pennsylvania State College indicate that the "homing instinct" of animals may be due to their sensitivity to the Coriolis force (an effect of earth spin) and earth magnetism. How they are able to sense different degrees in intensity of these forces is not yet understood.*

<sup>3</sup>*Mystery of Great Pyramid (Egypt): From newspaper feature "Strange As It Seems" by John Hix, "Harrisburg Telegraph," May 5, 1937.*



*How did the ancient Egyptian pyramid builders know the central point of the world's land mass?*

hanging on a door begins to burn, a book taken from a drawer is found to be burning inside though the cover remains intact . . . *Up to midnight, 28 separate fires, all unaccounted for, had broken out in that house!*<sup>4</sup> Why?

<sup>4</sup>*Instance of mysterious fires in farm home. Authority—an advertisement in "Collier's," April 19, 1941, of The Travelers Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.*

A person has a fantastic dream. He dreams that on alighting from a bus in Market Square, he sees an open treasure chest of coins standing on the sidewalk. Recalling the dream the next morning as he leaves his bus in Market Square, he glances idly at the spot where he had seen the treasure chest in his dream. *Lying there is a dollar bill!* Coincidence? What are the chances,

in a lifetime, of the occurrence of an actual event of this kind so closely related to a previous dream? If not coincidence, what is it?

Instances like these could be cited almost endlessly.

There is more in heaven and earth than we are wont to dream of in our little systems of knowledge. We live in a strange and awful universe.

To take up the challenge of the unknown and the incompletely known, to push back the frontiers of knowableness—this is the high calling of research. The Fortean spirit would arouse us to an awareness of our ignorance and induce us to extend support to those who are attempting to dispel it.

In recognition of Fort's work and in order to keep alive the idiosyncrasy of temperament by which he was motivated, the Fortean Society was organized in 1931, the

year before his death. Carrying on without fanfare, it aims to cultivate the broad view, to encourage thinking, to make inquisitiveness a habit. It is, in its own words, "an international association of philosophers—that is, of men and women who would live no differently if there were no laws; of men and women whose behavior is not a sequence of reflex jerks caused by conditioning, but rather the result of some cerebration, or of some mystical whimsicality of their own."

Being an organization whose purpose is always serious and often profound, it has neither time nor inclination for ritual horseplay and social pleasantries. The membership has come, however, to boast a symbol—a large question mark. This is the badge of the truly emancipated and enlightened mind.

THE END

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## BILLY BOW-LEGS AND THE HURRICANES

**B**ILLY Bow-legs is Chief of the Seminoles, the only Indian tribe which never surrendered to the U. S. Government. Living within 100 miles of the city of Miami, where all the gadgets of civilization abound, these people still carry on their daily routine in the unchartered Everglades much the same as did their ancestors before the white man ever came to the North American Continent.

White men have always smiled at the primitive magic of the In-

dians, but when it comes to forecasting the weather, the U. S. Weather Bureau would like to take a few lessons from old Chief Billy Bow-legs, who knows nothing of barometers, wind gauges and other scientific instruments, but relies upon a little jade statue of "Hurakan," the wind God of the ancient Mayans.

Billy Bow-Legs claims that it is through this statue that the ancient Storm God sends him warnings of hurricanes long before the U. S.

Weather Bureau has any inkling of their existence. Days before the weather bureau issues its official warnings and residents of Miami begin the work of boarding up windows and evacuating the beach areas, this old Witch Doctor receives word of the impending danger and leads his people deeper into the Everglades jungle to a secret rock-bound retreat where they are safe from the wild winds. Leaving their homes deserted, they travel by canoe and barge through the unchartered canals and marshes of the Everglades. At the end of a three day journey they pitch camp and remain there until Billy Bow-Legs gets the mystic signal that it is safe to return.

The worst hurricane to sweep over the Florida Peninsula in recent years occurred in 1926. Hundreds of whites were killed and millions in property damage suffered. Sweeping inland, the hurricane headed straight for the home of the Seminoles at Lake Oxahatchee. When emergency relief workers set out for the village they expected to find a panorama of suffering and misery. They found the huts of the Seminoles smashed to kindling. Even the waters of the lake had been swept away by the fury of the wild winds. But not a Seminole was injured. They were safe in their retreat where their Medicine Man had led them two weeks before the Weather Bureau in Miami had any reason to suspect the hurricane.

It has been the same story each time hurricanes have lashed across the "hurricane route" from the Atlantic, the West Indies, and on to

Florida, which seems to be the favorite target of these destructive weapons of nature. In 1944 Florida had two scares. One hurricane veered in its course and seemed to have missed Florida, only to turn back at the last moment, strike inland from the Gulf of Mexico, and ravage the large citrus region across the width of the entire State. The second hurricane seemed certain to hit Florida about midway between Jacksonville and Miami. All up and down the coast hurricane warnings were out. The Navy and Coast Guard evacuated its personnel and moved its planes inland. But again the forces of nature proved capricious and the storm turned, missed Florida and struck instead far northward at New Jersey. The Indians moved out before the first hurricane which Floridians felt confident offered no danger. But when the second hurricane seemed certain to strike, Old Billy Bow-Legs sat tight.

Just how "Hurakan" gets word to Billy Bow-Legs days before modern scientists can predict the course of a hurricane is his secret and he refuses to tell. "The only thing we know about it is that it works," says an official of the Weather Bureau in Miami. "Sometimes our predictions are inaccurate because it is impossible to forecast the capricious turns these storms often take. But those Indians never miss. Somehow they always seem to know whether there is any danger or not."

Science has no explanation to offer for the magic of Billy Bow-Legs.—*John D. Murphy.*



# ARE MARRIAGES MADE IN HEAVEN?

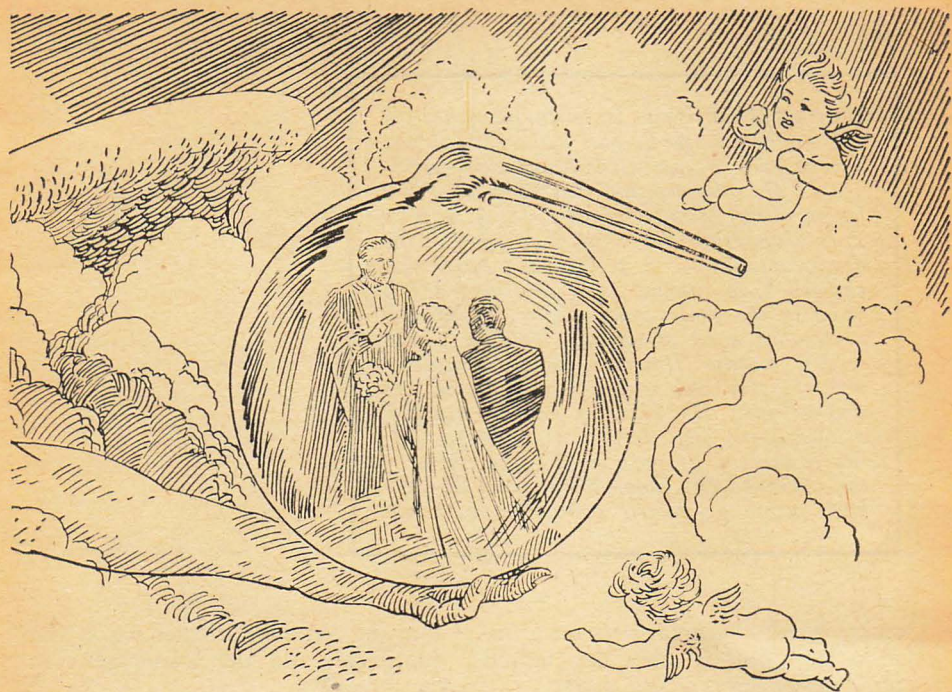
by *Herman M. Weisman*

**I**s your love, your choice of a mate, fated? Dr. Leopold Szondi, a world-renowned Hungarian psychiatrist now living in Switzerland, says yes.

But the factors that lead you to fall in love with a mate are not those commonly thought involved with fate. They are not solely the

result of coincidence and chance of circumstance, Dr. Szondi says. The determinant is your own physical make-up and there is nothing you can do about it.

Specifically, it is the inherited, latent, recessive genes which seemingly lie dormant in all of us. The genes, of course, are those micro-



**What makes us select a particular type of person when we seek a marriage partner? Do we actually have a free choice, or is it all pre-ordained, if not in heaven, at least in those mysterious and fateful determinants, the genes and chromosomes?**

scopic plasmids within our seed which determine our heredity. They decide biologically what characteristics we inherit from our parents and ancestors.

Dr. Szondi's theories state that men and women unconsciously seek out in the opposite sex those persons who have the same recessive

genes they have. Mates, though frequently different in outward characteristics, are attracted to each other not by the mere caprice of chance but by the stimuli of the hidden, seemingly inactive genes, which seek consummation in sexual union.

*For the recessive genes can never*

*Herman M. Weisman is thirty-one years old and still single. As he puts it, he has not met anyone with his particular brand of recessive genes. He received his B.A. degree at the University of Minnesota and his M.A. at New York University. He spent four years in the army, entering as a private and being discharged as a captain. After working a few years in the professional theater, he decided to try his hand at writing, and has placed several stories. However, his main writing project is a serious novel and a text on play-writing. He is at present a resident of New York City. In this article he presents the results of a research into the work of the renowned Dr. Leopold Szondi, of Switzerland, whose psychiatric opinion is respected.*

*stamp their characteristics on a human host unless they are mated with matching recessive genes!*

What are these genes which decide whether you will marry Bill rather than Jim or Mabel rather than Catherine?

Gregor Mendel, an Austrian monk discovered the action of genes in the latter part of the 19th Century. Mendel experimented with peas but his basic discoveries apply alike to plants, animals and to men.

Mendelian theory asserts that certain traits like height, eye color, skin, hair, facial characteristics, intelligence, and even susceptibility to certain diseases are inherited from the genes we get from our parents. Genes are passed along unchanged from one generation to another. In each individual they are found in pairs. When two genes in a pair are different in their effect, one gene dominates the other. The

winning gene is referred to as the dominant, and the losing gene as the recessive.

When the two genes responsible for eye coloring combine, for example, and one gene is from a brown-eyed parent and the other from a blue-eyed parent, the brown-eyed gene is dominant. The child born of that union will be brown-eyed. The gene for blue eyes remains with the child, however. It may combine with another gene for blue eyes after the marriage of that person, resulting in blue eyes for the offspring of his union.

Each man and woman inherits 48 genes—24 from each parent. When the genes of the parents meet in conception to form the embryo, they pair to determine the inherited characteristics of the child. When they differ, as in the case of brown and blue eyes, one will dominate the other.

And that's where Dr. Szondi's



HERMAN M. WEISMAN

theory comes in. He claims that the recessive genes do not entirely give up their powers but assert them in another way. They direct man's deeper and more primary instincts, among which is his choice of a mate.

Our recessive genes seek identity with recessive genes of a similar nature. So we fall in love and seek gratification, marriage and children with a man or woman who has the same genetic factors as our own.

A dramatic example gave Dr. Szondi the first clues to this theory.

One day a young woman, accompanied by her husband, visited his office in Budapest. She complained of minor ailments like a headache and insomnia which seemed too trivial to necessitate the help of a psychiatrist. When Dr. Szondi so informed her, a complete change suddenly came over her. Her

face showed the torment she could no longer hold back.

"Dr. Szondi," she cried out hysterically, "my only hope is suicide!"

The doctor quieted her, and after she was able to talk, he asked her to tell him the cause of her distress.

"Doctor, I—I've poisoned my baby."

Dr. Szondi turned to her husband, but his face was placid and noncommittal. The doctor patted the woman's hand soothingly and said, "Tell me why you think you've poisoned your child?"

"About a year ago, my child became ill. It was nothing serious. My husband suggested we get a nurse but my love and concern were so great I wanted to take care of her alone. The doctor we called left some medicine. It was necessary to give it in a spoon, but after having given the child the first spoon, I became panic-stricken, doctor!"

The woman again covered her face with her hands, as if trying to shut out the anguish of the experience.

"I got the horrible feeling I had poisoned my child. Our doctor examined the medicine and tried to assure me that it was the one he had prescribed, but I am not assured. I'm tormented with the idea that I have administered a slow poison and that my baby is dying."

She paused for a moment then looked up with a pleading gaze at Dr. Szondi. "Since that moment I've been unable to get rid of the compulsory idea of poisoning. I have the fear whenever I give my child any food, that it is poisoned. I can't

give a neighbor's child any candy without fear that it's poisoned. The idea is driving me frantic. Looking at it rationally, I know that it is a stupid idea. But the obsession is driving me so frantic I want to kill myself. Have you heard of anything so stupid, doctor?"

"The complaint isn't a new one." Dr. Szondi answered to comfort her. "As a matter of fact, there's a kindly old lady from the provinces near you who comes to see me regularly on account of the same compulsory idea. She once poured out some rat poison in her back courtyard and has since suffered from the idea that she has poisoned the whole village. She has used the very same words you have to describe her own distress, so don't be too disturbed."

"I know about that case, doctor," her husband suddenly interrupted, "because that old lady is my mother."

Dr. Szondi was amazed by that dramatic disclosure, and asked to hear the story of their marriage.

It seems that the couple had heard of one another when they were still children but had not met. They were also distantly related. The father of the husband and the uncle of the wife were cousins. It was the idea of the uncle, even before they knew each other, "that God had meant them for one another."

Yet it seemed that that was not to be. When the girl was 18, she married some one else and moved away to a distant city. The marriage did not last very long and after her divorce she returned to her parents' home. There she made the acquaint-

tance of her future husband. It was love at first sight. They were married shortly after. Her compulsory idea of poisoning appeared in the fifth year of their marriage. She had never suffered from anything of this sort before.

This strange case started Dr. Szondi thinking about the idea of fate guiding man's choice in marriage. What other answer could explain why the husband hadn't fallen in love with another woman? A number of girls in the village had been eager to marry him. What had prompted him to wait until his wife returned home after her divorce? Why hadn't his wife's first marriage taken hold? Why should the husband marry a woman who, as it turned out, suffered from the same affliction as his mother? Was the uncle right, that God had meant them for one another?

Dr. Szondi reviewed the case histories of his psychiatric patients. He was struck with a peculiar coincidence. He found that healthy individuals with an afflicted parent or relative had married persons suffering the same psychiatric disorders as the relative. In case after case, the genealogical history was the same.

Dr. Szondi's investigation developed other findings which are too numerous to be termed coincidental. He states that all the rape cases he has known were based on gene attraction. Gene attraction is also, he explains, the cause for incest. Historically, Dr. Szondi traces earliest marriages as incestuous, as is shown in the old Testament; but as civilization came, incestuous marriages became tabu. In

civilized society, gene incest is substituted for blood incest. That is, our sexual drives are directed towards consummation with a person who has the same recessive genes we have.

The theory explains divorce as well. People with dissimilar recessive genes will not get along, as shown by the first marriage of the young woman in the case described. Dr. Szondi shows cases where persons married two or more times until "fate" brought them a mate with the same recessive genes. Dr. Szondi refers to many cases in which a second mate was the same type of person as the first. One lawyer had three shrewish wives who treated him miserably. He was about to marry a fourth, when a kinder fate brought him everlasting peace.

Because proof is dependent thus far on case histories of maladjusted individuals, Dr. Szondi calls his beliefs a theory. He is certain that a genetic study of marriages between healthy and socially adjusted persons will bear him out. Dr. Szondi has devised a test which he claims detects latent mental ills, thus enabling him to warn couples with the same latent defective genes about those ills before marriage.

Sociologists who favor the environmental factors dismiss Dr. Szondi's theory as ridiculous. Doctors and psychologists are slightly skeptical of the role of the latent recessive gene. Nevertheless, they have welcomed the Szondi test into the fold of other projective personality tests to aid in diagnosing the maladjusted personality. The Menninger Clinic of Topeka, Kans.,

for example, considers it a valuable addition to its battery of tests. Clearly, further research on the role of the latent recessive genes is indicated.

Meanwhile, there are plenty of other ideas about why people fall in love. That great woman-hater Arthur Schopenhauer believed that the basis of sexual attraction is contrast. The serious melancholy man will seek a cheerful wife. The shy small town girl dreams of marrying a sophisticated city man.

Another large group believes that like prefers like. We marry persons with the same characteristics, traits and ideas, these people hold. Probably Freud would be numbered among such persons in his belief that a man looks for a wife who is like his mother, and a woman looks for a husband who is like her father. More specifically, this group proves that tall men tend to marry tall women, and short men tend to marry short women.

A Swiss psychologist, after a study of the old age institutions of his country, was struck by the resemblance aged couples had to one another, appearing more like brother and sister than husband and wife. However, each group has its own statisticians with opposing facts, charts and figures to back up its theories.

Dr. Szondi says both are partly right. But he believes that the main determinant is the latent recessive gene. Further and more complete studies may reveal not only that they determine a person's choice of a mate but that they also determine a person's profession and ideals.

# ENTER: THE DEVIL

by *Scott Hatfield*

**The true case of Helene-Josephine Poirier, who was obsessed and possessed of demons, and whose case became the object of the Church's special attention and despair.**

*"Hear therefore, and fear, Satan, thou injurer of the faith, thou enemy of the human race, thou procurer of death, thou destroyer of life, kindler of vices, seducer of men, betrayer of the nations, inciter of envy, origin of avarice, cause of discord, stirrer-up of troubles: why standest thou, and resistest, when thou knowest that Christ the Lord destroyest thy ways."*

*(From The Form of Exorcising the Possessed—ROMAN RITUAL)*

**D**IABOLIC possession is as old as the history of religion. There is nothing new about the experiences and sensations of today's "neurotics," nothing except the terms applied to them.

Modern materialists have, for the most part, denied the possibility of evil spirits or demons activating the body of the human being; but how can this phenomenon be denied in the face of the increasing evidence we have today of people

who "hear voices," who "see visions," who act under compulsion of a force which they know comes from outside themselves?

The Christian Church, like all great religions, has always recognized and fought these evil forces, while emphasizing that by far the greater part of such obsessions were pathological, that is they could be explained as distressing hallucinations, neurasthenia, imagination, hysteria. Saint Alphonsus Liguori



*Terrible violence seized Helene at the convent of the Visitation in Orleans, and she mouthed foul anathemas in voices that were obviously not her own.*

cautioned: "It is advisable always to be very suspicious of such diabolic attacks, for it cannot be gain-said that for the most part they are fancy, or the effect of imagination, or weakness, especially when women are concerned." Dom Dominic Schram declared: "Very often what are supposed to be demonical obsessions are nothing else than natural ailments, or morbid imaginings, or even distractions or actual lunacy. Wherefore it is necessary to deal with these cases most carefully, until the peculiar symptoms clearly show that it is actual obsession."

The technical terms obsession and possession are sometimes confused. In a case of obsession, the demon attacks a man's body from

without; whereas in a case of possession the demon assumes control of it from within.

A comparatively recent case of obsession *and* possession which was recognized as such by the Church was that of Helene-Josephine Poirier, born November 5, 1834 at Coullons in the district of the Loire, France. She was the daughter of a peasant family, and while still very young she was apprenticed to the local dressmaker. She was industrious and pious, and her parish priest, M. Preslier, thought highly of her. Up to the time when she was fifteen years of age there was nothing remarkable about her, nothing to indicate the frightful experiences she was about to go through.

One night she was awakened by a knocking, the night of March 25, 1850. She was at first startled, and lay there on her cot in the small attic over the family cottage, wondering what it was. The knocking came again, more sharply, and as her fear increased the blows became more and more violent on the walls of the attic room. She leaped out of bed and ran in terror to her parents, who had also heard the noises, but though they searched the cottage they could find nothing, and the girl was persuaded to return to her bed.

From this date Helene became the victim of terrible physical and moral suffering. Voices, inciting her to vile acts, together with painful bodily afflictions, made her life miserable. Some months after she heard the knocking for the first time, she was thrown to the ground in a rigid state. She got up immediately, only to be thrown down again, as if by some malicious, invisible force.

The family believed she was epileptic and sent for the village physician, Dr. Azema. After a careful examination, he declared that he could do nothing for her. He said, "Nobody but the Priest can cure you."

There now began a long and violent conflict between the opposing forces of good and evil. In commenting on the case in his book, "The History of Witchcraft and Demonology," (Knopf — 1926), Montague Summers declares:

"We have here the case of a woman who was mediumistic and clairvoyant to an almost unexampled degree, and it is very certain that if they (modern fortune-tellers

and other dabblers in the occult arts) truly realized to what terrible dangers and very real psychic perils the use and even the mere possession of such faculties expose them, they would, so far from trafficking in the presumption of abnormal gifts, regard them with caution and indeed shrink from any occult practice at all, lest haply they become the prey of controls and influences so cunning, so potent for evil, as to merge them body and soul in untold miseries and shadows darker even than the bitterness of death."

Helene Poirier refused to give in to the "voices," and with the help of Father Preslier, she resisted their promptings for thirteen years, although her physical and mental sufferings, her spasms and painful trances increased in violence.

In January, 1863 the abbé Pougau, Archdeacon of Orleans, to whose attention the case had been called, interviewed Helene, and found evidence of a supernatural affliction. As a result he made arrangements to send her to a Visitation convent in the suburbs of Orleans, preparatory to examination by the Bishop, Monsignor Dupanloup and a commission of theologians and doctors.

Helene arrive at the convent on Thursday, October 28, 1865 where the abbé Bougaut saw her and gave her an official order permitting her to see the Bishop without delay. In the meantime, however, a doctor examined her. He shook his head over her symptoms, and questioned her for nearly an hour, after which he stalked out, informing the Mother Superior that the woman was stark, raving mad and

should be sent home at once. Shortly afterward a messenger arrived from the Bishop, directing the nuns to dismiss her. In despair, the poor woman was taken back to Coullons, where all now regarded her with fearful suspicion.

Thereafter the obsessions attacked her with renewed violence driving her again and again to the point of suicide by various means. Weird and horrible impulses came over her to commit foul criminal acts. On Tuesday, August 13, 1867 she felt a compulsion to write in detail the most unspeakable blasphemies against Christ and the Virgin Mary, renouncing her religion and deeding herself, body and soul, to the Devil. She was required to sign this document in blood, drawn from her arm, but at this point she found some last bit of strength to rebel, cast the document from her, and lost consciousness. Two weeks later a number of witnesses swore they saw her levitated from the ground on two separate occasions.

Whether the levitations were caused by good or by evil forces is not clear. The phenomenon has been recorded many times in the cases of holy men and women, as well as sorcerers and witches. It seems certain, however, that the evil forces were slowly, but surely, gaining control until, after eighteen years of obsession, she also became possessed.

In March, 1868 she was seized with fierce convulsive fits and manifested a maniacal fury, uttering the most hair-raising blasphemies in a deep hoarse voice. The very name of Jesus, spoken reverently in her

presence caused her to gnash her teeth and foam at the mouth. The words: "*Et caro Verbum factum est*" (and the Word was made Flesh), threw her into a howling rage. When she was questioned in Latin, she answered volubly in the same tongue, of which she had no previous knowledge.

The strange case began to receive more and more attention, and finally Pope Pius IX heard of it and recommended great caution and the avoidance of any publicity. Nevertheless the matter was finally receiving the serious attention of the Church. On one occasion, in February, 1869, when she was being questioned by several priests, Helene gave explicit details concerning the activities of several gangs of Satanists at Paris, Rome, Tours and Toulouse. In order to gain admission to these Satanic orgies it was necessary to profane the Sacred Host, to perform worship and adoration of the Devil, and to indulge in the most obscene practices with the others present. All of the details given proved indeed to be true, and yet there was no natural explanation for her knowledge of these abominations.

In April of 1869 Helene was once more taken to Orleans for a formal examination, conducted by M. Desbrosses, a consultor in theology, the abbé Bougaud, and M. Mallet, Superior of the Grand Seminary. Here the poor woman's suffering reached a crisis. She was seized with violent cramps and spasmodic fits; she howled and cursed in an unearthly voice. Between seizures she was questioned on difficult points in theology and

philosophy, now in Latin and now in Greek. She answered clearly in both tongues, displaying a knowledge of matters far beyond her natural powers. Finally the commission was satisfied and the solemn rite of Exorcism took place.

It was necessary for the nuns to hold her during the entire ritual, which was repeated five times on five succeeding days. She writhed and foamed at the mouth, blaspheming God and shrieking to the demons of hell for help, and help she certainly got.

Again and again she broke loose with a demoniac strength, throwing tables and chairs in all directions, and battling nuns and priests with the strength of five men. During the fifth repetition of the rite she suddenly let loose a nerve-shattering yell, so inhuman it froze the hearts of those present, again it came and immediately the poor woman collapsed in unconsciousness. She remained insensible for only a short time, and then opened her eyes as if awaking from a calm sleep.

For four months, from April to the end of August, 1869 Helene Poirier knew peace, and then once again she was seized with the agonies of obsession and possession. This time the double affliction lasted for five long years, until September 3, 1874 when a cure was effected at Lourdes where 15,000 pilgrims had assembled for prayer. That is to say, the person of Helene Poirier was not again invaded by evil spirits, although she continued to suffer attacks of obsession, sometimes brief and sometimes of long

and painful duration.

A carefully documented study of the case of Helene Poirier was published in 1924 under the title "*Une Possedee Contemporaine.*" It was edited by M. le Chanoine Champault of the diocese of Orleans, who has this to say:

"Her physical and mental sufferings, which began on 25 March, 1850, continued until her death on 8 January, 1914, that is to say during a period of sixty-four years. But those of diabolic origin ceased toward the end of 1897. So the diabolic attacks actually lasted for some forty-seven years, and for six years of this time she was possessed."

It is impossible to consider this authenticated case of a woman who fought obsession nearly all her life without speculating as to what she might have become had she fully surrendered to the attacks of evil forces.

And this speculation inevitably gives rise to the question: How many people in the world today have surrendered to these forces? Is it possible that our modern world is entering an era of witchcraft and sorcery far surpassing the terrors of the Middle Ages, due to man's advanced knowledge?

And if the battle between the forces of good and evil does burst into open conflict, will science and religion at last join forces against the ancient common foe?

It would seem that only in such a strong union can poor bedeviled humanity look for hope of help, for a systematic cure of this "World Sickness" that oppresses all men everywhere today.

# EYES IN THEIR HANDS

by K. M. Warren

What is this mysterious power to see without eyes?

CESARE LOMBROSO, world-famous neurologist and psychiatrist, relates a strange case of sense transposition in one of his books, *After Death—What?* A girl of 14, formerly normal in every respect, suddenly developed severe hysteria. Beginning with vomiting and dyspepsia, soon she was unable to eat solid food, and within three months' time suffered severe convulsions. Later, she became totally blind.

Then a curious thing happened. Unable to see with her eyes, it soon became apparent that the girl had somehow acquired the ability to see with the tip of her nose and the lobe of her left ear.

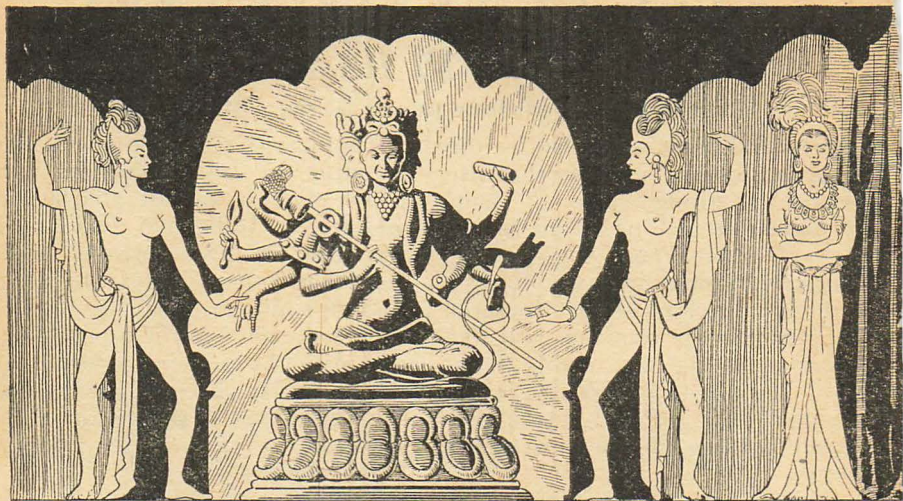
Lombroso relates that she read a letter in this manner while her eyes were blindfolded. The vision of her ear and nose were tested and found to be normal (7 on the scale of Jaeger). Lombroso shined a bright light against the lobe of the ear and the girl winced and withdrew. He made menacing movements with his hand toward her ear and she exclaimed, "What are you trying to do, blind me?"

Experimenting further, the psychiatrist found that the girl's sense of smell had also become transposed. Strong ammonia could be held beneath her nose with no reaction, but when held beneath her chin, she cried out. She could also distinguish the odor of flowers in the same manner. Later her sense of smell was located in her foot.

Lombroso's reputation and high standing in his profession were proof enough against charlatanry and fraud. Additional evidence of the truth of his assertions is the fact that other doctors have reported similar cases. In 1808, a French doctor, Petetin, reported the case of eight women in whom all the senses had become localized in the fingers and in the region of the solar plexus (*Electricite Animale*, Lyons, 1808).

In 1840, a case was reported in the French medical journal, *Giornale dell Accademia di Medicina*, wherein a girl of 14, suffering from hysteria would, while in a fit of somnambulism, see quite distinctly with the palm of the hand and was able to distinguish colors, and match ribbons. In *Praezos Medicae*, University Torino, 1821 there is an account of a person named Baerkmann whose hearing was transferred to the solar plexus region.

A Dr. Augonova reported a case of a girl who, while suffering from hysteria, could identify coins held at the nape of her neck, and odors with the back of her hand. Later, both sight and hearing were transferred to the solar plexus. Within the past few years Dean Raimundo De Ovies, Rector, St. Phillips Cathedral (Episcopal), Atlanta, Ga., reported the case of a friend, who could apparently "see" with the palm of his hands and identify objects by holding his hands over them while he was blindfolded.



## ANCIENT RELIGIONS ..... No. 3

# THE TEMPLE GIRLS OF INDIA

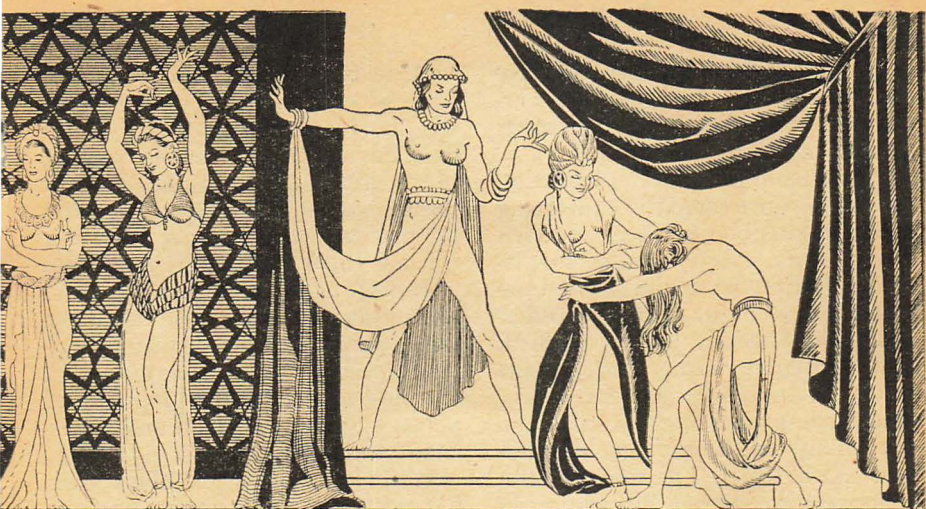
*by Harry E. Wedeck*

**T**HE temple girls of India have always been associated popularly with exotic glamor, with whirling sarabands and mysterious, voluptuous festivals. But the sinister side of these sacred brides is not so well known.

These temple attendants on the gods—the Devadasis—are no longer as numerous as they were. But there are still in India, in the jungle heart of Goa, two temples where the Devadasis dedicate their lives

to the Hindu deities. It is a dedication to an obscene, age-old cult that flourished openly among the Egyptians, the Greeks, and the Romans.

The temples are those of Kamaksha and Shiroda—ancient fanes, sculptured and figured with obscene designs. Weird perversions cover the walls. Gigantic unspeakable bas-reliefs add a wild sense of monstrosity. The inner chambers are crammed with antique treasures.



One of the most mysterious, voluptuous, and actually sadistic religious cults in the world of the ancients exists in modified form today. It is the cult of the Devadasis, the dancing virgins of Goa, India. The rites are still practiced at Kamaksha and Shiroda temples.

The Devadasis attached to these two temples live near by, in their own houses. In the jungle depths around the temples looms a shrine to the god Siva, who dwells on the Golden Mount, Kailasa. A monolith, smoothed by winds and rains, stands gray, dark-spattered. Here, at this sinister spot, with its barbaric symbol, the initiation of the Devadasis takes place, at full moon.

The ceremony begins with a hesitant, shuffling dance movement.

The Devadasis go winding around a pole planted in the temple courtyard. Now the priests step in. They adorn the sacrificial stone with garlands and sandalwood. The temple bells boom awesomely. There is a pseudo-marriage ceremony to Siva. A trial by ordeal follows. This trial will test whether the proposed novice will be acceptable to the god. The actual rite is so full of sensual monstrosities as to be unprintable. Those girls who—some-

how and without outcry—survive the initiation, are joyously acclaimed by the officiating priests as temple brides.

Apart from purely temple duties, they will dance sacredly, contorting their pliant bodies into exultant poses. They execute ballet formations, all directed to vile consummations. They chant, in husky undertone, old Sanskrit paeans to Siva. Soft plangent string instruments quiver their accompaniment. Heavy intoxicating perfumes fill the temple chambers. The light, diaphanous skirts whirl. The senses of the onlookers are stirred. The senses of the dancer herself are hypnotized. The Devadasis sighs in ecstasy. She pants. Her eyes swim. Her body trembles and rests; then, languorous, finally droops, overcome. The Love Dance incarnate.

The Devadasis are trained in groups—as in seminaries. Their

routine is to dance at sacred festivals; at other times, to serve the temple requirements. The Devadasi has now become the tool of priest and god, like the ancient public women of Greece. The Hindu priests, after training the girls, initiate them into weird mysteries.

Henceforth, like the ancient priestesses of Aphrodite and As-tarte, they will show favor and welcome greeting to all entrants to the temple—to priest and pilgrim and penitent, stray wayfarer, fakir, merchant and beggar.

With her long sleek black hair, her neck and fingers and arms and ears heavily laden with jewels—with eyes darkened with antimony—the Devadasi stands always ready, obedient. Her family—strangely enough—feels no shame in her calling. On the contrary, a kind of sacred distinction attaches to her.

THE END

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## TELEVISED IN BLOOD

*by Ernst Groth*

**Mental pictures reproduced themselves on  
her skin in blood when others concentrated.**

**T**HE ability to receive telepathic messages that etched themselves in blood upon her skin was the strange gift of Mme. Olga Kahl of Paris. Madame Kahl did not receive the telepathed message as a mental picture or a mentally heard sound. Instead, the impression of the picture itself formed on the

skin of her body. Madame Kahl did not even know what the message was until she perceived the pictures herself.

Her case has been well authenticated by scientific inquiry. It was investigated by Dr. Osty, then Director of the *Institut Metaphysic International*, Paris, by Theo-

dore Besterman, from the Society for Psychical Research, London, and by other researchers, doctors and scientists.

Madame Kahl first learned of her strange ability when she was 19 years old and lost a treasured pearl necklace. The thought of the necklace was constantly on her mind, and she soon became aware of reddish spots, similar to the design of a string of pearls, on one of her arms. At the time she thought this was a rash, but later she learned of an Indian Psychic who could picture forth his mental images upon his skin. Remembering the case of the necklace, she immediately thought of a clover leaf and attempted to make it appear in blood on her forearm. Much to her surprise, the leaf appeared.

When Dr. Eugene Osty began studying Madame Kahl in 1927, he soon realized that she was capable not only of projecting her own thought upon the skin of her body but also thought-images of those about her. Madame Kahl had never before realized she could do this.

Dr. Osty began a series of experiments in which he would think of a name or some simple design. Soon the object he was thinking of would appear in red upon Madame Kahl's body. In one of his first experiments, Dr. Osty thought of the word "Rose." After about fifteen seconds, a large capital "R" ap-

peared on her forearm, followed by the letter "o." She complained of being too tired to continue, and suggested that the name must have been "Rose." Dr. D'Espiney, of Lyons, thought of the word "Francois," and almost immediately the first four letters appeared. When one of the investigators thought of the word "Yolande," the word appeared "Y—lande," complete, except for the omission of the letter "o," although a place was left for it.

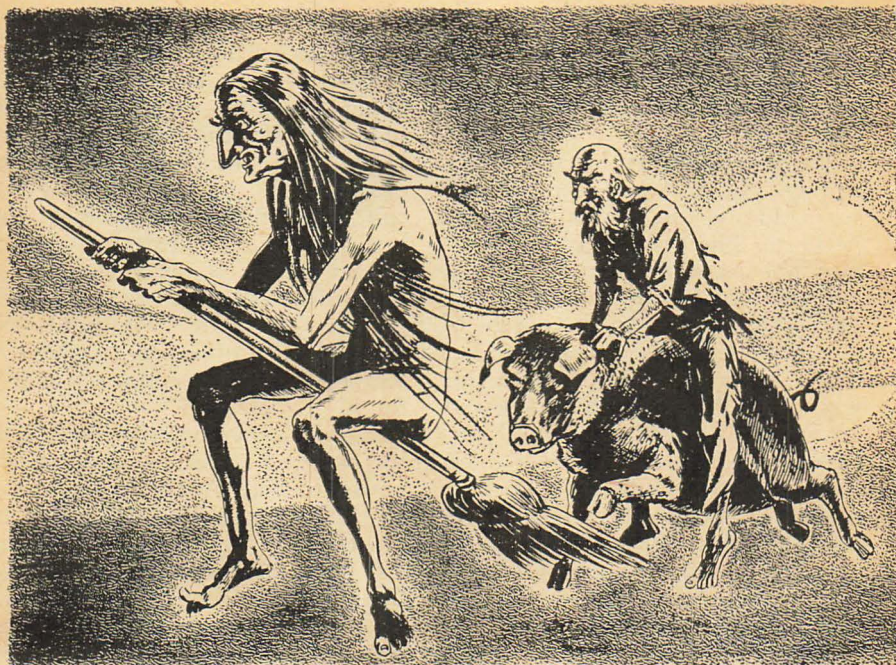
A great many experiments of this sort were made over a considerable period of time. At their conclusion, Dr. Osty stated that he was convinced that Madame Kahl really did possess the ability to transpose upon her skin an image thought of by another person. Theodore Besterman came to the same conclusion.

David Efron, Ph. D., of Washington, D. C., former professor of psychology at Sarah Lawrence College, also investigated Madame Kahl. Although skeptical of her ability at first, Dr. Efron soon became convinced that he was witnessing true psychic phenomena. Under the most rigid test conditions, stipulated by Dr. Efron himself, she displayed images in blood upon her forearms and chest of various words, objects, and geometrical diagrams of which he thought.

THE END

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*The next issue of FATE will present the complete story of the world's newest religion, the ninth in its history, the story of a persecution more terrible than that of Jesus, that yet failed to wipe out a movement that has spread to more than eighty countries. Don't miss this significant account.*



# THE BLACK ART

*by C. N. W. Maxwell*

**N**EARLY every popular idea that exists about witchcraft is wrong. We have come so far along the road to rationalism that we are inclined to believe—and are even taught in schools—that the witches were just a group of deluded and half-mad old women persecuted by equally deluded fanatics. When we do conjure up a mental image of a witch, we picture an old hag brewing a secret potion in a kettle while a black cat rubs against her legs and toads hop along the floor.

The facts are quite otherwise. Witches did exist. They practiced magic and they believed in the potency of their spells. They were not necessarily old women, or even women. Probably most of them were men, and among the women many were young and beautiful.

Witchcraft was really an outgrowth of the ancient pagan religions of Europe. It existed long before Christianity and continued long after the birth of Christ. Not until the 12th century did the Christians become strong enough to



**The strange story of early witchcraft, which was a true religion, and was conducted as such by its mad devotees whose rites were foully fiendish.**

try to eradicate witchcraft. And it was not until the witches were driven underground that their religion became deliberately anti-Christian. Only then did they deliberately worship Satan.

Early witchcraft was a true religion presided over by priests. There was a religious service, adoration, sacrifice, and a belief in magic. Just as a sacrificed cock may sometimes be found on Christian altars in Mexico today, so the ancient beliefs persisted in Europe. For hundreds of years after St. Augustine

brought Christianity to England, for instance, a fat buck was sacrificed each year on the Christian altar of St. Paul's church itself. The church had been built on the site of the former temple of Diana, a witch goddess.

The best way to understand the conflict that grew up between witchcraft and Christianity is to think of them as rival religions. When it became evident that the Christians were getting too strong for the ancient pagan beliefs, the witches called on their magical powers to

bring them victory. The weapon they chose, from the distance we see their problem today, seems somehow pitiful. They decided, like the rabbits, to outnumber the Christians. They worked out magic spells and practiced fertility rites to assure themselves as many children as possible. And they brewed potions and cast spells to prevent the Christians from having children.

But in time, when their religion ceased to be organized, it developed into a garbage dump of all manner of strange creeds and superstitions. The witches renounced Jehovah and swore allegiance to the Devil. They chanted the Lord's prayer backwards, and published the "Wicked Bible" with such commandments as "Thou *Shalt* Commit Adultery."

Among the earliest witches, Janus was worshipped as a god of fertility, with control over sun and moon. Diana was the moon goddess, patron saint of virginity and fertility. The cross-roads, where the witches often feasted, were sacred to Diana. Hecate is also identified with her. She was a powerful goddess who wandered about with the souls of the dead in her possession.

Another pagan goddess was Erictho, who wandered about tombs from which she drew her ghosts. But in later times it is probable that the witches had lost all formal memory or records of their former pagan gods. Their rites were conducted by rote and had comparatively little meaning to them. Yet many of the old practices persisted.

A witch could be a man or a wo-

man. After they went underground, they organized in groups of 12 witches and a chief. These groups of 13 were called "covens," a name which also was given to their meetings and their meeting places. The chief devil or master of ceremonies was known only to the supreme chief of the craft, and often not to the rank and file members. He wore somber clothing and a false double-faced mask, like that of Janus. Later he also often wore another mask upon his posterior.

In the initiation rites the master of ceremonies or Chief Devil would place one hand on the head of the candidate and the other on the sole of the foot. Then he would declare that all between, body and soul, were at the Devil's service. The candidate was baptized and given a name, such as "Devil's Daughter," by which name she would be known henceforth. The witches were enjoined against talking and warned of punishment if they revealed the secrets of witchcraft.

At the end of the initiation ceremony, all the assembled witches saluted the chief witch by kissing him on the false face he wore on his posterior. As an acknowledgment, the converts would receive a blood blister, or "witch's mark" by being nipped on the left side of the body, underarm, or shoulder with a pair of tweezers.

Then the witches would conduct an orgy of dancing and sexual license. Before the Sabbats, which were their important meetings, they smeared their naked bodies with a salve called "witches ointment" containing the drug belladonna. They also used a wine made from

mandrake root which gave them hallucinations. The witches really believed they could work magic, turn into cats, hares and bats, and arrive and depart at the Sabbats on broomsticks, or on goats, pigs and other animals.

Montague Summers, in his *History of Witchcraft and Demonology*, gives us a glimpse of a Sabbat as witnessed by an Italian peasant who was driving to a neighboring village in the district of Mirandola one morning before daybreak.

"In the distance he suddenly caught sight of what seemed to be numerous fires flitting to and fro, and as he drew nearer he saw that these were none other than large lanthorns held by a bevy of persons who were moving here and there in the mazes of a fantastic dance, whilst others, as at a rustic picnic, were seated partaking of dainties and drinking stoups of wine, while a harsh music, like the scream of a cornemuse, droned through the air.

"Curiously no word was spoken, the company whirled and pirouetted, ate and drank, in strange and significant silence. Perceiving that many, unabashed, were giving themselves up to the wildest debauchery and publicly performing the sexual act with every circumstance of indecency, the horrified onlooker realized that he was witnessing the revels of the Sabbat."

Female witches seem to have ridden to the Sabbats on broomsticks. The broomstick is closely connected with the magic wand or staff. In England the wood was fashioned from the hazel tree—hence the name "witch hazel"—and in France from the dogwood. The stick may

also have been a phallic symbol.

Summers quotes the Benedictine Abbot, Regino of Prum (A. D. 906): "Certain abandoned women, turning aside to follow Satan, being seduced by the illusions and phantasmical shows of demons firmly believe and openly profess that in the dead of night they ride upon certain beasts along with the pagan goddess Diana and a countless horde of women, and that in those silent hours they fly over vast tracts of country and obey her as their mistress, whilst on certain other nights they are summoned to do her homage and pay her service."

A number of French witches confessed that they were transported to the Sabbats on white sticks which they placed between their legs. A number of British accounts make it plain, however, that no actual flight through the air took place. In fact, the witches danced about with the broom sticks between their legs as though they were children riding a-cock-horse to Banbury Cross. It was a symbolic and possibly an erotic ritual and apparently concerned female witches only.

A black mass was sometimes conducted at the Sabbats, though it varied according to circumstances. "Devil's incense" was burned—evidently made from heavy noxious weeds. Sometimes holy water also appeared. The officer consecrated the Host and the chalice with the actual sacred words of the Holy Mass, but instead of kneeling he turned his back upon the altar and a few minutes later, according to Summers, cut and stabbed the Host with a knife, throwing it the

ground and treading upon it. Part of the contents of the chalice were also spilled deliberately.

Summers describes a French black mass which was used by the witches. "The mass is said upon a broken and desecrated altar in some ruined or deserted church where owls hoot and mope and bats flit through the crumbling windows, where toads spit their venom upon the sacred stone. The priest must make his way thither later attended only by an acolyte of impure and evil life. At the first stroke of eleven he begins; the liturgy of hell is mumbled backward, the canon said with a moan and a sneer; he ends just as midnight tolls. The Host is triangular, with three sharp points and black.

"No wine is consecrated but foul brackish water drawn from a well wherein has been cast the body of an unbaptized babe. The holy sign of the cross is made with the left foot upon the ground. And the man for whom that mass is said will slowly pine away, no doctor's skill nor physic will avail him aught, but he will suffer, and dwindle, and surely drop into the grave."

Only the Pope at Rome can shrive a priest who has celebrated such a mass.

Though it eventually seemed to be designed solely to mock Christianity, the Sabbat had quite a different beginning. The Sabbat was originally probably the religious ceremony at which a horned god was worshipped in the early nature religion. In fact, it was the surviving cultural memories of that religion that gave horns to the Chris-

tian Devil. The magical rites of the horned god were carried on at the Sabbat and if sexual orgies took place it was what might have been expected of religious ceremonies built around fertility cults. The dances and orgies, the giving of new names and the "devil's marks," the oaths of allegiance and so on were not originally the horrible perversions of Christianity that they first appeared to be, but merely the ceremonies of a different faith that still survived from ancient days.

Christina Hole, in her *Witchcraft in England*, cites the above theory of Margaret Murray, and says it "would account for many things in the history of witchcraft that are otherwise difficult to understand. It would explain the curious uniformity of witch confessions, with all their striking details of initiation, sacrifice, and homage to a central horned figure. It would account for the organized covens, the Esbats and Sabbats at regular intervals, the search for converts and the ease with which converts were obtained.

"It would account also for the courage shown by many accused witches and their refusal to repent even in the face of a horrible death. It is certainly more reasonable to believe in the existence of such a cult than in the theory, still advanced by some writers, that thousands of simple and ignorant people consciously devoted themselves to the adoration of Evil Principle."

Miss Murray believes that even as late as the Middle Ages the great mass of the people, as op-

posed to the leaders, were still actually pagans, and the witch prosecutions were really an attack by both Catholic and Protestant churches against a strong rival religion.

In the Sabbat orgies, some of the female witches confessed they had had intercourse with the Devil. Some enjoyed it and some did not but it was evidently part of their belief that they submit if he desired them. The other witches sought their own partners. Originally these licentious affairs had a religious significance and were intended to promote fertility. But eventually they probably served only as outlet for the excitement and hysteria of the secret rites, the savage dances and the dark mysteries of the religion and the night forests.

"The witches came to their meeting in the expectation of pleasure," says Christina Hole. "The whole ritual was calculated to appeal to the darker emotions, and to those emotions they gave way without restraint. The ointments with which they anointed their bodies, the broomsticks they bestrode, the curious songs and music all helped to heighten nervous tension and undermine control. And when to this was added a memory of fertility rites and a feeling that they were perpetuating something immeasurably ancient and mysterious, it is perhaps hardly to be wondered at if they gave themselves over to wild enjoyments of the darker sort until the first light of dawn broke up the meeting and drove them to their homes once more."

The witches believed they could work magic. They could cast the

evil eye, bewitch human beings and domestic animals (perhaps the cow would give no milk after a spell cast by a witch), send clouds of vermin upon a house, and cause any number of misfortunes to fall upon their enemies.

It was believed by all, including the witches themselves, that they possessed familiar spirits who took the form of animals. They received these familiar spirits from the Devil and practiced divination and magic with their aid. These spirits were known as familiars. Most familiars were cats, dogs or other small animals. The witches were supposed to feed them with their own blood, by suckling or by mingling it with their food. When the witches were suspected, their bodies were searched carefully for any small pit or bump, such as a wart or mole. These would promptly be adjudged "witches teats" or Devil marks, and were evidence that the person searched was a witch for it was such marks or teats that were believed used to suckle their familiars.

When found, the marks were pricked with a pin. If they were insensitive to pain or bloodless the person concerned "was clearly a witch." When the witch-hunting mania was at its height, professional prickers went about searching out witches, and the townspeople were invited to help the hunt along by denouncing anyone they suspected of witchcraft.

One certain way to recognize witches was to "swim them." The witches were tossed into deep water with their right hands tied to left feet and left hands tied to right feet. If they floated, that signified

that the water rejected them and they truly were witches. If they sank, they were not guilty but by then it was often too late for them to be saved.

The witches not only believed they possessed magical powers but some of them knew strange secrets which are difficult to explain today.

When Agnes Sampson, a Scottish witch, was imprisoned in 1591, she whispered such a secret into the ears of King James VI. Agnes was a follower of Bothwell, who had sought to destroy the king by witchcraft. Though she was widely known as a healing witch, she confessed that she had made a waxen image of the king and had brought it to a meeting of her coven and offered it to the leader for his inspection. He approved it and it was passed around the coven and the following words were said: "This is King James the Sixth, ordered to be consumed at the instance of a noble man, Francis Earl Bothwell."

King James was by nature a skeptic of witchcraft and attended the examination of the prisoners. After it was over he said that they were all "extreme liars." At that, Agnes Sampson said she could prove she was not. She drew him aside and repeated to him the identical conversation that passed between him and his bride, Anne of Denmark, on their wedding night.

The king was convinced that she could have known these things only by magic. In proving that she did speak the truth, Agnes signed her own death warrant—as she must have known she was doing.

So these were the witches, work-

ers of magic for evil and good. Originally they were light-hearted worshippers in a nature cult. Finally they were driven underground to practice the black arts upon their enemies. In the end, hundreds and thousands perished at the hands of terrified persons who believed in their magic no less than they did. Yet in isolated and out-of-the-way places, their beliefs still exist and their magic is still practiced.

In 1928, Nelson Rehmeyer, a Pennsylvania witch, was killed by a rival witch who had planned to obtain a lock of his hair and bury it eight feet underground with the old incantations. In June 19, 1939, Life Magazine published photographs showing an Ozark Mountain "witch woman" with a doll of dirt and beeswax she had made and named after an enemy. She drove nails into the doll to harm the corresponding parts of her enemy's body. Life also published a photograph of two rag dolls, one dressed as a man and one as a woman, laid upon an altar before a Bible surmounted by a skull. Witchcraft, this, and the late William Seabrook believed the intent was murder.

The spells and magic go on, but as an organized religion, witchcraft probably has not existed for several centuries. The covens are broken up, and the 12 worshippers with their horn-wearing devil no longer meet on Thursday nights at the crossroads. And no longer can the cry ring out:

"The cock crows; the Sabbat ends; the Sorcerers scatter and flee away."

THE END

# MATHEMATICAL GENIUS

by Gilbert Rohling

## The unsolved mystery of Zerah Colburn.

WHEN Zerah Colburn was eight years old, he dumfounded the scientific world by his ability to solve difficult mathematical problems "in his head" instantaneously. Trained mathematicians required hours to work out the same problems with pencil and paper, yet this boy had no formal education and apparently had no knowledge of how he obtained his miraculous results.

Zerah Colburn lived more than a century ago but his miraculous feats are still a mystery to scientists. The *Annual Register* of 1812, a British publication, credits him with the ability to extract the square root and the cube root of large numbers instantaneously, and the ability to tell at once whether a given number was a "prime number," although at that time mathematicians had not discovered any way of computing this.

"Many persons of the first eminence for their knowledge of mathematics have made a point of seeing and conversing with him, and they have all been struck by his extraordinary powers," said the *Register*.

"At a meeting of his friends, this child undertook and completely succeeded in raising the number eight progressively up to the sixteenth power. And in naming the last result, viz., 281,474,976,710,656, he was right in every figure! He was then 'tried' with other numbers, all of which he raised. . .with so much

facility and dispatch that the person appointed to take down the results was obliged to enjoin him not to be so rapid. . . .

"He was asked for the square root of 106,929; and before the number could be written down he immediately answered, 327. . . . One of the party requested him to name the factors which produced the number 247,483. This he immediately did by mentioning the numbers 941 and 263, which indeed, are the only two numbers that will produce it.

Another of them proposed 171,395, and he named the following factors as the only ones, viz.,  $5 \times 34,279$ ;  $7 \times 24,485$ ;  $59 \times 2,905$ ;  $83 \times 2,065$ ;  $35 \times 4,897$ ;  $29\frac{1}{2} \times 581$ ; and  $413 \times 415$ . . . . One of the gentlemen asked him how many minutes there were in 48 years; and before the question could be written down he replied, 25,228,800, and instantly added that the number of seconds in the same period was 1,513,728,000."

After touring the United States and England, giving exhibitions of his strange power, he was placed in school with the hope that by learning the principles of mathematics, he would become aware of how he performed his calculations and be able to teach others. But as his objective knowledge of mathematics increased, his spontaneous ability steadily declined until it disappeared altogether.

THE END



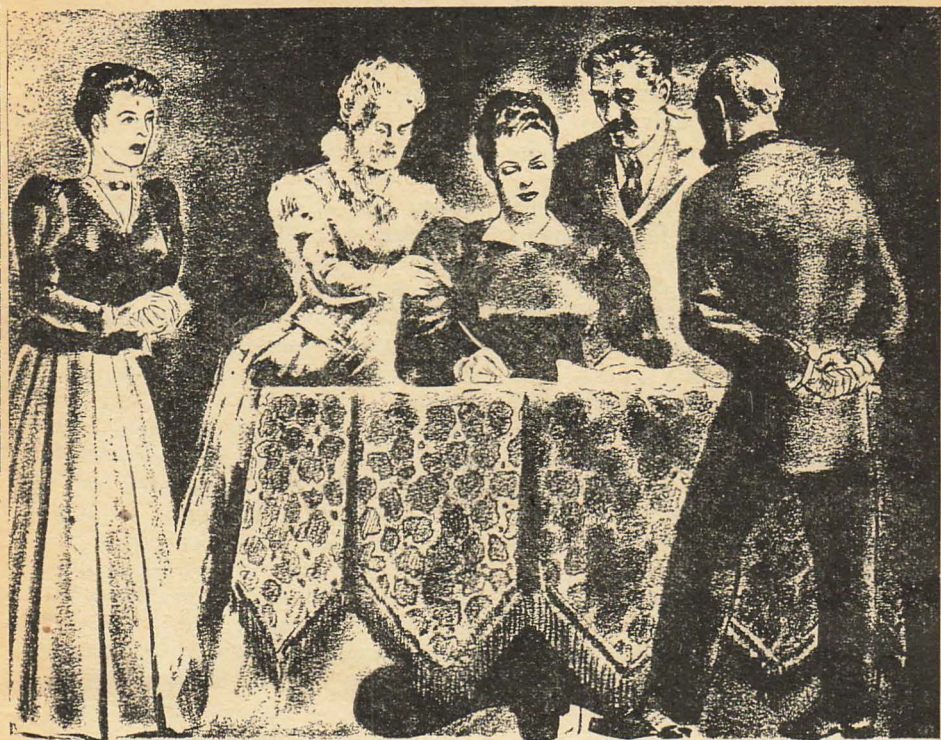
# AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS GHOST STORY

by *Vincent H. Gaddis*

**T**HE puzzle of Mrs. John H. Curran and her *alter ego*, Patience Worth, presents one of the most incredible enigmas in the history of psychological research and modern literature.

Two souls within one body—one a commonplace Missouri house-

wife; the other an artist of the highest rank who dictated five books termed masterpieces by famed literary critics. And Patience Worth, the witty, fun-loving girl who brought knowledge lost for centuries from the lips of Mrs. Curran, not only dictated her prose and



**Who was Patience Worth? Experts declared her a fraud and came to investigate. But this strange ghost who wrote and spoke through Mrs. John H. Curran confounded them all with an array of proof none of them could successfully refute.**

poetry at the rate of almost two words a second, but once performed a feat that has never been equalled by any genius in history—a demonstration that left hardened scientists awed and silent.

It doesn't matter what explanation we bring forward—dual per-

sonality, the influence of a long-dead entity, an incarnated ego—it remains that the problem of Patience Worth has given to our own day the awe-inspiring power, as well as the weird beauty, of the great unknown of the human mind. Psychologists like Dr. W. F. Prince, poets

like Edgar Lee Masters, and historians like Roland Usher came to observe and study and leave baffled. It was, wrote one university professor, "the most amazing phenomenon of the age."

It all began on the night of June 8, 1913, while Mrs. Pearl Curran and her husband were entertaining a group of friends at their home in St. Louis, Mo. At that time the ouija board was popular, and several of the feminine guests had joined Mrs. Curran in manipulating the board. Questions were being asked, and the answers that were being formed by the triangular bit of wood as it darted from letter to letter were providing much amusement.

Suddenly the pointer paused. Then, slowly and deliberately, it spelled out the sentence: "Many moons ago I lived; again I come—Patience Worth my name."

The surprising message was greeted with laughter.

"Patience, where was your home?" asked one of the guests.

Again the pointer moved, spelling out the words: "Across the sea."

"In what country?"

Then came the answer: "About me you would know much. Yesterday is dead. Let thy mind rest as to the past." These replies, given here in modern English, were actually spelled in the quaint English used three centuries ago. Puzzled, bewildered, the sitters stared at one another, little dreaming that Patience Worth had come to stay.

Later there were additional ouija board parties, and more messages from Patience. Slowly it became ap-

parent that the presence of Mrs. Curran was necessary for the personality to manifest. News of the mystery spread, and reporters came, and at last qualified investigators.

The ouija board finally was abandoned, and Mrs. Curran found that Patience, so brilliant and often impertinent, could communicate by what is known as automatic writing. Mrs. Curran, holding a pencil in her hand, would make her mind a blank, and almost instantly the personality of Patience would come to the surface of her consciousness and guide the pencil in poetically-phrased thoughts in antiquated English. Later still, automatic writing was succeeded by direct dictation. Sitting in a chair, she would simply relax, and Patience would take over control of her voice. Mrs. Curran said she always felt a slight pressure on the top of her head on these occasions.

Under the direction of Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, well-known psychologist and research officer of the Boston Society for Psychical Research, an intensive study of Mrs. Curran's past, even her ancestry, was made by the investigators. In addition there were independent inquiries made by university professors, newspaper men and authors. But Mrs. Curran was only a typical housewife, had never shown a tendency to write, and had never expressed any interest in either spiritualism or history. Born in 1883 in Illinois, she had a normal upbringing and a high school education. Since her marriage she had lived the healthy normal existence of millions of other American women.

*Vincent H. Gaddis was born in Miami, Ohio, on December 28, 1913. He is a free-lance writer, and magician; formerly police and court reporter on the Warsaw (Ind.) TIMES-UNION; member of the International Brotherhood of Magicians and the Fortean Society; secretary of the Winona Lake (Ind.) Fire Department; formerly secretary of the Cincinnati (Ohio) Magician's Club. Attended Olivet College, majoring in English. Has written over one hundred articles appearing in twenty-eight national magazines. Has collected over 10,000 clippings plus magazine articles and book notes on unexplained occurrences. He has a wife and a daughter.*



Now, into her matter-of-fact life, had come this mystery—this secondary personality—who claimed to be the spirit of an English girl dead for 300 years, and who was dictating literature of depth and beauty. Scholars, American and European, sometimes as many as fifty in one evening, crowded into her home to witness this miracle, and to leave silent and bewildered.

Dictating daily at a rate that steadily increased in speed, Patience Worth, through the voice of Mrs. Curran, gave to the world her enigmatic, fascinating works. Outstanding was a novel, *The Sorry Tale*, a story of the time and life of Christ, that is now regarded as one of the finest historical novels ever published. Research revealed that although Mrs. Curran's only knowledge of ancient Palestine was from a casual reading of the Bible, the

historical facts were accurately stated.

W. T. Allison, professor of English literature at the University of Manitoba, wrote: "No book outside the Book of Books gives such an intimate picture of the earthly life of Jews and Romans in the Palestine of the day of our Lord." Prof. R. G. Usher, of Washington University, expressed his opinion as follows: "The sheer beauty of the chapter on the Sermon on the Mount; the spirituality of the passage descriptive of the Last Supper, and the evening at Gethsemane; the moving narrative of the last days, and the terrific climax of the crucifixion, I shall not soon forget."

Clement Wood, the poet, was astonished when he learned that this novel had been dictated at the rate of over a hundred words a minute without a change in phrase or word.

He praised the beauty, insight and perfection of language, pointed out the absence of direct Biblical influence in quoted passages, and said: "The passage 'Unto thee do I deliver the watchword of the Kingdom—Mercy. Unto thee do I deliver the Key—Faith. Unto thee do I deliver the Kingdom—Love.' This is as exquisite as *Corinthians* 13, the loveliest part of the New Testament."

With the passing years more novels appeared—*Hope True-Blood*, *Light from Beyond*, *The Pot upon the Wheel*—and poems hailed as masterworks, and proverbs pungent in wit and wisdom. Dictation of the words that "came to her" at such incredible speed was so exhausting that Mrs. Curran had to limit the periods. At no time, however, did Mrs. Curran enter into a trance state or profess mediumship. She cooperated fully with investigators, and never asked for nor received any money from these demonstrations of Patience Worth's literary abilities.

And, with the passing of time, the controversy over the nature of this mysterious personality deepened. Just who, or what, was Patience Worth? Was she actually a "spirit," or was she a subtle, dual personality that had developed in the inner, deep subconsciousness of Mrs. Curran?

Patience, herself, claimed that she had been born in Dorsetshire, England, about 1650, had come to America when she was twenty years of age, and had been killed by Indians shortly after in what must have been King Philip's War. One

scholar tried to trap her, and asked if the name of the Indian who killed her was Philip. She replied: "If someone had a sword at your throat, would you stop to ask your assailant's name?"

Perhaps no psychological problem in history was so carefully studied at such great expense. Students were sent to England to check up on landmarks that Patience said had existed in the seventeenth century. Some were still there; others, after an exhaustive search of local records and historical data, were confirmed.

Again, various unknown words and spellings of words showed up in the communications. At first scholars believed that these strange words and odd spellings were simply inventions, but authorities on seventeenth century English searched through dusty volumes, unopened for years, in the British Museum, and discovered to their amazement that the terms were colloquialisms used in Dorsetshire three centuries ago.

Patience Worth then dictated a 70,000-word poem, entitled *Telka*, using only the Anglo-Saxon language of 1650, to prove that she was an independent personality—a feat she considered beyond the ability of any living scholar. Not only was this lengthy work dictated in the brief time of thirty-five hours, but Prof. F. C. S. Schiller, of Oxford University, stated that the vocabulary was of ninety percent pure Anglo-Saxon origin, contained no word of later entry into the language of 1600 except "amuck" (first recorded about 1650), and that it

was necessary to go back to the writer Layamon (1205) to equal this percentage. "We are," he wrote, "face to face with what may be fairly called a philological miracle."

Moreover, a number of competent critics claimed that this poetic work was far superior to the analogous works by Maeterlinck, with vivid, living characters "we can see and know, not one of which is a replica of another."

Many curious incidents occurred. Once, when the early chapters of a book not yet completed were mislaid, Patience dictated them again, and when the missing papers were found, it was discovered that the second dictation was an exact duplicate of the first. On another occasion, after one of the investigators had been openly praising Patience's talent, she suddenly and solemnly replied: "Nay, nay, the stuff is stolen. 'Tis His." Who "He" was has never been explained.

The late Henry Holt, noted publisher, once made a special trip to St. Louis to study the case. Regarding any charge that Mrs. Curran was guilty of a hoax, he declared: "How utterly impossible it is that a woman capable of composing work declared by competent critics to be masterpieces, should, loving notoriety, try to throw upon another intelligence the credit for her work, and smother it in a language which nobody uses! That, indeed, requires an effort to understand."

Although the death of Mrs. Curran several years ago has now brought the active phase of the mystery to an end, scientific opinion remains divided and confused.

Prof. G. H. Estabrooks, of Colgate University, while recently reviewing the case, stated that science will not accept that a spirit from past years occupied the body of Mrs. Curran, but science will certainly admit that the case is very complex—"showing to a very high degree that ingenuity of the unconscious so evident in hypnotism."

And after fifteen years of study and observation, Dr. W. F. Prince wrote that "either our concept of what we call the subconscious must be radically altered so as to include potencies of which we hitherto have had no knowledge, or else some cause operating through, but not originating in, the subconsciousness of Mrs. Curran must be acknowledged."

The mysterious personality of Patience Worth was by no means limited to the language or knowledge of the seventeenth century era in which she said she had lived, nor was it limited to the mere dictation of literary works. Between dictations of her brilliant novels and poems that, at times, attained the rate of 110 words a minute without revision, she engaged in witty repartee with sitters, answering questions or making comments in either modern English or the speech of a bygone age at will.

Even more astonishing, however, was the fact that Patience could instantly compose a poem on any subject suggested by the sitters—absolute proof that Mrs. Curran was not consciously composing and then memorizing the compositions in advance. The poet Edgar Lee Masters, for example, suggested subject aft-

er subject, and instantly a poem of remarkable merit would be offered. When he was asked by investigators whether anyone could write poetry in this fashion—swiftly, without revision, on any subject—he replied with amazement: “There is only one answer to that; it simply cannot be done!”

The most astounding of all, one that stands unique in the annals of mental feats and human genius, was made by a visiting professor of psychology before other assembled scientists. Patience had been dictating at her usual rate of speed when the professor suddenly interrupted her, and asked permission to apply his test. She signified willingness.

He then asked her to dictate about 300 words on *The Sorry Tale* (then being written), next a poem on a subject he would name, then a few moments of conversation to be followed by a few hundred words on another novel being composed at the time, some more conversation, after which the entire feat as stated would be repeated. He was to interrupt her when he wanted the next step taken, and the resumed dictation was to start exactly where she had left off. Moreover, it was to be done at the speed of over a hundred words a minute.

The spectators gasped. No human being was capable of performing such a test successfully. The memory requirement alone would be too much. Nevertheless, Patience Worth, without hesitation, began her dictation.

“Enough!” said the professor, suddenly. “Now, please, a poem on—er—”

“Sluggish dullard!” taunted Patience.

“On dust!”

Instantly the following poem was given:

*Dust, dust, dust—the mould of  
kings,*

*Bit of the Orient, ashes of  
wise men,*

*The clod from the foot of the  
fool,*

*Dead roses, withered leaves,  
crumbling*

*Palaces, man's hopes and  
desires,*

*The tears of ages, and stuff of  
all mankind.*

*Dust, dust, awaiting the hand  
of God*

*To intermingle and resurrect.*

*Dust, dust, dust—tomorrow  
unborn;*

*Dust, dust—yesterday's ashes.*

When the poem was finished, a few moments of conversation followed. Again, suddenly, dictation on the second novel was started at the point previously stopped. Then the entire test was repeated without a pause.

“Please give us some proverbs,” said the professor. Instantly there came:

*When manna falls, fill thyself  
and question not.*

*A hen betrays not its nest  
with loud cackle.*

*An owl is silent and credited  
with much wisdom.*

*To brew a potion, needs must  
have a pot.*

*Weak yarn is not worth the  
knitting.*

*He who knoweth worth is  
rich indeed.*

*It taketh a wise man to be a good fool.*

The professor's face was pale when he asked for one more test. Patience was to dictate two poems on suggested subjects simultaneously, alternating with every other line.

Subjects were agreed upon, and the test began. Through the lips of Mrs. Curran came the flow of picturesque words into the quiet room. Two sitters took the lines down, and without a pause, the two poems,

running into several verses each, were completed in less than six minutes.

The witnesses left the Curran home that evening silent and thoughtful, for Patience Worth had accomplished the impossible. Today scientists are still bewildered, and they look forward to the day when new knowledge about the myriad mysteries of the human mind will explain the puzzle of Patience Worth.

## OVER THE BRIDGE OF TIME

*by Arnold Burt*

IRENE KUHN, in her book, *Assigned to Adventure* (Lippincott), relates a strange psychic experience from her own life. She was walking down Michigan Boulevard in Chicago one December day when "suddenly street and people vanished from my vision." Instead of the busy street, a strange scene seemed to unroll before her eyes, much like a moving picture.

She saw a strip of grass with an iron grating around it. There were three young trees on one side, and in the distance she could see factory smoke stacks. A group of people, all dressed in black, were gathered around the strip of grass. A limousine arrived and other people, also dressed in black, alighted. Among those arriving in the limousine, Mrs. Kuhn recognized herself.

She approached the strip of grass and saw a small two-foot hole cut in the grass. One of the men was placing a small box into this hole. She looked about her and recog-

nized the faces of her husband's relatives. All looked grieved and many were crying. Then the vision vanished and once more the familiar sights of Michigan Boulevard came into view.

The following February, Mrs. Kuhn received word that her husband had died in China and that his ashes were being sent to Chicago. "On May 30, I went with my brothers-in-law in a limousine to Rosehill Cemetery, which I had never seen. The men stepped out and waited for me. For a second I could not raise my eyes. At last I looked: there was the spring grass, there the three young trees and the iron fence and the smokestacks in the distance. And there was the little square hole just big enough to receive the box with my husband's ashes.

"On that December day, I had seen over the bridge of time to this day which marked the end of a phase of my life."

# RADIOACTIVITY IN THE ATOM WAR

by Chester Abbott

Just what danger exists from radioactivity in the atom bomb? Here are some facts about the most incorrectly quoted subject in the atomic cold war of nerves.

OF ALL the deadly hazards of the atom bomb, people understand least and are most afraid of the effects of radioactivity. Here are the facts.

Before the bomb is exploded, the material gives off only *alpha rays*, which are easily absorbed by a piece of writing paper. Plutonium is extremely toxic, otherwise it could be handled quite casually by anyone wearing gloves. After the bomb is exploded, what plutonium is not "burned up" or fissioned is widely scattered and will persist for many years.

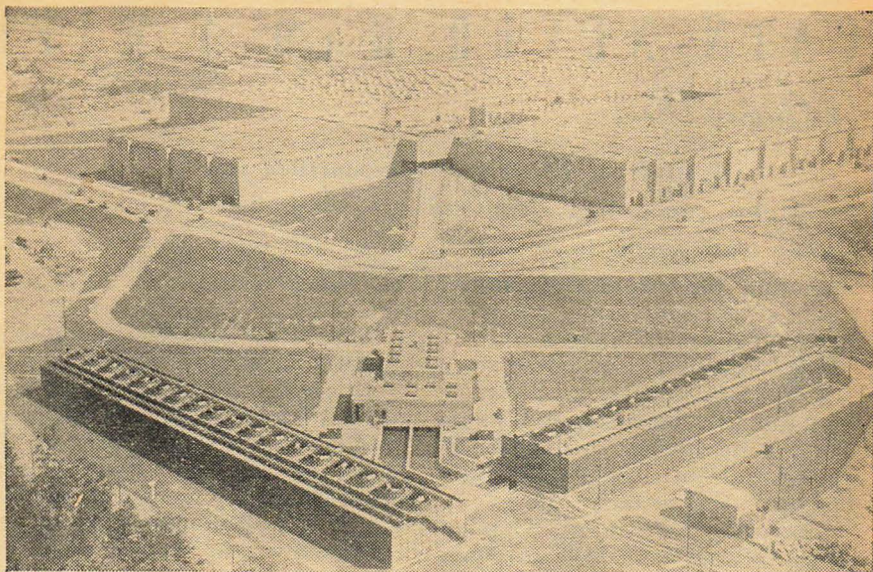
When the bomb explodes, there is an instantaneous burst of *neutrons* and *gamma rays*. They will pass right through most buildings and the people inside them. A thick shield of lead or many feet of concrete or earth would protect against *gamma rays* but not the *neutrons*. A fairly deep tunnel shelter will provide good protection unless the explosion is directly overhead.

After the bomb has exploded, the only danger that persists is from

the fission products which fall out from the atomic cloud and from radioactivity induced in material close to the detonation point. The fall of radioactive material from the atomic cloud depends on atmospheric conditions. It may occur over the detonation point or many miles away.

This radioactivity is composed of *beta* and *gamma rays*. *Beta rays* are essentially high-speed *electrons* and can be absorbed in a few sheets of thin aluminum. *Gamma rays*, on the other hand, are extremely penetrating *X-rays* and require several inches of lead to filter them out. Both rays are dangerous to human tissue, but the *beta rays* may be more insidious because they are more difficult to measure than *gamma rays*, and are sometimes overlooked when present. No *neutrons* are present after the first few seconds of the blast.

Should the bomb be exploded close to the ground, or to tall buildings, this material will become radioactive because of the neutrons pass-



Shown here is a section of the atomic bomb plant at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. This is typical of the tremendous industrial setup required to produce the energy of the atom for war or peace.

ing through it. The sodium of common table salt is easily made radioactive. After becoming radioactive, each element "decays" by emitting *beta* and *gamma* rays. The time taken for each element to decay varies from element to element. The ground close to an atomic explosion might not be safely reentered for weeks and could be unsafe for habitation for years.

Radioactive materials accumulated in the manufacture of plutonium could be used to make a lethal gas which could be deposited on an unsuspecting city. Such an attack would panic the population unless radiation-measuring instruments were used to detect the extent of the activity. Few cities have such in-

struments to protect their people.

The senses cannot detect radioactivity. After a while there is a decided effect on the body, but by then it is too late for the victim to get away from the radiation. Symptoms of radiation damage include nausea, vomiting, general debility, sustained fever, loss of body hair, redness of the skin with capillary congestion, loss of appetite and decrease of white blood cell count.

The symptoms may appear soon after exposure or in a few weeks. There is little that medical science can do for persons suffering from radiation damage and almost nothing it can do if the victim is exposed to more than a critical dose of the rays.—From Dr. R. E. Lapp.

# CAIN NEVER HAD A WIFE

by Gregory Kent

A study of Genesis reveals startling information concerning Cain and his wife. The simple truth seems to be that he never had one; also that he was not an individual, but a race.

WHERE *did* Cain get his wife?" has been the favorite question of those who like to befuddle us. "According to Genesis, Verse 4, he got her in the land of Nod. Land—of sleep! He dreamed her up!" And so they scoff.

However, there need be no answer, because there isn't any question—Cain never had a wife!

If you will compare the geneology of Chapters 4 and 5 of Genesis, the answer is at once apparent—there is a startling duplication. The chart which accompanies this article reveals that Adam had three children: Cain, Abel, (whom Cain slew) and Seth. There is no line of descent from Abel, and the similarities of the descendants of Cain and those of Seth are more than mere similarities. Note this duplication of names:

Cain's first child was Enoch; In Seth's line of descent there is also an Enoch. Enoch fathered Irad, in the Cain family tree, and the similarity of his name to that of Jared (there was no J in the alphabet then!) is obvious.

Going on, we can link Mehujael and Mahalaleel; Methusael and Methuselah; Lamech and Lamech; and going back to Cain himself, we can link him with Cainan.

There may have been a reason to find Cain a wife in a mythical land—to account for his children. For if he did have them, the possibility exists that they were born of the wives of Seth's descendants, and thus, geneology faced a trying task to record such unethical parentage.

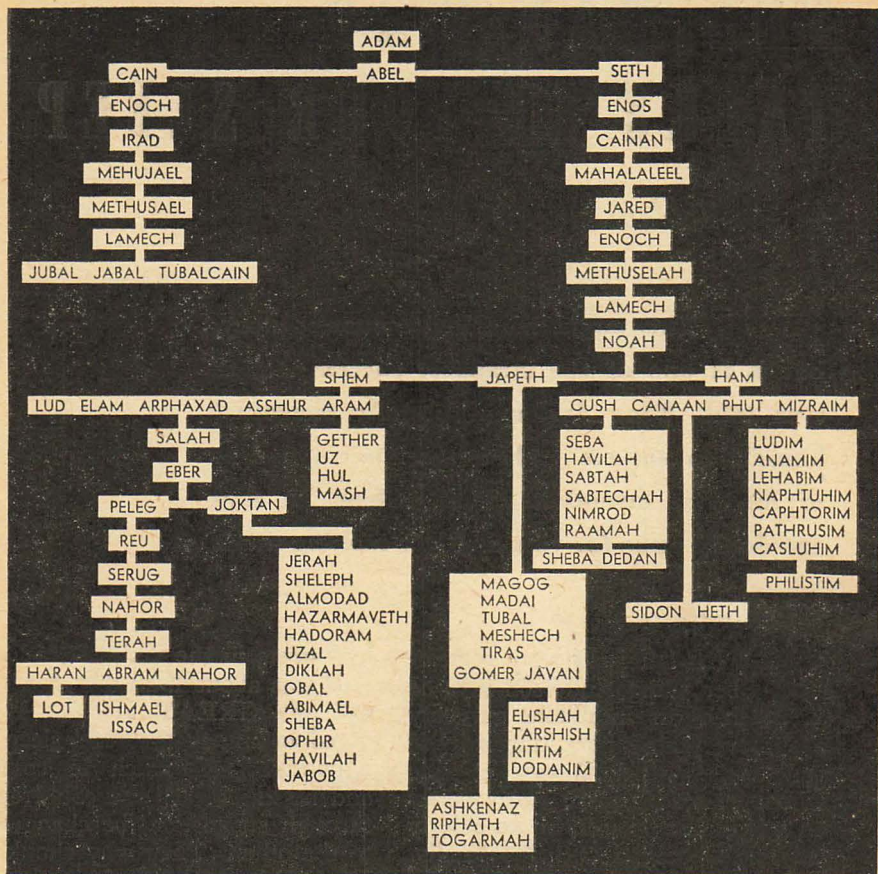
Actually, however, we might borrow from the ancient Chinese and Persian habit of naming historical eras and races—they called a race a "man" and gave him a name, and said his lifetime was a thousand years (approximately).

Does this actually account for the extremely long lifespans of the Adamic descendants? Was Enoch, for instance, a man or a race? Was Adam himself a man—or a race? Was he the first *men*?

We have supporting evidence in Noah's descendants—Shem, Ham, and Japheth. Shem—India; Ham—Africa; Japheth—China. Since Noah's three sons were countries (settled by Noah's descendants after the Flood), the theory of names of men for races gains new weight.

Take Shem, for instance. His descendants have such names as Lud; Elam; Arphaxad; Asshur; Aram. All of them were Persian and Indian kings!

On the side of Ham we find



This geneology chart, compiled from Genesis, shows that many of the biblical characters were not persons at all, but were the names of races, countries, cities, continents.

Cush; Canaan; Phut; Misraim. The land of Cush, of Canaan, of Phut!

Surely, we have the answer in the geneology table of Seth; the lands of Seba, Havilah where there was much gold and so on. And in Canaan, the cities of Sidon and Heth. Places, listed as descendants of Seth.

To go back to Shem, and his son Arphaxad, certainly you have heard of Ophir, the city of fabulous wealth and Sheba, with its famous queen. And Terah, where Abram was born; Haran where Lot was born.

No, Cain never had a wife.

THE END

# THE MAN WHO TALKS IN YOUR SLEEP

*by Frank Patton*

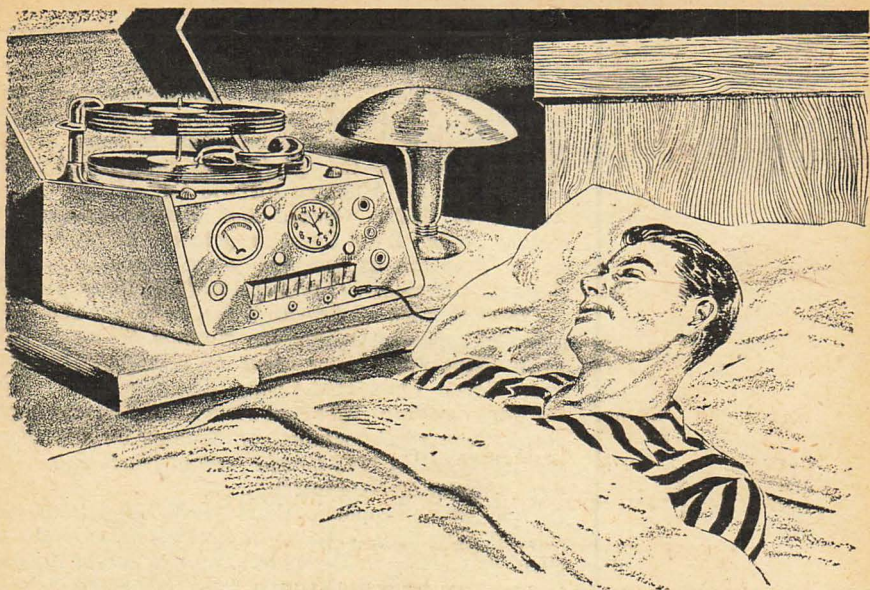
**This might be called a success story, but it is one of the strangest success stories ever told. Wing Anderson literally suggested himself to success with a mechanical gadget of his own invention. That gadget, he says can do the same for you, and he's making them.**

**A**S FAR back as he can remember Wing Anderson says he had an insatiable curiosity about everything pertaining to life and living. When a boy in grade school he read a great many books on spiritualism owned by an elderly lady who boarded with his family. Later everything pertaining to psychology, hypnotism, yoga, and religion that he could get his hands on were avidly read. As an engineer for the Chicago Telephone Co. he lived in Chicago which gave him access to the John Crerar and Chicago Public Libraries wherein he found some wonderful books. It was not however until he was almost forty years old that he had the opportunity to study under one of the most capable and well informed

hypnotists in the United States.

It was about 1928 that Anderson had his GREAT IDEA. It occurred to him that normal sleep and hypnotism had much in common and he knew that one could easily, through suggestion, be changed into the other. Then why should not a person be as responsive to suggestion while asleep as while under hypnosis? Anderson believed that such would be the case.

Suggestion during normal sleep had been used in several applications: to correct bad habits in children, to teach telegraphic code to soldiers during World War I and to secure complete and restful relaxation. Seeming miracles had been performed under hypnosis. Why could not similar results be obtained



*While you sleep, an under-pillow microphone whispers softly into your ear—you are going to become a success!*

while people were sleeping?

Many people have a fear of hypnotism and are reluctant to put themselves under the dominance of a hypnotist. Besides, capable hypnotists are hard to find. Sleep is natural. But no one would want a psychotherapist coming to his home at all hours of the night nor would a psychotherapist want to work all night. But why not build a *machine* to give suggestions during sleep? If people listened first to the recorded suggestions while awake they would have no fear that something was being put over on them, and if the suggestions were in line with desires, cooperation of the conscious and subconscious minds would be attained. Anderson had it! A clock-controlled machine that would re-

produce recorded suggestions while the patient slept was the answer.

Twenty years ago the only method of instantaneous recording that had been invented was the magnetic wire recorder, the old telegraphone used in World War I to record enemy code so that it could later be decoded. After considerable search Anderson located and purchased a telegraphone. It was found to be cumbersome, weighed about a hundred pounds and was far from trouble-free. As a machine to sell to the public it was quite impractical. What Anderson needed was a light-weight, trouble-free, low-priced, clock-controlled machine that would record suggestions instantaneously and reproduce them automatically at any desired time. Such

*Wing Anderson was born in Bloomington, Illinois on March 4, 1890. He attended Bloomington grade and high school. Completed his education at the University of Illinois and became a suburban engineer of the Chicago Telephone Co. In 1919 he covered the Idaho territory for the Montana Electric Co. Moved to Los Angeles in 1921. Opened the first sound-equipped theater on the West Coast in October, 1927 where he was a projectionist for five years. Incorporated the Essenes of Kosmon in California in 1932. Began publishing in 1935 when he bought plates, copyright and 2700 unbound copies of Oahspe, the Kosmon Bible. In 1938 wrote Next Nine Years, sold 15 printings. In 1940 wrote Seven Years That Change The World, sold 115,000 copies. Wrote Peace And Plenty For You and began organization of the Essenes of Kosmon on a national scale in 1941. In 1942 bought farm at North Salt Lake, later donated to the Fraternity.*

*In 1947 wrote Prophetic Years (1948-1954) which has sold 50,000 copies to date. In 1948 established Essene Children's Home in Colorado. Plans to accept orphans to raise as specified in Oahspe. Published Secret Science Behind Miracles by Max Freedom Long. Became president of National Psychological Institute upon the death of Dr. Carl Wickland, its founder, and is carrying on research in sleep suggestion for the Institute. He is married, has one son, and two grandchildren. Blessed with health, and thinks life beautiful.*

a machine was not available for it had not yet been invented.

After working several months and spending all the money he had, Anderson reached the conclusion that it would require many thousands of dollars to develop the kind of a machine needed and another fortune to get it in production so that it could be sold at a reasonable price. It was a grand idea all right but most certainly beyond his slender means.

At that time Anderson was a motion picture projectionist in the first sound-equipped theatre on the West Coast, the Tower Theatre at 8th and Broadway in Los Angeles. While

the projectors were running Anderson had plenty of time to read and study. And study he did—psychology. He read everything he could locate on hypnotism and suggestion and psychology in general. Without knowing it he was preparing for the future.

Ten years later—in 1938—Anderson saw a radio clock and a recorder for making transcriptions on acetate disks. It flashed into Anderson's mind that the things he had needed ten years before had been invented; a clock that would turn on an appliance at a pre-set time and a recorder with which one could make records without the prohibitive ex-



WING ANDERSON

pense of commercial records. An under-the-pillow speaker was also on the market. Eureka! Anderson could purchase the elements needed from various manufacturers, assemble them into the machine he had in mind—and his fortune was made!

But wait a bit. After all this was a theory. Everything Anderson had learned about psychology, hypnotism and suggestion told him that it would work. But would it? Ten years before, Anderson had spent months of time and his savings in trying to develop a means of giving suggestion mechanically during sleep. Maybe this would prove to be another blind alley? What if,

after months more time and the investment of everything he had, Anderson discovered that his idea was a flop? Perhaps it wouldn't work as he thought it would? Maybe he had better find out!

At that time Anderson was making about \$100 a week as a projectionist. He went to the business agent of his union and asked for a job that would give him as many free daytime hours as possible. He was transferred to the Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood where he worked two nights from six p.m. until closing of the theatre and two afternoons from noon until six p.m. By working Saturday and Sunday

afternoons all of his week days were free to carry on his research.

Anderson rented an office in the Haliburton Building and hung out his shingle as a psychotherapist. In spare time, he designed and built several record players to fit his purpose. A recorder was purchased so that after the study of a case he could record the suggestions he thought would bring the desired results. He would loan the person seeking his services a machine that would reproduce the recorded suggestions while the patient slept.

Anderson discovered that his theories were 80% correct. In four-fifths of the cases that came to him he secured seeming miraculous results. In about one-fifth of the cases no improvement was noticeable. Fear complexes, impotence, frigidity, undesirable personality habits, even physical diseases and disorders gave way before constructive suggestion during sleep in about four cases out of five.

If sleep suggestion was good for others it should be good for Anderson. He would try it out on himself.

One of Anderson's several hobbies over the years had been the collection and study of prophecy. One day, more to crystalize his ideas rather than with any thought of publication, Anderson wrote a little forty-eight page book and titled it **THE NEXT NINE YEARS**. In it he gave his ideas of the changes the world would see within the next nine years, from 1938 to 1947. In this little book Anderson foretold Pearl Harbor and the war with Japan, regimentation, scarcities, a

world war and several other things that later came true.

Writing this booklet had been quite a chore. Three-fourths of the manuscript ended up in the waste basket and that which was left had to be rewritten again and again. Anderson discovered that writing was hard work. He wondered if he could not make writing easier by giving himself constructive suggestions during sleep. And there was the matter of money. Anderson needed money at this time because he had voluntarily cut his earnings from \$100 a week to less than \$50 in order to prove or disprove his theories, and the money received from patients was spent for machines and research as fast as it came in.

Anderson made a recording for himself giving the suggestions that his memory contained a wealth of information and knowledge gained from the reading he had done—that the facts he needed would be presented to his consciousness on demand, phrased in good English and in correct continuity. He suggested that writing would become easy and a pleasure instead of hard work. He suggested that there were millions of dollars in circulation, that money was meant to be used in constructive endeavors and that he would become a magnet for dollars and attract to himself an abundance of money which he would be inspired to put to use for the betterment of his family and other worthy people. He told himself while asleep that the universe was built on a plan of abundance and that abundance would be his, an abundance of ambition, energy, ability, health, wealth,

good luck, success and happiness.

Strange indeed are the ways of FATE. Anderson had opened an office to prove that his theories were facts and to discover the best type of machine to use to reproduce recorded suggestions. But he soon discovered that writing and publishing were forcing into the background the things he had set out to do. The little book he had written for his own amusement proved to be an amazing seller. Printing after printing were sold until fifteen printings rolled off the press before other books replaced it. Book sales demanded more room so office space was doubled. Stock required warehousing so space was rented in the basement. Within a year Anderson was forced to move into larger quarters.

In 1940 Anderson wrote SEVEN YEARS THAT CHANGE THE WORLD which proved to be the best seller of books on prophecy. Well over 100,000 copies were sold and made Anderson close to \$50,000.

In 1941 Anderson wrote and published a book entitled PEACE AND PLENTY FOR YOU and while he did not like it and permitted it to go out of print after the first printing of 5,000 copies were sold, this book was the incentive for founding a fraternity which now has members and students in every state in the Union. In seven years the ESSENES OF KOSMON have purchased a farm five miles from Salt Lake City, Utah, where they have their offices, school, orchards and food processing plant and a 150-acre farm on the west-

ern slope of Colorado where a home for orphans and unwanted babies has been founded. The ESSENES OF KOSMON have assets of over \$100,000, are a nation-wide fraternity whose loyal members and co-workers are engaged in making this a better world for themselves and for coming generations.

Writing, publishing and building were a lot of fun even though hard work. The many activities connected with building a business in Los Angeles, supervising a plant in Utah and another in Colorado for the ESSENES OF KOSMON whose chief executive officer he was, left Anderson little time to give to his GREAT IDEA. Anderson had to step out of research in sleep suggestion, the recorder was long unused and it had been taken to Utah in the hope that more time would be available there to play with it. Here it had remained unpacked until late 1947 when Anderson set it up again and brought forth the box of recordings which he had shipped up with the machine.

During the time when Anderson was occupied with writing, publishing, building a fraternity and accumulating the necessary plant, the records made back in 1938 had been forgotten. It was not until they were unpacked and played that he recalled what he had recorded thereon.

One recording amazed him and filled him with joy. Here was proof positive that his ideas on sleep suggestion were correct. It was the record suggesting that writing become easy, that he would become a magnet for money, that work would be-

come fun and that health, wealth and happiness would be his. Everything suggested on that recording had come to pass.

Anderson had become a successful writer, had built a nationally-known publishing house, made over \$100,000 for himself and built a fraternity which accrued assets worth another \$100,000. Well over a quarter of a million dollars in a decade.

Now, twenty years after Anderson had his great idea, he is preparing to place within the reach of the thousands who need to replace fear with courage, laziness with energy, illness with health, poverty with wealth and discontent with happiness, the means with which they can solve their problems. Health, wealth and happiness while you sleep will soon be available for everyone with energy enough to reach out and take them.

During the war hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent to develop wire recorders. Postwar production will soon make available better machines than Anderson ever dreamed of at a cost within the reach of most everyone. As each new recorder comes on the market Anderson buys one, places it in his

laboratory for tests to discover which machine is best for the purpose in mind.

One machine, now coming into production, seems to meet every specification. This machine, with a minor change and with clock control and under-the-pillow speaker added, is the ideal machine for recording suggestions and reproducing them while one sleeps.

After a set of suggestions has taken root and is bringing about the desired result, Anderson says they can be erased and another set formulated to correct some other condition, can be recorded. Thus, by recording suggestions on wire, for reproduction during sleep, Anderson believes that anyone can eliminate any personality handicap, remake his personality, stimulate his ambition, activate latent talents and abilities, correct any destructive or undesirable habit and plant the seeds in the Unseen that will bring forth into the Seen a rich harvest of health, wealth and happiness.

Perhaps by correctly formulated suggestions given mechanically during sleep one can indeed make one's dreams come true!

THE END

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*Readers of FATE who may be interested in Wing Anderson and his work, and in his research into sleep suggestion, may contact him by writing to the following address:*

*Wing Anderson  
2210 West 11th Street,  
Los Angeles 6, California*

# TWO GIRLS — ONE BODY

*by Max Freedom Long & Rex Elgin*

**Here are two startling cases of two individuals occupying one body. Both have baffled medical and psychiatric authorities completely.**

**A** NOTED member of the Society for Psychic Research, and one who has taken part in many investigations, was a resident of Honolulu when I was there. He was Dr. Leapsley, a brilliantly educated man who was as trustworthy as he was wise. I give the following case from notes taken at one of his lectures:

Dr. Leapsley (Ph. D. and a biologist), in company with two medical doctors, was called in as a ranking expert in matters of multiple personality. The case was that of a young lady twenty-eight years old, the daughter of a prominent Chicago attorney.

From the age of four, this young lady had alternated personalities regularly every four years. Only two personalities were involved and there was complete reciprocal amnesia.

The change of personalities which came with such regularity would be made in a moment of deep sleep. The secondary personality had been

a "baby" when it first arrived, but had learned very rapidly and soon equalled the mental growth of the primary personality.

Through the years, each of the two personalities had continued its growth and education in its times of dominance, and each was able to learn with amazing rapidity anything the other had learned before it. Neither had the slightest memory of the experiences of the other. Upon returning to the body, neither personality could remember what it had done or where it had been while away. There was always surprise and momentary bewilderment at the time of returning to a body grown four years older and unfamiliarly dressed.

The primary personality was quiet and studious. It loved to sew and was shy and retiring. The secondary personality was aggressive and an unabashed tomboy. Their tastes and recreations were different.

One of the changes took place one afternoon while the mother was

reading to her twelve-year-old daughter. They were in the sitting-room and the primary personality, whom we will call Miss First, was then dominant. The child was listening quietly and happily to the reading when she suddenly fell asleep. It was little Miss Second who awakened in the body a moment later.

Four years passed. Miss Second, now sixteen, was in the same room with the mother. The mother was reading another book, but this time not aloud, as Miss Second did not care for books. The body fell asleep, as it happened, in the same big chair in which it had sat four years before and on much the same kind of sunny afternoon.

Suddenly the eyes opened and Miss First looked wonderingly out. "Why did you stop reading, Mother?" she asked. She was unaware that four years had passed. She thought she had dropped off to sleep and that the reading of four years before had suddenly stopped. When told what had happened, she knew by remembering similar experiences what must have occurred. Also she could see that her body was larger and that it wore a dress much too colorful to suit her quiet tastes.

So, every four years the girls changed places in the body. At the age of twenty-eight, or nearing it, each girl had lived fourteen years in the body. With each change, the wardrobe had to be made over to suit the personality which took over the body. Amusements were instantly changed, as well as diet, habits and occupational hobbies.

At least the parents decided to call in experts to see if there was

not some way in which the secondary personality could not be forced to leave the body to the primary. In this the parents were much perturbed as they had come to love both personalities as they would two different daughters, as indeed the girl seemed to have become to them.

The investigators took the young lady and explained to her that they were going to hypnotize her and endeavor either to cause both personalities to blend into one, or to get Miss Second to leave the body entirely to Miss First who now had possession, but feared the approach of the usual time for the change. Most eagerly she submitted to the treatment.

Under hypnosis the usual thing occurred. Both personalities appeared in turn and could be questioned. Each personality showed a complete memory of its own periods of life in the body, and each said that it knew all about the activities of the other—not by sharing those experiences but by "reading" what was in the memory of the other. They were not sure whether they stayed in the body or not, when latent, and they showed the usual lack of reasoning power. When the subconscious of Miss Second was told that she must stay away and leave the body, the reply was vague and unsatisfactory. The order seemed to be accepted, but the doctors were convinced that nothing would come of such a command. So convinced were they that they also gave the usual hypnotic suggestion aimed at forcing a blending of the two personalities.

After the first treatment it was



*Under hypnosis it was possible to converse with both entities, until one day a third voice stunned doctors.*

found that no blending of personalities had resulted. The treatments were continued daily until the usual time of the change drew near.

It was hoped that with Miss First well aware of the fact that they desired her to stay in the body and

blend consciously and subconsciously with Miss Second, something would be accomplished. However, when the change occurred, Miss First was not blended with Miss Second.

Hypnosis was applied again, after

the new arrival had heard what was being done. Again the subconscious minds were questioned. Miss First remembered the instructions given her to try to blend with Miss Second, but said she seemed unable to do anything about it. When asked where she was, she answered only, "Here."

Suggestion was next tried in an attempt to drive Miss Second out of the body. Then a startling thing happened. The body became as if dead. No response from either subconscious could be obtained. The doctors and parents became much alarmed. It was their desire to be rid of the invading personality, but now it seemed they had succeeded but could not recall Miss First. While suggestion was being laboriously continued, a still more startling thing happened. The lips opened and an unfamiliar personality spoke to them with such wisdom and authority that they were confounded.

This new personality spoke with a resounding voice which had in it an evasive but undeniable masculine quality. It was much like the gentle but very firm voice of an old man. The group about the girl's body listened in amazement. To add to their confusion, they realized that this new personality did not think as they thought. It seemed not to be logical, but superlogical. It seemed to know definitely and to the smallest detail what had gone before and what was being attempted. It asked no questions but began at once giving one statement after another concerning the girls and their lives. Each statement was precise and covered ground with which pa-

rents and doctors were familiar. As soon as the new personality had summed up the condition, it became silent.

The doctors asked who the speaker might be. The answer was another statement, and it was to the effect that this personality was one which had the two girls and the one body under its care and guardianship. In answer to more questions, more facts were stated — always without arguments such as a conscious mind might use, and always without explaining reasons. The group was told that the two girls were using one body for the purposes of living.

The doctors then contrived their best arguments. They told in full the way in which the change of personalities was ruining the life of the girl. She could not marry and could not live a normal life. To this the new personality answered with statements, the logic of which was apparent without argument or reasoning. Statement followed statement, each giving some definite purpose of living—the various purposes of growth and experience.

The learned doctors were helpless. They were like children before age-old wisdom. The type of thinking with which they were confronted was not human.

In desperation one of the doctors cried out that if Miss First was not allowed to have the body, they would keep it hypnotized indefinitely. To this the answer was another statement to the effect that no one would do anything to injure the body. Still another statement was given then—a final one which closed the inter-

view forever. "If you interfere with my work, I shall withdraw the girls and leave you the corpse."

There was a long silence, then suggestion was made to release the

**I**T IS now almost 70 years since there occurred that perplexing, provocative, and still discussed happening called the "Watseka Wonder Case."

It might have more fittingly occurred in those remote parts of Europe where the classical tenets of witchcraft and the supernatural were still accepted. Instead, the scene was as characteristically American as could be found, Watseka, Indiana. The year was 1878.

In this quiet, commonplace, little town, living with her parents was a fourteen year old girl named Lurancy Venum. She was a normal, healthy, child and her father and mother were normal, healthy, folk.

When Lurancy, or "'Rancy," as she was called, had been a baby one year old, in the same town, a thirteen year old girl, Mary Roff, died. The two girls never knew each other, of course. Yet the dead Mary was the unaccountable factor in the case.

In the year 1878 a peculiar change came over the heretofore happy and healthy Rancy. She began to have spells in which she went into trances. To her disturbed parents and to neighbors she explained that in these lapses she visited in heaven with the angels. What might be first dismissed as the whimsies of a child persisted. Next, Rancy began to tell of voices that called to her in the night.

body from hypnosis. Miss Second opened her eyes and smiled.

The superconscious spirit, the great, most trustworthy parental spirit, had won the battle.

More days went on and Rancy didn't improve. She grew morbid and perverse. It was becoming increasingly evident to her worried parents that here was neither the imaginative pranks of a child nor any ordinary illness. Sympathetic friends, as considerately as possible, expressed the sad conviction Rancy was insane and that it might be best to place her in an asylum.

Her father and mother might have finally admitted to this sad conclusion when Rancy's fantasies took another turn. One day she told that a dead girl named Mary Roff wanted to come to her. It can be imagined that her parents were more unhappily perplexed than ever. Rancy's belief that a dead girl wanted to take over her body was not insanity in the usual sense. It bordered on the sacred, the religious, the unknown. There must have been, with all the attendant anxiety and heartache, a sense of being in the presence of something experienced by few people.

In the next development, Rancy was convinced she was the deceased Mary Roff, living again in the body of Rancy Venum. Her conviction in this belief was almost pathetic. She conducted herself like one who was in the Venum home against her will; as though she were the living Mary Roff who had been sent to the Venums to stay and was now homesick for her real parents.

Between solicitude for their daughter and a sensitiveness to small town opinion, the position of the Vennums must have been an unhappy one. There were kind friends and neighbors, of course. Yet beside, there were undoubtedly those who privately thought some unexplainable but just retribution was being visited on the family, and still others who dwelt maliciously on the unfortunate girl's "craziness."

When the father, by way of humoring his child and probing toward what might prove some solution, sought Mr. Roff, parent of the dead Mary Roff, his inward uneasiness can be guessed. Imagine the position of a man who must go to a stranger, explain that his own daughter imagines she is the embodiment of the other's dead girl; and would the other cooperate in the chance it might dispel the illusion?

Roff seemed to think it queer, too. At least he did not immediately assent to Rancy coming to them. After all, it might not be comfortable to have such a girl around, affectionate as he was toward children.

Meanwhile, Rancy remained polite but timid. She appeared to be unacquainted with her family and repeatedly asked to be taken home—meaning to the Roffs. Then Mrs. Roff and her daughter, Minerva—the latter the sister of the dead girl, and whom Mary Roff had called "Nervie"—having heeded the Vennums' request, consented to visit. When, down the street in the distance, they came into view, Rancy was looking out of the win-

dow. Seeing them she exclaimed happily, "There come my Ma and sister Nervie!"

This recognition as her mother and sister of people she had never known made Rancy's claim to being Mary Roff the more authentic in its baffling way. When Mrs. Roff and Minerva entered the house, Rancy threw her arms around them and burst into tears of joy. In accordance with her claims, it was as if she were Mary Roff, elated to again be with her mother and sister.

With the departure of Mrs. Roff and Minerva, Rancy once more became abject. In the ensuing days she was more homesick than ever. At intervals she would be very insistent about "going home."

In the hope it might either end the child's hallucination or else show to what extent she really had the memory of Mary Roff, it was arranged that Rancy go to live with the Roffs for a time. So, on the 11th day of February, 1878, Rancy's ardent wish was gratified and she went to that household. If there was still any belief that her actions were mere coincidence, it was banished at once. After affectionately greeting and embracing the members of the family, she amazed them by being entirely familiar with the home. Her conduct was exactly as if she were Mary Roff, once more resuming life there. The Roffs pleasantly asked how long she intended to live with them. Rancy's answer was prophetically startling.

"The Angels will let me stay until sometime in May," she solemnly replied.

Mr. and Mrs. Roff, sympathetic to her, and further intrigued by the whole unexplainable matter, observed her actions with more wonderment. Astonishingly, Rancy immediately recognized and knew by name all the people Mary Roff had known up until the time of her death. Over and over again she would recall some incident that had occurred during Mary's natural life, just as though they had happened to her (Rancy).

And now, so thoroughly possessing the memory of Mary Roff, Rancy completely forgot her true parents, the Vennums. When they called she regarded them as complete strangers and had to be introduced. Likewise, she did not recognize or know any of the people she had known as Rancy Vennum. The recognition of former friends of Mary continued. Meeting a family acquaintance who had been a widower when Mary died, the girl exclaimed:

"You look so natural and have changed the least of any friend I have seen since I came back!"

She had some difficulty in adjusting herself to the fact the man was married again. In any of these conversations, Rancy, living in the belief she was Mary Roff, always referred to the time that had passed as "While she was away."

Gradually, Rancy began to accept her true parents, the Vennums, as friends. She continued to amaze the Roffs by recognizing more old friends of Mary's as her own and remembering incidents which had occurred in the real Mary's life.

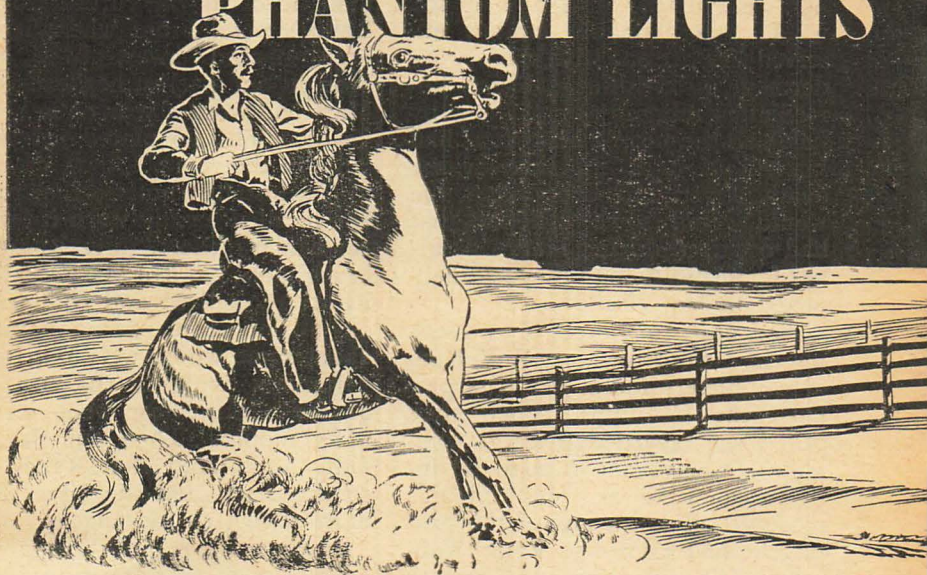
On one occasion, the Roffs thought of a way further to test Rancy's pose. From where it had been packed away, Mrs. Roff brought out a velvet headdress that Mary had worn a year or so before she died. This she placed on a small table in the room. Rancy, on coming in, instantly noticed the article. She recalled having worn it "when her hair was short." Mrs. Roff then brought out more of Mary's articles. Rancy recognized and commented on all of them, even inquiring about some which were missing.

Rancy's living in the character of the dead Mary went on for three months. Then one day she sadly announced that Rancy was coming back, and she, Mary Roff, must return to the angels.

It was at the end of three months and ten days that Rancy suddenly became normal again. The change back to her own personality was almost as startling as the former change away from it. As she previously had acted as a stranger in the Vennum home, now she acted as a stranger with the Roffs. She no longer knew the people she had remembered as Mary Roff. It was necessary to acquaint her with them all over again. Conversely, she again knew everyone she had known as Rancy Vennum and returned to that personality exactly as she had left it.

The child's once more becoming her normal self was, of course, a great relief to her parents. Whatever misgivings they had that she might again revert to the Mary Roff personality were gradually dispelled. Rancy continued normal, and later, was happily married.

# PHANTOM LIGHTS



by *Kenneth Arnold*

Like phantoms the mysterious lights glided over the desert, frightening man and beast alike. They acted intelligent, yet how could they be?

**A**BOUT every ten years, in the desert near the Oregon Canyon Ranch, which is located near McDermott, Nevada, mysterious lights are seen at night by shepherders and cowboys. Although rarely receiving publicity, these lights are a frequent subject of comment and conjecture on the part of the local ranchers.

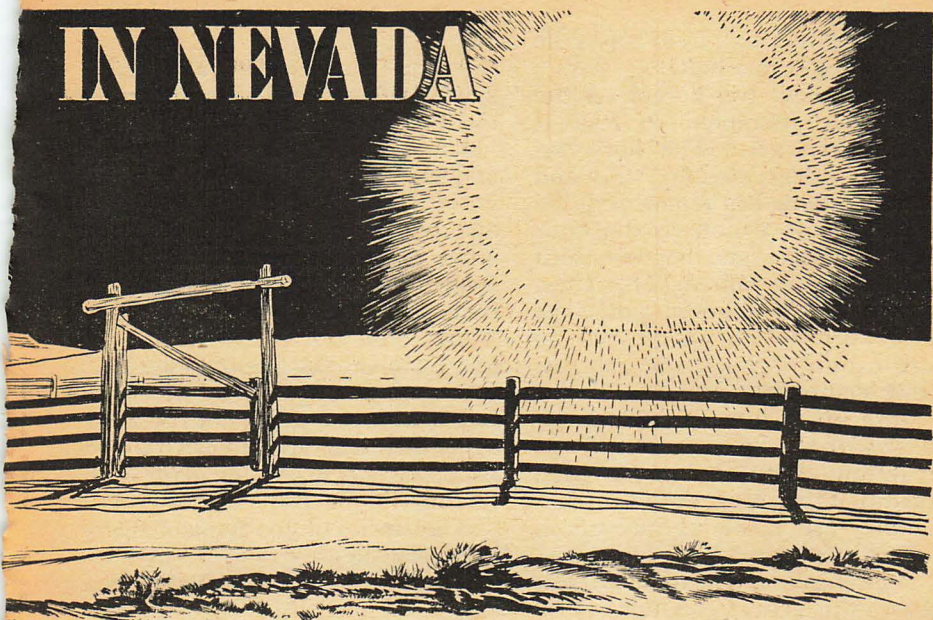
The elevation is approximately 4,400 feet above sea level, and the

area is extremely dry. There is no swampland, no damp area which might account for the lights as "swamp-fire."

Shepherders, most of them Basques (those strange people from the northeast provinces of Spain), have seen the lights most frequently, and describe them with complete and positive accord.

The lights, they say, appear somewhat like the lights of a car, but

# IN NEVADA



*It was a silent globe of light, and it hung just above the ground inside the corral. With a neigh of terror, the horse bolted and fled madly for more than a mile.*

with either a pale red or a pale yellow glow, and hugging very close to the ground. The general appearance is as if someone was carrying a lantern, or a car was approaching. They are of a circular shape, glowing like a fluorescent light, and very often appear to be only twenty or thirty feet ahead of the observer. Yet, when approached, they seem just that much farther away. The lights have been chased as much as two or three miles, but never could the pursuer get close enough to determine the exact nature of the light. A series was seen in 1922, again in 1927, and others in 1930.

In 1930, Joe Bankafier, a rancher, was riding back to his ranch at night when he noticed a large, pale

reddish glow or light, circular in shape, near the sheep corrals on his ranch at Oregon Canyon.

His horse carried him to within fifty yards of the light, then became frightened. Bankafier was unable to control the horse, which turned in terror, and ran with him for more than a mile. Finally exhausted, the horse pulled up, and Bankafier turned the animal around and tried to get it to return to the ranch. The horse went slowly, but remained nervous and jittery.

The light had disappeared, but when they reached the gate to the sheep corral, which was also the gate into the yard of the ranch, the horse refused to pass through the gate. Once more the horse bolted and

ran with him a half-mile before he could bring it to a halt.

On the next try, he got off the horse and attempted to lead it through the gate. The horse refused to budge, became wild and panicky. Bankafier remounted the animal and once more tried to spur it through the gate. For the third time the horse bolted. This time, halting after a hundred yards, the horse turned, and proceeded to walk calmly through the gate, its terror completely vanished.

More than fifty of the sheepherders of the area have seen the mysterious lights, and it has been noted that dogs bark at them, proving they are visible to animals as well as humans.

The second type of mystery light seen in this area is best typified by the story of Tito Bengoa, one of three brothers who run the King's River Ranch near King's River, Nevada. Tito's brothers are Frank

and Chris Bengoa, and all are Basques. The ranch usually runs 2,500 head of cattle, and is reputed to be worth a million dollars.

It was in 1930 that Tito Bengoa and his wife and a number of other persons went out into the desert and witnessed the phenomenon. They saw only one light, which seemed to travel along ahead of them, and at times, circle them. They could not tell what it was. It was rather disk-like or moon-like. It looked exactly like a full moon, but it was not the moon, because of its travels around the party, and its passage between the party and the mountains in the distance.

The stories of Joe Bankafier and Tito Bengoa are confirmed by hundreds of residents of the valley and surrounding territory, and the reputation of each is unimpeachable.

What are the mystery lights of Nevada? To date, there has been no satisfactory explanation.

THE END

## ANGELS SPOKE TO LINCOLN

by *Robert N. Webster*

**Was Lincoln guided by the voices of angels  
in making his historic governmental decisions?  
Did they inspire him to emancipate the slaves?**

**D**URING the girlhood of Mrs. Lincoln, she often maintained that she was to be the wife of a president of the United States. In other respects, she

made many prophecies which were afterward fulfilled.

In the *New York Herald* of July 17th, 1882, in the obituary of Mrs. Lincoln, the *Herald* refers to the

her prophetic insight as follows:

"Just after the election, a singular circumstance occurred, which once more brought out the gift of prophecy which Mrs. Lincoln possessed. Mr. Lincoln described it in the following language:

"It was after my election, when the news had been coming in thick and fast all day, and there had been a great "hurrah boys!" so that I was well tired out, and went home to rest, throwing myself on a lounge in my chamber. Opposite to where I lay was a bureau with a swinging glass upon it, and looking in that glass, I saw myself reflected nearly at full length, but my face, I noticed, had two separate and distinct images, the tip of the nose of one being about three inches from the tip of the other. I was a little bothered, perhaps startled.

"I got up and looked in the glass, but the illusion vanished. On lying down again, I saw it a second time, plainer, if possible, than before; and then, I noticed that one of the faces was paler than the other. I got up and the thing melted away, and I went off, and, in the excitement of the hour, forgot all

about it—nearly, but not quite—for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened. When I came home, I told my wife about it, and, a few days after, I tried the experiment again, when, sure enough, the thing came back again; but I never succeeded in bringing the ghost back after that, though I once tried, very industriously, to show it to my wife, who was worried about it somewhat. She thought it was "a sign" that I was to be elected to a second term of office, and that the paleness of one of the faces was an omen that I should not see life through the second term.'

"Mr. Lincoln," the *Herald* went on, "regarded the vision as an optical delusion caused by nervousness. His wife's prophetic interpretation of the circumstance, viewed in the light of subsequent events, seems certainly most extraordinary."

Abraham Lincoln was elected to a second term, and was assassinated shortly afterward.

However, the reference to Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation dream comes from Col. Kase, who resided, in 1882, at 1601 North 15th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.\*

One night Lincoln dreamed that several angels came to him and called his name. When he answered, asking who they were, they answered:

\*In the Summer 1948 issue of *FATE* we mentioned that the great Civil War President, Abraham Lincoln, was said to be quite mystic and had dreamed his Emancipation Proclamation. Many of our readers requested information on this subject. We present here the only available information on this subject, and we present it without the confirmation we usually demand in this magazine, however, we have no reason to doubt its truth, and perhaps some one of our readers can assist us to throw light on this matter, and perhaps provide us with positive proof.—The editor.

\**FATE* will be glad to publish any definite confirmation of this incident if the families of Col. Kase or Nettie Mainard can be contacted in any way. — ROBERT N. WEBSTER, editor.

## ADVENTURE in the UNKNOWN

Do you crave real excitement? Do you think the frontiers of adventure are gone forever? Do you wish you could actually participate in dangerous ventures into a little-known world?

### THESE THRILLS CAN BE YOUR OWN

In September, 1944 one of the strangest mysteries of our modern times began. It began in an obscure pulp magazine with the publishing of a letter concerning an ancient alphabet of a language Man has long forgotten. It was written by a Pennsylvania welder who claimed it was the mother tongue of all languages. His statement was challenged instantly—and as instantly found to be incredibly difficult to assail; for the alphabet worked! It worked on all languages to a degree that precluded mere chance, and the more ancient the language used to test it, the higher the percentage of consistency. Then began an astounding series of events that come to be known as "The Shaver Mystery" after the alphabet's discoverer.

**NOW YOU CAN BE A MEMBER**

### JOIN The Shaver Mystery Club

Participate in these startling investigations into the unknown. A postcard will bring you details. Write:

**THE SHAVER MYSTERY CLUB**  
Rt. 2, Box, 74, Lily Lake  
McHenry, Illinois

Send No Mohey, There Are No Dues

"We are such as come in God's name for freedom's sake. Behold, millions of His angels look down from heaven, and would come to thy armies, if thou would'st but proclaim freedom to the slaves."

Lincoln awoke, much troubled with his dream. The next night the angels came again, re-told their words, and added:

"The great majority of the country is ripe for this matter. Thou fearest this is but a foolish dream. Behold, we will give thee proof tomorrow."

Lincoln awoke more troubled than before.

At that time a seeress named Nettie Mainard lived in Washington. During a seance, attended by Col. Kase, voices spoke to Kase, saying:

"Go, thou, and fetch the president into the presence of this woman."

Kase went to Lincoln and told him what had been said. Lincoln came to see Nettie Mainard, who went into a trance, and the same voices Lincoln had heard in his dream, said:

"We said we would give thee proof tomorrow. Behold, we repeat unto thee, God is in this matter. Save, thou proclaimest the freedom of the slaves, thou shalt not succeed. Do thou this, and the enemy's armies shall melt away like snow in the sun."

Lincoln immediately made his famous Emancipation Proclamation. And true to the angels' words, the armies of the South laid down their arms and went home. The war ended almost miraculously. The slaves were free.

THE END

# THE FLYING JIGSAW PUZZLE

by Neil Stanley & Chester S. Geier

**Take these interesting facts about shapes and sizes of flying disks; add them up and you get . . . ?**

**S**TUDYING closely the drawings based upon the descriptions given by observers of the famous—and still mysterious\*—flying disks, it is possible to make an interesting discovery. And this discovery leads to the following question: Are the flying disks actually parts of what, in essentials, is a jigsaw puzzle?

The disks seem to fall into three main shapes, as shown in Figure 1 (page 103).

A. This is a large round disk, with the exception that a chord of an arc has been removed from one-sixth of the circumference — like a bite taken out of a pie.

B. A crescent-shaped disk — like a quarter moon outline — except that it has a projected curve which comes to a point on the concave side.

C. Has the shape of a bulging diaphragm, tapering from the edges to the thickest part in the center.

Regarded in their simple aspects, the shapes pictured convey the impression of unrelated origin — that

is, of each springing from a different source. However, this does not seem to be the case, for from accounts given of the speed and actions of the disks, it appears that *all operate on the same flight principle*. In addition, each of the disks is fundamentally alike in aerodynamic design. There may be differences in degree, but on the whole the similarity in kind is unmistakably evident. Thus it may be safely assumed that all the flying disks, regardless of shape, have the same origin.

Since any one of the disks is basically as capable an airfoil as any other, the builders might have settled on any one of the shapes with little or no loss in aerodynamic efficiency. In fact, from the standpoint of economy, this would have been highly desirable. Why spend on many the time and expense that might have been conserved on one?

The different shapes of the disks, then, are puzzling in the extreme. What makes the matter all the more confusing is the fact that descriptions of the disks also show that *they are of different sizes*. The size of the disks has been estimated as from one-hundred feet in diameter to three feet. This is a star-

\*In the opinion of the editors of FATE, the recent announcement of a new supersonic disk-plane does not explain the Flying Disks. The new ship is a direct imitation.

tlingly big difference between them.

It is obvious that the flying disks embody a very high degree of scientific and technological knowledge, and therefore these differences in size and form must have a definite purpose. A clue to what this purpose might be lies in the consideration of surface area. It is possible that the size — and the shape, to a lesser extent — has some effect on the operating efficiency of the disks. A small disk, having less surface area, might travel more slowly than a large one, which has more. From this it may be theorized that the small disks are robot-controlled observation craft, containing photographic equipment or scientific instruments. The large disks might be transports or passenger craft.

But again we run up against the question of the dissimilar shapes. If surface area is the answer, what does it matter whether this is distributed over a disk shaped like a saucer, or one shaped like a crescent?

This is where the jigsaw element makes its appearance. It offers an explanation for a set of circumstances which otherwise would remain baffling and illogical.

If the reader will look carefully at the A. type disk shown in Fig. 1., with a chord of an arc removed from one-sixth of the circumference, it might be discerned that the arc can be continued to a full circle. When this is done, we achieve a conclusive disk which is a *duplicate of the first*.

Now a glance at the B. type disk in Fig. 1. will suggest that it is of the dimensions which would enable it to be fitted within the arc

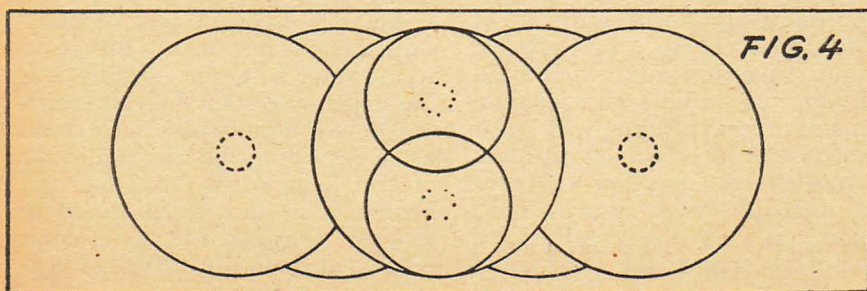
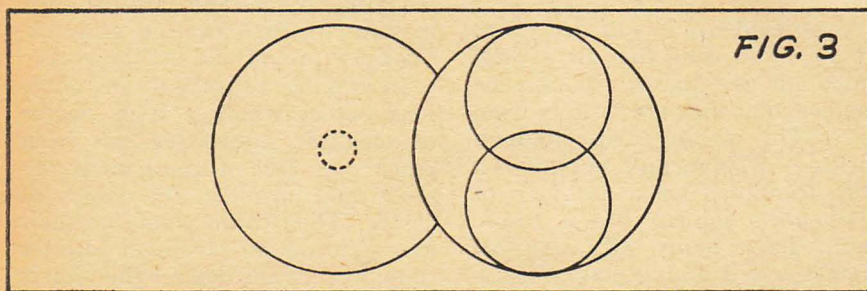
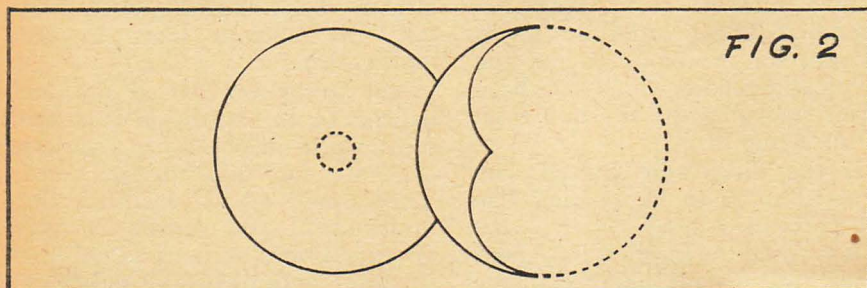
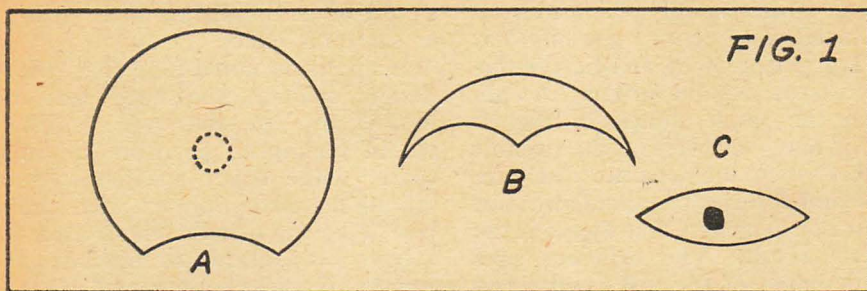
of the first disk and the circumference of the second, as in Fig 2. And of course, if the convex side of the B. type disk is drawn from the same radius as the A. type disk, this can easily and neatly be done.

Here it can be argued that a point is deliberately being stretched — that the disks involved may not be of the relative sizes which would permit such an operation. But the reported sizes of the disks indicate that the idea is plausible enough. In fact, until actual disks are examined, it cannot be said that the matter is outrightly impossible. There must be some reason for the strangely varying sizes and shapes of the disks, and this seems the only one which will fit all the conditions.

A short scrutiny of Fig 2. shows that we are on the track of something startling and important. The chord of an arc removed from an A. type disk may be continued to achieve a second and identical disk. Further, a B. type disk may be fitted into the two. But this is only the beginning. Our line of investigation promises other discoveries.

Suppose, working from the B. type disk in Fig. 2., that we now continue the arcs within the concave side to full circles, as has already been done with the A. type disk. We obtain the result shown in Fig 3.

Here we have three A. type disks — one large and two small —, two B. type disks, and one C. type disk. Our flying disk jigsaw puzzle is shaping up. And we have remained within the bounds of logic. These various sizes and shapes have been described by observers. Thus it



These diagrams show how the flying "saucers" form a complex whole.

now becomes clear that the disks have quite possibly been so constructed as *to fit into one another*.

For purposes of artistic symmetry we can expand on Fig. 3. to obtain the result shown in Fig. 4. This may very well be the over-all effect when the separate disks are assembled into a complete unit, but it is not suggested that Fig. 4. is the exact result. The different sizes and shapes of the disks make possible a number of variations in assembly. These variations might account for the more bizarre and perplexing reports which have been given regarding the size and form of the flying disks.

If the disks were indeed constructed so as to fit together like the parts of a jigsaw puzzle, what reason could the builders have had? There are several likely explanations.

As no evidence has turned up as yet to show that the disks originated on this planet, it must be assumed that they are visitors from space. On a long trip between worlds — or planetary systems — a craft composed of a number of small units joined into a whole would have many advantages. Greater speed and functioning efficiency would be among the most immediate, along with economy of vessel space. There would also be protection against loss, which could all too easily inflict the separate units of a fleet traveling with great velocity over an enormous distance.

Another consideration might be the difficulty of landing a huge space vessel in the gravitational field of a planet. If the vessel could be divided up into individual

units, the entire landing operation would be accomplished with greater ease and safety.

It might be noted here that this design obviates the need for a mother-ship of the type which would remain in an orbit out in space, while small auxiliary vessels alone made contact with the planet being visited. These auxiliary vessels would be so much dead weight on a long voyage, and as has already been mentioned, would take up precious space in the mother-ship.

Not to be overlooked are the benefits to an expedition from another world in possessing a variety of craft for different purposes. They would greatly facilitate the multitude of tasks confronting such an expedition, such as examining chemical and physical conditions, studying plant and animal life, making repairs, locating and taking on supplies, and all the rest.

In making a survey of an inhabited planet where a high degree of scientific knowledge has been reached, a fleet of small, swift vessels would minimize the danger of attack. They could complete their investigation in a much shorter time, and could defend themselves better.

This jigsaw puzzle type of spaceship design has many things to recommend it. Quite possibly it is the explanation for the contradicting descriptions which have been given regarding the size and shape of the flying disks. At the very least, it is an idea which should be seriously considered if any attempt is to be made to lift the veil of mystery surrounding them.

## TRUE MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

Have you experienced something strange and unusual that you wish to relate? This department is devoted to your own experiences.

SEVERAL years ago, my wife and I lost our one year old first born in an accident which also took the life of my mother. My wife and I escaped with cuts and bruises.

My wife mourned our baby until it became an obsession, so to get away from familiar sights, such as the nursery, mother's room and belongings, we took a house in the country.

Everything worked out fine and my wife seemed to be recovering quite well.

One evening we were sitting before the fireplace, chatting and listening to some old records on the phonograph when the wind blew the front door open. It made an eerie sound as it came through the reception hall.

"Must be a storm brewing, the way the wind howls," I said as I went out and closed the door. "My goodness! It's such a damp cold feeling, maybe it's getting ready for a first Fall snow."

I sat down beside my wife on a davenport before the fire.

Immediately the door blew open again and a gust of wind blew out the only lamp in the living room.

I fumbled in my pockets to find a match, when my wife said: "Look, Jim, over there by the door!" There was a white shadowy outline which



BABY M.E.H.

seemed to be moving toward us.

Needless to say we were frightened. I put my arm about my wife's shoulders and held her tightly to me. All at once there was a flash of light and there stood Mother with our baby in her arms.

"Oh! Mother!" My wife collapsed

in my arms as she spoke. I wondered if I were having a dream! I shook my head.

"Jim," the vision spoke. "Tell Kathy not to worry about little Jimmy. I will take care of him. We are very happy in our heavenly home. Goodbye, my son." The light slowly faded and the vision went with it, leaving us in complete darkness.

I put my wife on the davenport and lit the lamp. I was shaking from head to foot. I went to the kitchen and got a glass of water. When I returned, my wife was opening her eyes. I gave her a drink and took her in my arms.

"What happened, Jim?" she asked, weakly. "I thought I saw

Mother with little Jimmy in her arms." She looked at me with a question in her eyes.

I wanted to spare her, yet felt that she should know the truth. "We saw a vision, darling. It was Mother; she doesn't want us to worry about Jimmy anymore, as he is safe with her in heaven."

The vision cured my wife's grief.  
—M. E. H., *Flint, Michigan.*

(M. E. H., Flint, Michigan, does not wish his name published, but his full name and address are on file at the office of FATE. It was his child and his mother who appeared to him and his wife in October, 1923. The date of the accident was May, 1923.)

I had walked from the house into the back yard one hot August night in 1947 to get a breath of fresh air. I noticed there were a few clouds scudding across the sky, giving hope of approaching rain. While I scanned the heavens I was suddenly startled to see an odd looking light moving across the sky at high speed, and as the oblong light drew closer I was even more amazed when other lights came into view, apparently following the first one. I counted them; there were twelve in all. They were silent and moved along in formation.

I called loudly to my husband, who hurried from the house and we both watched these luminous craft with great interest. Our interest became greater when the first great light began to decelerate and swept in a circling motion high in the sky directly over the huge field

and pasture that lies behind our house. The other craft raced over the first at terrific speed, proceeding, I would judge, about fifty miles beyond the first which was still sweeping in great circles high above.

The first of the retreating craft banked sharply and the others followed, one after another; then they came racing back toward the lone glowing craft circling above. Here they took up positions and began circling the first one, keeping in rigid formation. I turned to my husband and exclaimed: "I wonder if those could be the flying saucers we've been hearing about?"

"I don't know what they are," he answered.

"Let's hurry over to my mother's house," I urged him. "I'll bet my folks haven't seen them." So we started at a trot across the field that

separates our farm from theirs and soon arrived, out of breath and bawling loudly to "come out quick, and see the strange lights." However, we found them all, my Father, Mother, sister and little son lined up on the door steps peering skyward. Here we all stood rubbernecking at the hovering and circling lights.

Suddenly my mother exclaimed: "I'm going in and turn on the radio to see if anyone has sent in a report of all this." The radio announcer on KFRO, Longview, Texas station, was elaborating on the reports that were flooding the broadcasting station, asking information about the saucers. He made the statement that neither he nor any of the sources of information at his disposal could identify or account for the luminous flying shapes. Meanwhile my mother returned and we all huddled upon the steps awaiting the saucers' next move.

The craft circling the larger one began gliding away one by one. They would make a huge circle, then flash away across the sky, one following the other as each completed its circle in turn. Then the most amazing thing happened. The huge lone craft seemed to drop lower than before and became stationary. A brilliant bluish white shaft of light cut the dark skies and struck the earth about a half mile distant from us. This light moved back and forth with a gently sweeping motion, then shown full upon us and our home for a full minute. The light went off as suddenly as it had come on and the great luminous something above soared up-



DORIS GREGG

ward, made another wide circle and raced away in the direction of the others.

What could those lights have been? They moved intelligently, and give all indications of sensible observation. Every story has a comical side, I suppose. Anyway the newspapers certainly laughed at our expense next day.

The explanation, according to the editor of the paper, was a searchlight, which the paper stated was being used at the opening of a new grocery and market store in Tyler, Texas, some thirty-five or forty miles from Longview. For several weeks after the appearance of the strange luminous aircraft, the populace was treated quite often to an erratic display of search-

lights, though their best imitations never equaled the size nor actions of the flying saucers that night. *I would like to emphasize the fact that these lights shone from high above, down upon passing clouds that chanced to come between them and earth at times.*

A searchlight would certainly have made a clear, strong beam of light which would have shone upon the underside of the clouds. I have never seen a searchlight on the earth cut its way through the heavens then turn and shine straight down upon the ground. Nor have I seen, or heard tell of, one search-

light casting twelve distinctive spots of light that traveled across the heavens from one side of the sky to the other in formation, then leaving one light stationary and causing the others to circle around it. This is a true account of what my family and I saw.

—Doris Gregg, Longview, Texas.

(Mrs. Gregg lives at Rt. 2, Longview, Texas. She is 27. She lives on a rented farm with her husband, and is employed at the Cumber-Graham basket factory in Longview.)

A strange thing happened to me at 3:30 A.M., in November of 1922.

I was married April 15, 1922, to a widower twenty years my senior. He had two sons, the elder of whom I had never met. My husband was a military man, and, after completing a year's course of study at the U. S. Naval War College in Rhode Island, he was ordered to attend an Army Infantry School in Georgia. The housing shortage there was acute at that time, so we had to rent a small farm ten miles out of town. I was expecting my first child in February, and, although my health was perfect, I did not sleep very soundly.

One day, my husband came to me, very much disturbed in his mind, and very unhappy. He showed me a letter, advising him that his elder son, the apple of his eye, had left Camp without permission and was listed as a deserter. The shock nearly killed my

husband. He made every possible effort to find his son, employing a well-known Detective Bureau to trace him. This happened in August. As winter approached, there



DOROTHEA WILLARD HOOKER

was still no news of my husband's son. Although my husband tried hard not to show it, I knew he was almost heartbroken.

One very rainy night in late November I found myself unable to sleep at all. I got up and walked around the house, smoked innumerable cigarettes, finally made myself a cup of hot chocolate, hoping the warmth of the beverage would induce sleep. When I went back to bed, the living-room clock struck three. I lay on my back, listening to the rain, staring into the darkness.

Suddenly, I noticed a pale light moving toward the bed from the direction of the bedroom door, which was closed. I followed this strange glow with my eyes until it reached the foot of my bed, where it disappeared. In its place, stood a man. He wore a rumpled gray flannel suit, a soft brown felt hat. His features were plainly visible to me, although the room was quite dark. I noticed, especially, his high cheek bones and thin, straight lips.

He stood and looked at my husband, who was sleeping peacefully in the bed next to mine. At first, I felt no fear at all. Then, remembering that our house was situated far out in the country, I had a sudden panicky feeling that the man was a burglar. I reached over, and, shaking my husband as hard as I could, I waked him.

"Wake up! There's a man at the foot of my bed!" I whispered.

My husband roused himself, and turned on the bedside lamp. The bright light flooded the room with blinding brilliance. When our eyes became accustomed to the glare, we saw no one. The bedroom door

was closed. The window was raised only three inches.

My husband rose and searched the entire house. All windows and doors were found to be closed and locked.

"I guess you just dreamed it, Honey," he said, reassuringly. "Try to get some sleep, now. Here, I'll read to you awhile."

He read aloud until I finally dozed off into a deep and entirely dreamless sleep.

The next morning, while we were at breakfast, the telephone rang. It was my husband's son, calling from the hotel in town. We lost no time, but jumped into the car and drove rapidly to Columbus.

As we entered the lobby, I saw a man standing by a potted palm. He wore a rumpled gray flannel suit, and he held a soft brown felt hat in his nervous, restless hands. He had high cheek bones and thin, straight lips. It was the same man I had seen at 3:30 A.M. standing at the foot of my bed!

I had to sit down quickly, so violently was I trembling. My knees were too weak to hold me. My husband strode across the lobby. He spoke for some time with his son, alone.

On the way back to our house, my husband told me that his son had arrived on the seven o'clock train. Therefore, it would have been impossible for the figure I saw to be the real man.

—*Dorothea Willard Hooker, Newport, Rhode Island.*

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(Dorothea Willard Hooker was born on September 28, 1896, in

Vicksburg, Mississippi. She was the youngest of four daughters, and was educated in Newport, Rhode Island, and Lausanne, Switzerland. She is married to Colonel Richard

Steward, USMC, has four children, two of them boys who served in the Pacific during the last war. She lives at Pine Lodge, 32 Catherine Street, Newport, R. I.)

**F**iction writers' experiences are sometimes as weird as their tales.

One night I struggled in concocting a pulp paper adventure yarn. My hero, in a terrific battle on top of a freight train moving through a terrain with which he was unfamiliar, had just succeeded in overcoming his antagonist. Swaying on top of the "drag," my hero had an instant of relief, then, suddenly he noted the train was entering a tunnel which was only a matter of inches higher than the top of the car on which he rode.

How to save the hero? That was my problem. And it must be done in such a manner that the reader would believe it.

Long into the night I sought the solution to my situation. I thoroughly lost myself in the trouble of my hero, for his troubles were mine. So, although I was in a tough spot only vicariously, it was quite real to me.

At last I went to bed hoping that my subconscious would solve the problem for me as I slept.

Came morning and the solution was clear. I arose, dressed, and went downstairs. My landlord, a pleasant, white-haired man, met me at the dining room door.

"Mr. Henry, I dreamed about you last night," he said.

"That so? What did you dream?"

He had taken my new car, driven

to the local post office, parked, and gone in for the mail. When he was leaving the office, he had seen someone driving away in my car.

"Guess I'd better be careful with that jalopy today," I said and dismissed the idea from my mind. I had breakfast and went to school. I was principal of a small high school at the time, writing of evenings.

As I approached the building, one of the Junior girls came to meet me. She was rather fond of me as a teacher.



OMER HENRY

"O, Mr. Henry," she gushed, "I dreamed about you last night." And she told her dream—something in which I was in physical danger.

At school a Freshman girl came to me. "I dreamed of you last night," she told me laughingly. She, too, had visioned me in some dire predicament.

So it went. By the end of the day five separate people had come to me, each having dreamed of the previous night, and the tenor of all dreams had been the same.

Explanation? I have none. Those

are the facts. Draw your own conclusions.

—Omer Henry, *Washington, D. C.*

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(Omer Henry is President of the Writer's League of Washington, D. C., and has sold more than a hundred publications, including top magazines. He is married, has three daughters, and is not the only writer in the family, two daughters and his wife having sold their work. He lives at 4037 22nd St., N. E., Washington, D. C.)

ON February 21, 1948, the *Miami Herald* reported the account of Charles Francis Coe, relating to a mysterious celestial body, also observed by his son, which he saw

over the ocean off Palm Beach. To quote: Mr. Coe said he saw a "globe of luminosity sweeping in from the southeast, traveling probably thousands of miles per hour. . ." The object, observed from the porch of their Palm Beach penthouse on the preceding night at 2 A.M., was further described as "a ray or a blob of light which curved over the Atlantic and headed northeastward in a wide arc as though following the curve of the earth." Said Coe: "It was not a shooting star or other known kind of celestial body."



CHARLES FRANCIS COE

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(Charles Francis Coe, author and criminologist, ran for the position of United States Senator from Florida in 1940. Created a furore in radio by his sensational broadcast of a championship bout. He is a resident of the "beat California State," where he formed a "vote-vigilante" movement.)

THE WARD family, to whom the following ghostly happenings occurred, is well-known to me. They are stolid English folk, not given to delusions or loose imaginings. The story was told by a daughter of the house to a group of friends. Its authenticity was vouched for by the young woman who told it.

It happened several years ago in the old Nicetown section of Philadelphia.

Old Mary Ward, an elderly woman who had immigrated from England twenty-five years before, lay dying in the front bedroom of the small, neat brick house she had called "home" since her arrival in the city so many years ago. For several weeks she had been lying in a state of coma, interspersed with periods of wild delirium.

Her eldest daughter, Fanny, a chubby-cheeked spinster of 45 years, held forth in the kitchen of the home, tenderly caring for her mother during these last hours of her illness. They were alone together in the house, the remaining members of the family being at work in the north end of the city.

Discovering that her supplies of flour and butter were running low, Fanny drew her shawl about her head, tying a brisk knot beneath her chin, and set forth for a visit to the neighborhood grocery, a block distant from the Ward home, leaving her mother alone in the house. The front door she left closed, but unlocked.

After replenishing her supplies at the corner store, Fanny hurried up the street in the direction of home. Halfway to the house she

encountered Joe Tremayne, a neighbor of hers, in his mid-twenties, who worked as a clerk for a local electric supply shop.

"You'd better hurry home, Miss Ward," he greeted her. "You have company."

"Company?" exclaimed Fanny. "Who on earth is it, Joe?"

"I didn't recognize them," Joe replied. "They are a group of five persons, three men and two women. They are dressed in what I should call old-fashioned clothing. The men were wearing long Prince Albert type coats and tall silk hats, while the women were clad in bonnets and long dark dresses. You'd better hurry. Perhaps it's someone to see Gramma Ward."

Fanny raced on in the direction of home. As she came to her front doorway, she noticed that the door stood ajar an inch or two. She quickly entered the house and hurriedly deposited her purchases on the kitchen table. Straightening her hair with a nervous hand, she turned in the direction of the stairway leading upstairs.

As she came to the foot of the stairway, she distinctly heard the murmur of several voices sounding from the upstairs bed chamber where the sick woman was lying. An animated conversation, in which both male and female voices joined, was obviously being carried on in the room of the sick woman. As she mounted the stairs, her heels clacking on their varnished wood surfaces, the voices ceased abruptly as though anticipating her entrance.

She entered the sickroom with a smile of greeting on her face, ex-

pecting to greet the waiting guests, but except for the sick woman tossing on her bed in delirium, the cheery front bedroom was vacant, its white curtain flapping in the breeze from a screened window.

Puzzled, Fanny Ward looked about her. After a few seconds she returned to her downstairs kitchen.

Suddenly she stiffened. Again she heard them. Voices of men and women again sounded down the stairway, emanating from the room of the sick woman. Their quiet tones could be heard distinctly in the stillness of the house.

Opening the door into the small backyard of the house, Fanny called in Daisy, the family's long-eared dog. Holding the dog by the collar, she started for the stairway. At the foot of the stairs the dog balked, resisting with all four feet the urging of her mistress that she mount the stairway to the upper floor. Covering in abject fear, she whined out her terror. She strug-

gled, snapping at the hand of her mistress, and then fled back into the yard. Abruptly, the upstairs voices ceased. As Fanny mounted the stair, she faced again an empty sickroom and her unconscious patient.

Several times that day the same scene re-occurred. Murmuring voices sounded in conversation from the sickroom, only to fade away as Fanny investigated each occurrence. The hound dog refused to enter the stairway each time.

That night old Mrs. Ward died.

To this day the Ward family, stolid English stock that they are, still wonders. From some region beyond did the old friends and companions of Mother Ward come back for a last visit?

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(Dr. John J. Buchanan is a member of the English faculty of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, and lives at Wheeler road, Central Islip, Long Island, New York.)

## ECLIPSES THAT LASTED A YEAR!

**I**N the ninth year of the reign of Justinian I., who reigned thirty-eight years, the sun suffered an eclipse which lasted a whole year and two months, so that very little of its light was seen; men said that something had clung to the sun, from which it would never be able to disentangle itself.—*Abu'l-Farag*.

In the second year of the reign of Justinian II, who reigned thirteen years, there appeared a flame of fire in the heavens, near the north pole, and it remained there

for a whole year; darkness was cast over the world from three o'clock until night, so that nothing could be seen: and something resembling dust and ashes fell down from the sky.—*Abu'l-Farag*.

These occurrences, (536 A.D. and 567 A.D.) have been explained as volcanic eruptions. If so, where are their cones today; and why did dust and ashes fall only for a five-hour period? Were they really eruptions—or was it *something* out in space, between Earth and Sun? If so, what?

# THE AMAZING PROPHET OF OAK RIDGE

by *Richard B. Gehman*

**How secret was the atom bomb? No secret at all  
to John Hendrix, who gave away the whole thing  
almost fifty years before it became a reality!**

**T**HERE are those who contend that the predictions of Nostradamus are coming true in our time. They may be right; Nostradamus phrased his predictions in symbolical verses, and it should be possible for any imaginative interpreter to fit them to contemporary happenings. In our day, in our country, less than fifty years ago, there lived a man who did not use metaphoric language in making his predictions. He spoke in specific facts; and everything he said has come true.

This man was not a great leader, or teacher, or scholar, as many prophets before him were. He was a simple, uneducated, not too successful East Tennessee farmer. Possibly, at the time of his visions, he himself could not comprehend their significance. His neighbors took no stock in what he said. When he looked out over his valley and declared that one day it would be the

site of a huge industrial city which would help end the greatest war in history, they laughed at him.

Today, those of the neighbors who are left are no longer laughing. They are shaking their heads in wonder.

In the valley where the prophet lived, and where he is buried today, there has arisen an industrial development covering eight square miles. Unquestionably, the material produced in this site helped to win the greatest war ever known.

The name of the prophet was John Hendrix.

The name of the city . . . Oak Ridge.

I first heard the story of John Hendrix when I was working on

*Abe Levitt and John Malone  
beside the grave of the mysterious prophet who foretold  
history's biggest event.*



the Oak Ridge Journal, the official weekly newspaper of the atomic bomb project. That was in 1944; the atomic bomb was not revealed to the public, of course, until the explosion at Hiroshima in August, 1945. Presumably, in 1944, only about twenty per cent of the workers at Oak Ridge knew what the product of their plants ultimately would be; and so, when Frances Smith Gates, the editor, and I tried to publish the story, we met strong opposition from the security department. Ultimately, by deleting certain parts of the story (those which referred indirectly to the atomic bomb), we were permitted to print it. Now that the atomic bomb is common knowledge, the whole story can be told at last.

The man who related the story to me was a sergeant in the Oak Ridge Auxiliary Military Police named James W. Braden. He had lived in the territory which is now Oak Ridge all his life. He was known to his neighbors as an honest, truthful, religious individual, and he was a trusted member of the AMP. No one would have accused him of fabricating the story. "I've heard Jim Braden tell about that old prophet many times," Shirley Lee Ashburn, another guard lieutenant, told me. "He never changes it—and he never makes it any fancier than he told it in the first place."

I met Braden first in December, 1944, having sought him out because another man had told me of his strange story. He was a tall, vigorous man of middle age, with just the trace of an East Tennessee accent. The first thing that he told

me was that the first spanking he'd ever got was given him by his mother for listening to old John Hendrix.

"Old John lived in a little place just off Pine Ridge, between Emory Valley Road and Union Valley Road," Braden said. "I used to go over to his place with some o' the other farm kids in the neighborhood—and when my mother heerd about it, she told me I wasn't allowed to do it again. She thought old John was crazy, like most o' the folks around there did. Well, you know how kids are, 'n' I was the same way. I kept on goin' over to listen to old John, 'n' when my mother heard about it, I got the first lickin' I ever had."

The place where the prophet's farm was located was just east of a plot of ground that later became the site of a warehouse of the Tennessee-Eastman Corporation, which produced U-235 for the atomic bomb by means of a secret process. The land was none too arable: it was hilly, rocky, and creased with erosion.

"Old John hardly ever had more'n enough to keep his wife'n family alive. Some o' his neighbors even thought he was a mite shiftless. The way I remember my mother tellin' it, in his younger days he was quite a hand with the bottle 'n' the women. He didn't seem much interested in keepin' up his farm."

He was to change later, according to Braden. Inexplicably, over the period of years, John Hendrix became a different man. "You might say," said Braden, "that when he got older, he got religion. You'd see



*Tombstone—or monument to a tremendous mystery?*

him all the time, settin' there on his porch readin' his bible. Then sometimes he'd go out in the woods. He'd put in all his time out there, prayin'. When he got home in the evenin's, he'd just set and read the bible some more.

"Well, he got so much religion, his wife decided he must be a little crazy. The way I understand it, he was always goin' around, mumblin' to himself, lettin' his farm go to waste, not payin' any attention to anythin' but his religion.

"A man acts that way, what's his wife goin' to do? The way she saw it, he was crazy, so she had him put up."

"Put up?" I ventured, not wishing to halt the narrative.

"Put up in a insane asylum," said Braden, nodding. "So they come and got him and put him up, but he tore out. He tore out and he come home to his farm. He said he'd talked to the Lord, 'n' the Lord'd told him to tear out.

"When he got home, he took eight good-sized rocks 'n' put 'em in a circle in his front yard. He stood there with his rocks, 'cause he said the Lord'd told him to put 'em there to smite his enemies.

"So, he stood there with his eight rocks in a circle, a-waitin' for 'em to come 'n' get him, when the commissioners from the insane asylum come for him, they looked at him there with his rocks, 'n' they decided not."

His troubles with the authorities temporarily suspended, John Hendrix returned to his life of prayer and meditation. Each day, at dawn, he would go into the woods, and he would not return until sunset.

Then, one day, he came home with a wondrous tale. Braden continued the story:

"Old John came out o' them woods, so his wife used to tell it, lookin' like he seen a ghost. Well, his wife asked him what was the matter, and old John said he'd been *spoke to*. He said a voice as loud as any clap o' thunder had spoke to him. That's what he used to tell us kids—a voice as loud as any clap o' thunder.

"John," this voice said, 'sleep with your head on the ground for forty nights 'n' I'll show you the future developments of your country in visions,' this voice said.

"Well, Old John decided he'd do what the voice told him, and he went out there to a clump o' trees near Scarboro School. He did just like it said: he slept with his head on the ground for forty nights.

"About the twenty-fifth, maybe the twenty-sixth, day, I forget which one it was exactly, it come a wet spell, and John got pneumonie, but he toughed it out."

Incredulously, I asked, "He stayed there the whole forty nights, with pneumonia?"

"He toughed it out," Braden repeated, solemnly.

"Did he have his first vision then?"

"Well," said Braden, "you might've thought, after all those forty nights, he'd of had a vision right off, but no. It wasn't until a couple months later, when he was shuckin' hay over near Edgemoor Gate—that is, in one o' the fields where Edgemoor Gate to Oak Ridge is now—it wasn't until then that it come.

"He was shuckin' hay in the sun, and he got overhet. He fell over, 'n' while he was in bed, he got his first vision. He foresaw the surveyin' o' the Louisville & National railroad.

"He said that the vision told him that the Southern railroad would survey first, but the L & N would beat 'em puttin' through the spur. That must've been around 1901.

"Well, dinged if it didn't happen that way—and that's what made people around here start to think that maybe old John was right. Maybe he did have these visions." Braden's voice suddenly became very low. "About eighteen months, couldn'ta been more'n that, after he died, they started surveyin', like he said. And it wasn't more'n a month after that that they begun the construction."

Braden paused to light a cigar. "The funny thing, the thing that made the people think, was that Old John told where each 'n' every station would be. He said the line would run from Joe Cox's place, at Edgemoor, to Tom Braden's—that was my daddy—down to Katie Worthington's at Elza. He said a Clinch River bridge would be built at Bradley's Bluff, where it was. He said the Black Oak Ridge tunnel would be put up under the Butcher Spring, and that it would sink the spring, which it did. All those things come true."

"Was there any way in which he might have known that the authorities—the railroad people—were going to do all this?" I asked.

Braden shook his head. "None whatever. But the railroad prophecyn' was only part of it. And all

the construction happened long after Old John died, anyhow.

"The second vision come about two months after the first, but before that he spent some more time in the woods, about fifteen days, I guess it was. This time, when he come out, he told about spendin' three weeks in Paradise.

"He said they'd sent an airypplane for him—an airypplane with wings two hundred foot long, painted white. It was a metal airypplane. Well, weren't none of us believed that one—but then the second vision come.

"This time, Old John took sick whilst he was shuckin' hay again, this time in Ben Wilkins' meadow. While he was in bed with the sickness this time, he foresaw the buildin' o' three hundred miles o' branch line from the main line at Katie Worthington's down through the Lupton Valley to 'n' through the New Hope gap. Well, that all come to pass. It all come true. Then he said a Union Depot would be built at Holloway's Tanyard—that's where Scarboro School is now. That's the only part o' his vision that ain't come true.

"The rest of it, though—that come true, all of it. Old John said that the Bear Creek Valley would contain some o' the biggest factory buildin's ever built. Furthermore, he said that these plants would aid in winnin' the greatest war mankind has ever known, 'n' that later they would be used in aidin' mankind to get to a state o' greater welfare and riches."

Right here, it should be explained that James Braden, as a member of the Oak Ridge Guard

Force, did *not* know what the plants in the Bear Creek Valley were making at the time he told me the story. As it turned out, those plants were the ones devoted to the electromagnetic process of making U-235, which was used in the atomic bomb. Today, the plants are making some radioactive isotopes, which are being used in several different parts of the country in biological and medical research.

"What else did Hendrix say?" I asked Braden.

"Well, he said that there would be a great city on the Black Oak Ridge. He said this city would be called Black Oak Ridge—and not only that, but he said that this city's center o' government would be in the fields halfway between Joe Pyatt's farm and Sevier Tatlock's."

Originally—and here again is something Braden could not have known—the Army had planned to call Oak Ridge *Black Oak Ridge*. And the first building put up by the Army when it took over the area for the atomic bomb project was one which served as the city administration building—located, as Hendrix had predicted, in the fields halfway between the Pyatt and Tatlock farms.

After Braden had told me about the prophecies, he suggested that we go out and look at John Hendrix's old house, which was still

standing. On the way out, I asked him what he thought of the predictions.

"Well," he said, slowly, "all I know is that when they built that railroad, right after old John died, the people around here started to say, 'Well, he just happened to hit that one right.' But then, when they made Oak Ridge, and all this construction and all, it looks like he was right, right down the line. It makes a body think, all right."

Hendrix's house, overgrown with weeds, vines and bushes, had not been occupied for years when the Army selected the territory around Oak Ridge as the site of one of the atomic energy projects. Braden and I looked around the structure, which still contained a few ramshackle pieces of furniture. There was a ghostly, deserted air around the place. Later, we went up to a small hill and looked at John Hendrix's grave. It was surrounded by a rude wire fence, and marked by a small stone. A huge boxwood was growing at the foot of the grave, and most of the scratched inscription on the stone had been worn away by the weather. Braden stood looking down at the grave, occupied by his thoughts. In the bushes nearby, a jay squawked. "Yes, sir," said Braden, at length, "it all come true—and it sure makes a man think."

THE END

# REPORT FROM THE READERS

## Alex Saunders

FATE magazine came to me in this morning's mail, and I finished reading it only a short time ago. Mr. Webster, you have put out a truly great magazine, believe me. My heartiest congratulations!

The story and articles on the flying disks stole the show as far as I am concerned. They proved gripping to read, full of excitement. "Twenty Million Maniacs" by G. H. Irwin I place second for sheer interest, while "Invisible Beings Walk the Earth" by R. J. Crescenzi is an easy third.

Here are a couple of suggestions.

1. I would like to see a readers' section introduced where readers could voice their experiences.
2. I hope in the very near future your publication will come out more often than quarterly.

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*Here's your readers' section, and beginning with the next issue, Fate will appear six times a year. How's that for service?*

\* \* \*

## Gertrude E. M. Schultz

Your first issue is perfectly grand, and I sure do enjoy it. Please do keep up the good work. I won't miss a single issue.

I am a student of mysticism so it is particularly enjoyable to me and the truth for a change, instead of a lot of fiction, which I never have time to read, is welcome.

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Thank you, Mrs. Schultz.

\* \* \*

## Roy C. Smith

I am enclosing a check for \$2.50 as subscription to the magazine FATE. I think this is the most fascinating and interesting magazine ever published and I don't want to miss a copy of it.

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*You've got the right idea. No chance of missing it, even if your newsstand does sell out. And that did happen in many places.*

\* \* \*

## William A. Rhodes

Quite by accident I ran onto a spring copy of FATE and read the articles on the flying disks.

I am sorry that you didn't try to contact me before you went to press as I would have been able to supply additional information.

A little while after the *Arizona Republic* published the pictures of the disks I photographed, the F. B. I. paid me a visit and "borrowed" the negatives, positives and everything pertaining to "disks." Later I was told over the telephone that they wouldn't be returned as they were being sent to Washington for the "higher ups" to mull over.

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*If you so desire, it is your right to request and receive the return of your property. If it is denied, you can place the matter before the United States District Attorney, Department of Justice, in your city. The Bill of Rights respects private property and no governmental agency can confiscate it without due process of law.*

**Edna P. Wohlers**

The Salmon River is *not* in Oregon. The bridge mentioned in FATE is in central Idaho, on the Salmon river. My uncle, John Riggins, founded the town of Riggins, so I know.

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*FATE stands corrected.*

\* \* \*

**Joseph H. Wherry**

Read and re-read the first issue of FATE. Keep up the good work; a magazine of this sort is badly needed, I believe.

Was especially interested in the "disk" articles; I have seen a couple of them (?) myself, and while I am not entirely sold on all I've read and heard about them, I do feel there is something to the yarns. As a matter of fact I've doped out a miniature jet-propelled "flying disk" myself. It works, too. 'Nuff sed.

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*Yes, the disk design is aerodynamically sound, actually the best shape for super-sonic flight. The article in this issue, "Flying Jigsaw Puzzle," amply demonstrates that, and poses some interesting possibilities in support of the theory that the disks are from interplanetary space.*

\* \* \*

**Dan Rohn**

I am sixteen years old and am an amateur astronomer. On the night of June 24 at precisely 10:00 p. m. EST my cousin and I were sitting on my front porch. She knows nothing about astronomy, flying saucers, meteors or science in general. I have taught her, though, to look for meteorites. She told me she had just seen a meteor, or

"something," high in the heavens.

I looked into the southern sky and saw four long trails overhead. There were no clouds, except a few wisps in the west. These four trails were in an *exactly straight course*. They could not have been clouds, because of their apparent straight line. They were of a white substance (am enclosing two pictures I drew at the time) being straight and thin, and they lasted approximately five minutes.

Altogether, six people saw them, including my mother. The town of Wadsworth is 36 miles south of Cleveland and fourteen miles west of Akron, in Ohio.

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*Your editor has seen this same phenomenon and his observation agrees with yours except in number. We have several other similar reports. However, being in a straight line does not indicate they were not clouds.*

\* \* \*

**Lloyd E. Wood**

I've read FATE from cover to cover, and it was plenty interesting. I feel as you do about the flying disks. I think they are space ships. But not from this planet. I saw the same thing in the summer of 1935, and two others with me at the time saw them. We were too young then to give it a second thought, but now I know they are the same thing.

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*The fact that these "disks" have been seen for many years is proof that they are not the experimental "disk ships" the army is talking about now. The army super-sonic "disk" works all right, but it is an*

*imitation of the "spots in front of our eyes" which wouldn't be "hysteria" way back in 1935.*

\* \* \*

### **Pat Schlichtig**

This evening (June 28, 1948) at approximately 10:36 while I was returning to Roseburg (Oregon) from up on the North Umpqua river, I was fortunate enough to observe a meteor-like object which, to me, seemed similar to the ones discussed in your last article in FATE magazine.

When I first noticed the object, it appeared as a ball of white light falling toward the earth—then suddenly it changed to a brilliant greenish color, its speed increased, and it streaked horizontally in a more northerly direction, disappearing behind a hill probably from four or five seconds after it first appeared.

After the object itself disappeared, the "tail" remained visible for two or three seconds more, turning to a bright red before apparently evaporating.

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*Kenneth Arnold, hoping to see the flying disks on the anniversary of his first observation of them, flew back over the same course, but saw nothing. However, it seems from your report and that of Dan Rohn, there was a recurrence of the disk flights. Your report is very clear and concise, and a valuable addition to our collection.*

\* \* \*

### **John J. Hassey**

Around or shortly prior to June 25, 1947, four other men and myself, all in our thirties (good eyesight, and none of us wearing glass-

es, and at least three of us familiar with planes in service) were riding from Paterson (New Jersey) to Teterboro in a fast late model De Soto. When we entered onto route 6 at the Clifton line, several of the fellows noticed a large white object, flat and on an angle pointing to the right. We all noticed it and it was straight ahead. The driver stepped on the gas in order to overtake it, but the object was evidently going a great deal faster because it receded rapidly; but was in view until we reached Teterboro. The sky was overcast, poor weather for planes, we thought, and yet the object was clearly visible in the direction of New York City. On July 5 an INS photo from Seattle showed the same object we had seen at the exact angle. There were numerous witnesses.

Now for the golden ball. I was standing on route 6 across the road from the runway of the Teterboro airport on a night around the middle of July, 1947. The time was between 7:30 and 8:00, probably 7:50. The sun was setting. Two planes had taken off, one slightly behind and to one side of the other, and heading straight in my direction. As the lead plane neared the road, I noticed a golden ball about three feet in diameter chasing the plane. The rear plane swerved sharply to the left of me and the ball turned and started after it. It was no longer golden, but a dark, non-lustrous color, and seemed flat like a plate on its side instead of a sphere. Maybe an optical illusion?

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*From the number of reports*

*we've had on these same things, we'd say it wasn't an illusion. These golden balls, and other colored balls, have been observed chasing other planes. One was actually hit—and we wonder if the mystery fires on the DC-6's might not be caused by them? If they were electrical in nature, they could, conceivably, ignite gasoline fumes in the planes.*

\* \* \*

### **Mrs. Kaki**

Am glad that someone has had the foresight to produce a magazine on the Fortean order. This far cry from any of us has finally been realized in FATE. A needed and necessary argument for the unusual in this old world of ours. FATE is something that takes the fantastic happenings, events, and oddities and tells all the encompassing circumstances surrounding them, and has men of discernment and integrity give their views on them.

I hate to criticize, but as you probably have noticed in Gilbert Rohlwing's article on Kasper Hauser, there is a misprint. The date is May 1828, not 1928. Incidentally, I do wish you had used the Charles Fort story of Kasper Hauser, it is so very superior in every way, and a great deal more interesting.

*Yes, that was a misprint. We had hoped for a letter-perfect issue, in spite of typesetters' strikes, but we just didn't manage it! Thanks for correcting it for us. And your comments on the idea behind FATE are very much to the point. We hope we continue to live up to your specifications.*

\* \* \*

### **Frank I. Rockwell**

I particularly want to echo what you say in your editorial. Your last sentence "What the world needs is another Einstein, but this time with a formula for peace, not a bomb!" hits the nail right on the head.

To me your magazine has a definite motive, and that is to stimulate constructive thought. Some of the articles are so inspiring that I cannot refrain from making reply. The one thing in the world most needed now perhaps, is to add up our knowledge of truth and righteousness, and see if it cannot be made to lead us out of this chaos and into a world of universal brotherhood and peace.

Some means of organizing our so-called civilization—our brand of society with its science, its philosophy, its multitudes of beliefs, religious and irreligious, its historic prejudices, inhibitions and types of morality—to function and prevent its own destruction should be possible. I see no reason why it cannot be done if a group of right minded men can find a way to get together and work things out. Perhaps your efforts will provide the inspiration and make this practicable.

*In our next issue, we intend to feature just such an organization, and prove to you that such things are going on in the world, although they get very little publicity. We intend to bring them out into the light.*

\* \* \*

### **Fred B. Lemond**

That I have ordered four copies of your magazine for myself and

various members of my family (I have ten children) must testify to my very deep interest in its content. On four different counts you have certainly rung the bell for me with this issue.

A little of my background may help you to a proper evaluation of the above statement. I am an inspector employed on gear and transmission work. Whenever you see a G. M. Coach which has a hydraulic drive, or torque converter transmission, that is something with which I have been in intimate contact during the last ten years.

I am on detached duty, 75 miles from the home plant and 80 miles from my home. Frequently I must engage in a lot of rather abstruse mathematical calculation. To keep myself mentally relaxed, and shall I say, sanely balanced, I do a lot of reading along totally different lines. Fiction (especially A. Merritt); history (especially speculative pre-history); religion and spiritual force in general (just now going over Stewart Edward White's books); and in fact anything which seems to complement and fill out my conception of things as they are.

Bell number one: The flying disks are terribly interesting to anyone who has followed Mr. Shaver's series in *Amazing Stories*.

Bell number two: The article on the cult of Dionysus points up my own thought on how much St. Paul compromised the teachings of Jesus with the various other religions of his time "that some might be saved" as he says it.

Bell number three: Spiritualistic

mediumship and automatic writing. Over a long period of years I have read and thought much, and have a pretty fantastic conception of spiritual force. I am always interested in seeing whether anybody else has thought along that line, also.

Bell number four: The article on the pyramid. I have read a lot of the Great Pyramid, and have a queer "speculation" about it in my imagination.

I have never subscribed to a magazine, but if your next issue keeps up the good work, I shall certainly be tempted.

---

*Thanks for your long letter. We never heard of your first bell. But if it is fiction, we doubt it very much. Can you tell us when the material appeared? We are curious, and if there is anything in it, we'd like to present the facts to our readers.*

\* \* \*

#### Edward John

Would be interested to know what the atom scientists would think of the following:

Hydrogen gas, under pressure, conducted through a tube that is filled with grains of graphite, which are under a super-sonic vibration of 750 megacycles per second, emerging into a short chamber which has an electric arc flame in it of the same frequency and phase as the super-sonic vibration, and released through a short, straight tube, will emit a burning helium flame of many millions of degrees temperature. This heat can be utilized to decompose water into hydrogen to feed the input, also can be utilized to furnish electric power by

winding a pickup coil just back of the muzzle, and finally the remainder of the flame can be absorbed by a mercury boiler to make vapor pressure for power for mercury turbines, and any residue can be used to run steam turbines. There must be a catalyst, before the hydrogen hits the arc flame, and that I have left out for the present. Without the catalyst, all that will occur is what is known as an atomic hydrogen flame which is common, occurring in welding torches which use a combination of arc flame and hydrogen gas.

The parts of the apparatus are as follows: The tank is any hydrogen container, the catalyst section is of copper, the arc chamber leader with the powdered or grained graphite is of tungsten, the arc chamber proper is of graphite, the nozzle is of graphite. The pickup coil is made of coiled fused quartz tubing with ionized helium gas inside for the conducting material. Ionized helium conducts eighty times as well as copper.

There should be no danger of chain reactions with any other substance if the flame is not allowed to come in contact with water.

The entire equipment should be used in a vacuum chamber. The temperature will equal that of the sun's interior.

*We won't quote Mr. John's entire letter, but he tells us this equipment could make a weapon very much like the "flame gun" so popular in science fiction stories with Martian heroes. We're mighty glad Mr. John left out the catalyst, because the thing seems a cinch to*

*build. However, if there is anything here, it seems to us to present a marvelous source of energy equaling that from the atom, minus the atom's radioactivity danger. We'd also be interested to know what the atom scientists think of this.*

\* \* \*

### Fenn J. Germer

Your magazine FATE hits the spot! For years the truth in re psychic research has been suppressed. Many books on the subject have disappeared bodily from public libraries, as inquiry for *Oahspe* and for *Pistis Sophia* revealed at the Evanston Public Library—they are just "missing." Who can be doing this? There are organizations that oppose the spread of any knowledge not approved by them. Congratulations on taking up the fight again, and on publishing such a neat, compact magazine. Luck to you! You are going to need it.

*Perhaps these books have just been "lifted" because of their rarity? And we've never heard of the organizations you mention—but we can guarantee that if any "fight" develops with such an organization over the publication of FATE, it's not we who will need the luck. FATE's editors just won't be suppressed by any secret society that goes around stealing books. And until we meet them, we'll keep right on doubting that they exist.*

\* \* \*

### R. C. Schramm

I, too, saw the flying disks. If they are spots before the eyes they are the biggest spots I ever hope to see again. On a fishing trip to Pelee Island, Canada, during the

week of July 27, 1947, we were trolling toward the old light house on the end of Scudder Bay. All at once a large round disk appeared in the sky. It was as round as the moon, and about 50 feet in diameter. It was stationary in the sky and as near as I could judge, no more than 100 feet in the air. A dull, metallic disk. As it didn't move up or down, I called the attention of Mr. W. Gormley to it. He also saw it, but just at that time we had a strike, and during the few minutes while we reeled in the fish, the flying saucer disappeared.

It had had the round, flat side toward us, and we couldn't tell how thick it was. It was dull aluminum in color. It must have had tremendous speed to get out of sight in the short time we reeled in the fish. It was a clear, sunny day, and we could see for many miles in all directions. It had no holes in the surface it presented to us.

---

*Thank you for your report. It adds just one more to the many.*

\* \* \*

### **Mrs. Harold M. Graham**

Congratulations on your new magazine FATE. I have been telling everyone that a conspiracy of silence on these matters exists on the part of magazines and newspapers in the U. S. At last that silence is broken.

---

*Now that we've proved a magazine of this type has an audience, we predict that there will be many imitators of FATE. We believe that your "conspiracy" is merely the reluctance of editors and pub-*

*lishers to venture into untried fields, and to a lack of knowledge of the volume of the audience. Also, there is the natural reluctance of the average business man to be classed as a crackpot, and much of the mysterious in the world has been labeled such.*

\* \* \*

### **Warren H. Buchta**

It has been a long time since a good magazine came onto the newsstands, and I believe that yours is the one. The only thing I have to complain about is the fact of its quarterly publication. I for one have been hungry for the type of reading and knowledge that this contains. There are probably many thousands more who are similarly inclined.

---

*Our several years of research have proved that you are right, and now FATE's success has proved that we are right.*

\* \* \*

### **Claire Lazard**

This is the most interesting little magazine I have read in many a day.

---

*Glad you think so, Claire, and now, before we wind up the Report for this issue, we'd like to mention that the original letters presented here are on file at the editor's office, and full addresses can be obtained if desired. We refrained from publishing them to save space for the letters themselves. And if you have anything to report, we'll be glad to receive it, and if possible print it. Address all letters to FATE, 139 North Clark St., Chicago, 2, Illinois,*

## DID YOU MISS YOUR COPY TOO?

It's the first two issues of FATE we're talking about. The most frequent request we receive is for back issues, from readers who missed buying one at the newsstands because they were all sold out. We can fill a few of these orders, but before very long even our office supply of back issues will be exhausted.

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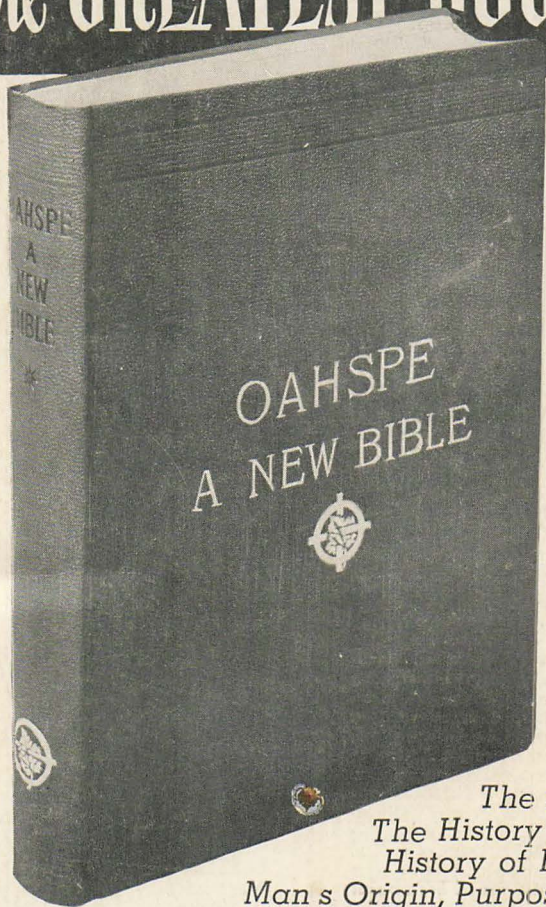
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