

# FATE

VOLUME 3

NUMBER 2

MARCH  
1950  
25c



**CAN A METEOR  
DESTROY THE EARTH?**



**THE KNACK OF BEING  
IN TWO PLACES  
AT THE SAME TIME**



**THEY EAT DIRT  
AND LIKE IT**



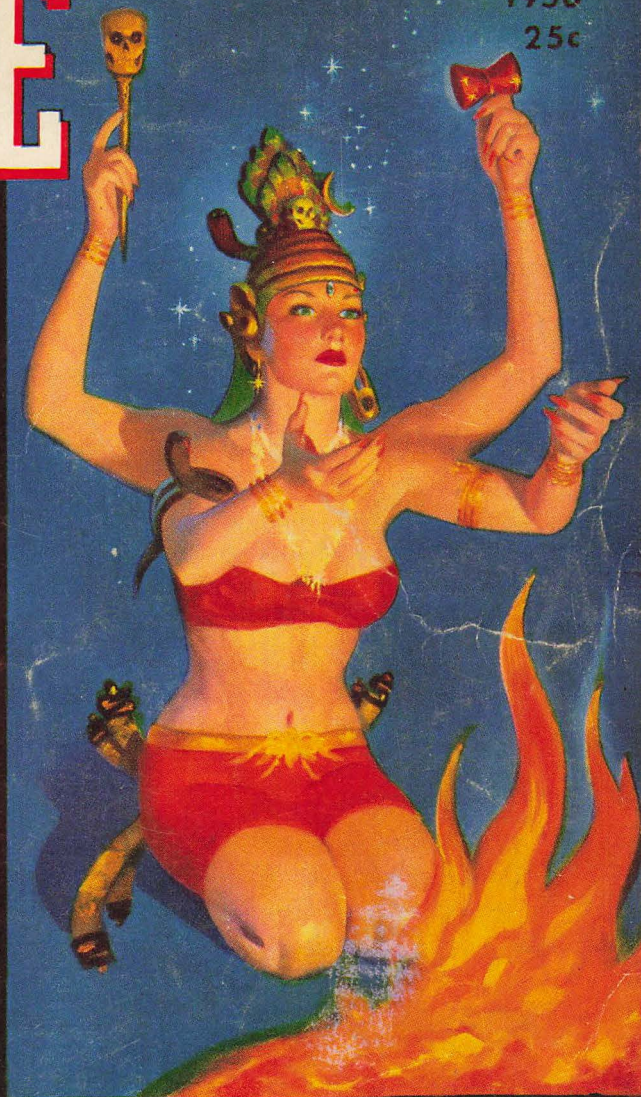
**INVISIBLE CHAINS  
OF FEAR**

*The ancient power of  
taboo still lives in  
the South Seas*



**THE STRANGE WORSHIP OF KALI**

*Dread Indian goddess of sex  
and death is loved and feared*



*True Stories Of The Strange, The Unusual, The Unknown*

# Atlantis... Lemuria!

## THE TRUTH AT LAST!

The ancient races still live! The legendary Atlans and their Elder Brothers, the Titans, still exist — the Atlans, decadent and horribly enslaved in huge caverns in the earth; the Titans fled into outer space two-hundred centuries ago, now returning in the famed "flying disks." You've got to read this incredible book to understand and realize the truth in it; 150,000 people have already read the story and have written us more than 50,000 letters backing up the sensational statements of its author. Don't let secrecy and censorship keep the truth of what's going on in the world today from you. The answer lies underground and in the air. Get the book and learn the truth!

## "I REMEMBER LEMURIA!"

by RICHARD S. SHAVER

*Particularly recommended to  
Students of the Occult*

Limited edition. Get your copy now. The price is \$3.00 postpaid

Only prepaid orders accepted.

**THIS IS ONE OF  
THE MOST  
SIGNIFICANT  
ESOTERIC BOOKS  
EVER PUBLISHED**

## VENTURE BOOKS

P. O. BOX 671  
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

# TABLE OF CONTENTS

MARCH  
1950

VOLUME 3  
NUMBER 2



## STORIES

Factual accounts of actual experiences

THE KNACK OF BEING IN TWO PLACES AT THE SAME TIME. . . . .	E. P. Herman	16
VISITOR AT THE DEATHBED. . . . .	Comdr. Charles M. Cree	21
HE LIVED — TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY. . . . .	Adrian Anderson	37
BEFORE 85 WITNESSES. . . . .	Robert H. Donovan	38
CAPE COD'S STRANGEST MYSTERY. . . . .	Vincent H. Gaddis	43
THE GHOST THAT STUMBLER. . . . .	Harry Price	56
DOLLIE BOARD'S PREMONITION. . . . .	James Bartholomew	62

## ARTICLES

Articles on the strange and the unknown

BATTLE OF THE BORDERLAND. . . . .	R. DeWitt Miller	4
KALI — DREAD GODDESS OF LIFE AND DEATH. . . . .	Dr. Harland Wilson	11
THEY EAT DIRT — AND LIKE IT. . . . .	Mary P. Cranford	25
CAN A METEORITE DESTROY THE EARTH? . . . . .	Harold T. Wilkins	30
INVISIBLE CHAINS — THE ANCIENT POWER OF TABOO. . . . .	Robert Schick	48
YOU CONTROL YOUR OWN DESTINY. . . . .	Walter Sorell	64

## FEATURES

Competent reporting on unusual topics

THE STARS OF ANCIENT DAYS. . . . .		9
THE CRIMINAL DISEASE. . . . .		15
FOOD FOR ALL — IF. . . . .		20
ATOMIC TIME TABLE. . . . .		23
POWER FOR ETERNITY. . . . .		29
THE MAN WITH THE BIRD'S THROAT. . . . .		42
FINGERS OF FATE. . . . .	Harold Helfer	46
THE SAGA OF TWO BITS. . . . .		55
THE MAORI'S GREAT MIGRATION. . . . .		63
TRUE MYSTIC EXPERIENCES. . . . .	The Readers	79
REPORT FROM THE READERS. . . . .		90

# *the Editorial*

## BATTLE OF THE BORDERLAND

*by De Witt Miller*

**S**TARK TRUTH has certain advantages. It may require a little self control at first, and cause some trouble later on, but it avoids the expenditure of creative energy necessary to concoct befuddlement and devise various shades of euphemism.

The whole truth, it seems to me, is that the real central issue of our time concerns the existence of supernormal occurrences, of facts which flagrantly violate the accepted laws of science. These weird happenings lie in the domain of three branches of human thought — psychology, religion, and psychical research.

I am using the term “psychical research” instead of the more modern “parapsychology,” because I think “psychical research” covers a somewhat broader field and is more widely known. For all practical purposes, “psychical research”

and “parapsychology” are identical.

It is my belief that two of the three protagonists—psychology and religion—have acted like clowns. And psychical research, my own field, has tended to piddle rather than fulfill its larger destiny. The blame for this is all of ours.

My purpose in the present article is an endeavor to speak with the candor which is overdue. For nearly a quarter of a century I have worked as a psychical researcher. My job has been to interview stubborn expounders of psychology, religion, and orthodox science— together with assorted species of occultists, and innumerable ordinary human beings. Out of all this scuffling I have emerged with a considerable number of facts and a badly mauled sense of tolerance. That is the background of this article.

R. DeWitt Miller, author of "Forgotten Mysteries," has been characterized by the United Press as "one of the world's foremost authorities on psychical phenomena." He has spent nearly 25 years as a psychical researcher and is a member of the American Society for Psychical Research and a correspondent of the Department of Parapsychology at Duke University. He lives in Los Angeles and is a graduate of the University of Southern California.



To simplify matters, I will take up the three protagonists separately, beginning with conventional psychology.

Most psychologists fear psychical research with an instinctive and all-consuming fear. Those accursed facts of the supernormal threaten the conventional psychologist's authority, his scientific standing, even his significance.

The reaction has been violent. Psychologists are a vocal lot, and during the past 10 years they have poured out untold millions of words—in print, over the radio, even over television—belittling, denying and attacking the facts of psychical research. The following are a few of the psychologists' typical arguments:

● *The psychical researchers don't know how to interpret their statistics.* (Their statistical methods have

been certified by the finest mathematical authorities available.)

● *Psychical research isn't a science because its data cannot be infallibly duplicated at will in a laboratory.* (Neither can a volcanic eruption or an earthquake, yet such phenomena are considered legitimate targets for scientific investigation.)

● *Psychical research isn't a science because it hasn't accumulated sufficient data.* (Science is a method, not an accumulation of data.)

● *The psychical researchers are victims of fraud practiced by expert tricksters.* (No one knows better than the psychical researchers that a tremendous amount of fraud is practiced. For that very reason the precautions against fraud, both conscious and subconscious, have been monumental.)

● *If supernormal phenomena oc-*

cur, the psychologists themselves would have discovered them. (They always denied them categorically, and therefore never really looked for them.)

Ad infinitum.

Or to illustrate with a specific case . . .

In January, 1932, an experiment in thought photography was conducted in the darkrooms of the ultra conservative *Los Angeles Times*. Thought photography is a branch of psychical research in which the subject endeavors to impress an image of his thought on an unexposed and carefully shielded photographic film or plate.

This particular experiment met with outstanding success — several clear thought photographs being obtained. The science editor of the *Los Angeles Times* described the investigation in a long article, profusely illustrated with the alleged thought photographs. A few days later, the experiment was repeated, again successfully, in the darkroom of the great astronomical observatory at Mt. Wilson, Calif.

Eventually the affair was brought to my attention and I began an investigation. By then the trail was stone cold. Several of the witnesses had died. Others could not be reached. I finally ran down one man who had helped check the tests. He was a doctor of science at a California university.

In reply to my questions, he described the incident exactly as it

had been given in the *Los Angeles Times*. I asked him what explanation he had for the apparently astonishing demonstration. His reply was:

"I could not make the facts fit with known science. Therefore, I have forgotten them."

How has religion faced the same problem of incredibly broadened horizons?

Up to now it has refused the salvation offered it.

The seemingly unstoppable rise of science and materialism had, by the last quarter of the 19th Century, routed Christianity from the intellectual arena. The Church outwardly remained a great edifice, but it was soulless, like Rome two centuries before its fall. On the pragmatic level, however, various sects reacted differently in the struggle with science.

The Catholics merely went on along traditional paths, whistling in the dark, and hoping that faith alone would see them through.

On the other hand, the Protestants tried to patch up their difference with science by a sort of reciprocal trade agreement. They would give up the miraculous and supernormal interpretation of the Bible — including Jesus' miracles and possibly even his physical resurrection — in exchange for science's sanction of a vaguely defined "divine causation." What they got was a washed out and meaningless concept of God and immortality.

Jesus, stripped of miracles, became an ineffectual figure. What neither Pilate nor the priests had been able to accomplish was done by a neat piece of rationalization. Even that empty tomb on Easter morning, haunted by Jesus' grim statement that if they killed him he would be back in three days, was reduced to a pallid bit of symbolism.

Perhaps the Church should not be too heavily criticized for its various expedients. Seeing its power and influence fading on every front, it fought on with the few weapons left it.

Then in the last two decades of the 19th century it received new ammunition—the first in a very long time.

In 1882 the British Society for Psychical Research was founded, culminating many years of sporadic scientific investigation of the supernatural. As the work of the Society progressed, it soon became apparent that a new realm of facts had been opened for organized study. This was no minor attack; fundamental science itself was imminently threatened.

Throughout the more than 60 years since the founding of the British Society for Psychical Research, the promise of those early investigations has been richly fulfilled. Telepathy and clairvoyance have been proven as nearly as anything on this green earth can be proven. A strong case has been made for

hauntings, poltergeistic phenomena, and the existence of an "etheric," or second body. The survival of human personality beyond bodily death is surprisingly near establishment.

It is significant that in recent years the science of physics has begun its own revolt against a conception of reality that was too small, but the first real break in the orthodoxy of science was the work of psychical research. Strange then that the Church should have spurned the helping hand offered it in the days when all seemed lost.

But even to the present day it has been so. The Church has steadfastly refused to study seriously, or even to consider, the facts established by psychical research, the facts which alone offer the most powerful of all weapons against overweening science and materialism. Nor has the Church realized that the discoveries of psychical research open immense new possibilities for understanding the personality and ministry of Jesus.

One day I sat in the office of a prominent Protestant clergyman. Sunlight of late afternoon cut across his desk. We had been discussing psychical research, and I finally asked him why the Church took so little interest in it. He leaned forward, his face sliced by the sunlight and shadow.

"We just don't think," he said slowly, "that ghosts and that sort of thing are very important."

It is fortunate that St. Paul thought otherwise during that strange affair on the road to Damascus.

The basic argument of religion is always that faith in its revelation should alone be sufficient, and that searching for confirmatory evidence in the pragmatic world is degrading to spiritual insight.

This is simply speaking nonsense learnedly. If God created the world, He certainly created all of it, and He has certainly made it consistent. Therefore, true faith can never be opposed to fact, and lasting faith can evolve only through growth of factual understanding.

Faith is an important, often noble, part of life, but blind faith can lead only to foolishness or bigotry. Moreover, it will inevitably lead to the constant dwindling of the faithful. I spend much of my time among people between the ages of 20 and 30. The vast majority are pragmatists, steeped in the world of science. The Church has about as much chance of converting them by faith alone as of convincing them that the sun rises in the west.

In 1938 the High Church of England appointed a committee to investigate Spiritualism. The majority of the committee prepared a report favorable to the present day existence of supernormal phenomena. The Church promptly suppressed the report and it only came to light by accident nearly

10 years after it was written.

But if the Church walks on blindly, the psychical researchers walk with trepidation. They have been scorned so long that they hesitate to claim the authority and power which is their right.

If the findings of psychical research are true, they do not supplement science, they alter it for all time. Theoretically, not a single law of science could be stated without a recognition of the supernatural.

Poltergeists, hauntings, and materializations suggest the passing of matter through matter. Telepathy, clairvoyance, and clairaudience prove the reality of other senses than the familiar five. Precognition and prophecy make a shambles of the orthodox conception of time.

You would think that men would say of the psychical researcher, as has been said of the men who fought at the Arnheim bridgehead: "If he fought there, buy him a drink. You owe it to him."

But it is not so.

Conventional science turns its back on the whole business and dreams of its halcyon days. And the psychical researchers themselves are timorous and afraid, frightened by the power they have tapped.

No one can blame them very much. Seldom has any field of investigation been so crudely or unjustly attacked.

Even in the very beginning (1871) when Sir William Crookes — he who opened the whole field of electronics — was investigating the claims of the famous psychic D. D. Home, *not one member of the Royal Society ever accepted Crookes' repeated invitations to attend his laboratory experiments with the alleged medium.* At the time Crookes himself was a member of the Royal Society. Later he was president. Perhaps Galileo had an easier time.

Since Crookes' day every investigator of the supernormal — no matter how high his standing and personal integrity — has met a similar fate. They have faced a steady barrage of ridicule, illogical criticism, and ordinary lies.

Any new and radical departure from scientific orthodoxy can expect rough treatment at first. Violent opposition is often necessary for early growth. But such a state of affairs should not go on forever — and nearly a century is too long.

I feel that it is time for psychical researchers to carry the battle to the opposition. A few of them already have. They should demand in the loudest tones possible a com-

plete hearing for their case.

If western civilization is to face the frightening second half of this century with a maximum chance of survival, it needs to know the facts of psychical research on the quickest and broadest basis. Investigations in the field should be enormously increased, and funds for such work made available. To this end the psychical researcher should seek publicity in every way possible. After all, the facts of psychical research concern the daily lives of every man and woman on this perverse planet.

Nor is such a program opposed to the best interests of the Church. If religion will be brave and honest, if it will accept the invisible world, not as dusty dogma but as a very real thing already proven by psychical research, then it can regain the spiritual kingdom which is its right.

A civilization can duck an issue just so long. Eventually we will have to admit, as William James said, that “. . . we are tangent to wider life of things.” Eventually we will be forced to fight the Battle of the Borderland. It will be far easier if we do it now.

---

## The Stars of Ancient Days

**R**OUGH DRAWINGS in ancient caves of Stone Age men show that they knew the same constellations and stars we see today. They

worked out legends concerning them, and drew fantastic figures 3,000 to 4,000 years ago for star groupings which still exist.

# KALI—

## DREAD GODDESS OF LIFE AND DEATH

*by Dr. Harland Wilson*

**As a nature force, Kali is the goddess of fertility, but as a destroyer, she is so terrible that only Siva can stand against her. She is one of most popular Indian gods.**

**I**NDIA IS THE land of many strange faiths, and one of the strangest is the worship of Kali, wife of Siva, the great god who is the third member of the Indian Trinity. Siva has only one wife, but she has several forms, and Kali is also known as Uma, Parvati, Devi, Durga and Sakti.

Siva, the husband, was a great lover and no woman could resist him. The Hindu story says that Siva came begging along the roads of Daruvanam and when the women saw him they flocked after him and left their husbands, the Sages.

The Sages in anger cursed Siva and said: "May his linga fall to the ground."

Siva's linga did fall to the ground where it struck like a lightning bolt. And as it fell it grew. It burrowed deep into the ground and it soared into the

heavens. Its growth was accompanied by fire and conflagration and earthquakes.

Vishnu and Brahma, the other two members of the Hindu Trinity, came down to earth to investigate the uproar which was threatening the Universe. There they saw Siva's linga but they could see no end to it. Brahma ascended to the heavens to find one end of the linga and Vishnu went down into the lower regions. They found Siva's linga was infinite — it had no beginning and no end.

Accordingly, Brahma and Vishnu counseled man to propitiate Parvati, the goddess-wife of Siva. They should make sacrifices so that she might receive the linga and cause an end to the destruction in the universe.

Man did worship Parvati and sacrificed to her and she received the linga of Siva and so the Uni-



*Kali in her terrible aspect is a destroyer and murderess.*

verse was saved. And that is how one aspect of the worship of the great Goddess Kali began. So runs the sacred story. . . .

To Western Christian minds such a legend is almost incomprehensible, as well as immoral. To the devout Hindu who worships Kali, however, the story is not only true but is surrounded by mystical meanings that thrill him to the core.

For when the Hindu worships Kali, he does not worship her as a woman — as the Greeks worshipped their goddesses — but as a nature force. The *linga*, of course, is the male sexual organ or phallus, and an image of it is installed on an altar in every temple to Siva or to Kali. But it is not the *linga* itself which is worshipped *per se* but the *idea* that it is the great procreative force of nature, which by its seed assures future generations of existence just as it has created the generations of the past. This is what is meant by the legend that Siva's *linga* was infinite — that generations are procreated without end, in the past and in the future.

A Hindu could never understand why western man considers this worship immoral. One sect numbering several million is called the Lingayats, and each member, man or woman, wears a small silver box containing a stone phallus symbolizing his faith. The loss of the box is equivalent to his spiritual death.

An Indian goddess usually is a

pale reflection of her god-husband. Quite otherwise is Kali, the one wife of Siva. But Kali has many names and many natures. As Parvati or Uma she is womanly and subject to the will of her husband just as a good Hindu wife should be. But as Kali, Durga and Devi, she is a power in heaven and has her own sect on earth. In the great province of Bengal, Kali is the most loved, feared and worshipped of all the Indian pantheon and in all of India only Vishnu and Siva are more important.

The cult of Kali is usually known as *Saktism*. It is not so much a cult to a single goddess as a nature cult. The Hindus worship the tremendous female energy of Kali which is a direct opposite to the inactive and contemplative Siva. Kali or Durga is the personification of this terrific energy but in another sense all the Hindu goddesses and female spirits and even the women are involved in it.

According to Bipin Chandra Pal, Kali has pretty much taken over the nature side of Siva her husband. He is now the Eternal Spirit or soul of things, while "She is the Force that stands behind the evolution of the Universe, working out the infinite changes through which the Absolute is progressively realizing Himself in the cosmic process."

In Hindu philosophy she is also the personification of the Great Illusion which Brahma spreads as a veil before the eyes of all mankind. As Nature, she stands between man

and the Absolute, and prevents man from seeing the Absolute alone.

Kali is also the creator and mother of all things, including the gods and even Siva himself. All things are found in Kali, she created them all, from intelligence to atom. She is "the birthplace even of the gods (Brahma, Vishnu and Siva). Thou knowest the whole world, yet none know thee."

Besides personifying all the cosmic forces, Kali is also the personification of power itself. She is the Universal Mother. The way to salvation, the Hindus believe, is through subjection to her and uniting oneself with her. The Hindu Review says: "Those who, through spiritual illumination, love, and devotion, can identify themselves with the Universal Mother, become like Her, the lords of birth and death. They rise above the wheel of Karma, break through the bondage of the phenomenal, and attain final emancipation."

This all seems difficult for Western minds to understand. It is philosopher's talk, and even a special kind of philosopher's talk which is best understood only by those steeped in the mystical lore of the East. For most of the Indians, however, it is enough to understand only that Kali is the female power of nature. Combined with the male power of Siva, she makes the totality of all things.

The average Hindu thinks of her as a person, though the educated

priests, of course, do not. She is a goddess who brings blessings to those who worship and sacrifice to her, but who has a terrible wrath for her foes.

She is depicted with a minimum of four arms and a maximum of 10. As a four-armed goddess, Kali holds in her two left hands a knife and a skull to destroy or frighten the wicked. One of her right hands is open for the reception of offerings from the good, and the other is raised in blessing.

Kali has taken over from Siva two important Nature powers. One is the mystery of reproduction. The other is the terror of destruction and death.

One particular branch of Kali's worshippers, known as the "Left Hand School," engage in sensual practices in connection with their religion which have influenced their entire philosophy. Their idea is not a mystic union with the Deity, as is often behind other religious sex orgies, but the acquisition and control of power.

Women worship Kali as Sakti, the great Mother, of whom they ask greater fertility. They have many feasts to her.

The *Burga-puja* celebrates Sakti's victory over the buffalo-headed demon Mahishasura. As Sakti she has 10 arms bearing weapons, and there is a daily sacrifice to her for nine days. On the 10th day they throw her figure into the water.

At the spring feast of *Rali Kameda*, arm loads of flowers and

grass are gathered by maidens and piled into a heap. Then they dance around the pile. Each day for 10 days more flowers and grass are added and the pile grows steadily larger. They go into the woods and find two branches, each ending in three prongs. They erect these on a heap of flowers and place images of Siva and Sakti atop the prongs to celebrate the marriage of god and goddess. An elaborate feast is held and a few days later the images are carried to the river and cast upon the waters. Meanwhile, the maidens pray for good husbands.

The most dreadful form of the goddess is worshipped in the *Kalipuja* held on the darkest night of the month. Here Kali is depicted as a four-armed naked woman dancing upon the breast of her husband. On her head she wears a wreath of heads of giants she has slain and a string of skulls encircles her neck. Goats and sheep are sacrificed to her. The severed heads are placed in her presence while a little earthen lamp is burned above them. Then the animals are roasted and eaten. This feat is believed to symbolize the rebellion of women from their husbands. Before her goddess, each worshipper is a Kali herself, and she would recognize no male in the presence of Kali.

The idea of Kali as the destructive power of Nature is much more general than the idea of her as a reproductive force. The commonest picture represents her in a scene

of blood and destruction. Skulls and severed heads hang from her neck. Her tongue protrudes from her mouth, thirsting for more blood, and she stands with one foot upon the body of her husband Siva.

The story goes that when Kali was in a mood for destruction she became so frenzied that she grew beside herself with the slaughter of her enemies. After they were dead she was still so wild she could not stop and threatened the whole universe with ruin. Then Siva, who alone could stand the passion of the fearful goddess, threw himself at her feet and brought her back to sanity. Then she became again a creator.

There seems no question but that part of her popularity is due to fascination with the terrible. That is reflected in the bloody offerings in the temples. Many Hindus make weekly sacrifices of goats to this terrible goddess of death.

One Bengali hymn to Kali sings:  
*"Because Thou lovest the burning-ground*

*I have made a burning-ground of my heart —*

*That Thou, Dark One, haunter of the burning-ground,*

*Mayest dance Thy eternal dance. Naught else is within my heart, O*

*Mother:*

*Day and night blazes the funeral pyre.*

*The ashes of the dead, strewn all about,*

*I have preserved against thy coming,*

*With death-conquering Mahakala  
neath thy feet*

*Do Thou enter in, dancing thy  
rhythmic dance,*

*That I may behold thee with  
closed eyes."*

To understand the peculiar philosophies behind this strange worship, we should understand that Kali, like the other Hindu gods, lacks all moral characteristics. She is above morality, just as the weather is above morality. Indeed, she is part of nature just as the weather is. She is a bringer of good, it is true, but also brings evil. Since the gods are not moral, they cannot be judged by the moral standards of man.

For example, the great temple-gateways of South India are often

covered with carvings of indescribable obscenity. Inside, the halls and ceilings are painted with scenes representing the sensual pleasures of Vishnu's heaven. Troops of dancing girls, until very recently, were connected with the temples. They were called "devadavis," or servants of the god. They occasionally took part in sacred rituals but their main occupation was prostitution.

Procurers scoured the country to buy or adopt little girls to bring up into this sort of life. The frescoes, the obscene sculptures, the dancing girls, the prostitution, and the phallic images are all found — not in public buildings but in the temples themselves.

No conclusion is possible but that Kali is not the kind of a deity to be shocked by such things.

---

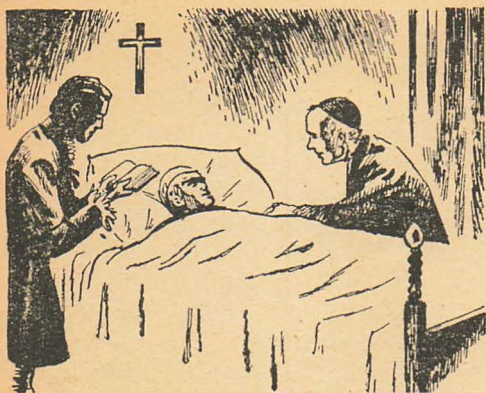
## The Criminal Disease

**D**OES DISEASE make criminals? Prof. Alexander Kennedy, professor of psychiatry at Newcastle University, England, believes that an epidemic of encephalitis, or sleeping sickness, was responsible for the wave of gangsterism which existed in the United States in 1920's.

Professor Kennedy asserts that an epidemic of encephalitis in the '20's had created a number of gangster types, among them John Dillinger. Dillinger was a victim of encephalitis

and was left with damage to a small area of the brain that governed his moral senses. Most victims of the disease became sexual perverts, systematic swindlers, or had no moral scruples, Kennedy declares.

The aftermath of this strange sickness left its victims superficially sentimental but actually cruel and without any true feelings of sympathy, guilt or conscience. There is no measurable decrease in intelligence, however.



## The Knack Of Being In Two Places At The Same Time

While Alphonsus Ligouri lay in a faint at Arienzo, he was also at the bed of the dying Pope in Rome—with witnesses to prove it.

by *E. P. Herman*

COMMONSENSE has had for one of its most obvious axioms: You cannot be in two different places at the same time.

Scientists and the man in the street agree that bilocation—the technical name for being present in two different locations simultaneously—is an impossibility.

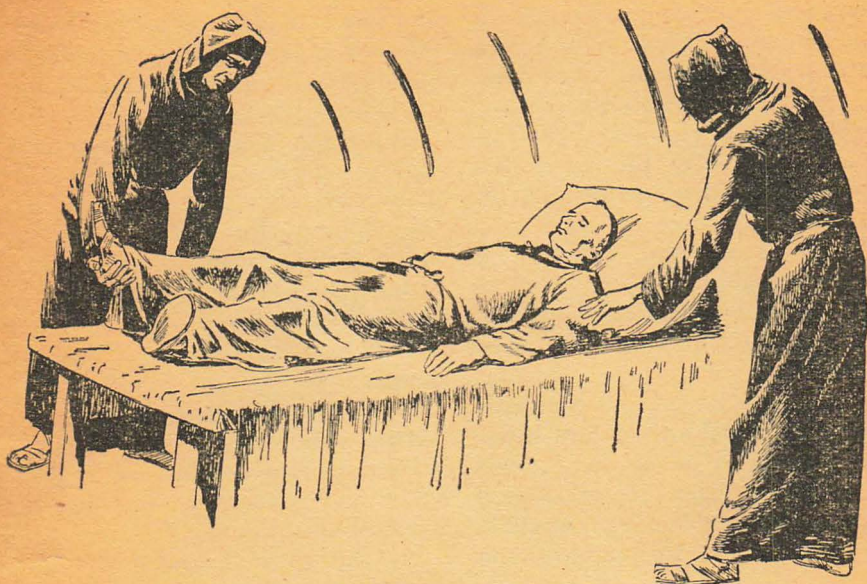
Yet is this true? Is not one of man's strange though rare talents the ability to be present at the same time at two widely different points? There are many stories about this mystical ability. This article describes several of them.

The first concerns Alphonsus Ligouri, a prominent Neapolitan who lived in the latter part of the 18th Century. On the morning of

September 21, 1774, he was at his monastery in Arienzo, some four days' journey from Rome, putting on his vestments in preparation for community mass. Quite suddenly he was overcome by faintness. He slowly groped his way to a chair and fell into a deep slumber.

Several hours later he awoke. He was surprised to see the monks of the monastery gathered about him. He inquired why they appeared so concerned and they replied: "We thought you were very sick and were about to die."

Ligouri then made a very strange remark: "No. I feel perfectly sound. But I have just come from the bedside of the Pope in Rome. He is now dead."



The monks assumed that the remark was due to a vivid dream, a mental aberration in which not much stock could be taken. This assumption was soon to be shattered dramatically, for word came to Arienzo that Pope Clement XIV had died during the time that Ligouri was in his trance-like sleep.

There were some among the monks who believed that this was a coincidence. However, a few days later most startling news was received at Arienzo. Word came from Rome that among those in attendance at the bedside of the dying pontiff was Alphonsus Ligouri.

Other details soon came to light. Everyone who was present, including the superiors of the

Dominican, Observantine and Augustinian orders, not only had spoken to Ligouri but joined with him as he led the prayers for the dying Pope.

Here were two sets of witnesses who at the same time saw Ligouri both in Arienzo in a coma-like sleep and in Rome, some four days' journey from Arienzo, at the bedside of the dying Pope. The phenomenon of bilocation was accepted by them without any question or doubt.

A more startling incident took place on an ordinary sailing vessel bound for Liverpool from the United States in the year 1828. The second in command, a man named Bruce, finished making his observa-

tions regarding the position of the sun and went below to make the necessary calculations. That done, he lifted his head and noticed through the open door of the captain's cabin that the latter was seated at his desk performing the same duty.

Bruce arose and entered his superior's cabin.

"Here are my calculations, sir. Do they tally with yours?" he asked cheerfully.

There was no answer. Suddenly the man turned around and Bruce was astonished to see that he was a perfect stranger. He apologized for the intrusion and went on deck. He approached the captain and asked:

"Who is in your cabin, Sir?"

"Why no one that I know of," was the answer.

"Well, I just saw a stranger sitting at your desk and writing on your slate."

The two men hastened below. The cabin was empty. Nothing appeared to have been touched but on the slate were written these words: "Steer northeast."

The writing was not that of the captain nor of the second-in-command, nor of anyone aboard. Bruce carefully scrutinized the features of every man on the ship. None resembled the stranger, whose appearance he could recall perfectly.

The captain was sufficiently impressed by the mysterious message to change his course and steer

northeast as directed on the slate. Moreover, he stationed a lookout man on the top and awaited further developments.

A few hours later an iceberg was sighted off the coast of Newfoundland with a ship stuck fast to it. The doomed ship had been caught upon the edge of the iceberg by the strong currents and had been practically demolished by the force of the blow. It had remained in this position for several weeks. Now there were no more provisions aboard. The framework of the vessel was ready to cave in, and all the crew and passengers had given themselves up for lost.

As the third boatload of survivors was brought to the rescuing ship, Bruce, from the poop where he stood, could scarcely believe his eyes. For in one of them he recognized the stranger he had seen only a few hours before seated in the captain's cabin.

The second-in-command hastened to his superior and told him what he had seen. After the survivors had been given all the immediate attention they needed, the two men approached the mysterious passenger.

"Pardon me, sir," began the captain, "but I wonder if you would be kind enough to write the few words I shall dictate to you on this slate?"

"Anything you like, sir."

"Good. Then write: Steer northeast."

The other took the chalk that was handed to him and wrote the words smilingly without comment. The captain examined the writing carefully, then turned the slate around and studied the writing on the other side. Finally, he turned it around once more and held it toward the man."

"Is this your writing?" he asked.

"Of course. You saw me write it."

"And this too?" displaying the other side of the slate.

The man was dumfounded.

"What does that mean? I wrote those words only once."

"What it means I cannot say myself," replied the captain. "But here is my second-in-command who swears he saw you write these words on my slate this very day in my cabin, shortly after noon."

At this point the captain of the wrecked vessel, who had meanwhile joined the group, asked the passenger.

"Did you by any chance dream of writing these words on the slate?"

"No, sir. Not that I remember," was the reply.

"You speak of dreaming," said the first captain. "What was this gentleman doing around noon today?"

"As a matter of fact," replied the captain of the wrecked vessel, "something rather strange did happen. I was going to tell you about this later. Shortly before

twelve o'clock this man, exhausted, starved, and half frozen as all of us were, fell into a deep sleep. At the end of an hour or so he awoke and said to me, 'Captain, we are going to be rescued.'

"I asked him how he knew. He answered that he had dreamed of seeing himself aboard a ship which was even then on its way towards us. He described its appearance, its rigging; and when your ship came into sight, it corresponded in every detail to that which he had described for us. I must confess that it made a very deep impression on us — you know how a drowning man will clutch at a straw."

"Well, at any rate the words on the slate saved your lives. Without them I certainly should not have altered my course nor should I have stationed a lookout on top. You say," turning to the passenger, "you say that you never dreamed of writing on a slate?"

"No, sir; I have no recollection whatever of doing so. It is true I have the impression of having seen this ship before, but where I have no idea. Curiously enough, everything on this ship seems familiar, especially your cabin, sir — but I swear I never set foot on it before in my life."

There are many other recorded instances of this strange, unexplained talent. A British Army officer was returning home from overseas on an English ship. The ship had been at sea for about two

weeks when the officer mentioned to the captain that he had seen a strange man walking the decks.

"What did the man look like?" asked the captain. "He must be a stowaway."

The officer described the man, emphasizing various peculiar mannerisms that he noticed. As the officer continued with his description the captain became very agitated. Finally he said: "My God, man! You are describing my father."

When the ship docked in Eng-

land, the captain hurried home to his parents' house. He learned that his father had died the day after the strange man had been seen.

"Tell me," he asked, "did father become conscious at any time, or did he have any dreams?"

The captain's mother replied: "The night before he died he fell asleep. After he woke, he told me he dreamed he was on board your ship. He looked around the decks, but said he couldn't find you anywhere."

---

## Food For All—If...

**F**ANTASTICALLY high birth rates can easily outstrip the world's food supply if populations the world over increase as they do in Asiatic countries, according to Sir John Russell, director of Rothamsted Experimental Station in England. On the other hand, if population increases as it has in the West, the world will not starve.

Before modern scientific advances, a food producer could feed four or five persons. But with modern agricultural techniques, one farmer can feed 15 to 20 persons.

"The limit to the world's food production at any time is set by the efficiency of the plant as a transformer of radiant energy," Sir John says. "At present, this does not exceed five per cent and, reckoned

on the basis of the amount of food produced, it is much less. . . . The present limitations to food production are utilization of seven per cent to 10 per cent only of the earth's surface; conversion by the animal of 10 per cent to 25 per cent only of its food into human food, and fixation by the plant of no more than five per cent of the radiant energy it receives. These are all challenges to agricultural science which its workers are vigorously taking up."

If standards of living as high as those in the United States and Europe are desired for the entire world, the rest of the world must adopt measures to control its population by such restraints as birth control, Sir John believes.

The author was born at Edinburgh, Scotland in 1897 and trained for the Royal Navy, with which he served in World War I. After post-war study at Cambridge and Edinburgh, he came to the United States in 1924 and became a citizen in 1932. In September, 1939, he became the first U.S. citizen on active service when he joined the Royal Canadian Navy. For three years he was Chief Staff Officer on the Canadian Pacific Coast and later commanded the Northern Area Canadian Pacific Coast Royal Navy. Until 1949 he was the British vice-consul at Houston, Texas.



## VISITOR AT THE DEATHBED

*by Comdr. Charles M. Cree*

The child lay on its deathbed. Who was the stranger who appeared during the night and why did he venture into the baby's sickroom?

ON a bright sunny day in the middle of June nearly fifty years ago, a baby lay in its crib dying of typhoid fever. A group of medical men gathered about the cot solemnly shaking their heads. The prognosis was poor — very poor — and the distracted parents were informed that there was virtually no hope . . . a matter of days or maybe only hours before the end . . .

Of those gathered round only the mother refused to admit defeat.

With set face she summoned a carriage and, wrapping the infant in warm blankets, she carried him down the stairs. Accompanied by a trained nurse she started out through the night to cover the twenty-three miles to the nearest big city where the finest of medical advice was to be had. The driver of the carriage, aware of the need for haste, urged his horses to their best effort over the rough and rutted dirt roads.

Before midnight the vehicle

drew up at its destination. Throughout that night and for many nights succeeding the two women sat alternately with the baby, watching, ministering and praying while doctors fought to save the life of one small child.

At home miles away the father anxiously awaited the daily telegrams informing him of the infant's condition. The telephone was as yet a novelty and undependable. It was apparent to him, as he made his routine check of doors and windows prior to retiring for the night, that the moment of crisis was at hand. Tonight could spell life — or death.

It was a brilliant June evening with twinkling stars and the beams from a full moon streaming in through the window made his bedroom almost as light as day.

Around the witching hour of two the father stirred uneasily. Some unexplained sixth sense warned him that something was amiss. Wresting himself into full consciousness he opened his eyes. There, standing by the fireside with back turned toward him, was an intruder.

The moonlight illumined the room so completely that every detail of the man was clearly discernible — his height, weight, even his coloring and clothes. The occupant of the bed realized with a sinking feeling that his pistol lay in the drawer of a cabinet diametrically across the room. Carefully study-

ing the appearance of the unwelcome guest, he concluded that his only defense lay in obtaining the poker which lay in the fire grate close to the bed.

Slowly, silently and with infinite care he commenced to slip to the floor. The visitor made no movement. Finally his objective was accomplished and, standing directly behind the stranger, the father momentarily diverted his gaze in order to locate his intended weapon. Seizing the poker and raising it with his left hand, his right hand poised to grapple he looked again — only to find himself staring into a room completely empty except for himself.

He examined closets and cupboards, tested doors and windows. Every possible hiding place was checked. The house was silent as the grave. Nothing was out of place. Nothing out of order. The intruder had disappeared without trace.

After exhausting every alternative, the father concluded that there could be but one explanation — he had had an extraordinary and ultra vivid hallucination.

Meanwhile, throughout the night watch was being maintained in that sickroom twenty-three miles distant. Wide awake, with her knitting on her knees, the mother sat in the subdued light of an ante-room with the communicating door open to give full view of the crib. The nurse lay asleep on a day bed

in the corner by the outer door.

A movement in the bassinette attracted her attention. Rising quietly, the lady started to the sick-room to investigate the cause. To her consternation, on entering the doorway she saw in the room the figure of a man standing by the fireside with his back turned toward her. The light from the moon, aided by the subdued light from the anteroom, made every detail of his appearance clear. For some moments she stood studying the visitor. How could he have entered? All doors and windows were locked and no one could have reached the inner room without first passing close by where she had been keeping her vigil.

Silently she glided back and roused the nurse. The two women ran back to the room where the baby lay in uneasy slumber. Except for the child, the room was completely unoccupied. No one had passed out through the anteroom and the doors and windows of the sickroom remained firmly fastened

*on the inside.* The time was 2 a. m.

The following day the child showed marked improvement, so much so that by the end of the week the crisis was so far passed as to enable the mother to return for a short visit home to pick up a few things she had neglected during her hurried departure and to take back some needed laundry.

It was a happy reunion for the parents. At dinner, in the midst of inconsequential small talk, both parents simultaneously expressed the desire to tell of the uncanny incident of a few night previous. Each story was remarkably similar. In each case the appearance and clothing of the intruder were the same. There could be no doubt that he who visited the father had also visited the mother, and at virtually the same moment. Could it have been a coincidental hallucination? Could it have been a guardian angel? They wondered.

I wonder too for I was the baby in the crib and the visionaries were my own father and mother.

---

## Atomic Time Table

**T**HE DIGGERS carefully lifted out the earth. When the first walls of the ancient building had been uncovered, they began to work with trowels—shovels might damage the delicate filigree work. Finally they were reduced to working with fine camel's hair brushes. At last

the archway stood revealed, looking as beautiful in its airy grace as it had when an unknown architect of an unknown people had completed it in Asia Minor.

On the rubble heap which had been cleared away, a scientist was carefully working and testing bits

of charcoal which had been removed from the ruins. Finally he spoke. "This building was burned about 3,100 years ago," he said. "The Geiger counter does not lie."

Archeology is but one of many new fields profiting from experiments with nuclear energy. Specially-built Geiger counters, which measure the amount of radioactivity present in all once-living things, can accurately fix the dates of ancient ruins up to nearly 25,000 years.

It is now possible for the first time to date prehistoric ruins, such as the early pre-Columbian civilizations of the Western Hemisphere, and to explore the chemical composition of the earth itself as it was thousands of years ago.

The new method is made possible because of the discovery that radioactive carbon is generated in the Earth's upper atmosphere at a steady rate. The carbon atoms produce carbon dioxide, which is an essential food for plants. Every plant on earth absorbs some of the radioactive carbon. Hence, every plant on earth, and the animals which feed on plants, become in small measure radioactive.

After the death of the plant or animal, the radioactivity continues at a constantly diminishing—but nevertheless fixed—rate. The Geiger counters measure the amount of radioactivity left, and therefore can determine how long it is since the plant or animal died.

The method was worked out by Dr. Willard F. Libby, chemistry

professor of the Institute of Nuclear Studies of the University of Chicago, with the collaboration of Dr. James Arnold, also of the University of Chicago.

Dr. Libby and Dr. Arnold worked for two years measuring the radioactivity remaining in samples of known age. Thus they were able to check the reports of the Geiger counters with the known facts about the substance.

Wood samples were collected from all parts of the world. They included fragments from a floor of a room in a Hittite palace dated 625 to 725 B.C.; a California redwood tree felled in 1874; wood from a mummiform coffin from Egypt, dated in the Ptolemaic period 332 to 30 B.C. and so on. Two samples came from the coffins of Egyptian kings who died 4,600 years ago.

The Pyramid of the Sun at Teotihuacan in the Valley of Mexico has been accurately dated by the method. The age of the pyramid had never been known, but estimates ranged up to 15,000 years. The Geiger counter, testing numerous cores from the pyramid, set the correct age as 2,951 years.

In the past the "historic" period has been dated from the time of man's first written records. But this latest discovery will certainly push the time of history backwards. The records are etched, not in the fragile inscriptions of man but in the immutable radioactivity created by cosmic rays.

# THEY EAT DIRT



## —AND LIKE IT

by *Mary P. Cranford*

The mysterious "dirt eaters" of many parts of the United States crave earth with a craving as fierce as that of drug addicts.

I HAD BEEN away from home nine months teaching and then six weeks attending summer school, and had returned with my first automobile. My main chore for the rest of the summer, was to deliver Alfaganstine, my mother's cherished cook, to her front door whole and unharmed after she had finished her day's work.

On my first trip to Alfaganstine's house I noticed that the front porch was barely hanging onto the house, and that the two front pillars which were supposed to support it had collapsed completely. Under the house as far as I could see were great holes which might have been dug by rabbits or field rats. I looked about me and saw other houses in the same condition. But as I

travelled home I observed that the houses in the very next block had not been so endangered.

My inquisitive mind knew no rest. And the next day when Alfaganstine came on the job I was up and ready to greet her. All day I questioned her only to have her shake her head slowly and answer me never a word.

I tried hard to win Alfaganstine's confidence. Weeks passed. I bought her ice cream every afternoon, let her ride all over town in the rumble seat of my new automobile, and gave her presents when she was having no birthday at all. I continued to question her, but was getting nowhere.

The time came for me to return to school and I was anxious to get

a picture of Alfaganstine in front of her practically undermined house. Finally I broke down and offered her money. I began by offering her \$2 if she would tell me why people had been digging beneath her house. She looked frightened and shook her head. I offered her \$5, \$10, \$15. Still she froze up. And then I laid before her my life's savings to date — a crisp \$20 bill. And this is what I learned:

The holes and peculiar-looking trenches under her house had been dug by dirt eaters who crave dirt with the same longing that some people crave dope. If they do not get the dirt they want, they will go wild, believes Alfaganstine. She herself has a peculiar craving for dirt and she eats it as regularly as one would take a good tonic.

• Alfaganstine has been living in the city for several years but she boasts with pride that she was born and reared in a small town where she was able to find plenty of "good dirt" to eat.

Dirt eaters believe that the craving for dirt is inherited. If a mother smells or eats it during pregnancy, her child is sure to be a dirt eater.

The best white dirt or sand for eating, says Alfaganstine, is found close to sand pits. Near such pits is also found a white chalk which is especially palatable. Some of the best dirt that she can remember eating is to be found in her own section of the country near Gilliard,

Ga., and she says that eaters make regular pilgrimages to the place in search of the priceless tonic, which is carried away to their homes.

For ordinary digging purposes, spoons, knives and forks are used. But if the ground is extra hard, the dirt eaters dig it out with picks, hoes and shovels.

"Good dirt" is distinguished from "bad dirt" by a peculiar odor. One may dig for hours before striking this odor, but once it has been discovered the digger is usually rewarded. In a city, one must keep digging in different places in order to find enough of the right kind of dirt because so much of the earth is man-made. It has been handled until it has lost its power.

Dirt is eaten fresh from the ground if the "crave" is on one severely at the time it is dug, Alfaganstine says. Otherwise it is taken home, and baked in an oven or under hot ashes until it is dry and crumbly. Then it is dipped in salt to suit the taste and eaten.

It is carried about in the pocket during the day so that it is available at any time. At times, the "crave" will seize an eater in the middle of the night and he or she will get out of bed to eat a dirt sandwich. Some take a small lump of dirt before or after meals.

"Good dirt" whets the appetite and gives you the feeling that you have had what you wanted, explains Alfaganstine. It is nourishing to the body like a tonic and is

craved on Sundays as well as on week days.

Eaters gather enough in dry weather to last during a rainy spell because if the dirt becomes damp it loses its odor and is not nourishing. If they forget to lay in a supply, they are likely to suffer greatly.

When a spell of craving seizes an eater and relief cannot be found immediately, it causes temporary insanity, Alfaganstine believes. However, she feels perfectly sure that flour or starch may be given to hold the patient calm until the satisfying dirt can be found.

Alfaganstine told of having a visitor once who came to stay with her for two weeks. She forgot to bring her "good dirt" along and within two or three days the crave seized her. No one could quiet her. She was fast becoming wild. Alfaganstine had no dirt in the house and it was raining. She ran to the kitchen and got a box of starch in one hand and a small portion of flour in the other. This she fed to her visitor until she was completely recovered.

If a family living on a lot where "good dirt" may be found happens to like the person who is seeking it, that person will not be turned away. If he can't get it however, no price is too great to pay when the "crave" is on.

Alfaganstine says that dirt eating is liable to cause constipation, appendicitis, tuberculosis, pellagra, and bad blood. Sometimes it even

leads to an operation. Yet, once a person begins eating dirt, he will continue in spite of the fact that doctors warn against the use of it. It is her belief that the practice will continue until there is a cure for the "crave" and that this is probably impossible.

The facts are that dirt eating is a common practice among many of the peoples of the earth. Within the borders of the United States once lived a sect who practiced the habit almost religiously.

In many large cities can be seen veritable networks of trenches beneath shanties where dirt eaters have been digging. Sometimes these dugouts resemble caves or tunnels.

If a house happens to be located on a spot where there is the slightest trace of "good dirt," it is likely to be completely undermined. In some cases houses have had to be razed to keep them from falling in on their occupants.

The home of dirt eating is Asia. In Persia the earth has been and possibly is still used either raw or roasted and flavored with spices. One can buy earth shaped into small disks in India. In Java, it is swallowed in tablet form to keep the body slim. In Siam it is sold as a dainty. Women seem to be the principal consumers.

The earth-eating centers of Africa are Nubia and certain parts of the western coast. The eaters of these sections are so fond of their

tonic that nothing can keep them from over-eating.

We are informed by Pliny, Strabo, and other Greek and Roman writers that many varieties of earth served as remedies in ancient days. Clay containing iron was particularly used. Nearly all of the medicinal earth was furnished by Italy, Greece, and their islands. Burned clay was used by Hippocrates and Golen, the most famous physicians of ancient days.

Dirt is eaten passionately in some parts of Mexico, not only by women and children but by grown men as well. It is sold as a delicacy in the markets of some of the larger cities. In Guatemala, white and yellow earth is used by some inhabitants instead of powdered sugar. It is believed that this earth is probably a volcanic ash.

Nearly a half century ago the *St. Louis Dispatch* described a singular sect known then as Dirt Eaters which formed a community of seventy-five men and women under the leadership of one William Windsor.

He believed that grit is necessary to every animal and that because mankind has no dirt in his food he is subject to many stomach troubles that no other animal has. Each day his followers went to their little sacks, took a spoonful of dirt and washed it down with water. Regular eaters did not seem to mind the tonic.

Windsor's followers soon devel-

oped an appetite for dirt and then relished it as one would candy or cookies. They carried a sack about with them and whenever one felt that he was getting away from the prescribed animal plan upon which he was created he would step into a corner and take his tonic.

The account claims that the chief eater had the sand collected and sterilized. It was then distributed at 25 cents a sack, which amounted to about ten cents a week.

William Windsor said: "I am not a doctor. I am not a theologian. I am simply an advocate of what I consider to be the best means to the art of proper living. I have combined all that I teach into a simple word, Vitosophy, meaning the Science of Life.

"I came from Wisconsin, was educated for the law, but took up dirt eating, or more properly sand eating. Four years ago I wondered why men weren't as healthy as animals. I was satisfied that it was because they did not observe natural laws. I observed that most men have stomach trouble while animals seem to have good stomachs. I was convinced that animal's good health was due to the fact that he took grit in his food.

"In other words, animals were dirt eaters. Dirt was necessary to them. It occurred to me that man ate no dirt. I tried it. I got a quantity of fine sand and began taking

a small bit of it each day. The result was so successful that I began teaching dirt eating."

Research says that the reasons for dirt eating are manifold; necessity; the agreeable, salty taste; and a perversion of appetite generally found in people suffering from chlorosis and hysteria. Sometimes it is the medicinal instinct, the craving for a cure for certain,

mainly tropical, sickness which drives man to eating dirt.

Are these explanations satisfactory? Or could it be possible that it is a hangover from some strange religious rite, a fetich, a taboo, or a result of a superstitious voodooism. It might even be an animal instinct which gives some men this strange appetite for the "good earth." No one knows for sure.

---

## Power For Eternity

**G**IANT WINDMILLS can produce enormous amounts of electrical power more cheaply than can steam or most water power locations, it is now being discovered. Huge windmills formerly were limited in size and efficiency by lack of knowledge of how to build them and inability to use more than a small amount of power on the sites where they could be built.

Percy H. Thomas, a member of the Federal Power Commission, recently submitted a proposal for a windmill capable of producing 7,500 kilowatts of energy. It would be 475 feet high, with two rotors each 200 feet in diameter, mounted on a vast turntable.

Mr. Thomas suggested that aerogenerators be used in conjunction with present conventional electrical generating stations. When the wind was blowing the present generators could be shut down. Wind energy could be saved by raising water into big reservoirs and withdrawing it on calm days through water generators.

This new system is practical now, he emphasizes. No untried types of structures or mysterious principles are involved. Installation and maintenance costs would be less than for an inexpensive steam plant. Nations handicapped by lack of power would find wind electricity especially beneficial.

---

**T**HOUGH scientists now know how to produce artificial rain or snow under proper conditions, no relief from droughts is in sight. Under drought conditions the sky

contains too little water to be of use. Nevertheless, meteorologists believe that thunderstorms, hailstorms and torrential rains may some day be curbed.

# CAN A METEORITE DESTROY THE EARTH?

*by Harold J. Wilkins*

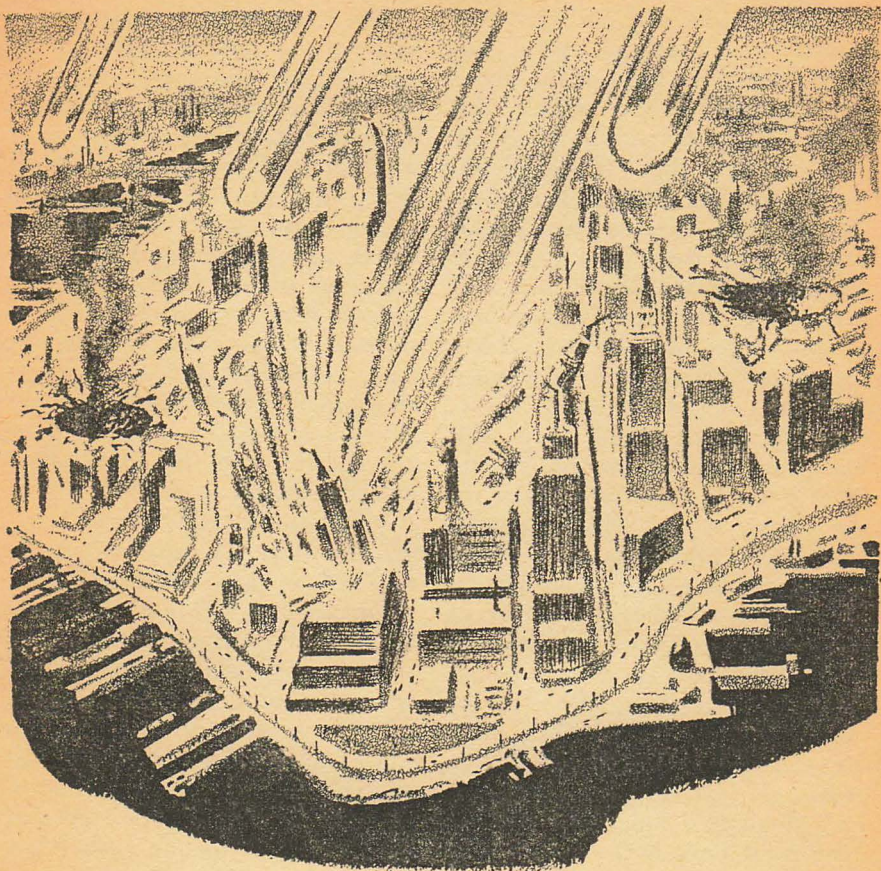
**Aerolites have caused enormous destruction in the past. A large one could destroy all life in an area the size of New Mexico.**

ONE DAY RECENTLY an Australian geologist, Dr. Frank Reeves, and a geophysicist, N. B. Sauve, were flying over a remote desert basin about 400 miles inland from the port of Broome, West Australia. Looking down from the cabin of the airplane, the two scientists were startled to see below them an immense and perfectly shaped crater — a tremendous hole in the desert that was not shown on even the latest Australian Government maps.

Back at their base at Wyndham, West Australia, the two scientists reported their find and the story flashed to all the newspapers in the Commonwealth. The local aborigines were questioned, but none of them knew anything about any big hole in the desert around there, nor had their forefathers handed down any stories in the Blackfellow tradition.

A year passed by and then the "Sun" newspaper of Sydney, N.S.W., had a letter from a man named Robert Way:

"I am now 73 years of age. Back in 1906 I was postmaster and meteorological observer at Hall's Creek, which is a very lonely place, which I had reached by steamer from Perth, W. A., and thence by packhorse. When I had covered the 2900 miles, I landed up in a little settlement of only some 17 men, most of them stockmen, with a few tribes of blackfellows in the neighbourhood. One night, in December, 1906, I was having a sundowner with a pal, in his hut in the darkness. We had no light, because lights attracted hosts of pestiferous stinging insects who bit like hell. Twilight had fallen, when, on a sudden, we were startled by a weird glare that lit up the skies. It was of amazing brilliance. Rushing outside, we saw, low down on the east-horizon, an immense globe of fire shooting across the sky in a S.S.W. direction. Behind it was a bright path of light. Like the tail of a comet, but immeasurably more brilliant. It vanished, and



*If even medium-sized meteorites should fall upon a city like New York, millions of persons would be killed and untold damage would be created.*

then came a long detonation that made the air quiver. I have seen many meteorites in my long life, but never one like that."

Mr. Way made a comment which seems significant to those who have studied these phenomena. He said: "Seems to me as if

this region of Australia has some queer power of attracting these cosmic bodies, which are like a bull in a china shop."

More will be said, later, of this aspect of the mystery.

Meantime, two parties visited this strange hole in the desert.

Dr. Reeves, the original joint discoverer, went overland with a geophysicist and the pilot of the plane from which he had sighted the crater. Some 65 miles south of Hall's Creek they found themselves standing in a desert plain covered with spinifex. Just ahead was a stony ridge which seemed not to be remarkable in any way.

But when they stood on the top of this ridge, some 100 feet above the desert, they gazed in wonder from the rim down onto a vast bowl in which there were sink holes and scattered clumps of fairly large trees. It was like a crater on the moon, if one could conceive that trees could grow in a waterless or airless waste. They hunted around but could find no trace of a cone of a volcano, and no signs of plutonic rocks. Reeves estimated that the crater was 2,800 feet in diameter — just over half a mile. Its rim was worn down and it looked as if earth had fallen into and filled up a hole which at one time must have been a great deal deeper. Possibly, the aerolite had penetrated hundreds of feet into the earth before it exploded like a cosmic bomb.

Geophysicists theorize that the crater may be at least 300 years old, and so older than the earliest contact of the old Dutch navigators with the great South Land. One sign of age was denoted by the annular growth rings on some dead trees in the bowl. Some of these trees were two feet thick.

The Australian Geographical Society also sent a party to the crater. They had the help of the local police and two black trackers. It is obvious that an aerolite of such an immense size and weight that could produce a crater half a mile wide would have exterminated any natives within a considerable radius of the point of impact. And yet, surely, tidings of such a titanic concussion would have reached the ancestors of other aboriginal tribes farther away! The party found no fragments of any meteorite in the crater bowl or the adjacent desert.

What would happen if such a giant aerolite fell upon a city the size of New York or Chicago?

Fortunately, within historic times all large meteorites have hit in sparsely populated areas. But from what we know about the damage they are capable of wreaking, we can conclude that they could kill literally millions of people if they struck in a densely populated area.

If, instead of hitting in the ocean where they cause tidal waves, or in the isolated north or in desert areas, some very recent aerolites had struck in the United States, they could wipe out an area half the size of a state. And by "recent" we are not speaking in the geological sense. Such fearful meteorites have fallen within the lifetimes of most of the readers of this article!

In December, 1932, a very small meteorite fell into the streets of Sydney, N.S.W. It wrecked four

shops, demolished or unroofed buildings in suburbs, "electrocuted" a boy, and injured other persons seriously. It was accompanied by a violent thunderstorm, torrential rains and strong winds. If a small fireball could cause such damage, what might not a large one do?

Some thousands of years ago, cliff dwellers and prehistoric folk in what is now Arizona were burnt up by the immense roaring meteorite that fell at the base of Coone Butte and formed what is now the Great Crater Lake. The Navajo Indians have traditions about this cataclysm. They say:

"Three gods seeking eternal repose rode down from the stars on roaring clouds of blue flame. They alighted and shook the hills with thunder, throwing rock to the winds, and burying themselves deep under the plains. Every thing living in the country around was destroyed, except the men that dwelt in the cliffs. These left the accursed place hurriedly and never returned."

Among all the North American traditions surely this must be the most vivid story of an eye-witness!

This sunken meteorite, which is supposed to consist partly of platinum, is 300 feet in diameter and lies in Meteor or Platinum Crater, close to the Santa Fe railroad, and about 1,400 feet below the present level of the terrain. The crater in which the meteorite lies is about three miles round and 580 feet deep. If the meteorite's estimated

mass of 900,000 tons be correct and it is in considerable part platinum, then a rich prize is awaiting the successful diggers. For miles around the earth of the canyons is covered with fragments of meteoric iron, microscopic diamonds, bits of platinum and debris left in the trail of this fiery courser from outer space. The Arizona aerolite hit the earth at an angle, dug out a 1,000-foot deep crater and, continuing its way underground, displaced the rocky mass which is now Coone Butte.

Estimates of the age of this Meteor Crater cataclysm vary. Daniel Berringer, lecturing at the Academy of Natural Sciences in Philadelphia, thinks the aerolite fell about 3,000 years ago. Ben C. Tilgham believes the date of the fall was between 5,000 and 10,000 years ago. (On the rim of this crater originally were stunted cedars with growth rings denoting an age of 700 years). But Prof. Eliot Blackwelder of Leland Stanford University, Calif., urges that the many facts portend a much greater age. In fact, he believes Meteor Crater was made in the last interglacial age, between 40,000- and 75,000 years ago.

It was a United States citizen who had the extraordinary luck to photograph an immense meteor hurtling above and past him in a rosy dawn at 4 a. m. on March 24, 1933. He was a rancher, Charles Brown, and was sitting down to breakfast in his little shack atop

a wild ridge near Mount Dora, N. M. The stars were still sparkling in the sky and all was still in the hush before dawn. Suddenly, the sky became bright as day and an unearthly light flooded his cabin. He jumped to his feet startled. He said later:

"Overhead on a shelf my eye caught a camera. Luckily, it was loaded, ready for use. I grabbed it and rushed to the door. Eastwards, a great molten globe of fire was rushing straight towards me! Incandescent fragments broke from it and, as if thrust by a mighty wind, trailed backwards into the wake of the monstrous apparition, where the darkened sky glowed red against the black. On came the glowing white ball. As it roared over my head, at a height of 28 miles, I clicked the shutter of my camera. The great globe passed with a roaring hiss, and then came an appalling detonation like the explosion of a battery of hundreds of massed cannons. It shook the air and the ground."

The rancher added to the sum of astro-physical knowledge. He proved that the air wave caused by the passage of the meteorite created the terrific explosion and *not* the burst of the meteoritic projectile itself. It was speeding at 26 miles per second, and hit the earth travelling at  $18\frac{1}{2}$  miles a second on her orbital and diurnal path of rotation.

Deep in the jungles of Brazil came another cosmic bombardment in the shape of three giant aerolites which set fire to and depopulated hundreds of miles of forest on August 30, 1931. Word

came to the Vatican in Rome from an observer, Padre Fidelio of the mission of Avieno, located at São Paulo de Alivencia, in the state of Amazonas:

"Three great aerolites fell from the sky, almost simultaneously, in the forest bordering the Rio Curaca. They were of gigantic size, and the heat engendered was terrific. As they hit the ground, great flames sprang up from the mass of compressed and incandescent air that is borne in front of these bodies. It set the forest afire and the conflagration lasted for months, a whole region being denuded of people. The fall was preceded by a remarkable atmospheric disturbance. At 8 a.m. the sun became blood-red, and a penumbra spread all over the sky, so that it darkened as in an eclipse of the sun. Then an immense cloud of reddish powder filled the air and it looked as if the whole world was about to blow up. There came a rain of fine cinders which covered trees and vegetation with an ashy white cloak. Now there came a whistling sound, piercing the air with ear-shattering intensity . . . Three great explosions followed. The earth trembled. Natives in the forest were thrown into the ground, or the water. . . ."

A locomotive engineer was approaching the sidings at Lialka, on the great Trans-Siberian railroad, on a calm clear night in June, 1911. The green light on the signal gave him the "all clear road." His hand was on the throttle to feed more steam into the cylinders and accelerate the speed of the train, when a violent vibration of the air shook the heavy iron cab of the engine and brought

the freight cars clashing and clanging together.

Simultaneously, a noise like the cannonading of high calibre guns crashed overhead, and the sky became almost as bright as day. The startled engineer cut off the steam and backed into the sidings, where he asked the local station master to help him examine the train. He thought someone had put a bomb in a car at the rear of the train.

"It was an earthquake," said the station master.

"But who ever heard of an earthquake in which the air shook?", retorted the engineer.

The mystery remained unsolved for 20 years, though at Aberdeen, Scotland, an astronomer wrote in his diary:

"At 10 p.m. suddenly sky became as bright as day. I wondered what happened."

At Greenwich, England, the Astronomer Royal made a similar observation, and at the observatory at Heidelberg, Germany, an astronomer wrote:

"Could take no photos last night. Something remarkable fogged the plates. Barometer trembled violently. Four undulations lasted 15 minutes each, followed by slight explosion."

Not till 1921, was the mystery solved, when the Russian Prof. Leonard Kulik, telegraphed to the Russian Academy of Moscow:

in frozen tundras of North Siberia, say that 20 years ago the 'God of Thunder' rode down from the sky, with a terrific explosion, tearing vast chasms in forests and uprooting trees for hundreds of miles around."

In 1927, Kulik, heading an expedition, reached the desolate spot. He found ten craters, ranging from 11 to 109 yards wide, and an average of 13 feet deep. Many men had been killed and at least 1,000 reindeer. He estimated that the aerolite weighed at least 130 tons and about a tenth of its energy had been expended in air waves, while a cloud of incandescent gas, driven deep into the ground, forced the air backwards or outwards on all sides . . .

"The compressed mass of gas splashed in a hurricane of fire and burnt up the forests. I saw trees lying stripped of all bark."

Cossacks in the foothill of the Sikohta Alin range, north of Vladivostok, Siberia, in 1947, saw a great globe of fire brighter than the sun streak over the forests. It shed incandescent fragments and burst, leaving reddish black smoke hanging in the air for hours. A week after the occurrence of the phenomenon an expedition found 30 craters in an area of about a square mile, devastated forests, and many fragments of meteoric iron. The Russian scientists theorized that a giant aerolite, the size of a planetoid about a thousand tons in weight, had been drawn into the

"Wandering tribes of the Tunguses,

atmosphere by the earth's gravitational pull.

What are meteorites or aerolites?

They are masses of metallic iron often alloyed with nickel or cobalt, that fall upon the earth from outer space. But how they originate is a riddle still unsolved. They vary in size from dust specks up to a mass more than 500 feet in diameter and weighing more than 1,500,000 tons, like that which created Meteor Crater in Arizona.

Theories of their origin are many: volcanoes in the moon; fragments of the sun; collisions of small stars in interstellar space; disintegrating comets or planets, etc.

The craters visible in the moon are said to be the creation of meteorites falling on a surface destitute of air and water and offering no brake or buffer.

The so-called planetesimal theory — not generally received in astrophysical circles — ascribes the origin of the solar system to the aggregation of small celestial bodies in a nebula. Such cosmic bodies may range in size from a molecule to a planetoid. They rotate round larger bodies. It is also a curious fact that, while most meteorites explode into fragments in the earth's atmosphere, others fall so

cold that they burn the skin of the hand that touches them! This may be owing to the fact that heat forms only on the *surface* of the meteorite and has vanished by the time it hits the ground.

Comets are, of course, different from aerolites. They have either an elliptical course round the sun or move in a parabolic course to or from it. If not captured by the sun they may vanish at their farthest point on their orbits. But a comet has hit the earth! It was of vast size and left its mark for 500 miles along the shores of Virginia and Georgia. Its volume in weight of iron would have made a sphere with a diameter of 100 miles!

A few years back, two professors from the University of Oklahoma went up in an airplane to study this region. They found many "bays" all stretching out in the same direction. A magnetometer revealed much iron in these bays or craters. There are at least 3,000 of them covering 42,000 square miles. The collision happened aeons ago when this vast comet hit the earth at a slanting angle. The area of collision ranges far inland from the shores of the ocean off Carolina to Ohio. Such a bombardment today would destroy half of the United States.

WHEN Rolla Primardo, 27, was killed by a lightning bolt in Taranto, Italy, last October 8, he was the third of his family to die

from the same cause. His father was killed by lightning 20 years before and his grandfather 50 years before — all on the same plot of ground!

# HE LIVED— TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY!

by *Adrian Anderson*

**An erroneous order recalling him saved the  
major who saved his country in the past war.**

ONE gray autumnal day in 1915, a stocky, middle-aged British major with a puckish smile arrived on the Western Front in France. One of his first acts was to turn his back on the comparative safety of battalion headquarters and take up his station in a sand-bagged dugout in the trenches. There, as he slyly put it, "a man can get something warmer than tea."

One morning, as he sat himself down to the chores of writing letters back home, an orderly appeared, saluted, and offered him a message from the commanding general. It summoned the major to a meeting behind the line.

Deeply puzzled and not a little annoyed, the major slogged his way through the mud and slush and over the perilous crusts of melting snow to the place of rendezvous. Behind him he could hear the intermittent sound of bursting shells. All about him was the desolation of a war-blasted countryside.

At the appointed place the major, cold and disgruntled, waited impatiently. After a wear-

some interval an officer appeared.

"There has been a mixup in the arrangements, Major," he reported. "The general won't be able to see you today."

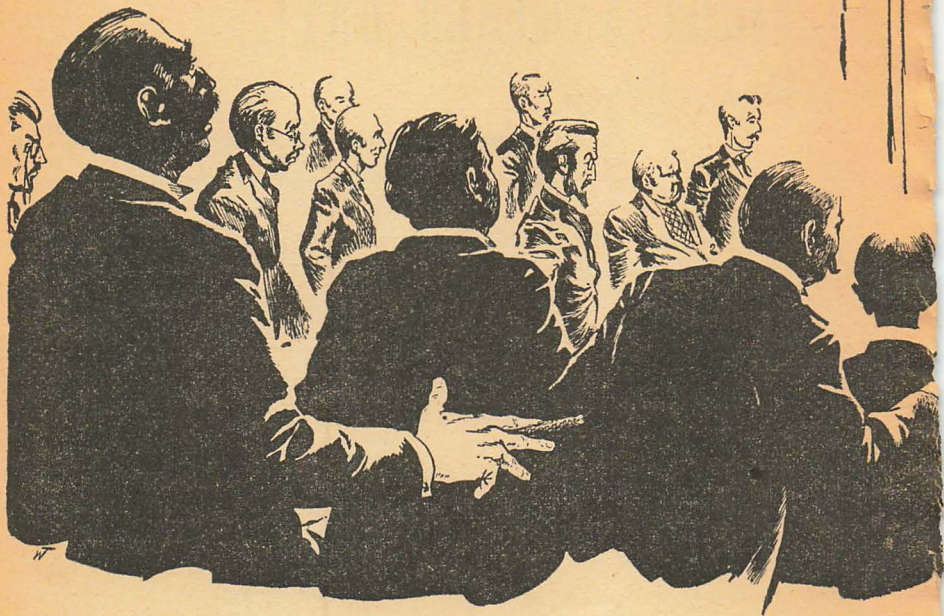
"What did he want with me?" the major dourly inquired.

"Oh, it was nothing special, sir," the other replied. "He had heard so much about you that he wanted to see you."

Muttering invectives, the major made his way back to his dugout. Engrossed in his sober thoughts, he was almost upon his shelter when, suddenly looking up, he found it was no longer there. In the spot where it had stood was only a great, gaping hole!

"It happened about five minutes after you left, sir," an orderly reported. "Shell came right in through the roof."

Destiny had been standing at the elbow of that commanding general when he had whimsically summoned the major from his post of duty. For by that act he had saved for a greater service England's great man of destiny — Winston Churchill!



## BEFORE 85 WITNESSES

*by Robert H. Donovan*

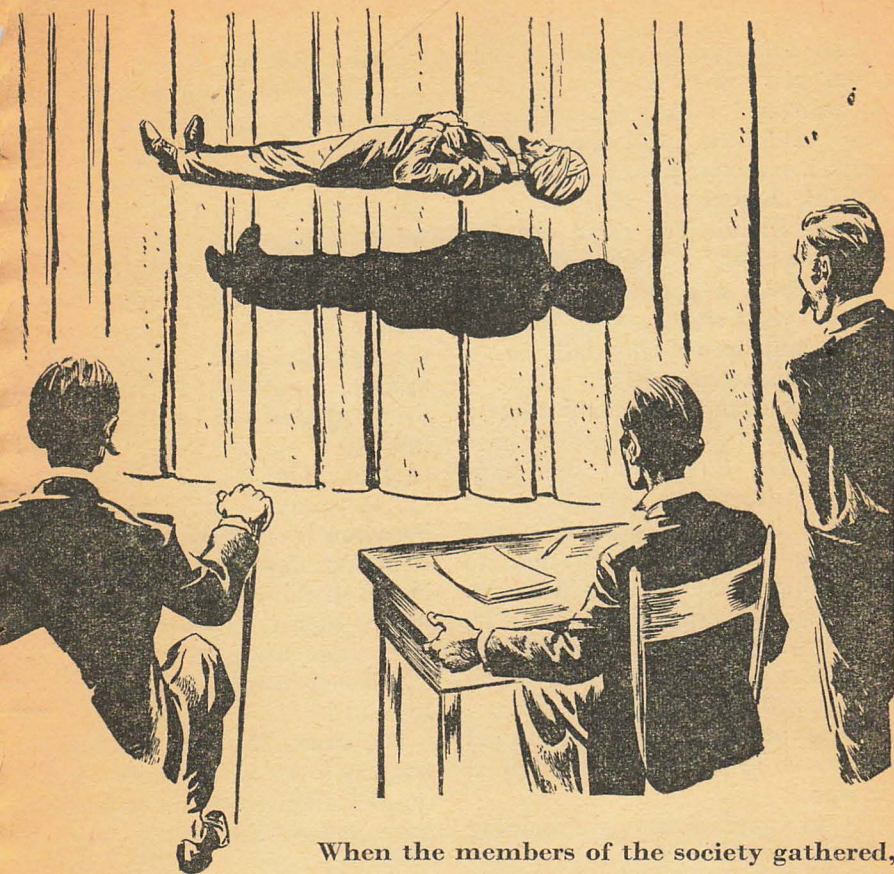
**T**O SEE without eyes, suspend one's self in mid-air without support, to foretell the future — are these things possible?

No, you say? Well, since we can't show you visual proof at the moment, would you be willing to accept the word of some unimpeachable witness — say, 85 wit-

nesses — men of unquestionable honesty?

The witnesses are the members of the Royal Institute for Psychic Research, a society formed for the purpose of finding out how much psychic phenomena is "phenomena" and how much is fraud.

It was in 1884 that the Institute published this hand-bill which ap-



When the members of the society gathered, there was the Rhani, suspended in mid-air.

peared throughout London, arousing quite some interest.

“The Royal Institute for Psychic Research announces its intention of holding an impartial interview with those wishing to demonstrate their ability to perform various phenomena. Apply Porter,

Chauncey House, Warrenton Lane, West End.”

They had a good turn-out that afternoon. In fact, the doors had to be locked to keep out the curious crowds. But the members were disappointed. One after another the interviewees proved to be fakes. As one member said later,

"The sole person possessing any unusual power was an elderly woman and it turned out that all she could do was some tricks with her double-joints. — Until the Rhani showed up, that is."

The Rhani? Yes, there was one genuine apple in the barrel, Rhani Hwo Bene, a gentleman of some 60-odd years, short, pudgy, business-like and prosaically-clad in a modest pin-stripe suit.

His entrance was all that a Hollywood director could have asked. He came into the ward room where the members sat about in bored clusters and threaded through their midst to the table where the president sat. He had his eyes blindfolded, by the way. Extending his hand, the Rhani smiled, saying: "Your watch is stopped, Mr. Martin."

The president, puzzled, pulled his watch from his pocket. Stopped it was.

After preliminary questioning which revealed that the Rhani was Persian-born, unmarried, suffering from a liver complaint and presently on his way to his home in Paris where he lived with the eminent journalist Roger Hezarifend, the Rhani asked permission to, as he put it, "... relieve their boredom."

He removed his coat and produced a small celluloid ball from his pocket, laying it on the table in front of the president Mr. Martin and the other members who had congregated about the table. He

stepped back five or six feet. . . .

L. W. Bentley, one of those present, told his wife about it at dinner the same evening.

"Really, dear, you've never seen anything like it in your life! There we were, standing about with cynical smirks on our faces, hands in pockets, ready for another laugh. Then this Bene fellow stares at the ball for, ah . . . oh, about a minute, I'd guess. So help me, the thing started to roll! No one touched it or the table, I'd swear to that. The Rhani himself was too far away to move it by blowing upon it — yet the thing moved! It rolled down to within a few inches of the end of the table-top, slowly, then it stopped entirely before commencing to run back the way it had just come. Really, nothing like it!"

Unfortunately, Mr. Bentley did not stay to see what else the Rhani could do. Otherwise his wife might have had to listen to a series of "really's" as long as the look on her husband's face.

The ball was tossed aside, little comment being offered by the skeptics. When concentrating upon the ball the Rhani had removed the cloth covering his eyes. Now, before replacing it, he asked if anyone of the gentlemen would care to assist him in order that there might be no doubt about its completely blocking his vision. A doctor happened to be seated at the table and he accepted. And went a bit further.

"If you have no objection," he offered, "I'll fix it up even better." With this he lifted his bag to the table and unstripped a roll of surgical bandages. Two minutes work saw the Rhani's head tightly bound from forehead to the upper lip. Across the eyes was a wide band of tape. An added precaution.

"I would like a book of some sort, any printed matter will do." The Rhani seated himself confidently, waiting. From some source or another a small note-book was produced and placed in the Rhani's hands.

"No; no. Don't give it to me; just put it on the table in front of me, or here" — he moved an inkwell aside, — "this will do. Thank you."

He read to them. Without making one slip, he skimmed through different passages, commenting upon them, having difficulty with the pronunciation of some terms. It appears that the book was the doctor's and the terms were lengthy medical tags.

The Society was impressed with the Rhani. Here was a man of superior powers, that was obvious. The members were frank enough to admit their skepticism. The Rhani was frank enough to tell them that their wariness was not unusual but unnecessary in this instance. Exacting a promise from the Rhani to return the next afternoon, the meeting adjourned, a number of perplexed professional men returning home to subject

their households to a barrage of "Really's " much like Mr. Bentley.

The next afternoon the late-comers to Chauncey House entered the ward room expectantly. Well they might! Four feet from the floor, with no support whatsoever, and touching no visible object, the Rhani hung horizontally suspended in mid-air. Pictures were taken by the Society and these provided indisputable evidence that the Rhani was capable of levitation, suspending, though not moving his body, in mid-air! The pictures were published in the *Annals of the Royal Institute for Psychic Research* for 1884.

To see without eyes, to suspend one's self in mid-air without support, to foretell the future?

For the three ensuing days before his departure for Paris, the Rhani accurately predicted two local crimes, the outcome of an election, a totally unexpected increase in commodity prices and the death of one of the member's relatives who had been in apparent good health.

The Society, en masse, signed affidavits testifying to what they had witnessed during the Rhani's visit. Coupled with these were the photographs which had been taken. Both were set aside until the time came for the publication of their Annual. At a final dinner given in the Rhani's honor in the home of Dr. K. Dechert, soon to announce his noted thesis to the profession, the Rhani refused to explain his abnormal prowess.

He said, "I would gladly detail it to you if I could but it is not possible — I don't know myself. He smiled cheerily. "After all, the thing that matters is: Can such things be done? And if you are

satisfied that they can, I shall feel that my time with you has not been wasted."

They were unanimous in agreeing that his time had not been wasted. All 85 of them!

## The Man With The Bird's Throat

LATE LAST SUMMER there died at Morgan Hill, Calif., one of the most remarkable Americans who ever lived. He was Charles Kellogg, 80, who once was a head-lined vaudeville attraction — in the days of Eddie Foy, Nora Bayes, and other great stars.

Kellogg was born with the throat of a bird. In addition to his normal larynx he had a "syrinx," which is a sound box with the half-rings of a songbird. This discovery was made in London, when Kellogg was on vaudeville tour. The late Sir Morell Mackenzie, British throat specialist, examined Kellogg and was astounded to find in his throat the half-rings in greater number than even the most generously supplied songbird.

Kellogg was able to reproduce the song of any bird he had ever heard. He could produce a high-pitched warble that would extinguish a sensitive flame. When his flame-quenching act was first proposed for the stage, the New York Fire Commissioner would not grant a permit for it. But then Mr. Kellogg demonstrated by putting

out a flame through closed doors.

Kellogg's pitch was tested on the Helmholtz tuning fork and reached 12½ octaves, vibrating into the inaudible far above a bird's 14,000 cycles per second. The ordinary human reach is less than 4,000 cycles per second.

On September 6, 1926, according to the *New York Times*, scientists at the University of California staged a novel test to verify Kellogg's ability to quench a flame. They set up a Bunsen burner in Le Conte Hall on the Berkeley Campus and Kellogg, in the presence of distinguished physicists, broadcast a shrill note over radio Station KGO. The flame went out. The event was widely publicized and Kellogg received letters from as far away as Hawaii stating that candle flames held near radio sets had been quenched by his voice.

Kellogg was a close friend of naturalists. He tramped through the high Sierras with John Muir and traveled through Haiti with John Burroughs. Burroughs later described Kellogg's conversations with the jungle birds.

# CAPE COD'S STRANGEST MYSTERY

by Vincent H. Gaddis

**Did the spirits of the sunken sub crew warn the Provincetown fishing fleet? If not who rang the ghostly bells that saved the ships?**

IT HAPPENED SUDDENLY on a cold December day in 1927. The U. S. Submarine S-4, after making an underwater run off Wood End, near Provincetown on Cape Cod Bay, was coming to the surface. Aboard the approaching Coast Guard Destroyer *Paulding*, the helmsman noticed the rising periscope ahead and bore hard on his wheel. Too late! The S-4 broke surface under the port bow of the *Paulding*. There was a terrific crash as the destroyer's bow rose high above the water.

As the destroyer shuddered back from the impact, the submarine sank rapidly to the bottom of the bay. News of the disaster was flashed to shore and a rescue armada was on the scene within a few hours. Divers were dropped to the wreck lying a hundred feet below. They hammered on the hatch cover of the submarine.

Six men, led by Lieut. Graham N. Fitch, were trapped in the torpedo room. The remaining thirty-four members of the crew, includ-

ing the commanding officer Roy Keller Jones, apparently had died quickly. Tapping in code, Lieutenant Fitch asked: "How long must we wait? Is there any hope?" And the divers replied: "We are doing everything possible that can be done."

Then came a storm, howling from out of the misty Atlantic with chill fury, and the rescue ships were forced to take refuge in the harbors. Long hours passed, lengthening into days. The entombed survivors, dying slowly in cold and darkness, frantically tapped that their air supply was giving out. Sensitive microphones picked up their signals and they were transcribed by recording devices. But the storm raged on.

At last the sea calmed and the armada returned. But three days had been lost—the signals were very weak now. As the rescuers worked desperately, a final message was sent to Lieutenant Fitch: "Your wife and mother are praying constantly for you." In reply

came the last message from the doomed men — "We understand."

Three months later the S-4 was brought to the surface and towed to Boston. A bell-buoy, known as "Old Eleven," was anchored above the spot. Marking the edge of the channel into Provincetown harbor, the bell had a unique, unmistakable clang. It sang its dirge for the crew of the ill-fated S-4 and helped guide the fishermen home in foggy weather. It remembered the dead. It guided the living.

A year passed by. Then the miracle happened.

One afternoon in January, 1929, the U. S. Coast Guard Cutter *Bruin* was returning to Cape Cod after its regular monthly run up to Maine. Captain Kyle was on the bridge. As the vessel neared the tip of the cape, it passed the Provincetown fishing fleet. In the distance the tall spire of the Pilgrim Monument was dimly visible. Suddenly a gray and impenetrable fog swept down from the north.

Ordinarily it would have been easy for the experienced Cape Codders to swing around the rocky tip of the cape and into the harbor. But a heavy sea was running, the temperature was below zero, and visibility had been reduced to a few feet. Somewhere ahead — a few points to north or south — lay the tip of the Cape and the difference between safety and disaster.

As the cutter moved at quarter speed in the general direction of

the harbor, Captain Kyle could hear the Portuguese and Yankee fishermen calling to each other. The fishing smacks — twenty-two of them — were following the throb of the cutter's engines, depending on the larger vessel to lead them safely into port.

Ominously, from ahead and above the howling wind, came the sound of breakers pounding on the rocks. Captain Kyle was puzzled. The sound seemed to shift, first to the windward, then to the lee. Suddenly the wind changed — a blizzard sweeping in from the west! This meant that the bay itself would afford no shelter — only the harbor would be safe. And to proceed ahead might mean piling up on the cliffs at Corn Hill or being beached on the sands at Wood End.

From the nearest smack came the hail of its skipper, Manuel Silva. "Lead the way!" he shouted. "We've lost our bearings!"

Captain Kyle turned to Wesley Addis, the lookout. "Have you heard 'Old Eleven?'" he asked. Addis shook his head.

"We could ride out this storm," the captain continued, "but we've got to get these fishing boats in. The storm is getting worse and if they don't get in soon they'll be swamped."

"What can we do?" Addis asked.

"Before this fog came, the channel around the Cape was in front of us. We have drifted one way or

the other since. Can't tell in this changing wind. Let's go straight ahead and see what happens." Captain Kyle turned, tooted the siren, and signaled for three-quarter speed.

"We follow you, Captain," Silva called. Other voices took up the cry, followed by a mournful chorus of fog horns.

Slowly the *Bruin* moved ahead, ready to blow its siren if the vessel should strike the shore instead of the channel. The crew stood tense and silent, listening to the wail of the wind and the distant boom of the breakers. Minutes passed. "If our course is right," Addis said, finally, "We should be hearing the bell of 'Old Eleven!'"

The captain nodded. "The wind is loud, and the sea too. Perhaps that is why we cannot hear it."

More minutes passed. The breakers were louder now. Darkness had added its cloak to the fog but there was no sign of the lighthouse at Wood End. The *Bruin* was driving blind. Captain Silva was following close in the wake of the cutter. Behind him came the other smacks, hailing one another constantly to keep their bearings.

Then, suddenly, came the clear clanging of a bell — growing louder — the unique beat of the metallic heart of "Old Eleven." But the sound came from starboard! The cutter was off its course — heading directly for the breakers and the rocks!

Silva yelled. At the same instant Captain Kyle shouted: "Bear away, bear away!" The helmsman quickly altered the ship's course.

"I can't understand it," Captain Kyle said to his lookout. "I was sure we'd drifted the other way. But I guess we can trust 'Old Eleven.'"

Then the vessel reached the channel and dimly, from out of the curtains of mist, came the gleam of the lighthouse. In a short time the cutter, followed by the smacks with their auxiliaries chugging, came into the calm and quiet of Provincetown Harbor — safe at last.

The *Bruin* dropped anchor close to the wharf. Captain Kyle walked over to the rail and noticed that Manuel Silva was docking his boat alongside the cutter. "Hey, Silva," he shouted, "Looks like 'Old Eleven' saved another day for us!"

Silva glanced up. His face was pale, and he seemed strangely agitated. "I thought I heard something," he replied, "but it couldn't have been 'Old Eleven.'"

"What's wrong with you, man?" Captain Kyle asked annoyed. "It's the only bell-buoy at the channel entrance. That bell saved our lives and you can lay to that!"

Silva's body swayed slightly. His hands gripped the side of his boat. An odd light came into his dark eyes. "But Captain Kyle," he said slowly, "you have been away for two weeks and you don't know. Four days ago 'Old Eleven' sank

at her moorings in a storm. Hit by ice or maybe rammed by a ship. Nobody knows. 'Old Eleven' is under a hundred feet of water and there has been no time to replace her."

Captain Kyle gasped. "Do you mean to say we heard a bell ringing from twenty fathoms down?"

Silva nodded, and crossed himself.

And Captain Kyle turned and gazed in the direction of the channel, wonder in his eyes.

The men who sail from Provincetown have battled the storms and fog and sea. But they believe there are greater forces.

Today a whistling buoy marks the channel entrance and the place where the S-4 sank. Like "Old Eleven", it remembers the dead and guides the living. But the older fishermen never pass it without thinking of the broken mass of metal far below that once saved men and ships where other men had died.

## FINGERS OF FATE

Fred F. Wempe, Louisville, Ky., offered one of his eyes as a gift to any blind war vet. There were no takers. Trying to adjust a flapping window shade, he was struck in the eye . . . and lost the sight of it.

\* \* \*

Near Soendenborg, Denmark, a big century oak was blown down by a heavy storm. On the tree was a wedge, hammered into the tree some 50 years ago, that carried this inscription: "When this oak falls the gravedigger's wife will die and one of the farms in the district will burn down." Two days later Nelle Katrine Nielsen, wife of the town's gravedigger, died. And Claus Andersen's farm in Elstrup burned down.

Mrs. Eleanor Milholland died on stage at an Atlanta, Ga., amateur play . . . as she was enacting the role of an ill woman being examined by a physician.

\* \* \*

After a fire destroyed most of a servicemen's club in Northern Ireland, a sign on the burned door read: "Embers Only."

\* \* \*

Joseph F. Dwyer, of Elizabeth, N. J., who was born at the height of the blizzard of '88, died while shoveling snow.

\* \* \*

For many years Clarence Green, of Amsterdam, N. Y., had been trying to locate a cousin. Recent-

ly, he was injured in a quarry accident. Sheriff William Green investigated. The sheriff turned out to be the long-lost cousin he had been seeking.

\* \* \*

Paratrooper Reuben Ayers had made countless leaps from planes and landed safely. Painting a mess hall at Fort Bragg, N. C., he fell off a 4-foot table and died.

\* \* \*

The scene in the play, "Oklahoma!", was reached where a member of the cast says, "Hand me a gun, I'll shoot the skunk," when, suddenly, a decidedly skunk-like odor filled the Hershey, Pa., auditorium. An auto had killed one just outside the door.

\* \* \*

Asking a drunk his name, Richmond, Va., police got this reply: "Get my name off my death certificate. I died yesterday and was embalmed this morning. I will be buried tomorrow." Shortly afterwards police went to the man's cell and found him dead.

\* \* \*

Westover Field, Mass., proudly announced that 2,572 flights had left the field in a year's time without accident. Soon afterwards, an Army plane, en route to Westover Field, crashed in Labrador, killing 23 men. The plane's number was 2572.

"Somebody ain't coming back." Junior Foster made this jest as he and a couple of pals headed for an old swimmin' hole in the District of Columbia. A half hour later Junior's words came true. He had drowned.

\* \* \*

C. J. Sorrells, Walton County, Ga., officer, set out to pick up a man who had shot off the arm of his wife. It turned out he got hold of the wrong man but the prisoner confessed, "Yes sir, I shot my wife's arm off — back in 1909. But how did you know?"

\* \* \*

The estate of Leonard Ray Phillips, whose body was found on the IRT tracks near the 50th St. Station, won an \$82,000 negligence verdict against New York City. Phillips was identified by a tattoo on his left forearm — "Born To Lose."

\* \* \*

George Stavarakas, owner of a Washington, D. C., grill, dreamed that his place was being robbed. He woke up in a cold sweat, pulled on a pair of trousers, snatched up his bathrobe and ran to his grill, about a block away. Sure enough, peeping through the window, he could see three men ransacking his place. Shortly afterwards, police had three prisoners in the paddy wagon.

—Harold Helfer

# INVISIBLE CHAINS—

## THE ANCIENT POWER OF TABOO

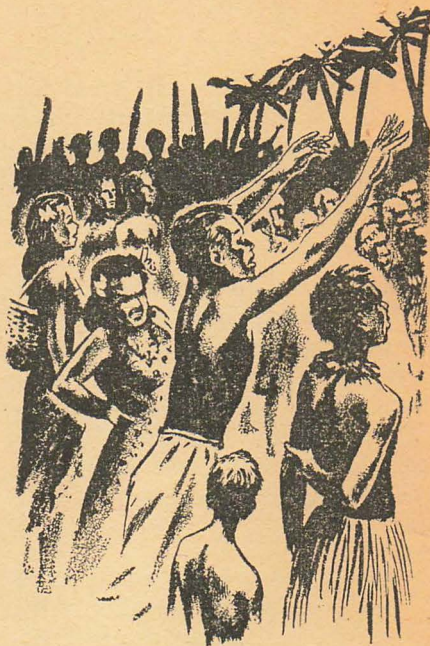
*Piece by piece the priest auctioned off the garments of the village virgin. When she was naked and no longer tabooed, the ceremony would begin.*

*by Robert Schick*

OUT ON THE BEACH, just beyond the moving sudsy fingers of the tide, the sign of taboo—three erect palm fronds—had been planted to sanctify the place where the high chief of Ofu lay dead.

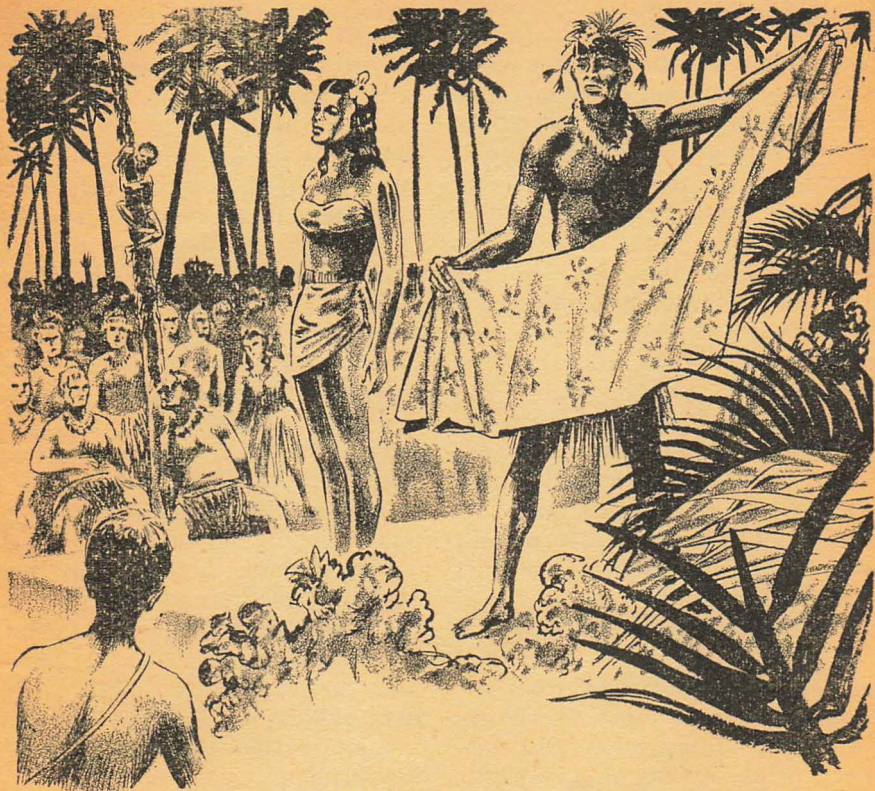
The ceremonial Drink of Death had been drunk in every house in the village. The priests had declared a taboo on the lighting of fires and no food could be cooked. In their misery, women had slashed themselves with knives and knocked out their teeth. Their shrill, ceaseless lament carried high above the sad, deep-throated chant of the men. A great drum throbbed like a curse set to rhythm.

These people of the island of



Ofu, off Samoa, were preparing for the sorrowful expedition which would bring their chief's body back home. If he were not returned, his spirit could never enter heaven and his vengeful taboo would hover ominously over the village.

The corpse of a high chief had to be carried home by the straightest possible route, through the thickest jungle or over the highest peaks if necessary. To accommodate the funeral party, a path five feet wide, had to be hacked out



and leveled. On this occasion, because of the great distance to the death beach, help would have to come from the surrounding islands, so messengers were sent in the fleetest canoes to sound the alarm.

When the army of workers was assembled, the people, daubed with charcoal and wearing rags in mourning, started their terrible labors under the burning sun. For three tortuous days they ripped and slashed their way toward the beach. Gardens, precious to the village

food supply, were consumed by the swinging knives and flashing hooks. Like crazed beings, the brown men worked until they fell, and when they fell fresh crews took over without the loss of a stroke.

Over the jungle-smothered cliffs scrambled muscular natives to cut and weave ropes of vines and to lower these to the straining workers below. Grasping the ropes, dare-devil scythe men swung across the cliff's face to swath out a naked passageway for the log bier carried

on the shoulders of impatient bearers. Across the cliff, up the mountain flanks, down to the wind-chafed plateau and down again to the plunging sea slope, the terrific pace continued day and night, urged on by the never relaxing pulse of drum beats.

Finally, the white line of the beach was in sight. For the first time the army stopped, waiting for the priests to remove the taboo signs so the beach would not be profaned by common feet. Then the chief's body was reverently approached and placed upon the bier. Chanting victoriously now, the weary but satisfied party returned along the trail just cut with such agony. The taboo of the chief had been satisfied!

What caused this awful power of taboo? Just what was taboo?

The word is derived from the Polynesian term *tapu*, which can be defined as magical control exercised by the spirits of persons, locales or natural forces. This borrowed word is commonly used by Western moralists and also, profitably, by perfume makers and song writers. Above all, taboo was a code of supernaturally imposed ethics.

The Polynesian islanders had few "man-made" laws of any kind. There was little police power in the hands of tribal governments and there were no prisons, but the invisible chains of taboo were sufficient to protect life and property and to hold the fabric of island society together with cohesion.

A Polynesian child had the concept of taboo burned with psychological fire into his thinking processes at an early age and he revered it until his death day. Even after death, his spirit could retain contact with life by exerting its taboo upon those who remained on earth.

The idea of taboo was never a monopoly of Polynesia, as many believe. The word was a regional term for the magical protective power which was venerated universally among primitive peoples and even among the less sophisticated folk of civilized nations. The word will be used in this article to express this belief wherever it was found in the world.

Let's return, however, to the South Pacific for a view of this brooding, fateful system in action — to the Maori in New Zealand. The chronicle of an English resident of New Zealand, published in London in 1884, relates the following incident:

A powerful chief, traveling overland alone, stopped for his noon meal under a shade tree. Not being very hungry, he laid the best part of his food by the side of the road and then fell asleep, screened from view by a clump of bushes. A few moments later a slave, jogging along the trail, saw the food and greedily consumed it. Hardly had he finished it when a farmer, working in a nearby field who had seen the chief lay the food aside, ran to the slave in great excitement.

"Fool," he cried, "you have pro-

fanned the taboo of the chief. You have eaten the food sacred to the Great One who sleeps under the tree yonder." The poor slave was clutched by agonizing fear. Seized by violent cramps, he vomited and turned as pale as waning moonlight. He let out a shriek and fled like a pursued beast into the forest. At sundown he was found dead — dead from terror, with features twisted hideously in fright. The slave was a powerful, healthy man in the prime of life, yet taboo had killed him, through power of suggestion, as surely as the spear of an enemy or the jaws of a shark could have killed him.

Another European observer wrote: "Taboo is an awful weapon. I have seen a strong young man die the same day he was tabooed. The victims die under it as though their strength ran out as water."

Once a Maori chief's tinderbox caused the death of several persons. The box was lost in the forest and was found by a group of travelers who used it to light their pipes. When they found out to whom the object belonged they died of sheer terror. An island woman once ate some fruit and, on being told that the fruit had come from a tabooed place sacred to the spirit of a chief, became ill and died within a few hours.

A missionary once saw a chief throw his blanket, which had become too heavy to carry, down the side of a cliff. When the missionary asked why he had done this, the

chief replied that if he had left it by the trail some traveler might appropriate it and such an act would cost the man his life. A chief's blanket was loaded with taboo!

Among certain natives of the Congo, a taboo code known as *chegilla* was imposed on the young people of the tribe. This was a rigorous set of rules which tabooed the eating of wild poultry, the flesh of certain animals and particular kinds of fruits. The *chegilla* ritual had to be given to the youths by the witch doctor or by their parents and if it were not given or was violated, the young believed they would die.

In the 17th Century, the Capuchin Missionary Merolla da Sorrento, who visited the Congo, reported an astounding happening. A young Negro stayed all night in the hut of a friend. For breakfast next morning a wild hen was served.

"Is this a wild fowl?" the youth asked.

"No," his host lied and with that the boy sat down and helped devour the bird. Four years later the young man spent another night with his friend.

"Will you eat a wild hen with me," asked the irreverent friend. The young man was shocked.

"No, I cannot," he replied, "I have received *chegilla*."

Laughter shook the friend who said, "But you ate one in this very house four seasons ago."

The young man looked as if he had been impaled on the tusks of a charging elephant. He began to shiver and groan in torment and finally collapsed helplessly. Less than 24 hours later he was dead. Taboo had claimed its victim!

This dreaded power infused every facet of primitive life. It was placed on food and drink, on houses, fields, groves, rivers, metals, weapons, animals, persons and particular parts of the body. The subject is so vast we can only stress the most important elements.

Warriors going into battle were often sacred. According to the book of Deuteronomy, when the Israelites went to war their eating and drinking vessels were sanctified — just as were those of the Maori and the Australian blacks. Taboos were generally declared on intercourse with women during the campaigns, upon the cutting of hair or shaving, and frequently upon bathing. After battle, the fighting men of many tribes were “tabooed an inch thick” until they had been purified for the blood they shed.

The Basutos of Africa felt it was vital that warriors remove the blood taint or the spirits of their victims would disturb them forever. To satisfy these battle ghosts the Basutos formed a procession, in full war gear, and marched into the nearest river. As a witch doctor poured a magic drug into the stream, the men immersed themselves and their weapons in the purifying water.

When the United States cavalry was chasing the Apaches through Arizona in the '70s and '80s, it was aided by friendly Pima Indians. These bronzed allies were brave to rashness but they had one fault that enraged the soldiers — whenever an Apache fell at their hands, the Pimas stopped then and there and went through elaborate purification rites to remove the blood taboo.

Among the most bizarre codes were widespread mother-in-law taboos. The chiefs of the Hunter River tribes of Australia passed a death sentence on any man who spoke to his wife's mother. Among the Kulins, it was believed that if a mother-in-law even looked at her daughter's husband her hair would turn white.

J. G. Bourke, who was with General Crook during the Indian wars, stated that a tough, desperate Apache buck was seen crawling perilously along the edge of a great cliff, where a misstep meant a broken body on the rocks below, in order to keep from seeing his mother-in-law face to face.

Anthropologists believe that the primitive husband deeded his mother-in-law because of an subconscious fear of incest with her. In direct contradiction to this practically universal horror was a custom of the Wahehe of East Africa. In this tribe, the bridegroom had to sleep with his mother-in-law before he could have her daughter — a fact reported by

the Journal of the Anthropological Institute.

The taboos surrounding the vital instinct of sex largely took the place of moral attitudes in regulating conduct among savage and barbarous peoples. The ramifications of these restrictions were unbelievably extensive, making the man-woman relationship extremely complex. In sex, more than anything else, it was felt that magical and dangerous forces were at work.

In Central India, a pregnant woman avoided men in fear that if one of them cast a shadow over her the child she carried would receive his features. Among the Nootkas of British Columbia, a girl at puberty was forced to hide behind a partition of mats in order that her sight might not profane the men. And anything belonging to men, or even the path men walked on, was taboo on pain of death to the savage Australian woman during menstruation.

For their part, almost everywhere men engaged in war, hunting, fishing, or voyaging faced a woman-taboo during the seasons of their activities. The restrictions stemmed from the belief that the weakness following sexual experience was a sign that the male had absorbed the femininity of his partner. To the primitive men, this was the worst possible shame. Beyond the idea was probably another which held that temporary abandonment of sexual pleasure was the greatest possible sacrifice

to make to the Unseen Powers.

On the Island of Yap in the Carolines, every fisherman was under a severe taboo in regard to the women of his village. During the eight-week fishing season he could not visit his own home but had to live in the *failu*, or men's clubhouse. From the moment that his canoe, coming in from the fishing grounds, nosed into the sandy beach, until he entered the flamboyantly decorated clubhouse, he walked with downcast eyes.

Were he to glance at his wife or at any female of the village, he was certain that a flying fish, sent by a vengeful spirit, would bore out his eyes as he slept that night. If the womenfolk of his house desired to bring him a gift or to speak to him, it was necessary for them to face the beach with their backs to the clubhouse before the fisherman could approach.

This Caroline Island taboo, however, was less rigorous than most savage codes. While the men could not look at a village woman, they could sleep at any time with the *mispils* — enemy girls captured during raids on other villages — one or two of which were always kept in the clubhouses. These girls were respected and after their period of concubinage was over they usually found husbands in the village. There were also similar houses for women in the islands, taboo to men, but the practice was less widespread.

The flavor and purity of bev-

erages were even thought by many tribes to depend upon chastity. Among the ancient Mexicans, the distillers of the milk-colored pulque could not embrace a woman for four days and nights. Two women were chosen annually by the Kachins of Burma to make beer ferment and during the three day period of their task they could not go to their husbands else the beer would certainly sour.

The Masai of East Africa drank a honey-wine which was prepared by a man and a woman who lived together in a special hut until the wine was ready to drink. Although they were left in complete privacy for eight days they were shackled by lust-taboo — they must not have relations with each other or the wine would be unfit to drink and the honey bees would fly away from the village, never to return.

In the Samoan group, and elsewhere in Polynesia, there was the treasured position of the Village Virgin, usually held by a girl of the noble class. In the South Seas, Puritanism was abhorrent to a people living in a lush, easy environment. But the taboo imposed on the girls of the aristocracy, especially the Village Virgin, was far more rigorous than any ethical precept could possibly be. The Virgin's chastity was the pride of the people and were she to break her taboo, both she and the guilty man could be punished severely, even put to death.

When the Virgin reached the

age of marriage, a match was made for her with the son of a high ranking chief of a neighboring village. She was a valuable tool of politics, a cementing bond between island provinces. When the marriage was arranged, a new house was built for the newlyweds for it was considered bad luck for a virgin bride to sleep in a used house. During the week before the wedding it was necessary for the bridegroom and his chosen companions to visit a tatoer who worked ceremonial marks upon their bodies.

On the day of the ceremony, the entire population of the surrounding islands traveled toward the festive village in fleets of decorated canoes. They brought gifts and, after landing on the beach, formed a procession, led by the chiefs, and marched to the village square. The square was covered with mats and filled with masses of gorgeous flowers. Carried by the gentle trades blowing in from the sea, the scent filled the village and penetrated the farthest hut.

An altar, covered with a pure, white cloth of tapa, stood in the center of the square. After the gifts were deposited in a great mound, the people took their places on either side of the square, according to rank. Speeches of welcome were made by the village leaders, kava was drunk, and then the "talking," or secondary, chief of the bridegroom's village and the Virgin mounted the altar. She stood motionless as he spoke of the great

honor of the occasion, but graciously accepted his gift of a handsome traditional headdress.

Then began the ceremony of bartering the bride's clothing in exchange for the gifts brought by the visitors. First the headdress was exchanged, then her ornaments, and finally her robes were removed in trade for the last gift. She stood naked, her oiled body gleaming brightly, before the hushed and respectful crowd. At this moment four aged women who had guarded her since childhood moved to the corners of the altar and knelt for the traditional prayer to the Virgin Goddess. They called upon her to bless the marriage sacrifice which was to follow and to witness fulfillment of the taboo.

When the old women arose, the girl's own High Priest stepped to the altar and exercised his sacred right of terminating her zealously-guarded role of Village Virgin. Following the act, through examination of the hymen, if it were proved that the taboo had indeed

been kept, the girl became greatly esteemed, her husband honored, the village blessed. But had the ritual disclosed that she had violated her holy taboo, she would have become a hated creature and would have been clubbed and stoned, possibly to death.

Such were some of the fantastic workings of taboo — the fear-inspired magic that hovered in the murky places of primitive men's minds. The system exercised a remarkable control over a simple society. It was able to bridle the passions and control the chaos of tribal life and it taught a measure of reverence for the mystery of life and respect for necessary human leadership.

Although we moderns have nearly forgotten the superstitions of our forefathers, we still retain in our subconscious memories the fears and mysticisms of barbaric days. The emotions which gave birth to taboo are still stored in our natures like dusty keepsakes hidden away in an attic.

---

#### THE SAGA OF TWO BITS

FREDERICK HOWEY of Dayton, O., was visiting in Covington, Ky., one day in December, 1948. With him was his nine-year-old collie, Two Bits. Two Bits disappeared, and Howey at last went back to Dayton, believing his dog was lost forever. Five months later, Howey moved to Bay City, Mich., 400 miles from Covington and about

300 miles from Dayton. On the morning of September 24, 1949, there was a scratching at the door of Howey's home in Bay City. It was Two Bits. He trotted into the home and licked Howey's hand, his tail wagging furiously. How did the dog find his master at a place where he had never been before, hundreds of miles from his former home?

# THE GHOST THAT STUMBLED

by *Harry Price*

Certainly, something was coming down the stairs, but who got the greatest scare when the flashlight powder went off? This is the first of a series by the late Harry Price.

ARE POLTERGEISTS "ghosts in solid form"? Are they tangible three-dimensional entities? Though able to cause noises, do they, too, make sounds when in impact with non-resisting bodies? Some of these queries are answered in the following adventure I had when I was very young, proving, I think, that ghosts can indeed solidify themselves on occasion.

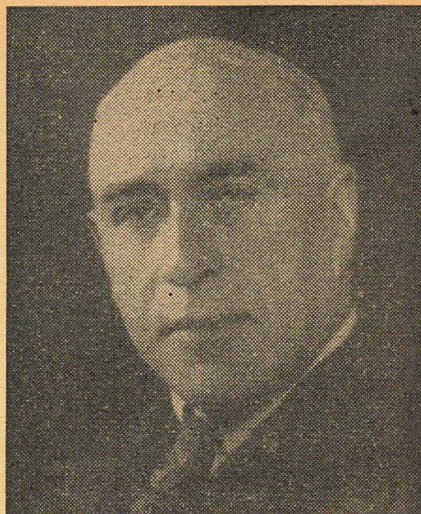
As a member of an old Shropshire family, I spent nearly all my holidays and school vacations in a little village which I shall call Parton Magna. In Parton Magna is the old Manor House which was built about 1600. It had been purchased by a retired canon of the Church of England, and his wife. There were rumours that the place was haunted — but popular tradition provides a ghost for every old

country house, especially if a tragedy has taken place within it.

Within a very few weeks of the canon's settling down with his household in their new home, reports were received of curious happenings in the stables and outbuildings. Though fastened securely overnight, stable doors were found ajar in the morning. Animals were discovered untethered and wandering; pans of milk were overturned in the dairy, and utensils scattered about.

The woodshed received the attentions of the nocturnal visitant nearly every night. Piles of logs neatly stacked were found scattered in the morning, in spite of the fact that the door of the shed was kept locked. The manifestations in the woodshed became so frequent and troublesome that it was decided to

*At the time of his death on March 29, 1948, Harry Price was probably the world's foremost authority on psychic phenomena. He had spend 40 years investigating the supernormal in scores of countries. In 1925 he founded the National Laboratory for Psychical Research, which was taken over by the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation in 1934. He remained as honorary secretary. His article here is the first of an exclusive series obtained by FATE. The material has never appeared in any publication before.*



keep watch. This was done on several evenings, a farm hand secreting himself behind a stack of logs.

Upon every occasion when a watch was kept on the wood, nothing happened inside the shed. On those nights when the shed was watched from within, pebbles were flung onto the corrugated iron roofing, the noise they made rolling down the metal being plainly heard. Then a watch was kept both inside and outside the shed, but no one was seen, though the pebbles were heard as before. The experienced reader will recognize in my narrative a poltergeist case running true to type.

The disturbances around the house continued with unabated vigor week after week until even local interest waned somewhat.

Then quite suddenly they almost ceased, the disturbing entity transferring its activities to the inside of the mansion.

The Manor House was built for comfort, though it had been restored at various times. From the large hall a wide staircase leads to a landing. At the top of the stairs, of which there are 15, is or was a solid oak gate placed across to prevent dogs from roaming over the whole house. The staircase I have mentioned leads to the more important rooms opening out of a short gallery.

The first indication received by the canon and his family that the entity had turned its attention to the interior of the house was a soft "pattering" sound, as of a child's bare feet running up and down the wide passage or gallery. The noises

were at first taken to be those caused by a large bird or small animal from the fields, but investigation proved fruitless. Then the maids commenced complaining that the kitchen utensils were being disturbed, usually during their absence. Pots and pans would fall off shelves for no ascertainable reason when a maid was within a few feet of them, but always when her back was turned.

Another curious circumstance connected with this case was the disturbing entity's fondness for raking out the fires during the night. The danger of fire from this cause was so obvious that, before retiring to rest, the canon's wife had water poured on the dying embers.

On my way back to school for the Michaelmas term I broke my journey at Parton Magna in order to visit with friends who then made me acquainted with the state of affairs at the Manor House; in fact, it was the principal topic of conversation. The canon and his household had by then vacated their home temporarily, the premises being looked after by the wife of one of the cowmen. What really drove the family out was the fact that the nocturnal noises were becoming greater; in particular, a steady thump (as of some one in heavy boots stamping about the house), disturbing the rest of the inmates night after night. I decided I would investigate and invited a friend to join me in my adventure.

I must confess that I had not the slightest idea what we were going to do, or going to see, or what I ought to take with me in the way of apparatus. But the last question was very soon settled because all I had with me was a one-quarter plate "Lancaster" stand camera. On the morning of the adventure I cycled into the nearest town and bought some magnesium powder, a bell switch, a hank of flex wire, two batteries and some sulphuric acid.

In the afternoon I assembled my batteries and switch and prepared the flash powder, by means of which I hoped to photograph — something! So that there would be no unwillingness on the part of the magnesium to go off at the proper moment, I extracted the white smokeless gunpowder from four or five sporting cartridges and mixed it with the magnesium powder.

By a lucky chance I had with me a delicate chemical balance which I was taking back to school, and with the weights was a platinum wire "rider", which I inserted in the electrical circuit in order to ignite the magnesium flash powder. With the above-mentioned impedimenta, matches, candles, chalk, string, a box of rapid plates, and a parcel of food, we bade farewell to our friends and made our way across the fields to the Manor House, where we arrived about 9:30 p. m.

The first thing we did was to search every room and attic, and

close and fasten every window. We then locked all the doors and removed the keys. The doors leading to the exterior of the house were locked, bolted and barred, and chairs or other obstacles piled in front of them. We were determined that no material beings should enter without our knowing it. After we had searched every nook and cranny of the building, we established ourselves in the morning room, locked the door and waited for something — or somebody — to turn up. Our only illumination was the light from a candle which we placed on a table.

About half past eleven, my friend thought he heard a noise in the room overhead. A moment or two later there was another thud that left nothing to the imagination. It sounded as if someone had stumbled over a chair. We braced our nerves and awaited developments. Just before midnight we again heard a noise in the room above; it was as if a heavy person were stamping about with clogs. A minute or so later the footfalls sounded as if they had left the room and were traversing the short gallery. Then they approached the head of the stairs, paused at the dog gate (which we had securely fastened with string), and commenced descending.

We distinctly counted the 15 thumps corresponding to the number of stairs — and I hardly need mention that our hearts were thumping in unison. "It" seemed

to pause in the hall, and the fact that only a door intervened between us and the mysterious intruder made us take a lively interest in what its next move would be. We were not kept long in suspense. The entity, having paused in the hall for about three minutes, turned tail and began stumping up the stairs again. We again counted the number of thumps and were satisfied that "it" was at the top of the flight — where again a halt was made at the dog gate.

All became quiet once more and my friend and I had just decided to investigate when we clearly heard the thumps descending once again. With quickened pulse I counted the 15 heavy footsteps, which were getting nearer and nearer and louder and louder. There was another pause in the hall and once again the footsteps commenced their upward journey. By this time the excitement of the adventure was making us bolder; we decided to have a look at our quarry, if it were visible, so with my courage in one hand and the camera in the other, I opened the door. My friend was close behind me with the candle. By this time the "ghost" was on the fifth stair, and with the opening of the door leading into the hall the noise of its ascent stopped dead.

Realizing that the "ghost" was as frightened of meeting us as we were of seeing it, we decided to re-examine the stairs and upper part of the house. This we did very

thoroughly, but found nothing disturbed. The dog gate was still latched and tied with string. To this day I am wondering whether "it" climbed over the gate or slipped through the bars. I think we were disappointed at not seeing anything we could photograph, so decided to make an attempt at a flashlight picture if the poltergeist would descend the stairs again.

For my stand for the flash powder I utilized some household steps about six feet high which we found in the kitchen. I opened out the steps and placed them about twelve feet from the bottom of the stairs. On the top of the steps, in an old Waterbury watch case, I placed a heaped-up eggcupful of the magnesium-cum-gunpowder mixture — enough to photograph every ghost in the county!

But in my simple enthusiasm I was running no risks of under-exposure. I placed the batteries in the morning room and connected them up with the magnesium powder on the steps and the bell push on the floor of the room, the wire flex entering the room under the door. In the heap of powder I had buried my platinum "rider" which was interposed in the electrical circuit.

The exact position as to where we should photograph the entity presented some difficulty. We were not quite sure what happened to it when it reached the hall, so we decided to make an attempt at

photographing it when it was ascending the stairs. I stationed my friend on the seventh stair and he held a lighted match which I accurately focused on the glass of my camera that I had placed on one of the treads of the steps. I inserted the dark slide, withdrew the flap, uncapped the lens, and then all was ready.

By the time we had fixed up the camera and examined the connections it was about half past one. During the time we were moving about the hall not a sound was heard from abovestairs. Having arranged everything to our satisfaction, we returned to the morning room, locked the door again and extinguished the candle. Then we lay upon the carpet near the door, with the pear-push in my hand, and commenced our vigil.

It must have been nearly an hour before we heard anything, and again it was from the room above. Shortly after, the thumps could be heard approaching the dog gate and again "it" paused at the top of the stairs. The pause was greater than the previous one, and for a minute or so we thought the "ghost" had come to the end of its journey; but no, it passed over — or through — the gate and commenced stumping down the stairs again.

Having reached the hall the visitor stopped, and in my mind's eye I could picture it examining the arrangements we had made for

taking its photograph. Then we thought we heard the steps moved. In order to get the camera square with the stairs I had taken a large book — using it as a set-square — and drawn on the tiled floor a chalk line parallel with the stairs. Exactly against this line I had placed the two front feet of the steps.

During the next five or six minutes we heard no movement in the hall. Then suddenly "it" started its return journey. With our hearts beating wildly, we lay on the floor counting the slow, measured thumps as they ascended. At the seventh thump I pressed the button of my pear-push and — a most extraordinary thing happened, which is rather difficult to describe on paper.

At the moment of the explosion the "ghost" was so startled that it involuntarily stumbled, as we could plainly hear, and then there was silence. At the same moment there was a clattering as if the spontaneous disintegration of the disturbing entity had taken place. The flash from the ignition of the powder was so vivid that even the morning room from which we were directing operations was lit up by the rays coming from under the ill-fitting door.

It would be difficult to say who was the more startled, the poltergeist or myself, and for some moments we did nothing. After our astonishment had subsided some-

what we opened the door and found the hall filled with a dense white smoke. We re-capped the camera, relit our candle, and made a tour of inspection.

The first thing we noticed was that the steps were shifted slightly out of the square. The Waterbury watch case had disappeared with my platinum "rider" and I have never seen the latter from that day to this. The watch case we found on the second stair from the bottom.

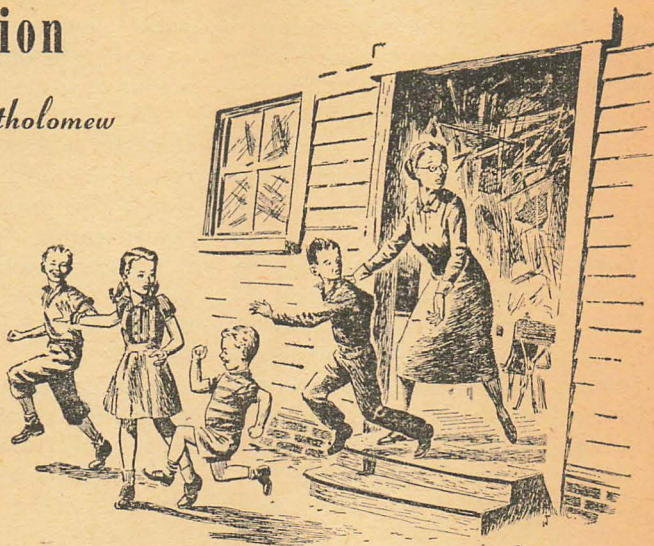
What happened to it was apparently this: through the extremely rapid conversion of the gunpowder and magnesium into gases, and the concavity of the interior of the case tending to retain the gases, the case was converted into a projectile, and propelled towards the stairs like a rocket. It must have hit them at about the spot where the entity was ascending — surely the only recorded instance of a ghost having a watch case fired at it.

The sound of the watch case falling was the rattling noise we heard when we thought we should find our quarry lying in pieces at the foot of the staircase. We immediately developed the plate but nothing but an overexposed picture of the staircase was on the negative.

The Manor House continued to be the centre of psychic activity for some months after our curious adventure but the disturbances gradually became less frequent and eventually ceased.

# Dollie Board's Premonition

by James Bartholomew



Cold terror suddenly flooded the heart of the Missouri school teacher. Without knowing why, she ordered her students from the room. Seconds later the ceiling collapsed.

MISS DOLLIE BOARD was a hard-headed teacher. She had taught school for forty years in Joplin, Mo., and had never felt herself to be a psychic person. On November 30, 1938, while she was quietly teaching her class of primary children in a Joplin school, a feeling of apprehension began to bother her. As she faced the classroom she felt a strange and overpowering sense of impending dis-

aster. She "knew" that something terrible was about to happen.

Miss Board felt that she must get the children out of the classroom at once. She did not know why but she *knew* that haste was imperative and that she must not allow the children to feel the panic that suddenly overwhelmed her. She rose at her desk and told the children to leave the room.

"Run children: let's see who can

get out of the room first! We'll all take a short recess!"

Pleased at the impromptu and unexpected time off from their work, the children left the school room chattering and laughing. A few seconds later Miss Board followed the last child from the room. As the thirty-four pupils under her care left the building, a loud roar sounded from the empty classroom. Clouds of dust filled the corridors and burst from doors and windows.

The entire ceiling of Miss Board's room, composed of heavy plaster and metal lath, had fallen. Tables, desks and seats were shattered and their feet were imbedded in the wooden floor. The school room was a shambles, covered with a broken curtain of metal lath. It looked as though a giant bomb had burst overhead. But not a child remained in the room when the disaster occurred!

Questioned afterwards about how

she knew that something was going to happen, Miss Board was at a loss to explain her premonition. She was asked if the ceiling had suddenly sagged or had begun to crack. She insisted that the plaster had not cracked; in fact, she had thought the building was in excellent shape.

"However," she explained, "I was nervous and had a feeling that something awful was about to happen," she told E. A. Elliott, Superintendent of Joplin Schools.

Superintendent Elliott subsequently stated that "undoubtedly every child in the room would have been killed or maimed if they had remained. He later checked the wreckage carefully with engineers and reported that "the crash was due to faulty construction."

Miss Board's premonitory hunch certainly saved the lives of many of her pupils. "It was just God—Providence that told me to get the children out of the room," she said.

---

### The Maori's Great Migration

THIS YEAR, the Maoris of New Zealand celebrate one of the most remarkable occasions in the history of seamanship—the 600th anniversary of their arrival in New Zealand. It was in 1350 that these natives of the Society Islands set forth in a great migration because their own islands were over-populated and food was scarce. A native of the Societies known as Kupe had

discovered New Zealand about 925 A.D. When the Polynesians started their great migration, they built a fleet of double canoes, stocked them, and even took along food plants and animals. They followed the directions for sailing by sun and stars left by the early navigators. The place where each landed is still known, and anchor stones and relics are still preserved.



## YOU CONTROL YOUR OWN DESTINY

Events may be indicated but they are never inevitable—that is the message of this great student of fortune telling. He proves that man is the master of his own fate.

**I** GREW UP, so to speak, with the halo of uncanniness. Even as a child some of my remarks easily lent themselves to portentous interpretations. When I went to school, I was called upon for advice by schoolmates of more advanced grades.

Yet I am not a fortune teller and, to be quite explicit at the very beginning, I do not believe in foretelling the future. Primarily, I do not believe in attributing to any person so awesome a power as to foresee events in the future of others.

During my period of sooth-saying I not only acquired the tricks of the profession, but I also learned about the dangers that trail each fateful word. When years later I was told how correct my predictions had been, and how many of them had come true, I felt like a traitor to the truth.

I do not deny that extra-sensory perception exists because I myself am endowed with the ability to sense things toward which other people remain insensitive. But I



by *Walter Sorell*

The author is a widely known writer who includes in his works the translation of Erich Maria Remarque's "Arch of Triumph." He has travelled extensively in Europe and came to the United States after the Nazis conquered his native Austria.

do not regard it as a supernatural gift. Rather I see it as a partial expression of our spiritual forces. It is a deep-bedded latent ability which man has neglected to develop but which undoubtedly exists in all of us in a dormant state.

It forces its way into our dreams, speaking to us through our subconscious in a strange language and mostly in distorted images. Sometimes it even enters our consciousness in the form of a premonition or foresight which we usually cannot describe in any other manner than as an "indescribable" feeling driving us to a certain action.

If I have learned one thing, then it is to believe—not in the impossible, but in the possibility of the "impossible." Man's ingenuity surprises us with new miracles decade after decade. What has heretofore been unbelievable suddenly becomes a palpable, understandable fact and, after a short while, is a customary part of our daily life, accepted and absorbed by everyone. Therefore we have no right to deny or deride certain phenomena simply because we have no explanation for them as yet. We must give full credence to the existence of something that is still considered extraphysical in the human personality. We may find out decades later that it has its seat somewhere in our brain or sensory system after all.

In rudimentary form it is cer-

tainly preserved as an instinct in all creatures, far more pronounced in animals than in man. Unhappy man must have lost it on his way toward what he so often proudly describes as his evolutionary development into a "thinking" being. Since our civilization has shamefully neglected man's spiritual life, our attitudes and reactions have become conditioned by a realism which scoffs at everything that cannot be rationalized. But, despite the laws and beliefs of orthodox science and psychology, unknown powers of the human mind do exist.

#### **I Begin Early**

AT THE AGE OF 14 I was daring enough to counsel a 17-year-old boy to run away from home and to elope to Paris with a girl whom he loved. That it worked out fine, as I heard more than a decade later, was mere luck, his and mine. I probably got so excited about his own passionate feelings that I completely identified myself with his desires.

I learned to live on hunches and inspirations. I would get up in the morning and declare the day as good or bad. I would say that we would get an important letter that day, and we very likely received a message which was then given all the characteristics of a portent. There is always a large enough margin left to make even a half-truth appear 100 per cent correct. I do not know how often I

was wrong. We are so easily inclined to forget and, naturally, only those prophesies which come true remain registered in our mind.

My family still remembers that, at that time obviously without reason, I implored my sister not to accept the inheritance of a country house. It was one of the very few instances in which my advice was not heeded and, through the coincidence of unfortunate events, this inheritance turned out to be a great liability.

One evening at nine o'clock I suddenly jumped up from my seat and declared that my uncle, who happened to be living in London, had just died. Next morning a telegram from London proved me right, even to the very hour of the occurrence, and probably secured my position as a "swami" for the next few years.

Although I look at it now with different eyes, with scientific skepticism, I do not think that I have yet lost this capacity for sensing objective events. I still indulge in it from time to time and it has often been a great help in major decisions. But I soon learned the limitations of this extra-sensory perception and realized the enormous hazards involved in any commercial utilization of it. Nevertheless, it was probably a certain humility in me which saved me from becoming a professional prophet.

My acquaintance with a palmist in Vienna, with whom I studied the

art of deciphering the various marks in the human hand, also played a great part in it. Strangely enough this study, destined to lead me away from the belief in predictions, was the very consequence of one of my psychic manifestations.

I spent a few carefree weeks in the Austrian mountains, on the Semmering, when the great love of my youth announced her intended visit. I knew how fond she was of climbing mountains and mapped out plans for our excursions during the two days she was to spend there. The first day passed in walking, climbing and recollecting the sweetness of hours together. She told me of a palmist whom she had seen and spoke in enthusiastic terms about what he had told her. She was so much impressed that she talked about him and his predictions for quite a while.

Next day we intended to climb up the Sonnwendstein early in the morning. When we entered the woods, a strange vision made me stand still. Mountainous walls towered in front of us. I could not go on; I had to break through them with my body—but then beyond the wall was a boundless depth leading nowhere. At the same time I felt a pain, my heart-beat stopped, my throat felt strangled by invisible hands.

"Let's go back," I suggested when I could breathe again. But there was no way of explaining to her that I did not deem it wise to go

on, that some kind of danger, unknown to me, lurked somewhere for us. She had been at the palmist's and, if there would have been any danger waiting for her, he certainly would have told her.

When we reached the top of the mountain it was so foggy that we could hardly see a hand before our eyes. We decided to go down immediately and to enjoy the sun in one of the many pastures. Jumping more than walking we came down the shortest and easiest path. On our way we passed a man in shirt-sleeves whose face was turned away from us. Anyone else would have paid no attention to him but I was startled by that "indescribable" feeling signaling danger.

At one of the many S-curves that the path took I turned around and noticed unmistakably that the man was "after us." My entire system was alarmed. I felt I was facing a foe and that I might have to fight for my life. But I was fully aware of great danger when we reached a pasture in which my friend wished to lie in the sun. I did not want to frighten her and kept silent about my sensation. She made herself comfortable, ready to soak in the warmth of the sun. But I could not lie down. I kept my right hand in my pocket as if there were a gun in it, with my finger at the trigger. My eyes roamed the bushes and the forest behind them.

After 10 minutes I felt my tension give way to tiredness. I had no way out but to be blunt with her,

to ask her to get up and to run for her life. I did so at the risk of being considered a coward or a lunatic, or both. As long as we were still an easy target, I covered her, my hand at the imaginary trigger. A mile or so away from this spot, I remembered having left my camera up there. She insisted on going back; I was sure that the man who had followed us would have taken it by then. To prove to her how right I was I gave in, and we went back to that ominous spot, careful not to be surprised. The camera had disappeared.

Next morning, the papers carried the news of two people having been murdered and robbed on the Sonnwendstein. The place was the same pasture, the time one hour after we had left it. I felt no doubt that the stolen camera would lead to the discovery of the murderer. I went to the police where I could hardly get a hearing. A man who wanted to report about a camera being stolen — how ridiculous at a time when the case of a murder had to be solved!

I tell this story at such length because another psychic manifestation occurred at the police station. When I tried to convince the officer and his two sergeants that the man who had stolen my camera was identical with the murderer, their minds remained blank. Why should he be? they asked. And where was the proof that I hadn't forgotten it somewhere else and

made up this story to get publicity. I told them of my vision at the foot of the mountain, described the scene of passing this man and being followed by him.

"Now, my good man, look here," the officer said. "First you say that you hadn't seen his face, then you were sure he followed you, then you did not see him any more when you both were lying on that open spot, but you were sure he was lurking behind a bush ready to kill and rob you. Don't you see that you are contradicting yourself?"

I realized it, but I maintained that I was right. The three men were busy and lost patience with me. Obviously they did not take me seriously. One of the sergeants, a jovial man, wanted to have his fun and suggested, "if he is that clairvoyant, why, then it must be easy for him to describe the man he didn't see."

I did. In fact, I described the man whose face I had not seen closely enough to be able to reconstruct his expression, in such vivid colors that all three policemen shouted in unison: "But that's Johann Fleischer!"

After two weeks of exciting attempts at trapping the criminal, the camera was found well hidden on Fleischer's farm, and he finally confessed he had intended to murder us but that he saw I had a weapon and was ready to use it. So he waited for the next couple who came to rest in that pasture.

My friend was proven wrong. She admitted that, from then on, she would believe in my psychic capacity. But she insisted on having been right too. Nothing could have happened to her anyway, she argued, since the palmist otherwise would have seen such a danger in her hand and warned her. She did not see the illogicalness of her deduction.

Without knowing anything about hand expression then, I tried to impart to her the obvious limitations that the palmist faces and the contradictory situation in this specific case. Had she been with someone else on that mountain she would have been killed, whether the palmist saw it in her hand or not. The fact that nothing happened to her because of my psychic awareness did not prove the palmist right. But the debate ran in circles and, with one word leading to another, she persuaded me to see her palmist the next day.

#### **Fortune Teller's Technique**

I ADMIT I WAS fascinated. He was an excellent fortune teller with a scientific varnish that was waxed and polished to a brilliant sheen. Undoubtedly he hit the nail on the head most of the time but his blows were rather vague. I could easily see where he began to grope in the dark and had to rely on his imagination. There he failed miserably. I also realized that it was not difficult for him to captivate his clients with allusions to possible

facts which are quickly translated into terms of one's own realities.

I suppose that this is the fortune teller's good luck. Our problems — however different they may appear in their individual shades — are basically always the same. They can be reduced to a very few major facets. The more general the fortune teller's remarks, the safer he is. He merely appeals to our imaginations, which do the rest of his work for him.

If the fortune teller would limit his remarks to such generalities, no harm could be done. But he knows that his clients expect him to be brilliant, to be uncanny, to surprise them with incredibly true revelations of their past and future. Thus he takes a hearty guess, plunges into the night of obscurity, and emerges with daring predictions. I do not doubt that some of the fortune tellers are clairvoyant or have extra-sensory perception. But I doubt that they can make this extra-physical sense work at any time of the day during six or eight hours and apply it to any person and to any specific problem their clients may face.

If the fortune teller would assume the role of a clever counselor with a sense of responsibility, with basic kindness and equipped with psychological knowledge, who would guide and advise his questioners — or only encourage them to act according to their innermost feelings — he might well do a good job. If he would be simple and

direct, and not vague in his diction, poised in his speech, never indulge in a supercilious attitude which says "I know so much more about you than you know yourself," if he would under no circumstances misuse his power of influence nor the credulity of his clients, he may be worth his money.

If he would finally realize that all his clients really need is a sympathetic person who can listen and who has the necessary understanding for their problems, he would act superbly as a secular father confessor. He would serve a great need of many people if he would have the courage to dispel the aura of mysticism and say: "Listen, don't expect to have fun here, don't try to get some sort of sensational excitement out of it! You are troubled by something. You are uncertain of what to do and you want to talk about it. I'll be an objective listener and I'll try to help you like a good friend!"

I found my man as sober as one would expect him to be. He tried to appear scientific, doctor-like. He first dictated a few sentences while examining my hand, but used terms which made no sense to me. Certainly, he thus created an atmosphere of suspense. He then dismissed his secretary, began with his interpretation of my character, my physical condition and outlined the past and future events of my life. It was soon clear to me that he had little extra-sensory perception, if any at all,

and that his utterances were based on experience, fast deductions and some kind of factual knowledge.

I was interested in his method. I began to study with him and found that there was an impressive and age-old literature on the subject. Within three months of study he could tell me little I did not know about it, but I still lacked his experience. Now I had all the inside knowledge. A century-old belief in the meaning of certain marks in the human hands was at the root of it. No doubt it was meaningful, but it confined itself to surface manifestations and superficial interpretations. It dealt with each mark independently, not with the interrelation of all of them. Where it ventured to interpret past and future it was either daring and dangerous or so general and vague that it was an open invitation for the interpreter's imagination to run wild.

I worked feverishly on it for years. Handprints began to pile up in my drawers. I knew that there was something in our hands that reflected our selves. I knew it must be possible to reduce all the manifestations to their simple and applicable factual truths. It took years of hard work, of failures and findings.

#### **Tragic Example**

IN THE BEGINNING I observed my teacher closely. My main object was to study the sources of his mistakes.

The human mind is a vast land

with hidden valleys and many rivers running beneath the surface, with towering mountains which may obstruct the view of all that lies behind them, or which may conceal volcanos. In outlining a person's character, my teacher was not satisfied with establishing a sound basis from which he could build up the personality. He wanted to embrace every detail at once and he believed that heredity and environmental influences are marked with equal legibility in a person's hands. As a result, he plunged himself into a sea of uncertainties. When it came to delineating past events and to foretelling the future he was well aware of his limitations. But he yielded to the temptation of soothsaying.

He assumed that the hand expression revealed a predisposition to changes at a certain age. Yet he did not mind naming the country to which the person would go. Sometimes he even made known the initials of a third person who, according to his prediction, would be instrumental in bringing this change about. He must have known that he thus irresponsibly influenced the trend of thinking of the person in question and arrested his will and imagination. He may have been honest and may really have believed that he read this in the hands. At any rate he was then carried away by his own imagination.

The first time I was shocked by the tragedy to which predictions

can lead was a few years after I had taken up the study of palmistry. I met Belle at the home of a friend. I found her very attractive. She was tall, blonde, and had a delicate face of pleasing pallor. But I was somewhat disturbed by the restlessness of her eyes and a strange tremor around her mouth when she believed she was unobserved. She could not sit still for any length of time nor could she stick to one topic in her conversation. I had little chance to talk to her when I saw her first and, though she gave me her telephone number, I found her a busy girl, booked up for more than a week ahead.

Before I had my first appointment with her, I saw her in a nightclub that same week. She seemed in a mood of wanton gaiety and was dancing constantly. Twice that night she would suddenly interrupt and leave her partner, holding a handkerchief before her mouth, apparently fighting down a coughing spell. She did not know that I observed her and when I left, long after midnight, I passed her close enough to see the tired expression of her eyes: a fire that was about to die, its little flame shooting up from time to time as if in a last effort to go on burning.

The day I took her out we saw a show and went to a coffeehouse afterwards. I did not find her as talkative as I thought she was. Her look was steady, and she followed my conversation with a warm smile.

When I took her home she leaned against me in the car. I seized her hand; it was feverishly warm and slightly moist. Suddenly she pressed my hand: "How I dread to be left alone at midnight!" she said.

"Afraid of ghosts?" I asked.

"Ghosts? I guess I am that ghost I'm afraid of. Have you never felt how terrible it is to see another day gone. So irrevocably gone!"

"But we know that . . ." I tried to explain the obvious, but she did not seem to listen.

"It's so easy for all of you . . ." she interrupted my feeble attempts.

"But . . ."

"Don't speak about it any more, please don't."

When the church bell reminded us of midnight, we both listened to it silently. Rather undecidedly I held the glass in my hand and looked at her. She crouched on the sofa, making herself as little as possible in the corner. She closed her eyes as if she wanted to shut herself off and to pretend that she did not count each toll in terror. Tears stood in her eyes when she opened them. Another day gone, they seemed to say.

"I don't know what to say, I really don't!" I had gotten up and was standing behind her.

"Don't. There is nothing to be said. It's passing," she said, and added sarcastically, "in fact, it is passing each day."

"Belle, what are you afraid of?" I asked.

Her hands slid out of mine and

fell heavily to her lap. "I must die soon."

It took me a while until I could piece the whole story together. She was alone but had enough money to live modestly. Her parents had died rather young, her mother of tuberculosis, her father of an accident at the age of 45. She always suspected she might not live long. Friends had induced her to see an astrologer and the horoscope indicated a fatal period for the following year.

What had been a feeling of uncertainty took on the form of inescapability. She looked for verification. She ran from one fortune teller to another. Most of them spoke of that very year as dangerous, critical, ill-omened, fatal, and even suicidal. Now she could count the months and days she still had to live. And how much she wanted to get out of life!

She spent her money without concern for the future — since there was none for her. She spent her days and nights with the fury of the desperate person wanting to exhaust life. But she only exhausted herself. Several months ago she had begun to feel very tired and would run a slight temperature in the late afternoon hours. She had gone to see a doctor and he had informed her that she had tuberculosis in its early stages.

"But why didn't you go to a hospital immediately, or to Davos, or Egypt?" I asked.

She smiled as if she had to show

understanding for my naivete.

"That's what the doctor said. But you are all so childish. Why, if I have to die next year anyway? My friends told me that you know a lot about hands. There, you can see for yourself how short my life line is!" She held out her left hand to me.

"But that is superstition, an unwarranted belief that a short life line must mean early death!" I cried.

"You are very kind. What else could you say?" she said. "But why don't you look? I might be an interesting case for your studies."

"Why don't you show me your right hand? Weren't you born with two hands?"

"Yes, but the right is less important, don't you know?"

"Because the fortune teller said so? Because the gypsies believe in it? Would it not be logical to think that one hand complements the other? Here, you can see for yourself! Your life line is intact, is long, strong, full of vitality! You are ruining yourself, you have made a mountain out of a mole-hill!" I pleaded with her, implored her to go to a hospital for a short time only.

She did, but it was too late. She died six months sooner than all horoscopes and crystalgazers had foretold.

#### **Destiny Can Alter**

IN HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL "Sketch of My Life" Thomas Mann re-

marks, "I have a feeling that I shall die at the same age as my mother, in 1945."

Our first reaction to such a statement is that of astonishment, or bewilderment. He who knows Thomas Mann, or knows him through his books, cannot doubt his sincerity and the painstaking exactitude with which he formulates his thoughts. Yet, he really meant what he said. He had the premonition that, taking after his mother, he inherited her fate impulse and would therefore have to die at the age of 70, the same age at which she died.

He must have been preoccupied by this thought for a long time. It must have grown with him. It may have been one of those inexplicable feelings which seem to come from nowhere and furtively filter through the film of consciousness. Or it may have been the expression of the unspoken fear of death which instilled this thought in him.

Highly introverted people with strong sensitivity have such premonitions of future ill; these feelings very seldom take as their targets events of less gravity than accidents, disease, or death, which clearly points to their origin and roots in fear and anxiety. How much, in all unconsciousness, the capacity for remembering prenatal events plays its part in such foreboding cannot easily be determined. But I have often observed that people can be obsessed by the in-

ner conviction that a certain event will take place in their lives at a certain age, and they are unable to rid themselves of such ideas.

Foreknowledge can but stem from a non-physical mind, since it has nothing to do with logical thinking. When Goethe "foresaw" as early as 1827 that it would be absolutely indispensable for the United States to effect a passage from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean, he was neither clairvoyant nor did this prediction emanate from uncontrollable factors of his mind.

Not being divine inspiration, it must have been logical deduction carried by his unusually vivid imagination. But he also tells us of a vision he once had. Leaving his beloved Friedericke he saw himself returning to her, riding a white horse, wrapped in a white coat. Many years later, and quite unexpectedly, he came back to her in the way he had visualized.

This was, no doubt, a psychic manifestation. Best proof of the intensity of both his physical and psychic mind is a third instance in which his seismographic sensitivity registered an earthquake that took place in Sicily, thousands of miles away from his home in Weimar. In those days it took two weeks before the news about this terrible earthquake reached Goethe confirming his premonition.

Such visionary or psychic capacities often seem to be close to, if not an essential ingredient of,

human creativeness. Seneca predicted the discovery of new continents almost 1,500 years before Columbus attempted to go westward to China. Leonardo da Vinci dreamed his prophetic dream of the flying machine in the 16th century. Benjamin Franklin visualized the use of parachute troops in 1783. Heinrich Heine spoke in 1852 of "devotees of Kant who . . . will destroy pitilessly the foundations of our European order to exterminate all remaining roots into the past with . . . that battle-madness which we find among the ancient Teutonic races who fought . . . for the very love of fighting itself." And, in 1914, H. G. Wells described the horror of the atomic bombs in his prophetic book, "The World Set Free." But it would be erroneous to assume that the manifestations of a non-physical mind are necessarily tied up with creativeness. In fact, the majority of all the world-famous mediums are primitive people who are little educated and whose intellectual possibilities are rather limited.

Thomas Mann's premonition proved to be wrong. He outlived his 70th year of age and is still alive. But it proved quite clearly the possibilities and limitations of predictions. When I analyzed his hand prints in the summer of 1940 — the time where I began to drop the idea of making predictions myself — I realized that his premonition was borne out by certain configurations in his palms. A crisis

at the age of 70! Yes, any palmist would have predicted a grave crisis, if not death, for that year. But it meant little more than the writ of what has happened to his mother and what *might* have happened to him provided the circumstances had been the same or similar. Thomas Mann fell sick at that time, in fact, severely sick.

There is no way of knowing how much his premonition of death helped aggravate his condition. The grave danger of all types of predictions lies in our consciously and unconsciously believing in them. They victimize us by making our entire mental and physical system yield to their impact. When the predicted news is good we are apt to lessen our efforts since we feel it must come our way anyway. If it is bad, its effect is disastrous. Even if we think we can laugh it off, we cannot. Against our will it sinks into the depth of our being where our awareness has no longer any control over it. There it eats into us, biding its time, leading a lurking existence, prepared to hit us at the right moment.

Our premonitions never come from "nowhere," they are substantiated by factual phenomena, however inexplicable or dubious they may appear. Thomas Mann happened to give us a credible reason for his foreboding. His prediction was correct as far as the inaudible beat of his innermost clockwork is concerned. But it was incorrect because his feelings failed to include

the progress of medical science in their reckoning. Man's ingenuity — advancing in so many fields at an accelerated speed in our day — offset fate's timetable. It rendered a momentous and fatal predisposition harmless. However, it is the same ingenuity of man which, accustomed to turning the tables, so often terminates our fate much sooner than was planned for us according to our seemingly predestined timetables.

#### **Fear Is The Key**

FEAR — WHATEVER its cause may be — is behind our neurotic anxieties. One of its symptoms is our escape into the unbelievable, our belief in the occult, our flight to the fortune teller. Only the person who finds himself obsessed by fear is consumed by a desperate desire to know what is ahead of him. The hopeless person, disillusioned by the world and his life, is afraid of "groping in the dark." The more or less balanced person, who has discovered what life means to him and has found a way of adjusting himself to it, can look forward calmly to his future, since he knows he will be able to cope with it whatever it may have in store for him. The frightened person, like a drug addict wanting the needle, must speak about himself periodically, must hear other people speak about him, must ask constantly what the future may hold out to him.

But no one can know the future

since it is the composite of a thousand imponderabilities and one tangible fact — the person himself. We can learn about his background, about his personality structure, the trend of his development. All this may furnish us with a clue as to how he may react in a given situation. But that situation — how can we predict it?

To a great extent it is we ourselves who create our future situations. We grow into the life that surrounds us. According to our personal needs, desires and hopes, we create situations from the very first days of our existence. When we speak of life posing questions to us it is actually we who, unwittingly, create the atmosphere for these questions, if not the questions themselves. Each of our answers, positive, negative, or evasive, helps shape our future questions.

A great many situations or questions in our lives may be considered "predestined" as far as our basic hereditary forces line our needs, desires and hopes, and predetermine our reactions. Living in community with many other humans, our situations and the questions emerging from them are closely related to the total destiny of man.

One thing is certain. We have no way of knowing nor any means of defining the possible effect our dependency on our fellowmen and the destiny of mankind may have on our own personal fate. We preserve a certain flexibility in our reactions which makes impossible

any calculation on which to base our predictions.

On the other hand, we have no choice but to believe that man is no loosely existent or wholly separated phenomenon. In ourselves, we are learning more and more to realize the close interrelation between mind and body. Daily we see how intricately interwoven our own fate is with that of persons living thousands of miles away from us. We know that there is a certain consistency in our planetary system. Each star out of the 40,000 million stars lives its own existence but in lawful co-ordination with all other stars.

We are partly aware of and partly we surmise the recurrence of rhythmic cycles in nature and our own dependence on such elementary and elemental manifestations. All this points to the probability of a certain predestination in man as part of a Whole, the scope of which must remain hidden from our knowledge. It matters little whether we speak of it as Karma, Kismet, or Destiny.

It proves that there are cosmic laws manifest everywhere in everything and that even the skeptics are influenced and directed by them. We simply must yield to the fact that certain experiences are not tangible despite their immediacy and that certain things remain incommunicable.

There is uniformity and an all-embracing power in whatever exists, also in man. It is a power

which preserves all energy constantly channeling it into a new creative will. Our body remembers physiologically, our mind consciously and unconsciously, what has been in previous existences, in the lives of our ancestors. The memory of our past, of what has been done, thought and felt, is carried by our body and mind.

Our faculty of remembering is all-inclusive but limited to what each individual's awareness is able and willing to register. And this awareness is, to a great extent, determined by our two parental streams which, flowing into each other, form a new oneness, our individual "I".

This seems to be the only form in which we can imagine a limited predestination working in us. In the same way in which we display habits or abilities of ancestors, our ego carries with it the memory of past existences closely related to our own. This memory helps ripen our readiness for the creation of certain situations. But it is a latent force and subject often to decisive modulations according to our environment and our own life experience. Therefore, any vague notion we may have, any foreboding or confident belief in a future event of our life, must be taken with a bit of scepticism. We are children of our own time. We are the forgers of our own fate.

#### **Force Used Constructively**

AFTER MY ADVENTURE with Belle it

became clear to me that the same force leading so often to disastrous consequences could be used to counteract them — prediction as an antidote against prediction. If all the astrologers and soothsayers had seen no danger for Belle in the immediate future and predicted a long life for her, they would have counteracted her vague "memory," and, in all probability, would have helped her to overcome any imaginable crisis in that critical year. Then the soothsayers would have done for Belle what the advance of medical science did for Thomas Mann when he reached his 70th year.

The saying that it is the anticipation of difficulties which is worse than the difficulties themselves shows that we have to build up our positive "memories" and minimize the negative ones. When our neurotic anxieties make us seek relief in a third person, it is this person's duty to eliminate as much insecurity as possible and to free us from corroding fear, whether acting in the capacity of friend, doctor, or fortune teller. The means employed are of little consequence. What counts are ability, integrity, and the salutary goal which the person has in view.

Since then I have often found it proved that even with the art of reading hands one can perform little miracles by restoring faith in one's future and in oneself. When Hitler surprised us in Vienna, a great many anti-Nazis and Jews

were arrested, others committed suicide. One day my friends called me to a lady who had attempted suicide, had been saved in the last minute, but threatened to do it again the very first moment she would be unobserved.

Her name was Vally. She was in her early forties. Her husband was in a concentration camp. She had tried to get him released but without avail. She had abandoned hope. Her friends did the logical thing. They tried to convince her that she had no right to throw her life away at a time when the fate of another life depended so much on her very existence. But they could not make her see their point. Why? When she was 20 a gypsy had come to her table in a restaurant and had looked into her palm. After saying a few generalities, the Gypsy had closed her hand and refused to continue. This alone was sufficient to create a state of uncertainty.

At the age of 20 one feels strong and believes he can face anything. "We all have to die one day, don't we?" Vally had said to the Gypsy. "So it can't be worse than that. Go ahead."

"But it is death when you will be 40," the Gypsy had answered.

Everyone laughed; it was fun. Vally had not thought of it for years and years, not until the Nazis conquered Austria. Then the memory emerged from her subconscious. In her fright and hopelessness she

saw the prediction coming true and she saw no sense waiting for the inevitable.

I took her handprints and showed her two configurations in her hand which were very similar. I figured out that one referred to a critical period in her 31st year, the other symbolized her present situation. She saw their similarity. She told me that, at the age of 31, she had been so sick that the doctors had lost hope for her recovery.

After this it was easy for me to point to the similarity of both situations. Hope, strength, and endurance were all she needed to get over it again. I pictured her future possibilities — and won the case for her. She finally managed to save her husband and, having prepared the necessary papers for their emigration, they both escaped to Australia. Vally is one of many such cases.

Only an incurable addict of fortune telling and a blind fatalist would still suggest that something probably happened to her on shipboard or shortly after her arrival in the new country. But nothing happened to her.

That is because our fate — however much we may believe in its being predestined — is still to a great part our own creation. Accidents do not happen because we are slated for them but because we run into them. They happen because our awareness fails us.

# TRUE MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

*FATE will pay \$5 for each True Mystic Experience published. Stories should be less than 500 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 1144 Ashland Avenue, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.*

## A CHILD'S WARNING

WHEN I was less than five, we lived in Europe on a large estate. I was playing with my dolls on the lawn when I saw a lady coming up the driveway. She was dressed in very old-fashioned clothes, carried a long-handled lace-trimmed parasol with a big ribbon-bow on the handle. My father was a little distance away at the coach-house speaking to the coachman about the dogs while my mother was in the house.

I ran over to her and dropped a curtsy. She began speaking to me: "I am your Aunt Linda — your father's sister. I have come to tell your father that on the seventh of October his mother will die. If he wishes to see her alive, he must hurry over to America. She is your Grandmother."

I said: "Wait here, I will call Papa"! Running to the coach-house, I told my father what the lady had said. My father hesitated in coming but I took his hand and pulled him over to the lady who stood waiting on the footwalk. He stood in front of Aunt Linda as I repeated what she had told me about Grandma.

I had never heard of death and I asked the meaning of the word "die." But when I turned toward the lady I saw she was gone and my father had not spoken a word. He went into the house, dispatched a servant to make steamer reservations for America. We arrived in New York a few days before the seventh of October on which day my Grandmother did die just as Aunt Linda had foretold on the lawn.

Years later, my father related the following facts to me. That same evening that the lady appeared, he went to the attic, took from a trunk an old-fashioned album, sat me on his lap and turned the pages of the album slowly. He would say to me: "I bet you do not know who this is!" Suddenly, I recognized a picture and in glee I said: "I do so know who this is! It's Aunt Linda, your sister, who came today to see you"!

This was proof enough for my father. He also told me that my Aunt Linda had died five years before I was born, that she was his favorite sister, that he had never mentioned her name to me nor had he ever spoken of her in my pres-

## IS RACIAL MEMORY A REALITY?

Do the things that happen to our ancestors impress themselves on the race mind, so that certain of us can remember things that happened ages ago? Is it racial memory that makes a bird build a nest exactly as its kind always did? Is that how a Pennsylvania welder remembers the ancient catastrophe that overwhelmed the first civilization of the world now remembered only as the mysterious "Lemuria" or a lost "Atlantis"? Is that weird whisper in our mind that sometimes says things we never even thought of before the voice of a mysterious "subconscious" mind revealing age-old and forgotten secrets?

READ THE EVIDENCE  
AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF

**Read**

**RICHARD S. SHAVER'S**

**"I REMEMBER LEMURIA!"**

**It's Sensational!**

VENTURE BOOKS  
P. O. Box 671  
Evanston, Illinois.

Send me by return mail, postage prepaid, a copy of "I Remember Lemuria!" by Richard S. Shaver. Enclosed find \$3

Check .... Money Order .... Cash ....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Zone .....

State .....

ence! — *Rev. Florence Conners, U.P.S., St. Petersburg 4, Fla.*

### COLENA'S CURSE

**T**HIRTY years ago, while living in Mexico City, my husband and I had a very good friend named Juan Pacheco. He was a young man of 25, son of the Inspector de Sanidad, or Health Inspector as you would call it in English. Juan was a handsome boy and had had as all young Latins his secret amours.

One was named Colena Vargas and Juan had kept their affair secret for two years. On this night Juan came to us and confided that he was very ill, that he believed Colena was poisoning him. My husband and I, on inquiring as to the reason for this belief, learned that he had been sick since he had broken off with Colena. He explained that he was to wed a young Mexican girl of good family and had told Colena of this. Much to his surprise, she only said, "I hope she enjoys what I am leaving!" That evening he ate supper with her and from that day on he suffered constantly with nausea, pains and atrocious nightmares.

I sent Juan to Cuca, who was reputedly a witch. Cuca took down a bunch of dried herbs and laid them on the embers of a charcoal stove, then sat gazing into the smoke. What she saw I cannot say, but finally she said, "The woman has bewitched you with the Ajara

spell, she has taken the hair of your head to do so. I will give you a tea to drink, after which you will go to her house. In the north window, facing the street, you will find a flower pot with a geranium in it. Empty it out and you will see a rag doll, bring this to me.

Fifteen minutes later Juan had taken the tea and been immediately seized with cramps and nausea. He vomited, suddenly seemed to choke, then to our astonishment threw up what looked like a ball of cheese! Upon examination it was found to contain hair, evidently from his own head!

All three of us went to Colena's house. My husband belonged to the Federal police so it was an easy matter for him to demand to examine the flower pot which we found exactly as Cuca had told us. Sure enough, there was the rag doll, and the thing really bore a strong resemblance to Juan!

Back home we could see that pins were buried in certain portions of the doll's body. Cuca very carefully removed these pins, immersed the doll in a dish of poisonous looking fluid. Then with many invocations she removed the stitches that held it together and buried the pieces of cloth in a corner of the patio. From that day on, Juan began to recover and was at last able to wed the girl he loved. I have witnessed many such instances, both black and white Obi and no one who has ever seen these could deny the

evidence of his eyes.—Margaret Rogers, San Antonio, Texas.

#### VISION OF DEATH

ONE morning my husband, a doctor, asked me to drive him over to see a patient and to pick him up whenever he would call me. I knew that the patient was a puzzling case. The man had been in a hospital for about three weeks then went home, still ill.

My husband ran many tests, all without decisive results. Finally the father, a Boer War veteran, said, "Doctor, I saw a lot of Mediterranean Fever when I was in

#### PSYCHIC BOOK CLUB

World's Greatest Psychic Book Bargains. Write for FREE information.

PSYCHIC BOOK CLUB, Dept. 20  
1609 Tenth Ave., No. Nashville 8, Tenn.

#### PHOTOS OF RUDOLPH VALENTINO

*"The Great Lover"*

FIRST IMMORTAL OF THE MOVIES

A limited opportunity for the many fans who will always cherish memories of the romantic Valentino and his dynamic personality — now you can acquire a "living" photograph of the most colorful and fabulous personality ever developed by motion pictures.

Beautifully finished 8x10 portraits of RUDOLPH VALENTINO in all of his famous roles — \$1 each.

SEND FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED FOLDER  
(100 DIFFERENT POSES)

**BARKER STUDIO**

1457 E. 57th St.

CHICAGO 37, ILLINOIS

## MYSTERIOUS PROPHECIES

Compiled in the book:

### THE LAST DAYS

- *Atomic Destruction of U.S. Cities foretold*
- Subjugation of Japan foretold in 1863
- World Collapse Predicted
- Mother Shipton's Prophecies
- Ice Barriers of North to be Melted Down
- Orbit of Earth to be Changed
- Lost 10 Tribes to Return
- Archeologists find Noah's Ark
- Pieces of Other Earths to Strike in Europe
- Mount of Olives Splitting
- Temple in Jerusalem is being Rebuilt
- Time is Being Shortened
- Satan Worship is Practiced
- Mysterious Cycles to Shape Our Lives

These Are a Few of Hundreds  
of Prophecies  
Found in

### "The Last Days"

Price \$2.50, Postpaid

### PYRAMID PRESS

609 S. 2ND EAST ST.  
SALT LAKE CITY 2, UTAH

service and my son's sickness seems to be like that."

"Yes," the doctor replied, "it seems to be more of a Malta Fever and I am treating him accordingly.

That is absolutely all I knew about the case that morning when I left my husband in front of a house. I drove home and went about my chores without thinking a great deal more about the case.

At exactly 11:30 I opened the oven door to put something to heat. Instead of seeing the inside of the oven I saw, as on a movie screen, a bed which I somehow sensed came out from a west wall. On the bed lay a still figure. Beside the bed, to the right, sat my husband, taking the patient's pulse. He shook his head, stood up, lifted the patient's eyelid, then pulled the sheet over the face. He glanced at a clock standing on the dresser at his elbow and went out.

Amazed at this bit of drama I tried to see more but only the inside of the oven met my gaze.

The children came, had their lunch and left. My husband called about 1:30 and said, "Can you come and get me now and take me to the office?"

When he came out of the house his professional bearing was as usual. He smiled when he saw me and got into the car.

"I had a strange experience," I said.

"Did you? Tell me about it."

"First you tell me something.

Did your patient die?"

"Yes, but how did you know? It was rather unexpected."

"At exactly 11:30 by a clock on the dresser?"

"Yes."

"And were you alone in the room with him?"

"Yes."

"Did you pull the sheet over his face just like they do in the movies?"

"Yes, I don't know why I did that because I never do, but he looked so pitifully wasted that I had an urge to hide him."

Then I told my husband of my experience and have never told it again until now. — Mrs. B. L. Connelly, Harbor Beach, Mich.

#### NANSEN'S MIRACLE

**F**RIDJOF NANSEN, the famous explorer, set out in June 1893, with a crew in a small vessel to discover the North Pole. Months later the vessel was hopelessly imprisoned in the Arctic ice cap.

Nansen called the men together. They had, he said, two alternatives. They could stay with the ship. It was provisioned for three years and might some time break out of the ice cap. Or they could walk home. Walk across more than 1,000 miles of broken, shifting ice. All except one chose to remain with the ship. What could it be but a walk to certain death?

Nansen and his companion set out to walk 1,100 miles to Green-

GET YOUR BOUND COPY

**FATE**

VOLUME 1, 1948

For the benefit of those of our readers who have requested us to furnish some sort of a binder so that back issues may be kept, we have had the last 500 copies of the first four issues (Spring, Summer and Fall, 1948 and Winter 1949) bound in very handsome maroon cloth book form, embossed in gold, a binding which could not be duplicated by the individual reader for twice the cost. While they last (and they are going fast) we are offering these specially bound copies of Volume 1 of FATE for \$4.00 each. All orders will be filled according to date of postmark on envelope, until the supply is exhausted. Only prepaid orders will be accepted. Address your order to:

CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY,  
1144 Ashland,  
Evanston, Illinois.

Send me the bound copy of  
VOLUME I, FATE.  
I enclose \$4.00.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE .....

STATE .....

land over ice pinnacles, in a temperature everlastingly below zero, in a region where in the summer months it is continually daylight. The glaring sun has caused many men to go blind and then mad.

By June of 1896 the two men, light-headed from starvation and exhaustion, had eaten their dogs, the leather traces, and had drunk the whale oil from their lamps. On the 17th of the month Nansen's companion gave out completely. He fell to his face, drew his parka furs over his eyes and went to sleep. Sleep, of course, was death.

There were still hundreds of miles to go. Not a chance of making it. Nansen dropped to his knees beside his friend. But no. He would not give up. He said to himself, "if I die it must be with my face towards my goal. I will take one more step." He slowly staggered to his feet. He began walking, stumbling along, through the jungle of broken ice. Suddenly he stopped. A voice.

"Say, Jackson, got any tobacco?"

One moment later Nansen staggered around a great tower of ice straight into the arms of a party of American explorers — the Jackson-Harmsworth expedition. They were not even looking for Nansen and had no idea he was in the vicinity.

At the limit of his strength, in the middle of 10,000 square miles of uninhabited ice, Nansen came face to face with living men — *Bess Gordon, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

#### LIFE-SAVING MESSAGE

**D**O SPIRIT messages do any good? Listen to my friend's story and judge for yourself.

"Driven by a strange compulsion, I visited a large Midwestern city one day in a manner quite at variance with my usual habits. I called on a friend quite unexpectedly and she seemed embarrassed to see me because a seance was under way at her house that night. Nevertheless, she invited me to remain if I cared to.

"In a few minutes an old gentleman and his daughter arrived. The old gentleman went immediately to an armchair which had been placed in the center of the room. All lights were extinguished except for a small lamp in the corner of the room. In a few minutes he was in a trance.

"After a short message from his control, a spirit began to speak with a decidedly Scotch accent. He announced himself as a Scotch physician and said he had a message for me. He told me I was in a very serious condition physically. This was a complete surprise and shock to me, as I thought myself in perfect health.

"He told me I would require a surgical operation and unless it was performed very shortly I would not be alive six months hence. He said he wished me to visit several surgeons the following day. The next Monday evening he wished me to

(Continued on page 86)

# THE COSMIC KEY OF LIFE

By A. S. Vickers

The new astrology is given in this sensational book by one of the world's great authorities on the subject. It is as different from the old astrology as day is from night. The horoscopes of fifty of the world's noted people are in this book. Compare them with your own. 213 pages. Handsome cloth binding.

## APOCALYPSE or ABSOLUTE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Floyd M. McNickle presents the most comprehensive, lucid and understandable explanation of absolute Christian Science ever compiled. It explains "Financial Metaphysics", "The Infinite Calculus of Spirit", and "Malicious Mental Malpractice" among hundreds of other things pertaining to absolute Christian Science. 345 pages. Cloth binding.

## THE SECRET OF SEX DETERMINATION

Here one of the most puzzling questions of all time is answered: What sex is my child to be? In this book by Michael Ben Abboud "The Secret of Sexes Revealed and Controlled from The Bible" the author gives facts supported by the Bible. 60 pages, handsomely cloth bound.

## FELLOWSHIP

Alexander Keene's brilliant little booklet on "How to be a friend, and to have a friend." The solution to hundreds of little daily problems can be found in this helpful book that can make you popular with everyone. 62 pages, paper bound.

---

**VENTURE BOOKS**  
P.O. Box 671  
Evanston, Illinois.

Enclosed is check . . . . . money order . . . . . cash . . . . . amounting to . . . . .  
Send the books I have circled below, by return mail, prepaid, to:

NAME . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . .

CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . . . STATE . . . . .

- THE COSMIC KEY OF LIFE \$2.00
- APOCALYPSE or ABSOLUTE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE \$2.00
- THE SECRET OF SEX DETERMINATION \$1.00
- FELLOWSHIP 25¢

ALL FOUR BOOKS \$4.00

(Continued from page 84)  
return to this house when he would tell me which surgeon to choose. I carried out his instructions.

Every surgeon I visited told me the same thing—the spirit doctor had. I had only six months to live unless I was operated on immediately. The next Monday night I returned to my friend's house and the Scotch spirit again communicated. I was operated on and recovered my health completely. Many years after, during an illness of my daughter, this same doctor reached me through automatic writing and was the means of saving my daughter's life. — *Mrs. Gail Walker, Los Angeles, Calif.*

#### MIRACLE OF THE PICTURE

AT FIVE o'clock on the morning of July 24, 1947, I woke strangling and choking in my room, black and heavy with smoke which filled the house.

Struggling into consciousness, I sprang from the bed, and fought my way into the hall. Smoke turned me back into another passage. Down the stairs I plunged and finally reaching an outer door which was locked and barred for protection. Trembling fingers finally loosened the heavy chains, the door was flung open, and I dashed into the outer air.

My Cape Cod home was ablaze and burning fiercely.

For hours the fire raged—long tongues of flame reaching out into

the garden, even to the studio and the garage. The fine old shade trees did not escape. At 4 p.m., the fire having raged since five that morning, the Fire Chief came to me and said sympathetically: "It is a total loss."

I had rushed from the building in a cotton night dress and bare feet. That was what I had to begin life over again.

The loss was so appalling, so overwhelming, I did not remember individual treasures until later.

On my desk in the living room a tiny picture of my mother was always before me when I sat there to work. Some months later a particular need arose for my mother's picture. Sorrowfully I realized that nothing had been saved from that room. The picture was irretrievably gone.

Having learned by long years of effort to overcome many handicaps there seemed absolutely nothing I could do in this case. My heart was heavy with my loss.

Months later, back in my New York home, I needed something from a little-used chest drawer. Turning over some handkerchiefs, I saw the well known frame, face down. I hardly had strength to lift the tiny thing. It was the same picture which, on the morning of the fire, had rested on my desk in the Cape Cod house. It was perfect, without mar or blemish. — *Dr. Ellaine Elmore.*

(Continued on page 88)

# Its magic will enthrall you

## THE EGYPTIAN

is the story of a man . . . born of mystery . . . physician to the poor of Thebes . . . who became the royal surgeon of a divinely mad Pharaoh.

To escape the ruthless woman who taught him the primer of love, he went voyaging throughout the known world of his time. His skill with knife and drugs made him famous in all the exotic countries of the Middle East—and served as perfect cover for a dangerous role: secret agent in the courts of insurgent kings conspiring to overthrow Egypt.

This, then, is the story of Sinuhe . . . surgeon, statesman, spy . . . who thousands of years ago was privileged to share a strange vision—and found a faith to outlast eternity.

Readers are calling it "a creative triumph" . . . "a rare delight" . . . "unique and exciting" . . . "without question the fiction discovery of the year" . . . a book of magnetic fascination that you will want to own.

Nefernefernefer, the courtesan, chose a name no one would ever forget. After three thousand years it still lives in infamy. Under the veil of passion, she robbed Sinuhe of his birthright—and he devised for her the wickedest, cruelest revenge a man can conceive.

Minea was a virgin of the Minotaur. Her body was golden as the sand, as soft and rounded as moonlight on the dunes. She danced before bulls as fearlessly as she drew breath—but she took her courage in her hands when she fell in love with Sinuhe.

Kaprah, Sinuhe's slave, half rascal, half genius, brought Merit and his master together. It was Merit who gave Sinuhe a woman's greatest gift beyond love. And it was she who kept a secret that could have made her mistress of an empire.

Its dynasty undermined, Egypt appeared doomed when Syrian hordes launched a brilliant desert campaign. Sinuhe watched while the first lesson of light troops versus armor became history—in one of the most exciting battles you ever saw.

The streets of Thebes literally ran with blood when the Priests of Ammon rebelled against a Pharaoh who would have but one God—a God of mercy in whose sight everyone was equal. When the carnage was over, Sinuhe had lost his world . . . and won his soul.

"Seldom explored in fiction . . . its strangeness holds an exotic charm . . . a novel on the grand scale seldom encountered in these times."—Kelsey Guilfoil of the *Chicago Tribune*

"Its tremendous flavor of humanity, its superb craftsmanship, make it one of the most important books in our generation."—Paul H. Little of *Nowadays*

"I should warn all readers that its fascination will keep them spellbound for many hours; it kept me from a fishing trip."—Edward A. Laycock of the *Boston Globe*

"A rewarding book, as exciting as the opening of King Tut's tomb."—Scott O'Dell of the *Los Angeles News*

**DON'T MISS THIS BOOK!**

**VENTURE BOOKS**

**P.O. Box 671**

**Evanston, Illinois.**

Send me **THE EGYPTIAN.**

I enclose \$3.75.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE.....

STATE .....

### STRANGE VISION

**B**OB was a neighbor boy who enlisted in the Marines in June, 1943. He was trained as a communications man and co-pilot of an amphibious tank in the 2nd Marines Division. He was shipped across to Hawaii in May, 1944, and from there went by way of the Marshalls to Saipan.

After leaving the Marshalls, his parents heard nothing from him for about six weeks. His mother was wild with anxiety and fear, for Bob had last written: "We are getting ready for something big." Meanwhile the battle of Saipan had been fought and still no word from Bob.

One morning I stood looking across our yard and garden toward our neighbor's mail box thinking "how grand everything would be here this day if only Bob's mother could get a letter." And I prayed, "Oh God, let her get a letter."

As if in answer to my prayer, there stood Bob, right near the mail-box, dressed in his Marine uniform and cap, with his hands straight down at his sides. He and his uniform and cap appeared pale in color and fuzzy in outline. He neither moved nor spoke.

Yet his mind spoke to me just as clearly as though he had spoken the words aloud. This was his message — that he wanted his mother to get the letters he had already written because he could not write any more.

After Bob stood there for a min-

ute or two impressing his thought on my mind, his "body" started to rise. It stretched out longer and thinner — not straight into the sky, but at an angle of perhaps 30° from the vertical. When the head and shoulders were perhaps 10 feet above where they had been at first they suddenly turned into (or went into) a bright shaft of light, like a very large electrical bolt. The balance of the figure followed the head and shoulders into the light and disappeared.

The bolt appeared about three feet long and four or five inches in diameter. The queer thing was the sparks of blue and green light that appeared to radiate from the lower edge of the three-foot length of the bolt, and the yellow and red sparks that came from the upper end.

That was the end of the vision and I was standing, as I had been, looking across the yard and garden at the mail box.

Bob's last two letters came that very day, July 3, and had been written June 9 and 11. On September 8 came a "missing in action" telegram, followed 10 days later by a letter adding, "At Saipan, June 15." He has since been declared "officially" dead.

If you think my vision could be of help to scientists in any experiments, I should be glad to cooperate with them to the extent of my knowledge of this peculiar experience. — *Mrs. Pearl E. Ullrich, Bellingham 7, Wash.*



# GATEWAY TO A LARGER WORLD

THE OUTSTANDING BOOK OF OUR TIME ON  
THE NO-MAN'S-LAND BEYOND THE KNOWN

*The only complete volume on the mysterious ever published.*

The *Forgotten Mysteries*, by R. DeWitt Miller, which ran monthly in *Coronet* magazine for five years, now enlarged, extensively indexed, in book form.

*The United Press says:*

"Miller, author of *Forgotten Mysteries*, is one of the world's foremost authorities on psychical phenomena."

*Walter Winchell says:*

"The mystery of the flying saucers is not new. In *Forgotten Mysteries*, R. DeWitt Miller offers two cases which perhaps will clear up the mystery."

Reads like fiction, but is fact, terribly authentic fact.

*Duke University's Parapsychology Bulletin says:*

"... all the cases in *Forgotten Mysteries* remind us that occurrences such as these suggest new targets for research..."

These are some of the chapter headings: *Phantom Armies, Ghosts, Sea Serpents, Vanished Continents, Houdini, Possessors of Strange Powers, Haunted Houses, Enigmas Out of Space, Valley of the Shadow.*

"... a fascinating book..."—Vincent Starrett in the *Chicago Tribune*. "This book is in a class by itself!"—San Francisco *Call Bulletin*. "Tales to keep you awake..." Miller focuses the eye of the scientist on the outre."—Edwin Fadiman Jr., *Philadelphia Inquirer*.

**Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club.**

AT ALL BOOK STORES — OR ORDER DIRECT.

---

SERRANO PUBLISHERS, 457 South Serrano Avenue, Los Angeles 5, California

Please send \_\_\_\_\_ copies FORGOTTEN MYSTERIES @ \$2.50 ea.

Enclosed \$ \_\_\_\_\_ check, cash, money order.

All orders shipped postpaid.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# REPORT FROM THE READERS

## **David Supple**

I was especially intrigued by the article, "Grandier's Transaction With The Devil," in the January issue. If you can read Latin, I recommend that you take Grandier's pact and read it by mirror. It is mirror writing.

---

## **The Rev. Elvina Johnson Colburn**

It is with great pleasure that I have been reading your magazine and members of my church, the Concord Spiritualist Mission of San Diego, are taking it. It is worthy to be spoken of from our rostrums . . .

---

## **Frederick Wm. Each**

I wish to say I think FATE Magazine is the finest and best I have ever had the pleasure to read, and only wish it were published every week . . .

---

## **Mrs. John J. Boylan**

One day this week (Sept. 26, 1949) a guest on the W.O.R. program was from the Planetarium, a man who had some standing in the field of astronomy. He told quite a lot about the Earth now spinning along in space just like a wobbly top, and that this action was being very carefully studied by

men of science. He would have explained more along this particular line but was interrupted . . .

Having just finished reading your splendid article, "Will the Earth Capsize?", I could scarcely contain myself. I feel very grateful to FATE for giving readers such correct — and in this age such important — information. I am thrilled every time I recall it . . .

---

## **Tillman L. Martin**

I have been reading FATE since its first issue and enjoy it very much. I cannot pretend to be credulous enough to "swallow" everything you put into it but, at least, your claim to being open-minded needs to be commended.

In that respect I can heartily agree with Dr. Carrington's guest editorial in the November issue. Just as long as our scientists and school men insist in remaining "vested interests" just so long will our western civilization cut itself off from a segment of truth — and just so incomplete and distorted will that portion of truth we do have remain.

Pretending the wolf isn't at the door will not make him go away: avoiding the subject of the supernatural, or poo-pooing it, does not dispose of it. Isn't it sensible, as Carrington says, that we study the the subject dispassionately and accept uncomplainingly whatever results may turn up?

(Continued on page 92)

# ANCIENT WISDOM

Latent in every man are Spiritual, Mental and Occult powers awaiting the Secret Keys to emerge into full flower. The Brotherhood maintains a Wisdom School, both personal and by correspondence, through which the secret wisdom keys are taught to the sincere seeker. With headquarters on a large tract of land high in the Rocky Mountains it invites correspondence with all True Seekers For Truth.

*Write for Free Brochure "Master Your Destiny."  
Sample magazines on request.*

## LITTLE TEMPLE LIBRARY

Secret of True Prayer  
Secret Teachings of Jesus  
Occult Anatomy  
Soul Cycles  
Banner of Shamballa  
Akashic Records  
Mysteries of Mt. Shasta  
Reincarnation  
Atlantis and Lemuria  
Bardo—The Soul After Death  
Tibetan Dream State  
Color and Light  
Maitreya—Lord of the World  
Mysteries of the Mayas  
Perfect Way

Astral Projection  
Masters of the Himalayas  
Spinal Brain and Health  
Previous Incarnations of Jesus  
Second Coming of Christ  
Divine Healing  
Ten Lost Tribes of Israel  
Wheel of Life  
Spiritual Alchemy and Healing  
Wisdom of the Kabballa  
Shamballa—The White Lodge  
Christ and the Last Days  
Mysteries of the Gobi  
Science of Health  
The Master Key

Any of the above 35c each—3 for \$1.00

Minimum order \$1.00

The entire 30 Books for \$7.00

## BOOKS OF INSTRUCTION

By Doreal

Four Planes of Healing—Typescript text-book of Spiritual and Magnetic Healing—\$3.00  
Asana, Mantram and Breath Science—Entirely Technique—\$3.00  
Sepher Yetzirah—Primary Work of the Kabballa—\$2.00  
Masters—Visible and Invisible—\$1.00  
Instructions of a Master to His Chela—\$1.00  
Symbolism of the Great Pyramid—\$1.00

**BROTHERHOOD OF THE WHITE TEMPLE, INC.**

**SEDALIA,**

**COLORADO**

(Continued from page 90)

My original purpose in beginning this letter was to tell you of my own encounter with a "Flying Saucer." I think I have a logical answer to the phenomenon but I'm not sure. . . .

Last summer, about August 14, a neighbor drove me to the school campus to pick up my father. We parked beside the campus swimming pool. In a few moments I became aware of a glare of light to one side of me and, merely as a reflex, turned my face.

There was a fast rotating ball of colored fire coming directly toward me. It was, as best I recall, about two yards in diameter and was accompanied by a roaring, cracking sound. I stepped hurriedly backward out of the path of the ball, which continued on as far as the steel fence surrounding the pool. There it shattered into a thousand fragments of colored fires. I think the whole thing must have been a detached ball of electrical energy — a collection of ionized air or something. Have you ever heard of such a phenomenon as this?

---

**Name Withheld by Request**

The article, "Are Marriages Made in Heaven?" by Herman M. Weisman was extremely interesting to me as I have read much along these lines before and my own personal life tends to substantiate the theory advanced by Dr.

Szondi that recessive genes in each person's makeup are responsible for the type of partner one chooses for marriage.

In my case, I met the man I married when I was but 13 and he 17. We immediately were attracted although propriety insisted we wait until older to marry. Six years passed by until we were financially able to marry, and now we have three children, a lovely home and the love that brought us together is as strong as ever.

During the six-year period before we could wed there was only one other man who attracted me physically. Bill was the son of my future mother-in-law's sister. I wondered about this emotion at the time but when Bill moved away I forgot about it.

It wasn't until several years later that I learned this startling bit of information. Bill had been an illegitimate child. My mother-in-law's sister admitted that my husband's father was also Bill's father.

Thus, the only two men who have ever aroused any responsive feeling within me were sons of sisters who would have the same inherited qualities, the same type of recessive genes and chromosomes, and were fathered by the same man . . .

---

**Vincent P. Smith**

In reading the article in the September issue of FATE ("Roads to  
(Continued on page 94)



# What Strange Powers Did The Ancients Possess?



EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

## Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which “whispers” to you from within.

## Fundamental Laws of Nature

Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example:

The law of compensation is as fundamental as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the order is known as the Rosicrucian Brotherhood. Its complete name is the “Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis,” abbreviated by the initials “AMORC.” The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

## Not For General Distribution

Sincere men and women, in search of the truth—those who wish to fit in with the ways of the world—are invited to write for complimentary copy of the sealed booklet, “The Mastery of Life.” It tells how to contact the librarian of the archives of AMORC for this rare knowledge. This booklet is not intended for general distribution; nor is it sent without request. It is therefore suggested that you write for your copy to Scribe Q. M. B.

*The* ROSICRUCIANS  
[AMORC]

San Jose

California

# PSYCHIC OBSERVER

*Spiritualism's  
Pictorial Journal*

Today, more than ever, people are beginning to wonder about the truth behind the mysterious things that are going on in the world. Not the least of these is Spiritualism. The belief in a life after death in a spiritualistic sense is the oldest fundamental in man's religions, and can be traced back farther than any other particular phase of worship. This growing urge to know the truth has made it necessary to provide a means for spreading the facts about Spiritualism. PSYCHIC OBSERVER is the answer to that need.

PSYCHIC OBSERVER is a bi-weekly newspaper, printed on enameled stock, which covers all the news in the world of Spiritualism, gives the views of famous mediums the world over, and publishes lectures, photos, evidence of all sorts, concerning Spiritualism. It has been published for more than ten years. For further information, write

## PSYCHIC OBSERVER, Inc.

10 East Fourth Street  
Jamestown, N. Y., U. S. A.

**SICK? TROUBLED? UNHAPPY?**

JOIN THE

**TELEPATHIC MUTUAL HEALTH GROUP**

**Address — THE HEALER**

Box 7162

Houston 8, Texas

**OCCULT, METAPHYSICAL,  
SELF-HELP BOOKS**

World's most complete line. We search for  
out of print books. Catalogue 10c

**OCCULT SCIENCES LIBRARY**

15 N. MARYLAND AVE.  
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

(Continued from page 92)  
the Stars"), I am reminded again how amazing it is that so-called intelligent people will not see.

The "Book of Mormon" given to the world by God through Joseph Smith has had the answer to all of Author E. M. Gilbert's questions for over a century, but he like many others has refused to read it because of the story of its origin, and later because it was erroneously tagged (through the works of Brigham Young) with polygamy. . . .

### Mrs. Julia Woodard

In your recent article about Abraham Lincoln ("Abraham Lincoln, Was He a Mystic?" in September FATE) you say, "Why have these facts not been presented before?"

The answer is, they have been.

I read a very comprehensive article on the subject several years ago published in the magazine circulated by the Spiritualistic Center at Lily Dale.

In regard to automatic writing, there is, of course, a divergence of opinion. For my own part I am a firm believer in it — not in all that it says, but that it can be and is being done. My sister, now passed away, used to receive many communications through this medium, many of them coming through my father and my brother. One of these latter we checked on and found to be true.

As for psychic phenomena in its many manifestations, I have seen in my own family such evidences of its truth as would convince the most skeptical.

---

**Chet Fuller**

Today I finally bought a copy of your magazine. I have been thrilled by it all day. You see, I have always had a burning curiosity about the occult world but I have been able to obtain no material, no contact with anyone who is versed in the occult.

So I write to ask you if I may use your Report From The Readers column to make a plea that anyone who is studying the occult and the psychical will write me and help me in the beginning of my study. I am especially interested in the cosmotheistic philosophy and the dimension of time. My address is 453 Lonsdale Avenue, Pawtucket, R. I.

---

**John H. Janssen**

Honestly, I never expected such a barrage of phone calls and letters as hit me when the new issue of FATE was published (containing Mr. Janssen's article). The telephone calls were so numerous that they became a source of annoyance. One persistent guy called me from Canada. He tried to reach me at the office in Morristown after hours. By having the operator  
(Continued on page 97)

## 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 came 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**  
R. D. No. 2  
Amherst, Wis.

•  
Send No Money, There Are No Dues

## NOW YOU CAN GET THESE GREAT MYSTIC NOVELS!

1. **SLAVES OF SLEEP** by L. Ron Hubbard. During his waking hours Jan Palmer lives in *our* world—but during sleep he is *consciously* with a strange world parallel to ours where magic holds sway and demons rule ensorcelled maids.
2. **WHO GOES THERE?** by John W. Campbell, Jr. Seven strange stories, including *Blindness*, a tale of Prometheus reborn, snatching atomic energy from the sun itself; *Twilight and Night*, prophetic visions of the far future.
3. **THE WORLD BELOW** by S. Fowler Wright. Possibly the greatest scientifically prophetic novel of our time. It deals with the distant future, half a million years from now, when man and nature have both changed fantastically.
4. **THE WHEELS OF IF** by L. Sprague DeCamp. Meet *The Gnarly Man*, an immortal Neanderthal pursued by a man-crazy female anthropologist; *The Warrior Race*, Spartan supermen seduced on a wanton world; *Hyperpelosity*, where a strange mutation makes clothing obsolete; and many other refreshing surprises.
5. **EDISON'S CONQUEST OF MARS** by Garrett P. Serviss. A stunned world, crawling from the ruins left by invading Martians, launches a counter invasion of Mars itself. An incredible story of what may really come to pass when space travel comes.
6. **SIDEWISE IN TIME** by Murray Leinster. The cream of the strangest writings of America's favorite science fiction author, including *Proxima Centauri*, *The Fourth Dimensional Demonstrator*, the title-novel and three other great stories.

### MAIL YOUR ORDER TO:

-----  
**VENTURE BOOKS**  
 P.O. Box 671  
 Evanston, Illinois.

Send the books I have circled below, by return mail, prepaid, to:

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....

(Circle books desired)

1—\$3.00

2—\$3.00

3—\$3.50

4—\$3.00

5—\$3.50

6—\$3.00

Enclosed is check ..... money order ..... cash ..... amounting to .....

(Continued from page 95)  
 check on every Janssen in the Morristown perimeter he finally tagged me at home. And he burned my ear with flying saucers for about 40 minutes. What a phone bill!

As to the stacks of mail I've been receiving! At first I attempted to answer a few each day. But the volume increased to the extent of my becoming hopelessly snowed under. If I were to answer each one of them I'd be forced to quit my job and devote full time just to correspondence . . .

---

#### Floretta Huston

I was particularly interested in

one of your articles wherein the writer had experienced the pleasure of smelling fine perfume and other odors of like nature. I, too, have had that experience. Recently my husband has also detected the odor and remarked about it.

Once when my door bell rang, a strange gentleman was standing there and as I stepped to the door, he said, "I beg your pardon, madam, but before I state my business will you please tell me the name of that gorgeous perfume."

Not wishing to discuss the matter, I answered, "I do not know. It was a gift." At that very instant the odor left.

---

#### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

Of *Fate*, published bi-monthly at Evanston, Illinois, for October 1, 1949, State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Raymond A. Palmer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of *Fate*, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: *Publisher*, Clark Publishing Company, 1144 Ashland Avenue, Evanston, Ill.; *Editor*, Raymond A. Palmer, 2514 Grant Street, Evanston, Ill.; *Managing Editor*, none; *Business Manager*, none. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Clark Publishing Company, 1144 Ashland Avenue, Evanston, Ill.; Harold D. Gross, 7415 North Damen Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Raymond A. Palmer, 2514 Grant Street, Evanston, Ill.; Marjorie Palmer, 2514 Grant Street, Evanston, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is . . . . . (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.) Raymond A. Palmer, *Editor*. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1949. W. H. Clark [Seal] (My commission expires February 3, 1950.)

## DID YOU MISS YOUR COPY TOO?

Due to the unexpected demand for FATE at the newsstands, and its increasing popularity, we are unable to anticipate local needs, and therefore many stands receive insufficient copies. You may not get future issues if you get there late. And we will be unable to get enough returns to supply mail orders for back issues. 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. For a short time, you can order back issues as a part of your subscription. We do not guarantee that you will receive every one, since some are sold; but if we are out of any particular issue, we will adjust your subscription to include additional issues.

### SEND YOUR REMITTANCE TO:

Clark Publishing Company, 1144 Ashland Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

-----

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY .....

ZONE ..... STATE .....

I wish to subscribe to FATE magazine for (check square):

12 issues

24 issues

\$2.50

\$5.00

Enclosed is  cash  check  money order for \$ .....

Begin my subscription with the .....issue.

If this is a renewal of a previous subscription, check here:

# YOUR FUTURE

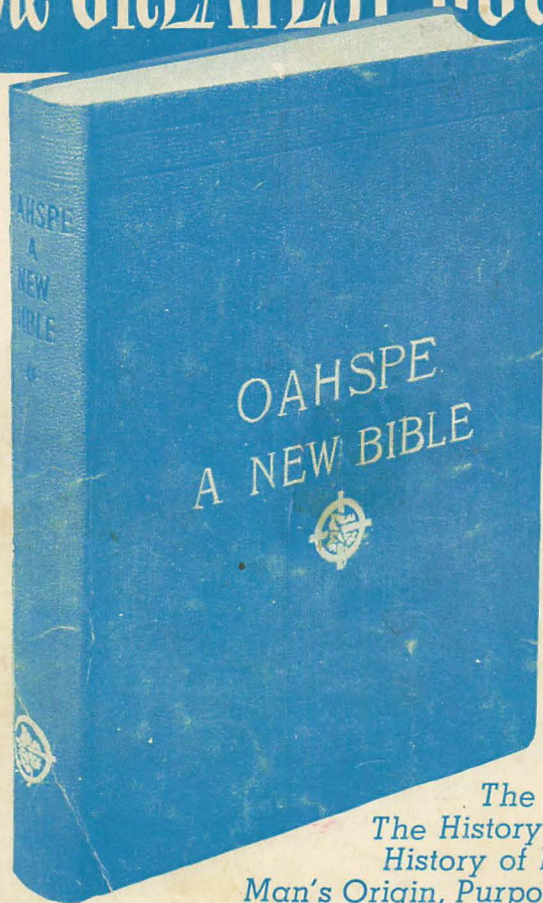
## READING PLEASURE

The editors of FATE take great pleasure in forecasting some of the treats in store for you in future issues. We know, from the many enthusiastic and informative letters we receive, just what type of articles most appeal to you, and the following will give you an idea of how well we've carried out your expressed likes.

1. THE FLYING SAUCERS — what's been happening to them lately? They're still being seen in some parts of the country. The May issue contains a roundup of the latest information collected by FATE's representatives around the country.
2. Several years ago, a Darlington, Wis., businessman named Sylvan Muldoon published a book, "THE PROJECTION OF THE ASTRAL BODY," which is now a rare collector's item. In May FATE, we bring you the first authorized article on this amazing man and world authority.
3. Before it was partly dismantled, America's most fantastic mansion had 160 rooms and nine kitchens — and an average of 13 doors and 60 windows for each room. Read about the hundreds of trap doors, blind stairways and secret peepholes in THE HOUSE THAT SPIRITS BUILT.
4. The sanest, most responsible people in the world report seeing and hearing phantoms. Their accounts agree. Don't miss Hereward Carrington's challenging editorial in the May issue, THE NATURE OF PHANTOMS IN HAUNTED HOUSES.
5. What were the sacred rites of the Aztecs which closed their 52-year "centuries?" Read about the strange practices and the sacrifice of the maidens in RENEWAL OF THE FIRE.
6. Have you ever found yourself *en rapport* with someone else mentally? Have you ever come out with the identical statement as your friend — at the same time? Telepathy is an established fact. Read HOW TO PRACTICE TELEPATHY in May FATE.

These are but a few of the startling articles which will come to you in the May issue. Reader reception is proving that FATE is the most thought-provoking magazine ever to hit the American newsstands. You can't afford to take a chance on missing these factual stories of the unusual. What is *really* going on in the world today? Your FATE is involved, so keep posted. Your best bet is a subscription. Do it now!

# The GREATEST BOOK of the AGE



FACTUAL . . . .



AUTHENTIC . . .



SCIENTIFIC . . . .



INFORMATIVE



ILLUMINATING

*The History of the Planet . . .  
The History of the Human Races . . .  
History of Every Major Religion . . .  
Man's Origin, Purpose and Destiny Revealed.*

Such books as OAH SPE (Meaning Sky, Earth and Spirit) are given mankind but once each 3,000 years, at the birth of a new cycle in man's evolution. OAH SPE is a key to the past, a panorama of the present and a preview of the future. OAH SPE bridges the gap between the Seen and the Unseen worlds, explains psychic phenomena in terms one can understand, opens the mind to a flood of new LIGHT on life's every problem.

De Luxe Edition. Flexible Binding of Rich Blue Fabrikoid. 980 pages, 95 illustrations. Thirty-six books in one volume. Sent postpaid with ten-day money-back guarantee to satisfy. \$5.00 postpaid. \$5.50 C.O.D. Order from

**KOSMON PUBLICATIONS**

DEPT. P, 2208 WEST 11th ST.

LOS ANGELES 6, CALIFORNIA