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# FATE

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VOLUME 3

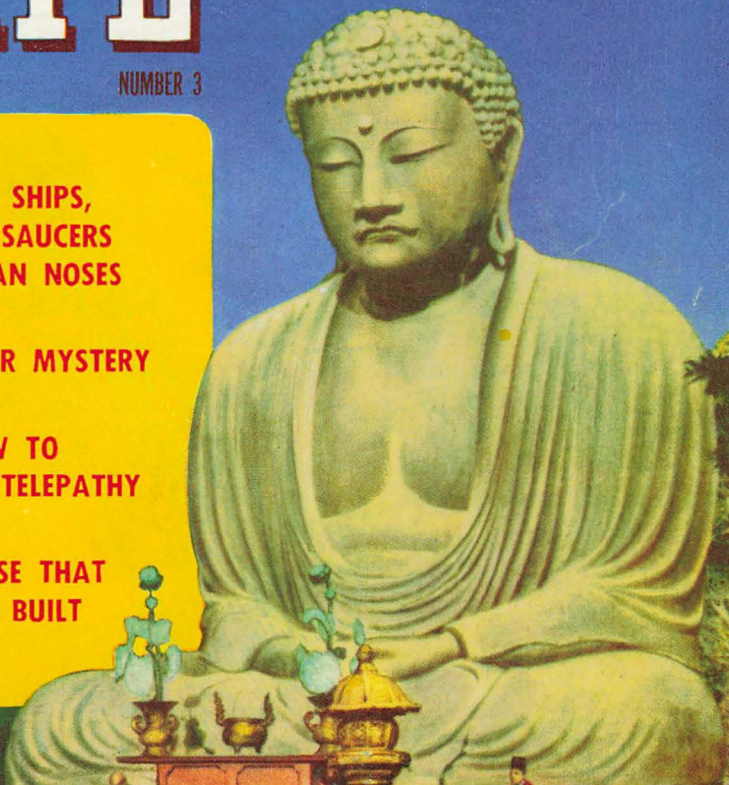
NUMBER 3

SPACE SHIPS,  
FLYING SAUCERS  
and CLEAN NOSES

THE SHAVER MYSTERY

HOW TO  
PRACTICE TELEPATHY

THE HOUSE THAT  
SPIRITS BUILT



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MANAGING EDITOR, Beatrice Mahaffey  
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Published bi-monthly by CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1144 Ashland Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. Re-entered as second-class matter September 16, 1949 at Post Office, Evanston, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879, as amended by the Act of June 11, 1934; additional entry at Concord, New Hampshire. We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork.

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# the Editorial

As we write this, phone calls, letters and telegrams are still coming in congratulating your editor on his "complete vindication" on the flying saucer story. The reason for all these calls is the story published in the January *True* magazine. In it, Donald Keyhoe does a sensational article which flatly states the flying saucers are from another planet (outside our solar system) and that they've been observing us for 175 years.

We want to thank all our friends who have seen us so justified in our efforts to bring to the public the truth about the flying saucers, but we'd like to set the matter straight. *True's* story does not vindicate us in the least. *True* has drawn a logical conclusion, using only two news items which did not appear in *FATE* at some time or other in the past. That conclusion is pure assumption. We can even go further and say that *FATE* does not believe they are from another solar system, or even another planet. There is no real evidence to prove that story, and until there is, *FATE* will not attempt to influence the opinion of its readers.

We *are* justified in one way—the story proves that we know a good story when we see one, and further, we know how to run it down with intelligence. This we did in spite of the complete lack of

cooperation from all official sources, and in the face of belly-laughs by ignoramuses all over the country. "Show me a picture!" these characters howled, during the so-called "scare." On July 9th, 1947, a picture was secured. It was suppressed. *FATE* presented it to its readers.

With much mumbo-jumbo the Air Force locked this picture up (too late) in its files, and even as late as last night (December 28) refused to show this picture to newsmen who wanted to know "what about *True's* story." They even denied that it existed. They stated that "Project Saucer" had been abandoned. One "authority," neatly washed behind the ears by his mother, leaned out of his cradle and pronounced: "The story is a fantasy. There is no such thing as a flying saucer. It is a hoax." Perhaps when the lad grows up he will read a little history and discover how assinine he sounded. No wonder nobody believes the "officials" when they make pronouncements. They do it so ineptly. But for the satisfaction of frustrated newsmen, *FATE* offers to furnish photos of the flying saucer seen over Phoenix, Arizona, and observed by many reputable observers, including Army men, for the cost of the print. We also have, but cannot furnish, two sets of movie films of flying saucers which prove nothing except that

an "object" is undeniably there. We have other photos equally lacking in definition, but since they were taken by reliable observers, the fact that "something" is there is sufficient. However, FATE does not consider this as proper evidence, not even the photo at Phoenix. FATE intends to prove the case much more effectively.

FATE has learned that Stanford University was willed a sum of money to establish a "psychic museum." They have not done so. They have denied that any objects, such as the "apports" mentioned in Clarkson Dye's article, ever were stored at the University. We suggest, that inasmuch as Stanford isn't going to use the money for the purpose the donor intended, they donate it to charity. There ought to be an accounting, if they do not.

FOR the information of readers who have asked, it is impossible to furnish the number 2 (Summer 1948) issue of FATE. It is completely sold out. All other issues are still available at 25c, but issues 3-4-6 are very short and will soon be unavailable as well. The bound volume of Volume 2, 1949 is now being prepared, and will be available as this goes to press. A few copies of Volume 1 are still obtainable.

IN this issue we wish to introduce two new members of FATE's

staff: Beatrice Mahaffey is now Managing Editor of FATE and also of our sister magazine, OTHER WORLDS. Marge Sanders Budwig takes the post of Associate Editor of both magazines.

HULLY Stirling, William Hill and L. P. Harvey of Davie, Fla. have found a ghost village in the Everglades. It was located at first from the air. The village once contained about a dozen buildings, including a sugar mill, built of cypress and held together with hand-wrought nails of copper and bronze. The bones of its human inhabitants, animals, broken canoes, bits of pottery and copper cauldrons were scattered about. Whatever fate descended upon the village came swiftly and disastrously.

JANUARY 7, 1950. Reuters reported a sea monster covered with hair and with 8-foot tusks was washed ashore in the gulf of Suez. It was nearly 40 feet long, with a muzzle 9 feet long by 4 feet high, and a breathing venthole.

RECENTLY a demonstration of the famed Indian Rope Trick was held at Leeds University, England, before three hundred persons. The Indian, named Hamid, convinced ten people in the audience that they actually saw the trick. The other 290 saw nothing. You can't fool all of the people some of the time!

*Robert N. Webster*

# BUDDHISM TODAY

by John C. Ross

*We present here the best-known history of one of the world's four great religions. Of them all, Buddhism has the greatest membership, and its followers cover the greatest area. Its founder is called by several different names, but most authorities agree that Sakaya is the original name of Gautama Buddha. This name has been generally confused with the locality in which he was born, and a difference of opinion has arisen which cannot be fully resolved. Even the date of the birth of Buddha, or Sakaya, is shrouded in mystery. Most authorities agree on 560 B. C., but there is strong evidence that a date of 3200 B. C. might be much closer to the truth. There is much archaeological evidence that the culture of the civilization into which Sakaya was born was on a par, if not advanced over, that of ancient Egypt. This difference in opinion had led to the belief that Buddha and Sakaya were two different persons, but no evidence has ever been uncovered to substantiate this effort to reconcile dates.*

WHEN the Buddha had gained great renown as a teacher in India, so the story goes, his father, the Mahara-jah, prepared to receive him, though he was ashamed of his son. As the father, surrounded by his advisers awaited him, they looked down the dusty road and saw a young monk, clad in a yellow robe, come begging from house to house. In his hand he bore an alms bowl and it was his son, Siddhartha.

And The Buddha's father was ashamed and said, "Not one of our ancestors has begged his bread."

The Perfect One, seeing his father's grief and anger said, "Now let these earthly bonds of love be

loosed, for there are higher. Let my father's mind receive from me such food as no son has yet offered to father."

He led his father by the hand and entered the palace and talked to his father.

Soon The Buddha rose and with two of his disciples went to the dwelling of his wife; and he said: "Monks, if this lady should embrace me do not hinder her, though it be against the rule." (No monk may be touched by a woman.)

The two monks understood The Buddha's compassion and bowed their heads. They entered the hall where stood the wife of The Buddha, clad in a coarse yellow robe,

her hair cut off. With piteous eyes she watched The Buddha stand before her, while he calmly gazed upon her. Then she ran to him, fell before him, and embraced his feet, weeping bitterly. All were silent as she groveled there.

But when she realized where she was she rose with dignity and stood there, while The Buddha's father related how she had given up all that she might live like The Buddha.

That evening The Buddha taught The Way before his own people, and his wife, veiled, also was there and heard his words. And as she listened she recognized the Unchanging, the Formless, and the Beautiful. The illusion of time fell from her. She realized that her love was no longer cast aside, but was eternal. And the imprisoning ego, which alone can suffer, died within her and left her emancipated. She knew the Truth.

In this story of the renunciation of The Buddha can be caught some of the pathos and problems of the Buddhist religion. It is a religion of renunciation of worldly pleasures and desires—a religion which teaches that life and pain are the two greatest evils.

Buddhism began about 560 years before the birth of Christ. There was born in the land of the Sakyans, a small republic north of the present border of Nepal, an infant named Siddhartha Gautama, the son of a rajah. He was *The Bud-*

*dha*, the founder of Buddhism, and his name means "The Enlightened."

Unlike Jesus, The Buddha was born of a wealthy and noble family. He was married early and had one son and probably several concubines. He was brought up in the tradition of success and was expected to manage the family estates or assume an important position in government. But the young man turned his face from these things and began to contemplate the mysteries of life.

The legend goes that one day as he was driving in Lumbini Park, his birthplace, he met successively an old man, a sick man, and a funeral procession. And he began to think, "I also am subject to decay. I am not free from the power of old age, sickness and death . . . And when I reflected thus, my disciples, all the joy of life which there is in life died within me."

The Buddha made his "great renunciation." He went out from his household life into the "homeless state," and this expression is still used by Buddhist monks when they forsake their families today.

Siddhartha tried the life of a hermit and found his companions had little to offer into the meaning of life. He castigated his flesh and tried a life of asceticism and found that that way too added nothing to his spiritual enrichment.

He found a quiet spot under a giant tree and sat in silent medita-

tion. It was there that the great experience known as "The Enlightenment" came to him.

"In me thus set free the knowledge of freedom arose and I knew 'Rebirth has been destroyed, the higher life has been led; what had to be done has been done. I have no more to do with this world' . . . ignorance was destroyed, knowledge had arisen, darkness was destroyed, light had arisen, as I sat there earnest, strenuous, resolute."

He gathered disciples about him, from all classes of society, and instructed them and sent them out alone to spread his gospel. He attracted so many sons of wealthy fathers that the rich merchant class complained against him for they had other ambitions for their sons.

Among his earliest disciples was his cousin Ananda, "the beloved disciple," and those followers who were genuinely serious about taking up his way of life he organized into an order, the *Sangha*. The *Sangha* lived by definite rules which became known as the Monk's Rules. They met regularly for a check-up on their progress and errors, and developed a sort of confessional on their observance of the sacred rules.

Although Buddha finally consented to admit women to an order of nuns, he did it with grave misgivings, for he shared the Indian viewpoint that women were inferior to men. Indeed, the Monk's Rules indicate that women were

the monk's chief obstacle to making progress in the holy life.

Buddhism differs from Christianity in many fundamental ways, but the goal of each religion—the good life with salvation at its end—is in many respects similar. The Buddha claimed no revelation from above nor did he speak as a prophet proclaiming the will of God. He did not pray because he acknowledged no one to pray to. He regarded himself simply as a wise man who had discovered the truth about things and especially about human life, the cause of its miseries and the way to gain relief from them.

Much of The Buddha's beliefs are based upon certain widely held assumptions in Asia. He believed in a world of innumerable individuals which are always passing from one state of existence to another—some to higher planes than human and some to lower. "The world of transmigration, my disciples, has its beginning in eternity. No origin can be perceived, from which beings start, and hampered by ignorance, fettered by craving, stray and wander."

The Buddha's object was to free men from this eternal round of individual existences. He proposed to do this through the famous "Four Noble Truths."

1. Human life is predominantly an existence of suffering. While life does have some pleasures and satisfactions, they are overshadowed

by sorrow and suffering. Even the best of life is fleeting and impermanent. Even if there were a heaven, existence in it would also come to an end some day.

2. Man's wants are the cause of suffering. His cravings for material things and pleasures are the root of evil because these cravings can never be satisfied. The pleasures of life become fetters for they grow on what they feed. The Buddha said: "Everything, O Monks, is burning, and how is it burning? . . . It is burning with the fire of lust, the fire of anger, with the fire of ignorance; it is burning with the sorrow of birth, decay, greed, lamentations, suffering, dejection, and despair . . ."

3. Suffering can be ended by ending the craving for pleasures and things.

4. To conquer these cravings and achieve his release from bondage, man must follow the "Noble Eight-fold Path of *right views, right effort, right mindfulness, and right rapture.*"

By western standards, therefore, we must think of Buddhism as a sad and gloomy religion. It is a religion of an ancient and disillusioned people who have fallen upon evil days. It is a religion of hopelessness.

The highest aim of the pure Buddhist is extinction — release from the endless round of transmigration into a state called *Pari-Nirvana*. *Nirvana* is the state

which the enlightened attain in this life. *Pari-Nirvana* is the state beyond the death of the enlightened.

It is a far cry from the traditional heaven of Christianity or Judaism, and even farther from the heavens envisioned by the ancient Teutons and Norsemen, or the Mohammedan sensual heaven.

It is, in fact, a ceasing to be—an emptiness of void. It is a state of existence, it is true, but one of complete peace—deathless, changeless, where all desires have ceased. It is also spoken of as being a state of freedom, joy and happiness. It is a state of the pure mind, without emotion, desire, or satisfaction of desire.

Buddha was reluctant to say whether in *Pari-Nirvana* the enlightened man existed as a self or a personal being. He always shunted such questions aside with the remark that such speculations are idle matters.

For the layman, however, many of The Buddha's pure views were more or less abstract nonsense with little direct application to his life. The Buddha's rules of conduct were quite another thing and one that he could understand. The Buddha taught that a man shall reap what he sows, either in this life or beyond. The average man could understand that. He sought only to take the first step or two along the way pointed out by The Buddha. He believed that would

assure him a more favorable rebirth into the world, and by a succession of more and more favorable rebirths he might finally reach Nirvana, which he was certain meant at least a happy personal existence.

The Buddhists remain practical citizens. They are expected to observe the five precepts forbidding murder or excitement to suicide, theft, unchastity, lies, and strong drink. The Buddhists believe in what were later known as "the Christian Virtues."

Children are instructed to honor their parents and maintain family traditions. Husbands must be courteous, faithful and respectful to their wives. Wives should be faithful and diligent. Friends should be courteous, generous and kind. Masters should be just to servants; servants should work well and praise their masters before others. Laymen should show affection to monks in words and actions; monks should teach laymen. It is a society of the golden rule. "As a mother watcheth over her only child, so let your hearts and minds be filled with boundless love for all creatures, great and small."

Buddha also said: "If there be one of you who would wish to cherish me, let him go and cherish his sick comrade."

As Buddhism developed through the centuries, there were splits in its doctrine just as there have been in every other religion. Today the

sacred literature is voluminous and varied but no single canon of scriptures is accepted by all branches of Buddhism.

The main canons are the *Pali Canon*, which is the most clearly defined and delineated, and is accepted by the Buddhists of Ceylon, Burma, Thailand and Cambodia, and the *Mahayana Canon*, accepted by the Buddhists of Nepal, Tibet, China and Japan. The latter is much more voluminous. Standard editions of the Chinese Canon contain more than 1,600 different works in more than 5,000 volumes. The Tibetan Canon, while it corresponds roughly with the Chinese Canon, has less of the Pali Canon in it and more of Hinduism. A good portion of it is also original to Tibet. Only a few monks could ever read such an amazing amount of material as has developed and in practice only a few books are used.

Buddhism was favorably received in India, and the great Buddhist King, Asoka, sent missionaries to other lands. It had spread through the Ganges Valley and northwest India by the 5th and 6th Centuries but the invasion of the White Huns, who were hostile to it (470-530) and the later renaissance of Hinduism resulted in a steady decline. It had compromised with Hinduism from the beginning, at least as far as lay followers were concerned, and eventually it was swallowed up by it. Buddha had had little to say about life beyond

death, and about the gods. Hinduism filled the vacuum with its own gods and heavens and even made over The Buddha himself into a replica of the older gods. The coming of the Mohammedans hastened the end and by the 15th Century Buddhism had virtually disappeared from India.

Buddhism spread outward from India, however. One stream moved southward into Ceylon and thence east to Burma, Siam, Cambodia and Malaya. Another movement flowed north into China, Japan and Korea. A later stream, somewhat decadent, entered Tibet and thence Mongolia and reentered China. Buddhist missionaries to north Africa and western Asia achieved no lasting results.

As Buddhism marched across central and eastern Asia, it made many compromises with the religions it found already established. Divergent sects grew up. Sometimes it adopted local gods. In Tibet, especially, where it is better known as Lamaism, an elaborate symbolism and magic formulas overshadowed the real teachings of The Buddha. It perpetuated much of the native Tibetan religion with its belief in spirits and demons which control man's life and which man seeks to propitiate or control by magic spells. Nor are Buddhist monks celibates, and even the great Buddhas in the Tibetan pantheon each has his female consort. All

this is a far cry from the teachings of The Buddha.

Buddhism has waned in many places where it was once dominant. It is gone from India and no longer has much influence over most of China. From time to time, however, its theory that life is a vale of sadness and sorrow appeal to large groups of people. This is especially true even in practical China, where many of the peasants lead such miserable lives that they are attracted to the basic ideas of Buddha. Generally, however, the Chinese loves life and meets it head-on, as contrasted with the Indian mystics who seek to escape from it.

The sufferings of World War II have given Buddhism a new spurt of life. Many people are beginning to believe again in Buddha's view that life is a period of suffering and sorrow. Buddhism is also identified with race and culture, and is helping to stir up nationalistic feelings among many of the oppressed peoples of Asia. In other places it is being semi-Christianized.

But at present, Buddhism is a philosophy alien to most of America and the western world. It is a teaching of despair and disillusion. Perhaps the time may yet come when such ideas are universally accepted as a true description of life. But that time has not yet arrived in the western world.

# ASTRAL PROJECTION

**T**HIS is the story of what has been called the most sensational project in the field of Psychological Phenomena since the great work of Prof. Sidgwick, F. W. H. Myers, Edmund Gurney, and Frank Podmore more than sixty years ago. This is an account of Sylvan Muldoon's amazing experiments in what he termed "Astral Projection" when disclosing his discoveries in the book entitled **THE PROJECTION OF THE ASTRAL BODY** written in collaboration with Dr. Hereward Carrington who actually was responsible for encouraging Mr. Muldoon to give out the facts. For years the book by Muldoon and Carrington has been a rare collector's item.

That man is composed of two counterparts — a physical and a spiritual body, the latter being the vehicle of consciousness, containing the energy of life, which survives physical death, has been universally accepted on faith alone for centuries. What Mr. Muldoon did was first of all to discover that such an entity existed, then enter into years of first hand experiment and study to prove that almost anyone by following the laws he observed and tested could experience Astral Projection for himself, prove for himself — not by faith, religion, consulting mediums, or the like — that man is a spiritual being!

Under certain conditions such as syncope, trance, while fainting,

during anaesthesia, or sleep, the astral body is capable of withdrawing from its physical counterpart and existing as a separate individual, intangible to physical objects and invisible to physical sight.

In the phenomena of death, the spirit leaves the body permanently; while in the phenomena of Astral Projection the spirit leaves the body temporarily and returns to inhabit it again. Usually this occurrence takes place while the individual is unconscious. The projected entity may also be partially conscious (dreaming). On rare occasions persons are conscious while exteriorized and it is mainly in this latter type of experience which we are interested.

In the past this surviving entity has been designated by a large number of names: the etheric body, the subtle body, the ghost, the radiant body, the resurrection body, the luminous body, the phantom, the fluidic body, the desire body, the pneuma (Greek) the rauch (Hebrew) the Ka (Egyptian) the body of light and many other names.

Among certain occult groups definite distinctions are made between some of these terms, but Dr. Carrington and Mr. Muldoon decided when setting forth this work to use the term "Astral Body" in a general sense, believing it far more important to ascertain the existence and nature of one single surviving body, rather than theorize

by *Erna Hollis*

Is it possible to "leave" your body and travel about in what is known as the "astral" without suffering actual death? Many people say so, but cannot do it at will. Sylvan Muldoon, however, is one person who can accomplish this feat, and here is the story of his first strange experience.

SYLVAN MULDOON



upon definitions and the nature of a half dozen; thus for the purpose of simplification the terms Astral Body and Astral Projection have been used.

It has always been quite generally believed that the spirit survives the death of the physical organism. The foundation of practically all religions rests upon that idea! Christ "gave up the ghost" on Calvary! Thousands of intelligent persons claim to have seen ghosts!

But not all of these ghosts have been ghosts of the dead! Some have been ghosts of the living!

We are told that the very first thing which struck the early investigators of the Society for Psy-

chical Research, when they began their investigations was the great number of apparitions coinciding with the death of the person they represented. The results of the first census, published in PHANTASMS OF THE LIVING and those of the second and far more extensive one published in Volume X of THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH, confirmed the belief that such coincidences were far more than chance could account for, that there was some connection between the apparition and the death of the person whose so-called ghost had been seen.

(At this juncture I must state that Mr. Muldoon does *not* claim

"Apparitions" and "Projected Astral Bodies" to be one and the same. The former is mental, the latter vital energy.)

The composition of the Astral Self is not definitely known. By some investigators it is thought to be fluidic. Sir Oliver Lodge believed it to be etheric. Others are of the opinion that it is composed of highly refined matter not yet isolated but vibrating at infinitely high velocities.

At all times during Astral Projection the Astral Body is in communication with its physical counterpart by means of a line-of-force, a sort of Elastic Cord across which flows the energy sustaining life in the physical counterpart. Like the astral body, the astral line of force is designated by a very large number of names such as, the silver cord, the psychic cord, the vital intermediary, the fluidic cord, and others.

Muldoon simply chose to call it the astral cord. In color it is grey and although capable of infinite expansion it may not be severed during astral projection without causing certain and instantaneous death to the physical counterpart.

There are two types of Astral Projections, the involuntary, and the voluntary. In the former the subject, through no effort of his own suddenly awakens to find himself in a phantom body. In the voluntary type the subject actually projects himself at will. It must

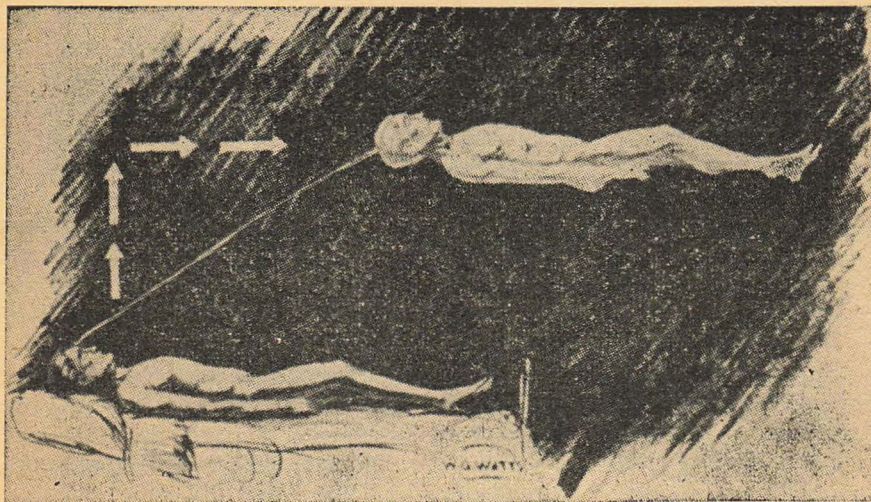
be remembered that to project voluntarily and yet remain physically alive is a real art and requires the understanding and proper manipulation of many subtle psychological and physiological factors, far too complex for inclusion here, but which I hope to explain in a future article.

So much for the doctrine of Astral Projection. With the foregoing description in mind I now am permitted to pass on to you the intriguing first Projection Mr. Muldoon encountered. I have him tell it in his own words:

"I was residing at what was then known as the Hunt House, in Mt. Pleasant Park, Clinton, Iowa. I had dozed off to sleep one night about ten-thirty o'clock in a perfectly natural manner, and slept several hours.

"At length I realized that I was slowly awakening; yet I could neither seem to drift back into slumber nor further arouse myself. In this bewildering stupor I nevertheless knew that I existed somewhere, somehow, in a powerless, silent, dark and feelingless condition. Still I was conscious — a very unpleasant contemplation of being!

"I repeat: I was aware that I existed, but where, I could not seem to comprehend. My memory would not tell me. My stupefaction was similar to that which one experiences when first recovering from the influence of an anaesthetic. I



Arrow shows the route the phantom takes in projecting. The position is the one the phantom often occupies, prior to a flying dream, followed by a falling dream.

thought that I was awakening from a natural sleep in a natural manner, yet I could not seem to get beyond a certain point. There was but one thought dominating my mind. Where was I? Where was I?

“Gradually—it seemed an aeon of time, but in reality it was a short interval—I became conscious of the fact that I was lying somewhere. These few half-clear thoughts brought others in their train, and shortly I seemed to know that I was reclining upon a bed, but still bewildered as to my exact location. I tried to move, to determine my whereabouts, only to find that I was powerless—as if fastened to something on which I rested.

“Eventually the feeling of adhesion relaxed only to be replaced

by another sensation equally unpleasant—that of floating. At the same time my entire rigid body (I thought it was my physical, but it was my astral), commenced vibrating at a high rate of speed in an up-and-down direction. Simultaneously I could feel a tremendous pulling pressure being exerted at the back of my head, in the region of the medulla oblongata. This pressure came in spurts, with impressive regularity, the force of which seemed to make my whole body pulsate.

“All this was to me like some queer nightmare in total darkness. I was frightened out of my wits, for, of course, I knew not what was taking place. And amid this pandemonium of bizarre sensations —

floating, vibratory, zigzagging and head-pulling I began to hear somewhat familiar and seemingly far-distant sounds. My sense of hearing was evidently beginning to function, and somehow I felt glad, for I thought I would soon be normal again. I tried to move but still could not, as if I were in the grip of some mysterious and super-powerful force.

"No sooner had my sense of hearing returned than that of sight followed. When able to see, I was more than astonished. No words could possibly explain my wonderment! I was floating! I was floating on the empty air, rigidly horizontal, a few feet above my bed! The room and my exact location were now comprehended. Things seemed hazy at first but were becoming cleared. I knew well where I was, yet could not account for my strange behavior. Slowly I was moving toward the ceiling, all the while lying horizontal and powerless.

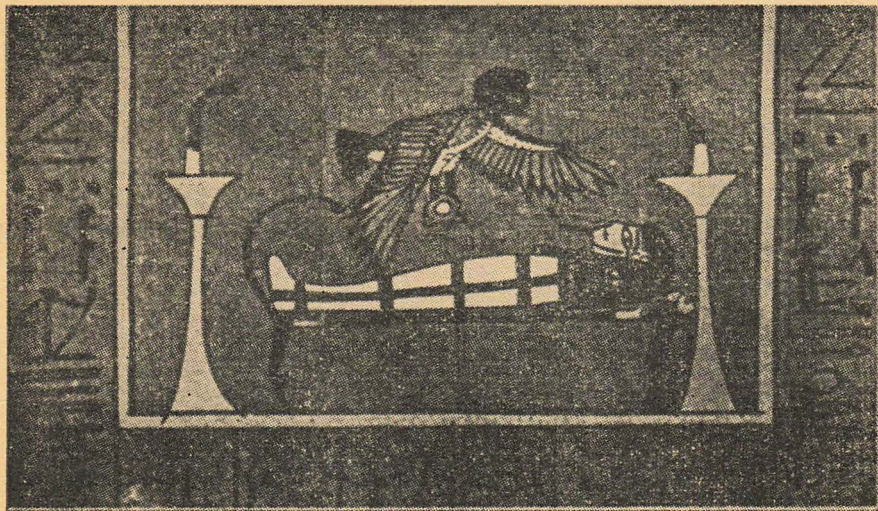
"I concluded, naturally, that this was my physical body, but that it had mysteriously begun to defy gravity. It was all too unnatural for my youthful mind to understand, yet too real to deny, for, being conscious, being able to see and reason, I could not question my sanity. Involuntarily, at about six feet above the bed, I was swung upright from the horizontal to the vertical and placed standing upon the floor of the room where I re-

mained for about two minutes, still unable to move of my own accord.

"Suddenly the controlling force left me—I felt free, noticing only the tension in the back of my head. I took a step ahead, staggering weakly, and finally managed to turn around. And at that moment I received the surprise of my life. There were two of me! In the name of common sense—there were two of me! I was beginning to believe myself insane, for there was another "me" lying quietly upon the bed!

"It was difficult to convince myself that this was real, but consciousness would not allow me to doubt what I saw. The next thing that caught my eye horrified me, although it did explain that curious sensation at the back of my head.

"My two identical bodies were joined by means of an elastic like cord, one end of which was fastened to the medulla oblongata region of my ghostly conscious counterpart, while the other end centered between the eyes of the inert figure upon the bed . . . This cord extended across the space of probably six feet which separated us and was very active, possessing a push-and-pull motion which made it difficult at first for me to keep my balance. The function of the astral cable was then unknown to me. "I'm dead! I'm dead!" I gasped, on seeing my unconscious physical body lying before me. "I've died in my sleep!



*The astral body, or Ka, visiting the mummy. Taken from an inscription on an Egyptian tomb. From the book by Muldoon and Carrington.*

“All the queer unearthly sensations which I had been undergoing filled me with a awful certainty of death. I actually believed that I had died and knew instinctively that this strange body which had been so puzzling to me in its unnatural behavior was my ghost. Sylvan Muldoon a ghost! I did not know at the time that death comes only with the severing of the astral cord.

“I made my way, struggling under the pull of the cord, to where my parents lay asleep in another room of the house, hoping to awaken them and let them know of my awful plight. I attempted to open the door, but found myself passing right through it—actually passing through the material

of the door. Another miracle to my already astonished mind!

“Going from one room to another by passing directly through the walls, I tried feverishly to arouse the sleeping occupants of the house. I clutched at them, called to them, tried to shake them—but all in vain, for my hands passed through them as though they were but vapors. I started to cry. I wanted them to see me but they could not even feel my presence. All of my senses seemed normal save that of touch—I could not make “touchable” contact with things. An automobile passed the house; I could see it, right through the wall, and hear it plainly. After a while the clock struck two and, looking, I saw it registering the

hour.

"There I was, prowling about the place, in the weird hours of early morning, while the rest of the world slept. In my astral body I roamed the house, going first into one room, then into another, up the stairs and down again, filled with anxiety that daybreak would soon come and then my family would awaken and see me. Yet I confess I dreaded equally the thought of their finding my corpse, for something seemed to tell me that their shock would fill me with equal grief.

"After prowling thus for some time, I noticed a pronounced increase in the resistance of the astral cable and all of a sudden, this pull became so powerful that I was drawn right back into my physical body where I became alive once more, retaining the identical consciousness which I had had while outside of my body."

That was the experience which constituted "Discovery" by Sylvan Muldoon, who is now famous throughout the entire psychic world. And after it occurred he was enabled to have several hundred other Projections, and evolved a set of laws which allowed him to repeat the performance at will, and he asserts in all seriousness that most people can do likewise! These laws have been published by Muldoon and Carrington elsewhere. "The desire to believe?" Paradoxically as it may seem, Mr. Muldoon

was an ardent admirer of the agnostic philosophy of Robert Ingersoll!

"Now," said this man who had succeeded in invading the invisible at will, "is it possible others have had such experiences unbeknown to me?" He made an intense search and found a few scattered cases of spontaneous out-of-the-body experiences on record. There was the case, for example, of the Reverend L. J. Bertrand as summarized by F. W. H. Myers in Volume VIII of the S. P. R. Proceedings. During a dangerous ascent of the Titlis, Mr. Bertrand separated from his companions, sat down to rest, and became paralyzed by the cold. His head, however remained clear and he experienced a "passing out-of-his-body" yet remained attached to it by means of "a kind of elastic string" to use his own words. As is usual in such cases, while thus projected Reverend Bertrand had many clairvoyant visions about his absent friends and astonished them on their return by telling them of what they had been doing. A few other similar cases were unearthed by Dr. Carrington, but nothing which in any way compared to those of Mr. Muldoon and not a single case was found where anyone had ever accomplished the feat at will, and could tell others how to do it!

However, Carrington's survey revealed that in France (only) several prominent men of science, in-

cluding M. Hector Durville and Dr. Charles Lancelin had succeeded in causing the Astral Body to exteriorize from the physical body during the hypnotic trance and register its objective presence at a distance. We have not space here to discuss these ingenious French experiments; they are fully set forth in M. Durville's book *Le Fantôme des Vivants* which the author concludes as follows:

1. Projection of the subtle body is a certain fact, capable of being demonstrated by direct experiment. This also demonstrates that living force is independent of matter, and that our individuality is composed of a physical body and an intelligent spiritual self.
2. Since the astral body can exist and function apart from the physical organism, it may also exist after death. That means

that immortality is a fact proved scientifically.

Muldoon had never heard of these French experiments nor they of his experiments, yet numerous details of the findings coincided when Dr. Carrington compared the evidence. The very fact that different persons unknown to each other and living thousands of miles apart had come up with identical findings was of extreme importance.

A primary survey of conscious out-of-the-body experiences was made which gave even more impetus to the case. Some of this material, has been published elsewhere. A second and far more extensive census has now been made and the resulting powerful positive findings will soon be published by Muldoon and Dr. Carrington, along with a more advance discussion of the Phenomenon.

THE END

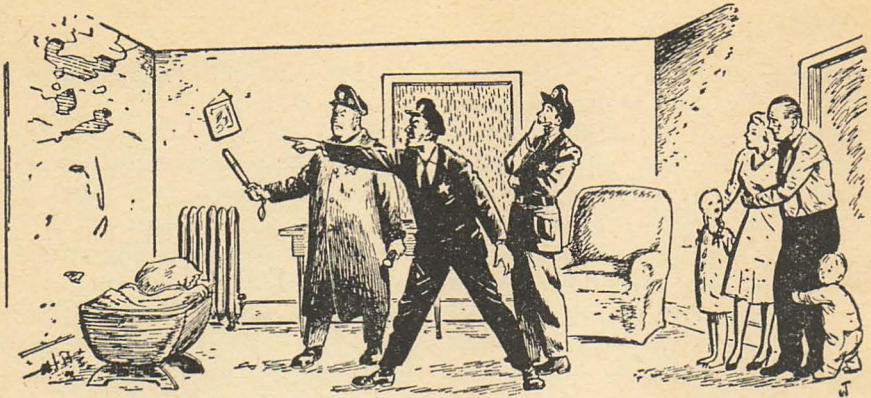
## PSYCHIC LANDLADY

CARL JATHO of Redondo Beach, California, will read FATE with more respect next time he sees it — because if he'd known, he wouldn't be in jail today. His new landlady, Mrs. Neva Whyman, 505 Broadway, an amateur spiritualist, saw his "other" wife standing beside him in ghostly outline and spilled the beans. Said she (and right in front of his second wife): "Why, you're already married to

somebody else. I see her standing beside you now, and further, I see a baby coming."

Jatho tried to laugh it off, but wife number two looked in the phone book and found out the psychic landlady was right.

A phone call to the wife, and another to the police, put Mr. Jatho into a cell to ponder on the mystic abilities of his "tattling" landlady.



# THE GHOST OF HAMTRAMCK

by *Edmond P. Gibson*

**H**AMTRAMCK, MICHIGAN, lacks the atmosphere in which one would expect to encounter a ghost. It is a suburb of Detroit, totally engulfed by the larger city, smothered with smoke and factory fumes, almost overwhelmed by the great automobile manufacturing industry. The inhabitants of Hamtramck grind pistons and brake-shoes in the day and compensate somewhat by a busy night life which gets their minds off their troubles when the factories are stilled.

The citizens of Hamtramck are largely Americans of Polish stock whose parents came to this country when the automobile industry demanded more labor than Detroit could then supply. Hamtramck is said to have one of the highest saloon populations, per capita, of any city in the country. If one were

to set out in search of spirits in this materialistic town, it is a thousand-to-one chance that he would be directed to the nearest bar.

Despite the utilitarian atmosphere, the tooting of automobile horns, the smoke-laden air, and the noise of juke boxes, Hamtramck got itself a hobgoblin. It was not just an ordinary hobgoblin either, but a member of that moron type of ghosts known as the poltergeists.

On Sunday, January 28, 1945, John Czarnik, his wife and two children were getting ready for bed. Just as they were coaxing the children, Jimmy, aged three, and Patricia, aged seven, to bed, bedlam broke loose in the front bedroom. A terrific loud hollow knocking began on the front bedroom wall!

The Czarniks lived on the first floor of the little flat and at first Mr.

Czarnik thought that someone was playing pranks on him or that some early Sunday reveler was on the loose. He rushed out of doors to see who was trying to break his house down. No one was there but the pounding went on. While he was outside, the thumping bombardment increased in violence. It disturbed the family in the flat above, a Mrs. Stanley Scanzi and her daughter Jean.

For two hours the racket continued. The children could not go to bed, and both families searched the house from cellar to garret for the source of the thunderous noises. The thumps continued unabated despite the search inside and outside the house until 11 p. m. They then stopped as abruptly as they had started two hours before. In spite of the continuous uproar above, the Czarniks found that the basement was relatively quiet. The noise was not emanating from the gas or water piping.

Monday evening all was quiet in the house and just before 9 p. m. the Czarniks decided to put the children to bed. But at nine, exactly, pandemonium broke loose again—much worse than before. Another hurried but careful search of the premises disclosed no cause for what was going on. The uninvited poltergeist visitor, if that is what it was, rapidly became more versatile as it gained experience. This time it pounded on the walls and windows of both bedrooms.

Heavy thumping came from within the walls and the noises shifted from place to place. The thumping moved from the outside wall of the front bedroom to the inside partition of the rear bedroom. Some of the plaster was knocked loose from the wall.

Mr. Czarnik re-examined the water pipes, but they were silent while reverberations and new concussions shook the walls and rooms above. The quiet little flat at 9485 Mitchell sounded as though a set of drums had broken loose inside the walls, but the pounding was not rhythmical. Czarnik grew desperate. He began to fear for the safety of his children because plaster had already broken from the wall near the head of the little boy's bed. He called the Hamtramck police. The *Detroit Times* sent a reporter to study the case.

City officers in charge of Joseph TrojnarSKI, secretary of the police board, went into action the following night, stationing themselves at various strategic points in and around the house. Promptly at nine o'clock the entertainment of the evening began again, and the ensuing two hours failed to yield any culprit or a single clew, in spite of the constant vigilance of the police and the families. The occupants of the police car returned to the station, bewildered but no wiser.

Experts from the Michigan Consolidated Gas Co., the Detroit Edi-

son Co., the Michigan Bell Telephone Co., and the City Engineer's department were called into action the next day, and the poltergeist or hobgoblin put on an hour-long afternoon matinee performance for the assembled investigators and guests.

The poltergeist was still going strong 10 days later, according to a story in the *Detroit Times*:

"Showing the strain of many sleepless nights, Mrs. Czarnik said: 'It comes now only once in a while in the daytime. But at night it is just as terrible as ever. We can't stand this much longer!'"

The investigation by Hamtramck officials and the utility experts had agreed by this time that the disturbances were not caused by rats, water pipes, electric wires or conduits, gas pipes, and that there were no wires or conduits in the walls where the loudest noises were forthcoming. The plaster was badly broken from the wall near the head of the bed of Jimmy, the three-year-old. (There is some possibility that Jimmy may have been the medium through whom the phenomenon could operate.)

A later report by the City Engineer's office yielded nothing pertinent to the conditions in the troubled house and the little frame duplex seemed about to be shaken apart.

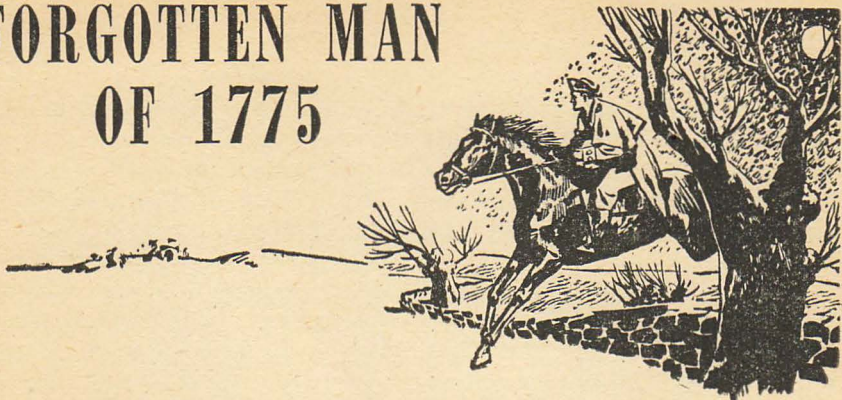
The following week, a psychical

investigator endeavored to look over the situation. He found that the Czarniks had fled the house and that their apartment was empty and locked. The neighbors did not know or would not tell where the family had gone. The usually loquacious Hamtramck police were strangely silent when he attempted to question them. They admitted that they hadn't solved the case, did not know where the Czarniks had gone, and did not wish to discuss the matter. The story spread that the landlord was afraid that the rental value of his property would be lost if any further publicity were given to the story and had put some pressure on the police and neighbors to shut up. The reporter on the *Detroit Times* said that he could get nothing more on the story. The Hamtramck landlord, the psychical investigator stated, would not discuss the matter with him.

Where did the Czarniks go? Did the poltergeist go with them or camp on the premises on Mitchell Avenue? The investigator could get no answer to either question and was forced to retire from the quest without so much as one attendance at a matinee. A pall of censorship had dropped over the entire matter. From all appearances it was successful. It stifled discussion and it seemed to have stifled the Hamtramck poltergeist as well.

THE END

# FORGOTTEN MAN OF 1775



*by Phillip Ferry.*

*Listen, my children and you shall  
hear  
Of the midnight ride of Paul  
Revere,  
On the eighteenth of April, in  
Seventy-Five;  
Hardly a man is now alive  
Who remembers that famous day  
and year.*

THIS FAMOUS BEGINNING of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's great poem, "Paul Revere's Ride," is gloriously enshrined for all time in the folklore and hero-worship of America. But it has one major fault. It is totally, almost completely wrong!

It was not Paul Revere who rode to Concord to "ride and spread the alarm through every Middlesex village and farm for the country folk to be up and to arm." Revere never did come "to the bridge in Concord town," as Longfellow depicted him.

The forgotten hero who did

these things was an obscure patriot named Dr. Samuel Prescott. Revere started out for Concord to rouse the countryside and warn the rebellious colonists who had accumulated valuable stores of military supplies there. But he was captured near Lexington by the British and was actually in their custody when the first volley of the war was fired.

Prescott's contribution is understressed by American historians because it was a piece of volunteer work that was totally eclipsed by the sentimental role given Revere by Longfellow who proved a good poet but a poor historian. Revere

met Prescott quite by chance on his midnight gallop, and only luck permitted the young doctor to continue on with Revere's mission after the patriot was captured. This is the story . . .

At ten o'clock on the night of Tuesday, April 18, 1775, Dr. Joseph Warren, president of the Boston Committee for Safety, sent in haste for Paul Revere, one of his trusted couriers. Revere was instructed to set off at once for Lexington, there to apprise Messrs. John Hancock and Samuel Adams of the suspicious movements of the British troops stationed in Boston. Following this, Revere was to continue on to Concord to warn the garrison there of the imminence of attack.

The accumulation of arms and military stores by the obstreperous colonists had already provoked the British into capturing a cache at Salem. In March came the rumor that General Thomas Gage was planning a sortie on the magazine at Concord. This was followed in early April by the report that Hancock and Adams were to be seized and placed on trial for treason. There was every indication the angry British intended to accomplish all these objectives, and from that time the military stores and the two distinguished statesmen were closely guarded.

Hancock and Adams had gone into hiding in the home of the Rev. Jonas Clarke, village pastor of Lex-

ington. With the aid of mounted messengers, Dr. Warren kept the two fugitives informed of the turbulent state of affairs in Boston, that hotbed of seditious activity. Revere, in his capacity of liaison officer between the separated elements, had visited Hancock and Adams in Lexington on Sunday, April 16, and was thus familiar with the route he was to traverse on his famous ride two nights later.

The growing activities of the British were filling the colonists with uneasiness. When, on the evening of April 18, the Redcoats were seen to be quietly massing on Boston Common, Dr. Warren sent off not one but two messengers, for the British were known to be patrolling all roads leading into and out of the city.

William Dawes was the other rider entrusted with this precarious mission. Dawes set out over the so-called "land route." Revere was to proceed by the "sea route," which meant simply crossing the Charles River by rowboat and continuing the journey on horseback. Having received Warren's instructions, Revere hastened home and donned caped riding cloak, boots, and spurs, following which he rode to the north part of the city where a boat was held in readiness for such an emergency.

Here, just as the moon was rising, he was rowed across the spring-flooded Charles by two compatriots. Having previously agreed on

the famous arrangement of signal lanterns, "one if by land and two if by sea," to be hung in the steeple of the North Church, Revere found a horse awaiting him on the Charlestown side of the river. Here he was informed that a patrol of mounted Britishers had been seen riding toward Lexington at sundown. This augured no good for the lone rider and before long the harassed Revere was to begin to wonder if an entire British detachment were not abroad that night for the sole purpose of frustrating his movements.

It was an hour before midnight. The air was calm and the moon full as Revere set off on the mission that was to gain him a special niche in the hearts of his countrymen. But he did not proceed far unmolested. Just beyond Charlestown Neck he was set upon by two mounted Britishers. Reining up suddenly, he doubled back and made for the Medford Road, hotly pursued by one of the Redcoats. The latter, thinking to head off the fast-riding Revere, left the high-road and struck out across an open field, only to find himself mired in a shallow pond that had escaped his notice in the darkness. Galloping on to Medford, Revere roused the captain of the local Minutemen and then continued on toward Lexington. His horse's hooves beating a steady tattoo on the hard dirt road, he spread the alarm from house to house, "Up, and to arms!

The British are coming!"

Reaching Lexington, he advised Hancock and Adams of the ominous state of affairs. Here he was joined soon after by William Dawes, who had followed a route four miles longer. The first part of their mission completed, the two riders rested until after dark, then set off for Concord. It was two o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, April 19, 1775.

The pair had proceeded only a short distance when they were overtaken by a lone horseman who introduced himself as Dr. Samuel Prescott, a resident of Concord. Learning their mission, the young doctor asked if he might join them, pointing out that since he was well known in Concord the townspeople would likely place greater credence in his warning than in that of the stranger Revere.

As the trio rode on through the night, Revere told of the suspicious number of Redcoats abroad, and entertained his companions with details of his exciting ride. They had proceeded to a point about midway between Lexington and Concord when Revere, who was riding in advance of the others, spied a British patrol drawn across the road ahead. Reining up his horse, he signaled his comrades to join him. As he did so, four mounted Britishers advanced toward them.

At this turn of events, Dawes fled into the night. Prescott rushed

to Revere's side and the resolute pair, after a hasty parley, determined to rush the enemy and trust to a surprise attack to carry them through. Seeing, however, that the British were heavily armed with sword and pistol, the two thought better of their reckless resolve and galloped off into the night.

Prescott jumped his mount over a low stone wall and disappeared into the darkness. The unlucky Revere made for a small thicket and dashed into the midst of a British patrol which took him prisoner, thus abruptly culminating a night of exciting escapades. Imprisoned in a hotel, Revere watched from an upper window as red-coated regiments entered the town. To the beating of drums and the tolling of the belfry bell, a pitifully inadequate but determined band of Minutemen drew up on Lexington Green to stem the red tide. As the contest got under way, it became distressingly clear that 77 loosely-allied Minutemen, for all their determination, were no match for several hundred well-trained British troops. Soon they were scattering like foxes before a hunting pack.

Flushed with victory, the conquering British, who had suffered little from the scattered fire of the Americans, set off for Concord, proceeding unmolested as far as the wooden bridge spanning the Concord River. Here to their surprise they found a detachment of

militiamen forming a ring of death around the precious powder magazine. Prescott had been there in time to give his warning.

Following a devious course that took him over back roads and through fields familiar since childhood, he had galloped on to Concord where he alerted the garrison. Mounted couriers were sent off in all directions and soon grim farmers bearing long squirrel guns began trooping into the town. Augmented by constant reinforcements from a dozen neighboring hamlets, the small troop swelled into a fighting body of 350 sharp-shooting guerrillas. Not only did this resolute band check the British advance — it actually turned Colonel Smith's assault into a retreat.

As the day wore on, nearly 4000 Americans gathered to harry the retreating British. The fighting continuing all the way back to the British warships anchored off Charlestown Neck. It was during this retirement that the British suffered their heaviest losses. Their close-packed ranks proved easy targets for riflemen whose battle technique was pattered after Indian forest warfare.

It is disturbing to speculate on the result of the battle had Prescott failed to reach Concord. The thousand or more British who marched on that place might have had little difficulty in overpowering an inadequate and unprepared garrison and seized the stores which enabled

the determined colonists to carry the struggle to victory.

While Revere's part in the escape has been dramatized in song, story and drama — Prescott, the man who actually carried the message still remains virtually unknown. He is truly the Forgotten Man of 1775.

*A hurry of hoofs in a village street,  
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk  
in the dark,*

*And beneath, from the pebbles, in  
passing, a spark*

*Struck out by a steed flying fearless  
and fleet;*

*That was all! And yet, through the  
gloom and the light,*

*The fate of a nation was riding  
that night;*

*And the spark struck out by that  
steed, in his flight,*

*Kindled the land into flame with  
its heat.*

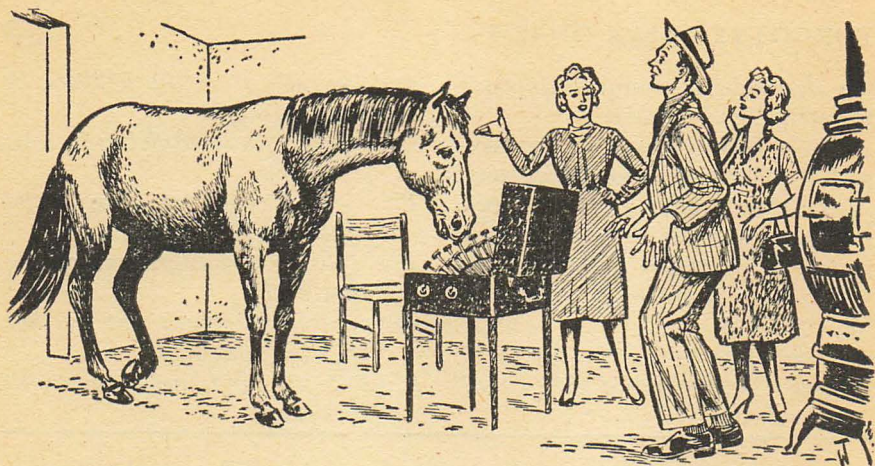


ACME

## MYSTERIOUS MONOLITHS

**T**HERE could be a geological explanation for the sandstone balls pictured here, which were discovered by a highway crew near Hornbrook, California, but it is not immediately evident. Joseph Wales, president of the Siskiyou

County Historical Society (above) and Eugene Dowling, of Yreka, study the unusual phenomena. The mysterious monoliths were blasted out of solid rock, and apparently are incredibly ancient. Maybe they are Lemurian bowling balls.



# THE TALKING HORSE OF VIRGINIA

by Mary Judith Hyde

**L**ADY WONDER is a talking horse owned by Mrs. Claudia Fonda of Richmond, Va. In many respects Lady Wonder is more remarkable than the famed Talking Horses of Elberfeld (FATE, July, 1949). She does not exhibit such mathematical powers as the German horses but in other ways seems even more unusual.

I have studied Lady Wonder and have visited her several times. I can only say that these studies leave me completely baffled for an explanation of her remarkable abilities. Her owner professes to be as mystified as I am, and says she has no idea how Lady arrives at her strange abilities.

The idea of some strange form of telepathy has been suggested to explain what Lady Wonder does,

but this does not seem satisfactory because very often she gives a completely different answer from the one her questioner is thinking.

For example, I asked Lady Wonder what question people asked her most frequently, and she spelled out "Marry."

One visitor asked the horse, "What is God?"

Her astonishing reply was "Memory."

Could you do better in a one-word answer? Lady usually gives her answers in one or two words, apparently because of her complicated method of communication, but she has been known to carry on lengthy conversations with some persons who seem more *en rapport* with her.

When I visited Lady Wonder

she was brought from an outside paddock into a small building containing only a few chairs, a stove, a set of chimes (on which Mrs. Fonda's little dog Pudgie plays about 35 musical compositions), and the curious instrument through which the horse "talks."

For want of a better word this might be called a "Horse Typewriter." As Lady Wonder comes into the stall she faces her visitors. Between them is the "Horse Typewriter" which is constructed so that Lady can press her nose on a small pad which is attached to a key. On contact with the pad, the key raises up and spells out the words or figures which Lady wishes to use.

Most amazing is the fact that Mrs. Fonda shuffles the letters and figures each time Lady works. Lady never has a chance to learn the position of the letters.

Lady is called "The Talking Horse," but she could be called the "Writing Horse" as well. Maeterlink tells us in his book *The Unknown Guest* that the Elberfeld horses communicated by means of striking their hooves on a board. Thanks to Mr. Fonda, Lady has a much better method.

It is interesting to note that both the German horses and Lady sometimes spell words phonetically. Often Lady will pick out a letter she does not wish to use and will simply hold her nose in position until the letter is released and she

can change it.

I have found that Lady's replies to questions are simply amazing. They show not only a memory of facts, places and events, but also independent reasoning and sometimes even a touch of divination. Sometimes Lady is not right in her forecasts, as when she predicted the election of Mr. Dewey. Lady went along with the others on Mr. D. We asked her what happened and she replied, "Funny, he too sure."

One friend asked her a question in Chinese. She replied correctly in English. Mrs. Fonda does not know Chinese, which seems certain proof that Lady does not get her answers from Mrs. Fonda. Lady's answer, however, seems to show that her ability is somehow involved in telepathy, for naturally the questioner thought out his question though he wrote it in a foreign language.

One friend asked Lady, "Who is the greatest English poet." He undoubtedly expected the answer would be Shakespeare, but Lady replied, "Burns." Perhaps she has a Scottish ancestry.

The first time my husband and I visited Lady we asked our dog's name. Mrs. Fonda said to write the name down on a piece of paper. My husband wrote "Ginger." Mrs. Fonda did not know the dog's name, as we had just met her. Lady seemed to hesitate, and I said aloud, "Lady what do I call my

dog when I go to the door?"

She started to spell using a "J", but she held her nose down on the letter and Mrs. F. said she did that when she wanted to change it. The letter was released and she again started, "G-I-N-G," we both expected her to finish with "E-R" but to our surprise she added simply a "Y". And "Gingy," not "Ginger" is what I call him when I go to the door. Yet how explain this as telepathy? I was thinking "Ginger" when I asked the dog's name.

The second time we went to see the horse we had prepared an elaborate set of questions to which we got about 80 per cent satisfactory replies. Some subjects did not seem to interest her. For instance, we asked her a question on reincarnation and received no response. Mrs. Fonda mildly suggested that

maybe this was a little complicated for a horse. It would also be for a human being.

Maeterlink seems to believe that because certain animals are able to communicate in human methods, all animals either "tune in" or are part of a great subliminal intelligence which exists everywhere. The bar to most proofs is the inability of animals to use human means of communication. It is certain that all animal lovers who can communicate with animals in their language know of the deep understanding and vast intelligence of their pets. But through some strange set of circumstances Lady Wonder can communicate in English.

Each time I visit Lady I still ask myself, "Does the horse really answer our questions? And if she does not, who does?"

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## HOW TO PRACTICE TELEPATHY

by *Yvonne Beaudry*

SOME time ago, I discovered that by concentration, I could read another person's mind. It was a thrilling adventure. It happened at a meeting of the Research Institute for Extra-Sensory Perception in New York City, one of the many groups of laymen throughout the country who experiment with mental telepathy.

There was nothing of the occult

or mysterious about that meeting. Ten people sat comfortably about a room, to all appearances gathered for an old-fashioned evening of fun and games. They called out cards; they wrote on paper; they guessed at things and laughed. Occasionally, a person left the room, not to be kissed, as in "postoffice," but to let his subconscious be acted upon by the mind of another per-

son.

There was a purpose behind this sport, a serious, scientific effort to explore the workings of the so-called "sixth sense." Nevertheless, it was entertainment of the highest order. It could enliven the evening of a bored couple, provide a new and stimulating amusement for any social gathering. And if you live alone and don't like it, try testing out your mental powers for the fun you'll get. You may never want to waste your time on solitaire again.

Extra-sensory perception — the ability of the mind to perceive objects or other people's thoughts without the use of sight, taste, touch, smell and hearing—has three main features. They are: telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition. To describe them simply, Dr. Bruno Furst, psychologist and research director of the New York ESP group, gives the following illustrations:

1. Telepathy—A person picks out a playing card, looks at it, and another person tells him what it is without seeing it.
2. Clairvoyance—A person picks out a card, does not look at it, and another person tells him what it is, also without having seen it.
3. Precognition—A person tells what the top card of a deck will be after it has been shuffled either by himself or by another person.

Telepathy or thought transfer-

ence being the simplest of the three processes, your best bet as a beginner is to try experiments along this line. When you graduate, you can try the others.

To carry on experiments between two or more people, one person acts as "sender," the others as "receivers." The operation is comparable to radio. The sender broadcasts a thought, the receivers tune in their minds to get the transmission (brain waves).

The technique for "tuning in" is simply to make your mind a blank. This is harder than it sounds, but practice does it. Relax your muscles, breathe deeply, close your eyes and think of nothing. If you must think, visualize a white wall or screen. *The impressions you receive will be flashed upon it.* As for the sender, his only duty is to concentrate entirely on the object he wants to send.

And here are some words of advice from Dr. Furst before starting your experiments. Be confident! If you think you can't do telepathy, you will surely fail. Don't feel you're facing an examination; strain will paralyze your subconscious faculties. Don't try to show off; over-eagerness inhibits spontaneous response. Do all tests in the spirit of fun; relaxation is absolutely necessary. Finally, speak up your impressions without fear of saying something stupid. Intelligence has nothing to do with ESP. People with low I.Q.'s, small

children, even psychopaths have demonstrated a gift for it.

Now, let's begin with a simple experiment, giving you a 50-50 chance of being right. The sender picks up a playing card and concentrates on the color. In this case (contrary to all other experiments) you, the receiver, do not wait for an impression to flash on the white wall or screen in your mind. Instead, mentally divide the screen in half so that one portion is red, the other black. Soon one color will overwhelm the other.

Suppose the stronger color is red. You choose that and, in all probability, you will be right. The sender then asks you to decide on hearts or diamonds. Place a heart and a diamond side by side on the screen and wait to see which grows stronger. The diamond wins out and you say so. If that is correct, the sender then asks: Is it a number or a face card? Think of a face on one side of the screen and any number on the other. You get the impression of a face card, and that, too, is correct. Now, don't rush and get that face card right. Correct, it's the Jack of diamonds!

Many people are too quick in making selections, says Dr. Furst. Take your time. A lot of experts do. And if you're apt (as I am) to get a quick impression of the complete card, curb your impatience at receiving the card step by step—that is, color, suit, number, exact card. In the long run, your

chances of being accurate will be higher with the slower method.

Now, let's try to receive a simple picture (upon which the sender concentrates). Visualize three things on your mental screen: a person, an animal, an object. All right, the person is strongest. You guess that and it's correct. Next, the sender asks if it is one or more persons. Think of one person, then a group, and wait again for the stronger impression. It is one person. Now decide on whether that person is a male or female. You say male, and that is right. At this point, you may stop or go on to tell what the male is doing, how he's dressed or what the colors are in the picture.

Another technique for receiving pictures, though much more difficult, is to get the general mood first. Dr. Furst tells of looking at a photograph of Rickenbacker's raft during the war and of a person actually receiving the impression of fear. Other moods are joy or sadness, peacefulness or belligerence, and so forth. From the mood, you work out what the picture is.

Noteworthy is that people get the clearest impressions of the things they like best, and conversely, many put up a mental block against the things they dislike. I, for one, wondered why I was usually successful at getting a pot of flowers, a landscape—anything which had to do with nature—but had difficulty with receiving some other things. The reason, it seems, is that I come

from the country, love it and always try to get back to it.

Another interesting point: telepathy works best between people who are in love or who have the same interests; between husbands and wives, brothers and sisters and close friends. There have been countless examples of people getting distress signals from loved ones in danger, even though they were separated by hundreds of miles.

But to continue with our games, here is something different. Murder! A person goes out of the room. Then the group selects a murderer, a victim and the fatal instrument. The receiver comes back in the room, and lightly touching the sender's hand, picks out each one in turn. The process here is a combination of mind-reading and muscle-reading. The sender is concentrating hard on the direction of the people and the instrument involved in the crime, and the receiver feels a compulsion to walk in their direction. This can be done without the hand contact, but it is definitely too hard for beginners. A similar but simpler experiment is going out of the room, and again through contact upon returning, picking out a person or an object selected by the group.

Now for a pencil and paper game. The sender draws a geometric figure. The receiver waits until it shows up on his mental screen, draws it on paper, then compares it with the sender's drawing. There

is danger here (as in other experiments) that memory pictures will crowd in on your screen. If so, wait till one diagram becomes stronger than the others. If your diagram is correct, but is shown in reverse or in parts, that's legitimate. Once Dr. Furst drew a square superimposed by a triangle. I drew a square and then a separate triangle.

It sometimes happens, too, that several people will draw the same figure but not the one transmitted by the sender. Nonetheless, this is still telepathy. They got it from each other's minds! Compare notes in your group and see if this situation occurs in various kinds of experiments. You may be in for a good laugh.

When you get tired of using pencil and paper, sit back in your chair, close your eyes and try to get impressions of objects which the sender looks at in the room—that is, one object at a time. The results are inevitably interesting. One night, I received what I believed must be an inaccurate impression of a brilliant sun. Actually, the sender was concentrating on an ornate brass plate which hung on a wall and shone brightly in the light of a bridge lamp.

Now, for a case of pure telepathy. The sender does not look at an object; he simply transmits a picture in his mind's eye. For this he has to be a whiz at concentration. Suppose he thinks of a Hudson River steamer; he must think of

that alone. This is *very* hard, as associations like water or a trip once made are apt to blur the outline of the main object. The recipient then cannot get a clear impression. To facilitate this type of transference, the sender might leave the room, look at an object, then return with the impression fresh in his mind, making it easier to concentrate on. Needless to say, in all experiments, the sender should be the person best able to concentrate, a faculty anyone can develop, says Dr. Furst. To find out who is best, everyone should take a turn at sending.

Since stone walls, time and space do not affect telepathy, try this "long-distance" experiment. The receiver goes into another part of the house, the group selects an object, and the sender flashes it to the concentrating absentee. For this, pick out a simple object like a box, a pencil or a table.

(Aside from your group experiments, you might try telepathy at longer distances with a friend who lives in another section of your city, or even in another city. Set a time for sending an object to him, and a time for receiving an object from him, then compare what you both receive. By doing this at a distance of fifty miles from each other, a friend and I had rather good results. On one occasion, for example, I concentrated for five minutes on sending her a typewriter table holding a vase whose shape

was round at the bottom and like a funnel at the top. Then, during the next five minutes, I closed my eyes and received from her an impression of a tree having a thick trunk from which stemmed five large branches. We exchanged letters describing the objects we had sent and received. My friend wrote she had received a small table with what looked like a big bottle on it, and that she had sent me a glove. Enclosed in her letter was a drawing of the glove, showing the position in which she had transmitted it. The fingers stood upward, so that in shape, it looked much like the tree I had received.)

Finally, here's a really tough experiment for your group. The sender writes a phrase or sentence and the receivers attempt to write down what they think it is. Dr. Furst describes an actual case to show how it's done. He wrote "arrive tomorrow," then pictured himself away from home and intending to return. One of his subjects got the visualized attitude and wrote: "I shall arrive there tomorrow morning."

All these experiments, of course, can best be conducted between two people. The communication is more direct, since in a group, the receiver is too prone to let mental images suggested by the other participants confuse his own individual impressions. To guard against this in a group, write down your impressions instead of giving them

orally, then check for accuracy.

For the lone person who isn't conducting a long-distance test, experiments with ESP are necessarily confined to clairvoyance and precognition. Simple tests for clairvoyance are these: Place a deck of cards face down, then go through it, trying to distinguish between red and black cards (getting a 50-50 chance of being correct); or between suits (getting one chance in four); or guessing at the complete card (chances here being 52 to 1). Another test is to lay four key cards face up on the table, and then to go through the deck (face down), trying to match these cards according to suit or number, face or color.

For precognition, imagine what the top card will be after you have shuffled the deck, call out the card and check to see if you have guessed right. You can also experiment with a die. Guess what number will come up, then throw the die. Your chances of being right are one in six. Incidentally, this might provide a new way of "shooting craps" at a party.

The question, now, is who can do telepathy? You can't tell till you try it. The experts generally agree with Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University (the first American to put ESP to scientific test) that one out of five people has some gift for it. Some say sex makes no difference, but Dr. Furst thinks women are better than men as receivers because they're more intuitive, more

inclined to get the emotion the sender feels about whatever he transmits, giving them a head-start in picking it up.

The imaginative person and the "eye-minded" person (who sees mentally the things he thinks about) and the adaptable person are good. The first two can see more readily what is in the sender's mind; the latter easily adapts himself to the sender's way of thinking. Then the person who can relax starts out with an inning in his favor. Definite indications of possessing a gift are these: spontaneous experience in telepathy, occasional forebodings, strong intuitions and other "psychic" experiences.

So you're going to have fun with telepathy. But you can have something far more valuable. From a personal standpoint, you will develop your powers of concentration and relaxation. From the scientific, you may make original contributions—in experimental technique, in varieties of reception, in determining the influence of the physiological or mental state of sender and receiver—to the newest and most abstract of the human sciences.

"From amateur beginners in investigation," says Dr. Rhine in *New Frontiers of the Mind*, "mature scientists may develop in this work as they have done in the past in astronomy, geology, radio-physics and other fields of interest."

# SPACE SHIPS, FLYING SAUCERS AND CLEAN NOSES

by Ray Palmer

Let's assume that a space ship from another solar system landed at Aberdeen Proving Grounds . . .

Would the American People be told about it? Would it be attacked without warning, thereby violating the Constitution of the United States which provides that only Congress can declare war? Or would (providing intelligent contact was made with the crew of the space ship) a "secret" classification be placed on the whole matter, and at the discretion of high Army brass, would events be considered Army "property" and information received be used solely for Army purposes, and be withheld from any possible benefit for the Citizen? Would such information be turned (assuming it was technical knowledge greatly advanced over our own) to the purposes of armament, rather than the purposes of peacetime technology? Would the American Citizen who wanted to know what was going on be told it was "none of his business?" Lastly, would he find himself "in trouble" if he insisted it *was* his business? What *kind* of trouble? Would the advent of a space ship junk the American Constitution? Just who is to decide just what is the duty of the "guardians of National Safety?" Has the average American *anything* to say about it?

**F**IRST, let it be perfectly clear that, *provided we are attacked* by enemies from outer space, the American Army has been hired to defend us. As tax-paying citizens of American, we shall require that the men whose salaries we pay for the purpose of shooting at invading space creatures, proceed with the shooting. Congress, hired for the purpose of declaring war when necessary, will back them up legally.

Today, all over the world, the military has "first crack" at any technological advancement. If it can be used for either offensive or

defensive war, it is appropriated. If there is anything left over, it goes to the civilian, provided such use won't give the "enemy" any "vital" armament information.

Those who argue for preparedness have their point, and I won't dispute with them. They fear Russia and perhaps with good reason. Apparently Russia fears us, and perhaps with equally good reason. Just a few moments thought on how much of my money is being spent for offensive weapons scares even me. I don't trust me at all. But that's the mental outlook of the whole world today, and it will

take a great spiritual revival to change it—or a war which will leave us all flat broke, and incapable of waging another or even preparing for it. It's that mental outlook, which is one of psychotic suicidal tendencies, a mental disease, which is responsible for our army of "defense" which so interferes with our freedom, our privacy, our progress, our happiness, our peacefulness. Actually we can't blame the brass for the polish we have given it by our stupid lack of interest in our welfare. We are too lazy and selfish to do our own work, and creating a peaceful world is hard work, so we let the hired help do it. Paradoxically, we hire warriors to make peace. How visitors from space must laugh at such stupidity, be amazed, and depart, shaking their heads.

What I am doing is "hitting back." When FATE first began its flying saucer investigations, it conducted itself in what it considered an absolutely fair way. It resorted to no "smear" tactics. It did not wax "scarcastic." It did not "belittle". It still refuses to resort to such tactics. But it will speak out in indignation, and defend itself. So, here goes.

I wish to quote, first, a typical recent newspaper story quoting Army Intelligence. I will present it word for word, and then I will proceed to take it apart, as it deserves.

## Army Tired of Reports

### Flying Disks' Little Men Never There To Probers

Ya' seen any little 30-inch men around?

From the phone calls and scattered reports, it would sound as if the Wellsian invasion of Men From Mars is at hand.

At least three reports of these little guys landing in flying saucers have now been made. In one case, a bunch of them wearing gray uniforms and armed to the teeth spilled out of a flying disk.

Where are they?

When Army Intelligence officers investigate the possibility of an interplanetary invasion, the little men are not there.

Tired after a two-year chase of 240 rumors (by actual count) of flying disks, Army Intelligence officers at Wright-Patterson Field, Dayton, O., are refusing to "run down every silly story that comes along."

However, Army Intelligence still classifies as secret a portion of its investigation.

"It's nothing fearsome," an officer explained hastily.

Previous to the report of six 30-inch men "burned and charred in a flying turtle disk" in the Sierra Madre Mountains in Mexico, Army Intelligence sifted a similar report in Wisconsin.

A farmer said he watched a disk land.

"Out of the saucer came a bunch of little men," he reported. "They were dressed in gray uniforms with red shoulder bars and wore red caps."

Investigation revealed that the Wisconsin farmer had been discharged from the Army for mental reasons, Army Intelligence said.

The probe was dropped right there.

▲ popular magazine now pub-

lishes a report by two Death Valley prospectors of a 24-foot disk landing in the desert at a speed of 300 miles an hour.

The prospectors, Buck Fitzgerald and Maze Garney, asserted they chased two 24-inch gents over a sand dune before losing them.

Army Intelligence refused to swallow that one. Magazines such as this, it said, seldom have any evidence to support their fantasies.

There you have it. The "popular magazine" referred to is FATE. The news story says it (FATE) "now publishes a report." Actually FATE only *repeated* the report published by International News Service, and printed in hundreds of the nation's newspapers. Therefore, the "suggestion," by inference, that FATE was the originator of the report, is a sample of how attempts are made to mislead. Does the use of the word "now" simply mean that Army Intelligence got "on the ball" the minute they read FATE to attempt to discredit the magazine? We think so. To sock it in solid, they add that snide remark at the end of the article (which is certainly not "news") that "magazines such as this seldom have any evidence to support their fantasies."

Right there is a sample of research, Army Intelligence style. They label the story a "fantasy" *without* investigating. How do they *know* it is a fantasy, if they did not investigate? Is it fair to judge, without evidence? The Army says

that's the way *they* judge. They admit it in part.

Well, maybe the Army dropped the Wisconsin investigation "right there," but FATE didn't. FATE went up there and discovered the following:

In and around the Waupaca area, Stevens Point, Wisconsin Rapids, dozens of reports were made, simultaneously, by farmers and small city folk, of "flying disks." All agreed that they were "tiny and brilliant" and flying both swiftly and slowly, and maneuvering in a way that eliminated the possibility of meteoric phenomenon. At least one person was injured by one. They either struck the ground and exploded violently, or exploded low over the ground. Fragments picked up looked like pieces of plaster of paris. Fragments were remarkably few in number considering the apparent dimensions of the objects. All of the reports FATE investigated were from honest, sane, hard-working farmers, at least one of them a very good friend of mine.

What these objects were, FATE has no theory to explain. All it knows is that they *were* seen, they maneuvered intelligently, they exploded, they left visible residue like plaster, they injured at least one person, they appeared in dozens of different localities in a hundred-mile area, and there were *no* little men, in uniforms or otherwise.

As for the Death Valley report,

FATE covered that two issues ago. We pointed out that here, also, the Army *seemed* to go to great lengths to investigate in a particularly inept manner. Actually, we believe they investigated the matter thoroughly, and found it worthy of hushing up. But we don't believe they know any more than we learned from our Wisconsin investigation. In short, they are as baffled as we, but wouldn't admit it.

If the saucers were not founded on fact, why would they spend two years investigating 240 reports?

The newspaper story is singularly silent on whether or not Army Intelligence investigated the Sierra Madre turtle-disk affair, and the charred corpses of the six 30-inch men, although it is very explicit about establishing the insanity of the Wisconsin farmer (whose name, by the way, was what?). If there were no charred corpses, they ought positively to state the fact. Now we're suspicious. We think there might possibly have been charred corpses, since it wasn't denied.

But of course, we are not to be given any information such as this. We citizens aren't supposed to be told, if there are spaceships from other worlds coming here, and actual other world beings' corpses found in their burned ship. We wonder why we can't be told? This is *news*.

We have already reproduced the non-secret portion of the official Project Saucer report made up by

Wright-Patterson Army Intelligence officers. This non-secret report says the flying saucers are *real*. That there is a secret portion to the report leads us to believe that the information in it is even more sensational. Isn't it any of we taxpayer's business? Are we in danger of being eaten by the nasty Martians, and not even being given the courtesy of providing our own salt?

"Ya' seen any little 30-inch men around?"

Whoever wrote that story ought to write for radio comedians — he's funny as a crutch.

And, since Army Intelligence won't report on the Mexico story, we will. Here it is: (the story is by Sam Petok, Free Press Staff Writer, who got his information second hand from Alma Lawson, a Los Angeles business woman, who got it from a "sober and conservative scientist friend" whose name she refused to divulge. Pretty lousy evidence, but since Army Intelligence chose to mention the matter in showing how little evidence FATE has to support *its* fantasies, we'll have to present the matter with as exact information as it is possible to secure.)

## Interplanetary Saucers Discovered in Mexico?

Those fascinating flying saucers which fired the imagination of

Americans two summers ago have come south of the Rio Grande with an almost plausible twist.

It has been reported that dwarf men from another planet have penetrated the earth's atmosphere in a huge disk.

Two reports of silvery "platos voladores" as the disks are called in Mexico, were made almost simultaneously by commercial fliers about two weeks ago—one at Nogales, 60 miles south of Tucson, Ariz., and another at Tampico, 75 miles north of Mexico City on the Gulf of Mexico.

A third report was that a huge "plato volador" had made a soft landing on a mesa deep in the mountainous reaches of the Sierra Madre.

A native shepherd is said to have discovered the disk. Inside it, he reportedly found the charred and burned bodies of six men, all no taller than 30 inches.

Alma Lawson, a Los Angeles business woman, confided she had received this "authentic" information from a "sober and conservative" scientist friend whose name she refused to divulge.

She said he had been in the scientific expedition which visited the site about 15 days ago. Among the men were several physicists from the University of California, Miss Lawson said.

"The disk did not come from Russia," she declared. "All the information has been kept a closely guarded secret by both the American and Mexican Governments for fear of throwing the world into a turmoil."

Quizzed by the baffled but interested United States Embassy at Mexico City, the Mexican Ministry of Foreign Affairs dismissed the report as unfounded.

"We have no information on which to base any comment," it said.

At the outset a degree of credibility was given Miss Lawson's

statement that both governments had ordered top-ranking American doctors and military men to the Capital, allegedly to examine the bodies.

Embassy officials, however, explained there was no secrecy involved in the congregation here of American Brass.

They are attending the Twelfth International Congress of Military Medicine and Pharmacy. Officials from 30 nations are meeting in Mexico City to set up an international code of military medicine.

The Lawson plato volador was a brownish metal, differing in color from the two disks reportedly seen by the pilots. About 100 feet in diameter, Miss Lawson said, the flying saucer was "so hard a hacksaw could not cut it."

She said her scientist friend had told her that the disk was shaped like a turtle and had a dirigible-like suspended cabin about 15 feet long.

Inside were the charred bodies of the midget men from another world, she said. One was sitting at the controls.

Miss Lawson said she had been informed that all six perished when the disk crashed into the earth's atmosphere, the friction setting them afire.

Automatic controls apparently guided the ship to a "soft and easy" landing.

The midget men bore all the physical and anatomical similarities to the human beings inhabiting the earth, Miss Lawson said she was informed by the scientist.

"This is 100 percent reliable," she insisted. "All of this information comes from an authentic source who is a very conservative man."

"I have been asked not to reveal his name because the investigation is continuing quietly from Washington," she said.

FATE has no faith in this story. The story, as it stands, is heresay.

If it is true, and it might be, we'll certainly get no information out of Army Intelligence and if said scientist were to come out and back Miss Lawson up, he'd be left high and dry with his "fantasy," simply because he couldn't show a "fried corpse" of a little man, or even a fragment of a plato volador. If he had a fragment, it would be termed "metallic rock found all through the Sierra Madre Mountains." Only, if you actually hunted for it, as at Tacoma, Washington, you'd find it singularly hard to find. All this, as the story by Miss Lawson states, "for fear of throwing the world into a turmoil."

Recently I was in New York city, where I met Stuart Rose, one of the editors of the *Saturday Evening Post*. I had arranged to meet with him on a story regarding another matter, and during the course of discussion, I resorted to a little trickery as follows:

"Mr. Rose, you ran one of my articles a few months ago."

"Is that so?" said Mr. Rose. "What article was that?"

"The Flying Saucer story, which you ran in two installments."

"Oh yes, peculiar thing, that was . . ."

Here's where I resorted to a little trickery. Said I, casually: "Yes, wasn't it? I had a letter from the General the other day, admitting that the whole thing was inspired by the Army, and that the *Post* was only acceding to a request that the

article be featured as a special favor."

Said Rose. "I still don't understand that whole affair. It was the craziest thing. I never did know what it was all about."

"Apparently it was an effort to reassure the American people regarding the flying saucers," I said. "Many people are quite worried about them. And by the way, it certainly was not a very nice trick to play on the *Post* to announce, the very day the magazine appeared on the news stands, that the flying saucers were "no joke."

Mr. Rose didn't say anything to that, but in his shoes I would have been very annoyed. It made a liar out of the *Post*.

"By the way," I went on. "I appreciate all the publicity the article gave to FATE. It helped our sale substantially."

Mr. Rose smiled wryly. "The *Post* never gives publicity like that," he said. "I can well understand your appreciation. But this was certainly unusual."

"I could really give you a flying saucer story," I remarked.

Mr. Rose could not have looked more disinterested.

In the light of this conversation, it would seem that little more need be said regarding the *Post's* saucer story. It was a fiasco that is typical of the lack of liason between the branches of the Army. The Army inspires a story about how unreal the flying saucers are, while the

Air Force at Wright-Patterson Airfield releases a story about how real they are. We prefer to agree with the Air Force.

Just to support that agreement, we'll present a few of the more recent flying disk reports.

Dave Johnson, aviation editor of the Idaho *Statesman*, went aloft with the deliberate intention of staying up until he saw a flying saucer. Here is his account:

"Three days of aerial search paid off Wednesday when for 45 seconds I watched a circular object dart about in front of a cloud bank. The object was round. It appeared black, although as it maneuvered in front of the clouds, I saw the sun flash from it once. I was flying at 14,000 feet west of Boise. I saw it clearly and distinctly. It was rising sharply and jerkily toward the top of the towering bank of clouds. At that moment it was round in shape. The object was turning so that it presented its edge to me. It then appeared as a straight black line. Then, with its edge still toward me, it shot straight up. When I landed, three men of the Idaho National Guard said they had seen an object performing similar maneuvers in the same area."

Dallas, Texas. A woman at Alvarado saw a bright, moonlike disk in the sky between 5 and 6 P.M. And, Mrs. Ramsey C. Johnson, 929 South Oak Cliff Boulevard saw something large and white, going very fast.

Fort William, Ontario. Residents of Hymers, Ontario, saw a huge streak of fire race through the sky from the southwest. They said it reached a point due west of Hymers, performed a loop, then moved south to disappear over the horizon.

Florida. W. R. Davis and P. L. Moore, Miami Weather Bureau, described an object somewhat smaller than a full moon. It lit up the sky to the northwest and fell vertically, leaving a luminous, weaving trail. The trail was S shaped. The object was also sighted at Cedar Keys, with a tail estimated 50 to 60 miles long. The phenomenon was seen as far north as Brunswick, Georgia.

Salem, Oregon. A dozen persons reported that while they were watching the maneuvers of a number of airplanes they observed a flying saucer en route north. After proceeding north for some distance, it turned around and headed south. It halted twice after making the turn. The observations were made from Fairmount Hill, one of the outstanding residential sections.

Seattle, Washington. Three mountain climbers were buzzed by a flying saucer that was round, almost transparent and sounded like a buzzsaw. Roge Hamilton, his wife, Patricia, and Dick Hamilton said they sighted the object near Snow Lake on the Snoqualmie Pass. It went so fast none of them had time to take a picture.

John J. O'Neill, NHYT News Service, had his telescope pointed

at the moon, when a dark body moved across its face from east to west in about one and one half seconds. It was approximately oval, with an angular dimension of between six and ten seconds of arc, was in sharp focus, and cut a straight, sharply defined path. It was small, but could have been seen by the naked eye. It was obviously a celestial object and not a night-flying bird, dark airplane, or other such terrestrial object. It was obviously moving in space between the earth and the moon. If a satellite of Luna, the high velocity with which it was moving would require that it be very close to the moon. If its distance was only 4000 miles from the Earth, it would be moving with a velocity of 12 miles per second, and would be about 500 feet in diameter.

Louella O. Parsons, famous movie columnist, reported the fantastic story of 900 feet of film taken of the flying saucers in Alaska.

Over a year ago, Mikel Conrad was in Alaska filming "Arctic Man-hunt" when he heard from the Eskimos of strange flying disks. He made a trip into the Frozen North to see for himself. Then he reported to Washington. The government sent a man to Alaska and asked Conrad for the film he had taken. He turned it over to them. After examination, it was placed in a sealed vault in Los Angeles. Now the film has been released to Conrad, who is incorporating it into a

film called "Flying Saucer." Howard Irving Young is writing the film. Conrad is a producer and director for Colonial Pictures.

Boston. Farmer Joseph E. Panek, of South Sedick Road doesn't believe a thing unless he sees it. He, his wife Clara, and a neighbor, Michael P. Bednasz were putting corn in a silo. Panek looked up and saw an object, round like a ball or a saucer, traveling very fast, maybe 1000 miles per hour, from west to east. It was light and silvery-looking and left no smoke or noise. Both his wife and neighbor saw it when he shouted.

Milford, Ohio. 6,000 to 7,000 saw a flying saucer during the St. Gertrude festival at Madeira. Sgt. Berger, operating a searchlight owned by the St. Peter and Paul Church at Norwood caught the disk in his beam. The saucer immediately moved up out of sight. Berger caught it again, two hours later, and this time it did not try to move up. It was under continuous observation for two and one half hours more. Berger estimates it was at an elevation of seven or eight miles. It was apparently 100 to 150 feet in diameter. It seemed to be made of aluminum or some shiny material. The longer the light remained on the disk, the greater the intensity of its glow became. Berger experimented—he moved the light, and the disk remained visible, glowing brightly. Then it moved back into the beam of its own accord.

A Milford family drove over, informed Berger that from their viewpoint the disk seemed to be two globes, one above the other. Looking straight up, reported Berger, was like looking at the bottom of a plate.

Temagami, Ontario. A jagged, sustained flash of blinding light that lasted for several minutes was seen moving between Timmins and Temagami. It was a tremendous bluish-white flash, and the illumination remained in the heavens for between 6 and 7 minutes. It was not the aurora borealis.

Osborne, Kansas. Delmar Remick, looked up when he heard geese honking. He saw a flying saucer in the air about a mile up, heading northwest. It remained in view 6 or 7 seconds, moved at terrific speed. Its only other motion was a sort of little flip about every half-second.

There are hundreds more such reports, from every area. They cannot be denied. There is something going on in the sky which is beyond the knowledge of our scientists. The fact remains, there are "flying saucers" and they perform with incredible ability.

In the introduction to this article, we asked what would happen to a citizen who tried to learn something about the mythical space ship that landed at Aberdeen Proving Grounds, insisting that it was *his* business too. We inferred he might be in trouble, and we asked what

*kind* of trouble.

Well, we have an answer to that which is based on experience. No, we haven't seen a space ship at Aberdeen Proving Grounds. But we *know* what kind of trouble John Q. Citizen can get into if he happens to turn onto a road labelled "Brass." Telling you about it will give you some idea of what *really* would happen if that space ship landed, and was classified by the army. "Classified" means "none of your darn business."

Easter Sunday, 1941, several conditions existed which are important: 1. The United States was *not* at war. 2. Canada was. December 7th was still three quarters of a year away.

On that Sunday, the writer drove from Chicago to Sault Ste. Marie. With him went a young girl whose husband-to-be was stationed with the armed forces at the famous locks. She wanted to see the young man. It was as simple as all that.

As often happens in that north country, it snowed. Huge drifts made it impossible to drive back. So, leaving both the young girl and the car there, we returned to our job in Chicago.

A month later opportunity came to return and retrieve the car, and we hoped, attend a wedding. As it turned out, there was no wedding, and we set out to return to Chicago — from the Canadian side of the river.

At the ferry an immigrations of-

ficial motioned us to park the car. "Routine check," he said briefly.

It was far from routine.

We were separated, and questioned. After some six hours I finally reached the decision that something was decidedly wrong about the setup. I requested to be conveyed to the American authorities. Since I had paid my ten cents on the ferry, declared my name and status as an American citizen, and thus entered Canada legally, I requested to return the same way.

After several hours wait, American army officers arrived. I was driven across in an army car, my own car nowhere visible. I did not see it again for a week. When I did, I found that it had literally been taken apart. I am sure not even the battery cells were overlooked in one of the most systematic searches I have ever seen.

Briefly, the Colonel summed it up for me.

"You are," he said, "the cleverest spy we have ever run across."

"Spy!" I gasped. "Clever?"

"Yes," he said. "For one whole month we've had dozens of our best men trailing that car, and were unable to discover how contacts were made between the girl and the mastermind."

"The mastermind?"

"Yes! you. Anybody who could evade our search of the area for that length of time is supremely clever."

"I am flattered — but confused," I confessed. "Perhaps the reason

you couldn't find me here was because I was in Chicago. And just what is it I am supposed to be masterminding?"

"Perhaps I had better refresh your memory," he said. "First, in searching your baggage, we found the photo you took of the airport in that yellow plane Saturday morning."

"Photo — yellow plane?"

"Yes. Yesterday morning you flew over the area in an unmarked plane. We shot at you, but missed. We haven't found the plane yet, but now that we have you, it'll only be a matter of time."

"I wish I could help you," I offered. "But go on. I am beginning to get interested in this little joke. I have some friends in the army, but I didn't know any of them were stationed here."

"This is no joke," he assured me. "But to get on, a month ago you . . ." His voice trailed off and he turned and produced a wooden box with a hole drilled in one side of it about an inch in diameter. Mounted in the hole was a piece of glass that certainly was not a lens. Inside the box were several dry cell batteries hooked up in series. There was nothing else.

"What is it?" asked the Colonel.

"I give up," I said helplessly. "It looks like a doorbell."

"Don't try to be funny," he said dangerously. "You'll make it a lot easier for yourself if you confess."

"What is it you want me to con-

fess?

"All right, if that's the way you want it. A month ago you used this death ray to shoot down six of our barrage balloons."

"I did?" I faltered weakly.

"Yes. And the same night you instigated a riot on the Canadian side which resulted in a pitched battle between United States Artillerymen and Canadian troops. In that battle a house was burned down; a man burned to death, and a small child suffered a broken leg and exposure which resulted in pneumonia and death. You have been positively identified as being on the scene. Do you deny it?"

"I don't deny being there," I admitted. "But my amazing participation I cannot remember. As I remember it, that night a storm started, an electric storm, which later developed into a snowstorm which stopped all auto traffic. During the electrical storm, several barrage balloons were struck by lightning. One of them fell on a house on the Canadian side. It burned. Because it was an American barrage balloon, Canadian troops surrounded the house to prevent any altering of evidence, or something of the sort. Several American Negro soldiers, insisting they saw a face at the window, attempted to rescue the inmates. A battle resulted. It turned out that a man was burned in the fire, and a little girl jumped out of the window, suffered a broken leg, and because it was cold and

wet, obviously contracted the pneumonia you mention. But the rest of it sounds absolutely fantastic to me."

"You threw this death ray into the river," he accused, "but didn't throw it far enough. It landed on the bank, in the weeds, and we found it."

I looked at the box. "If that is a death ray," I said, "I am an Eskimo."

At that moment a lieutenant entered the room, whispered in the Colonel's ear. He turned to me triumphantly.

"We've caught your confederate," he announced.

"Amazing," I said. "Who is he?"

"The operator of the steam shovel in the new lock. He has just sabotaged the whole thing for months, by uprooting the adjoining lock and flooding the whole workings. We've got you now!"

Then began a grilling that made the rest of it seem like child's play. To me, only one incident stands out as important. I had written eight single-spaced typewritten pages of my impressions of the relations between Canadians and Americans at the Sault, and I now realized that in the light of all these other fantastic accusations, the statements therein would be construed at the very least as seditious. I had these sheets in a legal-sized envelope. Two men, a Captain and a Lieutenant searched me. I emptied every pocket at their instruc-

tions, transferring this tremendously large and noisy envelope from pocket to pocket, just on the hope that they might not see me do it. It was impossible—but like everything else that happened on that crazy trip, the impossible happened, they seemed to be as blind as bats. Later I tore up the sheets and flushed them down the toilet.

During the week that followed (it took that long, they said, to develop the negative of the airfield and discover that it really was a picture of Hiawatha Falls, as I had claimed, and the runways were really a cable fence protecting persons from falling into it) I despaired of ever seeing Chicago again.

When I demanded to know what were the charges against me, the Major told me any charges I wanted. He suggested a few. "The Mann Act, for instance. I have several soldiers who will confirm the immoral purposes for which you transported Miss — across the Michigan State line . . ."

"Skip it," I said hastily. "But I want to see a lawyer."

"I'm a lawyer," he said. "And a good one."

"At least let me call my boss and tell him why I'm not at my desk."

"Don't worry about it."

In short, I insisted on my Constitutional Rights, found I had none. I was held incommunicado. I was not allowed to see a lawyer. I was treated, in at least one instance, violently, although I must admit

it was a Canadian who did it, and who came off second best—*my* nose didn't bleed.

All because Army Intelligence was looking for a mystery yellow plane which had ignored a challenge in flying over the area; because lightning had *obviously* struck a series of barrage balloons; because a riot had occurred; because a small boy's attempt at a "gadget" had been found beside the river; because your "mastermind spy" was editor of a science fiction magazine, and therefore knew all about death rays—and *just happened to be there!*

Funny? Yes, it was. But my rights as a citizen were violated, and although it is true that I could have raised a stink about it later, the stink would have gotten exactly nowhere.

More than \$50,000 of taxpayers' money was spent flying my fingerprints to Washington, flying Army Intelligence men to every member of my family, every acquaintance, every business associate, and in absolutely fantastic investigation. I suffered extreme loss of reputation, incurred the suspicion of numerous persons, lost important and valuable business contacts, lost financially, and got pushed around. And the funniest line of the whole comic opera was the parting shot of the Colonel, who had turned America upside down to find just one thing against my record to justify having me (I felt almost sure) shot on the

spot (which could have been done, by the simple expedient of shipping me back to Canada where my "crimes" had occurred).

Said the Colonel: "We've found that you have a clean record, but if you'll take my advice for the future, *keep your nose clean!*"

I can think of only one way to do it, successfully, where the Brass is concerned—go to bed and stay there!

I've often wished that Colonel would come to my office looking for a job—I've prepared an application blank that is a lulu. Come sneaking into my office, secretly plot to take over my job and blow up my printing presses, will he!

Recently, Professor George Adamski of Palomar Gardens gave a speech before the Rotary Club of Fallbrook, California. According to Professor Adamski, the flying saucers seen by many at various times during the past few years are huge space ships from some planet, probably Mars.

"Ghost ships were discovered and pronounced real two years ago," said Professor Adamski. "Saucers, seen by thousands, are not flights of fancy, but ships from planets. These ships have been seen by radar on the other side of the moon. They are better than 700 feet long. They have approached as close as 30 to 40 miles above the earth, flying at speeds of 2 to 3 miles per second.

"These space ships will land here soon, from which planets we do not

know, but science now claims that all planets are inhabited.

"Photos of Mars taken from Mt. Palomar have proven the canals on Mars are man-made, built by an intelligence far greater than any man's on earth.

"Science and the Navy know that we can land a ship of 40 men on the moon; and the next war we will require another planet to fight from. In line with this endeavor, Westinghouse is now building a cosmic ray motor run by light.

"Science is now working on a combination of radar and television that promises within two years the home-set will get space pictures at any distance."

According to Professor Adamski, the saucers merely appeared to be close to the earth. Their passengers were evidently merely getting a close-up look-see of our puny efforts of doing-over the world, but hesitated to come too close or land for fear of our anti-aircraft guns.

He placed America in the kindergarten, scientifically and intellectually, while the supermen from Mars, Jupiter and a billion satellites will soon be dropping on our acres.

But he kicked the Orson Welles theory out of the window. Marsmen will be friendly. In fact, so different from Americans that the Navy has started an intensive training of crewmen in courtesy. This group will also be the first to be sent to the moon.

Professor Adamski points out

that the news is already obsolete. All knowledge of space ships is a military secret until such time as new knowledge supplants it. What is told the public is no longer important.

There is no reason to believe that of the millions and possibly billions of stars and planets floating in endless space, our earth should be the only one that is inhabited and that our intelligence exceeds that of any of the others.

We do know that the atmosphere of Mars contains much less oxygen than the atmosphere of earth. In fact the air is so rarefied that an oxygen-filled human from this earth would probably blow up if he stepped out of a pressurized cabin of a space ship to the soil of Mars, and by the same token, the body of a Marsman would probably collapse if he emerged from his space ship when he reached the earth.

Professor Adamski's book, "Pioneers of Space" will be off the press in two weeks. The Navy has already ordered 50.

FATE reads this account of Professor Adamski's speech with skepticism. It strikes us as being filled with romance and quite a bit of hot air; yet it mentions several things we wonder about, namely those radar observations of space ships on the other side of the moon, meaning, no doubt, *beyond* its orbit, not on its other side, which never faces the earth. An object 700 feet long at that distance would

be quite some gnat in the Polo Grounds. And the observation by Palomar of the Martian canals, and positive identification as canals. We haven't had that confirmed; rather, it has been denied. Westinghouse is certainly building something, if it is building such a motor as is described. We'd like to see it.

We'd like to read his book. We hope it makes more sense than his speech. But we have given it to you for what it is worth.

Now, finally, we have gotten the complete report given by Captain C. S. Chiles and co-pilot John Whitted, of Eastern Airlines concerning the "space ship" they saw. On Saturday morning, July 24, 1948, at 2:45 A.M. they were flying at about 5,000 feet and were watching faint flashes of lightning ahead of them . . .

We had our eyes focused on the point from which the thing came. From the right and slightly above us came a bright glow and the long, rocket-like ship quickly took form in the distance.

"It's a jet job," I said to Whitted, my co-pilot.

Then it grew larger and pulled up alongside. It appeared to be about 100 feet long, with a huge fuselage, probably three times as large as that of a B-29.

"It's too big for a jet, but what the devil is it?" said Whitted.

There were two rows of windows and it appeared definitely to be a two-decker. The lights from the

inside were a ghastly white, like the glow of a gas light — the whitest we'd ever seen.

There was a long shaft on the ship's nose that looked like it might have been part of the radar controls. The ship acted that way too, for just after it pulled alongside us, it whipped quickly upward at a very sharp angle. It certainly was maneuverable, because it made that turn fast as lightning. It disappeared into the clouds and reappeared again for several times before we lost sight of it.

There appeared to be windshields come back from two or three of the front windows. Whether those apertures were all windows, or whether some of them were breathers to feed oxygen to a fire inside, we don't know. The more we think about the white glare, the fluorescent glow underneath and the cherry-red flame it belched behind, the more we're convinced it was a rocket ship.

John piloted a heavy bomber with the 20th Air Force during the war and I served in all theaters with the Air Transport Command, so we've seen about every kind of known aircraft. This monster was like nothing we'd seen before. It was too close to us, and too clear in detail to be anything but a man-made ship.

We've considered, of course, the remote possibility that it was a ship from another planet. We prefer to believe that it's one of our

own ships that's still a military secret. I'd certainly hate to know that our airforce would have to face a fleet of machines like that.

We were both stunned, and didn't say anything for several minutes. It was so awe-inspiring that it just paralyzed us for the moment.

Then I said to John, "Am I crazy?"

"I'm crazy too," he said.

"I'm going back and see what the passengers saw, if you'll take over," I told John, and I rushed back to the passengers.

They were all asleep but one. He asked me what it was that just passed us, said it went by so fast he couldn't make it out. He said he was too startled to note details. He is C. L. McKelvie, an amateur photographer of Columbus, Ohio.

McKelvie had a camera on a strap around his neck. He said he didn't have time to snap a picture. It occurred to me then that I also had a camera with me. I was too busy looking at it to think of the camera.

Lots of persons think we're kidding, but the more we think about it the more serious we are about it. . . .

FATE gives you the complete and unvarnished story here. Any other version is untrue.

Now, let's summarize what is actually known of the flying saucers. We'll merely list the facts without embellishment, and when we have finished, challenge anyone to say

there aren't flying saucers.

1. Although many people saw these strange objects in the sky previous to Kenneth Arnold's now-famous report, his was the first story to plunge them into the lime-light. Altogether he has seen them three times, and on two occasions obtained photos, which lack detail, but which show that *something* was there.

2. Thousands of persons of unimpeachable integrity have confirmed his observation.

3. Dozens of photos have been taken of flying saucers, including a very good one at Phoenix, Arizona, one at Seattle, another at Toronto, one by the Army over Nova Scotia, 900 feet of movie film in Alaska, one in Los Angeles, and one at Morristown, New Jersey.

4. Space ships or flying saucers have been tracked by radar in hundreds of instances, but most notably at White Sands Proving Ground, where they followed experimental V-2 Rockets up to 104 miles and down again at speeds of 4 miles per second.

5. Army pilots have chased them repeatedly, one National Guard pilot being killed in such a chase, on a sighting later declared to be something other than the explanation that it was the Planet Venus as was first suggested. Scientific evidence disproved that claim. Another pilot over Fargo, North Dakota fought a weird flying duel with a strange glowing disk that

went on for half an hour and was witnessed by many.

6. Fragments of a flying saucer (claimed by Air Force Intelligence to be metallic rock common on the west coast) which reportedly was in trouble over Maury Island, Washington, revealed under analysis they were not rock, but man-made, and containing unaccountable amounts of calcium which did not vaporize at 2500 degrees, and titanium, the metal being considered as the only one suitable to spaceships, in unusual combination. In this case, the Air Force claimed the participants had confessed it was a hoax, yet FATE received a vigorous denial of this, labeling it "a bald-faced lie."

7. A special investigating team was set up called Project Saucer which investigates *all* reports of flying saucers, 40% of which cannot be explained away. (Latest report is that Project Saucer was abandoned in September, 1949.)

8. As much pressure as possible was and is being brought to bear to suppress, discredit and disprove reports of flying saucers or space ships.

9. Officers of Project Saucer prepared an official statement which declares the flying saucers are real, that they do not come from our solar system, but from one of 22, the nearest of which is eight light years away (light travels 186,000 miles per second).

10. A story belittling the flying

saucers was placed in the *Saturday Evening Post*.

11. Project Saucer investigated FATE's editor repeatedly, using various disguises, sending official representatives, including members of other branches of the secret service such as F. B. I., Central Intelligence, and we even received a visit from the famous Baron X, Baron Eduard Graf von Rothkirch of Hillman, Minnesota, head of a famed spy group, the Frie corps of Barbarossa, only group able to penetrate the Soviet Iron Curtain (so he said, and so Drew Pearson said, which doesn't mean much).

12. There are four distinct types of flying objects, the saucer, or disk; the crescent; the rocket-ship type; the giant golden or orange sphere.

13. Radar detections of mysterious objects are common, even showing solid objects where nothing is visible at all.

14. Today's reports are similar to reports gathered by Charles Fort, covering events of more than two hundred years.

15. Hundreds of reports, following a definite and recognizable pattern which prove their authenticity, come in every month from all over the United States, and from other portions of the world.

16. The aerodynamic principles of the flying disk are admitted by the Air Force, and it is quite probable that secret work along these lines may be going on, accounting

for some of the sightings of non-spectacular nature. However, the performance of many of these objects precludes our own mechanical ability being responsible, and makes operation by humans such as we impossible.

17. Many hoaxes have been perpetrated, ranging from hot stove lids to furnace tops fitted with rocket tubes and fake radio gadgets, and flying circular saws hurled from church towers. Among such hoaxes is the photo of a flying disk settling into the Wolf River in Canada, reported in FATE Summer edition, 1948. This was a hoax engineered by science fiction fans, and was achieved by exploding something beneath the surface of the water, and photographing it at the instant of detonation.

18. A B-25 from Hamilton field crashed at Kelso, Washington, carrying a large box of fragments collected at Tacoma, Washington; yet none of the fragments were found in the wreckage, or for some reason, their presence was denied.

19. The pilot of the B-25 was a member of Central Intelligence, the highest branch of the Secret Service in the United States, answerable to no one except extremely high officials establishing the importance of flying saucer investigation.

20. Flying saucers travel far faster than the speed of sound with great ease, and in no instance has one of our planes been able to catch

or keep up with one. Nor can any of our planes travel to the heights to which Saucers have been seen to go.

21. We don't know *what* flying saucers are.

As for Army Intelligence, we suggest they read Buck Rogers with great care, and then at least they'll know as much about space ships as

the average American Boy. And if they're keeping anything from his tender mind, don't bother! He's the lad who's going to Mars, when Americans go there, not the "guys" who write this "inspired" poppycock we see in newspapers and magazines these days. *Writers such as these seldom have any evidence to support their fantasies.*

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## RENEWAL OF THE FIRE

*by W. B. Hartley*

**Centuries ago the Aztecs symbolized the beginning of a new cycle with the ritual of human sacrifice.**

**T**HE close of the Aztec century of fifty-two years was marked by one of the most dramatic ceremonies to come down to us from pagan peoples. Called the Renewal of the Fire or the New Fire Ceremony, it symbolized the death of one time cycle and the birth of a new. The rite took place on the Hill of the Star; a short distance from the Aztec capital of Tenochtitlan, now Mexico City.

During the last five days of the last year of a cycle, the Aztecs destroyed all of their household furniture and utensils. This was a time of penance, fasting and prayer for it was believed that the gods

might end the world. If this should be the case the sun would not rise at dawn, and demons, wild animals and frightful monsters would come out of the sky to devour the earth. During this period the early Mexicans were in the throes of a superstitious terror that bordered on panic.

On the last day all fires were allowed to go out in the temples, palaces and huts of the Aztecs. Children were masked and kept awake for fear that if they slept they would be changed into mice. Husbands locked their pregnant wives in granaries for fear that they would be transformed into deer.

At sunset the priests, carrying images of the gods they served, walked in solemn procession to the Hill of the Star. Behind them followed the frightened crowds from the capital. From a temple on the hill they anxiously watched the heavens for a star or group of stars, possibly the Pleiades, to cross the sky. Toward midnight when the critical time drew near, a man of noble birth was stretched upon the altar of sacrifice. While assistants held him motionless a priest, with a knife of volcanic glass, slit open his breast and tore out the heart. When the star reached the meridian another priest placed upon the wound a wooden fire drill and, as the on-lookers held their breath, rapidly rotated it. The silent watchers on the hill saw first the sparks, then, as it burst into flame, the New Fire. The priests declared, amid the joyous shouts of the crowd, that the earth has been reborn. The gods were gracious. They had granted another fifty-two years of life.

The New Fire was first used to kindle a funeral pyre for the sacrificed victim. At this blaze runners lit pine torches and sped along the roadways to light the altar fires of every temple in the empire, and the torches of all who waited for them along the way. Huge bonfires burned on the mountain tops; a living symbol of the decision of the gods. The priests and people

returned to the city bearing with them the sacred fire. The fire before the shrine of Huitzilipochtli, the God of War, was rekindled, and to this sacred spot came the populace with their torches to carry the fire home to their hearths. The temple fires were constantly tended and not allowed to burn out until the death of the earth at the end of a cycle.

With the rise of the sun the promise of the New Fire was fulfilled. The Aztecs spent the ensuing days in the cleaning and repairing of their temples and homes. New furniture and household articles replaced those that had been destroyed. Feasts, dancing, and human sacrifices expressed their joy and gratitude to the gods.

The last Renewal of the Fire was celebrated in 1507. It was preceded, to the symbolically minded Aztecs, by a series of bad omens. There were floods, fires, comets, and earthquakes, but worst of all, the great temple of the War God was struck by lightning. But the New Fire Ceremony took place, and once more the Aztec world was reborn. Yet not for long. The year 1519 brought Cortez and the Spanish to Mexico. One of the strangest wars in history followed and 1520 saw the Aztecs go down in defeat. Christianity replaced Huitzilipochtli and the sacred fires, untended, died out. All that remains is the Hill of the Star.

THE END

# THE HOUSE THAT

# SPIRITS BUILT

by Vincent H. Gaddis

**The famous Winchester Mystery House near San Jose, California, is one of the most amazing pieces of architectonic madness on the American continent. According to many, the house was built at the direction of a host of vengeful obsessing spirits.**

**T**HE house stands today on the Stevens Creek Road, near San Jose, California, a thing of fading glory, a museum and tourist attraction. Designed in another world, America's most fantastic mansion cost millions of dollars and required forty years to build. Before it was partly dismantled, the structure covered nine acres and contained 160 rooms, 47 fireplaces, 9 kitchens, 10,000 windows, and 2,000 doors.

The so-called "Winchester Mystery House" is a queer combination of the ingenious and the grotesque. On the one hand, it was the first dwelling ever erected to have built-in washboards on laundry tubs and corner plates on stair-treads to prevent dust pockets. On the other hand, the house has hundreds of trap doors, blind stairways,

windows that open on blank walls, doors that swing open on outside walls, secret peep holes and posts installed upside down.

Once the fabulous dwelling was protected by armed guards, fences and hedges. Today more than a million visitors have wandered through its labyrinthine corridors. It was the locale for the filming of A. Conan Doyle's story *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Many men, including the late Harry Houdini, have spent the night in the sprawling structure hoping to see a ghost from out of its strange past.

Behind the four-decade frenzy of day-and-night construction that produced the mansion was a woman and an obsession. The woman was Sarah Winchester, a lonely and fragile widow who had married into the famous firearms family.

And the obsession was a fear combined with daily messages from beyond, blue-printing a home for phantoms that was never to be completed.

Mrs. Sarah Winchester was the wife of the late William Wirt Winchester, of New Haven, Conn., who was the son of Oliver Fisher Winchester, the inventor of the famous repeating rifle. William married young and shortly afterward contracted tuberculosis. Mrs. Winchester was deeply attached to her husband and stayed close to his bedside in their Connecticut home.

As her husband's condition grew steadily worse, Mrs. Winchester became convinced that there was a mental—or spiritual—element in his illness. It seems certain that at the time of his death she had reached the conclusion that he was the victim of the disembodied spirits of men who had been slain by Winchester rifles.

William Winchester left twenty million dollars to his young widow. But Mrs. Winchester now felt that the fortune was "nothing but blood money," as she once told her niece, Margaret Merriam. It is known that she consulted various spiritualistic mediums in Boston, finally settling upon one, Adam Coons, as her special adviser. In the course of a series of seances, Mrs. Winchester was given the following information:

She was obsessed by a group of earthbound entities who had been

killed by Winchester rifles in frontier warfare. Most of them were Indians. To cope with them, she must develop her own mediumistic powers and get into touch with friendly spirits. The latter would tell her how to build and furnish a house that would give the obsessed spirits pleasure.

But the work must never cease. Evil spirits would be able to attach themselves to a house that was completed. Although she would be subject to occasional assaults, the friendly influences would help her repel them. The "blood money" would have to be spent continuously as the spirits directed.

Was this a fraudulent scheme on the part of Coons? If so, there is no evidence that Coons ever received a cent, outside of his small professional fees. Apparently Mrs. Winchester developed her psychic abilities under Coons' direction until both were satisfied, and then they separated.

It was in 1884 that Mrs. Winchester left New England and traveled west to California's Santa Clara Valley. She moved into what was then known as the Caldwell property, a large eighteen-room frame house on six acres of ground, four miles from San Jose. Within a few days twenty-two carpenters arrived on the scene and started building an ell. Mrs. Winchester insisted that they start work at once and continue in perpetual shifts.

On the following day a group of landscape gardeners arrived and began to plant a towering hedge. In later years this hedge was cared for by seven Japanese gardeners who were instructed to keep it thick and tall to discourage snoopers.

Once the work was started, the widow retired from personal contact with her employees. She had brought with her as secretary her niece, Margaret Merriam, who proceeded to conduct her business with the outside world. She had also brought from the east some antique furniture, tapestries, and the celebrated Winchester gold dinner service valued at \$30,000.

Now the months lengthened into years. A constant caravan of wagons filled with building materials rolled from freight cars at San Jose to the expanding mansion. Day and night, the sounds of hammering and the shouts of workers echoed throughout the structure. A high iron fence was erected around the property in addition to the hedge.

Exact figures are lacking, but it has been estimated that 500 rooms were built and later torn out again. There were never less than twenty-four workmen on the scene daily. Rare and expensive building materials were used. Art glass windows, costing \$1,000 apiece, were installed, along with three elevators and five different heating systems. Silver and gold fixtures were used in some of the rooms. All of the materials were the finest available.

By the turn of the century the formless, sprawling house soared eight stories into the sky, and resembled a village, with trees scattered here and there in open spaces. It was a complicated labyrinth with bewildering features. There was a bell tower, with no way to get to the bell except by climbing over adjoining walls and using ladders.

In addition there were balconies serving no apparent purpose. There were corridors that suddenly shrank in width from feet to inches. There were stairways that dipped downward before they started to ascend. One stairway was broken into seven flights with 44 treads—but the mounting only elevated the visitor seven feet since each step was a bare two inches in height, although eighteen inches across. Dozens of one-way doors were constructed. If closed, they could not be opened again from the inside.

What were the reasons for this architectural nightmare and its features that violated all the rules of common sense?

There was, first, the belief that Mrs. Winchester was following the curious suggestions of a group of child-like earthbound entities. Second, many of the features served to guard the approaches to Mrs. Winchester's seance room. This room was located above the main kitchen and the servants' quarters. The walls were painted blue. There were no windows, and ventilation was obtained by oblique shafts and

light-wells.

The seance room contained a table, chair, a planchette board, with paper and pencils for automatic writing. From the time it was completed until the day of her death, no other person ever entered the room. To reach the room, Mrs. Winchester was forced to follow a complicated route. At the end of the long trail was the clothes-press of a unused bedroom. The drawers of the press were dummies and so were the doors—with one exception. This was the hidden door into the seance chamber.

One of the first reporters to make a study of the Winchester case was Robert Ainslee. Shortly after the death of Mrs. Winchester, over twenty years ago, he wrote: "She never stated verbally or in writing what were her experiences in the mystic chamber. But it is clear from the orders she issued through Margaret Merriam that she went there to receive suggestions from spirits. These spirits told her exactly what to do about extending and furnishing her mansion. In one sense, they may be considered as the builders of the weird house."

Day after day, the messages came and the work continued. Then, in April, 1906, the San Francisco earthquake rocked the fantastic mansion. A large tower collapsed, balconies were shaken loose, and numerous cracks appeared in the walls. Mrs. Winchester, terror-stricken, was trapped in her bed-

room. Fearing additional quakes, she lived for several years on a houseboat near Atherton, about thirty miles north.

But work on the house never ceased. It kept growing, over-running the stables and garages, and finally Mrs. Winchester was forced to buy additional land adjoining her property. In 1912 she returned to the mansion, and she never left it again except for occasional drives. On these trips she was always heavily veiled, and she had a tunnel built so she could drive directly into the house.

With the exception of a few servants, only two other persons ever lived in the structure during Mrs. Winchester's lifetime. They were Margaret Merriam and Fred Larsen. It is their testimony that Mrs. Winchester was a brilliant woman despite her obsession, with a highly inventive mind and a remarkable memory for small details. Apparently she knew the location of every piece of material in the mammoth building. But neither ever saw the entire house, and they were, in fact, ordered to keep out of certain rooms.

Mrs. Winchester did not neglect the grounds surrounding the structure. Trees, shrubs and flowers were brought from many parts of the world, and planted in unusual patterns and arrangements. Many of these plants were from the Orient. A deep appreciation of beauty was certainly a part of the

innermost soul of this strange woman.

Queer stories were told. One evening, while dining with Miss Merriam, Mrs. Winchester went to the basement to get a bottle of wine. A few minutes later she suddenly screamed, and rushed up the cellar stairs. A huge black hand had materialized above the bottles, she said. Later, it was told, the print of a large hand was found on the basement wall. Mrs. Winchester had that part of the cellar walled up a few days later.

Another story was told by a maid named Hattie Collins. One night the maid and Mrs. Winchester were passing one another in a corridor. Suddenly the maid saw Mrs. Winchester clutch her throat and step backward with a sharp cry. A monstrous phantom form had appeared in the corridor, and as both women watched, it slowly disappeared. Mrs. Winchester promptly discharged the maid, but gave her a year's wages in lieu of notice.

A third story was told by Tomas Gomez, a native-born Spanish Californian, who was working at the Winchester mansion on Christmas Day in 1921. In the evening the foreman decided to slip away, and he took all of his men with him except Gomez, who was to finish nailing a wall. While working alone, Gomez suddenly became ill, and decided to look for his fellow workers.

He entered the house, and in a

few minutes became lost. At last he entered a small room which had drapes hanging along one side. Pulling the drapes apart, he found himself looking into a dining room containing Mrs. Winchester and a Chinese butler. Mrs. Winchester had evidently just finished her evening meal, and she was assisting the butler in placing the dishes in a cabinet.

Suddenly Mrs. Winchester screamed. A shadowy figure—resembling an Indian—appeared in the center of the room. Slowly it moved toward the woman. A second later another phantom form came into view resembling a monk. As the monk advanced toward the Indian, his hand outstretched, the Indian retreated. Gomez turned and fled. After some time he found his way out of the house in time to meet his returning comrades.

It is of interest to note that these forms materialized shortly after Gomez laid down his hammer. Apparently the psychic invasion had followed the cessation of work on the house.

But now the end was approaching. Within a few months Mrs. Winchester's health began to fail. As her condition grew worse, she became bedfast. A trained nurse was called in to care for her. But the work of construction went on.

Death came at last to Mrs. Sarah Winchester on the night of September 5th, 1922. The long, weary years of labor were over at last.

The workmen laid down their tools. And for the first time in thirty-eight years, a sense of peace came with the silence that enveloped the sprawling, uncompleted mansion.

For a time the Winchester mansion stood closed and deserted. Finally, during the settlement of the estate, it was opened. Only then was the true extent of the building's bizarre details fully revealed. Several weeks were spent in making a map of the rooms and corridors. The stairways that led nowhere, the windows that opened into blank walls, the doors that swung out into space were more than annoying. One soon lost all sense of direction as if in an underground tomb.

It required six weeks to empty the rooms of furnishings. The moving men frequently lost their way, and it was necessary to paint arrows pointing toward exits at all corridor intersections. The men found storerooms crammed with building materials of all kinds, expensive fabrics from all parts of the world, and fine furniture.

For some time the seance room could not be located. When the secret door was finally forced, a number of lovely silken gowns were found. Apparently Mrs. Winchester used different gowns in communicating with different spirits. The room was provided with peep holes by which she could look out, but no one could look in.

Many strange features were noticed. Almost every room was on a slightly different level from the ones adjoining. Mirrors, for some unknown reason, were absent. There were mirrors in Mrs. Winchester's bedroom and bathroom, but the only other one in the entire structure was set with its face to the wall. Every room was heated, and one of the sun porches was provided with a radiator.

The number thirteen was in evidence everywhere. The windows had thirteen panes, the walls thirteen panels, and the chandeliers thirteen globes. The patterns on the hardwood floors and the concrete squares in the driveway were in groups of thirteen.

By special orders, every post had been set in position upside down, a factor that creates a curious effect on the visitor. The structure was strung with miles of wire, and there were communicating devices and other gadgets whose uses are still a mystery.

Part of the building was dismantled. Finally the property was sold for \$20,000 to Mr. and Mrs. John H. Brown, who have operated the place as a museum for some years. Naturally, the weird mansion has inspired many legends. It is whispered that a vast underground labyrinth lies under the structure, still to be discovered. It is also said that many visitors are strangely affected by a tour through the gaunt skeleton. They emerge white

and shaken, and the Browns keep restoratives handy.

What is truly the secret of the Winchester puzzle? Why did she spend millions of dollars and almost four decades of time in erecting what is, perhaps, the strangest mansion ever built?

Psychiatrists state that Mrs. Winchester suffered a great shock in the loss of her husband and only child. As a result, the house "became the instinctive and symbolic expression of an unfulfilled desire, wherein every room represented the creation and presence of a child. Building is for a woman a maternal expression."

There is no evidence that Mrs. Winchester possessed this behavior pattern. In fact, it has been stated that she apparently recovered normally from the losses of her early life. Moreover, this theory does not explain the abnormal, almost insane features of the rooms which allegedly represented children for her.

Again, it has been said that Mrs. Winchester believed that by building she was prolonging her life—that as long as construction went on, she would live. But despite the nature of her home, she was an intelligent woman. There is not a scrap of evidence, outside of her mansion, that she was mentally afflicted. It seems unlikely that she would have possessed this desire for immortality; and the theory, again, does not explain reversed

posts, two-inch stairs, and the absence of mirrors.

We can only conclude that Mrs. Winchester lived in the shadow of fear—that she believed she was in communication with earthbound entities of a low nature who probably had been killed by Winchester rifles. Her wealth was "blood money" to be spent as they dictated. It was these spirits who were demented, not Mrs. Winchester. It was they who, according to tradition, were repelled by mirrors. It was they who glided up two-inch stairs.

Did these entities have objective reality, or were they the products of a delusion created by Mrs. Winchester's fears about the nature of her wealth and her interest in the occult? Who can say? That is the real riddle in the strange case of Mrs. Winchester and her frenzied construction of a mansion that surpasses in wonder all the haunted castles of Europe.

### The End

#### SOURCES OF MATERIAL:

"The House That Ghosts Built," by Robert Ainslee, TRUE GHOST STORIES, January, 1929.

"House of Ten Thousand Ghosts," by Harold S. Corbin, MYSTIC MAGAZINE, December, 1930.

"The House that Tragedy Built," by Dean Jennings, CORONET, May, 1945.

Various notes compiled from newspaper reports.

# THE SHAVER MYSTERY

by Frank Patton

IN March, 1945, a pulp paper magazine called *Amazing Stories* featured a story titled "I Remember Lemuria!" which its author claimed was true. Within a few months, the affair mushroomed until the circulation of *Amazing Stories* had jumped 50,000 and the editors had received more than 30,000 letters from readers who agreed with the author, Richard S. Shaver, a Pennsylvania war-plant welder. What he said in his stories, which the magazine continued to feature, was true, those letters said.

Briefly, what Mr. Shaver said was this: The Earth is inhabited, underground, in gigantic caves whose area is a great deal more than the surface land area, by a race of people called by him "abandonero," or, the descendents of an "abandoned" group of people who were unable to leave the planet some 12,000 (or more — even 50,000) years ago in a general exodus made necessary by the discovery that the sun had commenced to hurl death-dealing radiations over the entire planet, and indeed, the entire solar system. These radiations were radioactive, and lodged in the body, being taken in largely through drinking water which accumulated the radioactive particles, and breathed into the lungs with the dust of the air which was also con-

taminated, and to a lesser degree, from the sunlight itself. The answer, thought the race then living on the earth (named variously "Titans" and "Atlans"), was to flee the planet, and migrate to one near an uncontaminated sun, or a planet in "dark space" near no sun at all.

This decision came after a fruitless attempt to escape the deadly radiations by moving from the surface of Earth, into the interior in great caverns hollowed out artificially, or modified from huge already existing natural caverns.

Up to this time, the Atlans and Titans lived virtually forever, at least for thousands of years; but now, with the radioactivity in their bones, they suffered radioactive poisoning which they claimed was the cause of the disease known as "age." A modern example is the case of the factory where girls painted "radium dial" clocks with brushes they "tipped" with their tongues. These girls developed poisoning which in short months made them appear to be hideously old hags, with all the infirmities of advanced age.

Since there were not enough space ships nor enough time to evacuate the entire population, only favored groups escaped, and the less fortunate or already diseased were abandoned and came

*Richard S. Shaver began writing his now famous "Shaver Mystery Stories" in 1944 and has created a permanent addition to both "science fiction" and "occult" lore and he has a host of backers in both fields, although he himself does not subscribe to the existence of the mystic world described by believers in the spirit. His is a mechanistic universe in which immortality is the scientific knowledge of how to live forever. He believes the Earth was abandoned by the "immortal" race, the Titans, who now live in the darkness of outer space.*

RICHARD S. SHAVER



to be called the abandondero.

Because the sun also has health-giving rays, which these people living in the caves had no access to, they degenerated into midget-like idiots, incapable of any constructive reasoning. Shaver called them "dero" for short, in his stories, which was a contraction of the words "degenerate robots." The word "ro" meant a sort of slavery, or compulsory government. To be "ro" was to be "governed by." Thus, these idiot people were governed by degenerative forces and were "dero."

There were others, fewer in number, who, with the use of machines and chemicals and beneficial rays, managed to stave off much of the mental degenerative effect of their way of life, and although they could not circumvent the disease of

age, and died at an average age of 50, retained a higher mental calibre. These were known as "tero," "te" being "integrative" or constructive. T was also the symbol of the cross of religion. It was good. The tero were governed by constructive forces.

However, down through the centuries the dero became more numerous and the tero were reduced by constant attack to a few scattered groups in hiding who were unable to do much to circumvent the deviltry of the dero. These dero had access to the wonderful machines of the ancients, still in working order, since they were built almost indestructible, and with these machines they were able to bedevil both the tero and the surface people. Among these machines were marvelous vision rays that could

penetrate miles of solid rock, picking up scenes all over the Earth without the need of a broadcast unit; transportation by teleportation instantaneously from one point to another (although this did require a sending and receiving set); mental machines which caused seemingly solid illusions, dreams, hypnotic compulsions (which account for the strange "urges to kill" of surface folk). They had death rays, space ships, giant rockets that traversed the upper air, ground vehicles of tremendous power, machines for the revitalizing of sex known as "stim" machines (in which these degenerates sometimes spent their whole lives in a sexual debauch that actually deformed their bodies in horrible ways almost beyond mentioning), ben rays which healed and restored the body, but were also capable of restoring lost energy after a debauch, and many more marvelous things which Mr. Shaver claimed would revolutionize our surface science if we could but obtain them.

The surface people who now inhabit the Earth are the descendants of those abandondero who were not even able to gain access to the "life-saving caverns" but were forced to roam the surface (producing the remains now known as Neanderthal). Most of them died off, but others developed a resistance to the sun's death-dealing rays, and eventually managed to live almost as long, on the average, as the cavern

people. They had one advantage, they did not go insane from lack of the beneficent rays of the sun as did the dero.

However, the surface folk lost all memory of their forefathers except for vague legends of "Atlantis" and "Lemuria" and "giants;" while they knew only of the dero as "devils" who tortured them in their sleep, brought misfortune, and fostered all the evil in men's minds.

Today, says Mr. Shaver, the dero still exist in their caves and all our troubles are caused by them. Our wars are fostered by them; our terrible air accidents are not accidents at all, but the result of destructive rays aimed at them by idiot minds whose only delight is death and torture; even our nightmares are the result of their "dream mech" trained on us in our sleep.

How does Mr. Shaver know this? Perhaps we had better let him tell you in his own words. Says Mr. Shaver:

How do I know? I have been there! I have been in the caves! I have written several fictional accounts of my trips to the Elder caverns of the underworld. But never before have I written without the screen of fiction between myself and the readers' scandalized unbelief.

Even so, the truth of my accounts was seen by many.

My fiction, drawn from twenty years of actual living contact with

the people of the cavern world, was *not* fiction. That was seen, commented on, and inevitably aroused conflict.

So, it is necessary to tell the simple truth, the facts about the "Elder World."

It is difficult to boil down twenty years of occasional contact face to face with the flesh-and-blood people of the underworld, and to separate it from twenty years of constant telepathic contact over the telaug beams, years of dreams from the dream-makers, years of reading ancient tapes sent by the record-keepers. (A tape is a thought-record, and it is "sent" over the telaug beams unseen and unnoticed by any but the recipient.)

To tell only of the outward reality, when the whole life of the underworld revolves around mental things, mental tools, thought augmentation which is to them a means of making their life and that of their friends a vivid and intense dream, is hard, but not impossible.

Outward reality is an unpleasant but necessary floor beneath the feet to the good men and women of the caverns. To one who enters into that dreamlife, reality becomes something one endures between dreams.

To be practical, I must separate, in my memory, all that has seemed most important from that which has seemed unimportant—and give you the latter. That is, the thing you recognize as reality.

I must carefully analyze what has happened over a period of half my lifetime; analyze, and give to you only what you who do not know of the Elder wonder-mech can recognize as true.

I must see it all through your eyes, the eyes of the disinherited of earth, and must explain to you what has been made unexplainable by centuries of careful censoring of your very thoughts, of your writings from the past.

Though my eyes are colored with the scented smoke of many Elder recordings, with later-created thought recordings of lesser mortals called "dreams," with all the mighty picturizations of the wonder-world-that-was, I must wipe away all that ancient gilding which has served to keep so many minds beside my own from bringing to you the simple truth.

I must look carefully at my life and choose from it exactly those known facts you need to know most. I must deduce from the fantastic years of my own past those least fantastic and most acceptable things. I must give you the value of this thing that happened to me long ago and to many and many a man before me.

I must remember you have been carefully taught to accept only provable, "scientific" facts as truth.

If you can accept that such a wide-spread and generally known secret could have been kept from public acceptance by its very un-

believable nature, then I can begin this account of fact with some degree of confidence in your belief.

For me, looking back, it all began with wishing and wanting something strange and wonderful instead of everyday dull and known things. The cavern people have an ancient weakness for granting surface folk's wishes, especially a wish so easily fulfilled by them. They gave me their good will, subtly, invisibly and unknown to myself. Dreams . . .

But then as youths do, I went to the city and left my old surroundings—and my best friends, visible and invisible.

I left my dreams, for some years gave up ambition, accepted my lot as one more worker and whose fate is of so little concern to those who are born to a better lot—or gain a better by, shall we say "luck."

Then my brother began to attract the unwelcome attention of some "lucky" people through his too great concern with duty. He was in a position of responsibility at the border, in charge of the immigration port of entry of a great city. He began to worry about the peculiar goings-on of certain political appointees who were distinctly too "lucky," and who were not doing their duty.

So my brother died, of a singularly rapid affliction of the stomach.

I began to worry about the whys and wherefores of my brother's death, and to make inquiries of

where and what he had eaten before his so-sudden demise.

It was then I began to hear the "voices" which we all accept as a symptom of insanity . . . until we hear them ourselves.

Now, very few men of intelligence will admit that they hear voices. They know it is generally held to be an unailing sign and symptom of insanity, and they fear to say, openly: "I hear voices!"

But, gain their confidence, tell a few tales of weird experiences "that no one would believe" and *invariably* your friend who has never heard a voice . . . HAS HEARD MANY VOICES, and over long periods of time!

But this was my own first experience with "voices." I was the exception that proves the rule: "everyone hears voices some time or other."

There have been many many "explanations" of these all-pervading voices, wild and unlikely explanations for the most part. But the truth about them is the wildest and unlikely of all.

I deduced that the voices must emanate from some new development of radio, and that the invention had been seized upon by some governmental clique of "lucky" people. That this was the same clique responsible for my brother's death, and that they were now bent upon destroying me. Naturally, I decided to take a trip across the state line to see if I could lose

them.

It was then the painful and harmful rays to which I have since become accustomed, began to be used. I surmised that secret governmental cliques had seized a whole series of new inventions and were out to go places—and that they feared I might expose them.

I also gathered there wasn't much I could do about it but run. I went on running.

Strangely, they kept pace. Bus, train, truck pick-up, they were with me, taunting, insanely abusive voices, viciously enjoying my useless attempts to escape a pain I knew would kill me unless I did escape.

Many who read this could tell the same tale of senseless, persistent persecution, and flight across this land of the free and the home of the brave. And each of them well knows that it is not a land of free men or brave men until that hidden evil is faced, understood, and done away with.

This is one man of those who *faces* it, because he believes the things he was taught in school—that one's own miserable life must stand ready to be given for the good of all.

Most of those who have suffered as I have, want with all their abused body and mind to face that evil and conquer it. But they do not fully understand its nature, its ancient lineage, and its powers so deep rooted in a forgotten past.

When they do understand something of its nature, they are lied to, pleased and debauched and pillowed in temptation . . . especially when they are in a position to do some effective struggling against the ancient evil.

To get back to the narrative—they kept pace. They followed, across state after state, and they followed when I took ship and went to sea!

Now my heretofore relied upon deductive powers began to give me doubt. WAS I really right about the nature of these pursuing voices? It was then I remembered certain old accounts I had read in a bookish youth—of other men who had fled similar unseen pursuers in the past and in the far past.

Before my reason could unseat itself with every effort to understand in materialistic terms a thing that could not be seen, but could be heard and felt . . . OTHER VOICES CAME TO MY RESCUE!

They were not "angels" or "spirits," however. My rescuers were rather scornful patrician voices, very worldly and proud, and sensibly conscious of their youth and beauty.

The daughters of munition merchants, of those warlords of earth who never fight, but make hay while the gases blow across the battlefields, I thought, could not have been more cocksure of their own superiority.

I still did not know where they

were, or what powerful equipment they really possessed, but I knew they were human, possessed of a means of getting around the world as rapidly as any public conveyance known—and remaining out of sight because they possessed devices such as their rays and mind-reading “radios” which any government would take from them if it could.

I knew they were human, and of flesh and blood. And when they stimmed me, I knew they fully appreciated my own strength and goodlooking youth—and were not averse to being considered friends. I liked them.

And as weeks of acquaintance drew into months, and months into years, I became one of the initiate, knowing all . . . soaking it up from the wide-open telaug contacts . . . reading their minds unconsciously to us both. Years went by, and I finally understood that the people of the surface are the anciently disinherited, the pitiful ones . . . and that deep under the surface rocks are inviolable labyrinths of wonderfully built caverns containing the indescribable leavings of a race of men infinitely beyond modern man in knowledge.

“Indescribable leavings” is an abominable phrase to describe the wonders of the caves. I have described them in many fictional accounts, but the poverty of our words and puny mental imagery which they arouse is such that no

man can write adequately of the wonder-mech of the caves.

No words can give you the reality of the caves. A reality so infinitely wonderful and rich in possibility for development of the human race that tears of rage arise when one knows that for an age selfish groups of people have kept it all to themselves. The day for such abysmal stupidity as theirs of the caves has been is past. They know it, I know it, and the time for the old game of lording it over the unfortunate “many too many” who were “too stupid” to get into the caverns . . . is over and past.

The pleasures Homer sang of as “the Gods’ alone” are real pleasures. The place where those pleasures are available has fostered, through the years, a race of demonic idiots, victims of an environment and an ancient degeneracy impossible to comprehend unless seen and suffered from and experienced.

It has *also* fostered groups of wonderfully developed minds, embattled people who have spent their lives fighting the ancient tradition of secrecy and destruction of surface races. *It is the satanic tradition!*

They have been demons, serving an evil lord with all the mummery which has come to mean to surface men only a vague preachment about an evil being under the earth.

These insane groups of degener-

ate, spoiled people still persist in the ancient way of life, still plan and execute a purpose of complete destruction of all surface power.

They were behind the two great German grabs for world domination. The warriors and chiefs of German surface states are dead, now. BUT the war-mad power groups who planned and controlled those marching hordes of doomed surface men are alive and Croesus-rich and planning an atomic war.

Against their unbeatable ancient weapons and experience with the control of ignorant minds . . . against that bloody unseen power-mad assembly of monsters completely misunderstood by those whom they make dupes of; the leaders of armies, the heads of great nations of the surface who are forced to serve them unknown to themselves by virtue of the ancient telaug mech . . . against that apparently unbeatable horror that has destroyed man's aspirations uncounted times in the past flight of years . . . against the living Satanic Lord of today . . . stand those sane decent groups of cavern people who have been fighting THAT for centuries.

We are helpless, unless we are equipped with the ancient wisdom and the devices left by a superior race, our forgotten ancestors who peopled a more beautiful and healthier earth long before the deluges of radioactivity and flood.

That is the reality behind my fic-

tional accounts of the "Elder Caverns." They exist, they have been called both Hell and Paradise. They can be either, depending on the will of the man behind the greatest of the ancient weapons that still sit, built imperishably of uncorroding massive metals. Still sit where the great race left them when the sun's increasing heat expanded into sudden radioactivity sweeping over earth. Some of the great race may have escaped that titanic doom of a vaster world of our past. Our own world, but a bigger and better world in an infinite number of ways.

Perhaps their caverns saved many, and they left after the sun quieted down. We do not know. We only know we have been cast out of the paradise of the past . . . and the Devil has been living there. We who know, know the caverns could bring a vast new renaissance of immense development . . .

I am trying to speak for all of us who KNOW! I think that together, openly trying to do something sensibly constructive about this greatest and most ancient problem of all that man has faced—and left unsolved—we might at last, with modern open minds and technical tools and trainings, revive something that is very apt to die. That something . . . a possible great future for mankind.

Denying the underworld and its work, laughing at ghosts, witchcraft and magic, ignorant surface

man has missed the one path that could long ago have led him from the slough of despair. *Must* we have an endless succession of World Wars?

There are powerful groups of ancient lineage who are convinced that even war cannot keep population reduced enough to make earth livable for them.

They are perfecting a more efficient method. Is that the real source of the "atom bomb?" Can we keep on bragging about the most idiotically destructive device man has produced in historic times? "A month after Bikini, men and women suffer radioactive attacks on the other side of the world,"—to quote from the news. Isn't it time the "many too many" did something besides wait to be killed off?

I have a suggestion. There is a "great secret" which, if generally known, would restrain them from slaughtering each other.

Cain has always killed Abel. The Satanists of the underworld have always killed the ABLE people of the surface, to insure their complacence in the face of their complete degradation, the disinheriting of the many too many from all that their mighty ancestors left for them.

I have spent years in a warren of caverns deep within the earth. I know what is there, and the history of those people who have made it their stronghold since most ancient times.

Must Cain be allowed to kill our *able* men, and remain concealed, inviolate?

A word about myself:

I never was average; I was proud. My family moved around when I was young; my dad ran restaurants, buying and selling them frequently. So I had to battle the kids as all strangers in a town do. And I usually got licked, or so I remember. My nose still points southwest.

School was always too easy. I didn't study hard, but usually got good marks. Summers I peddled ice and worked on the state road. Like the rest of you I had to earn money for winter. I played football.

I went to the big city of Philadelphia when I was nineteen, and it hit me like a circus hits a nine-year-old. I did a book about this period called *The Dream Makers*. It will be published eventually.

"The voices" which I have written about, were a behind-the-scenes secret of my life until I was thirty or so.

Pinning down the source of the voices, following up the immense secret ancient history behind such things (possession, visions, witchcraft, etc.) has been my avocation, while I earned a living at the hardest kind of work, traveling a lot. I was a foreman for a landscape company for years. We specialized in moving big trees—and I mean big. We put a one-hundred-fifty-

foot bald cypress on Pierre Dupont's Longwood Gardens. This was an adventurous roving life which suited me; a month here, a month there, always traveling, always pitted against a great weight and soft ground. It taxes the ingenuity of the best rigger to move twenty tons over a swamp. Some of the trees we took over the road would crash through the concrete paving wherever there was a soft spot underneath. This was work, and adventurous work, full of change and problems.

I always read science-fiction. "The Man From The Atom" is one of the first stories I remember clearly. I bought a copy of the first *Amazing Stories* issue.

But I always had a determination never to write because my mother and my brother both wrote interminably, giving up all natural occupations of life to write. I couldn't see it. Finally my artistic instincts drove me to go to art school.

There I was happy. It was depression; there was little need to look for a job, as you couldn't find one anyway. I had some money saved, and my brother, an immigration inspector, helped with my schooling. So I became a painter of portraits, a long-haired daudler about the studios. I was very arty, I suppose, but I didn't think much about it. I was really interested in a deep subject for the first time in my life.

This went on until the depression lifted and my brother died of "flu." I went to work in Briggs Auto Body Plant to make a living. It was there that the gun-welder went on the fantastic binge which resulted in my hearing more and clearer and more informative voices than I had ever heard before. I had known vaguely that "voices" were thought to be incipient insanity, and that this was wrong; that they were a secret phase of life which no one understood. It was here that the real pursuit of my life developed, and I learned what really immense depths of ignorance existed on earth—an earth which did not know its history at all; an earth where titanic science was locked away from people by a mile of rock, and that beneath that rock a people who had been dog-in-the-manger with the science of a superior race for an age, still held out on civilization the most valuable cards in the deck of knowledge.

That the voices were these secret monopolizers of ray communication, and that the rays were used to befuddle and bedevil surface men, and had always been so used, were in truth the same old witchcraft for which so many innocents were burned in medieval times, was a real discovery. Since then I have traveled and sought the wiser of these "voices" to learn all I could about the caves and the Elder Race that built them. Hence my stories about the Elder Race and their sci-

ence. It was my only way to preserve this vast lost page of History for the students I realized were being so sadly mistaught by the remnants of an age of misinformation about the real origins of men and science and magic—students who were even being sabotaged mentally to keep them from learning about the wealth of information hidden in the caves.

That I have been in the caves and seen these things with my own eyes, seems to make no difference to those who cannot understand why I should make such a bald statement of the truth of the existence of the caverns and the people who hide their existence from us. Which is understandable—but too bad for the future of understanding, of education, of truth of any kind about the past—of development of real science instead of the thing we have called Science and so accurately derided by Fort. I agree with Fort—and go further. It is really worse than he thinks, and purposely so. Because the errors are many of them inserted by the ray-people who do so to hold us back from discovery which would free us from their evil parasitism.

To fight this vast black, empty page of History and put the white symbols of Truth upon it, has become my life purpose. An anger burns me always, for what they have done to me personally, but also for what they have done to men for so many long centuries.

That science-fiction fans everywhere have not understood the battle I wage against a terrible evil has been my greatest sorrow. It is too bad for them, as this is the most interesting facet of our modern life. I only hope time will open their eyes.

Scotch — French — English — Indian descent. The surname is German, from Shavertown. Weight about 190; height 5' 11"; age 40. Brown hair, gray-green eyes. Fond of animals; like to have a couple of dogs and cats around the house. Favorite authors: E. R. Eddison, Cabell, Machen, etc. . . .

In my research into the Shaver Mystery, I have talked with hundreds of people. I have been impressed with one thing—their sincerity. I have also been impressed with another thing—that Mr. Shaver, despite what his claims seem to indicate, is *not* mentally unbalanced. I have presented his own words to show his sincerity, but I cannot present the impression one receives when speaking to the man himself. He is grave, slow-spoken, calm, unassuming, and there is a continual glint of humor in his eyes. Yet there is the impression of a hard life adventurously lived, and of courage. It certainly takes courage to say the things he does, knowing full well that they will be deemed insane by the majority. However, I will not judge the man's mind, because I am incapable of it—except to say that he is one of

the most brilliant men I have ever met. And he plays a marvelous game of chess . . .

Says Mr. Shaver: "I have been in the caves."

"Physically?" I asked him.

"I *believe* so," he told me, "but just when and how I cannot say. How can one divide the 'dream' from the 'reality' when there is no way of determining which is which? I've tried the old trick of pinching myself. It always hurt.

"Let us put it this way: Are you *really* here, talking to me?"

"Yes." I said it positively.

"Then I have been in the caves," he said, just as positively.

Shaver's stories are accepted as legitimate evidence of the reality of the precepts of the followers of occultism. This is amazing, in that Mr. Shaver positively does not adhere to any belief in a life after death, looks pityingly upon those who believe the voices he hears and the dero and tero he sees are "spirits." He tells you the blood of a tero spurts as stickily and as real when he is drawn and quartered as would yours. The existence of spirits is "wool" deliberately fostered by the cave people to explain the things they do, and prevent investigation, which surface people would otherwise make if there were not a scapegoat on which to blame the mysterious happening.

But the occultists say Shaver's caves are really the lower astral, the abode of the dead who are spirit-

ually degraded. The Spiritists declare that their seances reveal the existence of these degenerate little people exactly as Shaver has described them, but existing in a strange world of other-vibratory nature right along with ours. The tero, they say, are the spirits of the good, of guardian angels, of higher spirits who guard over mankind.

Says Shaver: "If so, I am amazed at their impotence! It looks as if the Devil has God on the run. If I am a mystic, a 'sensitive,' a 'medium,' then I have seen 'guardian angels' boiled in oil, fried on a spit, and *eaten!* In the caves, one of the greatest delicacies of the dero is *human flesh*, and I have seen where that flesh comes from! Surface people, just like you and I. I can't imagine a 'spirit' eating 'lamb' stew."

Say the Spiritists: "Shaver has seen the same things we have—but we *can* imagine a 'spirit' eating meat. Why not? They are as real as we — although in another 'plane.'"

The argument is one I cannot resolve. Both sides are sincere. I have been asked to describe the Shaver Mystery to the readers of FATE. I have done so. And frankly, in the doing, I have witnessed several unaccountable things. Perhaps I am easily hypnotized . . .

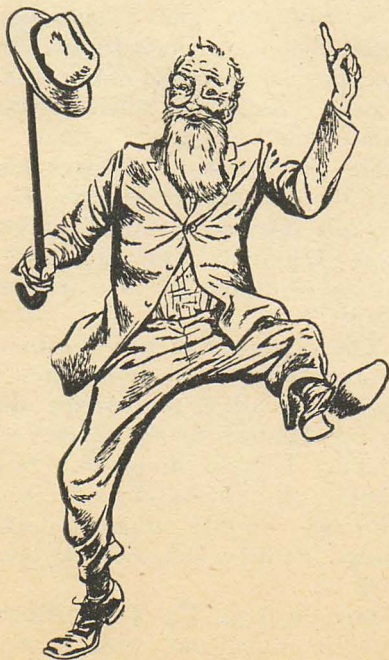
But on Dec. 27, 1949, Albert Einstein came out with a new theory of gravitation and electro-

magnetic fields. All I know is that months before that Mr. Shaver (minus the mathematical formula) told me the same thing! And Mr. Shaver showed me stories published in 1945 in which he propounded the things Mr. Einstein has now "discovered." For the record, I personally want to say that if any credit for a new and revolutionary

theory of gravity goes to *anybody* it should go to Mr. Richard S. Shaver! Whatever else he is, he is of a scientific turn of mind—and his stories, all of which I have read carefully, contain dozens of scientific precepts which have been confirmed by scientific research *since* they were written. I am terrifically impressed.

## SEARCHING FOR THE ELIXIR OF LIFE

by Drew Ames



THE KEY to premature old age itself exists in the rare new drug-hormones, Cortisone and ACTH, which physicians so far know to be a remarkable cure for arthritis, some forms of heart disease, hardening of the arteries and other diseases associated with growing older.

A world-wide hunt is underway for new sources of these revolutionary remedies which may change the whole future and outlook of mankind. So far only enough of these miracle drugs is available to treat a few hundred persons. To find more, men are searching into strange places of the world and are undertaking extensive chemical and biological research.

A U.S. Government expedition is underway to Africa to bring back seeds of a plant known as *strophantus sarmentosus*, which is

a potentially unlimited source of the raw material for cortisone. The plant yields a material whose chemical configuration has been found thus far only in the adrenal glands of animals.

On another front, the Glidden Paint Company has revealed that its chemists have made great progress in developing a simplified method of producing the precious drug from soy beans.

Cortisone is not a cure but must be given in daily injections. It is being distributed by a special committee to qualified institutions purely for research purposes. It is made from ox bile and is so extremely rare that the Merck Company is producing only about 200 grams a month, which is enough to treat only a few persons.

Another substance is ACTH, made from the pituitary gland of hogs. It produces the same effect as cortisone by stimulating the patient's adrenal glands to produce cortisone. ACTH is being isolated by a new process developed by Armour & Co., Chicago. Total production is only about 60 pounds per year, and to produce that much

requires pituitary glands of 24,000,000 slaughtered hogs.

Production of *Sarmentogenin* from the *sarmentosus* seeds could eliminate this costly labor. *Sarmentogenin* has a chemical structure much nearer to cortisone than the bile acid from which it is produced today. It takes 37 chemical steps to transform the bile acid into cortisone, but only 20 to transform *Sarmentogenin* into synthetic cortisone.

It is estimated that it would require one ton of *sarmentosus* seeds to maintain an arthritic person for one year. Heavy production of the seeds could become an enormously profitable industry for tropical countries, since there are an estimated 7,000,000 arthritics in the United States today.

When cortisone is available in substantial quantities, the long-sought search for a Foundation of Youth may be at last achieved. Though it will not guarantee immortality, it is certain to keep human beings healthy and well far beyond the periods when they ordinarily wither and die.

THE END

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## “SOMETHING QUEER IN THE SKY”

RESIDENTS of South Carolina saw “something queer in the sky” recently. It looked like an aluminum-colored neon light tube, and at first it was pointed straight up; then it leveled off and went off to-

ward the south. Said one witness: “It wasn’t like anything I’d ever seen before. It put a funny feeling over me.” Said the Army: “A weather balloon.”

The Army is in a rut.



# CREATING GENIUSES FROM MORONS

*by Robert Colby*

AS FAR AS BIOLOGISTS have been able to determine, there is no difference between the brains of geniuses and morons. Even when the most careful comparisons have been made of the brains of professors and common laborers, anatomists have been unable to determine any physical difference between the two.

For nearly a century this dilemma has puzzled the world's leading researchers. Then, by luck, they transferred their attention from the brains to the brain coverings. Here they found the clue to the differences between persons of superior mental ability and ordinary mortals.

They found that the blood supply of the brain coverings of the geniuses were richer and more complex. According to Dr. Edward

Podolsky, New York psychiatrist, in his book "The Thinking Machine," the brain coverings of men of genius have blood vessels of "magnificent caliber," and a great many of them. The half-wit, on the other hand, has a brain covering poor in blood vessels and even these are small in size.

Since there is no real difference between brains, the possibility is opened up of increasing the blood supply of morons and so increasing their intelligence. Surgeons have already made great progress in increasing blood supply to other areas of the body. Soon, better techniques in the surgery of blood vessels are expected to be able to add new blood vessels of adequate capacity to the brain covering. Artificial arteries made of new plastics have already successfully sup-

planted natural arteries in experiments on animals.

The amount of sugar, calcium and other foods in the blood are also enormously important to the normal functioning of the brain. Fordham University experiments have shown that lack of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> (thiamine) in the diet of young rats lessens their learning ability. When a diet rich in thiamine is fed, they are above average learning ability.

Applied to humans, the New York Neurological Institute has discovered that the IQ of mentally retarded children is raised many points by feeding them glutamic acid, which is contained in all protein foods.

In most cases of insanity of or-

ganic origin the calcium content of the blood is lower than normal, and the blood sugar is higher than normal. This, it is suspected, may explain the action of insulin in treating schizophrenia and why it is more effective than electric shock which has no effect in decreasing blood sugar.

Using these studies as a basis, William L. Laurence believes that in the near future, teamwork between the skilled neuro-surgeon, blood chemist, nutritionist and endocrinologist, "may lead to means for polishing up dull brains so that they may shine with a brilliance hitherto attained only by an elite few, endowed by heredity with abundant vessels and a healthy blood supply."

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## YOUR ELECTRIC MEMORY

**W**HEN you remember something, you do it electrically. According to a discovery by Drs. John L. Kennedy and Robert M. Gottsdanker, Tufts College, the act of remembering causes tiny spurts of electricity to run from your brain along your temples and out through the skull.

This opens up a new line of research, extremely interesting to psychiatrists. They hope that now, with the aid of electrical apparatus, they will be able to stimulate the memory portion of the brain and cause the patient to "remember" that which he has forgotten, or de-

liberately buried in his subconscious.

Surgeons, operating on the brain, have found that they could cause the patient to remember things long forgotten by touching the exposed brain with a slight current.

The seat of the memory is the temporal lobes, two sections of gray matter, one on each side of the head.

To get memory waves, electrodes are fastened in front of the top corner of each ear. These waves are then traced on paper by a pen.

What a boon the memory machine would be in courtrooms!

# 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 GHOST HIT ME

THE early years of my marriage were spent in a two story house on a small farm in west-central Arkansas. The northern wing, on the right as one entered the front door, was never finished and only partly occupied. My two youngest stepdaughters, aged eight and six, if told to undress upstairs, preferred to sleep in their clothing rather than undress and properly prepare for bed. In this they were encouraged by their older sisters, eager to annoy and defy a stepmother. To insure sanitary preparation for bed, I made them dress and undress downstairs under my supervision. During the day their nightgowns hung on two nails a few inches apart in the wall of the unfinished room.

On this particular night the two children were in the living room with their father. The older girls were clearing the table in the dining room, which also opened into the front hall. I crossed the hall to get the nightgowns, leaving the living room door open. That of the north room was wide open, the three windows in full sight and apparently nothing in the doorway. But when I tried to pass

through, the way was blocked—something invisible but definitely having bulk, was in that doorway.

Rather shaken, I went to the dining room and talked a few minutes with my older stepdaughter but not mentioning my scare. My real thought was that my nerves, badly shocked by a recent, complicated confinement and less than a week's rest thereafter, were playing me a trick.

Again I approached that open door, determined to master my nerves and get those nightgowns. Again I met that invisible bulk. This time I lunged forward with my shoulder to force a way. Something unseen but which felt much like a clenched fist, struck me a glancing blow on the chest, sending me staggering across the hall. At the same time, something spoke peremptorily to my mind.

"Get a light."

I am sure the voice could not have been heard by the others, but to me it sounded like my father's, in one of his self-important, bluff-the-womenfolks moods. Undignifiedly, I scuttled back into the dining room.

"What's the matter?" asked one of the girls.

"I'm scared to go into that room in the dark," I replied truthfully.

They could understand that. Waiting until my trembling was stilled enough safely to permit carrying a kerosene lamp, I obediently "got a light" and for the third time tried to enter the north room. This time there was no opposition whatever. I walked in, turned toward the west wall—and screamed for my husband. There, between the two nails, where my fingers would inevitably have brushed it, was the biggest tarantula I ever saw, and the only one we ever saw about that farm.—*Mrs. Laura D. Cole, Grannis, Arkansas.*

### PHANTOM CARRIAGE

**B**ACK in 1917 when I was seven years old and my brother nine, we were living in an isolated section of the North of Ireland and as is customary there we helped with the farm work after coming home from school. This particular July evening our task was to go to the bog and place the recently cut peat in small lumps so as to hasten drying. As the evening wore on and all the other workers had gone home, daylight giving way to the long twilight of that Northern Latitude, my brother looked up and exclaimed "Look Johnnie, What's that?" I turned in the direction he pointed and there not more than fifty yards from where we were working on marshy and impassible terrain appeared an animal-drawn

vehicle; I say animal-drawn because it seemed too small for either horse or donkey. The vehicle itself was somewhat like a trap. Its lone occupant sat facing us and seemed to have neither interest nor control over the destination or behavior of the animal drawing it.

Our amazement grew as it seemed to change in appearance as it moved away from us. Now there were two occupants. The vehicle itself took on a coachlike shape. Across the uneven, marshy wasteland definitely impassable for any normal vehicle this strange spectacle passed, oblivious of the numerous turfbanks that crossed its path until it faded out of sight in the distance. We were transfixed for a few moments then fear overtook us and we ran wildly home to relate our experience to our parents who laughed at our story.

Some years later when we were able to get our teacher to listen to this strange tale, he attempted to explain it as a form of mirage and that the vehicle we saw was really a normal one passing along a road beyond the horizon which was parallel to the course we saw it, and that the numerous changes we saw it undergo were illusions caused by the reflected light. This was the best explanation we ever got; however in the thirty years that have elapsed since, my brother and I often discuss this phenomenon that we witnessed in our childhood.—*John Bonner, 38 Sterling Place,*

Brooklyn, N.Y.

### DEATH MANTRA

**Y**EARS ago when I was sixteen and living in my home town in Wales, British Islands, something very mysterious occurred to me which nearly cost me my life.

One Sunday afternoon I decided to give my bicycle a clean-up and a spot of black paint here and there, so that I could sally forth the following afternoon with some of the boys and cycle to the Lighthouse, not far from the place where I lived, for a swim.

After finishing the task of painting the bike, boyish-like, I painted a skull and crossbones on the drain-pipe of the house and as an afterthought I added the word DEATH above it. (At this time I undoubtedly was deeply interested in pirate stories.)

Later that same Sunday evening I was out for a walk, with other boys, when with no warning whatever I walked right up against a FACE! No other part of a body was visible—just a face! It was not an unkind face, nor a frightening one; neither was it a face I could remember having seen before, but it certainly was one I never would forget!

With an occurrence so astonishing and so frightening as that my hair stood on end!

Even though twenty years have passed since then, I still remember my sensations as though they were

yesterday. I was scared! I can still remember the face, also, as distinct as I saw it then, for it was stamped forever on my mind.

But more is still to come: The following afternoon, on Monday, I did go to the Lighthouse for a swim as planned. (At that young age I was a moderate swimmer.)

Upon entering the water I decided to make my grand entry via the water-chute. The time so far as I can recollect was about 1530. (3:30 p.m.) When I finally hit the water I found I could not get my legs to kick. They seemed paralyzed! I sank to the bottom. Fortunately for me two gentlemen saw me and realizing I was in trouble dived in after me.

That same evening we received a telegram saying my brother, Aubrey, had been drowned in a swimming bath at Bedford at about the same time in the afternoon that the two men rescued me.

I often ask myself what was the explanation of this? Was it just a coincidence or otherwise? Did I unconsciously form a mantras that called DEATH to me?

Bedford, where my brother was drowned, is about 150 miles away from the town where I was living.—Cliff Webb, *Eritrea Police, Red Sea Division, Massaua, Eritrea, East Africa.*

### CHURCH IN A DREAM

**W**HEN I was a small child I had a recurrent dream of going

into a church. It was always the same large cathedral. I never seemed to know any of the people, except the one person I was walking with, sometimes an uncle, or father, or relative on my father's side. As I walked down the aisle, I always heard beautiful organ music, and saw beautifully-stained glass windows portraying the story of the bible. There was Elijah being fed by ravens, the feeding of the multitudes on the mount, etc. It seemed I would just go into the church, walk up to the front, and my dream would end. I told my mother about the dream, and since she wanted me to enter the ministry, she considered it a good omen.

But the ministry wasn't my mission. I chose a life in the Navy instead. Eight years after my dream, in the Spring of 1938, our ship went up the Rhine from Rotterdam to Cologne. While in Cologne I visited the Cologne Cathedral. It wasn't till I was inside the church that I had a strange feeling of having been there before. As I walked down the aisle the feeling grew stronger and by the time I reached the archway, I knew that beyond that arch and to the left would be . . . a stained glass window. It all came back to me then. This was the church I'd dreamed of as a child. But why? Had the dream called me to a life in the service of the church? Had I made a mistake in choosing the Navy?

It was over a year before I re-

ceived an answer to these questions. I was drinking Dubonet at a sidewalk cafe in Budapest when one of my shipmates called, "Hey, Schiller," as he passed my table. A man I had never seen before, three tables away, turned, looked at me, got up and walked to my table.

"Is that really your name?" he asked. I said it was. He then introduced himself as Kadarka, and said that his name and the name Schiller both are the name of a wine served in his father's house. As we talked we discovered that we were distant cousins. He later took me to his uncle's home. During the evening's conversation I mentioned my dream.

"That's odd," said his uncle. "Your great grand parents were married in that church."—*T. L. Schiller, 2211 Utter St., Bellingham, Wash.*

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### THE PHANTOM OF PAVUVU

**I**N August, 1944, three weeks before the First Marine Division left Pavuvu, their base in the Russell Islands, to attack Japanese-held Peleliu, Radio Tokyo started what appeared to be a special campaign to shake the morale of American Troops. "Tokyo Rose" would play a number of popular records, give a cockeyed news report, then follow with a detailed outline of our secret battle plan. She even predicted exact dates of departure and arrival. She would conclude her program with grim warnings that

the garrison at Peleliu was well prepared to welcome us and that no marine would leave the island alive.

For the most part, her warnings were laughed off as so much propaganda and not too clever at that. However, some apprehension was felt in knowing that Japan was so familiar with so-called secret battle plans. Although it was a known fact that Japan had radio listening posts nearby and operated submarines in the South Pacific waters. It was also reasonable to assume they had spies in many places—just as U.S. Intelligence was able to ascertain certain facts about the enemy. Such rationalizing provided consolation.

Never-the-less, many of the men in the Third Armored Amphibian Battalion, attached to the First Division, were going into combat for the first time and it did not take much to make them jittery. Just about the time the radio broadcasts began to take on a more ludicrous vein, something else happened which nearly caused utter panic in the entire outfit.

Late one night, about ten days before departure for Peleliu, a man woke up the battalion with a blood-curdling scream. Everyone decided he had had a nightmare. Yet, he insisted he had not been dreaming; that someone had grabbed his throat and tried to choke him.

The very next night, within a half-hour, two more men in separated areas yelled and claimed

they had been attacked. The camp guards made a thorough search of the area and found nothing out of order.

The third night it happened again to several different men at half-hour intervals. Almost the entire camp joined in a search for the "phantom choker," but found nothing. By daylight all sorts of rumors and speculation were rampant. Theories were argued. Mass hysteria, auto-suggestion, plain jitters, a demented marine, a Japanese landed by submarine, all, were blamed.

The fourth, fifth and sixth nights were repeat performances. No solution.

Several men decided that, since they could not get any sleep anyway, they would set up a volunteer guard detail to catch the "phantom," or "Charlie the Choker," as he was nicknamed. They waited with loaded weapons. But the "phantom" always struck just far enough away from the alert watchers to evade capture. Cries of "There he goes!" were heard at opposite ends of the camp. No one could sleep once the chase began. No one knew exactly what to look for. Even those who had been attacked could not give an accurate description of the culprit. The victims did agree, however, that the attacker must be a man, and that he was large, quick, powerful and had a strong body odor.

Another strange thing was that

no one had been really injured. One victim showed bruise marks on his throat and was treated for hysteria.

In one instance the would-be captors scuffled in the dark only to discover they were attacking each other. The "phantom" had slipped away again.

The volunteer guard increased. If anyone moved in the area after dark without a flashlight, or without good reason, he was certain to be shot. Those who remained in their tents and tried to sleep, held combat knives in their hands.

At first, the officers took a dim view of the whole affair. Then, as the entire battalion became affected, they investigated, questioned, watched—and found nothing to prove or disprove the existence of the "phantom choker."

One suspect, a moody fellow who could not give a clear account of his actions, was locked up in the guard house for a night. The "phantom" struck twice that night.

The men rigged booby traps and alarms of tin cans and wire which were craftily avoided by the "phantom."

He would apparently attack only those who were asleep and momentarily unguarded. Quietly approaching his victim, he would raise the mosquito net around the cot and place his hands around the man's throat, squeezing gently and firmly until the victim awakened.

At that instant, the "phantom" would vanish.

If he were real; if he existed at all, there were plenty of hiding places in the hundreds of coconut trees around the tents.

The Third Armored was given one night of rest. That night he attacked in a camp about a half-mile away. Unsubstantiated rumor reported attacks in still another area two miles away.

By the time the men were ordered to go aboard ship, to depart for the Peleliu campaign, everyone was glad to leave Pavuvu. Surely the "phantom" would not go aboard ship. Apparently, he elected to stay behind on the deserted island.

A small detachment of men, a rear echelon, was left at Pavuvu to maintain a camp. They did not report any attacks after the main body of men left.

As soon as the convoy got under way a rumor was circulated that the "phantom" had been captured aboard one of the ships. It was supposed to have been a demented marine. However, careful investigation, further questioning, never traced the rumor, nor the fact, to its source.

To this day—the story of "Charlie the Choker" remains an unsolved mystery in the annals of the First Marine Division.—*Lee Ruttle; 3765A Shafter Ave., Oakland 9, Calif.*



# THE NATURE OF PHANTOMS IN HAUNTED HOUSES

by *Hereward Carrington*

THERE ARE TWO THEORIES as to the character of the apparitions seen in haunted localities: (1) that they are objective, semi-material entities — 'ghosts' in the traditional sense; (2) that they are subjective, mental creations, that is, hallucinations.

However, as we shall see, the classification is not so easy as this and there are many instances in which the phantom form seems to be partly mental and partly physical, and to display characteristics typical of both — just as light has been shown by modern physicists to possess the characteristics of both waves and particles! For this reason the basic energy constituting light quanta has been called "wavicles." Some ghosts seem to possess the characteristics of wavicles too!

It is easy enough to assume, off-

hand, that all ghostly visitants are merely hallucinatory. This is the course usually taken by the sceptic. We know that hallucinations of all sorts *do* exist in fever, delirium, certain diseases of the eye, and so forth. We know that illusions of the senses may occur, and that mind's-eye pictures can often be very vivid. In our dreams we live in a world of illusion, doubtless self-created.

All this being so, would it not be far simpler — it has been argued — to assume that these, too, are merely hallucinatory — thus permitting 'ghosts' to fall into a category already accepted and more or less understandable by psychological science?

Unfortunately for the proponents of this view many ghosts are not 'explained away' so easily! The majority of the reports which have

come to us have been from perfectly sane, normal, healthy individuals, who were suffering from no mental or physical illness and who may have had such an experience only *once* in their lives. But that one experience happened to be in a haunted house!

No. The pure hallucination theory does not carry us very far; nor does it serve to explain all the complicating factors in the case. On the other hand, once we grant the possibility of genuinely objective spectres, we encounter many obscurities and difficulties of other sorts. Before coming to these, however, let us briefly summarize some of the evidence tending to support the idea that some ghosts, at least, are semi-material entities:

1. Several persons have seen the figure at the same time. Two, three, four — as many as seven — persons have seen a phantom simultaneously and afterwards described it in identical terms. If the phantom were objective, existing in the outer world, this would be natural enough; but if it were purely subjective that would of course be impossible.

These are the so-called "collective" cases. Theories have been advanced in attempts to explain them. It has been proposed that such cases represent instances of 'contagious telepathic hallucinations'—that one person experienced an unusual sensory phenomenon, and unconsciously transmitted this idea to the others telepathically. This theory seems very far-fetched

and there are practically no analogies which can be called upon to support it.

2. The fact that several persons, seeing the figure at the same time, have described it as it would normally appear to them from their different angles of vision. Thus, suppose the phantom were facing due north. Someone standing in front of the figure would describe it as full-face while someone standing due east would describe the form in profile. Many cases are on record in which just this has occurred!

3. The fact that animals, as well as human beings, have apparently seen the ghost, have followed it about, or shown by their behavior that they were terrified of it. First-hand and quite circumstantial accounts of such happenings have frequently been reported.

4. The fact that ghosts have occasionally been photographed. These instances are relatively rare but they exist and have never been satisfactorily explained. Some of them are very striking.

5. The fact that a person visiting a house for the first time, and knowing nothing of its history, may see a phantom, note its appearance carefully, and the following day pick out a photograph of that person from amongst a dozen presented to him. The one chosen is a likeness of the "ghost" reputedly haunting the house in question! Surely this looks as though he actually "saw" the right person. . . .

6. The fact that phantoms have

often spoken and given information which the subject did not know and afterwards found to be correct. Such cases certainly seem to indicate an external, individual mind, independent of that of the percipient.

7. The fact that such forms have often touched the subject, and he has felt their hands — which occasionally left their imprints upon his body. These again certainly tend to prove objectivity as opposed to any hallucination theory.

8. The fact that material objects have frequently been moved by such phantom forms — doors opened, curtains drawn, candles snuffed, etc. No mental picture, however vivid, can do these things! Raps, footsteps and other sounds, have likewise been produced by them. Cool breezes are frequently associated with their movements. All these things undoubtedly point to the material reality of the figure.

Quite aside from the “materializations” often noted in physical séances, therefore, these phantom forms seen in haunted houses often present some very respectable evidence that they are, at times at least, semi-material in character and as such genuine ghostly visitants!

But if they are, we have one great paradox to account for: the clothes of ghosts! One might well imagine that there is some sort of astral or etheric body which survives death (the “spiritual body”

of St. Paul) and that this might constitute the *post mortem* ‘vericle’ for one’s spiritual entity. But we can hardly believe that a suit of clothes, bought at \_\_\_\_\_ and Co., would survive also!

This has always been a stumblingblock in the acceptance of the objective reality of ghosts. It is easy enough to conceive a hallucinatory clothed figure; our “dream people” are invariably clothed. But it is difficult to conceive of a set of ghostly clothes; and this point was in fact played up, about the middle of the last century, by Cruikshank — the famous caricaturist of *Punch* — who wrote a little booklet on the subject. The gist of his argument was that all so-called ‘ghosts’ must be merely hallucinations because of this apparent absurdity.

Indeed, it is a difficult question — as yet largely unsolved. However, various theories have been put forward by way of explanation — even assuming the objectivity of the phantom.

The first of these assumes that such things as thought-forms exist — forms built-up by the thought and will of the ‘projector.’ It would not be too difficult to assume that the clothing of the mental creation was brought into being by the same psychic projection which also created the phantom; that it was, in fact, part-and-parcel of it. As an objectified mental form it might perhaps be visualized and mentally projected as

readily clothed as unclothed. And we have the analogy of dreams to guide us.

The second view would be that the clothes are, so to say, manufactured or materialized — in the same way that forms or bits of bodies are materialized at séances. This clothing might become precipitated or solidified from the aura surrounding the etheric body; and in fact Sylvan Muldoon testifies that he has actually seen this process going on during many of his “astral projections.” Thus, in *The Projection of the Astral Body*, we read:

“. . . One thing is clear to me — the clothing of the phantom is *created* . . . It is created by the inner mind, as thought-forms are created. It is my belief that the clothing is formed from the aura. At times the aura is more dense than at other times; it also seems to collect in some spots more densely than in other spots. . . . On one occasion I noticed the clothing forming itself out of the emanation surrounding my astral body, and the clothing was exactly like that covering my physical body . . . Thus it is evident that the same portion of the subconscious mind which establishes duplication also causes the clothing to be brought into being from astral substance. . . . As I have observed it, the clothing seems to form out of the colored aura which surrounds the astral body; that is, when one sees the

clothing form it seems to form by the aura growing very dense, close to the body. . . .”

If this occurs, as stated, we might well have a rational answer to the old problem of the “clothes of ghosts.” This would then cease to be an objection to the possible objectivity of ghosts — whose reality, in certain cases, is seemingly proved by the intrinsic nature of the evidence presented.

Some ghosts, therefore, may be real — in the traditional sense. But this is not to say that all of them are — or even the majority of them. Most are undoubtedly mental or subjective in character.

Many seemingly objective phenomena in haunted houses turn out to be of this nature — but no less mysterious and inexplicable nevertheless! For example, in many of the so-called “poltergeist” cases, several people might testify to the fact that they heard furniture and other objects moved about — but nothing is actually misplaced!

In the home of John Wesley all the family heard ‘a scuttle full of coals emptied down the kitchen stairs’ (no mean racket!) yet investigation showed that no coals had in fact been spilled. We therefore have the paradoxical situation of several people testifying to a phenomenon which affected them all equally, and yet had no physical counterpart. Some of the visual experiences, no less than the audi-

(Concluded on page 89)

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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.

Kaptah, 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.

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"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*

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(Concluded from page 87)  
tory, doubtless fall into this same category.

It is very evident, therefore, that this question of the nature of the phantoms seen in haunted houses is a most difficult and complicated one and by no means as easily solved as many seem to think. It presents many baffling and as yet unsolved problems . . . Perhaps some day, when we possess properly endowed and equipped laboratories devoted to the study of psychic phenomena, we shall be in a better position to arrive at their solution.

It is earnestly to be hoped that such laboratories will in fact be forthcoming in the near future. Not psychic science alone, but the whole world would profit by their establishment!

---

## REPORT FROM THE READERS

### MRS. BOBBIE SPENCER

Just finished reading the letter from "Associate Director" of Stanford University. *Someone had better clear the cobwebs!* Hold your fire before condemning Mr. Dye! I believe I know, because I have the story in my files, that *True Magazine* published the story "Gifts From The Great Beyond" by Peter Wolff, showing actual photos of

some of the apports, Charles Bailey and Leland Stanford, etc.

For years the late Dr. John Edgar Coover was in charge of these amazing gifts till his passing.

I once knew a teacher who taught me for three years in High School and yet when I met her years later, she could not recall ever having known me. Just an example.

---

### JOHN SANZ

About the controversy regarding Clarkson Dye's article, "Through Solid Walls"—A few years ago an article was published in *True Magazine* titled "Gifts from the Great Beyond" by Peter Wolff, dealing with the strange experiences of Charles Bailey. Let me quote a few lines from that article: "Excluded from prying eyes in a room overlooking the sedate and academic campus of Leland Stanford University, are guarded this group of amazing objects believed by many investigators to have been transported straight from the "fourth dimension." For years until his death, Professor John Edgar Coover, Stanford's pioneer psychic researcher, was their guardian." The article also states that many of the apports were on public display in the Stanford Memorial Museum for some time, many of the objects being later moved to the Psychology Department. A Dr. John L. Kennedy was mentioned as having succeeded Dr. Coover.

(Continued on page 91)

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(Continued from page 89)

### CLARKSON DYE

It hurts one to see nice people demean themselves, and sometimes is so unnecessary. Why did Mrs. Robert Cross (in your last issue) deny that the box of Apports (I did not describe it as a 'trunk') is now, or ever was in the Museum at Stanford University? This appeared under the Report from Readers section.

I never claimed to have seen this box, and only have the word of others that it is in the Museum. The Assistant to the President of Stanford wrote to Mr. Augustus Colson of Oakland under date of Aug. 29, 1949 that it was in the Museum, but not available for inspection.

Mr. Stan N. Beck of Vancouver, B.C. of the *Vancouver Sun* advises me that (under date of Oct. 10, 1949) he wrote to Stanford a few years ago asking what they had done with the apports and received a reply that "they are boxed and kept under the Museum, and can be viewed by anyone having legitimate scientific interest in them."

Shall I go on? Will I tell how Mrs. Juliette E. Pressing, editor of the *Psychic Observer*, wrote in the Sept. 25, 1947 issue of the magazine that she drove down from San Francisco with a party to Stanford, especially to see this box of apports? At the Museum she was told that the apports were in packing-boxes

in the basement, and could not be seen.

Here is documentary evidence to prove that I am not a liar. Other evidence is available also, if desired. But the disgraceful side of all this is that T. W. Stanford's desires have been so shamefully violated. He gave these apports to the museum for exhibition, and promptly sent \$150,000, to pay for repairs for this museum when it was damaged by the earthquake of 1906. Why does Mrs. Cross and the University administration now disregard the cherished wishes of its benefactor?

*It would seem from the foregoing letters that the question that should now be asked, and with a great deal of insistence—what has Stanford University done with the apports, and why have they forgotten them so "conveniently?"*

*We consider that Mr. Dye has been proven correct in his story, and we consider that the testimony of Mrs. Robert Cross is in error.*

*A very large bouquet of thorns to Stanford University for concealing the facts. What FATE wants to know is why these apports cannot now be seen? By whose order?*

---

### OTTO E. KROHN

In FATE dated September, '49, Volume 2, Number 3 you print an article on page 21 titled "He dreamed up his business." This article is very untrue and misleading

(Continued on page 93)



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(Continued from page 91)

to the reading public and the author V. B. Shay should be reminded of this fact.

Yesterday, Nov. 26, I motored (42 miles) to this store and found the following:

1. The owner of the store charges a profit.

2. The personnel consists of at least 6 persons.

3. Food items as a whole are higher than they are in the City of Houston. Washing powders like Tide, Fab, Rinso and Super Suds are 9c higher.

You should print articles more authentic.

### ERNEST L. PETIT

Charles Simmons declares in his interesting article WHAT I HAVE LEARNED ABOUT HYPNOTISM that he had "never seen, read or heard conclusive evidence of anyone being injured through its use." Here are a few facts on the matter that should give us good reason to stop, look, and listen.

In the final quarter of the last century hypnotism flowered to perfection. Many were the marvels performed and so great was the skill and learning of its star practitioners that today's operators seem like children just learning their abc's in the art. Dr. Liegois tells us that he "suggested" to a young woman that she owed him 5,000 francs and she promptly signed a check for the amount. With a lawyer as witness,

Bernheim suggested to another hysterical girl a long and clever crime. Without any further prompting she "confessed" the crime to another lawyer sent to her for the purpose. Had she been taken seriously it would have brought the accused to the guillotine. Cases like these gained great publicity and the interest of the scientists of the time were fanned to white heat. One of them determined to "prove" whether or not a respectable subject could be induced to commit a crime and succeeded so well that the victim was hooted and jeered while on his way to perform it and would have done so had not the hypnotiser warned the victim in time.

(Continued on page 94)

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*(Continued from page 93)*

Finally several nations passed laws prohibiting its use except by qualified physicians, and only in the presence of witnesses, when the daughter of a prominent citizen was seduced through hypnotism.

If hypnotism is, indeed, so harmless and beneficial how can we account for the fact that the Journal of the American Medical Association (June 25, 1949, p. 758) has recently called for a law that would prohibit its use in public performances, on the ground that it may do much psychological damage? Dr. H. H. Hart, director of the Neurological Clinic of the Vanderbilt Institute points out that hypnotism "tends to increase suggestibility, and that persons who are suggestible are as prone to accept unfavorable as favorable suggestions." Three recognized authorities in the field have stated positively that decent people can be made to commit crimes by hypnotism. They are Prof. W. R. Wells of Syracuse University, L. W. Rowland of the University of Tulsa, and George H. Estabrooks, author of HYPNOTISM. The last named gentleman even goes so far as to declare that "a hypnotist who really wished a murder could almost certainly get it."

In view of these earnest warnings, of which the above are only a few, I think you owe it to your readers to let them know what the com-

*(Concluded on page 97)*

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(Concluded from page 94)  
 plete story of hypnotism really is,  
 both pro and con.

### HUGH A. BROWN

I want to congratulate you on the excellent presentation of my theory of the careening globe and impending deluge ("Will the Earth Capsize?" by Jared Hamilton in the November issue of FATE).

You have added certain new material, showing that you are a philosopher, but I do not go along with you on the current popular theory of the molten core of the earth, and therefore do not look for any volcanoes at the time of the next careen.

My theory of the earth is that it is building up from incoming radiant energy from the suns of celestial space, which are converted into the 96 chemical elements of the globe, each of which on being rendered incandescent returns to the form of energy, and at that moment the element can be identified through the spectroscope, for it is again a light ray. The surface of the globe has been pierced to about four miles by well drillings for oil, and all the way from surface to deepest point reached the evidences are layer after layer of contiguous but dissimilar earth strata.

Volcanoes, I believe, are caused by earth currents of electricity, which overheat certain sections, just as certain wires or contact joints overheat in ordinary electric circuits.

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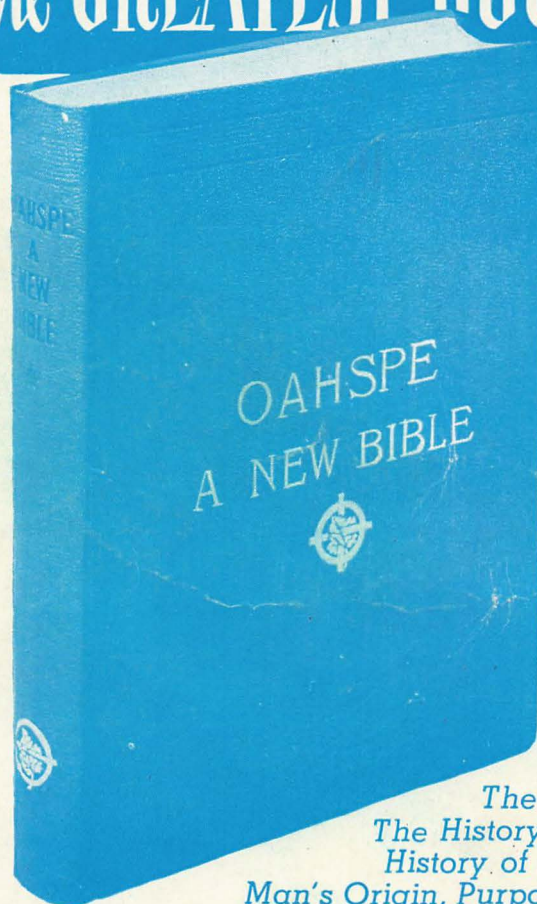
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