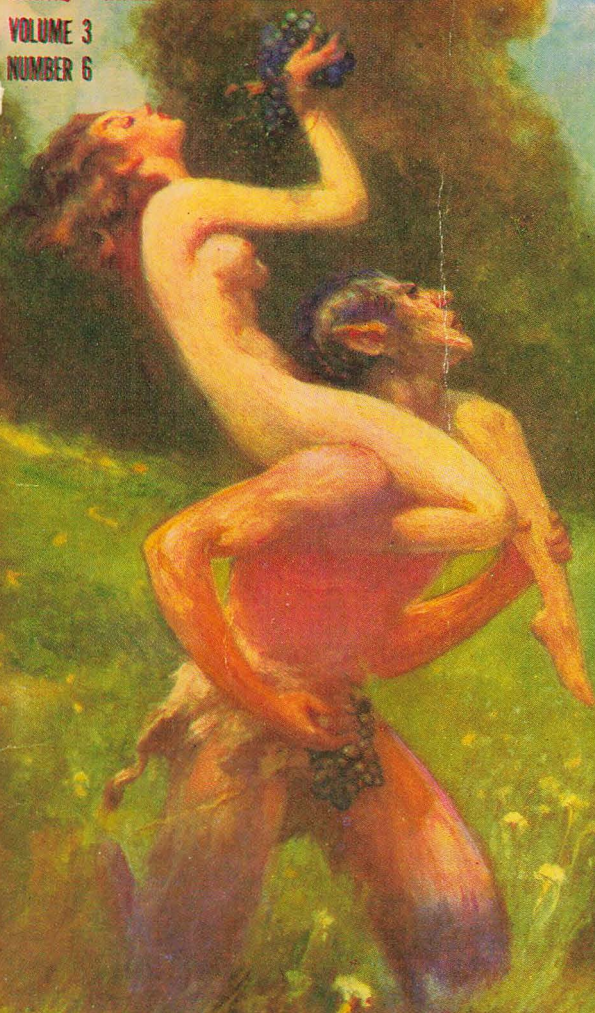


True Stories Of The Strange, The Unusual, The Unknown

FATE

VOLUME 3
NUMBER 6

SEPTEMBER
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FLYING SAUCERS

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I MODEL SPIRITS

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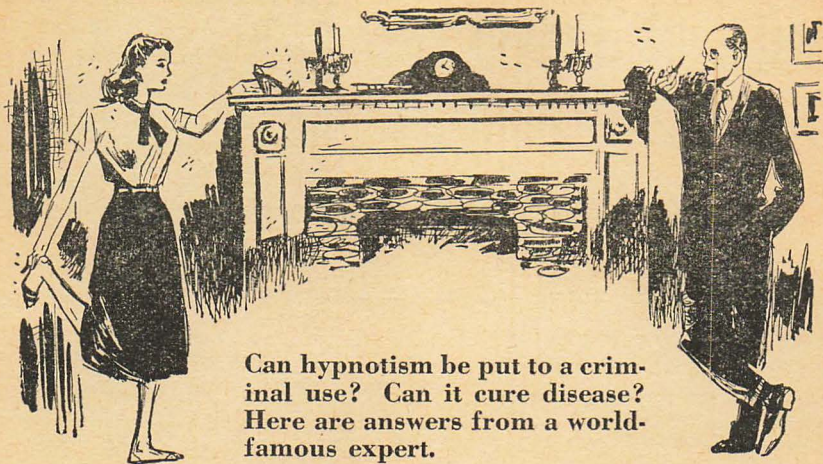
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Published at intervals of six weeks by CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1144 Ashland Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. Re-entered as second-class matter September 16, 1949 at Post Office, Evanston, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879, as amended by the Act of 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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Can hypnotism be put to a criminal use? Can it cure disease? Here are answers from a world-famous expert.

MENTAL MAGIC

By Juan H. McBroom

ALTHOUGH it sounds ridiculous to say it, many people even today believe that hypnotism is allied to the Devil himself; that a man who hypnotizes has some intimate relationship with his Satanic Majesty. The incredible mass of misinformation which exists in the mind of the public may be largely laid at the doorstep of uneducated and misinformed writers on the subject whose only desire is to create a sensation.

Among these most popular and misconceived prejudices is the belief that the brain power is destroyed and the intelligence is weakened by hypnosis. Others be-

The author is an internationally-known hypnotist with 20 years experience on both stage and in practice of hypnotherapy. He will welcome letters from persons interested in organizing hypnotists for research or experiments.

lieve that a good hypnotic subject must necessarily be of lower intelligence than the hypnotist. There is no evidence to support these viewpoints. In many cases I myself have been able to increase subjects' willpower and to develop talents which heretofore had been dormant. Many of my best subjects have been persons of high intelligence.

Among other popular misbeliefs is the idea that a hypnotist in some cases may take advantage of his subject and cause him to perform an immoral or dishonest act. Many sensational stories and articles have been written and based on this theme. Years of investigation by competent medical men and psychologists have shown that it is very difficult, if not impossible, in spite of the tremendous power of hypnotism, to change a person's fundamental moral viewpoints.

Statements have been made to the effect that hypnotism may be put to criminal use; that the subjects may be compelled to do things that they would not do in their ordinary waking state and that later they will forget that they did these things. It has also been stated that people may be hypnotized and told that some time in the future they will perform a certain deed; that when the time comes, the deed will be carried out without the subject knowing why he did it.

It is true that many subjects may be made to perform certain actions following their awakening from hypnosis without remembering or knowing why. This is known as post-hypnotic suggestion. Herein lies much of the effectiveness of hypnotic therapy. However, this phenomena has its limitations and the accumulated data of experiments made over the past 100 years indicates that it cannot be used to

injure the subject either mentally or physically.

One or two illustrations will illustrate post-hypnotic phenomena. In one case a young woman was hypnotized and told that, after she had been awakened, when she saw me light a cigarette she would have an irresistible desire to remove her shoes and to place them upon the mantelpiece. She was awakened and after a few minutes time I lit the cigarette. She arose, seemed a bit confused, then sat down again and quickly removed her shoes. She again got up, started into the next room with them and then turned around and put them on the mantel as previously instructed under hypnosis. Her explanation to us was that her feet were very tired from standing at her work all day and that she simply had to remove her shoes; that she had placed them on the mantel so that she would remember to take them to the shoe repair shop in the morning.

In another case, a young man was instructed under hypnosis that, after he awakened, when a handkerchief was dropped on the floor he would develop an irresistible thirst and ask for a glass of water, and when he had drunk half of the water the remainder would taste bitter to him and he would spit it out. When awakened and given the proper signal he proceeded to do and to react exactly as instructed under hypnosis.

From such phenomena as de-

scribed above have come many of the wild and sensational tales concerning instruction given to hypnotized subjects. Too often these stories are the product of an uninformed imaginative writer and are completely unsubstantiated by careful investigations made by experienced hypnotists.

It should be pointed out that, except in the case of a subject who has been repeatedly hypnotized over a long period of time, it is extremely difficult to obtain post-hypnotic phenomena beyond a period of several hours. A hypnotized person is in a highly sensitized state as far as his perceptions are concerned. The instinct of self-preservation is one of those most deeply buried in his subconscious mind and therefore, although he may acquiesce in a laboratory experiment which indicates harm to himself or to someone else, he will in every case stop short of any injurious action. Most investigators of the past century disagree completely with the few so-called authorities who have stated that a person under hypnosis can be induced to commit a crime.

However, many will admit that it is quite possible to persuade a subject to commit what is known as a laboratory crime. It must be remembered that the experimental crimes are surrounded by circumstances which convince the subject, in his extra-sensitive state, that the act is nothing but an experiment.

Although he may be deeply hypnotized, there still remains an indistinct idea of where he is, what he is doing, and that he is in the hands of friends and the circumstances surrounding him are not those of a real crime.

Sydney Flower in his book, "Hypnotism Up to Date," gives a pertinent description of a laboratory crime tried by Dr. Parkyn of Chicago some years ago. The subject was hypnotized and told that a certain man was his enemy and would probably injure him unless put out of the way. The subject was told, "He is there behind you now; kill him. If you don't kill him he will have your blood. Kill him now!"

A stage dagger, an instrument weighted exactly like an ordinary dagger and so arranged that the blade will go up into the handle when a blow is struck, was handed to the subject, who with a cry of rage, sprang forward and twice struck viciously at his enemy's back. The man fell to the floor.

"I have killed him," cried the subject. "Why did you kill him?" asked the doctor. "Because I wanted to," was the reply, "He was my enemy." It was impossible to make the subject say anything but that he wanted to kill the man, even if he hanged for it, and that he was glad that he had succeeded. The doctor was rather surprised at the result. He knew that so-called crimes had been committed with pasteboard daggers, but he believed that the

subject would not strike with a real knife, and in this case it seemed certain that the subject believed he had in his hand a genuine dagger.

However, it was established by the testimony of several other physicians present at the time that as he struck the blow he turned his hand so that the blade pointed away from the victim. The subject believed that he had a real dagger in his hand and his instinct for self-preservation prevented him from committing what seemed to him to be a real crime.

In my own experiments with post-hypnotic suggestions the results have been almost exactly similar to those obtained by Dr. Parkyn. Many times I have succeeded in causing subjects to commit "laboratory crimes," but I have never yet been able to compel them to perform a criminal act under circumstances which to them seemed absolutely real. Always there has been some hesitation, some changing of conditions or some excuse. In some cases an abrupt awakening resulted from such a suggestion, although the subject had been commanded to remain asleep regardless of what happened or what was suggested to him. In my own experience with hundreds of subjects I have never found one whom I could influence to commit a crime by means of hypnotic suggestions any easier than I could persuade him to commit the same crime in his normal state.

It would seem a logical conclusion, that although many subjects will commit laboratory crimes or perform acts which in themselves show that they are for experimental purposes, very few, if any, will perform real criminal acts. There is some slight difference of opinion regarding this matter, but generally scientific men in this field accept the view I have just stated. With few exceptions the leading students of hypnotism in Europe during the past century also subscribe to this viewpoint.

The most important things to remember, in discussing the possible mis-use of hypnotism, is that the caliber of the men practicing and using this science at the present time is considerably above the average. There is no reason to believe that they would be more apt to mis-use this power than would a physician be apt to take any advantage of a patient who was befuddled by drugs — not as much, perhaps, for the subconscious mind remains alert under hypnosis and acts as a guardian against possible injurious action. With proper safe-guards, the danger in using hypnotism is no greater than in using drugs; and there is no reason why it should not be employed by men who have the necessary background and experience.

Hypnotism is not unreal or mysterious. Yet it is very difficult to convince people of this fact. The few men of science who have at-

tacked the use of hypnotism during recent years have been those who knew little or nothing about the subject from an experimental point of view. The universal testimony of men who know most about hypnotism is that it is not injurious to health, either mental or physical.

Pioneers in hypnotism such as Dr. Bernheim and Dr. Liebeault said that in over 30 years of using this type of treatment they had never seen one case where it had been detrimental. Dr. Hamilton Osgood, another leader in the field, said, "I have seen many nervous diseases cured; I have never seen one caused by suggestion. I have seen the intelligence restored; I have never seen one enfeebled by suggestion."

What is hypnotism and why does it offer so much in the treatment of the human mind? Briefly, it is a method whereby one person can put another's conscious mind to sleep and make direct contact with the subject's subconscious mind. Within this subconscious mind dwell all of his thoughts, talents, ambitions and desires. Everything that he has ever seen, heard or done is stored away within the files of his inner consciousness.

Unlike the orthodox Freudian psychoanalyst who requires hours of random conversation from his patient and then must himself analyze the meaning of this mass of information, much of it immaterial and meaningless; the experienced hypnoanalyst makes direct contact

with his subject's subconscious mind and learns from it what fear or trouble it contains. This direct method of procedure is not subject to faulty interpretation on the part of the analyst. At the same time suggestions may be made to correct the trouble or to eliminate the fear; suggestions which, backed by the tremendous influencing power of hypnosis, may be as effective on the mind as is the surgeon's knife on the ills of the body.

Few persons realize the great part that suggestion plays in their everyday life. From the cradle until death habits are formed, fears, likes and dislikes instilled, all through the medium of suggestion. The child is influenced by his parents and surroundings, the adult by the endless propaganda of advertising, radio and rumor.

Is it any wonder that sometimes this accumulation of fears and prejudices within the sub-consciousness bubbles up like an over-heated kettle and disturbs the conscious, reasoning mind? Our inhibitions stand like sentinels on the threshold of our sub-consciousness and change and alter these inner disturbing thoughts beyond all conscious recognition. Here then is where modern hypnotherapy and hypnoanalysis are working mental miracles. Using a method as simple as putting one's head on a pillow and going to sleep, more and more psychologists are utilizing hypnotism to treat mental ills.

This mode of treatment is not new. From the days of the ancient Egyptians to witch doctors in Africa at the present time, faith healers have accomplished cures through the power of suggestion — cures which were often hailed as miraculous. In every case, however, where investigation was made by competent observers, the existing trouble could be traced to a maladjustment in the subconscious.

In both of the recent great wars it was brought forcibly to the attention of both physicians and psychologists that amnesia, nervous conditions such as palsy, headaches, stuttering, even paralysis and hysterical blindness could be caused by the shock of experiences too horrible to be borne by the human mind. The sub-consciousness, in an effort to shut out the experience, created a condition of the conscious mind and often of the body that would prevent further such experiences or prevent memory of the experiences.

Even in the stress of normal life continued suggestions or bad experiences may cause the subconscious mind to rebel and withdraw. In ever-increasing numbers of cases hypnotism is being used to treat and to diagnose such ills.

How effective is this modern yet ancient magic? I have hypnotized hundreds of people during the past 20 years for the express purpose of treating them for some condition. In every case where deep hypnosis

was obtained (approximately 80 per cent), and the condition was the result of a mental disturbance, some improvement was observed. This was especially true where it was possible to give treatment over a period of time. Just as with medicines, it often requires more than one dose to effect a cure.

Often pain can be relieved. Even teeth may be extracted with the assurance that the patient will feel no pain. Legs have been amputated without the use of an anesthetic but with the suggestion that no pain would be felt; and after the operation the patient was not even aware that the limb had been removed. In many cases of child-birth pain has been entirely eliminated; in one case in which I assisted, a difficult posterior delivery was accomplished by muscular control through hypnotic suggestion.

Not only is it possible to use suggestion in such cases, but pain caused by disease can often be relieved. It is rare to find a headache which cannot be alleviated immediately through the use of hypnosis. Cases of chronic headache have been found to be purely psychological, caused by mental disturbance within the subconscious mind of the sufferer. Using hypnoanalysis the experienced operator can ferret out the underlying cause and eliminate it by use of the proper suggestions.

Every physician knows that in many diseases the mind influences

the body to a great extent. This we know to be true from the many remarkable cures brought about by Christian Science and other types of faith healing. Even awake the mind is quite susceptible to suggestion. Under hypnosis the power of the suggestion is increased many times. The mass of testimony from outstanding psychologists and physicians, whose statements cannot be doubted, leaves no doubt that the intelligent use of hypnosis or suggestive therapeutics will in many cases assist in the cure of disease.

Unfortunately the use of hypnosis fell into general disrepute, particularly in the United States, largely due to the questionable exhibition practices of stage hypnotists and others who had no concept of the power for good they held within their hands. Reputable medical schools and physicians were hesitant to teach or to endorse

the use of hypnosis. Even today, with the increasing favor of an enlightened public opinion, there are few schools that offer modern courses in hypnotherapeutics. This may be largely attributed to a scarcity of experienced hypnotists having a medical background. Training in this field requires actual personal experience and study far beyond any instruction given in a standard textbook or academic course.

It is to be hoped that in the next few years physicians and psychologists experienced in the use of hypnotherapeutics will organize to carry on research and to put hypnosis on a more scientific footing. Then we can look forward to accomplishing more than is possible at present in improving, repairing and mending the most complicated machine ever created — the human mind.



THE SINISTER BLACK JACKET

A little black jacket belonging to the wardrobe of the London play, *The Queen Came By*, is believed to have a sinister effect upon anyone who wears it. After actresses complained that invisible fingers grabbed them around the throat every time they put it on the jacket was sent to be tested by five London spiritualist mediums. The mediums reported that not

only did they feel themselves being strangled, but they also experienced a drowning sensation when they donned the jacket. They have concluded that some person, once owner of the jacket, must have been partially strangled and then drowned by an unknown assailant.

Efforts are being made to exorcize the troublesome spirit and let the play go on.

BLACK MAGIC

in India



When the police officer cut the sugar cane over which the two were quarreling, a stream of blood ran from both ends.

By William H. Gilroy

COLONEL Andrew J. Slane tells of Hindu villages that are persecuted by the spirits of their dead proprietors. One of his Hindu friends informed him that in such cases one should always consider it his duty to build a shrine to the ghost, and to see that it is well provided for. Some of the natives appease the anger of the dead proprietor by having their leases made out in his name.

On one occasion, the Land Office drew the renewal of an old lease in the name of the head of the family; but this made him very unhappy. He hastened to assure the Land Office that the spirit of

the ancient proprietor was still dominant in the village and that if his name appeared in the lease it must be as manager for the dead one or he would not be long in this world.

When Colonel Slane was in charge of a district in the Valley of the Nerbudda, one of the natives had considerable difficulty with the spirit of the next village. While plowing near the border of the two villages he accidentally crossed over into the land owned by the other. That very night his son was bitten by a snake and his two bullocks were seized with a strange sickness. The smitten sinner rushed at once

to the village temple and promised not only to restore the land to its original condition, but to build a handsome shrine upon the spot to honor its injured spirit. The ghost was appeased; the shrine was built, and serves as boundary mark to this day.

One might believe that foreigners are exempt from the interference of these pagan ghosts but this is by no means the case. An English surveyor who had been warned of the dire consequences visited upon those who defied the dead proprietor of a section of land that had never been surveyed decided to go ahead with his job anyway since he did not believe in spirits. To avoid accidents, which he knew would have a bad effect on such an occasion, he asked that a new measuring cord be furnished. After it had been provided he proceeded to enter the first field. His officers followed in alarm and expectation. The cord was applied and it immediately flew into a thousand pieces. The surveyor became ill that same morning and died soon after in spite of the immediate aid given him by the government doctor.

This belief in spirits is prevalent in all parts of India. On the Malabar coast, every field of corn, every fruit-tree, is confided to the care of some spirit. The preternatural guardian is responsible for the safety of the property and punishes theft with illness or death.

One day a man rushed up to the owner of a jack-tree, threw himself upon the ground before him, embraced his feet, and piteously implored his mercy.

"What is the trouble," asked the proprietor, "what do you want from me?"

"Three nights ago," replied the man, "I took a jack from your tree. Ever since I have suffered with unbearable pains in my stomach. The spirit of the tree is upon me and you alone can appease him."

The proprietor picked up a piece of cow-dung, moistened it, made a mark with it in the name of the spirit upon the forehead of the penitent, and then put the remainder into the knot of hair on the top of his head. The man's pains left him instantly and he went off, vowing never again to offend a guardian spirit.

The devils of India are quite as practical as the ghosts and sometimes it is difficult to distinguish between them. When there is no vested interest in the grave to blame for an affliction, it is safe for the victim to believe that his sufferings come from a devil. It frequently happens in India, as well as in other countries, that the devils do not act independently but under the direction of some human being who has contrived to get one of them under control and the power thus acquired does not seem to be exercised on subjects as important as one might suppose.

Colonel Slane mentions the case of a trooper in the service of Major Wilson, when the latter was in charge of the Seonee district. The fellow went to an old woman for some milk for his master's breakfast and, believing her unable to stand up for her rights, carried it away without paying for it. However, before the Major had finished his meal, the dishonest trooper was down upon his back, writhing in agony. It was quite clear that the old woman was at the bottom of all the trouble and on being brought before the Major and threatened with a good lashing, she immediately set about collecting materials for the poojah (worship). When all was ready, she began the ceremonial; and before she had proceeded very far, the man was cured. "Had we not been firm with her," said an eye-witness, "the man would have died in an hour or two."

It is fortunate that the power of these magicians has no effect beyond a distance of 10 or 12 miles. A respectable native merchant visited Ruttunpore on business. One day he walked through the marketplace eating a piece of sugar-cane. He was so absorbed that he accidentally jostled an old woman and turning to apologize, he heard her mutter something under her breath. Being a man well versed in black magic, he became very apprehensive. However, he forced himself to resume his walk; but when he

raised the sugar-cane to his lips, he saw that the juice had turned to blood! The terrified merchant immediately collected his followers, left his agents to settle his accounts, and was beyond the reach of the sorceress's power long before dark. "Had I remained," he said, "nothing could have saved me; I should have been dead before morning."

The conversion of the juice of sugar-cane to blood is not uncommon; but sometimes it is brought about with more terrifying effect. At a fair held in the town of Raepore, so the story goes, two middle-aged women were tempting the passers-by with some remarkably fine sugar-canes. A potential customer was attracted to their wares, stopped, and signified his willingness to purchase some of the sweet tasting confection. The price demanded, however, was high; and the man became angry, thinking they were trying to take advantage of his ignorance. He picked up one of the canes. One of the women seized the other end, and a struggle for its possession immediately began. The prospective buyer offered a fair price; the seller demanded double. While the commotion was going on, and the cane was still grasped by the two parties, a siphee of the governor came up, armed to the teeth, and commanded the purchaser to let go. When he refused the official drew his sword and severed the cane through the middle.

"There," he said, "you see the

cause of my interference." The horrified crowd observed a stream of blood running from the two ends of the cane, forming a pool upon the ground! From where did the blood come? From the body of the would-be purchaser; the sorceress had drawn the stream of blood through the cane, to gratify the devil to whom she owed her power. The poor man fainted from exhaustion and fell to the ground. So little blood was left in him that he was unable to walk for ten days.

Witnesses of the affair petitioned the governor of the town for justice. The old women were found guilty of practicing the black arts and were sewn inside of sacks and

thrown into the river. But they did not sink and the governor, afraid to meddle further, ordered their release.

Such are the spirits and the practitioners of black magic in India. They present a remarkable contrast to our spiritistic beliefs here in America. We consider it sufficient punishment just to be "haunted," as we call it, by a ghost. The Hindu, on the other hand, thinks of a spirit as something that will bite, poison, or bring illness and death to his family or cattle. But the two ideas do have this in common: both in the Eastern and in the Western worlds, imagination appears to play an active part.



INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLIES OF FOOD

THE oceans hold the secret of producing untold quantities of food to feed vastly greater numbers of people than now live on earth. Scientists who hold this view say that the voices of doom which are crying today are completely mistaken when they predict that man is doomed to starve to death at some distant time.

There are bountiful and comparatively unexplored areas in the seas which can produce enormous quantities of food. Dr. F. Neville Woodward, director of the Scottish Seaweed Research Institute, says that tiny aqueous animals could be

cultivated in fresh or sea water pools to make organic matter out of elemental substances. By further processing, some of this matter could be turned into edible materials.

More than 70 per cent of the earth's surface is covered by water, says Dr. Woodward, and the sea contains all the minerals required for life. It compares favorably in fertility with good garden soil and acre for acre is more fertile.

Marine plankton or algae constitute an especially "rich source" of material which never has been fully investigated, he points out.

Can You Judge Human Nature?

By WILLIAM J. COTTER, Ph.D.

MOST of us have acquired opinions and impressions regarding the whys and wherefores of human behavior. How do yours stack up against the professional findings of trained psychologists?

Here's a short quiz designed to test your knowledge.

Answer "true" or "false" to each of the following statements. Credit yourself 10 points for each correct answer. A score of 80 or better marks you as one who really knows human nature. Fifty is average; below that indicates that your opinions and everyday beliefs are on the minus side. Check your answers with those at the bottom.

True False

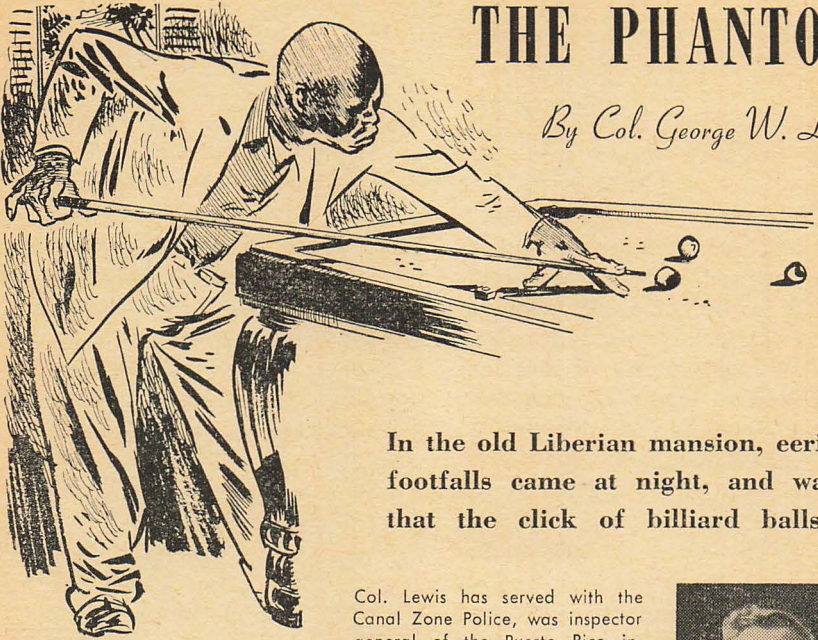
1. Seeing is believing; you can tell how intelligent a person is by looking at his photo. _____
2. Women are more nervous than men; hence it follows that they are more suggestible. _____
3. Daydreaming and wool-gathering never lead to outstanding accomplishment. _____
4. The fear of becoming insane is positive proof that such a person will become insane. _____
5. A person's I.Q. can be raised by having him solve problems that increase his ability to think. _____
6. Intelligent people are less conceited than dull people. _____
7. People who are overbearing and domineering tend to possess an inferiority complex. _____
8. Men as a general rule are better reasoners than women. _____
9. People with physical handicaps usually succeed because of these handicaps. _____
10. Every known type of phobia can definitely be cured. _____

Total

Answers: 1. False, 2. True, 3. False,
4. False, 5. True, 6. True, 7. True,
8. False, 9. True, 10. True.

THE PHANTOM

By Col. George W. Lewis



In the old Liberian mansion, eerie footfalls came at night, and was that the click of billiard balls?

Col. Lewis has served with the Canal Zone Police, was inspector general of the Puerto Rico insular police, fought in World War I, was director general of revenues and acting treasurer of the Dominican Republic. In 1930 he went to Liberia for two years to write a manual for and to instruct the Liberian army.



CERTAINLY there was nothing about the gaunt four-story structure to hint at legend or mystery. For Monrovia, straggling Liberian capital on Cape Montserado, West Africa, the towerlike edifice stood forth imposingly because many-storied dwellings in the Negro republic are unusual. Actually, my domicile to-be was just a newish, partly-painted frame house standing solitary and aloof on a rocky eminence a little way

from a lighthouse at the point of the Cape.

I climbed behind a splay-footed tribal boy to the third floor. The narrow central stair zigzagged bewilderingly. A buff-colored native woman greeted me in scholarly English. Yes, the place was for rent, she said. She and her husband were only tenanting it against paid occupancy. She was one of several heirs, she explained, who hoped for a substantial return from their

BILLIARD PLAYER

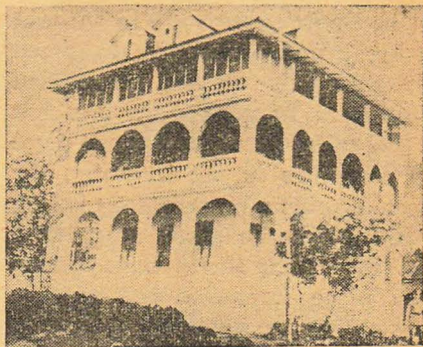
recently inherited property.

"We'll gladly leave such furnishings as you may require," she said. But her youthful face suddenly clouded and there was a strange tremor in her voice, as from some painful memory, as she added: "Anything you may care for except that particular sofa." I confess I speculated momentarily when the speaker pointed to one of two sofas which to me looked as nearly alike as peas in a pod, but I said only, "Certainly."

"My husband is a tribesman," the lady volunteered. "The gods he worships put a curse on any object which he gives into the possession of anyone of an opposing faith. He regards that sofa as sacred."

I smilingly swallowed my curiosity and dismissed the matter by saying that of course I didn't want to take over anything which might complicate things for a stranger in a strange land. The buff-colored lady replied that she thought I would like the country and wished me success.

One of my first tasks was to be the writing of a manual. This would require concentration. The aloofness of this great silent shell therefore appealed to me. I made a rather cursory inspection of the rambling structure and decided



The "Owl Tower" where the strange events occurred, was Colonel Lewis' residence during his stay in Liberia.

that my wife and I — in case yellow fever did not make it inadvisable for her to come on from New York — could turn over the first floor to the servants and ourselves occupy the three observatory-like upper floors in comfort and with elbow-room.

Telling the pleasant-mannered custodian that I would authorize the Government to lease the property, I wished her a pleasant journey, for she had mentioned that, the deal closed, she and her tribal spouse would immediately move to a remote point in the hinterland.

ONE DAY a week later, feeling pleasantly contemplative, I sweated up the boulder-studded promontory

from which my gaunt tenement looked down and took solitary possession.

The rains had come—and stayed. It had poured for months without a break and water still drummed disconsolately on the corrugated iron roof. In spite of the fact that I had taken over every usable piece of furniture in the building, the spacious rooms now seemed to yawn emptily. To be frank, now that I was here alone and more at leisure, the place impressed me as having undergone some sort of change.

I strolled from floor to floor and, little by little, I became aware of a phenomenon which had escaped my notice when the pleasant buff-colored lady was showing me through the house. Wherever I went, the floors and even the walls crackled, squeaked or groaned. This happened everywhere on my three upper floors. At times the sounds seemed not only to dog my footsteps but to forerun them curiously as if someone were moving from point to point ahead of me.

Cook, steward and yard-boy moved in while I was mooning about. Froh, the steward, a German-trained Bassa boy, already had a well-stocked refrigerator in operation. Smacking his bare heels together, he saluted like a storm-trooper. "Massa like drink?" he snapped. In these cheerless surroundings Massa could not decline. Froh was down and up in a flash with a tall mixed drink.

With a prayer of thanks for such a servant, I dropped onto the one remaining sofa — the "sacred" one having been removed — and sat there, relaxed, sipping my drink.

There was a sudden rending crash that spilled my drink and catapulted me afoot as the tall house quaked and shuddered. A ten-ton meteor smashing from cupola to basement might have produced some such shock. Determined to find out what manner of thing threatened to raze my still un-lived-in home, I hammered a bell for Froh and Quella, the latter my American-trained cook. The sound of their racing bare feet on the stair mingled with that of my leaping ascent to the empty fourth floor, originally designed, according to the buff-colored lady, as a billiard room. I found nothing. The roof was intact. The big, unpartitioned room stared vacantly. Descending, I met Quella and Froh, open-mouthed and pop-eyed.

"Did something fall? What hit the house?" I demanded.

"No, sir — nothing fall, nothing hit house," came from Quella in a gasp of pidgin English.

We searched high and low, and in vain, for the explanation. In the ground floor kitchen was the one object which by any stretch of the imagination could so alarmingly have rocked the building. This was a barrel brimful of water. Had it been lifted high and dropped it would have sent a

sizable tremor through the shell-like structure. But the barrel had been filled hours before and the bone-dry floor about it was unimpeachable proof that the brimming barrel *had not been lifted and dropped.*

I HAD THOUGHT myself fortunate in obtaining with the other furnishings a set of nearly new wicker chairs, yet from the very outset all six of them increasingly invited speculation and wonder. Times without number, in silences broken only by the dreary rain-patter outside, one or more of those good-looking chairs would suddenly set up such a snapping and crackling as would focus all eyes, those of visiting friends and servants alike, on it. The fact that these chairs never seemed so noisy when people were actually sitting on them, made their noisy misbehavior when not in use all the more unaccountable.

Several fellow Americans and diplomatic officials accredited to other countries called on me. They soon named my isolated abode the "Owl Tower," and often asked if it was haunted. As time passed it became increasingly difficult for me to answer "no." I wondered why they asked. Did my house *look* haunted? Or was there some old legend or some current gossip to that effect? One dismal day an English engineer dropped in for a Scotch and soda. When I had

showed him around to the accompaniment of unearthly squeaks and groans he made what he called an "acoustics test" and assured me in a mixture of sympathy and unfeigned alarm that I was living in an "architectural monstrosity." He added that, in England, a house like mine was usually a favorite hangout for disembodied spirits.

One afternoon during the early days of my occupancy, when the rain had thinned to a drizzle, I sat at my typewriter on the screened-in third floor veranda. Typing from notes, with consequent intervals of dead silence, I gradually became aware of footsteps immediately overhead on the empty fourth floor. Minutes passed, I think, before the inward meaning of those leisurely footfalls forced itself upon my attention. Then I shot upright and stood listening, for all at once I had remembered that *none of the servants was shod.*

Who, I wondered, among the shod gentry, would make bold to barge into a private residence unannounced and wander about in an aimless manner. I tiptoed to the foot of the central stair and listened. Slow as the gait of one with time to squander, the footsteps continued to be distinctly audible.

In perhaps three lightning leaps I made the stairhead. Light streamed into the great room through dozens of windows. Light, and the humid air I breathed were

all there was in that huge chamber, which the buff-colored lady said had been intended for billiards. Long I stood staring, unbelieving.

In equatorial West Africa's June-to-November rainy season there is a single break of some three weeks which usually extends from mid-July into August, and is a god-send. This rainless and often sunshiny period is called the "middle dries." I hailed the middle dries with enthusiasm. Sunshine enabled me to drill and train, in the open, the little army for whose efficiency I was responsible.

ONE FIERCELY hot day when I arrived home from the drill field for lunch I noted that all the servants, on seeing me, froze in their tracks and stared with wide eyes and open mouths. Cook Quella, a level-headed Buse, told me breathlessly that about 20 minutes before I came in sight, he, Froh, the cook's mate and the yard-boy were "palavering" in the kitchen when shod feet which they all recognized as mine sounded on the high porch and went stamping up the central stair. So unmistakably distinct had been the tramp-tramp of my heavy field-boots on the stair that Froh had hastened to my accustomed table on the third floor veranda with my usual bottle of beer. Flabbergasted when he didn't find me, he raced in growing alarm from floor to floor, then ran to Quella with chattering teeth. The four

boys had just finished a second overhaul of the house when they caught sight of me approaching.

My four servants were healthy, unimaginative. They had been lost in their usual happy exchange when the heavy tread they had thought mine broke in on their palaver. There could be nothing subjective here. The guileless four *had indeed heard those footsteps*. I thought of that noisy, mischievous type of ghost which students of the occult classify as "poltergeist," but I was still a dogged skeptic and, confidently believing that we would in time see our mystery explained, I dismissed it from my mind.

In the small hours of one of those faintly luminous Liberian nights, when the moon shimmers through cloud from which rain is steadily dripping, I woke up with a start. I had no lingering sense of a bad dream, and I was a sound sleeper. Several windows admitted light. Objects in the room were easily visible. The experience was new to me, in that I seemed to have been rudely jolted awake. At minute-long intervals, as I lay unexcitedly wondering, the traveling beam of the nearby lighthouse would pause above me for the space of a pulsebeat and, phantom-like, move on. I had come to like it.

Minutes passed. Speculation gave way to disquiet. What could have waked me? A sound? A touch?

The beam showed the hands of my watch standing at 3 o'clock. Every night at sundown Quella bolted and barred the house. I remembered that on this night I had been downstairs for something, and had smilingly noted the painstaking way he performed his task. I tried to sleep and had, I think, about dropped off when *It* happened.

A firearm discharged in that still room could hardly have startled me more than did the nerve-jangling sound a yard from my ear. It was the abrupt snapping and crackling of one of my six infernal wicker chairs. It sounded as though a robust person were squeezing himself down into a chair that was several sizes too small. Imagination is such that I saw in imagery the corpulent man who I knew would *not* be there. Then through my west windows the beam from the lighthouse fell on the complaining chair and — *the man was there!*

I would take an oath that I beheld in the chair the figure of a bulky, full-bodied human being. I saw him under the luminous beam and continued to see his outline after the beam had swept on. Still not believing my eyes, I put out my hand to grip the apparition and, curiously enough, was not surprised when my fingers closed on empty air.

I was out of bed in a bound, examining with a flashlight the demoniacal wicker chair. It was

not only empty but was no longer emitting a single audible squeak.

My chest was heaving, my skin clammy. I tested the locked door, searched the room, knowing I would find nothing. I went back to bed and tried to persuade myself that the figure had been an optical illusion. I lay awake a long time in silence now broken only by the dreary drip of rain from the eaves.

WHILE HELPING the "boys" make garden during the middle dries, I made the acquaintance of my only near neighbor. She had a son in his thirties and two younger daughters, but everyone called her "Miss" Caddie Mann. Miss Caddie, always in a gossipy mood, told me some weird tales about my house. Indeed, if the ghastly things she told were true my Owl Tower had been comparatively restrained and well-behaved during my brief occupancy.

Remembering that several acquaintances had asked me point-blank whether my house was haunted, I slyly questioned Miss Caddie as to why my plausible-looking residence should be plagued with ghosts. The gaunt woman put her hand to her forehead and sighed. "You mean t'tell me —." She broke off in open-mouthed unbelief, then started over again. "You mean t'tell me you ain't heerd why dat house full o' ha'nts?"

I hadn't, so Miss Caddie began

at the beginning. A well-known scion of an old Americo-Liberian family had long saved and scraped to build the big house. He had been successful in politics, had held important government positions. He loved luxury, had traveled abroad, and having a consuming passion for billiards, he had designed the many-windowed top floor of the house as a private billiard parlor calculated to rival anything of its kind on the coast.

"Lawsee!" exclaimed Miss Caddie, "I 'lowed ever'boday knowed 'bout dat. Y'see de owneh o' dat house never did git it finished like he wanted, an' jist when de ships bringin' the funnicher an' de fixin's fo' de place—what happen? De poah man lays down an' dies. Some say he didn't even lay down—dat he die settin' in one o' dem fancy wickeh chairs an' den dey lay him out on a sofa. He was a pow'ful smart man—always jokin' an' plannin' an' tellin' folks what big times he gwine to have when de house finished an' funnished."

Miss Caddie's theory was that the fanatic desire of the deceased to enjoy the fruits of his labor was so strong that his spirit, not unnaturally, lingered in the house.

The manifestations, if I may so style them, were in considerable variety. Evenings, Quella had a way of climbing noiselessly to my third floor bedroom to consult me about the following day's menu. He always stood outside a screen

door in the unlighted hall on such occasions. So while I talked with him from some point within, I never actually saw him. On a night when the only sound was the muted drumming of rain on roof, I sat typing by the one kind of light available in Monrovia—a kerosene lamp. At the usual time, Quella's three-tap knock sounded on my screen door. "Yes, Quella," I said, and listened for his stereotyped "What you like for tomorrow?" I listened in vain. Annoyed, I raised my voice and shouted, "Quella!" Like an echo, the cook's quick "yessir" came back. But to my consternation it sounded from three floors below on what the boys called their "palaver porch."

Three steps at a stride, Quella's bare feet raced up the zigzag stair. He repeated his dutiful "yessir" as I bounded like a hunting cheetah for the screen door. The nimble Buse and I made the door almost simultaneously.

"Who knocked at this door just now?" I demanded.

The cook's eyes rolled. "No boy come upstairs tonight. We all talk plenty whole evening downstairs."

I stood nonplussed and silent as poor Quella's eyes grew round and fear twisted his intelligent face. "All boys with me on palaver porch," he faltered. "No boy leave porch."

TO LESSEN his terror, I dismissed the cook with some phony explan-

ation, but he flung himself down the unlighted stair as if a hundred hounds of hell were at his heels.

I found myself, when inexplicable happenings persisted, mulling over Miss Caddie Mann's preposterous theory that detached spirits linger in loved places. Though love does perpetuate life, it is undeniably an abstract force and is not capable of shaking four-story houses, hexing wicker chairs, stamping up stairs or hammering on the door.

And was I expected to believe that love, as involved in the passion of the deceased for billiards, could bring to life a dead billiard player whose footfalls resounded on my fourth floor? No, I knew that was all unmitigated rot. Besides, I was confident that in this creaking, squeaking house there was a scientific explanation for every mysterious happening.

August rains were doing a drum-roll on my roof when I involuntarily became an audience to more puzzling phenomena. I woke one night to hear not one, but two sharply contrasted sounds. One was a clicking, as of finger-nails on the headboard of my bed, the other the identical leisurely tread which I had previously heard on the floor overhead. Perhaps I was becoming inured to ghostly phenomena. Tonight I remained unexplainably calm. I sat up. Instantly the clicking ceased and a new sound came, as of a pencil lightly tapping my

pillow. Experimenting, I dropped back onto the pillow. Therewith the pillow-tapping left off and the nail-clicking recommenced.

I got out of bed and stood listening to the soft tap-tap, now again on my pillow. I found my flashlight, illumined the bed. The tapping stopped so quickly that not a sound overlapped the movement of my thumb. I had seen a few roaches and lizards in the house, but a careful search of my bedding disclosed neither species.

I thumbed off my light, soundlessly lifted the latch of my screen door, moved into the hall and, tiptoeing to the foot of the stair, listened. *Tramp — tramp — tramp* came the steady, sturdy footsteps, sounding magnified as well as material in the night's rain-modified silence. Was it auto-suggestion or did that unhurried tread really sound like a zealot of the cue strolling absorbed about a billiard table? Guardedly I inched up the stair.

At the moment my eyes came on a level with the unlighted fourth floor a change occurred. The rhythmic pacing no longer sounded from the room. Now suddenly it was farther away. In fact, the tramp-tramp of the phantom now came to my ears from some point seemingly more remote than any part of the huge empty room. As I stood listening intently the footfalls became less and less audible. I turned on my flashlight and, as before, all

sound ceased — all but the drumming of rain on the roof. The room was empty.

BECAUSE I wanted an unprejudiced verdict from someone on my intellectual level, I did not say a word to my wife, Zoraida, on her arrival in December about the Owl Tower's reputation, or about the unexplainable things which had happened during my occupancy. I also concealed from her a fact which I had verified — that the life-long dream of our house's luxury-loving owner had been suddenly shattered by his death.

Zoraida's bedroom and mine were separated by the narrow third-floor hall. At the end of her first week in Africa she told me casually that at about the same hour for the past three nights she had heard someone stealthily lifting the latch of her lockless screen door.

I laughingly assured her that her visitor had been the night-stirring *harmattan*, a silt-laden wind blowing from the Sahara. However, I had heard that breech-clothed burglars, slick with palm-oil to foil clutching hands, prowled by night on that strange coast, so I slipped a .45 automatic under Zoraida's pillow and told her to fire at will.

She is anything but superstitious, has a degree from Columbia University, has traveled extensively abroad, knows her way around. But the death-dealing firearm under her pillow didn't help. She con-

tinued to hear the latch lift nightly. Now, as if by studied human agency, her latch chattered devilishly the greater part of each night. And she noted that the disturbing noise-periods were by no means synchronous with the brief, small-hour *harmattan*. Since the doors of her bedroom and mine were less than three yards apart, I tried lying awake and listening, but not so much as a single click or clack came to my ears from the offending latch.

I had the boys move Zoraida's bed into my room, and for perhaps a week neither of us heard anything we could not reasonably attribute to the cracking and squeaking of the walls and floors as we lay fanning ourselves in the oppressive heat.

Then one night Zoraida whispered, "Are you awake?" I was. She had been awakened by a tapping on her pillow. We fell silent and listened. After a couple of minutes the identical *tap-tap, tap-tap* which I previously had heard at 3 a.m. came to my ear as audibly as the ticking of a clock. My puzzled wife advanced the roach theory. I lighted a lamp. Again by not so much as a single beat did the rhythmic tapping overlap the flare of my match. I noted the time. It was three minutes past 3 o'clock. A pin-point examination of every particle of bedding revealed neither a roach nor other insect. I extinguished the light,

listened, but the spectral tapping was heard no more that night.

I returned home from drill one day to find Zoraida moderately excited and deeply mystified. She had heard someone moving toward her light-footedly on the veranda. Expecting to see one of the boys, she glanced around. She was quite alone.

Identical with this was an experience she had a few days later, with the difference that this time Zoraida, with ghost-breaker technique, refrained from looking toward the oncoming footsteps. They came nearer and nearer. When right behind her the footfalls ceased and she now heard the sound as of heavy breathing close to her ear. Zoraida only half stifled an outcry when she swung around and again found herself alone.

Quella confided, after Zoraida's jolting experience, that he and the boys spoke of the Owl Tower's ghost as "Massa X" — (the "X" being my own substitute for the real name used by the boys). Two of the servants and Miss Caddie Mann had known Massa X in the flesh. They said the owner of my bedeviled house had been a corpulent man, neither white nor black — that is, a mulatto. Miss Caddie remembered that when Massa X squeezed his bulky figure into one of my wicker chairs the chair "squealed like a stuck pig" and that when he rose the chair rose with him. Almost unwittingly,

I was developing a new basis of reasoning.

THE RAINS had ended. The half-year drouth was well under way. At deep dusk of a torrid day I climbed the rocky ridge toward the house which I had come to regard with distrust and misgiving. Quella came running to meet me. He was breathless, terrified. "Come quick," he panted. "Missy see Massa X upstairs."

I sprinted. Outside the Owl Tower, shivering and distraught in the twilight, but surrounded by her faithful retinue of boys — every one of them terrified beyond the power to speak coherently — was Zoraida. I swept her into my arms. As we moved toward our architectural monstrosity, I sensed her reluctance to return to it.

"I saw a dead man walking," she faltered, "before my eyes—a corpse —walking."

The Bassas and Buses, horrified as they were, lacked only leadership. They armed themselves with garden-rakes, hoes, clothesline props. Popeyed with fear, but bolstered by my presence, they stormed after me. From earth to attic we ransacked the house which now at last I had come to regard with horror. Crackling and booming walls taunted and mocked us. We found the place innocent of everything but its furniture. The thought recurred of how much more fantastic it all might have been had I in-

sisted on keeping the buff-colored lady's "sacred" sofa.

Only when lamps were lighted and dinner was steaming on the table were smiles again to be seen on the boys' faces. There was a world of reassurance in the way they rallied from crises. Tonight they would sleep huddled together in fear, but for the moment they were showing Massa that they could be brave; and Zoraida, who doted on them, now followed their cheery example and told her story.

"The sun had just gone down. I was watching the western clouds change color. Then as I turned away from the sunset and faced toward the west veranda, I stood paralyzed with horror. I could have reached out my hand and touched the figure of a corpulent man who apparently had been standing close beside me. Now his figure was receding, but not walking. It was gliding, and it was inanimate. There was no leg movement, no sideward swing, only the forward progression. What I saw was a dead man, moving without bending a joint."

I asked whether the figure was big, little, white, black, how it was clothed.

"It was a very large man in light-colored clothing. He moved toward the hall entrance, away from me. When the thing changed direction to enter the hall door I saw the left side of his face, and the color was neither white nor black,

but an intermediate, lifeless drab. I was so frightened I couldn't scream. But somehow I managed to pound the bell for the boys. My frantic call frightened them. For hours none of them had been upstairs. Anyhow what I saw was twice the size of any servant. It was too much. We left the house in a mad scramble."

BELIEVE IT or not, we didn't run away from the house. I had a two-year contract, and Zoraida insisted we weren't the running kind. The periodic pillow-tapping persisted; the measured tread of the billiard player still sounded, but at ever longer intervals, as though he were tiring.

Shortly before we started home, the buff-colored lady came out of retirement in the hinterland and paid us a call. "I hope you're all right," she said with more than seemly solicitude. "In Africa there are no secrets. A report reached us that you were being harassed by spirits."

Surprised, I said, "Well, maybe not quite harassed."

"I'm not superstitious," she said smilingly, "but here's a curious detail. Though meaning well, our native boys occasionally blunder. To mine I explained painstakingly which of the two sofas they were to leave."

"I think I'm ahead of you," I broke in. "Your boys bungled and left the sofa which you were so

anxious they should remove."

The lady nodded and, as at our first meeting, her face clouded as at some painful recollection, bringing to mind what Miss Caddie had said about Massa X expiring in a wicker chair and being "laid out on a sofa."

I said nothing. I had dropped back in memory to that first drink which Froh mixed for me in this bedeviled house. I was thinking of the thunderbolt which struck and teetered the Owl Tower at the exact moment when, sipping my drink I seated myself on that sofa.



FINDING THE GHOST CITY OF AFGHANISTAN

A great Afghanistan ghost city, 30 square miles in area, was discovered a year ago by three American archaeologists, Walter A. Fairservis, Louis Dupree, and Henry W. Hart. They were looking for a drink of water.

The men had spent three months in the Seistan area of southwestern Afghanistan gathering data on the early cultures of that part of Asia. They were traveling by jeep and trailer in the Dashti-Margo, Desert of Death. In the distance they saw some brown mounds that looked like a village. As they approached they could make out a fortress, domes of mosques and a surrounding wall with towers. It is believed they have found the remains of the once-imperial city of Peshawarun, mentioned in legends, of which hitherto no record has been found. The great city, whose population is estimated to have been between 50,000 and 100,000 at the time of the Crusades, lies in the desert 280 miles south of Herat.

The explorers found many wells in the deserted city, but they were all dry. The nearest drink of water proved to be 75 miles away. Fairservis brought back water in cans and the party spent eight days studying the legendary town. The buildings, aqueducts and fountains were well preserved, but the walls had been eaten away in many places by the blowing sand. These walls were 10 to 15 feet thick, with rooms built into them. The city was six miles long and five miles wide. They found beautiful glazed pottery, iron and bronze tools and utensils, fabrics, and bracelets made of something which resembles modern plastic but which probably is animal matter. These things are on display at the American Museum of Natural History.

Afghan legends say that Peshawarun was abandoned when invaders cut off its water sources in the mountains. It is believed the citizens of Peshawarun founded what is today Peshawar.

What Happened to

From overhead they could hear the young man crying piteously for help, but no one was able to see him.

By Joseph Rosenberger

"HELP, help! It's got me!" This pitiful plea ending in a piercing scream brought friends running out of Oliver Lerch's home into the bright moonlit night. But he was not to be seen, although they could hear his voice, growing fainter, calling to them a hundred feet or more in the air above their heads. "Help me, help. . . ."

Oliver Lerch was never seen again on the face of this earth; and thus was recorded one of the most amazing disappearances ever to confront our modern age—the disappearance of a man into thin air!

The facts of the case are clearly written down for everyone to see in the police records of South Bend, Indiana, and have been attested to by level-headed persons not given to delusions, mass hysteria or suggestion. These witnesses include lawyers, Rev. Samuel Mal-
lელიუ, the local Methodist minister, and responsible citizens who actually witnessed the weird disappearance.

The "impossible" happened on the farm of Tom Lerch, Christ-

mas Eve, 1890, in a community of over 100,000 people — by no means an ignorant backwoods settlement filled with limitless superstition.

The Lerch farm stood (and still does) on the outskirts of South Bend, an ordinary farm house with the roof sweeping low over the entire building and no attic — no nook or crevice which could conceal a dead body.

Tom Lerch was a stern father who demanded absolute obedience from his two sons, 23-year-old Jim and especially 20-year-old Oliver; however, there is nothing to indicate that he was unkind to the boys.

The house was the scene of a merry Christmas party, and young Oliver was in good spirits as he sang with his girl, pretty Lillian Hirsch, daughter of a Chicago attorney, a friend of his father's who was also a guest. Jim had his attention also arrested by a young lady whom he later married. Altogether, perhaps twenty people were gathered around the piano, singing hymns and gay holiday songs. Nothing foretold of the grim tragedy which was to come.

Oliver Lerch?

Outside, the night was still and quiet. After a day of dimness and snowfall, the winds shifted and the clouds faded away. Now the moon shown down on a countryside charmingly beautiful with glistening snow. Around 10:00 Oliver's mother who was preparing supper called to him to fetch some water from the well. He smiled and excused himself from Miss Hirsch. He walked from the living room and put on his coat, cap and gloves. Then he went out into the calm night. That was the last time any person saw him on this earth.

Some minutes later, perhaps five, a horrible cry for help, so terrifying that it could be heard above the singing, split the serenity of the happy occasion. For a second the group in the house froze, looking at each other in astonishment; then with Tom Lerch in the lead they dashed out into the night. The cry sounded again, only this time it was fainter.

"Help help . . . it's got me . . ." Oliver's terror-stricken voice called again, this time from a position above their heads.

With panic in their hearts, some of the people dashed back into the house, while the others continued to call to the voice above their heads which was still moaning: "Help me . . . help . . ." Anxiously they continued to scan the



moonlit sky, but there was nothing to be seen; only the voice could be heard: "Help me, help."

It is highly possible that the glare from the lights of the house may to a limited extent have affected the visibility of the would-be rescuers. Then too, the trees and bushes situated near the house may have deflected the apparent direction of the pleading voice. But for almost five minutes the voice continued to call. Sometimes it was loud, then soft, now close at hand, now feeble and far away — but always from the sky, never on ground-level.

Neighbors were called and a frantic search was begun which covered the entire yard, the farm buildings, the roof and chimney of the house, and even the basement. Men got ladders and climbed in trees, poked in the snow, and even lowered a lantern down the well. Oliver could not be found.

At 10:00, the horror of the ghastly situation became all the more apparent when eight or nine people in the yard heard the voice calling to them from above their heads. Once more it uttered a soul-tingling plea for help. The voice was never heard again.

The search was continued with renewed effort, the members not daring to venture an opinion as to what weird, unnatural event was taking place. Then it was noticed that Oliver's tracks had stopped about 225 feet from the house,

about half the distance to the well; beyond these tracks the snow was undisturbed. There was no sign of a struggle, nothing to indicate that a fracas of any nature had occurred. At the end of the tracks, halfway between the house and well, lay an abandoned bucket. Oliver had left the house with two! Where was the other one?

The search for the youth continued all night and all the next day without revealing the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of Oliver Lerch.

Ugly rumors began circulating that Tom Lerch knew a great deal more about Oliver's disappearance than he was revealing. Insignificant quarrels the two had had now loomed up with sinister implications — all of which was sheer nonsense. Tom had been in the living room when the first cry for help was heard.

Some witnesses disagreed as to the exact words called out by Oliver. Some swore he called, "It's got me!" Others were just as dogmatic and claimed he screamed, "They've got me!"

Who did get Oliver — and what?

Different theories were advanced to the effect that an eagle might have carried him off. But who ever heard of an eagle carrying off a grown man? And would an eagle, even if it could do so, hover over the scene for half an hour, holding on to its victim? What about the missing bucket? Would Oliver,

thus lifted up into the sky, still retain his hold on a bucket? Would he not drop it and use both hands in the struggle?

For a time it was thought that the grapnel of a balloon had carried off the man. This however was quickly disproved. Due to weather conditions no balloon had ascended that day anywhere.

Another theory holds that Oliver was murdered, that the slayer crept up behind his unsuspecting victim as he went to the well, seizing the bucket and killing him with it. One of the guests at the Lerch farm

that night, driven half mad with jealousy over the attentions Oliver was giving to Lillian Hirsch, may have been an amateur ventriloquist. Did he murder Oliver and conceal his body somewhere? If so, how did he manage it? The entire farm was searched. Aided by the darkness, did this guest simulate Oliver's voice and "throw" it into the air, thereby confusing the other startled guests? Or was Oliver Lerch, by some unknown trick of nature, sucked into another dimension? Is he still in some half-world of shadows, still seeking help?



ARE WE GROWING OLD FASTER?

FOR some mysterious reason, which scientists do not understand, puberty is coming to American and European children one to two years earlier than it did two generations ago.

Sixty years ago, the average American and European girl was 15 to 16 years old at the beginning of adolescence, according to Prof. Harold E. Jones, child welfare specialist at the University of California. Today the average age is about 13 years and recent data indicates that it may even be less.

In the past 20 years, boys have been reaching puberty at around 14, but before 1900 the average was 15 to 16.

Professor Jones does not know

why this is happening. He believes that many of the factors which influence children's lives should be delaying adolescence rather than advancing it. The efforts to reduce child mortality, for instance, should produce more children physically below average and having a tendency for late maturity.

He thinks some answers may be better nutrition, better medical care, and greater emphasis on mental welfare.

Professor Jones denies the belief that puberty occurs earlier in the tropics than in the temperate zones. It does not. He finds that earlier than average puberty is a handicap to girls but can be an advantage to boys.



THE BIRD HEX

The giant murderer pointed a finger at the court officers and predicted they would all die soon.

By D. R. Linson

THE inception of the hex, if hex it was, goes back to the latter part of 1947. At that time Jake Bird was tried and convicted at Tacoma, Wash., for the murder of Mrs. Bertha Kludt and her daughter, Beverly. The double slaying occurred October 30, 1947, when mother and daughter returned to their home and found Bird prowling through the premises.

Bird admitted the crime and signed a written confession. But when he was convicted and condemned to be hanged he ran emotionally amuck. Leaping to his feet he pointed his finger at Judge E. D. Hodge. "All of you guys!",

he roared with frenzy. "All of you guys who had anything to do with this case are going to die before I do!"

Prophetic words? Considering the deaths that subsequently occurred from the day on which Bird uttered his prediction until July 15, 1949, when Bird met his fate on the gallows at Walla Walla, Wash., the answer must be, "Yes." Five persons intimately connected with the case died before Bird.

Were these deaths the result of Bird's hex or were they merely coincidence? Hex or coincidence, the facts are as follows:

The first to succumb was Justice

E. D. Hodge, the judge who heard Bird's case and sentenced him to hang. The cause of the Judge's death? *A heart attack.* Judge Hodge's death was the first that could be linked with Bird's curse, and comment connecting it with Bird's hex was scoffed at.

When Ray Scott was stricken, however, the scoffing became less audible. Scott was the clerk of the court in which Bird had been tried. The cause of Scott's death? *A heart attack.*

Undersheriff Joseph Karpach was the next to fall ill. The Associated Press, April 27, 1949, Tacoma, Wash., reported, "It was Karpach who obtained the original confession by Bird," wherein he implicated himself to the extent of "eight or nine murders." Subsequently, Bird implicated himself in the staggering number of 44 homicides. Karpach died and his death certificate stated, "Death due to *a heart attack.*"

"Who's next?" asked the people of Tacoma after the death of Karpach.

By this time Bird had enabled the authorities to solve several murders that had been committed in Iowa, Colorado and Utah. Before he was executed he gave information that cleared up homicides committed in Indiana, Illinois, Nebraska and Washington — 11 in all.

Closely connected with the case was Detective Lieut. Sherman Lyons of Tacoma, Wash. Lieutenant

Lyons died like the three who preceded him — the victim of *a heart attack!*

A self-styled itinerant worker, Bird was described as an itinerant thief and a vicious killer. Even his lawyer, J. W. Selden, had no sympathy for him. Selden told the jury during his summation at the trial, "Let your conscience be your guide, because Bird is a dark, black criminal and I am defending him only because I must." Seldon meant that he was acting as Bird's attorney because he had been appointed by the court.

Bird had disliked his lawyer from the start and this remark infuriated him. Henceforth his attitude towards Selden was one of consummate hatred. Bird excoriated Selden as an inferior and an incompetent member of the bar. Each time an appeal for Bird was entered and rejected Bird cursed Selden.

"SLAYER'S "HEX" AT WORK AGAIN," was the headline on November 27, 1948, in *The Spokesman Review*, one of the largest newspapers in Spokane. The article told of the Jake Bird killings, the Bird hex and its victims. The name of the latest victim exploded in the faces of the readers. It was J. W. Selden! In mid-afternoon on November 26, the attorney had slumped suddenly at his desk and died, like those who preceded him, of *a heart attack!*

According to Deputy Sheriff Sig

Kittleson of Pierce County Jail, Bird stared at him upon hearing the news of Selden's death and said in an ominous tone: "The Bible says rejoice when anyone dies, feel bad when anyone is born."

Whether Bird possessed the

power to hex his legal enemies was the question uppermost in the minds of over 100 persons who watched him go to the gallows at Walla Walla on July 15, 1949. What Bird himself thought is unknown. He made no comment before he stepped off into eternity.



YOUR SIXTH SENSE AT WORK

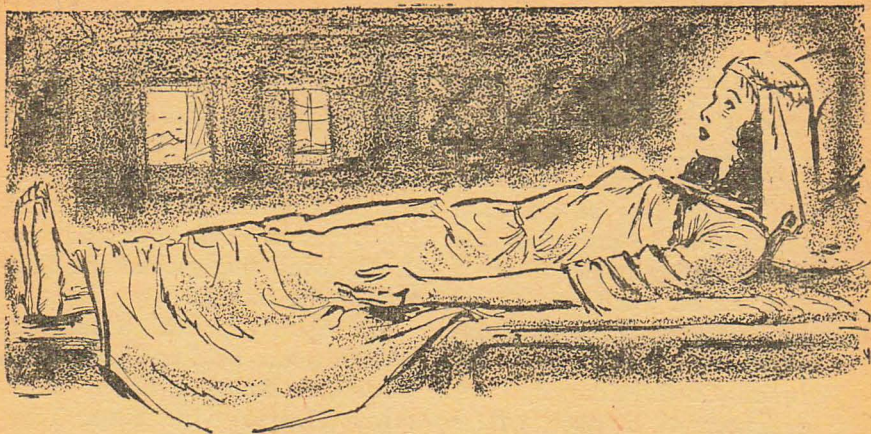
Some persons seem to have a sixth sense which explains "hunches," or intuition. Nevertheless there is still argument among the psychologists and mathematicians on whether the famous card-reading experiments performed at Duke University indicate ESP.

Dr. Joseph B. Rhine, a psychologist and a believer in extrasensory perception, or ESP, devised these experiments. He maintains that some persons are able to identify the cards turned off a well-shuffled deck to an extent that could not be chance.

Dr. Richard von Mises, a Harvard University mathematician, agrees that these tests "give a slight indication for the existence of single individuals with some measure of ESP ability." But he feels that the card-naming experiments are not conclusive. The crux of the matter, according to Dr. von Mises, is that shuffling does not assure that cards are placed in a random

fashion. Each card-caller has a pattern and if the guesser and the shuffled cards happen to be in "mathematical resonance," then the person will appear to be far exceeding chance in his correct calls. Over a short period this freak occurrence might tend to prove statistically that the guesser was doing better than chance allows. The arrangement of the cards would have to be controlled mathematically over a long period of time to eliminate the possibility of chance and prove the existence of ESP. "There is something here which needs explanation and enlightenment," Dr. von Mises does admit.

Dr. Rhine and his associates do not claim that every individual has ESP. And no one person has ESP all the time. It is a faculty which comes and goes in each test subject. Consequently it may never be possible to prove its presence by long-run statistical analysis.



THE CASE OF THE BLEEDING SAINT

Every Thursday, the stigmata of Christ's wounds appear on the hands and feet of Therese Neumann.

By Edward W. Ludwig

IT is midnight. A tense, expectant silence blankets the small, low-ceilinged attic room and is broken only by the distant murmur of night-wind through Bavarian pines. The little group — a farmer, his peasant wife, and a priest — stand watching the white-robed woman on the bed.

The woman's thin body stiffens, her gaze turns upward, unseeingly, and her pale features glow with a curious combination of agony and joy.

Slowly, the half-healed wounds

in her hands and feet open and bleed. They are like the wounds of a very great man who died upon a cross nearly 2000 years ago.

Tears begin to flow thinly from her lower eyelids. They are tears of blood. Over her heart, the white robe is splotted with crimson, and upon her headcloth is the outline, traced in blood, of a crown of thorns.

The strange trance continues for 13 hours, until one o'clock Friday afternoon. Then, at last, the woman sinks exhausted into her pillows and sleeps.

The story of Therese Neumann,

the simple peasant girl of Konnersreuth, Bavaria, is one of the most baffling ever to confront scientists and theologians. It is believed that once each week, from Thursday midnight to Friday at one, she passes through the ordeal of the Crucifixion, seeing in her trance a complete vision of Christ's last hours and suffering the agonies that He suffered.

Born on Good Friday in 1898, the daughter of a poor village tailor, Therese was a normal peasant girl. Deeply religious, she dreamed of entering a Benedictine sisterhood and devoting her life to missionary work.

But in March, 1918, a fire broke out in the barn of a neighbor. The crackling flames, the shouting and confusion, seemed to fill her with almost superhuman strength. For two hours she lifted heavy tubs of water, weighing as much as 40 pounds, to those on the roof of the flaming barn.

The effort was too great even for her robust body. She collapsed, a sharp pain streaking through her back and loins, and was barely able to drag herself home.

In the days that followed, she made feeble attempts to carry on with her work, and these resulted in a series of falls which aggravated her condition. At last it was discovered that her spine had been irreparably damaged. She lay in the attic room of her father's cottage, crippled, her legs numb.

Her condition rapidly became worse. Within a year she was blind, and her hearing had failed. Even her throat muscles became paralyzed, and she was unable to swallow food or water. She was a living skeleton. Death was as near as the wind that moved the shutters of the cottage.

On April 29, 1923, a religious ceremony was held at Saint Peter's Church in Rome in honor of another Therese—the Sister Therese of the Infant Jesus and a Carmelite Saint. Possibly attracted by the mutual first name, the dying peasant girl had studied the life of this Saint with admiration and devotion, and had prayed to her.

Early on this same morning, Therese Neumann was lying in bed. Without premonition or forewarning, she opened her eyes. *She saw her hands and her white nightgown.*

She stared. "*Am I dreaming?*" her mind screamed. She rubbed her eyes, looked about the room and then through the window at the pine-cloaked hills. The incredible realization swept into her consciousness.

"Mother!" she cried. "I can see!"

Her paralysis, however, remained, and her left foot developed a sore so penetrating that her mother feared an amputation would be necessary.

But Therese, believing that her sight had been restored through

her prayers to Saint Therese, secured three rose leaves which had been blessed and touched to the tomb of the Sister. These were placed over the sore, and in a short time the healing was complete — paralysis miraculously vanished.

One night soon after her recovery, she lay thinking of nothing in particular. Abruptly, into her mind spun a vision of Christ as He knelt in the garden of Mount Olive. It was as if she were actually standing beside Him, as if she had been transported back in space and time.

The whole panorama of Christ's last hours unfolded before her. She witnessed the crowning with thorns, the carrying of the cross down a hot, crowd-lined street, and finally, the crucifixion.

"Suddenly," she explains, "I felt such a pain in my side that I thought 'Now I am going to die'. At the same time I felt something hot run down my side. It was blood."

Her parents called a village priest who gazed, dumfounded, as wounds — or stigmata — appeared in her feet and hands and as words in a strange tongue flowed from her lips.

Virtually every week since that day in 1926, Therese Neumann has experienced the ordeal, which she looks forward to and enjoys. Although educated only in German, she has uttered phrases in her trances which scholars have described as ancient Aramaic, Hebrew, and Greek.

Since the healing of her blindness, Therese has partaken of no food or drink save for the daily swallowing of one consecrated, dime-sized wafer. Her cottage has a special glass-roofed section to give an abundance of sunlight, and she explains that energy flows to her body from the ether, sun, and air. Her stomach has naturally become shrunken, although her perspiration glands still function and her flesh is soft.

A visitor once asked, "Can you teach others how to live without food?"

She shook her head, smiling. "I cannot do that. God does not wish it."

A German professor, testifying to her fasting, declared, "Several of us, including Therese, often travel for days on sight-seeing trips throughout Germany. It is a striking contrast. While we have three meals a day, Therese eats nothing. She remains as fresh as a rose, untouched by the fatigue which the trips cause us. As we grow hungry and hunt for wayside inns, she laughs merrily."

A visitor to her small, neat cottage — on any day but Friday — would probably find her working in her garden or tending to her aquarium of fish. She is rosy-checked, cheerful, and seems more like a girl of 25 than a woman of 50-odd. Although she sleeps only an hour or two each night, she is active and energetic.

On her strong, graceful hands are the ever-present, freshly-healed wounds which penetrate through to her palms. The wounds are in the shape of large, square iron nails with crescent-tipped ends — an ancient type still used in the Orient but rarely seen in the West.

Before the war, thousands of tourists flocked to her cottage, and many were healed of serious afflictions by her touch. Today the number is carefully regulated by church authorities.

Scientists and theologians are still puzzled, and the church has not yet accepted the phenomenon of Therese as a miracle. Some say the trances could be the result of un-

intentional autosuggestion; but not one of the thousands of visitors have voiced the charge of fraud.

A German newspaper editor, Dr. Fritz Gerlick, went to her home to expose her, and ended by writing her biography and calling her a Saint.

A prominent churchman remarked, "Therese is not a fraud, but a fact that cannot be denied. The wounds are there, they can be seen by all, and they bleed."

Therese survived the Nazi persecutions and is still living in her Konnersreuth cottage.

Next Thursday, promptly at midnight, Therese Neumann will begin anew her strange ordeal.



THE FOOT ON COLONEL BUCK'S GRAVE

BUCKSPORT, on the coast of Maine, is a little town with a big story. It begins in the latter part of the 17th century when all of New England was suffering under the witchcraft delusion. Not to be outdone, Col. Jonathon Buck, founder of the town, decided that Bucksport ought to prosecute its witches too.

There was an old woman in Bucksport who was reported to be a witch. She pleaded her innocence, but the doughty colonel ordered her to be tortured until she confessed. Despite her repeated pleas of innocence, Colonel Buck ordered her executed.

With her last words she cursed the colonel and said that when he died a stone would be placed over his grave on which would appear the print of a woman's foot.

After Colonel Buck's death an imposing monument was placed over his grave. Soon the outlines of a woman's foot appeared on the stone. The image was carefully scraped away—but it soon reappeared. Later the stone was replaced with another but the outline of the foot reappeared on it, too. And there it remains today. You can see it if you ever get up Bucksport way. — Belle M. Drake

Fingers of **FATE**

By Harold Helfer

In the pulpit of his Lum, Mich., church, the Rev. Elmer Krake commented on the uncertainty of life. "Some of you may not be able to return to see God next week," he said. A moment later he dropped dead.

* * *

Mrs. Annie Harris, Sydney, Australia, bought a lottery ticket and wrote across the face of it: "While there is life, there is hope." It won first prize — \$14,000. But Mrs. Harris couldn't collect. She had died meanwhile.

* * *

Amos L. Clannan, Fort Worth, Tex., was going home from a church bingo party when he was hit by a car. Three weeks later, after another bingo party, he was struck again by a car at the same intersection. It wasn't the same car, but he suffered the same type of injury.

* * *

James Dirkes, Fairfield, Mont., gave the Red Cross blood bank a pint of his blood — a rare type. A week later he was hospitalized with a serious ailment and needed a transfusion. The only blood available of the type necessary was the pint he had donated.

When Mrs. Neida Schwartz was killed in an auto collision near Joliet, Ill., December, 1948, Kenneth Mastin, of Joliet, and Rosemary Steffes, of Minooka, Ill., were first to reach the scene. On the night of Feb. 17, 1950, Mrs. Schwartz' husband, Peter, was killed when his car plunged through a guard rail and overturned a half mile from the spot where his wife died. Mr. Mastin and Miss Steffes, driving by, found Schwartz' body.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Taylor, Valdosta, Ga., have four children. Last year Robert was 11 on November 11, Maxwell was 13 on May 13, Shirley was 15 on November 15 and Patrick was 1 year old on August 1.

* * *

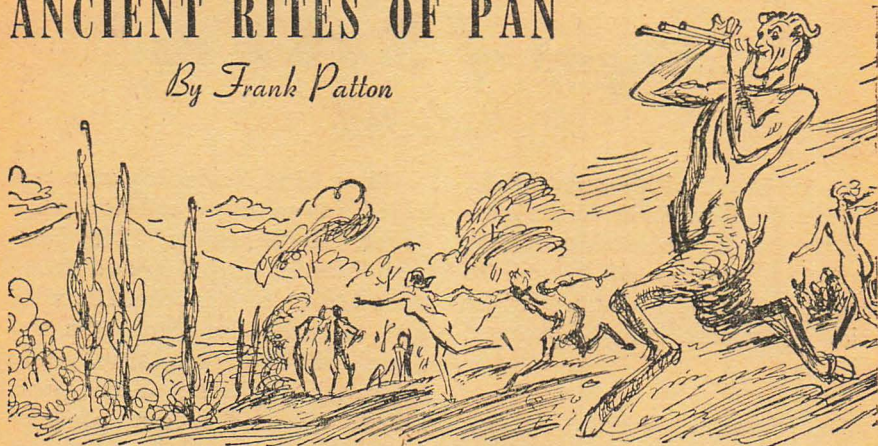
H. E. McGinley, Oak Ridge, Tenn., a druggist, dreamed he was being robbed. Next morning when he opened his store he found that a thief had rifled the cash register of \$63.

* * *

A few moments after he finished speaking on the perils of heart disease at Birmingham, Ala., Dr. Louis C. Posey dropped dead — of a heart attack.

ANCIENT RITES OF PAN

By Frank Patton



**Half goat and half man, Pan personified
lusty living — but there is much more to his story.**

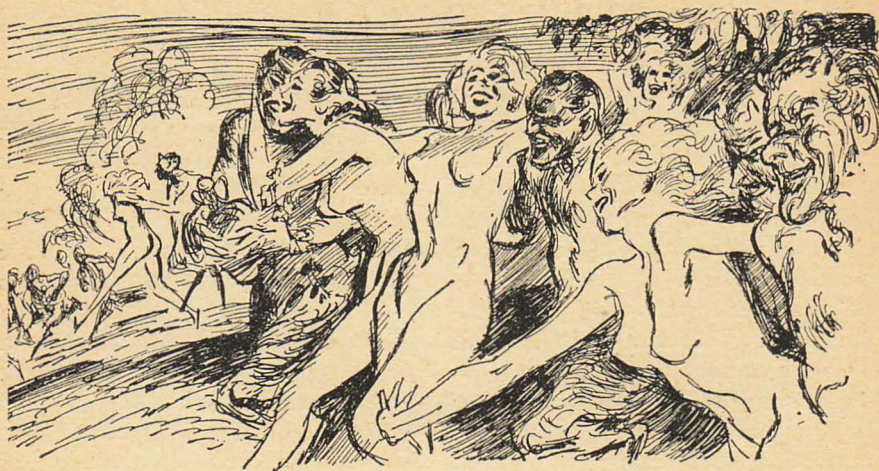
RINGING down the centuries comes a mysterious cry that is laden with the suggestion of utter sadness, and of utter terror. It is the cry: "Great Pan is dead!"

There is a mystery here that cannot easily be resolved, for there is a confusion concerning Pan that makes him at once a minor character, a mere puppet in a greater sideshow; a mask for the more vicious and characterless god, Dionysus; and the most important of all *earthly* gods.

In his best known character (insofar as moderns are concerned) Pan is the half-goat, half-man who is pictured contentedly piping away at his pipes in a forested glade,

with nymphs scampering delightfully around. Apparently his only other pursuit is the pursuit (and capture) of any and all of these nymphs from time to time. In this character he does not even have individuality, but is only one of a number of Pans. Pans, specifically, were associates of Dionysus, half-goat and half-man, and their occupation usually consisted of providing music for Dionysus' drinking parties.

In his second guise, he takes the blame for the questionable and sometimes rather grim antics of Dionysus. The god Dionysus, or Bacchus, is best known to us as a personification of the vine and



of the exhilaration produced by the juice of the grape. His ecstatic worship, characterized by wild dances, thrilling music and tipsy and sexual excesses, appears to have originated among the rude tribes of Thrace, who were notoriously addicted to drunkenness. Dionysus is believed to have died a violent death (which is significant in the light of the more important role of Pan which we will discuss later), but to have been brought back to life again. His sufferings, violent death and resurrection were enacted in sacred rites which begin with the depiction of the birth of Dionysus from a union between Persephone and a serpent (Zeus in disguise); the infant being born with goat horns. The rites go on to picture the infant mounting Zeus' throne and brandishing the

lightning in his hands. But he does not occupy the throne for long, for the treacherous Titans, their faces whitened by chalk, attack him with knives while he is looking into a mirror. For a time he evades their assaults by turning himself into various shapes, assuming successively the likenesses of Zeus, Cronus, a young man, a lion, a horse and a serpent. Finally, in the form of a bull, he is hacked to pieces by the murderous knives of his enemies. In the rites, a bull is sacrificed in like manner, and eaten, which is deemed to produce good luck and good crops for the coming year for all who eat of the bull.

There are several versions of the resurrection of Dionysus, the simplest being that he arose from the dead and ascended into heaven. In

another, his mother is supposed to have gathered together his severed body fragments and Zeus restored them to life. In still another Zeus swallowed his heart and begat him afresh by Semele. A variation of this last consisted of pounding his heart into a potion which was given to Semele, who then conceived and bore him anew.

The most mysterious legend concerning Pan does not depict him as a human or a god, but as the Earth itself. Specifically it refers to the *ancient* Earth, or at least a portion of it, since throughout the world of the ancient Greeks, Egyptians, Trojans and other races grouped around the Mediterranean, the cry of the news of the death of Great Pan resounded for ages. Thus, if it was a cry of the death of *earth*, it was the cry of the destruction of an area of the Earth other than that occupied by the survivors.

Here we come to the mysterious link with a forgotten past more ancient than any of the god-legends we remember today. Pan was supposed to be a great continent that lay in the South Pacific, extending all the way from the remnant known today as Japan, to the East Indies, and perhaps including even present-day Australia.

This is the continent some mistakenly call "Lemuria." The believers in Lemuria say that it was the mother-continent, and that the Garden of Eden was located

there. The ancient civilization founded by Menes I in pre-flood Egypt was a Pan-continent colony. But Pan was engulfed by a tremendous disaster, according to the legends and nothing remains of it in our time.

Today we have only a single epic sentence as a remembrance of what must have been the world's most horrible disaster: "Great Pan is dead!" Today we have only a vague personification of the land of the goat in a figure half-goat and half-man. We have forgotten what he really was, the motherland of the human race on Earth. We have even forgotten the gods of that ancient continent. The only remnant we have is the strange reference to the goat. What the significance of the goat was in that lost land we will never be able to decipher unless, by some new catastrophe, the lost continent comes once more to the surface and ancient ruins and inscriptions are once more revealed.

All in all, Pan, and the weird rites practiced thousands of years ago, and still practiced in token and superstition today, provide us with the most mysterious and awe-inspiring legend of all time. It is the surviving token of the most horrible disaster ever to strike the Earth. And all that remains of the sorrow and terror and horror of that day, perhaps twenty thousand years ago, are four anguished words:

Great Pan is dead!

SILVER IODIDE MAKES IT RAIN

A new method of causing rain which employs mobile dispensers of silver iodide smoke is estimated to have increased the rainfall in a small Arizona area to four times the usual amount.

Truck trailers were employed to haul these ground units to the windward side of a slope. Particles of vaporized silver iodide that cause moisture to collect in drops heavy enough to fall can be multiplied to produce a cone which would finally reach as far as 20 to 30 miles downwind from the dispenser. Each installation is capable of producing rain in an area of approximately 240 square miles.

The silver iodide dispensers used in the Arizona tests were developed and built by the Salt River Valley

Water Users' Association. The unit includes an electric generator, a powerful smoke blower, and a unit where the silver iodide powder drops on a plate that is heated by a blow torch. The heat vaporizes the silver iodide. This entire installation, including a four-foot blower stack can be moved in two large wheelbarrows. The unit is able to eject 600 cubic feet of smoke per minute. This smoke moves downwind and upward.

Dr. Irving P. Krick, a former California Institute of Technology meteorologist, is convinced that the silver iodide smoke dispensers mark the beginning of a science that ultimately will convert parched and uninhabitable regions of the earth into green, flourishing areas.

Dr. Robert Broom, curator of the Transvaal Museum, Pretoria, South Africa, one of the world's foremost paleontologists, has reported the discovery of the locality of man's origin and of fossil remains of, not one, but five "missing links." The first find in the series was made in 1924, but the most excellent specimen was that found by John T. Robertson, Dr. Broom's assistant.

He made his discovery on a farm about 30 miles from Johannesburg. The bone fragments he

found there are called the Swartkrans man and include the largest human or near-human jawbone ever found. It is a huge, perfect lower jaw, with almost all the lower teeth, of an ape-man who lived between 1,000,000 to 2,000,000 years ago.

This jaw reveals a being on the threshold of the human race.

These South African discoveries represent a group of man-apes that are the closest now known to that time when the evolutionary split began.

I MODEL



Head of Jean was modelled in September, 1949. Heads are modelled under control.

IN September, 1948, while sitting with my unfoldment class, I developed most unexpectedly and suddenly an unusual phase of mediumship. I was told to buy some modeling clay. I purchased one pound but, not knowing the first thing about this kind of art, I did not know what to do with it. After a week had passed I heard a voice clairaudiently tell me to "get more clay and make a head." The voice was clear and forceful and I obeyed, purchasing more clay. Still not having the least idea about how to proceed I enquired of the saleslady who told me how to make an armature. This is a kind of framework and the clay is built around it.

After everything was ready I sat before the table perfectly helpless when suddenly my hands were controlled and the head of an Indian was modelled in exactly one hour.

Since then I have continued with the work whenever the urge comes upon me, never knowing who I am modelling but being aware that they are likenesses of those who have passed on. One by one I have created heads for every member of my class, each one being made while under control. Over 20 years ago our healer lost a little girl, but I was under the impression the child was about 10 years old, at the time of her death. One afternoon I modelled the head of a baby, its little face framed by a bonnet and with ribbons tied under the chin. Upon seeing the head our healer immediately recognized it as her little girl who was 10 months old when she died.

On many occasions I suffer pains while modeling which leave as soon as the work is complete. I have come to the conclusion that it is exactly the same thing as we mediums "take on" while giving messages. Generally the severe pain in my own body is at the same location as that suffered when the person I am modeling was alive.

As far back as I can remember I have had first hand experience with psychic phenomena. The first

SPIRITS

By The Rev. Elvina Colburn

The author obeyed a command to model heads — and they turned out to be likenesses of the dead.

I remember happened when I was four years old. I slept in a large nursery on the second story of our home in England. On the night in question the moon shone through the wide windows into the room making it light enough to see every object. I was lying wide awake when suddenly the pillow was pulled sharply from under my head and thrown into the center of the room. Naturally I screamed and my parents came running in and tried to calm me.

Even then I was aware that my visitant was from another world.



Face of student's guide was modelled in September, 1949. Reverend Colburn feels her gift is somewhat akin to spirit photography.



"Degradation," modelled in June of 1949, shows ravages of drink on a woman's face. Like others it was modelled full life size.

And wisely my parents did not try to tell me I was imagining things.

I developed certain phases of mediumship at the age of nine and received automatic writing almost as soon as I learned to write. My grandmother was my first teacher and a wonderful medium although she never showed her ability in public. She taught me never to abuse the gift which she said I had.

In the past I have had various phases of mediumship such as trumpet, levitation of articles, and once writing upon my arm. But these phases have never lasted long though they were extremely powerful at the time. Automatic writing I have always retained together with inspirational and impressional writing.

Having been a message bearer all my life I find this phase more and more interesting as time passes. Its greatest advantage is that I can really give help and advice to those in need, and can help remove the fear of death from those who are nearing the final parting.

I made the head of a lady for another member of the class. The hair style was very old fashioned and there was a high collar around the neck. At once this class member recognized the likeness of her mother.

Up to this time I had made about 15 heads including a nun, a 16th century head of a man, complete with wig and coat collar of the period. In these first efforts

no eyes were made but just the hollows. Try as I would on my own initiative, it was impossible for me to make the eyes.

Suddenly a change came in the work. My hands were no longer controlled. The spirit faces appeared before me and I could make the eyes without any trouble. Now unless I am impressed to model or see a face clairvoyantly it is impossible for me to create anything.

Most often I make the heads of guides as I see them. I have been told, through direct voice and trance mediumship, that they wish to become known to those whom they have come to help.

Casting these heads in plaster of Paris kept me busy day and night. Then finally I conceived the idea of having the faces photographed. Frequently a hand-written letter or a small article will bring a face before me. At other times I am given subjects such as one entitled "Degradation," showing the ravages of drink on a woman's face. All heads are made life-size.

One face impressed me greatly. It appeared constantly beside one of our students, Mrs. S. and I hastened to model it. It proved to be one of her guides, who passed into spirit about 1860.

This gift is somewhat like spirit photography. Those who understand this phase of mediumship know that in many instances faces appearing upon the films are recognized as friends or relatives.

A dear friend of mine had a daughter pass into the spirit world. Had she lived the girl would now be about 18. Every time I was with my friend the face of a girl appeared above her right shoulder. I modeled the head and showed it to my friend, Mrs. M. The letter which is reproduced here speaks for itself:

San Diego
Sept. 16, 1949

Rev. Colburn
Dear Friend,

The head you made, which you had seen clairvoyantly, has all the characteristics of my daughter, Shirley, who is living but whom you have never seen. Proving to me that this likeness of my little daughter Jean was given to you from the world of spirit. This has been such a blessing and comfort to me.

*Thanking you,
(Signed) Mrs. N.E.M.*

This letter refers to the baby's

head which I modelled for our healer:

Oct. 26th, 1948.

Dear Rev. Colburn,

I am so thrilled over the head you made of my little daughter. I am sure it is she. I have a little picture of her and it looks just like her. Thank you very much. When people look at the different heads you make they should stop and think that there is a life after death and give thanks to God and the spirit world for the blessings they can bring us when we do our share. God bless and keep you.

(Signed.) F. S.

My work requires an enormous amount of concentration. At times I become absolutely unconscious of my surroundings and when this stage is reached it is time to rest. I am a message medium and know the true meaning of concentration but I can truly say that the concentration necessary in this new phase is "out of this world."



HOTTEST STAR IN THE HEAVENS

The American Astronomical Society has reported a new star, 27 times hotter than the sun. The star, in the Constellation Lyra, is centered in a ring nebula and has a surface temperature of 270,000° Fahrenheit, according to Dr. Thornton Page of Yerkes Observatory, Chicago. He pointed out that there

are thousands of stars hotter than the sun, which has a surface temperature of only 10,000°.

The heat of the new star is two to three times greater than that of any star previously discovered. It is as large and probably larger than the sun, but is untold millions of miles further away from the earth.

THE NAVAJO PROBLEM...



When the U.S. Government, at the instigation of President Truman, voted two million dollars for Navajo relief, most Americans considered the matter closed. But most of this money has been lost through red tape and waste. The plight of the Navajo is worse than before. Something must be done and the Navajo does not want charity. Here is one Navajo's solution.

BEFORE we were taken captive by the United States in 1864, we lived on the land which lies between four of our sacred mountains: Mount Taylor, near Grants, New Mexico; San Francisco Peaks, near Flagstaff, Arizona; Laplata Mountains in Southwestern Colorado; and Mount Baldy, near Alamosa.

This was a large land and a good land, containing open plains, mountains, valleys and meadows. There was grass and trees, lakes, springs, streams and water holes. We had our farms, orchards, sheep, goats and horses. We had a good living.

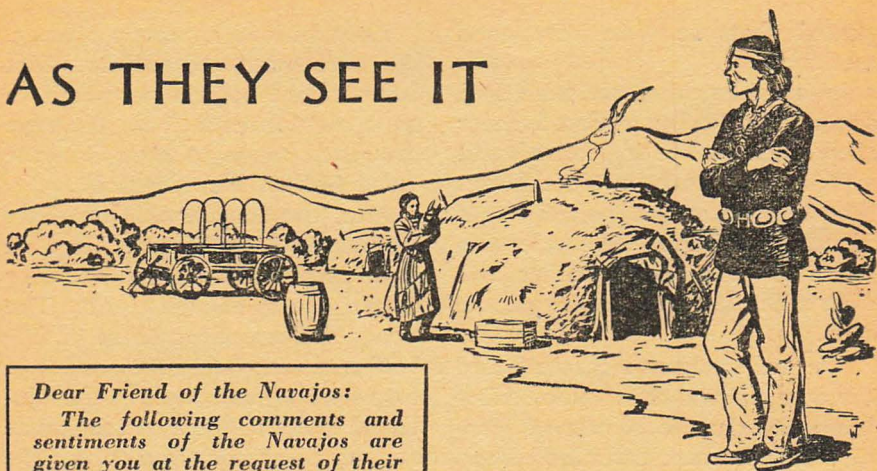
About 200 years ago, the Spanish came to our country and said that we would have to obey them. Then in 1823 Mexico said they were our boss. In 1846 the United

States took our land from the Mexicans and told us we belonged to them. Why these nations, which had so much land of their own, had to fight about our land and take it away from us, is hard for us to understand.

When the United States soldiers came, they said we would have to stop fighting and stealing. Most of our people did not believe we had to obey these strangers so kept on doing the same as they did before. Then the soldiers burned our fields and orchards and killed our animals. When we finally didn't have anything to eat, we were forced to bring our women and children to the white man's fort, so we wouldn't starve. That was in the Spring of 1864.

Then they took all our people on a long march of about 400 miles

AS THEY SEE IT



Dear Friend of the Navajos:

The following comments and sentiments of the Navajos are given you at the request of their leaders, so you may better understand their feelings, desires, and needs at this time.

Our organization is endeavoring to assist them in their many problems. We bespeak your continued interest and assistance in this undertaking.

Very sincerely yours

NAVAJO ASSISTANCE, INC.*

**Bert Pousma,
Managing Director
Box 106
Gallup, N.M.**

** Accredited by Navajo Tribal Council.*

there was an investigation. This revealed that we were given only \$30,000 of relief supplies, and that some white men had got away with \$70,000. We realized that dishonest people were taking things that were intended for us. Sometimes they would walk us around a building and count us twice, so they would get more supplies for us, but we didn't get it. Then we tried to fool them by raising the number of persons shown on our ration tickets so our families could get enough to eat, but they found out about it and made different kind of ration tickets that we couldn't change.

We had old tents to live in. There wasn't enough wood to keep us warm, and, because we didn't have enough blankets or clothes, we suffered from the cold. However, we worked hard and willingly did what we were told to do, constructing buildings, unloading freight, etc. The soldiers and officers re-

from our homeland to Fort Sumner, New Mexico. Our women, children and old people suffered much on the way, and we reached Fort Sumner practically naked. We were hungry and cold, tired and sick.

While we were in exile at Fort Sumner, Washington appropriated \$100,000 for our relief, but we didn't get much relief. Some of our white friends heard about this and

ported that we were very good workmen.

In our homeland, we were used to a roving life, but at Fort Sumner they made us live in twelve small villages and work on little farms. The bad water and poison weeds killed our livestock. The water also made us sick. Dry weather and bugs killed our crops. Many people died.

We were hungry, sick, weak and discouraged, and then a worse thing happened. In the Winter of 1866-67 smallpox came and killed many of our people. The dead were quickly buried, but the graves were not made deep enough. We saw coyotes come and dig up the bodies of our loved ones, and we were too sick and weak to do anything about it. We believe the coyote brings evil. That made us feel doubly unhappy and afraid. We wanted to get away from that place. Many of our people escaped and went back to our homeland. Some of our girls, in order to get enough to eat and warm clothing, ran away to little towns and lived with white men or Mexicans. We longed for our homeland where we could keep our families together and provide food and clothing for them.

We begged for permission to go back to our own country. We were willing to agree to anything, just so they would allow us to leave that awful place where everything went wrong during the four years that we were compelled to stay there.

Then, in 1868, a treaty was made. We were permitted to leave Fort Sumner, but not yet permitted to go to our former homes. We were instructed to go to Fort Wingate (near Gallup, New Mexico).

After the long walk from Fort Sumner to Fort Wingate, we were again naked and hungry, but they didn't give us enough to eat. The treaty authorized purchase of 500 beef cattle and 1,000,000 pounds of corn for our sustenance in the winter of 1868-69. Some of that cattle and corn was not given to us. We never got enough food and clothing. We ate prairie dogs, rats and field mice, roots, wild plants, seeds and tree bark.

When it became too crowded at Fort Wingate, they took some of our people to Fort Defiance, Arizona, but we weren't yet permitted to go to our former homes. We had to loaf around and wait for the 15,000 sheep and goats which the treaty said we would receive, but which were late in coming.

The animals finally came in the winter of 1869-70. We were given about three sheep for each member of the family, also some seed and a few tools. We were glad to get them. Now we could leave and go to work. We took good care of the sheep and goats. We worked hard and did all we could to eke out a living so that the Government wouldn't have to help us. In 1887 an investigator said that \$700,000 was due our people for appropri-

tions made by Congress for implements, seed and stock which we never received.

Our sheep and goats increased. Our people increased. We soon realized that we needed more land for our animals and that we were shut out from most of the land that we had before we were taken into exile. The best of our old streams, springs and lakes were excluded. We needed all the land and water back again that was our homeland between our four sacred mountains.

As early as 1875 some of our headmen went to Washington and pleaded for more land for our people. We did not understand that the treaty cut us down to such a small area.

In 1886, when the Apache Indians were on the warpath and the United States soldiers had difficulty in subduing them, our people were asked to help. While Indian troops were being formed, our chiefs met with the commanding officer. They said: "We are willing to help you. Our men will go to fight for you. They will leave their homes and loved ones. They will leave their people. They may not come back. They would like to have their children provided for by giving them our old homeland east of here that was taken from us. That is the heart of our country. That is where our heart is. That is what our children should have." The commanding officer replied: "We will do that." But that promise was not

kept and our children still have no land.

Small parts of our original homeland were given to us from time to time, but not nearly enough for our increasing people and animals. Some of our land was taken for the railroad. They were given a lot of land on both sides of the track which was built in the early 1880's. They leased that land to white cattlemen and we were chased off. White and Mexican homesteaders came on our land, threatened us with guns and burned our hogans. Our best farm land is now occupied by white men and Mexicans. Our best grazing land is now controlled by white cattlemen. The good things were taken away from us, and evil brought into our country by bootleggers, gamblers and prostitutes. We obeyed the treaty in not harming others but no protection was given us against others harming us. We were commanded not to scalp anyone, but it seemed that no one cared if outsiders came in and skinned us alive.

In spite of disappointments, we did the best we could with what land and water we were allowed, and increased our sheep from three per person to an average of over thirty per person. It takes fifty per person to make a decent living, such as the white people call "a minimum living standard." We had visions of the time when we would reach that standard and could afford a house, proper food and cloth-

ing, and all the other things we saw the white people have, and which we wanted for our wives and children, to make them well and happy.

But then, just when we were getting along pretty good, the Government said there was too much sand from our reservation going into the Colorado River, and would fill up Hoover Dam. We said: "Give us more land and water like we have been asking for. Give us back all of our old homeland. Then there will not be "soil erosion from overgrazing." But they would not do that. Instead of giving us more land and water, they came to our homes and first took away our goats, which we needed for milk for our children and for meat to eat. Then they kept on cutting and cutting our goats and horses and sheep until we now have an average of only about seven per person. Many families have none at all.

When this treaty was made in 1868, the Government told us: "Take good care of your sheep. Then they will increase and some time in the future you will have enough to take good care of your families." We did just what they told us, but then, when we were getting enough sheep to take care of our families, they made us get rid of them. It made us angry and discouraged for them to treat us like that. We hadn't done anything wrong. We obeyed the treaty. We followed their instructions. We

worked hard and saved. Sheep are our heart. They are our life. They took our heart out of us. They took our life away from us. We were helpless, disillusioned and discouraged. Hunger and sickness increased. Many of our people, especially the babies and little children, died. Tuberculosis increased rapidly on account of undernourishment.

The Government said they would give us plenty of work on the reservation that would more than offset our loss of income from the sheep. They made flowery promises of giving us work building schools, dams, wells and irrigation projects. But those promises were not fulfilled. Some families had to eat the few sheep they had left and were then dependent upon relatives. Mothers, too sick or weak to bear more children, died and left many orphans.

The Government said they would give our needy people relief but, even though there were thousands needing help, they gave small checks and a few supplies to only a small number. The relief supplies lasted only a few days and sometimes they skipped a month or two. Then the needy were again dependent upon their relatives and friends and consequently all were undernourished, as there was not enough to go around.

3600 of our boys were in the second world war. They were good soldiers. Their families received

allotment checks and could buy baby food, canned milk and other necessities for their babies and small children, but, when the war stopped and they didn't get those checks any more, the children had to go back to their old poor diet, and many are undernourished and sickly. More than half of our children die before they reach school age.

Our people need assistance. What we would like best of all is the fulfillment of promises made us. Then we would have more land and water, so that we could have more sheep and goats and farms. Now, instead of that, we are compelled to leave our homeland to go to work in beet and vegetable fields and on railroads far away from home and kin. We appreciate the efforts to help us get work, but they do not seem to realize that this is breaking up our families, as in many cases we cannot take our little children along; also crippled and sick and old and blind persons, who need our help, must be left behind. The railroads will not take families, so fathers must leave home for months. Sometimes the wife or baby dies and he does not know about it until he comes home many days later. Many of our men who go away to work are taught bad things by the white, black and Mexican men and women, who take advantage of their innocence and ignorance. As a result, disease and drunkenness is

increasing. Some of our girls working far from home are learning to lead bad lives. When the fathers are away for a long time the mothers, children, sick and aged are not properly protected and cared for. The off-reservation work is seasonal and menial, and there is no future for us in that class of work. The breaking of families is contrary to all American and religious principles. It is having a very serious effect upon our children as well as the parents and especially upon the older unmarried boys and girls.

We need the kind of work that will make it possible for us to keep our families together and support them—have a decent home for them to live in—dress our children properly when they go to school—buy proper food for our babies and little children—take care of the sick and crippled and old people—become respected American citizens. When they decreased our sheep, they promised us much work, building schools, roads, irrigation projects, dams and wells, and thus providing those desirable improvements which we so badly need. Those betterments will make it possible for us to again become self-supporting. Although their cost might be considered high, it is only a small percentage of the value of the land and the income which was taken from us.

We need education. In the Treaty of 1868 the Government promised us a school and teacher

for every thirty children of school age, but today there is school room for only 8,000 of the 24,000 children of school age. 16,000 of our children cannot go to school. As there is not enough good land for them to make a living on the reservation, and as they are not being given an education so that they can take care of themselves off the reservation, what will become of them?

In 1933 the Government promised, in addition to improving the seven boarding schools in existence at that time, to build seventy community day schools with laundries and shower rooms, a doctor and nurse, and agents who would be ready to help us in our many problems. That made us very happy, as we wanted our children to be given an education without being sent far away from home and kin. We also needed the health and home-making services promised. But it was just another promise that was not fulfilled. At present we have a total of sixty schools, of which nine are closed, and several others cut to one room capacity. Actually we are getting less than half of the school benefits promised, and the doctors, nurses and agents promised have not been provided.

The schools are not operated for full term. Reservation schools are kept closed until off-reservation schools are sent their quota, and are closed before the school season ends. We would like to have all

our own schools filled to capacity and operated full term before sending our children hundreds of miles away from home. Many parents wonder whether it isn't useless to give their children the present irregular education. We see public schools and mission schools on and adjoining our reservation where children are given full term standard course of education, and cannot understand why this is denied our children.

We need hospitals. Sickness and death rate is extremely high on our reservation, but six of our hospitals are closed and others not fully utilized. All the hospitals should be opened and operated to full capacity. More hospitals are badly needed; also tuberculosis sanatoria.

We need doctors and nurses who have our health and welfare at heart. There is never enough medical help to take care of our sick people. For many years we have been asking that our girls be given nurses' training in Navajo Service hospitals. Then we would have our own nurses. But this request was not granted and now the need is more acute than ever, and our people suffer.

We need homes. There is much sickness and suffering on the reservation because our people can afford only log and mud hogans to live in. We would like to improve our living quarters for the health and welfare of our wives and children.

We need water wells. In many cases we must haul water in barrels on wagons many miles, from unsanitary sources.

We need dams and irrigation projects. Good farm land was taken away from us, and, as it is apparent that it will not be returned to us, the best possible use should be developed on what we have. Besides the many desirable small projects, there is a large San Juan River project which would give work to thousands of people and bring lasting benefits to our country. We hope Congress will appropriate the money for these improvements as soon as possible.

We need police protection. For years we have been pleading for law and order on our reservation; also for protection against unscrupulous outsiders. Bootleggers, gamblers, prostitutes, and other evil persons take advantage of the ignorance and innocence of our peo-

ple, but very little protection is afforded us either on or off the reservation. We may not defend ourselves as we are treaty bound never to do white men any harm.

We need the advice, encouragement and assistance of all who have our welfare at heart. So many promises have been made and broken that we don't know who or what to believe. We need true friends who try to understand our condition and will help us to help ourselves.

We greatly appreciate all the fine assistance given us by our friends over the country and hope that you will continue to help us until we reach the goal of finally providing for our children the opportunities and privileges which we so ardently crave for them.

Approved:

SAM AHKEAH, *Chairman*
ZHEALY TSO, *Vice Chairman*
Navajo Tribal Council.



PEACE FROM THE SKY

A meteorite once ended a war. In 1906 Nicaragua was in the throes of bloody civil war. General Pablo Castilliano and his army were trying to overthrow the government.

In camp one evening, the rebels were ready to begin the campaign that would bring them victory when the sky was brilliantly il-

luminated. A flaming meteorite was hurtling down — coming straight for the encampment. It hit the general's tent. He was in his tent and was killed instantly.

His soldiers took this as a sign that Heaven frowned upon their cause and they immediately disbanded and went back home.—
Harold Helfer.



Space ship or electrical discharge? This is the image that showed up on Professor Adamski's film after he caught sight of a strange object in space. Adamski himself makes no claims.

Flying Saucers

AS ASTRONOMERS SEE THEM

By Maurice Weekley & Prof. George Adamski

THERE have been repeated statements that astronomers in large numbers have stated that never have they seen anything in their observations of the heavens that resembles a "flying saucer" and that in their opinion, no one else has seen them. These statements have been the basis of a categorical denial that flying saucers exist. Let's have the truth about these astronomers, and let's have it right here!

Number 1. Seymour L. Hess, astronomer at Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona, says he has seen "a bright object in the sky . . . a disk visible to the naked eye." He said the object was powered by some means and was moving against the wind.

Number 2. Photographic plates of a strange celestial object sighted

"just by chance" February 16, 1950, have been sent to the Berkeley campus of the University of California for study. The object was seen by Dr. C. D. Shane of the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton in Santa Clara County. He said the object has shown up on a series of eight photographic plates. Dr. Shane believes the object is an asteroid, but he declared it was moving "unusually fast for an asteroid." He called the celestial phenomenon "one of the most unusual objects sighted in the sky in a long time."

Number 3. Accompanying this article you will see a photograph taken through a fifteen inch telescope by amateur astronomer Professor George Adamski, who lives at Palomar in the shadow of the great Observatory there, with its

Scanning the heavens with his 15-inch telescope on Mount Palomar recently, Professor George Adamski sighted a strange, fast-moving object in space. He hastily set and triggered his camera and photographed the thing.

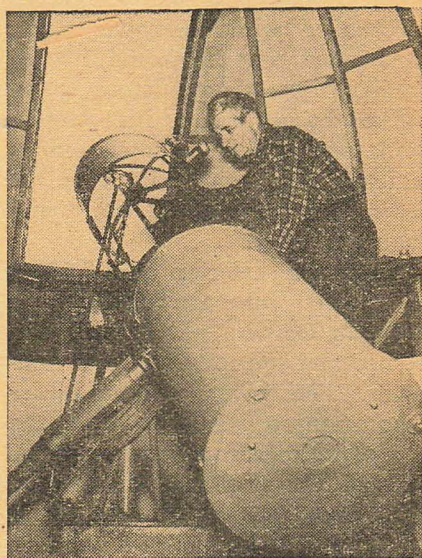
“world’s mightiest telescope.” The story behind this photograph is startling. It is also revealing of the errors that creep into newspaper stories and make legitimate observations well-nigh useless by reason of misquotations and consequent impairment of the veracity of the observer.

I first learned of Professor Adamski’s observations via these garbled newspaper reports. Intrigued, I called upon the Professor himself. The following is the *truthful* story of his observation and its unusual aftermath.

It’s a cold, clear night. You are at your telescope—a 15-inch reflector adapted for photography. The night is still except for the occasional howl of a coyote, and your mind is out among the stars. As you gaze through the eyepiece, you suddenly glimpse something where nothing should be.

Hastily you set and trigger your camera. You can’t be sure you’ve got it; it was traveling plenty fast, even at a distance from the earth which you estimate is about 200,000 miles.

As an astronomer, you are naturally curious of anything unusual in the heavens, and you have re-



Professor Adamski beside his 15-inch telescope in his Palomar Gardens observatory.

ceived no word of new comets or other phenomena, which introduces the possibility of your having discovered a new celestial body. It is difficult to await the processing of the film.

Finally, you have the print in your hands. You are astounded. This is no comet; to your knowledge, no previous phenomenon photographed has been quite like this.

What will you do with the picture?

Many months passed before Professor Adamski found what seemed to be the right agency to analyze his picture. J. P. Maxfield, superintending scientist at the U. S. Navy Electronics Laboratory on Point Loma, near San Diego, in conversing with the astronomer, mentioned that he would like to receive copies of any picture Adamski might get during his observations which might be classed as unusual — especially if it might have any bearing on the flying saucer mystery.

Some time later an official Navy car pulled into the driveway at Palomar Gardens, the friendly inn owned and operated by the astronomer. The driver, a young officer who was just returning from the top of Palomar on Navy business, entered the inn and was greeted by Adamski, who recognized him as Maxfield's chauffeur on previous visits.

During their conversation, Adamski remembered his photograph. When the visitor was ready to leave he was given a print to take to the laboratory, where it was to be given to Maxfield.

In the course of one of his numerous lectures, which the professor gives before all sorts of luncheon groups and clubs, Adamski chanced to mention the print in connection with statements he had made concerning the flying saucer mystery. Either a newsman was present, or the statement was other-

wise conveyed to the press, for Adamski was (mis) quoted in a San Diego paper, as having stated that the object he had photographed was a spaceship of another planet. Actually, he had only mentioned this as a possibility, since he couldn't possibly be sure of what it was, and for that reason had been cooperative in submitting it to the Navy Electronics Lab. However, when the article was printed the Laboratory, through one of its spokesmen, stated that such a print had never been received.

This was soon disproved by a letter that Professor Adamski received a few days later which bore the heading of the Navy Electronics Lab at Point Loma.

We read it pretty thoroughly — two or three times — and though we remember it expressed gratitude for having received the prints (Adamski said he must have sent two instead of the one he intended) and apologized for the delay in acknowledgment, there is one paragraph that remains firmly fixed in our minds:

"These pictures look very much like a type of electric discharge which frequently occurs in cameras during film pulling in dry or cold climates. We sincerely doubt whether they have any connection with visitors."

Just how incongruous is that word "visitors" as applied to a thing as great and earth-shaking as a possibility of OTHER WORLDS

sending ships within our range of detection?

Professor Adamski's photograph, in sum, may mean much or little. The casual manner with which the Navy dismisses it is intriguing, however, and follows the official "line" consistently taken by the Government toward unidentified sky phenomena.

* * *

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Weekley's purpose in writing this article is to prove to the readers of FATE that astronomers *have* seen strange objects, and have actually photographed them. FATE is now preparing a new summary of flying saucer sightings which will include other astronomical sightings, and many authoritative sightings by other reputable persons for a future issue.

The amazing thing, to us, is the photograph itself. We have investigated Professor Adamski quite thoroughly, and in our opinion, have found not the slightest evidence that

he is perpetrating a hoax. We do not suggest that our readers accept the photograph (as Adamski himself states) as evidence of the existence of spaceships. We only suggest that the film cannot be explained as "electrical" sparks due to friction of pulling the film (either based on technical evidence or on theoretical possibility even if that were the only evidence in this case) since Professor Adamski took the picture only *because* he first *saw* the strange object visually, and the presence of any marking on the film at all is confirmation that something, whatever it may have been, was actually there. Its distance is an estimation by the professor, and depends wholly on the factors he used in computing it, which are unknown to us. If it is 200,000 miles out, it is beyond the orbit of the moon, and the objects, even viewed through a telescope, are tremendous in size. If closer, it is even more difficult to ascribe to any normal celestial phenomenon.



WHAT MADE THE BED SHAKE?

A Washington, D. C., clergyman has reported seeing a 14-year-old boy's bed shake "so violently he was unable to sleep." Later the boy moved into a large armchair. The armchair wouldn't be quiet either. It tilted and fell over. Finally the boy tried sleeping on the floor. The bedding moved and carried him under the bed. The boy's family had first told the

clergyman of inexplicable scratching noises and movement.

There wasn't a clue, according to the report given by Richard C. Darnell, head of the Society for Parapsychology. Parapsychology he defined as having to do with things you see but can't believe. And there was no evidence the boy moved himself, the bed, chair, or bed clothing.

Strange Prophecies Concerning Lincoln

America's greatest president lay upon a lounge looking in a mirror. Suddenly two images of himself appeared in the mirror.

By Thomas J. McLaughlin

LINCOLN strongly believed in spiritualism. He often quoted these lines from Byron's poem, "Dream":

*"Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things
misnamed
Death and existence. Sleep
hath its own world
And a wide realm of wild
reality.
And dreams in their develop-
ment have breath,
And tears and tortures, and the
touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our
waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off
our waking toils,
They do divide our being."*

During his second visit to New Orleans in 1831, Lincoln visited a voodoo fortune teller who told him, "You will someday be President and the Negroes will be free."

During his circuit riding days, Lincoln frequently dined at a certain homestead. One day he arrived there after dinner was over. Nothing was left but bread and milk. After dining on this, Lincoln re-

marked that it was good enough for the President of the United States.

Shortly after his first Presidential nomination in 1860, Lincoln was resting upon a lounge in his Springfield, Ill., home. Beside the lounge hung a long mirror which reflected Lincoln's entire form. Suddenly two images appeared in the mirror. Both of them rested on the lounge but differed greatly in appearance. One was Lincoln's own reflected image; the other was a stiff and lifeless corpse.

Lincoln thought the apparition was an optical illusion. He left the house and took a walk. Upon returning he lay on the lounge again. The apparition appeared once more. Lincoln said nothing to his wife because he did not wish to upset her. But every time he repeated the experiment with the mirror the apparition returned. However, the spectre never appeared in any mirrors of the White House.

Lincoln told the correspondent of a Boston journal in July, 1864, "I feel a presentiment that I shall

not outlast this rebellion. When it is over my work will be done."

Just a few days before his death, Lincoln described a dream to his wife: "About 10 days ago I retired very late. I soon began to dream. There seemed to be a death-like stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight, but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along.

"I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. Before me was a catafalque on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing mournfully upon the corpse whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully.

"'Who is dead in the White House?' I demanded of one of the soldiers.

"'The President,' was his answer.

"Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night. Although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since."

Lincoln had another dream which recurred many times during the Civil War period. He dreamed it again the evening before he was killed. It preceded every Union victory, Antietam and Gettysburg and all the others. In this dream Lin-

coln saw a badly damaged Confederate ship sailing away, closely pursued by Union vessels; he saw also a battle on land in which the enemy was beaten.

On the day of Lincoln's assassination, General Grant was present at one of the President's cabinet meetings. Lincoln asked General Grant if he had any news of Gen. William T. Sherman whose forces were confronting those of General Johnston. Grant said that he had as yet no news but that he expected some within the hour.

Lincoln said the news of a victory would arrive very soon.

Grant asked Lincoln why he believed it would be a victory.

Lincoln replied, "I had a dream last night; and ever since this War began I have had the same dream just before every Union victory."

Mrs. Lincoln's first statement after Lincoln was shot was, "His dream was prophetic."

On this same fateful Good Friday of 1865, Lincoln told his Cabinet of still another dream. Because Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton interrupted the meeting, only a fragment of the dream was told. It preceded the Battle of Bull Run and was another dream which had occurred the evening before he was shot. Lincoln told the council, "I dreamt that I was in a boat on a lake, drifting along without either oars or sails, when . . ." Stanton opened the door, and Lincoln, checking himself said, "I think we had better turn to business."



10 Days with Korga

By John R. Clawson

Was it a demon or my subconscious self that possessed my body while I fought desperately for life?

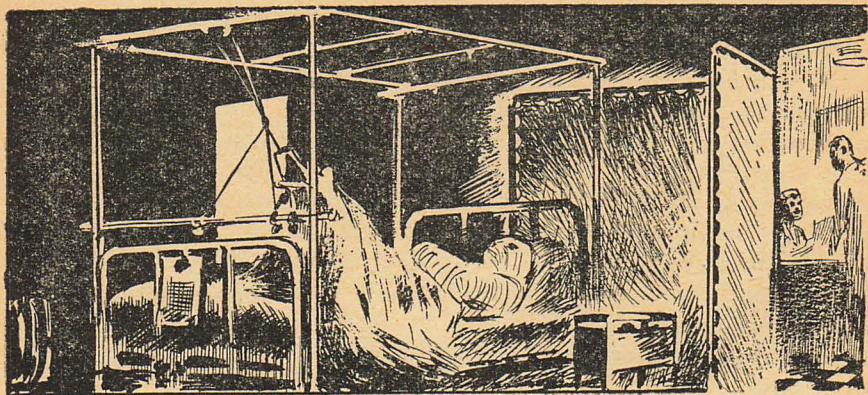
In a small midwestern village in 1938 a 19-year-old boy was struggling to become a writer. Several weeks had elapsed since he had been able to create a fresh character. But on July 18, he had an inspiration — an inspiration that was to be significant as further events prove.

The character would be thoroughly despicable, cruel and vicious. He would, at the same time, embody great power — power stronger than anything on earth. He would be a supreme sort of monster who could control the wealth of the world, could dictate and direct the lives of men. Yes, he must be even stronger than that.

For the plot to be coherent, he would have to be a man supreme over death, for the climax was to show this demon defying all laws of Providence by shrieking, "There is no power in Heaven or in Hell that can kill me until I am ready to die!" He was to live, and did live, until he determined that death would be more advantageous than life.

Seeking a name for this character, the boy searched for a single, short name that would sound both harsh and powerful. He finally decided to capitalize all letters and call the man, *KORGA*.

Shortly after midnight the same day that *KORGA* came to life in



his mind, the boy accompanied three other boys to a night baseball game. The four rode home in a new coupe, and the writer, being the lightest in weight, was riding on the lap of a heavier companion. The game had not been particularly interesting and he was completely absorbed in his fictional creation. Then a strange thing happened.

As the car sped homeward through the night, climbing sandy hills, sending yellow streaks of head lights into the dark sky, the writer assumed the mind of his fictional character.

The boy suddenly, unmistakably, and for no apparent reason, became the monster, KORGA. By what strange power could the conscious mind assume the thoughts of a fictional man it had created only that day?

For the boy was now KORGA, and he was supreme. He was the

monster of destiny. He was the controller of Fate.

"There is no power in Heaven or Hell that can kill me until I am ready to die!" he shrieked, uttering the mouthings of KORGA. "I am not ready to die. I am the Law. I shall not die!"

This climax of his story was real and vivid—all the defiance that refused to yield to death, the raging vituperation of the monster was part of him. The illusion stayed on. It became a bloodcurdling nightmare. The mind of KORGA lived within the boy.

Then came a time when the nightmare faded away. The fictional chambers of KORGA were replaced, in a slow, blurred, incoherent fashion, by the faces of relatives peering down at him. He saw tears in the eyes above him, and whispered prayers came to his ears.

"Thank God, you are waking."

What had happened?

They explained:

"Ten days ago you were in a horrible auto accident. The other boys are all right but since you were sitting on top, you served as a cushion for two of them. Your car smashed head-on into another one. Some friends happened along right behind you and found the wreck. They pulled your body from the mangled car and brought you to the hospital. When we arrived there was no hope. The doctors said you couldn't live."

Now the boy began to understand why his arms, his legs, his head, his entire body was hanging, trussed tightly, in hammocks, bandages, weights and casts. More explanations followed.

"The doctors just left you lying on the bed at first. After you passed the third day, they started to set the breaks, but they still said it was hopeless. For these entire 10 days you have lain cold and unmoving, from shock."

Then the relatives listed his injuries. "Your right leg is broken above the knee, your right pelvis is completely separated, your left pelvis is broken in three places, you have broken vertebrae in your back, your left arm is fractured above the wrist, your right shoulder and shoulder blade is broken in six

places, your nose was smashed down even with your eyes, you suffered cerebral concussions, your left check bone is split beneath your eye, you had seven teeth knocked out and there are torn tendons, ligaments, cuts, blood and bruises. The doctors said you'd never come out of shock, and even if you did you'd never walk again."

There was a lot more. There were medical explanations couched in technical phrases, there were charts and X-rays, and disbelief, and a lot more tears.

But the boy did come out of it. He was walking nine months later. He came out of it well enough to pass an Army physical examination a few years later.

But the doctors couldn't understand.

"How did you do it?" they asked.

The boy merely shook his head. "Just lucky, I guess."

He did not mention the 10 days his mind had lived in the body of a fictional character he had created on the very day of the accident; of a character who shrieked, "I will not die because I am not yet ready to die." He felt that no one would believe his story of a whirling brain inside an unmoving body, so he kept it secret — until now.

How do I know?

I was that boy!

HYPNOSIS PIERCES MENTAL BLACKOUT

Hypnotic therapy has been credited with restoring the memory of a young mother who has suffered from total amnesia for the past nine years.

Mrs. John N. Norton, 26 years old, of New Rochelle, N. Y., came to Dr. Nathaniel E. Selby, a New York psychiatrist, for treatment of headaches. He discovered that she could remember nothing of her past except that she had fainted on a street in Philadelphia in 1942. She was unable to identify herself and started a new life as a waitress. Five years later she met and married John Norton in New Rochelle. They have two children, a boy and a girl. She had told her husband that she was an orphan.

Dr. Selby could make no break

into the patient's subconscious other than to find that she recalled the names Kybski and Braddock, Pa. He communicated with the Braddock police. They found that an Emily Kobalanski had disappeared in 1940. The Kobalanskis, father, mother, four brothers and one sister, had checked so many fruitless clues during the nine years that they were not very hopeful when the police talked with them. But they said that their Emily had a small scar on her forehead.

Dr. Selby had seen the scar on Mrs. Norton's forehead. On her next visit he hypnotized her and with adroit questioning brought about a full return of memory. Only a few details of her past still remain to be cleared up.



WHEN THE SUN POWERS YOUR CAR

John Campbell, chief of the organic chemistry department of General Motors, has pointed out that the amount of solar energy falling on one acre of ground in a single day is equal to 700 gallons of gasoline, enough to run an automobile for a year. He states that the possibility of using solar energy for power production has long been talked of by scientists. "As yet, no

practical solution has been found," he said. "But the harnessing of solar energy is one of the most important problems of our age."

It is the opinion of the experts that there is a greater possibility of driving cars on power taken from the sun's rays than from atomic energy. Shielding necessary for an atomic-powered automobile might weigh 25 tons.

INTERPLANETARY MAN

By Olaf Stapledon



At this critical moment of human history man finds himself on the very threshold of a new freedom, the freedom to travel beyond the terrestrial atmosphere and explore the whole solar system. What should he do with this new power?

On the whole, it seems extremely unlikely that any of the other worlds within the solar system is inhabited by any race even approaching man in intelligence. Let us begin with our nearest neighbor, the moon. I am told that it is almost wholly without atmosphere and water. There seems to be no reason at all for supposing that it has, or ever did have, intelligent inhabitants. Of the planets themselves, Mercury is far too hot on one side and far too cold on the other. Venus is more temperate, and has a copious atmosphere; but apparently it lacks oxygen, and would not support life such as we know on our own planet. Water also may be lacking. Mars, owing to its feeble gravitation, has already lost most of its atmosphere and most of its water. Indeed, its polar caps may turn out to be composed of carbon dioxide snow, or something worse. However, there is considerable evidence that vegeta-

Today we are citizens of the world, tomorrow of the universe. The new technologies will open up the whole solar system sooner than we think. Will this bring Man to greatness or to oblivion? What will we do to the planets and what will they do to us?

tion of some sort does exist on Mars; but certainly no convincing evidence of the artifacts of an intelligent race. Probably the process of biological evolution on the planet was less rapid than that of the earth, since on the whole, the larger the geographical field, the greater the chance of the occurrence of a wealth of varieties on which natural selection could work. Further, the evolutionary process was probably cut short or greatly retarded by the rapid deterioration of conditions. On the whole, then, it seems unlikely that on Mars life (such as we know) has evolved to the human level. The asteroids are of course much too small. On the other hand, Jupiter and Saturn, and probably all the outer planets, are too big, and have apparently quite the wrong kind of atmosphere for life of the terrestrial type.

Of course, we cannot entirely reject the possibility that on some of the planets life has evolved on a different chemical basis, and that atmospheres lethal to us may be hospitable to biochemical processes alien to ours. But I understand that terrestrial life depends on the unique diversity of the carbon com-

pounds, and that, though a biochemical system based on some element other than carbon is possible, it would have a far smaller range of compounds, and so the scope of its biological evolution would be very restricted. However, we should not dismiss the possibility that Jupiter or some other great planet is inhabited by minute intelligent creatures whose constitution is quite unknown to us. The evidence is opposed to this view, but not overwhelmingly.

If man finds the planets uninhabited, what should he do with them?

Perhaps the most promising is Mars. If the venture seemed really worth while, that small cold, arid world might be rendered at least habitable, if not a paradise for man. All the necessary materials would be present in the crust of the planet itself. Human ingenuity, with atomic power, should be able to increase the atmosphere and the water supply, irrigate the desert surface, produce a suitable vegetation, and even raise the surface temperature. Whether this huge undertaking would be in fact worth while or not, is a question which

I shall consider later. At present I suggest merely that it probably could be accomplished. In frivolous moments one feels that Mars might be used as an extra-terrestrial "Siberia" in which to exile all our really tiresome people. But I fear that the little planet would soon be overcrowded, and Earth depopulated.

Like Mars, the moon could perhaps be rendered distressfully habitable by terrestrial man; though in this case, presumably, the artificial atmosphere would escape far more rapidly, and would need to be constantly replenished. Incidentally, much of it would be drawn off by the Earth, thus complicating our terrestrial problems by increasing our atmospheric pressure.

What of Venus? The task would probably be much more formidable. From the little that we know of Venerian conditions, it would seem that the first problem would be to alter the composition of the already existing atmosphere, which, so far as is now known, is quite unsuited to terrestrial life. And water, if indeed it is absent, would have to be created in bulk. Then we should have to produce a vegetation for the maintenance of a supply of free oxygen. But on the whole, though Venus offers a more difficult problem than Mars, it might in the long run become a more satisfactory home for man. It is much larger, and of course far warmer. Instead of affording the human colonists a

distressful and precarious existence, it might in time rival and surpass the Earth as a home for intelligent beings.

The greater planets would seem to offer no possibility of human colonization, owing to unfavorable atmosphere, chilly remoteness from the sun, and such gravitational pressure that a man's body would be an insupportable burden.

It is time to approach the whole matter from another angle. If the mountain will not come to Mohamet, Mohamet must go to the mountain. If the planets are unadaptable to man in his present form, perhaps man might adapt himself to the alien environments of those strange worlds. Or rather, perhaps a combination of the two processes might enable man to make the best possible use of those worlds. In fact, given sufficient biological knowledge and eugenical technique, it might be possible to breed new human types of men to people the planets.

Once more, Mars seems to offer the best opportunity. It should be fairly easy to produce a variety of *homo sapiens* capable of surviving the rigors of an improved Martian environment. Perhaps the best human stock from which to start would be the Tibetans, who are used to a cold, arid climate and a rarified atmosphere. But unless the Martian atmosphere could be augmented quite a lot, and the surface temperature greatly raised, the spec-

ialized human Martians would probably lack the vital energy for any kind of highly developed civilization. Only where nature blossoms with a certain luxuriance can the human spirit itself blossom. However, by a combination of environmental and eugenical alteration, it might perhaps be possible in the long run to establish a vigorous population on Mars.

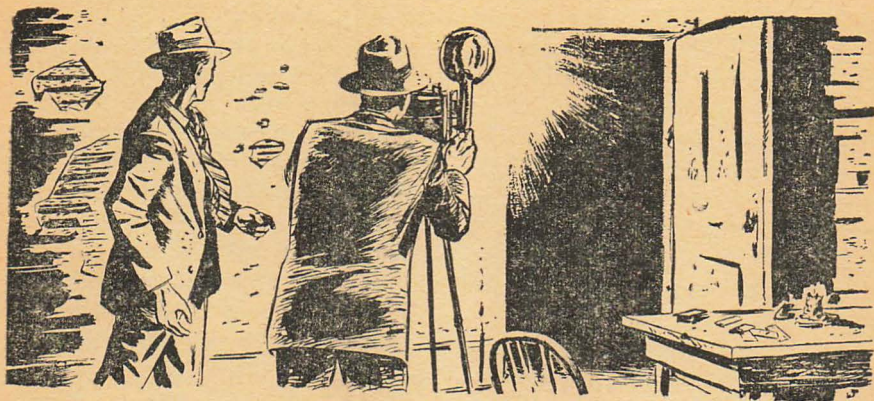
On Venus, given oxygen and water, man's biochemical and eugenical technique might perhaps produce a well-adapted human variety or a new human species. Since Venerian man would have to stand great heat, the work might start with experiments on some Equatorial varieties of our species. Presumably in that hot world a dark skin would be useful; unless, indeed, permanent shade was maintained by a cloud-blanket over the whole planet. There would certainly be a tendency for a large proportion of the planet's water to remain permanently suspended in the atmosphere.

On the outer planets, eugenics would have to play a major part. Even if the problems of the atmosphere and the extreme cold could be solved, there would be very great difficulties to face. It would be necessary to create a specially adapted human species of very small stature to cope with the ex-

cess of gravitation.

Enough has been said to suggest that the colonization of some of the planets may in time become practicable, if terrestrial man continues to develop his control of the physical environment through atomic power, and if he attains sufficient biological knowledge and eugenical art to breed, or otherwise construct, human or quasi-human races adapted to strange environments.

But a word of caution is necessary. It is extremely important that none of these eugenical ventures should be attempted without thorough knowledge of the probable indirect results of each proposed change. For instance, it would be disastrous to aim at very small stature without doing something to avoid reduction in intelligence. Further, it is necessary to have very clear ideas as to which human characteristics are unimportant and might be safely sacrificed, and which are indispensable and should never be endangered. Thus good vision, high intelligence, co-operativeness and manual dexterity are indispensable and should if possible be increased; while teeth and cranial hair could if necessary be sacrificed. The result of thoughtless "messaging about" with human nature might be the psychological and spiritual ruin of man.



THE *Shattered Secret*

What ghastly image was on the negative that the *Telegram's* photographer had snapped?

By Margaret Hudson

THE city editor grinned. "Not scared, are you, Mac?" he demanded.

MacGregor Bond, veteran reporter for the *New York Telegram*, scowled. "Look here, Bill," he began, "as far as I'm concerned this assignment is a waste of time. To put it mildly."

The editor shook his head. "We've had too many calls from people around Paterson to let it go by," he said. "Whatever the explanation, there should be a story good enough for a Sunday feature. So find yourself a photographer and get going on it."

This true experience was told to the author by MacGregor Bond, veteran New York newspaperman who covered many famous cases, including the Lindbergh kidnapping. Every fact in the story is correct except that the true name of Hans is concealed to protect his family.

Reluctantly, Mac pocketed the piece of paper giving him the name and address of the house near Paterson and the nature of the assignment . . . which had led him to instant protest.

"Got any preference on the

photographer?" he asked.

"Take Hans," said the editor. "He's one of the steadiest men on the staff."

Hans *was* steady. A German who had come to this country not long after the first World War, he was an expert photographer with a nerve of iron.

Like Mac, he was annoyed with the assignment. "A lot of nonsense," he grumbled, as he assembled his equipment. "I should lug all this stuff out to Paterson to take the picture of a ghost!"

"It's not my idea," said Mac. "Blame Bill. He thinks it's Hal-lowe'en."

But the idea of sending a reporter and photographer to lay a ghost had been forced on the *Telegram's* city editor. The desk man had been besieged with calls from residents of the area outside Paterson where the house — a vacant, gray frame house — was located.

People avoided it. Housewives admitted freely that they'd go a long way round to market rather than walk by the "haunted" house. Strange noises emanated from it. And it was more than that, they said. It was the atmosphere, brooding and awful. It made a person shudder. At night it was worse. Then there were lights, mysterious flickerings that couldn't be explained.

The police had looked at the place on numerous occasions, found nothing, and skeptically blamed

nerves and silly fears on the part of the near-by residents. But the noises, the lights and the tension had gotten worse. And, because the *Telegram* was known as the kind of paper that would investigate mysteries, appeals had been made to its editor. The appeals had been investigated. They were not from crackpots. The people most concerned about the gray house were, it seemed, good substantial citizens, living in the grip of a fear that was all the more dreadful because it couldn't be explained.

So, on a mid-week afternoon in the late 1920's, Mac and Hans drove over to Paterson. Hans, watching the sun sink slowly toward the Palisades, said, "I hope this doesn't take too long. I told Anna I'd get home early tonight maybe, so we could go to the German movie up on 86th street. She likes, sometimes, to hear the old language."

"I won't keep Anna from her movie if it's up to me," Mac said. "We'll look the place over, hang around awhile, then maybe you can rig up some kind of a picture and we'll blow."

"Good," said the photographer.

"I brought a pack of cards," Mac added. "While we're waiting, we can see if your poker's improved."

They came to Paterson, found the right street, drove along it slowly. Then Mac said, "That must be the place, over there."

Hans viewed the building. "Not

much of a house," he said.

"Needs a couple of coats of paint," said Mac.

He parked the car and he and Hans, the stolid photographer carrying his plate case and camera, started up the walk. In front of them, the house brooded in the slowly gathering dusk.

The front door was locked. They went around to the back. Sagging steps led to a small porch, and Mac rattled the door to the kitchen. "Locked too," he commented. "But we could open it with a hairpin."

Mac finally went through a cellar window, then let the photographer into the kitchen.

"It's like the North Pole in here," he said, shivering. "Wonder how long this place has been empty. Guess I should have talked to some of the neighbors first . . . but that can come later."

The photographer, too, shivered in the damp, cold air.

Together, the two men moved through the rooms on the first floor. The place was partially furnished, with broken, sagging chairs and tables, pieces of ragged carpet. Heavy dust covered everything.

"Phew!" said Mac. "What a mess! Nothing down here, Hans. Let's go upstairs?"

The stairs creaked dismally. Most of the furniture had been removed from the bedrooms. But there were two or three straight backed chairs in the front bedroom, and a table.

"Well," said Mac, "at least they left us something to play poker on. I'll take you on, Hans, and we can absorb some atmosphere for awhile. Then you can find yourself a couple of pictures; we'll talk to the neighbors; and call it a day."

It was getting dark rapidly. Mac flicked a wall switch, but no light came. "I might have known the electricity would be off," he muttered.

"I saw a candle in the dining room," Hans volunteered.

While the photographer went back downstairs, Mac looked around. There wasn't much to see, just a broken down, deserted house. Who had lived in it? Why had they left? Those questions ran through Mac's mind. But the house gave no clue.

Hans returned. The two men sat down at the table and lit the stubby candle. Mac said, "We should have brought parkas — it's like the Arctic in here. I'm going to close the door. That will make it seem warmer."

"Yah," said the photographer.

Mac shut the bedroom door and the two men began to play cards. As the minutes went by their concentration in the game deepened. Once Mac started to light a cigarette, but reconsidered. "This place would go up like a tinderbox," he commented. The photographer agreed.

At least an hour had passed when they heard the door slam. Then, despite himself, Mac felt icy

prickles along his spine. It had been the *front* door—and the front door was locked.

Then came footsteps—heavy, ponderous, moving slowly, inexorably, up the stairs.

Mac said, "Hans . . . what . . . ?"

But Hans did not falter. "What can it be?" he asked, reasonably. "Ghosts—pooh! This is a man, walking up here, and so we just sit and see what he wants—yes?"

"Yes," said Mac. But he didn't like it.

The footsteps reached the top landing and started down the hall, directly toward the bedroom in which the two men waited.

The door swung open, and at that same instant a gust of icy air swept through the room, extinguishing the candle. There was darkness and silence—dead silence.

For a moment the two men sat, stunned. Then Mac said, "Hans, where the devil are the matches? Let's get this candle lighted! I want to find out who's playing games with us!"

Hans, his hands still remarkably steady, struck a match. He touched it to the candle. Light flared.

But in the room, and in the house, they were alone.

And the front door, incredibly, was still locked!

"So if it happens again," said the photographer, "I take a picture, see?"

"What do you mean?"

"I set up my camera, facing that door," Hans explained patiently.

"If again the door slams, I get behind the camera . . . and when this door opens, I snap the shutter."

So they sat and waited, finally blowing out the candle, as it was getting low, so that it could be lit again if the door slammed.

Then they heard it again. The front door slammed, the footsteps started up the stairs. Quickly Mac lit the candle, and Hans got into place behind his camera. Slowly, ponderously came the footsteps. Closer and closer they came. The door swung open, and the flashbulb of the camera exploded in the night. Then they got out.

It was after midnight when they reached the city room. Mac said, "Before I write anything, how about you having a look at that picture?"

Time passed. Then the silence was punctuated by a scream. The most unearthly scream, Mac said later, that he had ever heard.

Hans appeared in the darkroom door, his face a sickly green.

"Mein Gott!" he shrieked. "Mein Gott!" Before Mac could reach his side and grab the plate he swayed. The plate crashed to the floor and shattered into minute fragments.

The photographer collapsed completely, and Mac, with the aid of others, rushed him to the hospital.

And there, six weeks later, Hans, the stolid, steady, iron-nerved photographer, died, having become a babbling idiot, unable to tell what it was he had seen on the plate.

MYSTERY OF THE

Midget Mummy

By Ray Palmer

What have archeologists to say about the mummy of a man 14 inches tall and weighing three-quarters of a pound?

IVAN P. GOODMAN, who sells autos in Caspar, Wyoming, has a tiny mummy which has scientists backed up against their books in complete bafflement. According to their books, the little fellow can't (and didn't) exist — but there he is, to taunt them with his sardonic smirk.

It would seem the mite has reason to smirk, because he's upset all their theories about geology, archeology, evolution and anatomy. In the first place, he was found in October, 1932, in the Pedro mountains in the Rockies, about sixty-five miles southwest of Caspar, Wyoming, by two gold prospectors dynamiting in a gulch at the foot of these mountains. One of the blasts opened up a natural cave in the solid granite some fifteen feet long and about four feet wide by four feet high. Inside the cave, on a rock ledge, sat the wizened little mystery man, as realistic as if he'd been alive, winking solemnly at the intruders. Perhaps he was winking because he knew that his granite

retreat would push his age back millions of years before scientists would admit he could have lived; but there he was completely encased in granite and you can't get around that.

Insofar as archeology goes, a whole system has been built up which is continually being knocked to pieces by discoveries of man existing before he should have — but never being kicked around as mightily as this tiny mite has done.

Darwin would have (and probably has) turned over in his grave at sight of him. Evolution certainly must have done some marvelous leaping about in Time to achieve this miniature man. He just doesn't fit into any evolutionary time-table at all. He even makes granite, the oldest rock on earth, seem like sheer youthfulness.

Anatomically, he is rather startling, because he obviously isn't just a plain monkey (and if he were, the mystery would still remain, for a monkey encased in granite is just as impossible as a man). He's ac-



Mummy of tiny man-like creature has bronze skin, low forehead, flat nose.

tually human, in more respects than the scientists like to admit.

Apparently he wasn't very smart, as he hasn't much forehead, nor brain capacity, but he has more than the average politician of today. He would, scientists are sure, have been able to give a good account of himself in an Army intelligence test. He would probably have been placed in charge of filing secret flying saucer photographs in the top secret drawer of the filing cabinet where such things are kept. Further, he would probably be able

to find them quite readily when required, which seems to be more than the present gentlemen in charge of such filing are able to do. All in all, he's human enough in intelligence capacity to have it all over the monkey he might libelously be hinted to be.

The most amazing thing about the mummy is the perfection of all the features. It has bronze skin, low forehead, flat nose, a rather warped forehead (whether from mummification, injury, or natural occurrence has not been decided), a



X-ray details of mummy show surprisingly human skeletal characteristics.

fringe of readily identifiable hair. It has a full set of teeth, and its eyes, although glazed, are startling in the way they seem to peer at observers. Authorities claim the man was approximately sixty-five years old at death. X-rays have revealed human vertebrae and all other identifiable bones of the human body.

The mummy's height in its sitting position is 61½ inches; standing it would be 14 inches tall. Its weight is three-quarters of a pound.

The anthropological department of Harvard University museum says there is no doubt about the creature's rarity. The curator of the Egyptian department of the Boston Museum says the mummy has the appearance of Egyptian specimens. Dr. Henry Fairfield, noted scientist, calls the creature *Hesperopithicus* after a form of anthropoid which roamed the North American continent in the middle of the Pliocene period. All of them say it is the most perfect prehistoric mummy

ever found. (The word prehistoric is the only one with any significance in all those learned pronouncements.)

Dr. Harry L. Shapiro, chairman of the department of anthropology of the American Museum of Natural History, said the x-ray examination showed a skeletal structure and that it appeared to be covered with dried skin. "If the mummy is that of an adult, it is smaller than dwarf types now known, such as midgets and pygmies," Shapiro said.

The scientist said the owner had brought the mummy to New York for examination, and Shapiro had examined it for a month. But before microscopic and chemical tests could be made, the mummy had been taken back to Wyoming. The scientist said he had seen pygmies in Malaya, but none nearly as small as this. He could not estimate the age of the mummy.

At present the mummy is on exhibit at 1419 East 2nd Street, Caspar, Wyoming.



FIND CHINESE PYRAMID

A giant pyramid, estimated to be more than 1,500 feet wide at the base and about 1,000 feet high, has been photographed by the U. S. Air Force in China. They reported that the pyramid, sighted near Sian, Shensi Province, appears

to be much larger than those of Egypt. The mound is believed to be about 40 miles from Sian. There is a small village at the base of the pyramid, and nearby there are hundreds of burial mounds. Only narrow footpaths lead to it.

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.

I DIED

I have learned two things beyond the shadow of a doubt: that there is a life beyond, and that time does not exist there.

I had believed in life after death most of the time. But there is a vast gulf between believing and knowing and occasionally I caught myself wondering and dreading that plunge into the unknown which must come to all of us.

A few days before Christmas, 1948, I "died" from a violent heart seizure. My husband was with me at the time and is willing to take oath to the truth of this statement. He has witnessed death many times and recognized the symptoms, eyes wide and staring, rattle in throat and protruding tongue, no heartbeat, no breath.

My "dying" was painful, but of short duration and after a brief sensation of whirling about in a spiral, I found myself alone in a great vastness. I had no body, neither dense nor etheric, yet every sense was alert. I was only a con-

sciousness, with a delicious awareness of absolute freedom, an ecstasy of lightness.

All about me was *space*. Yet this *space* was not a void but filled with the essence of all life. Since my experience I have tried to describe this; how I knew it, what it looked like. But since there is nothing on earth with which to compare it, this is most difficult and any terms I can use are unsatisfactory. I can say only that the entire space was alive. Life was there, all about me.

I was part of it, yet I was still myself, a separate and distinct entity. I could feel this marvelous essence penetrating me; could see it as a form of light, but light that was alive.

This space had color, too. But again an accurate description is impossible. The delicate glow of a sunset on a snowy peak in the high mountains, just as it passes from rose to orchid, is closest to it I think. I floated and floated, filled with a sense of well-being.

There was also sound, of which

I seemed gradually to become aware. It was a tinkle, a cadence, a delightful blending of delicate, bell-like notes. I was curious to know what caused this lovely, joyous sound. I asked and was told, by mental impression, that I was hearing the laughter of children.

Then I began to feel a gradual withdrawal. The sound was receding; the beautiful, life-filled space fading. I begged to stay. But a Voice spoke with deep, melodious resonance saying, "You must go back. You — must — go — back. You — must — go — back." It too faded, and was gone. I was back.

"I've been gone a long time, haven't I?" I whispered to my husband.

"Only about 10 seconds," he replied, "but I thought it was forever. It's a miracle."

Ten seconds. I could scarcely believe him.

Now I no longer only *believe* in a life beyond the physical. I *KNOW*.—*Beth Dene Aldrich, Bishop, Calif.*

THE HAND THAT TURNED ON THE LIGHTS

MY husband and I were rank *Cheechakos*, living with friends on a lonely fox island many miles from the nearest town of Petersburg, Alaska. We had decided to try our luck at salmon fishing and had purchased a 30-foot trolling boat, the *Agassiz*.

The boat had been brought from

Petersburg and was secured to the tie-out line for the night. After dinner that night coffee was served and our host settled down for one of his customary after dinner tales. This time there was a mysterious twinkle in his eye.

"Did Bill tell you the gruesome history of the *Agassiz* when he sold her to you?" he asked my husband.

"No," Ray replied, "but he did say she was a rollin' fool and advised me to take the poles down to come out here because of that roaring sou' easterly that he knew we'd have to fight to get here."

"Didn't say anything about the murders that were committed on her, eh?" All eyes fastened on the speaker. "Well, it was like this —

"The *Agassiz* was built about 30 years ago but of course she has been re-built several times and you'll find no bloodstains on her, but time was when the cabin was a gory mess. In fact, several times. You see, the original owner was an exceedingly unscrupulous man, greedy for money. Didn't care how he got it — just so he got his share and the other fellow's too. He always took a partner trapping. He was a very likable fellow and never had any trouble getting someone to go with him. But folks became suspicious as the years went on because Dan's partners, never showed up after trapping season was over. When people asked about them he would say his pard-

ner had made his stake, taken his poke and gone Outside. But when a well known Alaskan disappeared after going on one of these trips with the *Agassiz*' skipper questions became demands. Investigations were conducted. It was discovered that the skipper murdered his partners for their share of the furs. In this land their bodies were easily disposed of. The Alaskan waters, fed by the glaciers, are so cold they seldom give up a body. However, the law finally caught up with Dan but he wouldn't give up and he was killed trying to elude capture."

Our host ended his story and lit a cigarette.

I got up and stood peering into the early winter darkness. The lights on the mast of the *Agassiz* twinkled as she bobbed in the swell of the incoming tide. Her dark outline made her look like a ghostly figure, alone in the water with only her gruesome memories for company. I said, "The *Agassiz* seems to have moved quite a bit from her original position — she's closer to the beach."

"I put out quite a bit of rope so naturally she has moved some," replied my husband. "Anyway, I don't see how you can estimate distance out there in the dark . . ."

"Silly," I replied, "I can see her mast light, can't I?"

"I don't know how—there aren't any. The wires are disconnected. I'll have to repair them before she is ready to use," he informed me.

"But they *are* on," I cried. Every-

one left the table hurriedly and rushed out-of-doors.

"My God! She's broken the tie-out line and is headed for the rocks," one of the men yelled excitedly and they dashed for the skiff to row furiously out to the *Agassiz*. After her anchor had been dropped and the men were certain she was really secure they came inside for more coffee.

"I wonder what made that light come on?" I inquired uneasily.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered our host. "She'd have been a goner in another 10 minutes if you hadn't noticed her moving. It's funny. I can't understand how they could come on."

A chill ran down my spine. I thought of those murdered men! Did a ghostly hand out of the gruesome past throw that switch?

That was 3½ years ago. Today, no matter how rough the water, no matter how the *Agassiz* rolls and wallows, she comes through terrific storms with flying colors. And why not? I believe an ethereal hand guides her to safety! — *Violet Haynes, Wrangell, Alaska.*

THE PHANTOM BARRAGE

I was assigned, during the first World War, to the third battalion of the 137th Infantry Regiment as one of the signalmen. Our battalion was holding a portion of the front line trenches near Verdun known as the Manhuelles Sector. It was comparatively quiet and at

places our trenches were separated from those of the enemy by a valley over a mile across, leaving a wide "no man's land."

Our battalion headquarters was situated in an excavated area atop a high hill that presented a rocky perpendicular front to the enemy and was only about 100 yards in the rear of our own front line trenches. We had several observation posts located on this perpendicular area which commanded an unobstructed view for several miles both up and down the valley.

On the night of August 15, 1918, I was on duty in the signal lookout station and had the 2 a.m. to 4 a.m. watch. All was quiet along the entire front. The signalmen on watch with me had just returned from the kitchen with coffee and sandwiches for our lunch. It was perhaps 2:15 when we heard the swish of artillery shells passing overhead. At first there were five or six a minute, then they increased until the noise was continuous. We phoned artillery headquarters to verify our observations and were told that no guns in that sector were in action. We asked if there were shells bursting in the back area but were told there were not.

We couldn't hear any shell bursts on either side, nor could we hear any gun explosions and assumed it must be long range cannon firing from our extreme back area. We entered our observations in our reports and also called and alerted

all 137th regiment officers. This bombardment continued for over an hour and then ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

There was much comment the next day as to who fired the shells and what had been their target. Two nights later some German prisoners were taken. They told our officers that two nights previously they had been moving supplies and artillery up from Metz under cover of darkness and were preparing for a drive on our sector when suddenly and with extreme accuracy our artillery had sent over a barrage which completely demolished every piece of equipment they had. Our officers attempted to ascertain which artillery unit had fired this barrage but in every case all artillery in the entire area reported no action that night.

The old French soldiers wisely nodded their heads, took another sip of Vin Rouge and said, "*Il na passe pas*" — "those who died before Verdun have seen to that." — *Edward D. Fuller, Phoenix, Ariz.*

MEMORIES OF EGYPT

I was eight years old when I first began to tell strange tales to the other children. Every night we got together in a large group to tell stories. When it was my turn I told the usual ghost stories but the day came when I started to tell ghost stories of old Egypt.

The other kids stopped telling stories and came to my house every

night to hear my stories instead. Even the grown people listened.

I had never heard of Egypt or its tombs before. But in my stories I told of the curse of the tombs. I told of the Sphinx and the Pyramid. I described the inside with its chambers and long silent halls. I told of the Pharaohs who were buried within and I also described a mummy. I told of the Nile River and described it in detail. I told of the temple of Karnak. I told of the key stone and the seal on the tombs.

I told of an enemy which attacked the Egyptians and was driven off time and time again. Then as a last hope the enemy killed many cats and tied them to their shields knowing that the cat was sacred to the Egyptian people. When this army again marched against Egypt the Egyptians, seeing the cats, fled in horror.

When I went to high school I found in my history book a cut-away section of the pyramid which showed it to be just like I had said. Reading on I found that everything else had been just as I had described it. But my biggest shock was yet to come. Later in the term our teacher told the story of the Egyptian army fleeing before an enemy who had cats tied to their shields.

Does this prove that we come back to live on Earth again? I think it does.—*Hugh O. Griffin, Portsmouth, Va.*

THE PHANTOM BUGGY

BACK in 1930, during Christmas vacation, I visited my cousin Phil on the farm. I was 10 at the time and Phil was nine. I always enjoyed my visits there.

One day Uncle Joe went into town to buy the few necessities he couldn't produce on the farm. Phil and I begged to go but Aunt Sue was busy with her Christmas baking so we had to stay home to do the outside chores, to feed and water the stock.

During the day a heavy rain fell which soon iced over. It made walking dangerous and difficult and we didn't finish our evening chores until after dark. We ate a late supper and put Uncle Joe's plate in the "warming closet" of the big range. We went into the living room where Phil and I sat on the floor eating nuts. Aunt Sue read Christmas stories aloud to us. After a while she stopped reading and listened. We heard the steady clop, clop, of a horse's hooves on the hard frozen road. As we listened it drew nearer.

Aunt Sue laid aside her book. "That's Joe; there ain't another horse in the country that walks like ours."

Phil and I ran to the door to look out but it was so dark we couldn't see anything. Trixie, Uncle Joe's little "rat dog", squirmed out past us and ran out to greet his master.

"You boys close the door and get your coats on," called Aunt Sue. "Then light the lantern and bring in the groceries, while Joe stables the horse. I'll go warm up the coffee; I know he's cold."

I went out on the back porch to get the lantern while Phil got our coats from the closet. As I closed the door I heard the buggy turning into the yard. Before I could light the lantern there was a furious barking in the back yard. The horse snorted, and I thought someone called to the dog. Being nearer the door Aunt Sue opened it. In rushed Trixie shaking violently and growling low in his throat.

"The horse must have stepped on his tail," laughed Aunt Sue, "See how he's shaking?"

She continued to prepare Uncle Joe's supper. "You boys run on out and unload that buggy, like I told you."

Carrying the lantern, Phil and I inched our way across the icy yard toward the buggy shelter. When we were nearly there, Phil raised the lantern high. Then he said in a shaky voice, "Jay, I don't see the buggy!"

I looked. There was no buggy. Nor could I see Uncle Joe or the horse. In spite of our fear of the dark we searched the entire yard and the stables. There was no sign of them. We couldn't find the slightest track to show that a buggy had been there.

We went back into the house

and told Aunt Sue. She thought we were joking. Her curiosity aroused, she went to take a look. She found nothing.

We all went back into the house. For the rest of the night we sat huddled near the fire, not talking above a whisper and jumping at the slightest sound.

Early the next morning a deputy sheriff came to tell us Uncle Joe was dead. The bridge across Buck Creek, weakened by the heavy winter rains, had collapsed just as he started across on his way home. Uncle Joe and the horse were drowned. — *J. T. Oliver, Columbus, Ga.*

I LEFT MY BODY

ALL my life I've been interested in things supernatural because I too had an experience at the age of eleven, which also comes within the realm of the supernatural. Although I am 60 years old now, I still remember the occurrence as though it happened yesterday. I wrote to the orphanage a short time ago and asked if there was a record of this, and the head Sister replied that there is, and that it occurred on Nov. 29, 1899, and that it was listed as a long state of unconsciousness on my part. At that time I did not tell the Sisters, who have now passed on, what really happened, but the following is the actual experience.

I was playing with two other boys. They were chasing me all

over the yard, then through the house, and finally into the boy's bedroom. Hardly had I entered the bedroom when suddenly something within began shaking me violently. I tried unsuccessfully to stop it. I became very ill. It felt as though I had to vomit and became short of breath. It felt as though things inside me were being severed and I was forcefully pulled out of my body, out from the legs, the solar plexus, up through the chest, then through the throat. At that instance I knew positively I was going to die, and the thought came to me "Will I go to Heaven or Hell?" This procedure had taken only as long as I am writing it down, or perhaps faster. Then the light went out for me, and I did not see nor hear what the boys observed and said. They saw my body fall against a bed. They tried to revive me and seeing they could do nothing, they ran for help.

But from the moment the light went out, I immediately experienced a different consciousness. All physical feeling had disappeared, and so had the thoughts of heaven and hell, sex, religion and nationality, and even all remembrance of an earth life. Not even did I think of the boys and what had happened a second before. I found myself in dark or semi-dark space. I could see and think, but had no other senses. I noticed that I was a tiny something suspended in space, unable to even see myself but aware of another presence which held me

there and sometimes moved me about. When I looked up, it seemed to me that there was a ceiling to the height of that darkness which seemed about as high as the ceiling or dome of a church, and I noticed that the invisible something which held me in space was lifting me higher and higher to that ceiling, to which I objected mentally, and then it let me down again. I cannot say exactly how long this state lasted, but suddenly all about me went dark and I felt no longer as a tiny soul suspended in midair, but as having slipped painlessly into darkness. I could faintly hear my name called and asked if I could open my eyes, or raise my arm. The resurrection was painless. Gradually I could move again and then walk, and I felt no after effects.—*William P. Stoker, 8701½ Hilldale Ave., Los Angeles 46, Calif.*

INVISIBLE KNOCKER

WHEN my baby boy was a few months old I settled him as usual in his coach in the living room, tucking him in snugly with several blankets.

I had gone to the kitchen to wash the breakfast dishes when I heard a soft knock on the front door. I could look from the kitchen through the long glass panel of the front door, but no one was there. I decided I had imagined it.

As I picked up the dish-towel, the soft knock came again. This

time I went as far as the dining room but still could see no one on the porch.

"My nerves must be getting bad," I told myself. I carried the dishes into the dining room and began to set the table when the knock came for the third time. This was too much. I decided to investigate. I went through the living room to the front door and opened it. I looked out. The street was entirely deserted. I shut the door. In passing the couch I glanced toward my sleeping son.

My heart stood still! His head was not on the pillow. I leaped toward the buggy and tore at the blankets! In some way he had slipped down. His head was completely covered and his little face was crimson.

In another minute he would have smothered to death—if it hadn't been for the invisible knocker.—*Mrs. T. B. Ellis, Trenton 10, N. J.*

A MURDER FORESTALLED

My husband is a hypnotist and has been on the stage over fifty years; I act as mistress of ceremonies and also help with his act occasionally.

We were opening one night in a town in the State of Washington for a three-night engagement, and it is my habit to go to the theatre earlier in the day and go upon the stage to get the feel or vibration of the house and stage.

There was neither balcony nor gallery, all being on one raised floor and the auditorium was very deep, a ramp came up in the center and about midway from back to front.

I was alone, the room was semi-dark as no lights were turned on; as I stood upon the stage looking out over the empty seats and sensing the surroundings and vibrations I was somewhat surprised to see a man walk off the ramp and right down almost to the stage as if he wanted to talk to me, then he turned and walked to the extreme back of the auditorium, always looking out over the right side as if seeking some one, then back toward the stage again. I watched him, very curious in my mind as to who he was and what or whom he might be searching for.

He was dressed as a college graduate in a gray cap and gown. At last I decided he wanted to impress upon me that he was trying to give me a message that he considered urgent or important. I kept wondering: Who is he, what does he want or why doesn't he speak? The third time when he got down near the stage I sent out the mental question: "Who are you and have you a message for me?" I received the mental reply: "I am a graduate of the Carlisle Indian Institute. There is serious danger for Mac at the extreme back right side of the theatre; watch it for him." He turned, walked to the ramp and was gone.

Immediately I left the stage and went out in front of the theatre where my husband was talking to the manager. We went back to the hotel and then I asked my husband if he ever knew a man who was a Carlisle graduate and he replied he had an Indian friend who graduated from that school and was also a fine entertainer as well as a portrait painter, but had heard several years previous he had met with an accident and was killed in one of the central States.

We played the three-night engagement and nothing happened out of the ordinary, except the last morning my husband said he had such a queer dream. It seemed we went to some town to show and found an unusual theatre, like two theatres in one, one auditorium about five feet above the other, yet both used the same stage and screen. We laughed about it and my husband put in a phone call to another city to see about stopping off and playing there.

The manager had heard of the show and wanted us to give him three nights. We went down on the train and when we met the manager, he wanted to show us his theatre. We went in and a funny look came over my husband's face. He looked at me and I knew it was the theatre of his dream in real life. As you went in the front door you could proceed right on into one auditorium or you could go up a short ramp at your right into

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another auditorium about five feet higher than the other, yet both using the same stage and screen.

We had wonderful classes and each night the attendance was increased, everyone was thrilled and the manager very happy. The last night the place was packed, people standing in the aisles and solid from back seats to wall. I went out, gave my talk and introduced my husband. He had scarcely had time to ask for volunteers for the class before three big, rather rough look-

ing men rushed up to the stage. As soon as he sensed their vibrations he excused them and thanked them for coming up; but they declared they were not leaving the stage. He had some trouble making them know he refused to be bothered with them, as he knew they intended to cause trouble. At last they gave up and left the stage and, we thought, the building. However we learned later they were still present.

A very good class was secured and I went over to the piano to direct the musician when I had the most terrible feeling that some one was standing at the back of the room in that dense crowd and holding a gun on my husband. I instructed the musician to play anything, only play, and I walked out in a direct line between my husband and where the vibrations were coming from. Dropping my hands to my sides I stared with all the force in me directly at the spot I sensed the man to be and willed that he go quietly out of the theatre and do no damage to anyone. In about a minute I saw the crowd part and a man walk out. No doubt he thought I could see him plainly and would be able to identify him

In just a few minutes the manager made his way down to me and said, "When that man left the theatre he had a gun in his hand." Evidently he was so agitated he forgot to conceal his weapon.—*Della MacKnight, 2802 W. Boone Ave., Spokane 11, Wash.*

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

F. Clive-Ross

I wish to call your attention to the first monthly number of "The Aquarian Path," published at 5, Hollywood Court, Hollywood Road, London, S.W. 10. The magazine is a monthly journal devoted to the study of esoteric philosophy and the ancient mysteries.

Frances Snyder

I read with interest the article on "Astral Projection" by Sylvan Muldoon. If you know someone who is in the market for this particular book I would be glad to let it go. (Address: R.R. 2, Box 198, Jacksonville, Fla.)

Shaver Mystery Club

Would you tell your readers that the Shaver Mystery Club, newly reorganized, is now in a position to handle all correspondence concerning the "Shaver Mystery." — 7315 S. Maryland Avenue, Chicago 19.

A. V. Bragg

I have just finished reading your latest issue of Fate and want to protest against the article written by Erma Benton, concerning the Ouija Board and Automatic Writing.

My mother used the Ouija Board and got automatic writing for years

and got much pleasure and satisfaction from both. I know that in some cases they don't work so well, but that is because proper development is not obtained and proper guides are not attracted. Care must be used in the development of mediumship and anyone developing it should always demand and insist on only good spirits helping.

Percy Richards

I am a subscriber to your magazine and therefore entitled to a little consideration as I have studied almost all available occult and metaphysical books here and in Europe during the past 50 years. I am, besides, in contact with around 25 metaphysical movements in the U. S. This is my request: that you let a capable reviewer write about the most valuable and all-inclusive metaphysical volume ever printed in human language — far more enlightening than Oahspe, Theosophy, Yoga, Rosicrucianism and even Mr. Shaver's true experiences. For this book, *Thinking and Destiny*, by Harold W. Percival, answers any and every reasonable question that an occult student could ever imagine. It is monumental as the light of all universes.

● *We are considering this monumental work, and future readers of FATE may see material based on it.*

Iscar K. Hilpshman

I have read several of your issues of FATE and feel that you have been doing a service to some of us

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who believe that there is a great deal of worthwhile knowledge to be gained from study and meditation about the seemingly strange and unexplainable things around us.

Alex Saunders

That two-barrelled blast that Ray Palmer gave to Army Intelligence for their incomprehensible attitude toward the flying disks was music to my ears, and well-deserved. Seems to me what they want is written, witnessed statements by the Martians (?) themselves that they are here before Army Intelligence will admit the fact. Well, maybe the aliens will oblige.

Thanks again for the May, 1950, issue of FATE, and for Palmer's article, "Space Ships, Flying Saucers and Clean Noses."

Lawrence L. Dehler

I am a member of the Utica Amateur Astronomers club and a veteran of the Pacific. At present I am a student at Utica College (Syracuse University).

I read your May FATE and I want to give you my sincerest congratulations on your article, "Space Ships, Flying Saucers, and Clean Noses." I think that it is one of the finest things that I have ever read from the standpoint of sheer truth.

I thought about writing to my congressman a few months ago and complaining about the sad state

of affairs in the Army as regards the saucers, but I reasoned that that was futile so instead of writing him I decided to write you, who are in a better position to do something about the matter, by printing the truth in your publication.

I want to confirm the thought that there are many hundreds and thousands of people who do not blindly close their eyes to the truth about the saucers.

Lewis W. Bacon

First allow me to express the opinion that you have a most enjoyable magazine, which I never pass up. Secondly, regarding the article in the last issue on "The Miracle at Serra da Aire," I have a slight bone to pick with you.

On page 30 in italics *someday every country in the world will be overrun by Russia and enslaved and scourged*. Now personally I do not believe the Lady of Lourdes (obviously the same visitation) ever said this. Nor do I believe that any of the three children related it, until someone put the idea in their heads. More likely this is one of those additions made by some re-write man striving to increase subscriptions and sales.

● *Reader Bacon is wrong in his assumption that the Portuguese visitation was "Our Lady of Lourdes." Actually, the editors of FATE cut out a great deal of the prophetic material rather than added to it.*

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Religion being my favorite subject I was extremely interested in "Buddhism Today," and I should like to see more articles like it. Which brings me to my main reason for this letter.

I am a seeker after knowledge: What I want to know now is how I can learn? How much truth is there to what is called the Occult? How can I prove Psychic Phenomena in terms satisfactory to myself? Are the Rosicrucians even half of what they say they are? I am especially interested in this last.

If you can put me in touch with some of these answers I shall be eternally grateful. I feel the need of a belief in something. All I know is that God made the world.

Please answer this letter, or give it to someone who can.

We feel that our readers can give better-rounded and more all-inclusive answers than you would get from our editorial staff.

Mrs. A. Rant

Hon. Treasurer

Buddhist Vihara Society in England

Please permit me to register a protest against some of the statements made by Mr. John C. Ross in his article on "Buddhism Today" which appeared in your May, 1950, issue.

The author is wrong in saying that Buddhism is "a religion of re-

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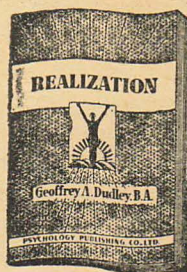
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nunciation of worldly pleasures and desires." It would be more correct to say that Buddhism is an ethico-philosophical system based on golden mean, the "middle way." The Buddha does not demand renunciation of all worldly pleasures from the layman. A distinction should be made between those who join the Buddhist Order, or Sangha, who do indeed renounce the world and its illusory pleasures, and the laymen who remain in the world but can even so follow the Buddha's teaching.

The Buddha's views on women are wrongly represented. He did *not* share the Indian viewpoint that women were inferior to men. Indeed, on one occasion, when the Buddha was conversing with King Kosala, a messenger came and informed the king that a daughter was born unto him. Hearing this, the king was displeased. The Buddha consoled him, saying: "A woman child, O Lord of men, may prove even a better offspring than a male." To the Venerable Ananda, who questioned him on the point of women's competence to attain Arahantship, he replied that women were as competent as men.

It is entirely erroneous to say that "the highest aim of the pure Buddhist is extinction." The goal of all Buddhists is Nirvāna. The word Nirvāna (Pali Nibbāna) is composed of "Ni" and "Vāna." "Ni" is a particle implying negation; "Vana" means weaving or

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craving. It is this craving that acts as a cord to connect one life with another. In the words of the Venerable Anuruddha in his "Compendium of Philosophy": "it is called Nibbāna in that it is a 'departure' (ni) from that craving which is called vāna, lusting." Hence Nirvāna signifies the extinction of craving.

It is a fallacy to think that the sufferings of World War II "have given Buddhism a new spurt of life," or that "Buddhism is helping to stir up nationalistic feelings among many of the oppressed peoples of Asia." Buddhism was very much alive before the last war. Indeed it is due to its dynamic vitality that after a long and peaceful history of 2,500 years, during which not a drop of blood was shed on its behalf, Buddhism today has the greatest number of adherents of all the great religions. It is true that World War II has brought many Westerners in contact with Buddhism for the first time, and that as a result many are beginning to realize its truth and grandeur. It is *Not* a "sad and gloomy religion — a religion of hopelessness." The Buddha is a physician who diagnoses the disease from which we are all suffering: sorrow, irritation, discomfort, pain, grief. But can that physician be called a hopeless pessimist who diagnoses the disease and proceeds to prescribe a remedy that is certain to cure it, *if steadfastly applied?*

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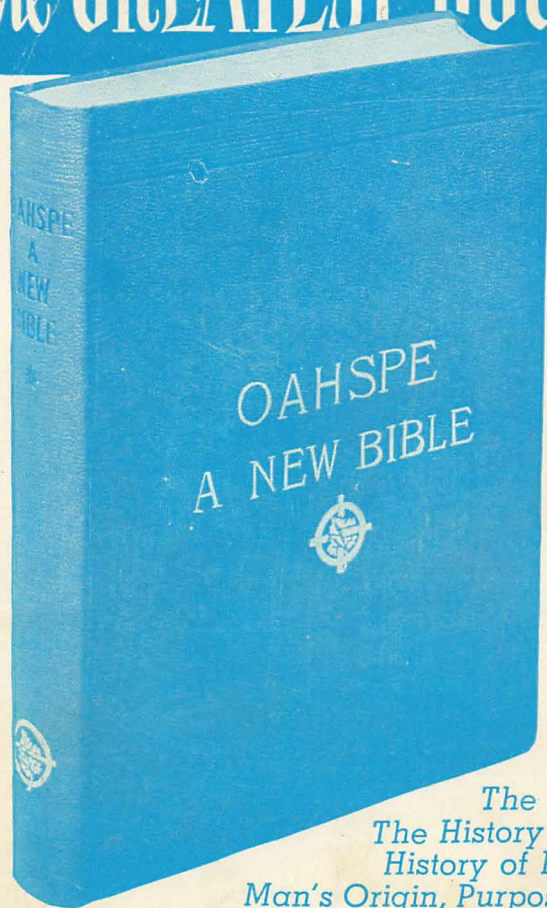
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