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VOLUME 4
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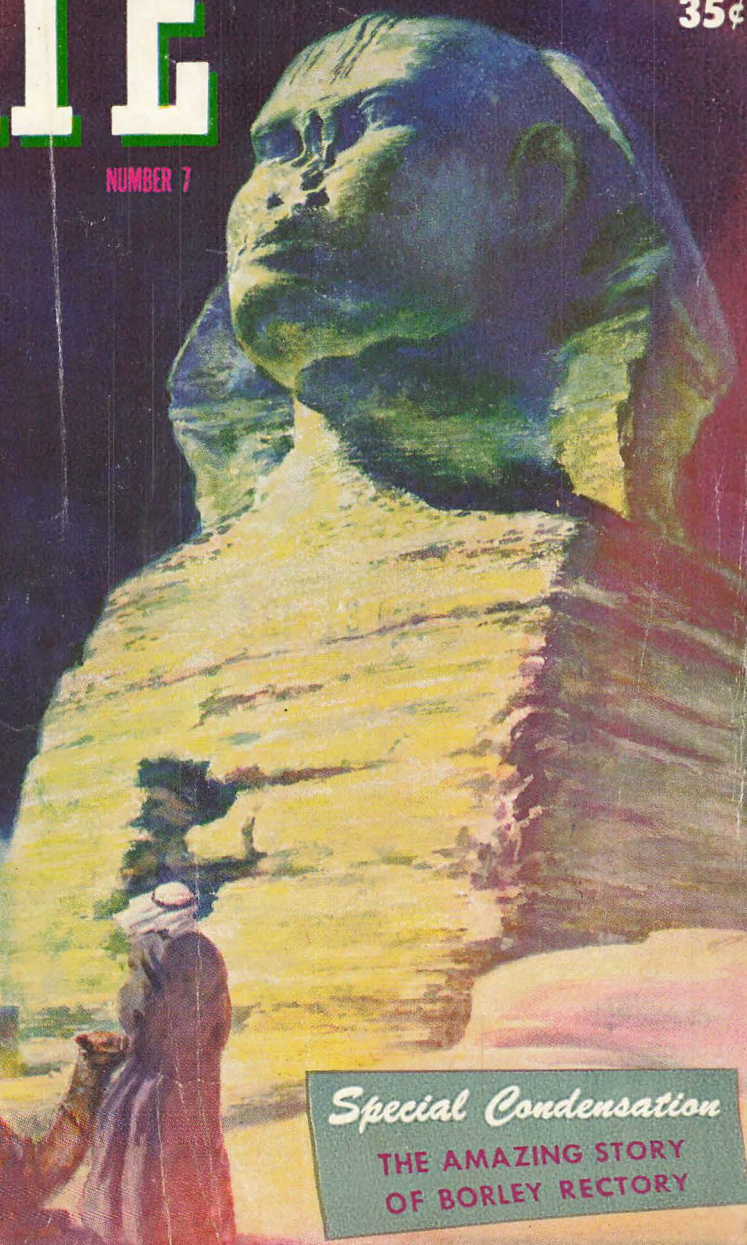
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the Editorial

Our World of Illusion

Do you feel adventurous? Then explore the exciting ideas you will find in this fine article.

By Barry G. Conklin

SINCE the dawn of self-consciousness in his species man has tried, with varying success, to explain the unknown in terms of the known. Such is usually the method used by "scientists" investigating psychic phenomena, and such is also the basic cause for their ultimate failure to explain them satisfactorily. Any child knows that he cannot measure the surface of a basketball by holding a yardstick against it. But the "scientist," upon discovering that his yardstick doesn't fit the object at hand, denies its existence.

If, upon hearing a voice seemingly from nowhere, the scientist tries to measure the space from which it emanates, or tries complicated chemical analysis of the air around its source and fails to find anything, he ascribes the occurrence to mass-suggestion, imagination or hallucination. The possibility of



Barry Conklin quit school in the 10th grade to join the Navy — and that was only 4½ years ago. For a man so young he seems to us to have great promise. He has been stationed around the world and has enriched his thinking by profitable reading. He has been most influenced, he says, by Ouspensky and Plato.

existence beyond his realm, beyond his dimensional limits is, if not altogether denied, at least subjugated to the position of a "fairy-tale."

It is doubly strange that this should be so when the fact is that the most "concrete" facts of the scientific world are built upon illusion and hypothesis. A "solid" object, for instance, is accepted for what it represents. Yet we cannot, nor ever shall, see a "solid." We see only its surfaces, and not all of these at once. Whole volumes of formulae have been written and are used in conjunction with solids. Solid geometry, for instance, is a subject based wholly upon such suppositions.

People forever try to explain the spiritualistic world on the same terms of what they know and see. There is absolutely no basis for the supposition that the soul, for instance, will in any way resemble anything or anyone we know after it has been liberated from the body — if indeed it is ever bound to the body. Such expressions as "vital force" or "life motion" are typical of this measuring of the unmeasurable by means of the known and understood.

All of humanity can be likened to the passengers on a slow moving train who were born on this train and know nothing except the few things they come in contact with while on it. They see only that part of the world which passes by their small window. The steady change of scenery outside they call "time." All things outside are in a constant state of change. Trees come before them and then fade into the past.

Mountains and hills on the horizon seem to run toward them and all things are inconstant. But imagine the amazement a man would feel if, by some means, he were able to climb on top of the train.

His first impression certainly would be that it was all unreal and, by his standards, illogical. The track ahead, representing the future, would be simultaneously existing with past. The track behind, all the mountains, trees and valleys that had vanished into the past, would suddenly be discovered still to exist. What a cataclysmic change this would cause in his concepts of the world. And, as if that were not shock enough, he would discover that there existed also things off to the sides beyond the range of vision of those inside the train. He might even catch sight of another train!

If this imaginary person succeeded in learning all these things and in understanding them and then went back down below to the rest of his fellow travelers and described what he had seen, what would they say? "Imagination," "insanity," "hallucinations?" Sounds familiar, doesn't it?

He would not be able to explain his new knowledge in terms of their language. If he said "the track ahead" the very phrase would be incomprehensible to them. If he told them that the trees and mountains weren't really moving but merely seemed to move, they would probably bind him lest he become

violent. If he mentioned the existence of another train "beyond" their horizon, they would react much as our materialistic thinkers react to "psychic phenomenon." But the fact that they scoffed would not alter the facts.

In dealing with the subjective or psychic world we must abandon all previous concepts of absolute truths, laws of nature, etc. Even our language is found inadequate. As long as we try to explain the unknown in terms of the known we never will be able to express the "other world" in understandable terms. This difficulty perhaps explains the varying reports and contradictory ideas expressed by students of psychic phenomena.

Most amazing of all is the enormous number of persons who still laugh at these occurrences — when all the time they themselves are living in a world of illusions. When they walk across a room for example, the chairs, tables and everything in the room seems to turn around and present new surfaces as they pass. This is an "optical illusion" and they accept it as natural.

Several persons have asked me about psychic projection into past events. If, by analogy, we could compare those optical illusions with our "time illusion" I think it would greatly simplify matters. The first thing the man on top of the train noticed was that all those things that had vanished into the "past"

still existed just as surely as when he was passing through them. But they existed along a dimension hitherto unknown to him. That this new dimension was inexplicable to his fellow travelers is understandable. To him the feat of traveling into the past would have been merely a matter of jumping off the train. He would have then been immobile in time as he knew it. And being free of the ever-moving train he could then walk back and forth through what was known to him as "time" with great ease. But he would not be able to get back onto the train unless he took some short-cut across country and met it at a "future" place.

Suppose we consider our train to be time which is carrying us through a world of ever-changing events? The question arises: how can we jump off the train? It is obvious that we can not leave it physically because our body is bound up in time, is a product of growth which requires time, and is therefore inseparable from it — even after death. But there is one thing we possess which exists independently of time, and that is spirit or mind, or soul. The man on the train could not jump off unless he could control his body. We will not be able to leave time unless we can control the spirit. And this control can only be Will.

We can continue this analogy with the man on the train. If he never had exercised any of the mus-

cles used in jumping he would be unable to jump. Just so with the Will. If it has never been used it will not be strong enough to control the spirit. Nor does this mean that all strong-willed persons can travel in time. It must be the correct function of the will. Nothing happens by "accident."

One interesting point remains. After the man dismounted from the train would he be interested in going backward in "time?" I doubt it. When he discovers all the marvelous wonders of which he had not even dreamed I do not think that the future would interest him either. He could wander off per-

pendicular to time and find infinite parallels to his own time, existing simultaneously with it.

I do not know of anyone who has such complete control and will power as to enable him to move freely through time. Perhaps such people exist. But for most of us it remains an infinitely short experience that is always hard to remember exactly — even hard to separate from imagination. We can only speculate, define by analogy, and experiment. But I believe that in so doing we come closer to the truth of existence than scientists will ever get by all their elaborate mechanisms and mechanistic theories.

THE NAVY'S SAUCERS

THE United States Navy, like all other big organizations, does not always let its right hand know what its left is doing.

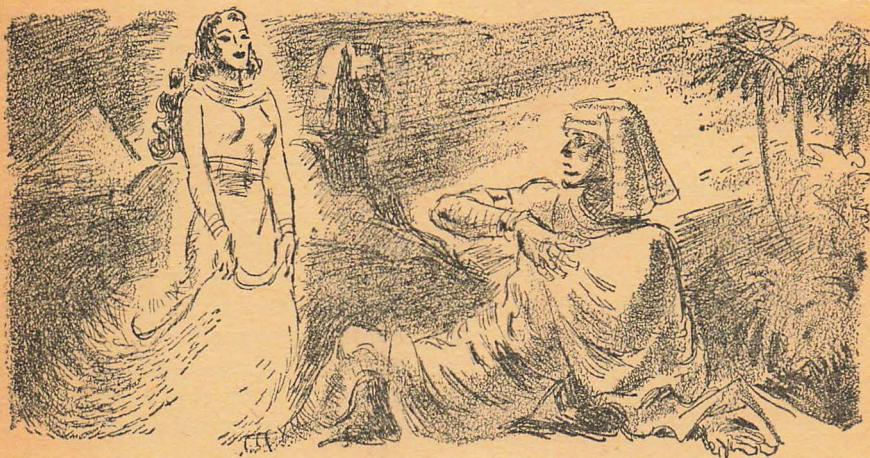
A few months before the Navy's Doctor Liddell issued his report that the Office of Navy Research felt that all responsible flying saucer reports could be explained by cosmic ray balloons, another Navy source issued a different report.

Naval Aviation News, the official Navy magazine, early in February reported the sighting of two mysterious smoke-trailing objects by an American warship off Korea. The

incident occurred last December and personnel aboard the seaplane tender *Gardiners Bay* reported that the two objects struck the water at tremendous speed off the ship's port bow while it was steaming up the channel from Inchon.

Under the title "Sighting Flying Disks Again?" the Navy magazine reported: "Two huge columns of water rose to about 100 feet in height at the point of contact. No aircraft could be sighted by radar or visually overhead although the ceiling was unlimited. Identification remains a great mystery."

Riddles of the SPHINX



The Greeks said that the spirit of the courtesan Rhodopis, who married a Pharaoh and was buried in the 3rd Pyramid, lives in the Sphinx and appears naked to travelers.

There are many riddles of the Sphinx, but perhaps the greatest is who built it, why, and when . . .

By Mary Fuller

THE Great Sphinx of Giza is a gigantic carved lion with the head of a man guarding the entrance to the Nile Valley. It is the most famous single monument of the ancient Egyptians and yet, strangely enough, no one knows for sure who built it or when. Famous sphinxes in legend propound riddles but not even the archeologists are able to answer with certainty

the greatest riddle of the greatest Sphinx.

Sphinx is a Greek name for a creature having the body of a lion and the head of a man. But the Greek sphinx also had wings and a female bosom, while the Egyptian sphinxes had no wings and were always male. Sphinxes existed all over the Near East — in Egypt, Cyprus, Asia Minor, Persia (where

they were confined to gems only), and Assyria. There appears to be a direct relationship between the ancient winged griffons and the winged sphinxes — and through them to the Egyptian sphinxes.

The Sphinx at Giza is an enormous statue carved out of living rock. Although its weathering has given it the appearance of having been built in courses, it is actually carved out of hard limestone, and the mutilation of its face is not due to nature but to the overzealousness of a frantic Arab conqueror less than a thousand years ago.

Otherwise this great carving, flanked by the sands of the Nile, has guarded the great valley for almost 6,000 years — nearly 4,000 years before the birth of Christ. The tremendous lion's body is approximately 150 feet long, with the paws extending an extra 50 feet. The head is 30 feet long and the face is 14 feet wide. From the top of the head to the base of the statue is 70 feet. The paws themselves are not a part of the living rock but were built up of masonry, probably in Roman times. The rock that comprises the Sphinx must have been a natural knoll in ancient times.

Some authorities believe that the Sphinx existed in prehistoric times — even before the great pyramids were built — but the evidence is against that. One point is that an ancient tomb shaft still exists in the middle of the Sphinx's back. Ar-

cheologists argue that the tomb must have been sunk in the rock before the Sphinx was carved from it because it would not have been sunk after the Sphinx became an object of veneration. They think that the tomb shaft must have been sunk not earlier than the time the earliest pyramids were built, for tombs were common in those days.

The formal headdress and face of the Sphinx also seems similar to those found in Pyramid carvings which date to that time. There is no figure or mention of the Sphinx in any document on the Old Kingdom, nor do any priests of the Sphinx appear.

But the best evidence, though it again is little more than tradition, is obtained from a carved granite tablet which stood between the paws of the Sphinx and was erected by Thutmos IV, who lived in the 15th Century B.C.

The tablet says that Thutmos went hunting lions and gazelles on the desert in his chariot with two companions. He rested and slept in the shadow of the Sphinx and a god appeared to him and said:

"Look thou at me! Behold thou me! My son Thutmos, I am thy father Harmachis (the sun god), Khepra, Ra and Tum, giving to thee the kingdom. On thee shall be placed its white crown and its red crown, on the throne of Seb the heir. There is given to thee the land in its length and its breadth, which is lightened by the bright eye

of the universal lord. Provision is before thee in the two lands, and the great gifts of all foreign lands, and the duration of a great space of years. My face is towards thee, my heart is towards thee.

"But the sand whereon I have my being hath closed me in on all sides. Say unto me that thou wilt do for me all that I desire and then I shall know that thou art indeed my son and he that will help me. Draw nigh unto me and I will be with thee and I will guide thee."

What the inscription is saying is that Thutmos, not yet king, had a vision in which the god of the Sphinx, Harmarchis, Atum, Ra, or any of the other similar representations of the sun god, appeared before him. The god promised Thutmos the kingdom of Egypt if he would clear away the sands which had drifted, then as now, against the statue's flanks. This was done, as it has recently been done again. The god was satisfied and gave Thutmos the kingdom.

This tablet has a date that figures out to be 1466 B.C. Part of the inscription says that the Sphinx was made by the King Khaf-Ra, who built the second pyramid at Giza 2,000 years before. While the facts could have been forgotten over the 2,000 year period, it certainly was tradition that Khaf-Ra had built the Sphinx and this seems to square with archeological evidence.

The inscription also says, "Now

a great magical power had existed in this place from the beginning of all time, and it extended over all the region as far as Kher-Āhaut, wherefrom led the road of the gods unto the western border of Heaven, Heliopolis. And at this time the Sphinx form of the most mighty god Atum came unto this place, and the greatest of all Souls, and the holiest of the holy ones vested therein, and the inhabitants of all the city of Memphis, and in all the towns in his territory round about raised their hands in adoration unto him, and brought rich offerings unto his *Ka* or double."

The inscription says that the Sphinx is the image of the god Temu-Harmachis-Khaf-Ra-Atum. These were various representations of the sun god.

As Atum, the sun god was the creator. Atum stood on the Primeval Hill in the midst of the waters of chaos and created the first gods, Shu (air) and Tefnut (moisture). He put his arms about them and transmitted to them his *Ka* (vital force). Shu and Tefnut then brought forth Geb and Nut (air and sky).

The sun god is the prototype of Pharaoh, for the king is always considered the successor of the creator. The Pharaoh's accession was timed for the sunrise, and the same verb was used to describe the daily rising of the sun and the appearance of the Pharaoh at public gatherings.

In Heliopolis there was a place called "The High Sand," — part of the sun temple. This was either the "primeval hill" or a symbol for it, and the first piece of solid matter was created here by the sun god. It was a stone, the Benben, and it originated from a drop of the seed of Atum which fell into the primeval ocean. These things the Egyptians believed . . .

The front of the Sphinx was a place of worship in Roman times. Great brick walls were built to hold back the sands on the side next to the granite temple. A wide flight of steps leads down to the front of the Sphinx, where a Roman altar of granite stood between the masonry paws which the Romans built. The altar was formed of the tablets of Thutmos IV which tell the story of his dream about the Sphinx.

The face of the Sphinx was painted red, and above the forehead was sculptured the *uraeus*, the symbol of divinity and royalty. Some of the red coloring actually still remains, but most of the *uraeus* has been worn away.

There is an ancient legend that the spirit of a beautiful woman lives in the Sphinx. The legend deals with the famous courtesan Nitocris, or Rhodopis. While she was bathing one day an eagle snatched one of her sandals from the hands of a woman attendant and carried it to Memphis where the king was administering justice

in an outside court. The eagle released the sandal and it fell into the lap of the Pharaoh. He was so struck by the coincidence, and by the shape of the sandal, that he ordered a search for its owner and found and married her.

Rhodopis of Nitocris was buried in the Third Pyramid, and it is her spirit which allegedly haunts the Sphinx. According to the Greek story it never appears outside save in the form of a completely naked beauty who seduces travelers, filling them with such delight they lose their senses and wander about demented. Murtadi says that many travelers have seen her at noon and sunset to this day.

Next to the Sphinx at Giza, the most famous sphinx exists in Greek legend. She was the sphinx of Thebes in Boeotia who had the face of a woman, the feet and tail of a lion and the wings of a bird. She lived on a rocky, bald mountain called Phicium which was at the southeast corner of Lake Copias. The Muses taught her a riddle and the Thebans had to guess it. Whenever they failed to guess the riddle she would carry off a Theban and eat him.

The riddle is still famous. "*What is that which is four-footed, three-footed, and two-footed?*"

It was Oedipus who guessed the riddle by reasoning that the answer was man, for the child crawls on hands and feet, the adult walks upright, and the old man aids his steps

with a walking stick. When Oedipus had guessed the riddle the sphinx threw herself down from the mountain and was crushed on the rocks below.

The heads of the Egyptian sphinxes were really portraits of the Pharaohs. This was considered satisfactory since the pharaohs themselves were descendants of the sun god. Pairs of sphinxes guarded the approaches to temples.

At Thebes, the great temple avenues were lined with couchant rams and true sphinxes, and with ram-sphinxes having lion bodies and the heads of rams. A falcon-headed sphinx in the temple of Abu Simbel and similar sphinxes look exactly like griffons except that they lack wings.

The Assyrian sphinx has a bearded male head while the female sphinx has wings. Phoenician sphinxes have beards and one has been found with wings. These are copies of the Egyptian sphinx except for the addition of Assyrian wings—they even had the *uraeus* on the forehead. In Asia Minor are found Egyptian-type sphinxes of Assyrian style. They are not lying down and the hair from the head is curled, not straight.

Cyprus was the great stopping place between Greece and Asia, and both Greek and Phoenician-type sphinxes have been found there. The sphinx was even well-known in ancient Crete, long before Greek civilization rose. It has been found

on ivory, and on glass plates. A sphinx was sculptured on the helmet of the statue of Athena in the Parthenon at Athens. In Boeotia, to the north of Greece, have been found wingless sphinxes, which pose a great mystery, for the first winged sphinx originated here and the Greek sphinxes are nearly all winged. These sphinxes are terra cotta figures.

There have been many sphinx riddles, and most of them have gone unanswered. But of all of them, perhaps the most profound—yet the most universal—is that found in a dialogue between Osiris, the Egyptian god who was brother and husband of Isis, and Atum, the great sun god of the Sphinx.

In this dialogue Osiris clearly represents the ordinary man fearing death, even though he is a god. The translation is by H. Frankfort, research professor of oriental archeology of the University of Chicago, in his book, "Ancient Egyptian Religion."

Osiris says: O Atum, what does this mean that I must go into the desert? It has no water, it has no air, it is very deep, very dark, boundless.

Atum: You will live there without care.

Osiris: But one cannot find there the satisfaction of love.

Atum: I put there transfiguration in the place of water, air and satisfaction; and carefreeness in the place of bread and beer.

MONTHLY REPORT ON THE SAUCERS

NAVY scientists may not believe in flying saucers, but 50 residents at the eastern end of Rainy Lake near International Falls, Minn., are willing to swear that they saw a most unusual aerial object on May 22, 1951.

They say that the object looked like a "crystal ball" and performed like a "huge humming bird" as it flashed across the heavens at speeds estimated over 700 m.p.h. The object stopped suddenly and hung motionless above the lake. Then it shot upwards at a terrific speed, moved toward a nearby cloud, and there was joined by a second "crystal ball." The two hovered over the area for a quarter of an hour.

On the same day, American Airlines Capt. W. R. Hunt was broadcasting a description of a "bluish

white star" which was dashing about his plane at 500 to 1,000 m.p.h.

"The star moved backward and forward, then up and down, and then came to a stop," Hunt told the United Press. "Then it would complete the pattern over again but would never approach closer than five miles to my plane."

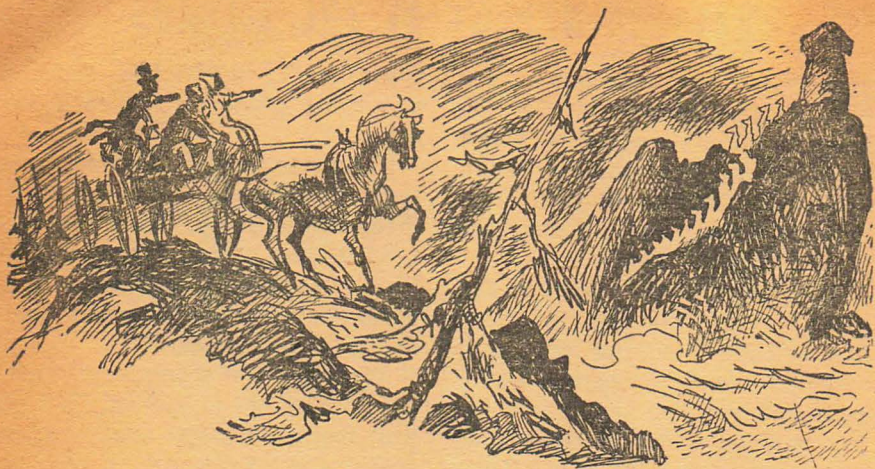
The pilot was flying from Phoenix to Chicago at 270 m.p.h. and was about 100 miles southwest of Dodge City, Kans., at the time of his sighting. He broadcast a running account of the "star's" gyrations as he flew along. He watched it for about 20 minutes, then it dropped below his plane and drifted out of sight to the southwest. The sighting occurred about 3:15 a.m.

Failure of a Miracle

FOR the first time in 25 years, the annual Good Friday stigmata failed to appear this year on the body of Therese Neumann. The bleeding wounds like those of the crucified Christ have puzzled the skeptical and drawn thousands of pilgrims to the tiny Bavarian village of Konnersreuth for decades.

Thousands of witnesses have testified to the blood streaming from

Therese's eyes, to the head wounds similar to those of the crown of thorns, and to the bleeding hands and feet and lanced left side of the German woman. Therese's stigmata have occurred nearly every Friday for years. But this year, although 8,000 persons waited for the miracle, it did not occur and Therese, now 73, remained in seclusion in her cottage bedroom.



Phantoms of Chimney Rock Pass

While onlookers watched in amazement, the mountain swarmed with white-clad phantoms moving in orderly array.

By Edmond P. Gibson

THE mountains of western North Carolina have long been celebrated for strange phenomena which, despite the rapid advances of science in the past century, remain unexplained. In *FATE* for March, 1951, John P. Bessor described light phenomena he had witnessed at Brown Mountain near Morganton, N. C. Morganton is approximately 55 miles east of Asheville, on U.S. Route 70.

About 25 miles east-southeast of Asheville on U.S. Route 74 is the famous Chimney Rock Pass where that highway cuts through a spur of the Blue Ridge. Here it was that a strange ghost army fought a cavalry battle in the year 1811 — a battle witnessed by two persons then living near Chimney Rock Fall. Their affidavits were filed at Rutherfordton. (See *FATE*, January, 1950, pages 86-87.) It is likewise the area where strange rumbles are heard continually in the

earth and gave the name to nearby Shaking Bald Mountain.

Strange phenomena were observed at a still earlier date in this same area. An account appears in the Raleigh, N. C., *Register* of August, 1806, which contains many interesting details described by the witnesses. The statement follows, written in the quaint idiom of that period.

"The following account of an extraordinary phenomenon that appeared to a number of people in the county of Rutherford, state of North Carolina, was made the 7th of August, 1806, in the presence of David Dickie, Esq., of the county and state aforesaid, Jesse Anderson, and the Reverend George Newton, of the county of Buncomb, and Miss Betsy Newton, of the state of Georgia, who unanimously agreed, with the consent of the relaters, that Mr. Newton should communicate it to Mr. Gales, editor of the *Raleigh Register and State Gazette*.

"Patsy Reaves, a widow woman, who lives near the Appalachian Mountain, declared, that on the 31st day of July last, about six o'clock, P.M., her daughter Elizabeth, about eight years old, was in the cotton field, about 10 poles from the dwelling house, which stands by computation six furlongs (three-quarters of a mile) from the Chimney Mountain; and that Elizabeth told her brother Morgan, aged 11 years, that there was a man on the mountain. Morgan was in-

credulous at first; but the little girl affirmed it and said she saw him rolling rocks, or picking up sticks; adding, that she saw a heap of people.

"Morgan then went to the place where she was and calling out, said that he saw 1000 or 10,000 things flying in the air. On which, Polly, daughter of Mrs. Reaves, aged 14 years, and a negro-woman ran to the children and called to Mrs. Reaves to come and see what a sight yonder was. Mrs. Reaves says she went about five poles towards them and, without any sensible alarm or fright, she turned toward the Chimney Mountain and discovered a very numerous crowd of beings, resembling the human species, but could not discern any particular members of the human body, nor distinction of sexes, that they were of every size, from the tallest men down to the least infants, that there were more of the small than of the full grown, that they were all clad with brilliant white raiment, but could not describe any form of their raiment, that they appeared to rise off the side of the mountain south of said rock and about as high, that a considerable part of the mountain's top was visible above this shining host, that they moved in a northern direction, and collected about the Chimney Rock.

"When all but a few had reached said rock, two seemed to rise together and behind them, about two feet, a third arose. These three

moved with great haste toward the crowd and had the nearest resemblance to men of any before seen. While beholding these three, her eyes were attracted by three more rising nearly from the same place and moving swiftly in the same order and direction. After these, several others rose, and went towards the rock.

"During this view, which all the spectators thought lasted upward of an hour, she sent for Mr. Robert Siercy, who did not come at first. On a second message sent about 15 minutes after the first, Mr. Siercy came and, being now before us, he gives the following relation to the substance of which Mrs. Reaves agrees.

"Mr. Siercy says, when he was coming, he expected to see nothing extraordinary, and when come, being asked if he saw those people on the mountain, he answered, no. But, on looking a second time, he said he saw more glittering white appearances, of human kind, than ever he had seen of men, at any general review; that they were of all sizes, from that of men to infants; that they moved in throngs round a large rock not far from the Chimney Rock; that they were about the height of the Chimney Rock, and moved in a semi-circular course, between him and the rock; and so passed along in a southern course between him and the mountain, to the place where Mrs. Reaves said they rose; and that two,

of a full size, went before the general crowd, about the space of 20 yards; and, as they respectively came to this place, they vanished out of sight, leaving a solemn and pleasing impression on the mind, accompanied with a diminution of bodily strength.

"Whether the above be accountable on philosophical principles, or whether it be a prelude to the descent of the Holy City, I leave to the impartially curious to judge. GEORGE NEWTON."

The theory has been advanced by skeptics that what has been observed in the Chimney Rock area in the way of phantom armies, and what was observed in Green Briar County, Virginia, in 1863, were wisps of fog. However, if the descriptions of first-hand observers are worth anything, the behavior of the various forms noted is not the common behavior of fog. Certainly the persons who live in these mountains see fog in its various forms from day to day and they should be the last to mistake fog for something else. At any rate the six witnesses above noted did not believe the appearances to be due to fog nor to any other ordinary phenomena of nature.

It would seem that the rumblings of Chimney Rock Pass and Shaking Bald Mountain might be worth serious study by geologists to ascertain why apparent earthquake action is almost continuous for periods in this area. The lights

of Brown Mountain might be worthy of spectrographic study. And should an expedition seriously investigate some of the mysteries of western North Carolina, they might

come across some explanation of the phantom armies which were viewed there in 1806 and 1811, and the later appearance just to the north in Green Briar County, Va.



A CRY IN THE NIGHT

WHEN the mighty ship *Titanic* struck an iceberg on its maiden voyage, one of the passengers was Col. Archibald Gracie. That night Mrs. Gracie was sleeping as a guest in a New York home when she suddenly screamed loudly and awoke. The host and hostess rushed in and found her shaking and distracted.

She had dreamed she heard her husband's voice, calling her and she seemed utterly terrified and convinced that he was threatened with some unknown disaster. Mrs. Gracie could not be calmed and knelt beside the bed and prayed the rest of the night. At dawn she arose, completely at ease, and fell asleep.

Meanwhile the host and hostess arose for breakfast. They were amazed to see the streaming headlines on the morning paper announcing the *Titanic* disaster—the ship had been one of the first to be equipped with wireless.

When Mrs. Gracie was informed of the news she remained perfectly steadfast. "My husband is safe. I know it," she said.

Meanwhile back on the doomed ship, Colonel Gracie had helped women and children into the lifeboats. Then he climbed to the hurricane deck to await what he felt would be his doom. As the ship settled, he decided he would not give up so easily. Then, though he was not a young man, he dived far outward into the icy water. He plunged deep, deep, and in this moment he prayed. It was the exact moment, it was later determined, when his wife in New York had waked with a scream.

Colonel Gracie finally came to the surface and seized a piece of floating wood. He clung to it for a while and as dawn approached made out a raft. Though it was overloaded the occupants hauled him aboard. They were saved by a ship before the day was over.

HOW TO SEE INTO THE



Mary Falvey, wife of author, has shown amazing clairvoyant abilities under hypnosis. She attended Beloit College and Northwestern University, and she has been an editor of school textbooks.

RETURNING home one foggy November evening from a Boy Scout meeting I was dreaming along, as boys do, when I spied a tin can on the pavement before me. Boys must kick tin cans. Automatically I raised my foot—when a thought raced through my mind: “I’ve kicked this same can before.

It was on just such a night, on such a brick pavement. It bounces three times and rolls to the right. I know the very sounds it makes.”

I finished the kick and learned that I had indeed known beforehand every tinny clank and rattle in the three bounces that followed as the can rolled to the right and lay still. The experience of knowing something beforehand, the uncanny feeling of having done it all before, was not altogether new to me. It happens to almost everyone. But this experience was so startlingly accurate and clear-cut, breaking in as it did upon my reverie, that I haven’t forgotten it. I had experienced the faculty called prophecy.

Since that November evening a few decades ago the everyday world has been too much with all of us. We have been kept so busy with depressions and wars that we haven’t had time to think or to explore. Yet through it all in snatched moments I wondered occasionally about prophecy, extra-sensory perception, occultism and clairvoyance. Occasionally I ran across a book or an article on such matters. But I never did anything about them until a

FUTURE

By Hal Falvey

Is prophecy as natural as sleep — as natural as a hypnotic trance?

psychologist said that my wife's left-handedness was the cause of her nervousness. He said, "She really is right-handed but her older brother is genuinely left-handed and as a small child she imitated her brother. This enforced left-handedness has imposed nervous tensions on her. They will disappear if she'll train herself to be right-handed."

This made sense but it was not easy for her. One day the thought struck me, "Maybe I could suggest to Mary under hypnosis that she really is right-handed. Maybe that would be a short cut to a change-over." I knew nothing about hypnotism except that the operator induces a trance in which the subject's conscious mind sleeps, allowing the unconscious to accept suggestions directly. I outlined the plan to Mary. She was willing and we bought a text on hypnotism.

Our very first experiment was so surprisingly successful that I, the hypnotist, didn't know what to do after inducing the trance. I was obliged to wake up my subject and read the chapter on making suggestions. To be brief, the suggestion of right-handedness was accepted after a half dozen "treatments,"



Hal Falvey, the author, is an account executive of a Cleveland advertising agency. He is a magazine and radio author, wrote "TEN SECONDS That Will Change Your Life," now in its fifth 10,000 edition. He is former cavalryman.

leaving Mary ambidextrous — able to use either hand equally well — and free of nerves.

One snowy Sunday afternoon I suggested to Mary: "Spirit mediums and occultists as a rule deliberately set their conscious minds aside in order to do their work: they go into a trance and that frees their uncon-

scious minds to make use of the extraordinary senses. Why couldn't I put you into a trance and then suggest that you travel, mentally, by clairvoyance, or suggest that you tell me something that's going to happen next month?"

Mary was quite willing to try. I had her sit in a comfortable chair and told her to sleep deeply which she did. Then I told her to visit my parents, who were at that time in Florida. I told her to speak up and tell me all that she saw.

Mary remained silent for several minutes. I had about given up when she muttered, "White light . . . so bright . . . I step into the white light . . . I'm in it . . . now I'm sort of . . . part of it."

"Go on," I urged. "Go visit the folks."

Mary said, "Foggy . . . I see them . . . so foggy . . . My, it's hot. HOT! Can scarcely breathe . . . they are on the porch of a white house . . ."

She stopped and I recalled her.

That was our first fumbling experiment in clairvoyance. No "spirit guides," no "strange voices"—just a straight-out, simple procedure.

I knew that my parents lived in a white house. They had spoken to me about buying it just before they had gone south. But I did not know whether Mary knew that the house was white. I thought that part could have been mindreading. However, Mary's remark about the

heat offered a clue, for the weather that season had been very cold down south. We wrote to my parents and they replied that the cold had broken that same Sunday and that it had turned very hot, hot even for Florida. With that confirmation we felt we had hold of something real.

The next experiment came a week later. I put Mary to sleep as before, and asked her to visit my parents. This time she reported, briskly: "They've just come back from somewhere, with a bush. Your mother is — elevated, somehow . . . Oh, she's standing on a porch. Dad is in the yard, holding the bush. 'That's it.' That was mother. 'Put it right there.' Now your dad starts to plant the bush . . . Mother has on a light green print dress. It has small medallions on it. In the medallions are ferns and little animals." Here Mary stopped and I recalled her.

Again we wrote my parents, telling them about the experiment and recounting Mary's report. My mother replied, "You never saw that dress. I just bought it down here in Florida. But I had to go get it and examine it to discover that the medallions not only had a fern design, but little deer, just as Mary said."

Now — could we improve and not merely report on current events but on coming events? We resolved to try. After 12 years with a Chicago advertising agency I had de-

cided to change. I let my wish be known to other agencies in a letter and two of them replied. One was a big Chicago firm, the other was the Chicago branch office of an Eastern agency. I preferred the latter and phoned the manager's secretary for an appointment.

The following prophecy required three trances on three succeeding days. With repetitions left out, and with most of my own questions and promptings deleted—and with proper names changed, for obvious reasons — the report was as follows.

I asked Mary, "Will I close with these people? When?"

"Not soon — in several days, a week or so."

"H'm. Just what takes place?"

"Man — name begins with *S* — calls you Tuesday or Wednesday. You lunch with him — Looks like Wednesday. Then you lunch couple days later. With a man, name begins with *K*. You'd better not be funny or jovial; he has with him a very solemn, serious man. Can't make out his name."

"Who's the serious man? A client?"

"Could be — Still, he isn't. Strange, he is and he isn't, but that's all I can make out of it . . . Man with a long name in the background. Very fine gentleman. English name, as English as Cholmondeley. You meet him later . . . Soon you may go on a trip . . ."

"All ad men go on trips," I said. "All fortune tellers predict trips."

"You go southwest. Mountains. Deserts. Spanish people. With a gray-haired man. Is his name Jepson? Pleasant man. You like him."

"Look — when do I close with these people?"

"Same day as the lunch, with this man *K*, and the serious man."

Boiled down and organized, here is the report on what happened:

On the predicted Tuesday came a phone call at my office from a Mr. Sims. I was out. He called again Wednesday. Sims was assistant to Mr. Kettner, the Chicago branch manager. Sims and I lunched Wednesday. On Friday I lunched with Kettner. Kettner had with him a client who planned to start a business in addition to the one whose advertising the agency already handled.

Between them they had agreed — after Sims' favorable report, as I learned later — that if I looked like the right man I'd go to work on this new business. But the very next day the man decided against going into the new venture. Thus he was, yet was not, a client. He was the agency's client as to his old business, but neither theirs nor mine as to the looked-for new business.

However, Kettner wanted me to join the agency anyway to work on other accounts, and this I did on schedule per prediction. The man with the English name — which turned out to be almost exactly Cholmondeley — was the agency's

ex-president and present board chairman, a businessman-philanthropist.

The client for whom I worked had far-flung business interests, one of them in the oil fields. In charge of these was a man named Jepson, as predicted. Though I have planned to visit those properties several times that particular trip has not been made to date. But remember, Mary said I *might* go, not that I would go.

Throughout this experience I had confidence that I certainly would not have had without the prophecy — especially after the first few events happened exactly as predicted.

Since then we have had many interesting experiences. We believe we prevented an accident which was to involve a friend. He planned to drive to a distant city. Mary predicted he'd be in a three-car smash, begged him to delay the trip for a few hours. He did, and en route he passed the scene of a two-car smash that occurred three hours before. We believe our friend's car would have been the third.

Mary announced in trance one evening, "Mr. Edgar is going to die, tonight —" just like that. This old gentleman lived in our apartment building. Late that night we were awakened by a siren and hurrying feet: ambulance bearers went by our door with Mr. Edgar who had had a heart attack. Mary came into the living room and sat down. I

thought she dozed. Suddenly she said "Ah! I feel as if . . . as if something . . . had come full circle — had clicked into place . . . I know now. Mr. Edgar just died, before he reached the hospital." And it was true we learned the next day. This time Mary had functioned without induced trance.

We have told our friends when they would sell property and for what price. One Saturday one of these friends wired, "Sold the summer cottage today."

"Odd," said Mary. "You remember they weren't to have sold until Monday." Later she questioned the date of the sale and the friend said, "I got a deposit Saturday — but I actually didn't close the deal until Monday."

When we read about Flying Saucers in newspaper reports, before the discs were so widely discussed in magazines and books, I asked Mary about them, in trance as usual. Said she, "COLD! COLD! — they come from far away, out in space — No, they do not come from some other planet — they are made in many places, parts come from Coventry, Moscow, Detroit, different people send out the saucers, different nations." We'll see. I merely add this to the record, the so-far confused and incomplete record.

Checking on the well-being of our son who, like many young lads, isn't given to writing letters from summer camp, Mary said, in

trance, "How strange — He is sitting, but the landscape is moving — Oh. No wonder. He's paddling a canoe. Well and happy — He needs a new pair of slacks." Evidently she was right there in the canoe with him.

Of prophecy Mary says, "It's perfectly normal, as normal as the five senses. As for hypnosis, it's normal as sleeping. Anybody can go into a hypnotic trance, and anybody can prophesy."

Still, all of our prophecies haven't worked out, or at least haven't

worked out yet. For six months we kept track of an involved business deal in which I played no part but would profit from if and when the deal closed. It almost came off six different times but finally fizzled. Throughout this whole period Mary maintained that although the means to the end might change, the end was certain. Then toward the last she said that too, was fading.

With our prophecies we have avoided many unwanted future events simply by knowing of them in advance.



BACK FROM THE GRAVE

GUATEMALEANS in Pamplona are talking about a strange case that they say happened during the recent Holy Week. A young woman hailed a cab near a local cemetery and was taken to several Catholic churches, then returned to the cemetery's street door. She said her mother would pay the cab bill and tore a brooch off her dress as security.

When the cab driver visited the mother with the brooch she identified it as that of her dead daughter. Authorities opened the tomb and discovered that the girl's dress had

been torn where the brooch had been pinned. Otherwise the body was undisturbed.

The New York Spiritualist Leader also reports that in Totonicapan, Guatemala, when family and friends were gathered to grieve for a young woman just buried, the spirit appeared and told the assemblage that her jewels and fine clothes had been torn from her by her brother and three brothers-in-law and buried in a bundle behind the oven in the back yard. The tomb was opened, the yard searched and the story was verified.

The BOY WHO WOULDN'T DIE

The boy was screaming with pain but he wouldn't let his leg be amputated. Then the town prayed.

By Kurt Singer

THE sun was shining over the golden wheat fields of Kansas. A tall boy of 13 was helping to bring in the harvest. He did not mind working as a farm hand in his spare time: the money earned would help him to buy a football suit and a few other things a boy wants.

"Come over here," shouted the farmer; and when the young man stood before him with his smiling, open face and questioning blue eyes, he said to him:

"I want you to help Al after work. You are the best in the class and he has great difficulties with his history and geography. Why don't you give a hand?"

"Sure, Pop, I'll be glad to," said the boy, and went back to work.

It was very late when he came home that night. But he had two dollars in his pocket and that was a lot of money for a kid in 1903.

His folks had come from Texas and they still called him "The Texan." His father had worked on the railroad but moved then to Abilene, Kans. His home was a

plain, white, two-story house like many in the Midwest. It was a happy home. They did not have much but they were not poor, either. They grew most of the food they needed. The boy had two older brothers and the three youngsters took care of the two acres of land, the orchard, the garden, the cow, two calves, a beautiful horse and the chickens.

The boys took turns building the morning fire. They also prepared the Sunday dinner so that Mom had it easier on that day. All the boys earned extra money helping the nearby farmers, working as cow hands or in the fields. They took part-time work even as firemen in the nearby creamery where their father worked as an engineer. The "Texan," as they called the youngest, did his homework between bouts with the shovel and the farm chores.

They went to church every Sunday. Their mother told them Sunday after Sunday: "Beware of war. You don't know what war means. It makes beasts out of men. They

forget Christ and His teachings of love."

The mother was a religious pacifist who tried to teach her children the evils of war. She told them it was the worst idea the human brain had ever conceived.

Nevertheless, the youngest boy wanted to be a sailor; he wanted to go to sea. But first he wanted to study at Annapolis Naval Academy. His mother felt that he was strong and stubborn like her own father and that he undoubtedly would be a sailor despite all her warnings of war. He was an excellent student and probably would be accepted at the Naval Academy. But that was in the future. He was still only 13.

Then one day it looked as if the young Abilene boy would never achieve his dream. On his way home from high school half a dozen boys began to throw a football around. Everyone had made a few catches when the ball was thrown to the 13-year-old lad. He slipped, fell, and his knee was skinned. Nobody saw it, as it was well covered by his blue jeans.

The boy never gave it a thought but after a week it was apparent that the wound had not healed. It was still open, ugly. But he only said, "It will be better soon."

Three days later the pain was so bad that he could not take it any longer. He fainted. His mother carried him into the living room. The doctor came, looked at the leg

and said it was blood poisoning. He looked serious. "I don't like it," he said. "It is very far advanced." He prescribed medicine, but the swelling continued and the infected area seemed to grow by the minute.

In those days they had never heard of penicillin or the new miracle drugs. The young boy was in deadly danger and the doctor knew it. The mother cried secretly. The brothers were silent in their helplessness and the father prayed.

They tried everything they knew in Abilene but the swelling did not go down. After three days the doctor's verdict was what they all had feared: "Either we amputate or the boy will die."

"I don't want to lose my leg," the young man yelled.

His mother cried. The father tried to tell his son that the doctor knew best.

"If I have only one leg I will be a burden to the family."

His mother pleaded, "Let the leg be amputated, for my sake."

"No! No! No!" was all he said. "I don't want to; I want to keep my leg. With one leg I can never join the Navy. I'd be no good with only one leg."

The mother pleaded again:

"Son, listen, you will die otherwise. Many great men have lived with only one leg."

"No," was the stubborn boy's answer.

Under terrific pain he turned

away from his own mother and said in a choking voice, "Go, I want to die. Leave me alone."

"Ed," he yelled suddenly to his brother, "bring me a fork from the kitchen and watch the door so no one can come in and take off my leg."

They all left. Ed brought the kitchen fork and his sick brother bit on it to relieve the terrible pain. He finally fainted.

His mother was crying. What was she to do? The doctor said, "A boy of his age must learn to obey; what does he know about life?"

The father only said: "I will not force him; it is his life."

The whole town was discussing the dilemma. They were divided into two camps. "A boy must obey" was what most folks said. "Faith can cure anything," said the minister. "Miracles can happen," said his teacher. "Not in our time," said another teacher. "It better happen fast," said his friends.

The boy's screams could be heard in the neighboring houses. Then he quieted down and his mother saw him again and begged him to let his leg be amputated. Her older son did not want to let her into the sick room but she pushed her way in.

Her sick boy did not recognize her. They could amputate the leg now; he could not resist. But the father said: "No! Not without his consent. He will never forgive us

if we do it. He will hate us."

"He will die," said the mother.

"Perhaps — let's wait; let's wait until he recognizes us again."

"It will be too late," said the doctor.

The whole town prayed for the boy.

Two days later, the doctor could not believe his eyes. His mother fell down on her knees and thanked God. The young boy had recovered! Two days of excruciating pain, biting all the time on his fork, had brought him back to life. The infection had receded; his body was safe and so was the leg.

Still the young football player from Abilene, Kans., never joined the Navy, never saw Annapolis. And, if you have not guessed it by now, he was the boy who was appointed to West Point, to the Army, and is today none other than General "Ike" Eisenhower.



The MISSING LIGHTHOUSE CREW

Seven Hunters lighthouse was manned by a staff of four. One day they all disappeared . . .

By Michael Hervey

THE loneliest place in the world! That is how the Flannan Islands are described by the few who have visited these barren storm-bound rocks, better known as the Seven Hunters. The seven islets that make up this group are not more than 5,000 square yards in area. But situated on the North Atlantic shipping route they are extremely dangerous and many a proud ship broke its back on their shores before the lighthouse was installed.

The Seven Hunters Lighthouse was manned by a staff of four. They worked in shifts of three. The fourth man acted as relief. The light shone faithfully until one day at the end of the year 1900. Then it became the subject of a bizarre mystery.

On the morning after Christmas day the relief ship, rather ominously named *Hesperus*, hove to off the island. It carried the usual supply of stores and a relief man, Joseph Moore, come to replace one of the others now due for leave.

The ship hoisted the customary signals but there was no sign from the lighthouse. "Probably still asleep!" conjectured Moore, getting ready to go ashore.

The stores were loaded into the small boat and rowed ashore. Still there was no sign from the lighthouse. Moore made his way towards it. He climbed the long winding stairs of the tower with a growing premonition of tragedy. He searched the place from top to bottom, and found no one.

Aided by two members of the crew, Moore searched the island inch by inch. There was no trace of the missing men.

The only clue bearing on their disappearance was the daily record or logbook of the light. The last entry, made on the 15th of the month, recorded that a violent gale was blowing. This seemed to be the day on which the men had vanished. Further evidence was later supplied by the skipper of the steamship *Archer*, who reported that the light was not burning on

the night of the 15th. He was sure of the date as he had noted it in his logbook after nearly running aground.

The mystery was heightened by the fact that everything in the place was in shipshape order. The beds were made, the kitchen utensils spotless, the lamp trimmed and ready for lighting.

Moore suggested a possible explanation. He noticed that the gale had damaged one of the landing stages. This, plus the fact that the oilskins and seaboots of two of the men, Marshall and Ducat, were missing, led him to believe that they may have ventured down to the landing stage during the storm to secure some equipment, and been washed away by the sea.

This was plausible so far as it

went but it did not account for the disappearance of McArthur, the third man. He might, of course, have gone to assist his comrades without putting on his own oilskins.

One newspaper feature writer suggested that the men had been devoured by some sea monster. He painted a lurid picture of the creature as a sort of giant octopus. Then followed a theory that the island was haunted and that a ghost had driven the men to jump off the cliff.

The "Seven Hunters Mystery" remains unsolved. Neither the men nor their bodies were found. The truth may be stranger than the wildest theory conceived — or it may be only a simple tragedy of the sea.



NOW IT'S FLYING TEACUPS

TEACUPS and plates have taken to behaving in a most unusual manner at the Elizabethan Cafe in Ipswich, England, according to the *London Daily Herald*. One recent Monday six cups and one plate hurtled through the air and smashed to bits on the floor. The next day two cups "blew up" and another flew off a shelf. Wednesday was fairly quiet with only a teapot throwing itself to the floor, and on Thursday a cup fell.

The *New York Times* reports that when the strange occurrences began Mrs. Grace Ramsy, cook at the cafe, called a policeman. A crash occurred while he was there and then he and Mrs. Ramsey saw a cup come rolling down the stairs. The officer couldn't do much about it except make a report. "It's a poltergeist," one newspaperman said confidently, assuming that once it was named, that explained everything.

Madame Blavatsky —



THE FIRST THEOSOPHIST

Here's authentic biography of the founder of Theosophy. Madame Blavatsky also seems to have been a great medium.

Helena Blavatsky showed clairvoyant and clairaudient powers at age of six.

Helena Petrovna Hahn in the Russian Ukraine on July 31, 1831. She was a sickly child who was not expected to live, but from the very first she was possessed of an indomitable will. Almost from birth evidences of her strange powers were apparent. As a child of six she was clairvoyant and clairaudient to the extent that she claimed that she played and talked with the rousalkas (wood nymphs) and domoys (nature spirits).

By Paul M. Vest, Ph. D.

HELENA PETROVNA BLAVATSKY is one of the most amazing women the world has ever known. Acclaimed as the greatest occultist of all time, she was also magician, medium, prophet, founder of The Theosophical Society, and pupil of the Masters of Wisdom whose "secret doctrine" she believed it was her life mission to give to the world.

Madame Blavatsky was born

Her aunt, Madame Jelihowsky, in her book, "Juvenile Recollections Compiled for My Children," writes of her when she was seven, "At times Helen would be seized with fits of laughter, explaining them by the amusing pranks of her invisible companions. She found them (fairies and nature sprites) in every dark corner, in every bush of the thick park that surrounded our

villa during the summer months; while in winter, when our family emigrated to town, she seemed to meet them again in the vast reception rooms of the first floor, entirely deserted from midnight till morning.

"If one could believe Helen, the pigeons were cooing to her interesting tales, while the birds and animals, whenever in solitary tete-a-tete with her, amused her with interesting stories. For her all nature seemed animated with a mysterious life of its own."

Madame Jelihowsky calls her "the strangest little girl anyone has ever seen," and goes on to tell of the incredible psychic phenomena that frequently manifested when Helen was present. Mysterious, loud knockings were often heard; chairs, tables and other heavy objects levitated or else became so solidly attached to the floor that no one could pry them loose.

At the age of eight she was proficient in the art of automatic writing and her small hand, under the control of various entities, wrote learned treatises that would have done credit to a college professor. All this her family regarded as evidence that Helen was "possessed." As a result she was "doused with gallons of holy water and the rites of exorcism were performed upon her regularly," Madame Jelihowsky tells us.

Even more disturbing to her worried parents were Helen's fre-

quent vivid descriptions of her "travels in other worlds;" her claims (at the age of nine) that she was very old and had lived countless lives on earth, many of which she could recall in detail.

Madame Jelihowsky relates that Helen was about 10 when she first spoke of the mysterious "Masters." She claimed the first was a Hindu wearing a white turban and that he visited her often. In later life Madame Blavatsky declared that this childhood vision was the astral projection of the Master Morya whom she met years later in his physical body in Tibet where she had traveled to meet him at his request.

Speaking of the Masters, Helen one day told her Aunt, "There have always existed wise men who know everything — they have the most wonderful command over the forces of nature, but they only make themselves known to those who are worthy of knowing and seeing them and, most important — those who believe in them."

At 17 she married General Blavatsky, a man three times as old as she. She lived with him only three weeks; then left him to begin her fabulous travels. Concerning her marriage she wrote in her diary, "Woman finds her happiness in the acquisition of supernatural powers. Love is but a vile dream — a nightmare!"

The next 25 years of Madame Blavatsky's life are more or less

veiled in mystery. From the records available we find that during this period she traveled in practically every country of the world. In the most unexpected places we come upon strange and often bizarre reports of her. In one instance we read of her in Egypt holding a midnight seance in the Queen's Chamber of the Great Pyramid, performing incantations and invoking ancient spirits of Egyptian Priests. Again we find her in India surrounded by Yogis and fakirs, but she herself performing greater feats of magic than any of them could produce. Later we hear of her in the caves and jungles of Hindustan learning the secrets of the magicians there; or, in America we find her engrossed in the rites of Voodooism, the black magic of the American Negroes.

In South America, Africa, throughout the capitals of Europe she journeyed, assiduously studying what she termed "the great occult science." Finally we find her dressed as a man, penetrating into Tibet where the lamas initiated her into their craft and proclaimed that in a former earth life she was one of them. During this latter period, we learn from her memoirs, she spent several years in the Tibetan ashram of the Masters where she received further instruction and was given the first knowledge of her mission in the world.

In reply to those who have contended that Madame Blavatsky was

never in Tibet, no less an authority than the Dalai Lama has attested in writing that "Madame Blavatskaya spent at least four years at Shigatze, the Lamasery of the Teshu Lama of Tibet."

In 1874 she arrived in New York practically penniless where she awaited further instructions from the Masters. In October of that year, she writes, she was told by one of the Masters to go to Chittenden, Vermont, where great interest in psychic phenomena was taking place in the Eddy home.

From that time on her fame spread rapidly throughout America. Her ability to produce practically any type of psychic phenomena in broad daylight, her amazing personality, and her great knowledge of the occult soon made her a favorite subject of newspaper reporters.

A prominent New York Daily wrote of her: "A woman of as remarkable characteristics as Cagliostro himself, and one who is every day as differently judged by different people as the renowned Count was in his day. By those who know her slightly she is called a charlatan; better acquaintance made you think she was greatly learned; and those who were intimate with her were either completely carried away with belief in her powers or completely puzzled."

In the year 1875 she founded The Theosophical Society — an organization through whose teachings, she said, she hoped to lead men finally

to actual knowledge of their true spiritual natures. She employed psychic phenomena only as a means of persuading students to study its real nature as well as the nature and relationship of the universe and man. She writes that the Masters had advised against phenomena and that she later greatly regretted ever using it in connection with the Society.

A few years later "Isis Unveiled," the first of her books was published. The work created something of a sensation. It contained countless references to books in the British Museum and other great libraries all over the world. Page upon page was quoted verbatim from these sources and yet many eye witnesses to the production of the book have attested that the writer had no library and used no notes whatsoever in writing the book.

In this connection, A. L. Rawson, the well-known painter, gives the following startling testimony: "Through a warm personal friendship with Pope Pius IX and by special favor of the Pontiff, I was allowed, under surveillance, to examine some books in the secret chamber of the Vatican Library, absolutely forbidden to *everybody* but the Papal Secretary and Members of the Sacred College of Cardinals. Even these were not privileged to copy a line. Yet I affirm that several pages of extracts from these secret books are given

verbatim in "*Isis Unveiled.*"

This statement certainly tends to substantiate Madame Blavatsky's claim that she was not the author of her great books, but that she wrote only what she saw clairvoyantly or what she heard dictated to her clairaudiently by unseen beings.

Shortly after the publication of "Isis" she told her friends that her Master had instructed her to return to India to found a branch of the Theosophical Society in that country.

In India her work met with great early success. It was there that she began publication of "The Theosophist," an occult magazine that soon became popular in both East and West.

Tales of her incredible feats of magic and psychic phenomena were making her the talk of two continents. Detailed accounts of many of these are given in A. P. Sinnett's "Incidents in the Life of Madame Blavatsky." One of the most spectacular of her accomplishments was her ability to "precipitate" objects. Scores of reliable eye-witnesses have attested that Madame could produce, apparently from thin air, anything from a hand-painted teapot to a jewelled brooch which had been lost and forgotten by the owner for years.

The cup and saucer in the accompanying photograph are two of countless objects that Madame Blavatsky precipitated. Here is the story of the incident as told by C.

Jinarajadasa, an eye-witness of the event: "In the morning she (Madame Blavatsky), with Mr. and Mrs. Sinnett, Major Henderson, Mr. Syed Mahmood (District Judge, Rai-Sareilly), Mrs. Reed of Ajmere and myself went on a picnic. Although she had never been at Simla before, she directed us where to go, describing a certain small mill which the Sinnetts and Major Henderson said did not exist. She also mentioned a small Tibetan temple as being near it. We reached the spot she had described and *found the mill* at about 10 a.m., and the servants spread a collation. Mr. Mahmood had joined our party after the baskets were packed and so when we wanted to have tea we found we were one cup and saucer short. Somebody suggested Madame Blavatsky produce one by magic. She consented and, looking about the ground here and there, finally called Major Henderson to bring a knife and dig in a spot she pointed out. He found the ground hard, unbroken and full of small roots from a young cedar tree nearby. These he cut through and had dug to a considerable depth when something white was seen in the black soil. It was dug out and proved to be a cup and saucer decorated in green and gold, exactly matching the others Mrs. Sinnett's servants had brought."

In India H. P. B. (as Madame Blavatsky was often referred to) attracted a group of notable figures.



Madame Blavatsky indicated where cup and saucer could be dug up after unexpected guest appeared on Indian picnic.

A number of these have attested in writing to the wonders that she could perform. Many of them personally witnessed actual appearances of various of the "Masters" in whom Madame so fervently believed. One such account is given by C. W. Leadbeater, the famous occultist and author of many books. He writes, "I am very glad to testify that I have on many occasions seen the Masters appear in materialized form at the Headquarters at Adyar. Under such conditions I have seen the Master M, the Master K. H., the Master D. K., and also another member of the Brotherhood, besides one or two pupils who acted as messengers. Such appearances

occurred sometimes on the flat roof of the main building, sometimes in my own room by the river side and on several occasions in the garden. The materializations were frequently maintained for 20 minutes and on at least two occasions for considerably over half an hour."

But even as these great wonders were occurring at headquarters and news of them was spreading to all countries of the world, trouble was brewing for both Madame Blavatsky and the Society. In her wisdom-religion she struck out boldly at creeds founded on dogma, intolerance and superstition. In so doing she made powerful enemies who feared and resented her. Thus, shortly after the International Headquarters of the Society was established in Adyar, the bitter persecution of this woman began, instigated by a malicious few who worked tirelessly against her.

Slandrous attacks were made upon her and upon the Society. Lies were printed and she was branded as a charlatan and a fraud. She suffered the agony of being misunderstood, of being misquoted, of being abused and vilified.

The infamous "Coulomb" Conspiracy resulted in Madame Blavatsky's being condemned unheard by the Psychical Research Society. Richard Hodgson, the sole representative of that organization sent to India to make the investigation, relied almost entirely upon the testimony of the Coulombs —

two self-confessed perjurers. Madame Blavatsky's life and her teachings give the lie to his report. Also hundreds of men and women of unblemished reputation who had been personally associated with H. P. B. for years immediately refuted Hodgson's report — but, nevertheless, the Psychical Research Society accepted it. No protests had any effect on this decision.

Greatly saddened and broken in health from this experience, she retired to England where she completed her greatest work — "The Secret Doctrine," a monumental achievement. Many authorities, including Max Heindel, a foremost American mystic, have declared this to be one of the most remarkable books ever written.

Heindel in writing of it said, "The book contains the essence of all religions. Originating from the same source, all are in these volumes resolved into their original elements out of which *every mystery and dogma has developed and become materialized*. With but few and unimportant exceptions, everything which is to be found in the voluminous literature of modern occultism has been available in 'The Secret Doctrine' ever since its publication."

Again, as in the case of "Isis," H. P. B. disclaimed all credit as author. Countess Wachtmeister in her "Reminiscences of H. P. Blavatsky," quotes the latter's exact words regarding production of the

book. She writes, "Well, you see it is like this," H. P. B. continued in reply to my question, "I make what I can only describe as a sort of a vacuum in the air before me and fix my sight and my will intently upon it, and soon scene after scene passes before me like the successive pictures of a diorama; or, if I need a reference, such as information from some book, I fix my mind intently, and the astral counterpart of the book appears and from it I take what I need."

Bearing her out in her contention, scholars maintain that it would require one individual almost an entire lifetime to make the necessary research in the libraries of the world to compile and check all of the material that is contained in the three large volumes of "The Secret Doctrine." *In fact, it contains passages from books with titles which have never been heard of in any library in the world.*

Before completing "The Secret Doctrine" H. P. B. became seriously ill. According to her diary one of the Masters appeared to her at that time and gave her the choice of leaving this "valley of sorrows" or remaining and completing the book. She relates that she chose to stay and as a result her strength returned and within a few minutes

she was able to get up from bed.

But she writes that not long after the book was published the Master told her that for the present her work in the world was finished. Shortly thereafter she passed quietly away on May 8, 1891.

Her closest associates, however, averred that she did not actually leave this world. They maintained that she merely left her worn out physical body to incarnate almost immediately in a much younger body (as the Dalai Lama is said to do). Many state mysteriously that she is living today, fully conscious of who she is, merely awaiting the moment when the Masters shall request her reappearance on the World Stage.

Thus in brief we have the strange story of one of the most controversial figures who ever lived. Whether or not we can believe in her beloved Masters—an inner Government of perfected men who direct the destiny of the world—is a matter for each individual to decide for himself. But we do know that Madame Blavatsky has left to the world a great legacy of occult literature. Since her death many of her teachings have been verified by Science. One day the world may discover that this maligned and abused woman was even more right than we imagine today.



TOO DEEP A SLEEP

The woman was not dead but by any medical standards she soon would be. Here was a case beyond the doctor's ken.

By Dr. Simon Fowler

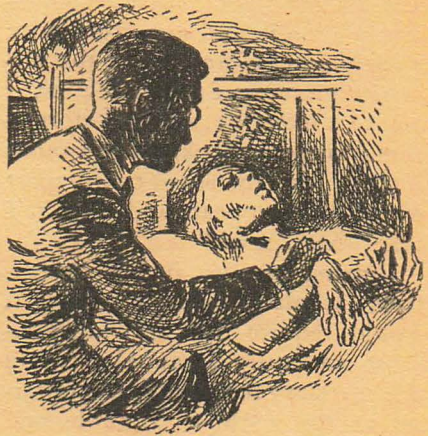
MEDICAL practice in rural England, although by no means dull, is but rarely enlivened by an event of such an exciting or mysterious character that it leaves a lasting impression upon the practitioner himself. Yet many of us can tell of at least one episode which, in my own case, has remained as clear as if it had happened yesterday. In actual fact the incident occurred nearly 20 years ago soon after I had begun practice on my own.

Early one morning I was called to the telephone by one of my patients who urged me to come to her house at once. Her agitation was such that I thought it best to postpone a detailed inquiry into the nature of the case until I could see for myself what was amiss.

My patient was waiting for me on her front doorstep.

"Thank heaven you've come," she exclaimed as I got out of the car, "but I'm afraid it's too late. I think she's dead."

Without further explanation she turned into the house and went quickly upstairs. I followed her in-



to a bedroom where, on an old-fashioned poster bed, lay a woman. She was about 60 years of age and as I looked at her pallid unwrinkled face surrounded by a halo of silver hair for a moment I too thought that she was dead. But I could feel her pulse beating steadily in her wrist and her breathing, although so shallow as to be almost imperceptible, was regular and slow.

Of the various possibilities which flashed before me the most obvious was that she was suffering from an overdose of some hypnotic drug. A quick search of the room, however, revealed no sign of any bottle which might have contained the tablets which I had in mind.

"Was she quite well last night?" I asked.

"Perfectly. The maid found her like this when she brought her tea about half an hour ago."

"Is she an epileptic?"

"I'm sure she isn't, I've known her all my life."

"A weak heart?"

My patient shook her head.

"Never to my knowledge. She's an old friend whom I see quite frequently. I'm certain she would have told me if she had anything seriously wrong with her."

One by one the organic diseases with which I was familiar were fading out. There remained the alternative, a functional disorder. Could this be, after all, an hysterical phenomenon?

On the upper rim of the eye socket runs a nerve. If firm pressure with the ball of the thumb is applied to it, in 999 cases out of 1000 an hysterical patient will come to her senses immediately.

But in this case my test failed completely. It did, however, have some effect — although it was not the one I was expecting. There was a slight lightening of the patient's deep unconsciousness, a deeper respiration, a fuller pulse — no more. And then an odd thing happened. The pale lips parted, not in a grimace of pain but in a smile, and she said in a low but perfectly audible voice,

"Oh, Jim, you knew I'd come, didn't you?"

I relaxed the pressure which I had been exerting on the supra-orbital nerve and instantly the unconsciousness deepened again. I began to be seriously alarmed as to the outcome. What struck me most as I stood looking in perplexity at the old lady on the bed was the imminence of death. Had I not known that she was alive I might well have believed that I was looking at a corpse. The extreme pallor, the complete relaxation of the muscles which had smoothed out every wrinkle in her face, even the marble coldness of her skin all indicated a condition which could not persist for any length of time.

I turned to the living woman who stood beside me.

"Has she any relatives?" I asked.

"A daughter in London. Her husband and son are both dead."

"Send for her at once and tell her to bring a nurse."

She looked at me with raised eyebrows.

"Yes," I said, "I think she's going to die. Somebody must stay with her until the nurse arrives. I will look in from time to time."

I saw her twice more before her daughter and the nurse arrived from London and when I came for the third time they were both there to meet me.

"How is she now?" I asked.

"Very well indeed, I should say," replied the nurse drily.

"What!" I exclaimed, but the nurse was already leading the way

to the bedroom whither I followed, conscious of her unspoken criticism. But when I entered the room I realized that to the nurse at least such criticism was justified. For in place of the all but defunct patient whom I had seen on my previous visits, a healthy looking woman now sat up in bed quietly drinking her tea.

The change was incredible. Her color had returned, a network of fine wrinkles traversed her face. Even her silver hair seemed to have come to life. All the softness had gone out of her expression which now seemed alert and guarded — inimical, almost. I read sarcasm in the smile she gave me.

"It was a pity you sent for my daughter and a nurse," she said. "Am I not to be allowed to sleep in peace?"

Her voice was quite different from the soft sweet tones in which she had spoken the only sentence I had hitherto heard.

"It was more than a sleep," I said. "I couldn't rouse you from it."

"Why interfere with sleep?" she cut in sharply. "Why meddle with things that don't concern you! I only know that I am now perfectly well and do not believe that I was ever anything else. You have a lot to learn about sleep — and other things." Ignoring me she turned to the nurse, her cup held out for some more tea.

It was a plain dismissal. Feeling

incredibly foolish, I left the room. A few minutes' reflection, however, partially restored my self-confidence. By all the signs known to medical men my patient's life had been at low ebb — whatever the cause might have been. But what had been the cause? Surely I had the clue to it somewhere in my mind. Suddenly I remembered what it was.

The old lady's daughter was in the hall when I came downstairs. She was a younger and far more sympathetic edition of her mother.

"I am sorry to have brought you down on what must seem a fool's errand," I remarked.

"I do not think so," she replied gravely. "You see, this has happened before although she has never been unconscious for long. Only a few minutes as a rule. How do you explain it, doctor?"

"Was your father's name Jim?" I asked.

"No, my brother's. Why do you ask?"

I took a long shot.

"Your mother's condition has something to do with your brother. Tell me, has she ever dabbled in any occult science?"

The daughter's face flushed quickly and then became pale. She gave me a long look.

"Mother never told you that! No, you must have guessed it. But you're quite right. My brother had a job in Bagdad and about two years ago we had a cable saying that

he was desperately ill with appendicitis. Mother took a plane at once but when she arrived it was too late. Jim had died under the anaesthetic. She was dreadfully cut up because Jim meant everything to her. If only she could have taken a plane home at once things might have been different. But she had to wait 10 days, and during that time she consulted a man who had a tremendous reputation in the city. He was a holy man or prophet of some religious cult and what he said or did I never did find out exactly. Since then she has had these sudden lapses into unconsciousness but as I told you they never lasted so long as this."

"Have you ever tackled her about them?" I asked.

The daughter smiled wanly.

"Yes, I did once but I shall never try it again. Our own doctor has been forbidden the house. Tell me, how serious do you think it is?"

I thought for a moment and then I said,

"I cannot tell you because this is

a case which is wholly beyond my experience. But I can say that when I examined her this morning I came to the conclusion that her life was in danger. If you or anybody who has any influence with her can persuade her to see a psychologist I think it should be done as soon as possible."

The daughter shrugged her shoulders rather helplessly.

"I'll try," she said, "but I don't think it will be any use."

The mother refused to see me again and on the following day returned to London. She never wrote to her friend nor saw her again and within a year she was found dead in her bed.

It would be idle to speculate upon a case which is so clearly outside the scope of contemporary medical science but whenever I recall this strange incident I cannot refrain from asking myself these two questions. Where was she during those hours of deep unconsciousness and to what place did she ultimately go?



SPLIT-SECOND SALVATION

A TOMBSTONE on the island of Jamaica carries this record:

"Here lies the body of Lewis Galdy, Esq., who died on the 22nd of September, 1737, aged 80. He was born at Montpelier, in France, which place he left for his religion, and settled on this island, where, in the great earthquake, 1672, he was swallowed up, and by the wonderful providence of God, by a second shock was thrown out into the sea, where he continued swimming until he was taken up by a boat and thus miraculously preserved."—

Margaret Gaddis.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay \$5 for each True Mystic Experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed (double-spaced) on one side of the paper. They should be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 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.

VISITOR IN THE NIGHT

THE article in the January number of FATE entitled "How To Project Your Astral Body" recalled to me a mystifying incident in my own life to which this article is, at least, a partial explanation.

In August, 1927, I was living with friends in a second-floor room of their home. The mother and father had a room downstairs — and the other members of the family had a room on the second floor. There were then three other rooms occupied by persons paying for room and meals as I was. My room was quite large and the door opening into the upper hall was just opposite the bed which was the length of the room away.

On this particular night I was wakened by the ringing of the telephone extension outside my door. When I heard the telephone being answered downstairs I promptly went to sleep. I was awakened a second time by a clumping on the stairs of someone coming up from the lower front hall, and a high

shrill voice calling "Where are the folks? Where are the folks? Where are the folks?"

The voice, though unusually shrill, was certainly that of Charlie, the son of the house who lived with his wife of a year in another part of town. As no one seemed to answer Charlie, I got up from my bed, crossed the room to the door, lifted the stout hook which secured the door and, mindful that I was in nightdress, leaned out from behind the door to say "The folks are gone."

A shadow form which I recognized as that of Charlie was directly in front of me in the hallway. He seemed not to see or hear me but was sweeping his hand across his chest and crying "Just look what that old gray eagle that lives in the woodpile did to me. Just look what that old gray eagle that lives in the woodpile did to me. Just look what that old gray eagle that lives in the woodpile did to me."

The shadow then faded away and I could hear as at a distance

the clumping down the stairs and the wailing cry "Where *are* the folks? Where *are* the folks?"

As I closed the door and replaced the hook I seemed to say to myself "Why did I say the folks are gone?" I turned to go back to bed and there, in plain view and fast asleep, a form was lying on the bed. It was me. I remember no more than that, as I was crawling into the other side of the big old-fashioned double bed, I kept muttering to myself "I can't understand it. That's me on the bed."

The next morning I wakened to find the sun shining across my bed and to hear Charlie's sister at the extension telephone say "Western Union, I want to send a telegram. Charlie died last night."

I jumped out of bed and ran to the door. As I opened it and looked out into her face she said "Yes, Charlie died last night. Come downstairs and I'll tell you about it." After receiving their first telephone call, the folks found he had been dead for an hour or so, the doctor having pronounced death the result of a heart attack.

And strangely enough there were dark bruised-looking marks across his chest such as might have been made by clawing fingers or talons. And also, strangely enough, I was the only person left in the house who had heard anything. The others slept peacefully through it all. — *Elizabeth Griffin, Houston, Texas.*

WAS IT FATED?

MOTHER and father were very practical people and would not permit any superstitions or taboos in the family — there had to be a reason for everything. Nevertheless, when I was a school girl about 12 or 13 I had a dream so vivid and real that I never forgot it. I told the family about my dream repeatedly until they shut me up by teasing me.

My dream was this: I was a grown and matured woman sitting at a small table in a restaurant with a handsome man. The table was next to a window which looked down a steep embankment to water below. Boats and ships were in constant traffic. There was a small pink shaded lamp on the table next to the window. On the left of the table was a bucket of ice with a bottle of wine. Also to the left was an orchestra partly hidden with potted palms. Please understand that I was born in a small town and had never been in a restaurant at this time, much less had ever seen or tasted wine.

The mood of the dream was one of careless abandon and happiness — soft music, soft lights, and good food. I seemed to be more interested in the surroundings than the man — until he reached across the table, grabbed my hands, and commanded me to listen to him. He said "Look at me Deloren, listen to me. I love you. This is not the first time we have come together.

We are one. I loved you 4,000 years ago, yes, 4,000 years ago . . . etc."

Then my dream shifted to what could have been 4,000 years ago. I seemed to be wrapped in yards of material that formed a dress and brown shawl and I was fearfully and stealthily running along a receding wall, feeling the wall with my left hand and covering my face with the shawl. I could feel the hard packed earth under my feet as I slid along the dark narrow way. I seemed to have but one idea in my mind and that was to get to my lover at all costs. . . .

I seemed to realize that if I were caught I would forfeit my life, but nothing mattered but to get to him who was sitting in chains and waiting for I don't know what. Then my dream ended.

Now, after years, the first part of the dream *actually came true to the very last detail* in New York City. The restaurant was at Grants Tomb (I think it was called the Rivera?). I had been there before and had been out with the man before. But when he suddenly reached across the table, grabbed my hands and said "Look at me, listen to me, Deloren I love you. This is not the first time we have come together. We are one. I loved you 4,000 years ago, yes, 4,000 years ago . . . etc."

All of a sudden I was goose pimples all over. Here I was *living an almost forgotten dream*. The mood of careless abandon was sud-

denly changed to "Oh my, I guess this is IT."

Well, we were married but not for long as it proved to be a most unsuccessful and unhappy marriage. And all because I let a childhood dream of long ago influence me. Does any reader know if this living experience of that dream was unavoidable? Is this what is called Karma? Must we meet again? Does anybody know? — *Deloren Barré, Sylva, N. C.*

RESURRECTION OF THE BEE

COULD a man attend his own funeral? And if he could, how would he let his sorrowing friends and relatives know he was not really dead, that they were merely honoring a physical shell which had been vacated by the former owner?

Thoughts like these crossed the mind of Hal Styles, Hollywood radio and television producer, on the afternoon of January 3, 1950, as he sat in the crowded Church of the Good Shepherd in West Los Angeles, Calif.

He was attending last rites for the Hon. J. F. T. "Jefty" O'Connor, late United States District Judge in Los Angeles and former comptroller of the currency under President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The church was full of dignitaries who had come to pay their respects to the noted jurist, and Styles, a close friend, was somewhat embarrassed because he had ar-

rived a little late for the services. However, even though every seat seemed to be filled, he found himself *impelled* (his own word) to walk hurriedly far down the main aisle, where he was fortunate enough to find an empty seat directly behind Judge O'Connor's lawyer-nephew, William V. O'Connor of Los Angeles.

As the service began, Styles reviewed in his mind the many times he had seen the popular, jovial judge during his lifetime. He recalled especially a characteristic remark that Judge O'Connor would make to the friendly inquiry, "How are you, Jefty?" The reply was almost invariably the same.

"Oh, I'm just buzzing around, busy as a bee!" the judge would exclaim briskly. It was a sort of good-natured trademark.

As Styles sat thinking about O'Connor, wondering where his spirit might be now, he was attracted to something that at first appeared to be more annoying than significant. Above the softly reverent murmur of the eulogy came a more insistent tone. A bee had found its way into the church and was buzzing persistently around over Styles' head.

Then it suddenly alighted on one of the pews almost directly in front of where Styles sat. The pew was empty but a gold name plate identified its regular occupant. With fascinated curiosity, Styles leaned forward to watch the bee

more closely. The insect was poised on the back of the seat, a little above the gold plate. It was easy to understand why the pew was empty. The engraved lettering spelled out: "J. F. T. O'Connor." *The bee crawled to the center of the name plate and "just sat" for fully a minute!*

It could be only a coincidence, but what an odd coincidence! Of all times and of all places, why should a bee choose this occasion and that particular spot?

"Just buzzing around, busy as a bee!"

Startled as he was, Styles put the incident down merely as one of those strange little events which happen without apparent reason or purpose. Yet he couldn't get the idea out of his mind that the incident had meaning. He sat musing for a few minutes.

Finally, Styles asked himself this question: "What if it were some sort of symbol? What if the insect were controlled in some remarkable manner by a living but invisible personality? How then could such a personality impress a person like young Bill O'Connor who had been his uncle's protege and no doubt felt the judge's loss as keenly as anyone in the audience? How might he be convinced, in terms of evidence and proof, of a continuing after life?"

"Jefty" whispered Styles softly, "if that bee could be you endeavoring to prove your presence, how

about trying to convince Bill here?"

The bee had disappeared but in an instant and to his astonishment it reappeared. First it buzzed for a brief time over those toward the front of the church and then, as though guided by a kind of inexplicable intelligence, it began to concentrate on Bill O'Connor. It was as though a tiny dive bomber had found its target and closed in for the attack.

The lawyer slapped and swished with his hand, but not before the bee had buzzed his head several times and had made very obvious its attraction to him was he able to drive it off. Finally the bee flew away — to go about its own business of being busy as a bee.

Said Styles afterward: "I don't pretend to know the meaning of this, if it has a meaning, but I do know that it happened, that I saw it happen and that both incidents were related, either by purpose or coincidence, to my thoughts at the time." — *James Crenshaw, Los Angeles, Calif.*

THE MAN IN THE RIVER

MOST of our crowd of 15 couples have been friends from childhood in our Mississippi River town. At the time of which I write the men were members of the same chapter of a fraternity and we girls wore their pins.

In mid-December I had a dream which left me uneasy because of its clarity. I saw the men clustered

around one member on the levee. I recognized my fiance and several others but couldn't see whose body had been taken from the river.

The dream was brought back in all its vividness on January 4. After a dispute with his girl, Jack, one of our jolliest bachelors, parked his car on the Government bridge in the 6 p.m. rush, waved cheerily to passers-by, leaped over the rail and disappeared into the icy waters of the Mississippi.

Rescue squads and police probed the area with grappling rods but Jack's body was not recovered. The general idea seemed to be that he had staged a show to frighten Ruth. The river was frozen except for the channel and some, including Ruth, were positive that he had escaped on the ice. Ruth refused to believe Jack was lost and she and I made several trips to spots where bodies had reappeared.

The tragedy preyed upon my mind. Several times during the next three weeks I felt rather than heard someone call my name. One night I was awakened about 3 a.m. Jack was standing beside my bed addressing me as cheerily as he always had.

"Hi, Dottie, old kid," he said. "I haven't much time. I just want to tell you that I am right where I went down. My head is caught between two stones. Tell Ruth." The apparition then dissolved.

The experience left me shaken for days but I had no further visita-

tions from the dead. I insist I was fully awake but the belief among my friends is that I had dreamed the whole affair.

My contentions were borne out after the spring thaw. On St. Patrick's Day Jack's body was sighted floating at the approximate spot he had hit the water. The coroner's verdict was that the body had been lodged at the bottom. There was a hole on either side of the head. — *Dorothy M. Glick, Davenport, Ia.*

THE DARK DRESS

I am an old woman, yet the thing of which I write is as vivid as if it happened yesterday. We were living in a mining village and my older brother had moved away from us to another mining town a short time before.

One morning my small daughter said to me, "Mom, you must finish that white dress you are making for me. The teacher said we must have them tomorrow."

When I got the two older ones off to school I sat down and finished the dress. I took the dress and went to the window to see where the pre-school children were. As I stood there watching them I plainly heard my brother speak. He said "make Margaret's dress dark."

I was so sure he had spoken that I went into the yard to look for him, thinking he was playing a trick on me. I looked around but there was no one to be seen.

I was still standing there when my husband came into the yard. I walked towards him and started to tell him what happened when I was stopped by the strange look on his face.

He shook his head and handed me a telegram. It read "ROBERT WILSON DIED THIS MORNING." My brother. None of my people are superstitious, and I have never dared mention this again. But oftentimes I wonder. — *Mrs. Janette Barclay, Earleville, Md.*

UNSEEN FRIENDS

LAST summer I was mining in California. I was getting things in order at the camp and was living alone for a couple of weeks. We had a late spring, with snow where we should have been having sunshine. I was living in an old cabin and the stove was of the old prospector's type. I couldn't change over to the new stove I had brought out as that was a two-man job and I couldn't do it without help.

One night it grew terribly cold and I moved my bed roll up into the attic where the heat was going. The wind was howling and the cold was coming in through the cracks but I had built a hot fire in that old stove. My back was toward the stove and I was lying there looking into space.

Suddenly I saw an English fish peddler. He had a push-cart of fish and was selling a fish to a lady. He turned to me and pointed behind

me toward the ceiling. I paid no attention, saying to myself, "Oh, oh, here comes my imagination running away." I closed my eyes, then opened them again. The peddler was still there. This time he was pointing excitedly. I couldn't hear a word but his lips seemed to say, "Look, look, behind you, up there." So I decided to look.

The smoke stack was one red mass and smoke was beginning to come from charred edges of the roof. I jumped out of my sleeping bag in my underwear and ran downstairs to open the cabin door and let cold air in. It cooled the stack in a hurry but had I not paid attention to the fish-peddler and turned around it would have been but a few moments before the cabin would have burned.

A few days later I drove to town for some supplies. I bought a new kerosene lamp and asked the man to fill it. Back at camp that night I got my matches out to light the lamp. I struck one. It blazed for a moment and then went out. That happened to four matches. I cursed the box of matches and the company who made them and the help that was hired to turn out such terrible matches. I got hold of a new box. Struck one and it went out. Struck two more and they went out. Then something said to me, "Don't light it." I looked around the room. It was growing dark and I really expected to see my fish-peddler again but there

wasn't a soul around the cabin.

I looked outdoors. It was beginning to storm again. Nobody around. Who had spoken to me? I said to myself, "Watch your step. Living alone is getting the best of you. You're beginning to hear things, and that's bad." I lit another match. It went out. I was getting mad. I reached for a cigarette, ignited a match and lit up the cigarette. Yes, this match had stayed lit! I reached over to light the lamp with the rest of it but it had burned down too far by now. I struck another match. It went out.

I remember taking hold of the lamp and shaking it and saying, "What in hell is the matter with you? Why can't I light you?" Then I smelled gasoline. I smelled of the lamp. By mistake the store clerk had filled it with gasoline instead of kerosene. Had the match stayed lit and had I put the lit match to the wick, it would have exploded in my face — and me 15 miles from the nearest doctor with a blizzard coming on!

We started mine operations using an old mill. I had a habit of standing underneath the ore chute, right behind the flywheel of the mill. I noticed the flywheel seemed a bit wobbly and told the mill man to check into it. I had to go to town the next day. When I returned I discovered that the mill man had not checked the flywheel and it had come off. It tore into the bank, bounced back against

the mill and wrecked the gas tank, then bounced back into the bank again, spun around a few times and came to rest. Had I been in my usual position behind that flywheel it would have killed me instantly.

Why am I writing this letter? Because I have the feeling that if this letter is printed I will hear from someone. Someone I should know. Someone I can help. How? Don't ask me. I don't know. I can't explain it any more than I can explain the fish-peddler or the other incidents mentioned and others that have been happening recently. — Don Adler, *Prospector's Equipment Co.*, 1932 Second Avenue, Seattle, Wash.

ASTRAL PROJECTION?

ON November 3, 1948, I planned to meet a friend at a transfer point (we live in different parts of the City) and from there she was to accompany me on an important mission. I was late and before the bus stopped was anxiously peering thru the window to see if she had arrived. I saw her waiting on the sidewalk and hurried along behind several people who alighted from the bus ahead of me. When I looked up she was gone. I thought she had seen me and had gone ahead to hold the other bus until I got there. I had taken but a few steps when I was amazed to see her sitting at a table in the little sandwich shop on the corner eating. I could see her thru the big glass window. She said she

thought she had time to get a sandwich and had almost finished eating it.

I asked if she had waited outside at all. She replied she had for a short while. I then asked if she had stood outside in front of the table where she now sat. (I was checking for my own benefit.) She said no, she had stood a couple of feet or more to the north. This was the exact spot where I had seen her astral body standing. I did not tell her I had seen her standing outside before I saw her sitting at the table inside. — *Clare White, St. Louis, Mo.*

THE MAN IN THE CHAIR

SEVERAL weeks ago, walking through the streets of the small Florida town where I live at present, I paused before a newstand. I saw the December copy of FATE and although I had never read it before, I felt impelled to buy it.

Presently I discovered why. Seated at my restaurant table at luncheon, flipping idly through the pages while waiting for my order, I came upon "The Princess Returns My Call" by Isabel Mowry. I had neither seen nor heard from Isabel Mowry for over 20 years, but I was instantly carried back to the time when I knew her well. She was living then in the hills above the town in a villino belonging to her father, Prof. George J. Mowry had rented it for the season and was

with her son Allen, who has since died, but who was then a handsome boy of about 15 and the great chum of my half-brothers, Rand and George. We were all very congenial in those days and had many happy outings together.

Mrs. Mowry was very psychic and had had various unusual experiences which my brothers and I found fascinating. Every now and again she and Allen, Rand, George and I would sit together around a table, trying for spiritualistic communication and manifestation. Our achievements in this respect were rarely remarkable but once or twice we did get a prophecy that was quite startling in its contents and accuracy.

Therefore I read her story now with interest and understanding. I recalled one of our last and certainly strangest evenings together. My father was very ill and had gone with my stepmother to a famous doctor in Munich. My brothers and I, together with several old family servants, remained on in the 16th century villa, La Meta, and the Mowrys still stopped in the villino. On the evening of which I recall we were all together in the medieval music-room listening to Rand — who was only then already an accomplished pianist and composer — play some of his own compositions. The music was my father's and when he was at the piano he was too occupied with

guests he nearly always sat there after dinner listening to his son play and his young wife sing. So it was not difficult to feel his presence. Still we all knew that he was in a private sanitarium in Munich.

Suddenly Mrs. Mowry, who was reclining upon a sofa facing the thronelike, Florentine armchair in which my father habitually sat, jumped up exclaiming, in amazement, "Why look — there's your father!"

I whirled around, Rand ceased playing and the two younger boys stared. And for the moment there was a stunned silence. Mrs. Mowry was gazing fixedly at what appeared to the rest of us to be an empty chair.

Then after a second she said, "He's gone! He walked straight through the wall over there and disappeared. I — I hate to think what it means." She sank back upon her cushions looking white and shaken. For the rest of the evening we were all silent and depressed, dreading what news the hours to come could bring.

The next morning my brothers and I received a telegram saying that our father had died in Munich the night before about half-past nine.

All of which was scarcely stranger than the way the memory of that night was brought back to me through reading my first copy of FATE.— *Vannette Herron van der Leeuw, Lakeland, Fla.*

THE VISION IN THE WINDOW

The window glass is clear on one side, but from the other side appears a painted image of the Ascension.



By O. E. Singer

IN Belen, New Mexico, on the upstairs window of the home of the late Ramon Baca — Police Judge and Justice of the Peace of Belen for 12 years — appears, as though painted there, the image of the Lord.

Belen, translated, means Little Bethlehem.

Here, unlike the Vision of Necedah, is a vision that may be seen.

The window is hard to see from the outside. It is one of few good pictures.

From the outside, the little attic window is beautiful and colorful. It shows the Ascension — the Lord with the outstretched arms above the head clear.

From the inside, it is a startling and beautiful sight. It may seem, only a clear pane of window.

Although the structure may be seen a few feet between the hours of 5 p.m., the Miracle is not always looked at from its present location. It was the attic room of a family home — a stucco structure at the corner of Fifth Street.

Five years ago, because of poor health, the family moved to a new location. But the window was not left behind. It was removed and placed in the window of the big residence on Dalies Avenue. It is still as clear as a crystal. It is covered with a thin layer of dust.

on the window made
 appearance shortly
 ten season in 1927.

Mrs. Baca was in
 when she chanced to
 attic window.
 usual clear glass
 installed seven
 she saw a beautiful
 Lord ascending into

edulous, unable to
 she called her hus-
 tiate what she saw.
 of the miraculous
 little attic window
 dfire. The sleepy
 elen, nestling in the
 fertile valley of the
 hook itself awake to
 e Baca house and

ing the vision to be
 gnificance, uttered
 window. Offerings
 brought. Candles

set that memorable
 faded away only to
 owing morning as

Vision at Nece-
 flux of visitors.
 ous, the souve-

olics, believing
 spiritual sign,
 ca a saint and
 urch to pro-
 hen, as
 ctant to

adopt any claim of a "miracle"
 without definite proof.

Photographers, professional and
 amateur, rushed to the scene in the
 hope of capturing the figure of
 Christ as it was portrayed on the
 little attic window pane. Invari-
 ably when the films were developed
 — some from the finest cameras —
 the negative showed only an amor-
 phous blur.

Then, from his home in Armijo,
 N. M., came Fernando Gabaldon,
 veteran of World War I, in ill
 health.

With a small box camera Gabal-
 don caught a remarkably clear like-
 ness of the image. It is said to be
 the only one of the many taken to
 show the vision clearly. The money
 received for these pictures — and
 he is said to have sold thousands —
 aided Gabaldon in the support of
 his family until his death five years
 later.

As the fame of the Miracle Win-
 dow grew, Ramon Baca was be-
 sieged by various offers to purchase
 the window. One man proposed to
 gain control of the window in order
 to charge tourists a fee to look at it.

On the other hand, convinced the
 window was a special blessing, a
 wealthy New Yorker wished to
 build a shrine for it. Another de-
 sired to erect a church.

Many theories were brought fo-
 ward as to the cause of the image.
 Some suggest expansion and con-
 traction of layers of glass. Other
 believe it was formed by exposu-



Could Fairies be Real?

By Paul M. Vest, Ph.D.

We suggest you study this evidence and decide for yourself. About these famed photos, we can only say: "They're possible."

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WE realize that in this day of the H-Bomb and supersonic aircraft, the world of fairies and nature sprites belong to a mellower period of civilization when people had time to ponder on the simpler phases of life. Today no one wants to appear gullible. We want to think we "know all the answers." Undoubtedly this attitude of mind makes for material success but may it not lead us to miss other far more

significant advances in human thought?

The writer is going to make no attempt to prove the actual existence of fairies or to offer any plea for the authenticity of the famous Cottingley photographs, copies of which accompany this article. We merely present herewith the facts of the case and leave it up to each reader individually to decide for himself whether or not the photo-

of the glass to the ultra violet rays of the sun.

On the theory that the image might be caused by the reflection of light from the attic walls, a black cloth was placed over the inside of the window. But this only succeeded in bringing out the picture more clearly than before. Chemicals were tested. But the image remained.

No satisfactory explanation has been given concerning it.

Survived by his wife, five daughters and two sons, Ramon Baca died May 2, 1950. He was 85 years old. Although bedfast the five years prior to his death, he refused to sell or countenance the many schemes to profit commercially from the image.

Ramon Baca's widow, 81 years old and confined to a wheelchair, is all serenity and understanding, her kindly face, despite her age, startlingly smooth and free from wrinkles.

How Ramon Baca felt about the vision is reflected in the words of a daughter, Mrs. R. B. Sanchez, who lives and cares for her aged mother.

She told me, "The glass is not for sale. We feel, as father did, that to sell the window would be the act of another Judas. . . ."

Natives call it the "Miracle Window." But the members of the Baca family do not call it so. They say merely that it is a beautiful picture of the Ascension.

At the interest, you see, if you show true Southern hospitality. You will be invited, as I was, up to the little attic room to see for yourself that no hoax surrounds the appearance of the vision.

Looking through the Miracle Window from inside, you realize, with a distinct shock, that it appears to be only a crystal-clear pane of glass. Yet at the same instant, to people watching from the yard it appears to be a colorful painting.

The Spanish-American cabbie, who drove me to the Baca home, brightened when he found out my mission. "Si, senor!" he said. "The Miracle Window, it is wonderful!"

Born and raised in Belen, he remembered the vision's first appearance. "They came," he said, "from everywhere . . . New York, Chicago, Phoenix . . ." Then, sadly, he continued, "But that was a long time ago and people forget. . . ."

I found this to be true. Of the dozen questioned on the streets of Belen, only five knew of the window. To what they thought of its spiritual origin, they would not be pinned down. They said, as do the Baca's, "We do not know. . . ."

On my return, the cab driver waxed eloquent.

"Ramon Baca, he could have been a millionaire. . . ."

But Ramon Baca refused, as does his family today, to commercialize on the "Miracle Window." It would be like selling one's faith.

TRUE OR FALSE?

The mystery of the Cottingley photos may never be solved. It seems improbable that the girls themselves could have faked the photographs, and fraud was never proved. On the other hand, the famed but quixotic investigator Harry Price said that he could imitate similar photographs. At the same time, men like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle were convinced of their validity. Those who wish to investigate the matter further may wish to read the forthcoming reprint edition of E. L. Gardner's "The Book of Real Fairies."

graphs are genuine or false.

If they are genuine, then the world-old belief in fairies has its basis in reality. In which case here on our own planet may exist thousands of tiny creatures who lead a wonderful objective existence of their own separated from the world of mortals only by a slight variation in vibration.

In every land and in nearly every period of civilization we find reports of fairies. In Ireland, accounts of the "little people" have always been taken seriously; in Germany many believe in the undines, salamanders and gnomes; native Polynesians hold in great awe the "Mennehunies" (little men) (See Max Freedom Long's "Secret Science Behind Miracles"). And for centuries England has had its many "true" stories of dryads, forest

nymphs and fairies who dance down moonbeams.

Those who believed they had actually seen the fairies remained unshaken in their convictions, but most other people were inclined to doubt such tales. Then in 1920 in the December issue of *Strand Magazine* in London there appeared several purportedly authentic photographs of fairies. The pictures were said to have been taken by two girls with a cheap camera. The appearance of the photographs immediately stirred up a considerable furor in England. At first the cry of "Fake!" was heard, but as the true facts of the story came out many were convinced.

A number of writers and scientists became interested in the pic-

Frances and leaping fairy. Photo taken by Elsie with Cameo camera ostensibly shows motion according to the experts.



tures. Among them was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. He secured the negatives and took them to one of England's eminent photographic experts, Mr. A. Snelling, who for over 30 years had been allied with the Autotype Company and Illingsworth's Photographic Laboratories. Snelling laughed at the thought that even an expert could fool him with a faked photograph. Of course he was rather skeptical at first about the "fairy" pictures, but after exhaustive tests of the negatives, he made public the statement that he was willing to risk his professional reputation in asserting that "(1) The photographs were single exposures. (2) All figures of the fairies had actually moved during the exposure which was 'instantaneous.'" He further stated in his report that he could discover not the slightest evidence of "faking" in the fairy pictures and he was willing to go on record as having so stated.

Still not content, Doyle took the negatives to the Kodak Company's offices in Kingsway. There, experts of the company made a minute examination of the plates. Neither of them could find any evidence of "trick" photography or "tampering." They would not, however, go on public record as swearing the plates were actual photographs of fairies. They merely stated emphatically that they could "find no flaw in the negatives."

Following this, enlargements

were made and exhaustively studied by many other photographic experts both in England and in the U.S., but not one could prove that the plates were not genuine. One expert at the Illingsworth Company was of the opinion that "rather similar" photographs might be produced by very clever studio painting, but the highly significant fact remained that the figures in the Cottingley photographs had actually been in motion when photographed.

Now that we have the opinions of experts to whom Sir Arthur showed the negatives, let us consider the circumstances under which the pictures were taken. In the *Westminster Gazette* of January 12, 1921, we find an article written by a special reporter sent to Cottingley to get the facts. Following are excerpts from his report:

DO FAIRIES EXIST?
INVESTIGATION IN A
YORKSHIRE VALLEY

COTTINGLEY'S MYSTERY
STORY OF THE GIRL WHO
TOOK THE SNAPSHOTS

". . . My mission to Yorkshire was to secure evidence, if possible, which would prove or disprove the claim that fairies existed. I frankly confess that I failed.

"The particular fairyland is a picturesque little spot off the beaten track two or three miles from Bingley. Here is a small village called Cottingley, almost hidden in a break in the upland, through which

tumbles a tiny stream, known as Cottingley Beck, on its way to the Aire, less than a mile away. The "heroine" of Sir Conan Doyle's story is Miss Elsie Wright who resides with her parents at 31 Lynwood Terrace. The little stream runs past the back of the house and the photographs were taken not more than a hundred yards away. When Miss Wright made the acquaintance of the fairies she was accompanied by her cousin, Frances Griffiths, who resides at Dean Road, Scarborough.

"One photograph taken by Miss Wright in the summer of 1917, when she was 16, shows her cousin, then a child of 10, with a group of four fairies dancing in the air before her, and in the other, taken some months afterwards, Elsie, seated on the grass, has a quaint gnome dancing beside her.

"There are certain facts which stand out clearly and which none of the evidence I was able to obtain could shake. No other people have seen the fairies, though everybody in the little village knew of their alleged existence; when Elsie took the photograph she was unacquainted with the use of a camera, and succeeded at the first attempt; the girls did not invite a third person to see the wonderful visitors and no attempt was made to make the discovery public.

"First, I interviewed Mrs. Wright who, without hesitation, narrated the whole of the circumstances

without adding any comment. The girls, she said, would spend the whole of the day in the narrow valley, even taking their lunch with them, though they were within a stone's throw of the house. Elsie was not robust and did not work during the summer months, so that she could derive as much benefit as possible from playing in the open. She had often talked about seeing the fairies, but her parents considered it was nothing more than childish fancy and let it pass.

"Mr. Wright came into possession of a small camera in 1917 and one Saturday afternoon yielded to the persistent entreaties of his daughter and allowed her to take it out. He placed one plate in position and explained to her how to take a 'snap.' The children went away in high glee and returned in less than an hour, requesting Mr. Wright to develop the plate. While this was being done Elsie noticed that the fairies were beginning to show, and exclaimed in an excited tone to her cousin, "Oh, Frances, the fairies are on the plate!" The second photograph was equally successful, and a few prints from each plate were given to friends as curiosities about a year ago. They evidently attracted little notice until one was shown to some of the delegates at a Theosophical Congress in Harrogate last summer.

"Mrs. Wright certainly gave me the impression that she had no desire to keep anything back, and



Fairy offering flowers to Elsie. She said dress was pink, wings yellowish.

answered my questions quite frankly. She told me that Elsie had always been a truthful girl and there were neighbors who accepted the story of the fairies simply on the strength of their knowledge of her. . . .

"At that time her father knew little of photography, 'only what he had picked up by dodging about with the camera,' as he put it.

"When he came home from the neighbouring mill and was told the nature of my errand, he said he was 'fed up' with the whole business and had nothing else to tell. However, he detailed the story I had already heard from his wife, agreeing in every particular, and Elsie's account given to me in

Bradford, added nothing new.

"Thus I had the information from the three members of the family at different times and without variation. The parents confessed they had some difficulty in accepting the photographs as genuine and even questioned the children as to how they faked them. The children persisted in their story and denied any act of dishonesty. Then they 'let it go at that.' Even now their belief in the existence of the fairies is merely an acceptance of the statements of their daughter and her cousin.

"Elsie is a tall, slim girl, with a wealth of auburn hair, through which a narrow gold band, circling her head, was entwined.

"Like her parents, she just said she had nothing to say about the photographs and, singularly enough, used the same expression as her father and mother — 'I am "fed up" with the thing.'

"She gradually became communicative, however, and told me how she came to take the first photograph.

"Asked where the fairies came from, she replied that she did not know.

"'Did you see them come?' I asked; and on receiving an affirmative reply, suggested that she must have noticed where they came from.

"Miss Wright hesitated, and laughingly answered, 'I can't say.' She was equally at a loss to explain where they went after dancing near

her, and was embarrassed when I pressed for a fuller explanation.

"When she had been with her cousin she had often seen them before. They were only kiddies when they first saw them, she remarked, and did not tell anybody.

"'But,' I went on, 'it is natural to expect that a child seeing fairies for the first time, would tell its mother.' Her answer was to repeat that she did not tell anybody. The first occasion on which fairies were seen, it transpired, was in 1915.

"In reply to further questions, Miss Wright said she had seen them since, and had photographed them, and the plates were in the possession of Mr. Gardner (President, Theosophical Society). Even after several prints of the first lot of fairies had been given to friends, she did not inform anybody that she had seen them again. The fact that nobody else in the village had seen them gave her no surprise. She firmly believed that she and her cousin were the only persons who had been so fortunate, and was equally convinced that nobody else would be. 'If anybody else were there,' she said, 'the fairies would not come out.'

"Further questions put with the object of eliciting a reason for that statement were only answered with smiles and a final significant remark, 'You don't understand.'"

Thus we have the story of the Cottingley photographs as related by an unbiased newspaper reporter.

Surely it would have been to his advantage as a member of the press, to have shown up the entire affair as a fraud if there had been the slightest evidence to have warranted his attempting to do so. It is true that several critics, without bothering to make a personal investigation, have made bitter newspaper attacks upon the girls and their families. But no shred of proof was ever unearthed to brand either the photographs or the accounts of Elsie and Frances as false in any way.

In fact, as the story spread throughout the British Isles, reports came in from honest and reliable persons who swore that they too had seen the "little people." Many declared that they had heretofore feared to mention what they saw since people might consider them crazy.

Halliwell Sutcliffe, the novelist, wrote that his close friend, a reputable schoolmaster whose word was beyond question, had often told him of playing with fairies in the meadows near his home.

Even from far-away Australia, Africa and Greenland came letters from persons who were willing to swear they too had seen fairies.

Later, several more expensive cameras were given to the girls by Mr. Gardner and additional photographs were taken by Elsie and Frances in Cottingley Glen. The fairies appeared on a number of the plates.



Elsie and gnome. Picture taken by Frances with Mr. Wright's "Midge" camera.

A man considered by both E. L. Gardner and Sir Conan Doyle to be one of England's most gifted clairvoyants was taken to the Glen to verify the girls' accounts. In writing of this occasion, Sir Conan Doyle says, "Mr. Gardner had a friend, whom I will call Mr. Sergeant, who held a commission in the Tank Corps in the war and is an honourable gentleman with neither the will to deceive nor any conceivable object in doing so. This gentleman had the enviable gift of clairvoyance in a very high degree, and it occurred to Mr. Gardner that we might use him as a check upon the statements of the girls.

"I have before me his reports, which are in the form of notes made as he actually watched the phenomena recorded. Seated with the girls he saw all that they saw and more, for his powers proved to be considerably greater. Having

distinguished a psychic object, he would point in the direction and ask them for a description, which he always obtained correctly. The whole glen, according to his account, was swarming with many forms of elemental life, and he saw not only wood-elves, gnomes and goblins, but the rarer undines, floating over the stream."

Sergeant, however, was not able to give to the fairies sufficient objective visibility on the physical plane to capture their images on a photographic plate. Apparently Elsie and Frances are the only persons ever known to have possessed this strange ability.

In summing up his report on the affair, Sir Conan Doyle said, "I do not myself contend that the proof is as overwhelming as in the case of spiritualistic phenomena. We cannot call upon the brightest brains in the scientific world, the Crookes, the Lodges, or the Lombrosos, for confirmation. But that also may come and, for the present, while more evidence will be welcome, there is enough already convincing evidence available."

These are the true facts of the Cottingley photographs so far as they are known. But as to whether or not fairies really do exist, perhaps we shall have to leave the mystery unsolved until science develops instruments with which we may look into new vibrational dimensions ordinarily invisible to the human eye.

RETURN TO DARKNESS

Born blind, Maria von Paradies was a musical prodigy.
Then Dr. Mesmer cured her of her affliction . . .

By J. Shrensky

WHEN Maria Theresa von Paradies awoke in her parents' home in Vienna, Austria, on the morning of December 9, 1763, both eyes were so horribly twisted that only their whites were visible. Her eyeballs protruded hideously from their sockets. She was three. Blindness had struck suddenly.

Maria's blindness seemed to hold a special compensation, however. As a child prodigy she developed into a remarkable piano virtuoso. She became a protégé of the Empress Maria Theresa, and was soon supplying her family with a substantial income because of the interest the empress showed in Austrian prodigies.

For almost 10 years the blind girl was under the care of Dr. von Stoerk, who was considered the best oculist in Austria. But he was unable to help her.

Then her parents, desperate in their attempts to find a cure for their daughter, were attracted to a young doctor who had amazed Europe with his spectacular cures. Though denounced as a fraud and a charlatan by orthodox physicians,



Austrian-born Dr. Franz Anton Mesmer had already startled the public by using what he inaccurately described as "animal magnetism," or what we more properly call mental suggestion or hypnotism today. He had recognized the important relationship between the minds of the doctor and the patient, where mental suggestion, used as a curative power, could sometimes accomplish what surgery could not.

Maria Theresa's parents agreed to put her entirely in his hands.

Mesmer found, as had Dr. von Stoerk, that there was nothing organically wrong with the child's optic nerves. He wrote in his records: "The affliction is due to some hysteria."

The doctor put her up in a wing of his house and began steady treatment on January 20, 1777. By February 9, Maria Theresa was able to perceive outlines of objects. A few weeks later her sight was completely restored.

The medical world was dubious. It was mystified by Mesmer's use of unexplainable hocus to cure a girl considered incurable. Opposition to Mesmer reached new extremes after this cure but what were physicians to say after such a miracle? Unfortunately, unpredictable complications arose to make Mesmer's position more insecure instead of better.

Maria Theresa had recovered her sight but, as a result, had lost her mental equilibrium. Blindness was replaced by constant depression. And to add to the already complicated affair, she found herself suddenly losing her musical ability.

Mesmer wrote these conversations in his records:

"Why is it that I am less happy than I was when I was still blind?" Maria Theresa asked irritably. She had been greatly annoyed by the number of relatives and friends who came to see her during the first few days after it had become known that she had been cured.

"Everything that I now see gives me an unpleasant sensation. When I was blind I felt much calmer."

Mesmer tried to comfort her. "You must realize that you are gliding through a strange new sphere. But you will become as calm and contented as other human beings as soon as you are accustomed to seeing."

"That is good," she said, "for if the sight of new objects were to continue to make me so disturbed and restless I should prefer to return to my blindness at once."

Striking the piano keys in her world of darkness had been one thing. Actually looking at them was another. Sight to her was an impediment. Mesmer described her new difficulties:

". . . now that her senses are more diffused she requires greater concentration when she plays the piano, whereas formerly she played long concertos with great accuracy and was able to carry on a conversation at the same time. Now, with open eyes, it is difficult for her to play even one piece. She watches her fingers moving over the keyboard and misses most of her chords."

Mesmer's enemies lost no time in exploiting these complications.

They persuaded Herr and Frau von Paradies to remove their daughter from Mesmer's influence. And they pointed out that as an effect of Mesmer Maria Theresa might lose the source of her in-

come. The parents, thoroughly frightened, rushed to Mesmer's home.

Herr von Paradies boldly confronted the doctor. Mesmer implored the parents to let the treatments continue. Maria Theresa, hearing the commotion, rushed into the room. Mesmer tried to shield her from her parents. Herr von Paradies drew his sword. Maria Theresa clung to Mesmer with both hands, crying and pleading to be allowed to stay.

Her mother, apparently under the influence of the hysterical situation, slapped her daughter across the face. Maria Theresa fell to the floor, twitching convulsively, spitting and vomiting.

Frau von Paradies shrieked and jumped back. Wide-eyed, she grasped her head with both hands and watched her daughter twist in pain on the floor.

Herr von Paradies dropped his sword and fell to his knees.

Dr. Mesmer knelt quickly, holding Maria Theresa's head and

quieting her twisting form.

They turned her over. She stared at them strangely. Maria Theresa was totally blind once again.

Mesmer's enemies — the distrustful physicians of Vienna — needed nothing more. They formed an official investigating committee headed by Dr. von Stoerk, the very doctor who had been unable to help the blind girl.

"Mesmer has cured nothing," the committee declared. "He has only led people into believing they were cured." This was their official conclusion.

And so, in a formal note to Mesmer on May 2, 1777, the committee ordered him to stop his fraudulent practices. They prohibited him from practicing in Vienna and ordered him to leave the city.

Mesmer left for Paris. He never had another chance to help the blind girl. Maria Theresa, the blind child pianist, was doomed to a lifetime of darkness because of the ignorance of her parents and the medical profession of that day.



MUSICAL GHOST

A MUSICAL ghost is reported disturbing an old concert hall in Hamburg where the British Forces network radio station is located. The spirit has been heard to play the violin masterfully and to practice piano scales and organ chords

— even when the instruments are behind the locked doors of the record library. The entity concludes its demonstrations by turning a 3½-ton marble statue of Brahm completely around. This has happened several times.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



In Vienna, Austria, Joseph Shretter shot himself during a quarrel with his fiancée. The bullet passed through him and struck his fiancée's sister. Shretter recovered. The sister died.

* * *

In Milwaukee, Officer Robert O'Neill had practically nothing to report as he called into his precinct — but he was asking for a patrol wagon before he hung up. He jumped aside as an auto careened toward him and smashed into a nearby fire box. Then the officer stepped back to the dangling phone and asked for the wagon.

* * *

In Greenville, S. C., a 10-pound block of ice survived a fire that destroyed a house there.

* * *

Corporal Richard J. Hall of Pittsburg, Calif., has an Italian war bride. When Mrs. Hall was a nurse in the Italian Army she was arrested for anti-Fascist activities and

thrown into the terrible Buchenwald camp. There her number as a prisoner was 22288. When Mrs. Hall moved to Pittsburg her first telephone number was 2-2288. She tried to get used to it but couldn't. The number was changed.

* * *

James Swottan, 38, of Richmond, Va. suffered injuries and had to be hospitalized in a fall from a bar stool. Swottan's profession — steeplejack.

* * *

Each week a New York City newspaper's employes conduct a lottery to raise funds for flowers to be sent to staff members on occasions where floral tributes are appropriate. The other week, the lottery was held to send flowers to the funeral of a reporter named Fred Pasley. At the drawing, the name of the winner was Fred Pasley. His widow got his winnings.

* * *

A contractor quoted Milo Begor, Buckroe Beach, Va., a rate of \$300 to remove a 65-by-15-ft. porch roof and pile the lumber nearby. A few days later a storm came along and did the job free.

* * *

At a luncheon meeting of the Lions Club in Kankakee, Ill., president William Nolte announced that Paul Sweeney was to receive an award for perfect attendance for a year. Sweeney was absent.

* * *

While a Canadian doctor was

listening to a lecture on the pros and cons of unassisted childbirth, he received a message that a patient of his had had a baby boy — unassisted.

* * *

Jumping into 16 feet of water, Mrs. Clarence Pennings of Little Chute, Wis., rescued a 3-year-old cousin. It was the very first time in her life that Mrs. Pennings had tried to swim.

* * *

In Paris, France, Mme. Eugenie Antoine, 65, wrote a suicide note but died of a heart attack before she could turn on the gas.

* * *

Searchers in Boyne City, Mich., found a dog stuck in a snow bank badly chilled. After warm food and a shot of brandy, the dog recovered. Its breed — St. Bernard.

* * *

Mixing with a circus crowd to watch for suspicious characters, Detective Harry Wolfe, Wheeling, W. Va., was robbed of his badge which was pinned in a leather folder in his pocket.

* * *

In London, England, a 12-year-old swimming champion who walked in his sleep, plunged to death in a dream dive from his third floor window.

* * *

In Corpus Christi, Tex., William R. Anderson confidently bid seven hearts in a bridge game because he had every one in the deck. But his

wife bid seven spades — she had a 13-card suit too.

* * *

In Tampa, Fla., Morris Hargrove, a carnival worker, went to sleep on a railroad roadbed using one of the rails as a pillow, and was run over by a train. He had only four scratches to show for it. Police and railroad men guessed that the slowly moving locomotive just pushed the sleeper's head off the track.

* * *

In Picher, Okla., police station, fire department and city clerk's office were damaged by a blaze which destroyed the city jail — while the town's fire chief and a member of his department were being inducted into the army in an office across town.

* * *

When a fire started in the cellar of a two-family house in Bloomfield, N. J., the heat caused a short circuit. The short made the door bell ring. The ringing bell awakened the tenants who all walked out to safety.

* * *

When she called an appraiser to inspect an old piano, Mrs. Anthony Cernak, Detroit, got a surprise. The expert told her that the instrument wasn't worth more than \$50 but he found two dust-covered packages under the ancient strings. They contained \$8,000 worth of jewelry and bank books listing more than \$12,000. — *Paul Steiner*

DIANETICS —

One Year Later

By Dr. E. B. Wolffe



Here's an evaluation of this controversial subject
by a practicing dianeticist who has seen it at work.

DIANETICS is a new approach to understanding and manipulating human mental and emotional phenomena. Its handling of psychological problems is radically different in that it employs a technique which is effective in probing the depths of the human psyche.

The Dianetic technique cuts a circuitous path deep into the hidden recesses of the "unconscious mind" and easily digs up early memories, including obscure prenatal recordings long since covered by oblivion.

The mere idea of prenatal "memory" is radical. The claims that this material is contactable by any process of recall appear fantastic; further, that these recordings constitute a vast foci of infectious psychological material is completely and uncompromisingly at odds

with everything authoritative in the mental hygiene field.

Editor's note: Dianetics claims that physical and emotional pain create "engrams" in the mind which are responsible for many human ailments. Dianetics seeks to cleanse the mind of this debris, bringing the person to better health and efficiency.

Dianetics uses several techniques to return patients to unfortunate experiences. By re-experiencing them, the patient gradually casts aside their unfortunate effect and the patient is on the road to true health, Dianeticists say. More than 100,000 persons have experienced Dianetics so far.

As soon as the shock wore off the various mental hygiene practitioners began a powerful offensive against this book (and its author)!

which had dared to contradict everything they stood for and believed in.

It is true, the book lays itself open to attack. Its very title ". . . Science of Mental Health," is patently unscientific since there exists as yet no science of the mind, nor anything that can truly be called a science. There have been miscellaneous attempts to apply scientific methods but this in itself does not necessarily produce science. The mere idea of science is untenable in relation to the myriads of abstractions which, of necessity, enter into any psychological approach to mental conditions.

The tone of Hubbard's book is absolute and uncompromising. "The hidden source of all psychosomatic ills and human aberration has been discovered and skills have been developed for their invariable cure," says Hubbard. It is no wonder that "scientists" could not accept the claims of this book.

Hubbard, however, has one thing in his favor. He repeatedly urges that anyone and everyone apply his technique and reach their own conclusions. The orthodox quietly ignore this suggestion. Theirs is not the scientific search for truth — the willingness to investigate any outstanding claim regardless of its non-authoritative backing and to accept that which was clinically proven.

A volley of protesting newspaper and magazine articles from psy-

chologists, psychoanalysts and psychiatrists, struck Dianetics from every side, carrying the age-old chant "Protect the public," and Dianetics lost ground under the weight of authoritative protest and derision. Today it is but a small part of what it could be and will be, for Dianetics is based upon facts that are clinically recognizable and predictable. While it is not yet a science in any true sense, it does present for the first time in the mental hygiene field a therapeutic art.

Despite Hubbard's medicine show promotional methods and his dogmatic claims, the author of this article investigated with thoroughness the value of Dianetics. More than 100 patients were treated during a period covering approximately 3,600 hours. The results indicate the Hubbard "has something."

In brief, this "something" is a substantially new and integrated concept of mind and its ailments. The entire fabric of this concept is based on the following:

1. That during states of unconsciousness, emotional stress, physical pain, etc., "engrams" (episodes of distress or unconsciousness) are created and stored in the memory ("reactive bank").

2. That these engrams thereafter operate on the conscious ("analytical mind") as commands and blocks, altering its conduct and impairing its rationality.

3. That it is possible for all individuals, with rare exceptions, to achieve a state of reverie (a conscious, receptive state) during which the individual can contact his entire life memory chronologically ("the time track") and can go over it step by step, beginning with early prenatal recordings, reliving the engramic episodes.

4. That repeated reliving of an engramic episode destroys it, and its destruction releases the analytical mind from enslavement to the associations or commands embodied in the engram.

5. That the completion of this process will result in an individual whose engrams have all been relived and erased and who, therefore, has no compulsions or blind conditioning factors. Such a person acting on an analytical, rational level only, is defined as a "clear."

6. That the clear will have emotional stability and mental powers far exceeding those of the average individual because free of blind predisposition which in turn implies that the entire capacity of his mind will be at his command. This will include, as a matter of course, a complete and unobstructed memory of the type known to exist in some few people.

According to Hubbard, the status "clear" can be attained in 100 hours or more of therapy and at this time there exist 50 or more clears in the country. The claim is not justified according to the author's experi-

ence. To begin with, Hubbard has not yet presented a clinical picture of a clear nor the tests necessary to determine that state of being. At this point, a clear is anyone who has no engrams left in the reactive bank. How to ascertain when this stage is reached is a subject carefully avoided by Hubbard and his HDA's (Hubbard Dianetic Auditors), until now it is strictly a subjective phenomena. If such a state can be achieved, it is almost certainly a matter of many hundreds of hours of therapy, even with the advanced acceleration techniques recently developed. In those few "clears" known to the author, there are easily discernible mental and emotional attitudes far from consistent with any concept of an ideal.

In spite of this, it must be admitted that among the advanced Dianetic patients there are individuals whose mental capabilities are extraordinary. Frequently as little as 50 hours of clearing will bring about so great a change that the individual appears to be possessed of a virtually new psyche.

The following six cases will give the reader some idea of what the Dianetic process can do.

CASE #1: N.V. . . . , age 40, female, factory worker 10 years, four years grammar school. Psychosomatic arthritis right shoulder; "afraid of everything;" Italian parentage . . . spoke poor English. This patient had lived an incredibly

traumatic life, having received frequent beatings from her father and later much abuse from her husband. Other incidents — two broken love affairs, death of both parents, one divorce, 12 dental operations, two abdominal operations, one breech delivery of 26 hours labor, recipient of two abortion attempts.

This patient appeared hopeless. She felt "hemmed in," and saw herself as a complete and inevitable failure. Severe anxiety had deteriorated to utter dejection. After 40 hours of clearing and three months of settling, all psychosomatic ailments were gone; three raises in salary; cheerful; extremely optimistic and ambitious; enrolled in adult high school; has maintained above 90 average in all subjects during the first four months; took up typing and advanced English; is planning on a career of interior decorating.

CASE #2: F. S. . . ., age 21, male, 6' 2", one year college, sluggish, shy, quiet, introverted, psychosomatic muscular rheumatism both legs, minus-4 myopia both eyes.

His case ran 15 hours of engrams regarding a cramped existence in the womb; was considered a particularly long baby at birth. All muscular rheumatism has disappeared. After 150 hours of therapy the patient changed jobs from one involving physical labor principally to another involving mental ability. The specified learning time for the new job was seven to nine days. The patient passed all tests at peak

efficiency after six hours of job observation, much to the amazement of his employers and himself.

Disposition greatly changed; now warmly interested in others and highly gregarious. A marked improvement has been observed in his analytical powers; myopia improving.

CASE #3: W. G. . . ., age 42, male, excellent health; emotionally unstable. Since leaving college had six businesses of different types and 18 or more jobs in various fields of endeavor. After 100 hours of clearing; emotionally mature; displays a vast panorama of knowledge, having excellent recall in his various fields of endeavor.

CASE #4: H. W. . . ., age 25, female, erratic, intense, militant, poor memory, highly confused; strongly feared insanity. After 80 hours of clearing: Great emotional improvement, radical memory improvement, fear of insanity gone, changed life's work from physical to mental endeavor.

CASE #5: H. K. . . ., age 40, female, four years high school, firm sense of inferiority, servile, had suffered many inequities because of inability to express normal self-assertion.

After 50 hours therapy all of the above conditions much improved; headaches gone; phenomenal improvement in memory; relations with employer and family much better. The improvement in self-assertion alone, in a very short

while, brought about considerable financial gain.

CASE #6: B. W. . . ., age 28, female, chronic indigestion 10 years; chronic anxiety; plus 1 hyperopia both eyes. Thirty hours clearing: Excellent digestion; no anxiety; 20/20 vision; glasses discarded.

The above were selected because they represent six different types of cases. The common factors (after therapy) in each of these cases are as follows:

(1) Memory improved to a point far beyond average.

(2) Greatly increased emotional stability.

(3) Noticeable improvement in analytical powers.

(4) Greater ability to get along with people.

(5) Psychosomatic ailments relieved.

In a sense, these cases have just begun therapy, with further improvement ahead.

The Dianetic process is known as reverie, a somewhat passive state of mind in which an individual returns to re-experience mentally any episode in life. The actual reliving of an episode is something that almost anyone can do and yet the average individual has never done it. Reverie may be compared to dreaming, being as automatic and as real. But it must be experienced to be completely understood.

Through the repetition of certain phases by the dianeticist the patient, sitting or lying with eyes

closed, (usually) will, without any particular effort, "go back" to a specific episode of stress. Once this event is activated the patient retraces from beginning to end the physical and emotional distress which accompanied the episode. When this is repeated several times the episode will continue to retrace but the emotions are gradually erased.

The exact wording used by the dianeticist can vary and the response be largely the same. Hubbard's book, while presenting the facts on this, is very confusing to the beginner.

This author has a book soon going to press "An Outline of the Practice of Dianetics" which presents seven distinct techniques for case opening. Because of space limitation here no attempt will be made to elaborate on the Dianetic technique. Suffice it to say that it works, although in many cases it is not easy, requiring immense patience to open a case properly to the point where each engram is retraced by the patient in full visual, auditory, physical and emotional detail.

Those opponents of Dianetics who do not like it for one reason or another, or who have not investigated it, or who find the technique "not workable," frequently will argue that it is a form of hypnotism. Even some "authorities" on the human mind have taken this stand which is largely based on a mis-

understanding of the fundamental nature of hypnotism as well as of Dianetics. If there is any relationship between Dianetics and hypnotism, it is that they are direct opposites.

In both forms of therapy the patient closes his eyes. Here all similarity ends. In hypnotism, control by the hypnotist over the patient's mind is essential. In Dianetics, control of the mind is avoided with extreme care lest accidental commands or associations be instated. In almost every instance, the Dianetic therapist will do his patient most good by keeping his mouth shut once the engram has opened. Hypnotism is fundamentally a state of unconsciousness with all self-volition suspended. In Dianetics the patient is fully conscious at all times and *is more aware of what is occurring than the therapist*. He may gain control of himself at any time and rise from the couch at will. Anyone who has ever practiced either therapy is fully aware that they are two separate and distinct techniques.

The relationship between Dianetics and psychoanalysis is purely superficial. In each therapy the patient lies down and reviews his past life as far back as he can go. In this alone are they similar.

Psychoanalysis is almost completely a theoretical concept based on the interpretation by the analyst of symptom patterns and dreams in relation to thoughts, emotions and

conduct. The patient leans heavily upon the shoulders of the analyst and rarely has any true understanding of the analyst's interpretation. The analyst becomes a mental and emotional crutch intended to sustain the patient's equilibrium until the completion of therapy, at which time the crutch is gradually and gently removed and the patient is supposed to be able to walk alone unaided. This is the psychoanalytic "cure."

The principal thing wrong with this "cure" is that its permanence is unpredictable and in many instances it does not come about, the patient continuing to need the crutch.

In Dianetics no transference occurs. The therapist-patient relationship is a casual one, the principal purpose of the therapist being to maneuver the patient along the time track. Other than this, his only contribution to the solution of his patient's mental or emotional problem is, if possible, to assist the patient in understanding the exact nature of the problem.

Dianetics does not solve personal problems but places the burden squarely on the patient, whose privilege it is to make his own mistakes and his own progress in life.

If an environment is heavily re-stimulative or in any way obstructive to progress, the therapist may make some effort to have it changed, but this is rare. Through releasing engrams, the patient's comprehen-

sion of the nature of his psychological problems grows rapidly as his predisposition to such problems reduces.

The author, as a result of his experience in Dianetics, has arrived at the following conclusions:—

FOR DIANETICS:—

1. It is an important new mental therapeutic process.
2. It can achieve results not possible with any other known method.
3. Prenatal experience is real and very often verifiable through the medium of parents, relatives and friends.
4. If orthodox psychiatry and psychology will honestly and openly test the tenets of Dianetics, fewer mistakes will be buried in mental institutions and a new status of mental health will be enjoyed by humanity.

5. It (Dianetics) can be more important as an educational process from early childhood up than all the didactic material accumulated by man.

AGAINST DIANETICS:—

1. Dianetics is not a panacea. It does not nullify other psychological methods.
2. The case studies and statistics regarding the therapeutic value of Dianetics are as yet inadequate. Only tentative claims can be made.
3. While any intelligent layman can employ this process, all the

training to date has been inadequate. This might be said to be a natural condition at the beginning of any study but in the interest of both the public and the practitioner it requires some revolutionary changes.

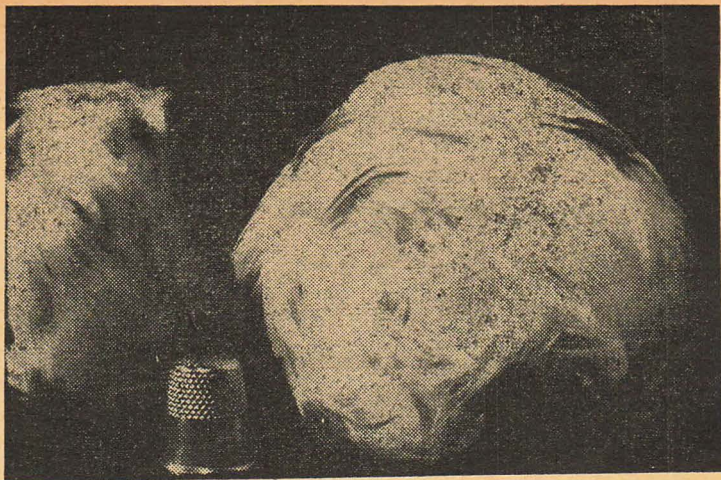
4. All claims regarding physical cures through Dianetics are to be taken with a grain of salt. This is so because the first requirement in establishing the value of any therapeutic method is accurate diagnosis. In all of the instances thus far presented of cure of "psychosomatic" conditions, the initial diagnosis was not made by the practitioner but by some other member of the healing arts.

5. The orthodox practitioner in the mental hygiene field may never accept this science because:

(a) Its first tenet requires that the practitioner become a patient and undergo the clearing process.

(b) It is a difficult practice. The patient knows what to expect and in most cases is clearly aware of whether progress is being made.

(c) The methods of practice employed by the various schools of psychology will not be quickly relinquished by men who have spent years learning and employing them. In view of this, the field of Dianetics may remain largely devoid of good professional talent for many years.



The Feather Crown

Out of the feather-stuffed pillow came this beautiful crown. How could it get there?

By Fran Brandon

WHEN I returned to my teaching job I needed a housekeeper for my little one-year-old girl. With this housekeeper a mystery came to our home — a feather crown. I never took much interest in mysteries — until Mrs. Brison brought her feather crown to prove their existence.

She keeps the weird phenomenon in a little cosmetic box in her dresser drawer. It haunts me there. Some days I take it out and look at it again and again.



I was first amazed at its perfect roundness and its beauty. Taking the feather crown gingerly into my fingers I found it had mass, weight, and the odor of feathers.

"They are different shapes, some have a hollow in the middle," explained the housekeeper.

I asked if she had seen others.

"Sure! Lots of them, only mine is the prettiest of all," she replied. "This one scared me when I first found it! I ran every step down the road to my neighbor's house to show it to her!"

"Go on, tell me more," I begged.

"Well — she had two she'd found herself. She said that my crown was a good sign and for me to keep it. It had been in the pillow that my little girl used until the hour of her death. The crown means that she has gone to Heaven."

This feather crown is similar in size and shape to a face-powder box, or a large pill-box. It measures nine and one-half inches around, and three and one-fourth inches across. It is about two inches thick.

I next asked Mrs. Brison how she happened to find it.

"Just changing the pillow-ticking and adding new feathers, like you have to do every now and then. I just pulled it out. There it was, all soft and round and pretty," she replied.

"What made it?" I asked. Every feather in the crown is whirled in

the same direction and not one pin-end is visible.

"Don't rightly know. I don't question it too much. Some say it's the Lord's work," she replied. "I sure couldn't ever make one! Could you?"

I couldn't. Just how the crown is fashioned is its mystery. It is of white duck feathers. Flecks of black accentuate the feather-tips. This specimen was found in 1923 in Collinwood, Tenn., and could not have held up under the handling of many curious people for 28 years were it not ingeniously made. Some persons have advised Mrs. Brison to bury the crown but it is much too beautiful to hide. Many persons, Jewish, Catholic, and Protestant, have seen it. Usually they will not touch it because of an eerie feeling it gives most people.

My own theory about its fashioning is unauthenticated but I have thought that perhaps it is formed by the static electricity present in animal fibers. The friction of the human hair on the feathers may have polarized them and lined them up in a perfect clock-wise swirl, reminding one of the diagrams on magnetic lines of force.

Anyway, it is a beautiful breath of magic and after we took these pictures we put the crown back in its box in the dresser drawer. Perhaps you will find one some day. — *Fran Brandon.*



While law enforcement officials were busy hunting
the murderer, the planchette offered its own solution.

Voices from Somewhere

By Roy Clyde Weidler

I AM well aware of the fact that, to a large number of people, the Ouija board offers nothing more startling than entertainment, devoid of any scientific or meaningful significance.

After receiving two remarkable communications through the Ouija board I no longer feel this way. Two sittings provided the most convincing evidences of definite contact with external entities it has ever been my privilege to experience. These messages cannot be ascribed to any phase of mental telepathy, dormant memories or pre-knowledge.

The first experience occurred in Jacksonville, Fla., several years ago. One of my neighbors, Maurice D. Strickland, now deceased, a man of average intelligence, possessing, however, no understanding of extra-sensory phenomena, came to my porch one late afternoon. Seeing the Ouija board resting against the wall, he suggested that we attempt to use it. I agreed, and we sat facing each other with the board between us.

Shortly the little planchette began to move energetically. Soon words were being spelled with such rapidity that we found it difficult to retain them in our memories. The message revealed by the board pertained to a murder, long unsolved, in a city about 1,000 miles away. So agitated did the board become that I was deeply impressed. It was evident that the force pushing the tiny table was seeking desperately to convey some secret connected with the unsolved crime.

I recalled press accounts of the tragic affair that seemed to be the one involved in the message. The authorities had endeavored to attach the responsibility to several individuals but each of those accused proved his innocence.

Finally, as the board continued to bemoan the confused status of the legal investigation, I commanded it to pause a moment and permit me to ask a question. I suggested that the board reveal the secret that apparently was in the mind of the transmitter and name

the murderer. The board quickly spelled these letters:

"B L A M E A B L E."

We could make no sense from this simple announcement. Over and over the same letters were indicated. One time the center "E" was omitted, and at another time the pointer twice rested on "M." Again I called for a pause and asked, "Who is blamable?" Then came this message:

"B L A M E — (a pause) — M A B L E."

At last we had a sensible communication.

No one named Mable had been suspected even remotely of this crime. However, I immediately wrote to an interested party in the city where the crime occurred and asked if anyone named Mable was involved in the business. The reply stated that there was a Mable, but suspicion never pointed her way.

Apparently the transmittal of this burning secret relieved the communicating entity of an overwhelming burden, for never again did the same force visit our little board. Whether the Mable mentioned was ever indicted, I do not know. I was satisfied to believe that a troubled soul had sought to relieve itself of an uneasy secret and that through our little Ouija board this was achieved. Whether the information given on the board was correct is beside the question. The communicating entity thought

it was and was satisfied with it.

A year or two later this same neighbor and I were traveling on the east coast of Florida and stopped for a night in a West Palm Beach hotel. That night we again seated ourselves at opposite sides of the Ouija board. After a few preliminary motions, and so suddenly that we were both surprised, a gigantic force laid hold of the planchette. Neither of us had the slightest control as the pointer rushed hither and yon with great speed. Soon the presentation became lucid, and we were given the most marvelous piece of literature I have ever known. My only wish is that we could have transcribed it word for word. In dignified language it described a scene of utmost horror.

The communicating entity did not offer his name but signed himself "A L O S T S O U L." We became conscious that our communicant presumed himself beyond redemption. Yet his message gripped us with a power that could not be shaken off. We felt that we were in touch with a dramatically realistic phase of after life; with a realm unknown to man, and with a being who spoke with authority. More than once the board spaced off those heart-rending letters: "A L O S T S O U L."

There followed illuminating details of the environment into which this entity apparently had been thrust. I only wish that I could re-

call every sentence. "Men leap and jump here," spelled the board. "Remorse fills every heart," continued our lost informer. "A terrible din is here all the time; men yell and shriek and seek relief," the message continued, until abruptly the tiny planchette went dead.

For several minutes we sat spell-bound. We felt as though we had visited the place of the damned. So real, so vivid, so personal was this communication that its seriousness was etched deeply on our minds and left us feeling very disturbed.

I could not resist the conclusion

that some type of intelligence outside and beyond the periphery of our own individual minds had made contact with us for the sole purpose of confessing a condition of utmost remorse, sorrow, and suffering. Surely neither memory nor telepathic transmissions could possibly have produced that tragic recital.

I have often thought since of this "lost soul," and have wondered if confession, which, according to our axiom, "is good for the soul," has made his existence a trifle more tolerable.

THE END OF WHAT WORLD?

FOR many thousands of years self-styled prophets have been predicting a great catastrophe which would destroy the earth. The most recent such prediction was that of Mrs. Grace Agnes Carlson, leader of the "Children of Light," in British Columbia, who expected the world to end January 9, 1951. Her prediction was widely publicized.

Mrs. Carlson and her followers spent more than two weeks in a tiny cottage waiting for the end. They were praying when the instant predicted for the catastrophe arrived. Two days later the group

ended its vigil and said it was waiting for a new "message from God."

In 1843, William Miller, a minister, predicted the world would end sometime between March 21, 1843, and March 21, 1844. More than 50,000 persons sold all their property at low prices and waited for the day of doom. When the last day of March, 1844, passed and everyone was still alive, Miller said: "I confess my error and acknowledge my disappointment. Yet I still think the day of the Lord is near."

NO SLEEP FOR 29 YEARS

JANUARIO RODRIGUES, 56, of the Madeira Islands, hasn't slept since he was 27, according to the Chicago Tribune Press Service. Thirty years ago Januario missed a night's sleep; then another and another. Finally he found he didn't need any sleep at all. He is well and in good health.

LIGHTNING

Challenges the Fates

One of the silliest proverbs ever proposed is that "Lightning never strikes twice." At times it acts like a malevolent spirit.

By Paul Steiner

At Kenton, O., a resident was recovering after being struck by lightning for the 10th time in his life.

A Tulsa, Okla., woman was awakened by a noise and found a small hole on the wall close to her head and her mattress smoldering. She summoned police who made the diagnosis that a lightning bolt had flashed across her bed and through the wall. It was only after police gave their explanation that the woman felt a shock.

In Gainesville, Ga., lightning struck a home and set it afire. When a fire truck arrived, a bolt struck the apparatus, scattering ladders and firemen in all directions.

Near Michigan City, Ind., a half-

completed bungalow was struck by lightning and set afire. Workmen put out the flames and remounted their scaffolds. A second blow struck, knocking them down again. In the next few minutes lightning flashed three more times, demolishing the structure. The workmen quit for the day.

A Livingston County, N. Y., potato grower spaded a patch where the vines had withered overnight and found that lightning had struck and cooked the spuds in the ground.

In Muskogee, Okla., a baseball umpire complained that he was struck by lightning just after he had called a runner out on a close play at first base, and after recovering from the shock couldn't re-

member the score of the game.

Lightning struck the home of Edgar Ohlson, of Ogden, Ia., hitting a fire extinguisher that released the contents which prevented a fire.

When a bolt of lightning struck near a home in Tulsa, Okla., it gave a shock to the elderly woman occupant. A mile to the west, a bolt struck a telephone pole and narrowly missed the woman's son. Seven miles away, a third bolt struck near her husband and gave him a shock, too.

Six-year-old Linda Allen, of Arkansas City, Kan., kept on sleeping and escaped injury when a lightning bolt passed through her bed and tore a foot rest off a chair at the end of the bed.

In Wellsville, N. Y., a bolt of lightning knocked the four shoes off a farm horse. The horse appeared dazed but was uninjured.

Lightning saved the life of Claude R. Stutzman in Kansas City, Mo. It cut off the electric power just as he touched a live

wire come loose in the storm.

On a golf course near Bushey, England, a group of golfers continued to play during an electrical storm. When they reached the 13th green they were struck by lightning.

In Englishtown, N. J., a freak bolt flashed through the dining room of a farm house and set fire to the farmer's shirt.

In Grand Rapids, Mich., a bolt of lightning struck an electric transformer and started a fire. Seconds later another bolt struck the nearest fire alarm box turning in the alarm.

When two men were struck by lightning in Ithaca, N. Y., an ambulance was summoned to take them to a hospital. En route the ambulance was also struck by a bolt.

Seven burned spots in his mattress mark the course of a lightning bolt which zipped through the springs of a Greenville, Miss., man's bed. The man arose, unharmed and put out the flames.

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE

THE Revolutionary War, from its first outbreak at Lexington, April 19, 1775, to the disbanding of the army on April 19, 1783, lasted just eight years to a day. — *Margaret Gaddis.*

"I Bequeath My Soul to The Devil!"



It was a terrible promise Don Pedro made. He would give up his soul if his betrayers could be punished.

By J. M. Sheppard

THE strangest will ever written still exists in the archives of Lima, Peru. "I bequeath my soul to the devil," were the closing lines of this last testament of a tormented Spaniard whose piety, up to the time of this odd request, was unquestioned.

Unusual legacies are not uncommon. We often read of them in the newspapers and hundreds are contested in the courts. But what makes this one unique is the fright-

ful aftermath which seems to attest to the existence of the powers of evil.

Let us go back to colonial times when Lima was known as "The City of Kings" and life—so the chroniclers of the age assure us—was a twilight dream. Lima was a large city even then, replete with convents, churches and big adobe palaces. Architectural art flourished in the churches only; the painters and carvers worked al-

most exclusively on the shadowy vaults, the gilded altars and the complicated stone facades of the temples. Everyone was religious, fanatically and even violently so. Duelists crossed themselves before ringing their Toledo blades together in a fight to the death. No one missed daily Mass and business, as well as social life, hinged on the edicts of the church.

Thus for a man of means, social standing, and a record of religious fervor, to commit the two great sins — suicide and denial of his God in favor of the devil — was so ghastly, so rare as to cause an unprecedented furor among the inhabitants of that devout, zealous population.

It happened in the year of Our Lord 1715. Pedro Lemus was an honest merchant who had emigrated from Spain some five years earlier with a substantial credit in his favor and had enjoyed success in his business ventures almost from the very start of his sojourn in the new land.

Señor Lemus has brought with him his wife, a scintillating beauty of 19, whose exotic smile and exquisite features excelled, so the *caballeros* claimed, even those of the famed painting by the immortal Diego Velásquez, "Venus and Cupid." Mercedes, for that was her name, was said to possess a body even fairer than her face, if her personal maid's ecstasies in this regard could be believed — and they were.

It was not surprising, then, that the Señora Mercedes went heavily veiled to church so that the audacious looks of the gay blades of the city should not presume upon her beauty by their boorish stares. She was, her husband and friends believed, the personification of virtue. Not a breath of colonial scandal was whispered about this delicate flower of old Spain.

At the time of the catastrophic and shameful event Mercedes was just entering her 24th year, and was even more beautiful than when she had arrived in Lima with her husband five years before.

Pedro Lemus, the devoted and prosperous spouse of Mercedes, was looked upon with envy by the male population. In spite of their jealousy, they liked the man because of his good heart, fair dealings and pleasant manners.

One morning in June the chief accountant of Pedro Lemus' business establishment unlocked the heavy, brass-studded doors. Waiting for admission to their daily tasks were some 10 or 12 employes — it was the custom of the owner to appear later in the morning.

The little group entered and one of them began unbolting the shutters and raising the curtains. But no sooner had the first shutter been taken down than a hoarse and rending cry from the accountant brought the rest of the staff hurrying to him in the spacious rear office. There, before the astonished

eyes of his helpers, hung the slowly revolving body of their master, Pedro Lemus. In the semi-darkness it appeared a ghostly figure, yet a pathetic one as well. Horrified ejaculations gave way to sober faces, many of which were soon wet with uncontrolled tears, for Sr. Lemus was well liked by his workers.

Any question of foul play was dispelled within a few moments after the arrival of the *Prefecto de Policia*. Pedro Lemus had left his last testament plainly in sight upon the big desk upon which he had placed a chair and tied a rope to a low, overhead beam. He then had kicked the supporting chair from beneath his feet and his body swung directly above this document.

The will disposed of the deceased's property in short, pithy sentences. The bulk of it was left to establish a fund to aid newly arrived immigrants from Spain who often needed some small financial assistance in order to establish themselves in the new world. The remainder was divided between his employes with the older ones being favored, although none was neglected. As the *Prefecto* read the legacy, all present, now including various city officials and grieving friends, gaped in amazement. Nothing had been left to the widow, the beautiful Mercedes. What manner of man had their *compadre* been, thus to dispose of his life, assuring

ever-lasting hell fires for his soul, and at the same time neglecting a lovely, devoted and now deserted spouse?

The conclusion of the will brought them all to their feet. Here was terrible and eloquent proof of the tempest that had been raging in Pedro Lemus' mind while his lips had kept on smiling at his customers.

"*I bequeath,*" he had written in his large, bold hand, "*my soul to the devil provided that he shall destroy my wife and Don Gonzalo Ramirez y Ponce who have become intimate lovers.*"

There followed his signature, clearly written, underlined and scored. It was witnessed, strangely, by the very accountant who had discovered the body. That worthy recalled that the evening before, just as they were about to close the shop, Sr. Lemus had asked him to witness his signature to a document that would be made clear to him on the following day. It was clear, all too well understood, on this bright but saddened morning.

And carefully sketched, on the margin of the fool's cap paper next to this last paragraph, was a Holy Cross with a dagger driven through it to the hilt. Here was a denial of God and all the Holy Saints, a refusal of heaven and salvation. "*Por Dios,*" whispered the wide-eyed witnesses to this terrible reading, as they crossed themselves at this sacrilege.

One woman was present at the reading of the will. She was the wife of the *Alcalde* or Mayor of Lima. She was also a close friend of the deceased Pedro and his fair wife, Mercedes. This woman, as soon as the shocking legacy had been read to its conclusion, unobtrusively hurried off to acquaint the widow with her dead husband's accusation. Being a woman, she was probably far more interested in the effect this news was to have upon Mercedes than in the dutiful and painful task of informing the widow of her husband's death.

As the residence of Pedro Lemus adjoined that of his offices and shop, the Mayor's wife did not have far to go. Her frantic knocking on the front door brought a *Quichua* servant who hastily opened it to this seemingly urgent visitor.

"Is the Señora in her room? I must see her at once!" The servant replied that neither the master nor mistress had as yet appeared for *desayuno* — breakfast.

"Your master is dead, fool! Now fetch your mistress to me *pronto, ya mismo!*"

The *Quichua* hurriedly ascended the broad, winding stair-case and finding the door to the master bedroom closed he hunted up his lady's personal maid-servant who entered the boudoir through the private dressing room, after knocking and receiving no response. The room was empty. The bed had not been slept in.

About this time an official delegation arrived at the Lemus home to inform the widow of her husband's suicide and will. Being informed that *la Señora* was absent, they were preparing to depart when excited voices were heard coming from the back of the house where the kitchen and servants' quarters were situated.

Most of the Spanish homes in colonial Lima, as in Quito and other leading cities of the southern hemisphere, were built around a secluded inner court-yard. Failing in this, they boasted a walled garden behind the main building and it was the habit of the female contingent of the household to while away the quiet hours in these retreats of tropical splendor. Almost the sole duty of the wives of the *Conquistadores* and their descendants consisted of making themselves attractive and amenable for their men-folk. They seldom went out — and then were accompanied by one or more members of the serving staff or an aged *dueña* who watched over them as one supervises the actions of a child. In these walled gardens or inner court-yards the mistress of the house could lounge *en deshabelle* amongst her flowering plants and shrubs. Birds of brilliant plumage, thoroughly tamed, flitted about and avoided the grasping hands of a domesticated monkey. Colorful tropical fish played and splashed in an artificial pool with its spout-

ing fountain and floating flowers.

Such a walled garden graced the Lemus home. And like any number of similar homes in Lima, it had a gardener who came every morning to water the plants and feed the birds and fish before the mistress of the house should make her usual late appearance after a delayed breakfast.

The Lemus gardener had been engaged in his tasks, working slowly and methodically this morning. It was his voice that the worried delegation heard — his and the kitchen staff whom he had informed of his gruesome discovery.

The Lemus garden had a small summer-house, a vine-covered arbor of sorts, in which there was swung a large, grass-woven hammock, a luxurious couch for *Milady's siesta*. There were also a few well-upholstered chairs arranged for the seating of visiting female guests. When the gardener reached this tiny bower and stepped within to sweep it out, he was greeted by an unbelievable sight.

The mistress lay upon her couch, nude except for a light, flimsy gown of gossamer. And next to her, his arm flung across her bosom, *was a man!* The man was not Don Pedro, *el Señor*, her husband. He was — the gardener looked again, more closely — he was none other than Don Gonzalo Ramírez y Ponce, the illustrious Captain of the Vice-roy's guard.

Thinking to arouse these two

lovers, for what else could he do? the gardener reached over and gently shook the Captain by his shoulder. Then he ventured to lay his hand upon the arm of his mistress. They did not respond. They were dead!

The devil had claimed his own. Pedro Lemus had been revenged — at the price of his own soul.

The strangest aspect of this true case, which may be read and translated by anyone who chooses to ask for the records in the office of archives of colonial times in Lima, is that neither body had the slightest mark upon it. The official report of the time hinted vaguely at poison, but there was no evidence of it and the inquest concluded by pointing out the will of Pedro Lemus in which he bequeathed his soul to the devil on condition that these two be destroyed. And the verdict stated flatly — as the evidence showed — that the devil had accepted Pedro's proposition.

It is further interesting to note from these same records — that the bodies of the three principal characters of this real life drama were the first in the history of Lima to be officially cremated.

"These poor unfortunates," the judge declared, "cannot be buried in the same hallowed ground with those who died in The Faith. It is decreed, therefore, that all three bodies be cremated together in the same pit, their ashes to be scattered to the four winds."

The Disappearing Islands

By Michael Hervey

This is still going on. Mariners keep finding new islands in the sea — yet they are never seen again.

Do the Aurores actually exist or are they but a figment of Captain Oyarvido's imagination? The Aurores are a group of islands supposedly situated somewhere south-east of the Falklands. That they did exist at one time seems pretty evident from the numerous reports and other data collected by researchers.

The islands were originally discovered by a sailing vessel called the *Aurora* in the early 1760's. Other vessels sighted them also and they were finally surveyed by a Spanish ship specially fitted for the purpose. Their position was marked on the maps of the day and the whole matter forgotten until the captain of a certain vessel cruising in the vicinity decided to visit them. He plotted his course and on arriving at the spot designated on the maps was astonished that the islands did not appear. Apparently they had vanished.

Subsequent expeditions also failed to find any trace of the group, with the result that the cartographers reluctantly removed them from their charts.

There have been other incidents where mysterious unknown islands have been reported in good faith, subsequently plotted and charted, only to disappear at some later date.

There is the strange disappearance of St. Brandan's Isle, supposedly situated in the Azores, and of Graham Island which raised its head off the coast of Sicily some years ago, was duly named, and then sank back beneath the waves.

Another island that vanished with disastrous results was Garefowls Rock, reputed home of the now extinct Great Auk. The rock sank a little over 100 years ago and the birds were compelled to seek refuge on a more accessible island where they were later annihilated.

Another type of island is the floating island. When it is not a pudding it consists usually of huge masses of weeds and flotsam similar to that which makes up the notorious Sargasso Sea. These islands are comparatively solid and seen from a distance appear to be the real thing.

But floating islands or no it is

difficult to explain the disappearance of solid pieces of land such as Saxenburg Island and equally famous Dougherty Island. Saxenburg was discovered by a stolid Dutch captain who described the island in detail and even made a diagram of the huge peak towering in the center of the rocky mass. Its position was noted and other captains substantiated the Dutchman's claim. They all mentioned the peak and agreed on the approximate position of the island. Sounding expeditions which went out later, however, were unable to find a trace of Saxenburg Island.

It was the same with Dougherty Island originally plotted by the captain of an American whaling ship in the vicinity of Cape Horn. It was described as covered with snow which in turn was spotted with thousands of seals. This was later confirmed by the captain of another sailing vessel. This is one of the rare occasions where reports have included wild life. In most cases the islands are viewed from a distance; but here we have two reports distinctly mentioning the presence of animal life. It can therefore be safely assumed that the vessels in question went in fairly close to the island.

These reports were studied by a certain seal-hunting concern and in time a hunting expedition set forth. The two vessels of the expedition scoured the area for weeks and found nothing. No one knows

what happened to Dougherty Island. Some would have us believe that the captains of the respective ships were at fault in their plotting — the instruments in those days were far from perfect. Others are equally positive that what they saw was nothing but cloud formation or mirage.

The last group of disappearing islands made the headlines a little over 100 years ago. In 1825 a certain Captain Norris took possession of the much disputed island of Bouvet in King George IV's name. While thus engaged he came upon another island which he named Thompson Island. Unlike other discoverers he took great care to circumnavigate the piece of land in question, thus establishing that it was indeed an island and not a spit of land jutting out to sea. In the process three other islets came to light. These Norris named the Chimneys.

Norris, it seemed, was on his way back from exploring the Antarctic when he suddenly decided to take a busman's holiday, explore and annex Bouvet Island, the existence of which was known. That was not the case, however, with Thompson Island and the three little Chimneys. Norris plotted them as being approximately 45 miles north-northeast of Bouvet. And no one has been able to discover any trace of them since — though for a time they were marked on all the Admiralty charts.

Fingers of **FATE**

Mrs. Margaret Collins, Fort Worth, Tex., who was born on a Friday the 13th, recently had another birthday on that ill-reputed date — her 102nd.

* * *

Dilbert D. Woolworth, Pensacola, dropped his cigaret lighter into the gulf. Five minutes later a fishing companion hooked a 15-pound grouper — and there was the lighter inside.

* * *

In the movie "The Furies," the final scene has Actor Walter Huston, dying in his daughter's arms saying, "There'll never be another like me." They were the gifted actor's last words as a performer. He died shortly after.

* * *

Mrs. John E. Hill, Arlington, always said she wanted to die when her husband died. She died nine hours after he passed away — without ever knowing that he was dead.

* * *

A telegram reporting Pvt. John B. Smart missing in action in Korea for six weeks was delivered to his home in Rochester, N. Y. Pvt. Smart signed for it himself. He'd come back home on a furlough.

Mrs. Clyde Calkins, Camden, Ark., was emptying a garbage pail last Christmas Eve when she was attacked and bitten by a cat — making it just another incident in the series of ill-fated Christmas Eves that has beset her. Twice on other Christmas Eves she has been attacked by dogs. And on another December 24 her clothes burned off.

* * *

Cesar Arnulfo Anleu, Guezaltenango, Guatemala, citizen, had a hard time persuading a barber to give him a shave and a haircut in exchange for his \$1 national lottery ticket — which the next day brought the barber the \$6000 grand prize.

* * *

At Harvard University Student Robert Dobbie was praying before turning in for the night when a home-made bomb exploded on a dormitory window sill. Dobbie escaped with a gashed wrist. But his face undoubtedly would have been badly cut by the flying glass if he had not been praying at the time. His hands were covering his face at that moment.

* * *

At Fort Worth a couple dozen

eggs carried by Mrs. Jeanne Bacon got scrambled in a revolving-door collision — with Miss Frances Ham.

* * *

A step of the gangway leading to a ship docked for repairs at Belfast, Northern Ireland, collapsed, sending 17 men to their death. It was the 13th step.

* * *

In Brockton, Mass., a woman dialed a number and said over the phone, "Put \$5 across the board on 'Little Rich' in the second at Suffolk." Replied Police Lieut. Thomas Delaney, "Sorry, madam. It won't do you any good if the horse wins. We're raiding the place." Little Rich won.

* * *

Three-year-old Ernest Magruder got lost at the Bowie race track and wandered into the box of a stranger. The man had no trouble restoring the missing child to

where he belonged. He was J. Edgar Hoover.

* * *

Australian scientists caught a shark in St. Helens Bay, Tasmania, put a tag on it and let it go, the idea being to get information about its growth and migrations if it were seen again. Ten months later they did the same thing with a flounder. Two months later the tagged shark was caught in the bay — inside was the tagged flounder.

* * *

The little town of Howells, Nebr., set aside April 4 to honor Dr. H. Dey Myers for his 45 years of service to the community. Three hundred tickets had been sold to a testimonial banquet sponsored by the American Legion, Community Club and fire department. A special edition of the town paper was partly in type. The night before Dr. Myers died of a stroke.



Unlucky Luckner

WHEN Felix von Luckner, famous German sea raider of World War I, was 14 years of age, he read of the exploits of America's Buffalo Bill and determined to join him. He worked aboard ships for his passage via Australia to San Francisco, 12,000 miles total route. Then he walked inland to Denver,

1,800 more miles — only to find that Buffalo Bill was touring Europe. He never saw the famous American but learned afterward that while he was traipsing through the streets of Denver Buffalo Bill was even then a guest in the home of von Luckner's father in Germany. — *Frank Ball.*

The mother announced to her daughter: "I have come here to die." Several physicians declared she was in good health. And yet she did die within 10 days.

They Forecast Their Deaths

By Dr. W. E. Farbstain

SOMETIMES a patient who is not seriously ill will look earnestly at his physician and say, "Doctor, I know I'm going to die."

If the doctor is young and has been in practice for only a short time he will laugh and reply, "Now, don't be silly, Mr. Smith. All my medical tests show that you are as strong as a horse. Forget it — you'll live to be a hundred." And he'll pay no further attention to his patient's fear.

After the doctor has been practicing for five or ten years and his patient makes this remark he'll still tell the patient not to be silly of course. But the remark will worry him. By this time he will know from unpleasant experience that the patient who predicts his own death is, unfortunately, too often right.

An eminent New York City neuro-psychiatrist, Dr. Russell G. MacRobert, got to thinking about this phenomenon which he had observed many times, and sent out

a questionnaire to 2500 fellow psychiatrists. All were members of the American Board of Psychiatry and Neurology or the Association for Research in Nervous and Mental Diseases. He asked them, principally, if they thought it would be advisable for the profession to foster research to discover "if extra-sensory perception has a place in the psychodynamics of the nervous system."

Seventy-five per cent of these top flight psychiatrists were in favor of such research. And 25 per cent of them volunteered the information that they had observed extra-sensory perception phenomena in their own practice.

Along this line Dr. MacRobert cited an interesting case of a middle-aged woman, apparently in the best of health, who one day told her people that she was going to die. She was very matter of fact about it. The alarmed family sent her to a fine hospital in New York City where she was given the most

exhaustive physical and mental tests. No pathology of any kind could be discovered. And as she could not give any reason for her morbid prediction, it was marked down on the hospital record as an inexplicable obsessive idea.

However, her solicitous family insisted on her remaining in the hospital a while longer and she did so. A few days later the woman made her prediction good by dying in bed during an afternoon nap — and no cause for her death could be found.

In another case mentioned by Dr. MacRobert, a widowed mother came to her daughter one day and flatly announced, "I have come here to die." The startled daughter immediately had her mother exam-

ined by several physicians and was greatly relieved when all declared the old lady to be in fine physical and mental condition. Nevertheless, just 10 days later for no apparent cause she died.

Recently another such case was reported in an Associated Press dispatch from Lavalle, Pa. Herman Lenken, a blacksmith 79 years old but apparently in excellent health, gathered his entire family about him. He announced that he would be dead in 48 hours. They reasoned with him but he persisted in his declaration and gave instructions for his funeral, fixing the day and the time. Sure enough, two days later he died and was buried according to the schedule of his prediction.

INDESTRUCTIBLE PURPLE HEART

ONE afternoon last December 1, fire broke out in a garage and apartment building on North 8th Street in Connelsville, Pa. Consumed in the flames was a dog belonging to Dick, Fred and Ronnie Cossel, boys who lived with their widowed mother in an apartment over the garage.

The boys raked through the ashes trying to find some bones of the dog so they could bury them.

But there was not a trace of the poor animal. Instead they found a small emblem wrapped in a tiny American flag. It was a Purple Heart which had been awarded the late father of the Cossel children in World War II.

Purple Heart and flag had come unscathed through a fire so hot it had destroyed every trace of their pet's bones. The fire had taken a life and preserved a symbol.

50,000 YEARS OLD

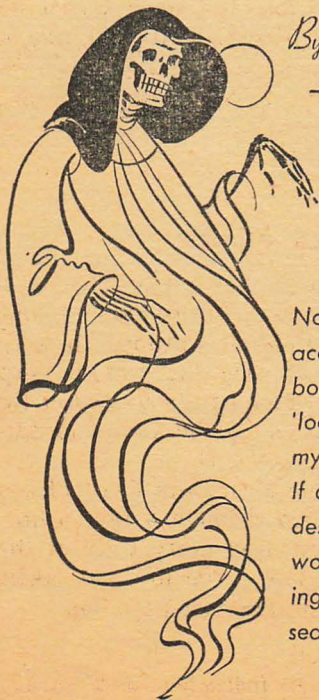
THE oldest living things in the world probably are Indian lotus seeds found by archeologists beneath glacial till in Manchuria. Though they are estimated to be 50,000 years old, Plant Pathologist Horace V. Webster has succeeded in germinating them.

SPECIAL FEATURE

THE STRANGE HAPPENINGS AT BORLEY RECTORY

FULL ACCOUNT OF ENGLAND'S
MOST FAMOUS MODERN GHOST

By S. H. Glanville



No living man is as well qualified to write this account as S. H. Glanville. Harry Price, in his book, "The End of Borley Rectory," says of the 'locked book': "The contents were compiled by my chief official observer, Mr. S. H. Glanville. If all other existing records of Borley were to be destroyed and only the 'locked book' saved, it would form a complete history . . . of the haunting. It will forever be a model for psychical researchers as to how a report should be prepared."

ONE OF HISTORY'S MOST AUTHENTIC HAUNTINGS

BORLEY is a small hamlet in Essex, with a population of about 120 people and lies within a few hundred yards of the Essex-Suffolk county boundary. The nearest town is Long Melford about two miles distant.

The Borley Church built in the 12th Century stands on a hill and contains a fine tomb of Sir Edward Waldegrave who died in 1561. He was a member of the Waldegrave family who now live in Somerset and who held the Manor of Borley and were patrons of the living for nearly 300 years. In 1362 Edward III gave the Manor of Borley to the Benedictine monks.

The Rectory itself, which was destroyed by fire in 1939, stood about 150 yards from the church and was divided from it by the churchyard and a narrow unfrequented lane. The house was almost entirely surrounded by tall trees which overshadowed it and had a very darkening and depressing effect on the house both inside and out. It was built in 1863 by the Rev. Henry Dawson Ellis Bull, whose family had lived in or near Borley continuously for over 300 years, and who was then the Borley Rector. It was substantially built of brick and stone, all the doors were thick and heavy, the floors were of heavy wood in some parts and stone in other rooms. Some of the windows,

such as the dairy, the kitchen, scullery and passages, were iron barred giving that part of the house a rather prison-like appearance. When it was first built it contained 18 rooms but, as Mr. Bull's family increased, he added a new wing to accommodate them. There were 14 children altogether, of whom 12 survived. The house, when completed, enclosed a central courtyard which had a narrow outlet at one corner. No gas or electricity was, or ever had been available. Lighting was supplied by means of oil lamps and candles; and the only water supply was from a deep well in the courtyard.

The Rev. Henry Bull held the parish for 30 years, from 1862 until 1892, the year of his death. He died in the Blue Room which is immediately over the library and overlooks that part of the garden known as 'The Nun's Walk.' His wife died in the same room. The picture of their father given me by his daughters, shows him to have been an unusual man. He was tall, heavily built and had been a good amateur boxer in his youth. His principal hobby seems to have been shooting and hunting; a typical hard-living country parson of his period. His financial position was secure as, apart from his stipend, he had ample private means.

His son, the Rev. Henry Bull, or

Harry as he was generally known to avoid confusion with his father, succeeded to the living on the death of his father and remained there as Rector for 35 years, until his death in 1927. He also died in the 'Blue Room.'

A year later the Rev. Eric Smith, who had lately returned from several years of missionary work in India, accepted the living. He and his wife remained for less than two years, leaving in 1930. When he accepted the living he was a stranger to England and was, therefore, not aware of the fact that some dozen or so clergymen had already refused it. It had a sinister reputation and the huge, melancholy house could not have been very inviting. Also the stipend was comparatively small.

In October 1930 the Rev. Lionel Foyster, a distant relative of the Bull family, was offered the living and accepted. Neither the Smiths nor the Foysters had any children of their own but the Foysters brought with them a small adopted daughter aged $2\frac{1}{2}$ years. Mr. Foyster and his wife had just returned from Canada where they had been engaged in missionary work for some years. At the end of five years in the Rectory Mr. Foyster's health completely broke down and he was forced to retire.

The reputation of the Rectory by this time was such that the ecclesiastical authorities decided that it was not a fit house for a Rectory

and it was permanently closed in 1935.

This then is the chronological history of the Rectory from 1862 when it was built until 1935 when it was finally left alone with its 23 empty and dusty rooms and its ghosts. The once beautiful lawns and gardens became a veritable jungle of weeds and rotting undergrowth. The once fine vinery became a rickety affair of swinging doors and broken glass. The two summer-houses were derelict and decaying.

This is how I first saw it in 1937 when my son and I unlocked the heavy front door and stepped from the hot June sun into the dark, chill and echoing hall. Our enthusiasm dropped several points. We knew the history of the house, the alleged haunting and the fantastic phenomena reported from there for nearly 15 years. We planned to spend the night locked in this house.

Apart from the evidence of poltergeist activity, there is the age-old story of the ghostly nun who is alleged by many persons to have been seen walking about the garden. There is the apparition of a coach and horses which drives across the lawn. Legend says that a nun eloped, centuries before, with a monk from a nearby monastery, that they were caught, brought to judgment and condemned to death — the monk to be hanged and the nun to be bricked up in the wall of

a building that once stood on this same site. Later we found parts of the foundation of this old building in the rectory cellars. I express no opinion about the truth of this traditional story but it was told and believed long before the present rectory was built.

Miss Ethel Bull and her sisters Freda and Mabel, daughters of the Rev. Henry Bull, were born in Borley Rectory. They have assured me that on a June afternoon when they were returning from a garden party and had just entered the Rectory garden, they all three simultaneously and quite clearly saw the figure of a nun walking slowly on the other side of the lawn. They were astonished as, although the apparition had been seen many times at dusk, they had never before seen it in daylight. Miss Ethel Bull ran into the house to bring a fourth sister to see the phenomenon and fortunately found her immediately. All four of them watched the grey figure walk slowly across the lawn. As she neared the trees which bounded the lawn the nun gradually faded and disappeared from their sight.

During the past 50 years more than 20 people have reported seeing this apparition. One man, a guest of the Bulls who knew nothing whatever of the story, came into the house one day to ask the Rector about the nun that he had seen walking in the garden. There are people who stoutly maintain

that the apparition was seen only a few weeks before the Rectory burned. There is a part of the garden known as 'The Nun's Walk.' She usually appeared from an adjoining field, stepped over a low stone wall and walked across the lawn, to disappear among the trees separating the garden from the lane. There is persistent evidence of this apparition being seen by both the residents of the rectory and by strangers.

Walter Bull, another son of the Rev. Henry Bull, spent a good deal of his life at sea and therefore saw less of these things than the other members of the family. He told me that he frequently heard footsteps following him up the lane both in daylight and at night. Sometimes he slipped behind a tree to catch anyone following him but he never saw anyone. These pattering footsteps also were heard by villagers who used the lane and many of them refused to pass the house after dark if they were alone.

The Rev. Harry Bull would periodically tell his family that he had seen the 'little man' again. This was a dwarf-like figure of an old man who he said appeared to him on the lawn. He would raise one arm above his head, then turn and run down the drive and disappear. Miss Ethel Bull is the only other member of the family who has seen this grotesque little figure.

One of the large dining-room windows overlooking the drive was



On a June afternoon, returning from a garden party, the three little Bull sisters saw the figure of a nun walking slowly on the other side of the lawn.

removed and bricked up because Henry Bull said that he objected to an apparition peering through while they were at meals.

During the incumbency of the Rev. Harry Bull there was a good deal of paranormal activity which he quite openly admitted. In nearly all parts of the house footsteps were heard, particularly in the bedroom passages. They would reach a door, stop and then three taps were heard, never more than three. The figure of a tall man in dark clothes was seen on many occasions. One of the Rev. Harry Bull's sisters was awakened several times by a slap on her face. Now and then loud crashes were heard in different parts of the house.

At this same time manifestations were heard in the living rooms over the stables which were entirely separated from the house. The groom-gardener and his wife were disturbed night after night by knocks,

thuds and sounds of breaking crockery, although nothing was ever found to have been broken or even moved. They put up with these conditions for three years and then left.

There is a hard core of evidence given by reliable and intelligent persons as a result of their own experience and observation which cannot be shaken by examination and questioning. For instance, Lady Whitehouse, who had known the Rectory and its successive residents for many years, assured me that on one occasion when she was helping to nurse Mrs. Foyster she saw a medicine bottle leave the mantel-piece and float through the air, coming to rest on the floor beside the bed. She not only assured me of the complete truth of this incident and many others but voluntarily offered to swear an affidavit confirming them if I wished her to.

In 1927 the Rev. Harry Bull died and the Rev. Eric Smith accepted the living. As has been stated he had lately returned from several years of missionary work in India, so that when he and his wife came to Borley neither of them had any warning or knowledge of its reputation.

I spent a good many hours with Mr. and Mrs. Smith at their pleasant rectory in Kent. They very kindly gave me details of the two years they spent at Borley, years which they described as 'the darkest years of their life.' Actually the manifestations during this time were less numerous and not of the violent character experienced by their successors.

The first unusual thing they noticed were the noises in the bedrooms at night. Thuds and knocks were constantly heard, often sufficiently loud to waken them. In an attempt to avoid these disturbances they occupied several rooms in succession but either the sounds were being made in all the rooms at the same time or they followed them about. The noises were loudest and most insistent in the bedroom over the kitchen and in the blue room.

Although no record was kept Mr. Smith tells me that they heard few of these noises on the ground floor and that there was much more noise in the winter than in summer. This bears out an analysis which we made at the end of the investi-

gation to find out what proportion of phenomena happened during the hours of darkness and daytime respectively. The figures show that much the larger proportion happened at night.

Within a week intermittent bell ringing started. The bells are of the old-fashioned spiral spring type and rung by bell-pulls in the rooms. The bells themselves, some 20 of them, were hung high up in the kitchen passage just off the hall. Time after time a bell would ring from one of the rooms though they were all empty since the only people in the house were Mr. and Mrs. Smith. It was rarely that they could prevail on a maid to stop in the house for more than a week.

Keys were frequently picked up and replaced in the locks. The key to the library door was often found at the foot of the main stairs, several feet from the door. At times only an hour or so would elapse between the time a key was replaced and its being found on the floor again. A variation of this phenomena was the locking of doors. This was often extremely inconvenient. On many occasions unlocked doors were found locked, and vice versa. This actually happened to one of our observers who, sitting at the table in the library, heard a sharp metallic click and upon going to the door found that it had been locked *from the inside*. Several keys disappeared entirely and were never found.

It is not suggested that there is anything of a paranormal nature in the following incident but it proves the house to be a place of surprises to say the least. In the library there was a large glass-fronted bookcase entirely covering one side of the room, the lower half of which contained cupboards. In one of these cupboards Mrs. Smith found a paper-wrapped parcel about the size of a football. It was not labelled and she proceeded to unpack it. Under several layers of paper she found a human skull. Despite inquiries no information as to its origin was ever discovered. It was not known to have been there at the time of Harry Bull's death, neither did any of his family know anything about it. Mr. Smith, therefore, buried it in the churchyard with a short burial service.

Soon after this episode a mirror standing on Mrs. Smith's dressing table started tapping whenever she approached it. The tapping appeared to come from the back and this continued until they left the Rectory. After they left they lived for some time on the East Coast, near Cromer, and the tapping stopped. That was in 1930 and it was not until 1937 that I first met them in their rectory in a village in Kent. By that time I had already spent a considerable time at Borley. Now a very peculiar thing happened. About a week after I visited them and held the mirror in my hands, I received a letter from Mr.

Smith in which he said, "I do not know whether you carry ghosts about with you, but the mirror has started tapping again." I was not able at the time to go down there again and hear it for myself, and I am sorry to say that soon after this Mr. Smith became seriously ill and died. Mrs. Smith moved and I lost trace of her.

The Smiths told me that on several occasions the heavy wood shutters to the French windows in the library, which slid into cavities in the walls, were pulled sharply together. They had been in the room when this happened. These shutters were exceptionally heavy and require considerable force to bring them together. They were each about six feet high and three feet wide. It was also a common thing for them to hear the brass rings, which are let into the wood frames and used for pulling them together, rattling. I heard this myself while sitting in the library at night.

At the end of 18 months Mr. Smith became alarmed at the disturbing influences in the rectory and decided that it was time he sought advice with the object of ridding the place of its troubles. He therefore wrote to a daily newspaper asking for the name of a society connected with psychic matters which might be able to help him. The paper not only sent the information but reporters and photographers as well. The immediate result was a flood of sightseers.

Crowds invaded the garden, trampled the flower beds, peered through the windows and generally made life a burden to the rector and his wife. The police had to be called and they gradually restored order and sanity.

This human inundation and publicity had no effect whatever on the phenomena. It continued as before and new phenomena appeared from time to time. There was a bedroom in the 'new' wing which was formerly used as a schoolroom. The window of this room was seen, on many occasions, to be lit up although the room was known to be empty. One night Mrs. Smith, together with some members of the choir who were leaving the church after practice, witnessed this phenomenon. The present Rector, who lives in a nearby village, maintains that the large window on the main staircase was seen to be lighted up soon after our investigation ended. The house was then empty and locked up. This light was of an unusual character, no rays were visible but it was rather in the nature of a fluorescence inside the room.

One summer afternoon when Mr. Smith was leaving his bedroom he passed under the arch which leads on to the landing and was surprised to hear sounds of whispering over his head. He described them to me as 'soft and sibilant but spoken with urgency, and ending in muttering sounds.' The voice

was undoubtedly that of a woman. He continued across the landing and just as he passed under the arch on the opposite side, which leads to the private chapel, they stopped suddenly as though cut off. No words were heard on this occasion but during the next few weeks he heard them again when some words were distinguishable. The words 'Don't, Carlos' were quite clear. Although many inquiries were made no evidence of any person of that name was traced to anyone connected with the rectory.

The only instance of material damage being done while they were in the rectory happened on an afternoon when they were sitting in the drawing-room. They were alone in the house. Suddenly smashing sounds were heard and they both ran out into the hall. There they found the pieces of a china vase that normally stood on the mantle-piece in their bedroom, which was the Blue Room. By some unaccountable means it had moved from the shelf, travelled out of the room, across the landing and dropped into the hall below where it was shattered on the floor.

Footsteps, thuds, knocks and bell-ringing were an almost daily occurrence. There was no real peace or rest by day or night.

Mr. Smith was anxious about the state of his wife's health, which was showing signs of strain. They felt it was not possible to continue living under such conditions and

Mr. Smith regretfully tendered his resignation. It was not easy to find a new incumbent as Borley had become notorious. The Smiths moved into a hostelry in Long Mel-ford and from there Mr. Smith carried on his clerical duties for several months. In August, 1930, he relinquished his work and left. To the end of his life he maintained that the house was a center of some unknown and malign influence.

In October of the same year the Rev. Lionel Foyster, M.A., a scholar of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and his wife and two-year-old adopted daughter came to the Rectory. During their five-year occupation phenomena reached a state of activity and violence never before experienced. Mr. Foyster very kindly sent me over 100 pages of a diary he kept for a period of 15 months, recording some of the events which took place during that time. There are only two copies of this record, one in the safe keeping of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, and my own.

Mr. Foyster starts with this head-note, "The only pretensions that these notes claim is the very simple one that it is a record of facts and is, therefore, true. Experiences recorded can be vouched for by my wife and myself; many were also witnessed by other disinterested people. They have been recorded just as they happened."

Within the first few weeks, while Mrs. Foyster was going upstairs on her way to the Blue Room which the Foysters were using as their bedroom, she heard footsteps following her and, turning around, saw the apparition of a man. She continued on her way and when she reached the landing it had disappeared. Some time later she was shown a photograph of the late Harry Bull and recognized him as the man of the apparition. It appeared to her on several occasions attired in a dressing-gown and carrying a small case or wallet. She never saw this figure in any other part of the house, neither was it ever seen by anyone but herself.

The next episode, although less alarming, was more material and exceedingly annoying. She had gone into the bathroom to wash her hands and taking off a wrist watch which was set in a gold bracelet put it on a shelf. Then, having washed and dried her hands, she turned to pick up the watch. To her astonishment she found only the watch, the bracelet had disappeared. It has never been found.

This bracelet was not the only thing that disappeared in an extraordinary way, but it was the only object of any value that was lost. On the other hand things had an odd habit of appearing from nowhere. A small silk bag containing lavender was found one day on the mantel-piece in the sewing-room. The Foysters had never seen this

bag before and never did trace an owner. It would disappear for a few days and re-appear in one of the other rooms. On one occasion Mr. Foyster found it in one of his coat pockets. After several months of this jack-in-the-box existence it disappeared for good.

Books also appeared spontaneously. The first one was found on the bath-room window-sill. Mr. Foyster took little notice of this, thinking that his wife had left it there. She in turn thought that he had put it there. Other books were found in different parts of the house; all of them were over 100 years old and of a theological nature. Later it was discovered that they had belonged to the Rev. Henry Bull and had been stored on the top shelf of a cupboard in the kitchen. Mr. Foyster says in his diary, ". . . exactly how many times this happened I have not kept a record, but one day, as a variation, a book was thrown on to the floor on the further side of a closed door in the passage leading to the bathroom." Going into the kitchen one afternoon he found a whole collection of books placed on the rack over the kitchen range. No one had ever seen any of these books before, and an hour or so later the cover of a book with two pages still adhering to it was found on the bathroom floor.

At 11 o'clock one night Mr. Foyster was in the bathroom when he heard his wife cry out and then

heard her running down the passage. He rushed out. She said, "I had been in the bedroom (Blue Room) and had just come out onto the landing when something hit me in the face and nearly stunned me for a moment. I was carrying the candle but saw no one or anything." The blow had in fact made a cut under her left eye and the blood was running down her face. Nothing was found that could have caused such a wound.

As a result of this Sir George Whitehouse and his wife, who were living at Arthur Hall, Sudbury, a few miles away, and who had themselves witnessed many incidents at the Rectory, insisted on Mr. and Mrs. Foyster coming to stay with them for a few days. For the next several years these friends had them over to stay when things got too bad at the Rectory.

Not long after this another curious thing happened. One evening Mr. Foyster left the sewing-room to get some papers from the library. As he turned into the hall he was startled to find that all the pictures, with one exception, had been taken off the walls of the staircase and laid face down on the hall floor. The exception was a particularly large picture, and that was hanging crookedly as though it had been pushed aside.

The spontaneous appearances of the lavender bag and the books have been mentioned, but many other articles turned up from time

to time. A plain gold ring, presumably a wedding ring, was found on the landing outside the Blue Room. There were no signs of hard wear and the hall-mark showed it to have been made in Birmingham in 1863, the year the Rectory was finished. No owner for any of these things was ever found.

Walking sticks kept in the corner of the library were seen to move. On one occasion one was seen to travel the entire length of the room. Books and papers were moved. Sometimes the draft of Mr. Foyster's sermon for the following Sunday was moved into another room. Then one day he decided that if he put it in a large Bible that stood on his desk it might be safe. This he did and in the morning found it intact. He thereafter made this an invariable practice and it was not moved again. The kitchen table was thrown over and the crockery shot onto the floor on many occasions. Beds were turned onto their sides and the bedding thrown onto the floor. One morning, upon entering the kitchen, it was found that all the linen from the airing cupboard had been strewn over the floor. Unaccountable footsteps were continuously heard in all parts of the house, a manifestation that had been going on unceasingly for 50 years.

There remains the most contentious of the phenomena — the psychic writing on the walls. These were photographed and carefully

traced before the rectory burned and are, therefore, permanently recorded.

One peculiarity of these writings and markings is the height at which they were written. This varies from four feet three inches above floor level to four feet eight inches, which is the highest. No adult would normally write at this height. It is alleged that these writings appeared spontaneously and there is good evidence to support this contention. Some of them are meaningless scrawls. Many of them take the form of the letter 'M', and may be an attempt at the beginning of the name 'Marianne', the person to whom the messages are addressed and to whom they appeal for help. Marianne is Mrs. Foyster's Christian name.

The first writing appeared on the wall of the kitchen passage, between the kitchen and the sewing-room. It consists of the words, 'Marianne get help —', then some words that are indecipherable. Under this Mrs. Foyster herself wrote, 'I cannot understand, tell me more.' A few days elapsed and then overnight these words had appeared, 'lights — Mass and prayers.' On the opposite side of the kitchen passage there was written a larger and clearer message which said, 'Marianne light Mass prayers.' Then on the first floor, on the bathroom passage wall, another clear request appeared which asked, 'Marianne please help get.' The longest piece of continuous writing

was on the side of the arch on the landing, the arch which leads into the private Chapel, and reads, 'Get light and prayers here,' and ending with a few indecipherable words, the last of which may be 'his body.'

A great deal of consideration has been given to this alleged paranormal writing with little result but there are several points of general interest. The writing was done with a graphite pencil (some of this was flaked off and analyzed). It is quite characterless and if some unknown entity was responsible for them we must presume it to be about four feet six inches in height, or an adult of average height in a kneeling position. Practically all of it has the appearance of being done with difficulty and with great urgency, as though in fear of interruption. In some instances the interruption seems to have occurred. All of the messages start with clarity and firmness, but after a word or two seem to weaken as though energy was dwindling. The photographs and tracings have been examined by doctors, physiologists, physicists, graphologists and church dignitaries, but none has been able to offer an acceptable explanation. They remain a mystery.

In 1935 the Foysters had been living under these fantastic conditions for nearly five years. If they had been a large family living a busy and happy domestic life, it would not have been so bad. With only two persons and a young child

living in this great rambling house with its 23 rooms, some of them unfurnished, without electricity, gas or main water, it is not surprising that Mr. Foyster's health deteriorated. He also felt that the circumstances did not allow him the peace and quiet necessary for a clergyman to carry out his duties properly. After long consideration he reluctantly decided to resign his living. In October of 1935 he closed the door of the Rectory and retired. Retirement, however, did not restore his health and he died not long afterwards.

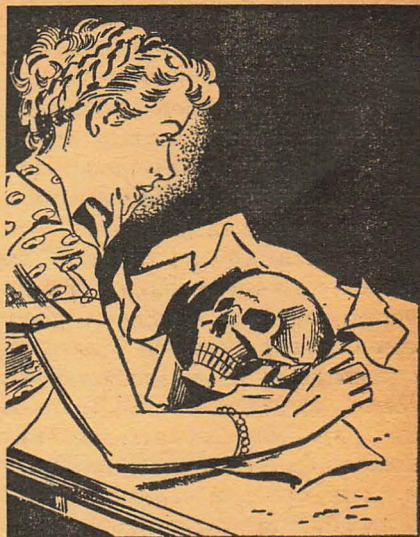
The ecclesiastical authorities decided that the rectory should be permanently closed. The parishes of Borley and Liston, a small adjoining village, were combined and the present rector, the Rev. A. C. Henning, carries out the duties of both from his rectory in Liston.

After Mr. Foyster's retirement the rectory remained locked up and empty for two years. The owners were unable to sell it nor could they find a tenant, which is not surprising. The late Harry Price, then Honorary Secretary of the University of London Council for Psychical Investigation, rented the house and grounds for 12 months with the object of making a sustained examination of the place to decide whether phenomena was still active and, if possible, to trace the cause. Mr. Price did not visit the Rectory during the period of the tenancy as he wished to form his own con-

clusions from independent evidence, and entrusted this writer with the task of drawing up a full report, upon which he wrote his book, "The Most Haunted House in England."

My son and I first went to the rectory on the 19 of June, 1937. It has been mentioned that the house was cold, dark and depressing, and during that first night we were struck by two things, the intense cold for that time of year and the almost uncanny silence. Other observers agree that they had never been in any building where the intense quiet was so marked. The only sounds heard were the scuttling of a few mice and the intermittent and mournful call of owls in the trees; very rarely a belated vehicle would pass through the lane. Otherwise there was a cold silence that was most oppressive.

After examining the gardens, stables, outbuildings and conservatory, we inspected the whole house from the attics to the cellars. Every window and door was sealed with thread and wax or adhesive tape. The only exceptions were the main entrance door in the hall, which we always kept bolted from the inside, and the French windows in the library which were also bolted inside. It was not possible for any person to enter the house without our knowledge and I am quite certain that no one ever did. At fairly regular intervals we made a tour of the whole house, visiting every room



In a cupboard Mrs. Smith found a parcel. She unwrapped it, found a skull.

and passage, including the attics and cellars.

One of our little difficulties was the continual strain on our ears to catch sounds, especially during the first few nights. Some of these appeared to come from distant parts of the house and often could not be accurately located. Others occurred in the room we were using at the time, usually the library, and were obviously within a few feet of us. This intense listening was not so difficult up to one or two o'clock in the morning but it became very tiring towards five and six. The first light of dawn coming through the dusty windows was very welcome. Certain sounds could be located and accounted for quite

easily, a rose branch scraping a window, a dripping tap, the very rare scrambling of mice and so on.

There is one episode which, although it is not suggested that it was paranormal, left us completely mystified and was never explained. For many years the Bull family had kept a number of cats about the place and, as they died, these were buried in the garden. The whole of the large garden had become an overgrown jungle and in places was almost impenetrable with weeds and bramble. Making our way through this tangle early one morning, we found a half-rotted head board marking the grave of one of the cats. The name and date was cut in the wood. Tearing away some more undergrowth we found several more. This was only of passing interest and we did nothing further about it. On our next visit, a few days later, while walking in the garden, we were astonished to find that a pit about five feet in diameter had been dug, the earth thrown up in a ring around the pit, and the head boards thrown about indiscriminately. We made the most careful and guarded inquiries. There were only a few cottages within a mile of the Rectory. We were not able to find any explanation. Someone spent a lot of time and labor digging this huge hole — who, and why? What were they looking for?

A recital of all the taps, knocks, thuds, scraping and shuffling sounds

we heard would be monotonous but some of them were of greater interest than others. On one occasion we had two Royal Air Force Officers with us. My son also was a Squadron Leader during the World War, and all of them were seriously interested in psychical matters. During the afternoon my son and I had to go into Long Melford to get oil for the lamps and left the other two alone in the house. Upon our return they reported that, while sitting in the library with the door open, they distinctly heard what they described as, 'light tripping footsteps' coming down the stairs. Having apparently descended the stairs they stopped. Nothing was to be seen. The bottom step of the stairs was about eight feet from where they sat.

One of our most active and valuable observers was Mark Kerr-Pearse, now one of our pro-consuls in Prague. He was the only one of us who actually lived at the Rectory during the investigation. This he did for several weeks continuously, staying in the house for most of the day and sleeping in the large summer house in the garden.

One hot August day three people called, two of them were known to Kerr-Pearse. The third was their friend, a Miss—, who had expressed a wish to see the Rectory. Although they were not official observers they were taken over the house. Everything was quiet and nothing un-

usual happened until they were crossing the landing outside the Blue Room when Miss R— suddenly came to a standstill saying that she had a feeling of indescribable terror. She had a sensation of 'pins and needles' in her hands, which were icy cold. She was trembling violently and asked for help, as she was unable to move. It was as though she was fixed to the floor. About 15 minutes later she was prevailed upon to go to the landing again at which time she experienced exactly the same sensations to a lesser degree.

A month later, a friend of ours, a Group Captain in the Royal Air Force, brought a lady down who was reputed to be hyper-sensitive to 'psychic' conditions. We hoped that her presence might induce unusual activity. They also were shown over the house. Nothing happened until they came to the landing where on exactly the same spot this lady experienced the same feeling of horror that had so affected Miss R— An important point is that neither of these persons had any knowledge of Miss R—'s visit or experience. The exact position of this spot was marked on the floor but great care was taken to make the mark invisible to anyone unless they got down on their knees to look for it. Neither was it known to anyone except my son and myself. As will be seen later, this particular area seemed to have a special significance.

In view of the fact that during the residence of the Foysters so many objects had been unaccountably moved and even transported from one room to another, we placed different things on shelves, window-sills, mantel-pieces and so on, in the hope that they would be moved. These were all ringed with chalk and dated so that we should be able to check any movement at once. Among them was an empty tobacco tin which was placed on the drawing-room mantel-piece. For some time none of these objects showed any signs of movement. But on September 19 we walked into the drawing-room and immediately noticed that the tin from the mantel-piece had gone. We went on our way through the house and on the landing found the tin. It had been placed with almost mathematical accuracy on the very small mark that we had made on the floor to mark the area where the two ladies had been so acutely affected; where Mr. Smith had heard the whispering; where the wedding ring was found and where Mrs. Foyster had been struck in the face.

Another contrivance we set up somewhat in the nature of a trap, was a simple piece of apparatus consisting of an electric bell, a battery and a pile of five books. Into the lower book had been fixed a paper break-contact so that if the books were moved the spring contacts would close and the bell would ring

continuously. This was placed on the dining-room mantel-piece.

I was unable to get down to the Rectory the following week and had to hand the keys to a doctor friend, who is now the Director of Pathology at one of our large national hospitals. He and his son and a friend, both engineers, were with him. All of them had been to the Rectory before. They made a tour of the house just after midnight and at 12:50 a.m. were in the Blue Room when they heard the bell ringing. They hurried down but by the time they reached the dining-room the bell had stopped ringing. They found that all the books had been pushed to one side and the contact withdrawn. The window and door seals were all inspected and all found to be intact. Yet something had moved the books. The question of trickery can be ruled out completely. The incident was not subjective. Indeed it was very material. It was no manifestation of mental phenomena. Energy was used, and if appropriate preparation could have been made the force used might have been measured in foot pounds. And so it joins the other hundreds of incidents for which there is no explanation.

One of the features of Borley was the variation in the type of phenomena experienced there. We observed an odd incident one night when sitting in the library. Everything was quiet, with the usual op-

pressive silence. The blind, which reached from the ceiling to the floor, was drawn down over the French windows. Dr. B y, Captain H n, my son and myself were all there when the blind, which was of a heavy canvas-like material, started to move. We watched it and thinking there might be a draught tested the air with smoke, but it was quite still. The movement was undulating, just as though the thing was breathing deeply. The undulation started at the top and spread gradually downwards to the floor. We all stood round watching it for nearly five minutes when it stopped quite suddenly. This sounds a very mild affair but was one of so many unaccountable things that happened. We never saw this again.

The majority of noises were heard during the hours of darkness but just after ten o'clock one morning I was sitting alone in the library when I heard three heavy blows overhead, apparently on the floor of the Blue Room. I immediately called Kerr-Pearse who had gone into the kitchen and just as he entered the room we both heard two more blows. We went up to the Blue Room but it was empty and quiet. The house was still sealed and the doors locked. No one else was in the house.

One night, it was actually 1:10 a.m., Dr. B y and my son were having a few moments sleep, while I was sitting at the table reading.

I heard a sound such as would be made by a chair being dragged across the Blue Room floor overhead. There followed a tremendous blow, which seemed to come from the top of the large bookcase within a few feet of where I was sitting. This woke both the doctor and my son. It was the loudest single noise that we heard during the whole investigation. It is of interest that this noise was made while two persons were asleep. I suggest that the state of sleep, when the conscious mind is at rest, may possibly be of some importance in connection with paranormal activity. The evidence to support this suggestion is not negligible.

Another incident which took place during a 'sleep' period may be mentioned. Squadron-Leader Alan Cuthbert was with us on this occasion. He was suffering from a very heavy cold and we prevailed on him to lie on the camp bed in the library and get an hour's rest. This he did and was soon in a deep sleep. About 2 a.m. we decided to leave him and go up onto the landing and sit in complete darkness in the hope that this might produce some phenomena.

After sitting there for 40 minutes, during which time we did not speak, we all simultaneously and distinctly heard footsteps, such as would be made by a heavy man, cross the hall immediately below us. We knew at once that they could not have been made by such

a lightly built man as Cuthbert, but we went down to investigate. Everything was quiet, the library dimly lit by the oil lamp and Cuthbert still slept soundly.

One more like instance occurred when a visitor on leave from overseas asked to be allowed to spend a night in the Rectory. He was a man of about 40, athletic, used to big game hunting and certainly not a temperamental type of individual. Kerr-Pearse was alone at the Rectory on this day and welcomed the visitor. Towards three o'clock in the morning they went into the library, made up the fire, and decided to have an hour's sleep, the visitor on the camp bed and Kerr-Pearse on the floor. About an hour later Kerr-Pearse was awakened by his companion, who was obviously in a state of high nervous tension. He quickly gave an explanation to account for his agitation.

Before leaving the Rectory in the morning, he wrote a short report in which he says, '—before waking you I had been awake for a considerable time, I cannot say how long but it must have been half an hour. Everything was perfectly still and I saw and heard nothing, but the air had become icy cold, my hands became numbed, in fact I became cold all over, I was rigid. It was so unpleasant that, in spite of an effort to control my nerves, I was eventually compelled to wake you.'

In view of these many incidents

I submit that there is a possibility that the state of sleep may beget phenomena. It seems as though energy can be drawn from a sleeping person, and used to produce phenomena of different types. Whether this energy is controlled by an entity or is simply a spontaneous and uncontrolled outburst is a matter for conjecture.

The following occurrence might be cited to confirm that there may be some conscious intention behind the use of such energy. It took place during the same night as the incident just related. That afternoon Kerr-Pearse had ordered a sack of coals to be delivered which had been dumped against the wall in the hall just outside the library. It weighed 56 pounds. At 8:30 p.m. he and his companion were going up to the Blue Room and had reached the landing when they heard a scraping and shuffling sound below them in the hall. It did not recur and after waiting a few moments they went down. To their astonishment the sack of coals had been moved along the floor for about eighteen inches. This would not have been so noticeable had not the sack been put on a patch of un-stained floor where a stove had formerly stood, the measurement could therefore be seen fairly accurately.

Kerr-Pearse had a rather uncomfortable experience. He was alone in the house on an autumn evening, and was sitting in the library

reading when he heard a sharp metallic click. These sounds were not unusual and he took little notice. But after a few moments the thought occurred to him that the sound was like a lock being turned. Going over to the door he found that it had been locked, *from the inside*.

After a few visits to Borley I remembered an old planchette and rescued it from a lumber room where it was stored. We used it first late one night in the library. No sooner did our fingers come into contact with it than it started to write in large and well formed letters. It ultimately produced words, phrases, dates and even drawings. Some of it was unintelligible, some demonstrably untrue, some impossible to confirm but a certain amount of it was factual and confirmed later. One of the most startling things written was a clear prophecy that the Rectory would be burned and under the ruins would be found the bones of a murdered person. This was written on March 27, 1938. Exactly 11 months later, on February 27, 1939, the house caught fire and was practically destroyed.

In 1943 we made another visit to the site of the house for the purpose of digging in the cellars. The brick well in the further cellar was emptied of its contents of stone, brick and accumulated rubbish. At a depth of five feet six inches a silver-plated jug was found. This was

submitted to experts and was found to be about 80 years old, making the date of manufacture 1863, the year the Rectory was built.

Next, the passage at the foot of the cellar steps was excavated. Owing to the fallen debris from the burned building this was a much more arduous task and more than a ton of rubbish was moved.

At a depth of three feet a human jaw bone was found and, five minutes later, part of a human skull. These were immediately submitted to an eminent pathologist who described them respectively as, the left mandible with five teeth and left parietal and temporal bone, both belonging to a woman probably about 30 years of age. The name of this long dead lady will almost certainly remain an unsolved mystery, but the fact remains: a woman was buried at the foot of the cellar steps—a strange thing with a churchyard only 100 yards away.

On the publication of these facts we received hundreds of letters pointing out that they must be part of the remains of the nun. But, tempting as this suggestion is, it cannot be accepted without much more evidence than is available at present.

An analysis of the total incidents of a paranormal character, covering many years, shows that 80 per cent occurred during the hours of darkness or dusk, that 46 per cent

happened on the ground floor, 37 per cent on the first floor, and 17 per cent on the main or back stairs. Paranormal activity was most active during the months of June and July. Sundays and days of Religious Festival were undoubtedly the quietest. Phenomenon does not appear to be influenced by air temperature. There is very good evidence to show that the presence of certain persons made manifestations more active. The state of sleep of one or more persons in the house may have a bearing on the type and frequency of phenomena.

During the whole of its 77 years of existence the Rectory seems to have been the focal point of phenomena outside normal human experience and understanding. One of the last things the Rev. Eric Smith said to me was, 'the house was evil from top to bottom and it should have been burned to the ground years ago.' Now all the rectors who once lived in it have passed away—and the house has burned. But if the reports that filter through to me are to be believed, although the ghosts are homeless, they are still there. Evidence obtained after the house was destroyed was too late to be included in the two books already published. But a third and final book will be published, probably next year, which should complete the story of this sinister house.



Michael Brennan's Gold

By Harold Helfer

**When the seam petered out, Michael Brennan was in trouble.
But he rode his ill luck to the very end.**

MICHAEL BRENNAN was a handsome Irishman, successful as a Manhattan journalist in the middle of the 19th century. He had a lovely wife, three fine children and all seemed right with his world.

But something he read in the papers got under his skin. Gold had been discovered in California. Men were getting rich over night.

Finally, one morning in 1856 Michael Brennan pulled up stakes and with his family set out for California. They came to sparsely-settled Nevada County in California. Michael Brennan didn't know the first thing about mining, but men were finding nuggets in the Massachusetts Hill region there and hoped that a great mother lode of gold existed somewhere in the vicinity.

Using all the money he had scraped together, his own and that of his friends back East who had gone into the venture with him, Michael Brennan hired some miners to start digging.

It wasn't long before they ran across a seam of gold. Michael

Brennan walked on air. He and his wife built themselves a fine home and entertained lavishly.

Of course, the ex-journalist realized he hadn't struck the main lode. But he was convinced that the seam would lead to it. He invested some \$30,000 in new mining equipment and machinery.

But the seam petered out. Brennan ordered his miners to dig on. Flushed with his initial success, he was confident that he'd strike real pay dirt — hadn't he felt it in his bones even back in New York?

The miners dug on, foot after foot, day after day but nothing happened and the Easterner's confidence began to wane. He was running out of money.

One evening he went over to the mine and had a pleasant chat with his men. He told them how much he appreciated their sticking by him, even though he hadn't been able to pay them regularly of late.

The next morning a servant who let herself into the Brennan home saw a sight that she was never to forget. Michael Brennan, his wife,

the three lovely children — they were all sprawled out — dead.

Tea had been a charming Brennan family custom. Only this time Brennan had put prussic acid into the beverage. Now the five handsome people lay still and stiff, their teacups nearby.

The reason for Brennan's act was obvious. He was so broke that there wasn't even enough money to meet the funeral expenses. His

miners, who had liked the Irishman, collected the money for the burial.

Someone else decided to dig just a little further in Brennan's hole in the hillside. Exactly five feet more — and there was the mother lode! — worth millions.

Had Michael Brennan held out for another day, instead of a pauper's grave, he could have had a fortune.



THE HORSE AND THE PIGEON

TOOMBEOLA, once a well-known thoroughbred racing horse, had a jockey named John Mulcahey who was so fond of the animal he spent a tremendous amount of time petting it, talking to it, and sleeking its coat. Mulcahey spent so much time with Toombeola that the other jockeys at Tiajuana thought he was slightly daft.

One day Mulcahey was killed when a wind storm blew the roof off one of the barns and crushed him. Thereafter Toombeola refused to eat or drink. The horse spurned the finest mashes, hay, carrots and oats which were put before him. He wasted away so that his owner, Lonnie Trine, was afraid he would die.

One day a white pigeon flew through the stall door and lighted

on a bucket filled with warm oats and mash. He began to peck at the kernels and soon Toombeola, his interest aroused for the first time in weeks, walked to the bucket and also began to eat. The pigeon stayed on, and the horse gained weight and health and soon began to train again. Whenever Toombeola left the stall the pigeon went too. If it was a morning workout the pigeon went around the track with Toombeola. And if Toombeola entered a race the pigeon flew on ahead. Stablemen who had laughed at Johnny Mulcahey no longer laughed at the white pigeon. And whenever they trained their horses or ran them through the grounds they were careful never to step on Toombeola's precious white pigeon.

The Flying Tube

ONE night in October, 1817, Edmond Lenthal Swifte, Keeper of the Crown Jewels, together with his wife, their son, and Mrs. Swifte's sister, were having dinner in the sitting room of the recently renovated Jewel House in the Tower of London.

All doors were closed and the dark heavy curtains were drawn. The only light in the room came from two tall wax candles on the table. Mr. Swifte sat at one end and Mrs. Swifte faced the chimney piece. Her sister sat opposite her. Mrs. Swifte was about to take a sip from her glass just as midnight struck, when she chanced to look up. Suddenly they heard her cry out, "Good Heavens! What is that?"

Mr. Swifte followed her stunned gaze. A cylindrical object resembling a glass tube was hovering in mid-air between table and ceiling. It was about as thick as a human arm and contained what resembled a thickish fluid, part of which was

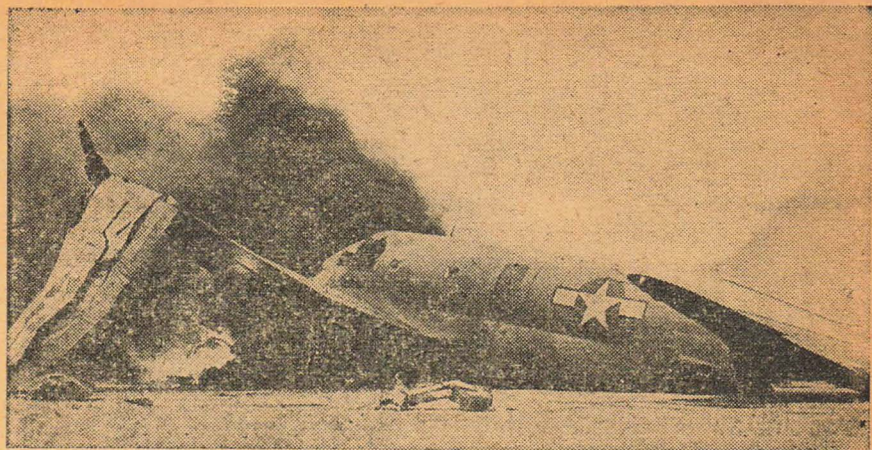
white and part light-blue. The thing revolved for a few minutes, then began to move very slowly and deliberately. It paused momentarily, then slowly, it stationed itself immediately above Mrs. Swifte's right shoulder. They stared at it in fascination.

With sudden swiftness it seized the screaming woman. Mr. Swifte managed to pick up a chair and swing it around his head, aiming a terrific blow at the mysterious object. But the chair passed right through the thing and struck the wall. What happened next was not clear. All they knew was that the mysterious object had vanished as strangely as it had appeared.

Only Mr. and Mrs. Swifte saw it. The other two persons saw absolutely nothing. Mr. Swifte was in no sense a spiritualist and he disclaimed any psychic attributes. This incident was the only uncanny experience during his long term of office in the Tower of London. — PAULINE SALTZMAN.

COINCIDENCE?

IN Hartville, O., 79-year-old Mrs. Elsie Grubb Kinsley died at exactly 2:30 a.m. one morning. At the same instant, Mrs. Kinsley's sister, Mrs. Ida Wymer, died in Detroit.



Reprieve from Death

By Carter Barnhart

**"I saw the right engine break loose. Flames lashed back.
Malon made a desperate effort to crash land."**

THE most striking example of the inexplicable outworkings of a Fate which twice saved my life occurred in the latter stages of World War II while I was serving as a transport pilot in the Pacific Theater.

I was stationed on Okinawa soon after our forces had occupied this island. One day I was assigned to fly a number of pilots and crew members south to the Philippines where they would pick up some transports which had been left temporarily at a rear base on Leyte.

The afternoon before departing on this flight I received an unusual letter from my father in which he was more solicitous than ever over my mission as a wartime pilot.

In this note he begged me always to be very thorough in checking my plane before take-off and to exercise extreme caution while aloft. In closing he expressed his deep parental love by writing that if such a thing were possible he would gladly give his own life to know that I would return home safely.

His fears stuck in my mind. I

was most conscientious in carrying out my routine flight the following morning. At Leyte we were quartered at the transient huts for the night. Four crews, including my own, were to depart at dawn for the return trip to Okinawa. The remaining men would have to wait for the completion of a few last repairs on some of the other planes which had been neglected. Pending such an early take-off I retired soon after supper, but to little purpose, for I spent the night turning and tossing and finally rose about four a.m., having hardly slept a wink.

While I was riding in the back seat of a jeep on the way to the airstrip an extraordinary thing occurred. First I experienced a growing headache centering between my eyes and then with frightening abruptness my field of vision became completely blurred. I could not even make out the driver of our vehicle. The pain in my forehead became so severe I could scarcely stand it. Perspiration broke out all over my face. At the airstrip my friends helped me into the mechanic's shack, gave me a drink and made me comfortable. My normal vision still did not return. The camp doctor was summoned and after taking my temperature and examining my eyes he drove me to the dispensary.

A fellow pilot, Charles Malon, was assigned to take my plane. I would fly back when able in one of the ships being repaired. In half

an hour my vision cleared sufficiently so that I could make out the various objects about me in the dispensary. I got up and crossed to the door to get some fresh air. The sun had just begun to color the morning sky. Down on the strip I could hear Malon warming up my plane. The engines roared for take-off and the ship rose above the nearby palms, gaining altitude. Suddenly I saw the right engine break loose. Flames lashed back across the wing. Malon made a desperate effort to return and crash-land on the field. Of pilot, co-pilot, radioman, and crew chief, only the latter got out alive.

Four days later, my eyesight fully recovered, I was assigned to another aircraft which was now ready. Having checked the ship out I was awaiting clearance for take-off when a voice from the control tower advised me to stand by. From across the runway a jeep was approaching. I throttled back the engines and the crew chief lowered our ladder. An officer from the island Red Cross unit entered the cockpit and informed me that I should return the plane to the parking ramp — an emergency cablegram was awaiting me in their office. I complied with his instructions and joined him in the Red Cross jeep with an inevitable feeling of apprehension.

The cablegram revealed that my father had died four days before, shortly before I had experienced the difficulty with my eyes. The

cause of his death was uncertain. Upon learning of this news our rear echelon commander grounded me from flight duty for a minimum of two days despite my assurance that I was emotionally stable and able to perform my duties as pilot. Once again another officer was substituted to fly my assigned plane

north to Okinawa. His radioman gave the usual position report over Lingayen in the northern Philippines before they reached the long stretch of open ocean separating them from Okinawa. After this last contact neither plane nor crew was ever heard of again. A kind fate, or a loving father, saved my life.

The Puzzle of

THE CLOCKWISE ANIMALS

How does Rover know when it's time for his evening romp? Why does Tabby's daily routine conform so rigidly to certain hours? Ever try to get a farm horse to do a little overtime work? If you have, the chances are Dobbin expressed displeasure by balking, dallying or even running away. Is the seeming ability of animals to tell time a result of instinct, habit — or both?

Neither, declares Dr. Theodore Jahn, University of California zoology expert, who has studied the mystery for years. All animals — even insects — are endowed with a puzzling sense of time known as a "biological clock," which enables them to calculate the passage of time almost as well as if they could read the hands on a mechanical clock.

Dr. Jahn has been seeking the answer to this puzzling phenomenon of nature in a darkened room

on the University campus and he's made some interesting discoveries concerning this non-mechanical timepiece which has baffled science for many decades.

He learned, for instance, that the eyes of a crayfish which glow at night will not glow in the synthetic night of a room darkened artificially. But they light up on the dot every night, continuing to do so, at the same hour, throughout the fish's lifetime. With special instruments, the zoologist found that night wave patterns differ from day patterns. He is now trying to discover what makes them different. Insects, dogs, cats, horses, cows and most other animals react in the same manner. One tomcat was found to be so sensitive to time that even a three-minute variation in his daily routine upset his nervous system.

— Douglas Nelson Rhodes

THE CURSED CURIO



By Pauline Saltzman

ON March 29, 1937, Sir Alexander Seton, a Scottish nobleman, announced that he was sending back to Egypt a bit of bone, supposedly from the skeleton of an ancient Pharaoh.

Sir Alexander had good reason for desiring to part with the relic. Ever since his wife had returned from Egypt with the bit of bone, uncanny occurrences had become the order of the day. Visitors to the Seton home complained that a ghostly figure wandered through the house. Domestic help refused to work for the same reason. They continually reported seeing a spectral robed figure on the premises.

Then other strange things began to happen. Glassware placed in a cabinet was found smashed. In two instances fires broke out without cause. A surgeon borrowed the splinter of bone. On that same night his maid broke her leg running away in terror from a robed figure. The doctor lost no time in

Things began to happen when Sir Alexander brought back the piece of Pharaoh's bone.

returning the relic and more catastrophes occurred in the Seton home. Sudden illnesses broke out.

Little is known about the piece of bone, other than that it was brought to Scotland by Lady Seton who had picked it up as a curio from a tomb at Gizeh in 1936. For some time Sir Alexander attributed the strange phenomena to coincidence, but the repetition of inexplicable events convinced him that some paranormal agency was at work.

"That bone is going to be replaced in the tomb it was taken from as quickly as possible," Sir Alexander Seton announced to the press. "And Lady Seton is making the trip herself to be sure it gets there. This ghastly business has got to stop. We are taking no chances. It is perfectly astounding how we have been dogged by this shadow of ill luck ever since that wretched bone was brought here."

Offers to purchase the Egyptian relic were ignored. The Setons were determined that no one else should endure similar experiences.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

HISTORICAL EVIDENCE

Last night we contacted an entity who claimed to be George Rogers Clark of the first "Lewis and Clark" expedition, who died 186 years ago. The incident involved Aaron Burr's beautiful daughter, Theodosia, who disappeared at sea in one of our famous historical mysteries. We were told that a member of the crew in love with the woman scuttled the ship to keep her from Clark. You can imagine my astonishment when I checked with a university professor and learned that the story was fact and the dates accurate — with the exception that no solution of the ship's disappearance had been known.

Guy Hedlund

Culver City, Calif.

ATLANTIS THEORY

While I am writing, and since FATE from time to time carries various stories on a mythical Atlantis, I have something to say here which may settle this Atlantis fog once and for all.

About five years ago I read a book entitled "Atlantis" which was printed in German. According to

the book Atlantis was on the coast of West Africa. It was a Negro civilization. The book showed maps of the approximate extent of this empire, as well as various pictures of statues and relics which it is said bear close resemblance to similar things found in Etruscan tombs in Italy. As you know, the Etruscans themselves are a mystery.

This German book was published before World War I and is in three parts. I didn't have to read too many legends before I became convinced that this society was indescribably vile, equalled only by Sodom and Gomorrah. No wonder it vanished!

Leo Nash

Cleveland, O.

UNFUNNY JOKES

The spirits have been playing some not-very-funny jokes on me ever since I sent out a mental "To Whom It May Concern" message one uneventful, cloudy afternoon. This was my message: "If there are any good-natured, happy spirits around this place I wish they would evidence themselves."

Last week, Monday, I filled my washing machine with hot water and soap, using a hose which was attached to my sink. For three minutes I left my machine to fetch my mail downstairs. Upon my return I found the water that had been in the tub — soap and all — transferred to the nearby (two feet

away) bath tub. My pump had not been touched. It was bone dry and I would have heard it had it been turned on.

I am still dumbfounded.

My hall door swings open with no breeze. It never did this before. Also, the other day when everything was very still a plaque on my wall flew off and landed on the floor three feet away.

Audrey F. Kahabka

Boonville, N. Y.

OZARK WATER BARREL EXPLAINED

Knowing the immutable laws of the Universe which absolutely rule the world of mind and matter we know that no miracle can happen anywhere. To solve any mystery we must start with what we know to be true.

The first fact anent the water barrel is that men made it and have done everything to it that has been done. Second, the only source of water with which the barrel is connected is the atmosphere. Such water-producing barrels can be created by coating them on the inside with one or two inches of concrete. The principle has been in operation in northern Missouri ever since they built Concrete Caves. It functions best when there is plenty of moisture in the air. The charcoal burned lining of the Ozark barrel performs the function of the concrete. It did not start refilling itself till its inside charcoal was washed clean.

I am making a full sized rain barrel which I think will be more productive than the original. When I have tested it I will tell you my results.

J. W. Mooney

Larned, Kan.

FLYING SAUCERS

When the January 1951 issue of FATE was published I was out in the Orient on a Victory ship. I was rather discouraged when I found I had missed this copy so I am enclosing a dollar for which I hope you can still send me the full report on the flying saucers.

I became interested in flying saucers principally because I saw a mysterious object in the sky back in 1929. The day was in early spring. It was oval shaped and occasional clouds would hide it for some moments and then it would be clearly visible again.

It was very plainly seen and I judge its size to have been tremendous. The place was Bainbridge Island, Wash. Nicolas Roerich in his book, *Altai Himalaya*, described a similar object. I don't doubt that these objects hover over the earth undetected many times.

Larry Reynolds

San Francisco, Calif.

LIKES ADAMSKI

I wish for my \$2.50 in the year to come you'd give me more pieces like Hon. Prof. George Adamski's "I Photographed Space Ships." A

very learned, well-written and believable piece by the most authentic rough diamond that ever latched on to a heavenly body. He didn't even mention my book by its title in his lousy article, but otherwise the piece was beautifully written and worthy of a Nobel Prize in the Sandlot Sciences.

Next to Adamski's item I liked John P. (Etwas) Bessor. Oregon seems crazier than Hollywood. Maybe we'd have better pictures if they made them all there.

Frank Scully

Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Scully is author of the best-selling book on flying saucers.

Something fishy about the shadow of the alleged "space ship" photo on Page 69 in July FATE in Prof. Adamski's article! The moon is illuminated by the sun from the lower right corner and the shadow is towards the sun as shown. Also how long must the "space ship" be to cast a shadow over 200 miles long!

Also, ask Prof. A. to check on his statement that his telescope brings the moon to 100 miles of the earth!

W. K. Butler

Woods Hole, Mass.

In Professor Adamski's article, "I Photographed Space Ships," let me point out some basic errors of interpretation. The author of the article exempts himself from these astronomical absurdities and opti-

cal impossibilities by saying that he lacks training in such matters and got the idea from some "high ranking military" experts. Which again proves that the professional "experts" are always wrong when it comes to scientific matters.

A mere glance at the moon photograph on page 69, by anyone used to scientific thinking, will show that the long dark marking below the bright illuminated object crossing the moon disk, cannot possibly be the shadow of that object cast by sunlight because it is on the wrong side of the object relative to the sun and to our view point. It is in the opposite direction from a shadow, as seen by the moon's own shadow on its upper hemisphere!

Furthermore, if both object and shadow were 240,000 miles away from our view point, perspective would not show the object any larger than its shadow slightly farther on. And even if this were the object's shadow, spreading $\frac{1}{8}$ th the diameter of the moon, then the object itself must be 270 miles in length because light rays and shadows from a distant light source run nearly parallel, making the shadow nearly the same size as the object not so far away. I am well prepared to believe in space ships a mile in size, but not much more.

You should get at least 15 more letters from readers about these boners. If not, there must be something wrong with me for being

among the readers — where I expect to stay as an admirer of FATE magazine.

Lonzo Dove

Broadway, Va.

In regard to the recent article, "I Photographed Space Ships", I noticed one flagrant error. It pertains to the moon sequence photographs.

In the third of this series is an unfamiliar object and also a dark area that the author calls its shadow. This object could not possibly cast a shadow on the moon; certainly not immediately below the object.

The position of the sun in this photo can be determined by drawing a line along the path where the sun light on the moon meets the dark area, along the twilight zone. Another line drawn perpendicular to the first now points in the direction of the sun. With respect to the author's photo the sun is down beyond the lower right corner of the photo. Therefore the shadows of the unfamiliar object and the moon are projected toward the upper left corner, away from the sun.

The situation can be compared with an airplane flying over the earth at twilight. Its shadow then cannot be projected on the earth at all and certainly not at a point almost directly below it.

I have no idea what the dark area is, but it cannot be the shadow

of this object, as the author states.

Richard McMahon

Huron, S. D.

Professor Adamski's reply:

"I reaffirm that the pictures are absolutely genuine. Not one of them was touched up or faked, as one writer stated they may have been. FATE has a notarized affidavit as to the authenticity of the pictures from the photographer who developed the film.

"Any person of intelligence must consider the kind of paper that FATE is printed on. A photograph reproduced on such paper will lose many of its markings or details. In reference to the shadow on the moon, I am not myself too well versed in this particular line of shadow casting, but my article merely pointed out that the shadow was not my own idea but was, in fact, pointed out by military men who are experts in reading aerial photographs.

"Since the publication of the article in FATE, I have had further confirmation through triangulation, relative to the positions of the earth, moon and the sun. It seems that more reflection was cast upon this particular ship by the earth than by the sun. As stated in the article, the ship would reflect a greater intensity of light than the moon would itself. And triangulation indicates that the shadow seems to be coming from the reflec-

(Continued on page 122)

THE ANCIENT HAS BEEN RECOVERED

Secret Science Behind Miracles

About eighty years ago, a great scientist, William Tufts Brigham, curator of the famous Bishop museum, in Honolulu, verified the fact that the native priests of Polynesia possessed a secret magical science, the very existence of which had not been suspected.

It was not the instant healing performed by the kahunas or native priests, it was not their power to foresee the future for an individual, and if it was bad, change it for the better; it was not control of weather, sharks or ghostly spirits, which convinced Dr. Brigham that he had found a genuine system of workable magic. It was fire-walking.

It is hard to prove that instant healing has been done in any one case. It is hard to prove that the future has been changed for the individual. It is hard to prove that changes in the weather or in the actions of sharks or spirits have been caused by magic.

BUT WITH FIRE-WALKING IT IS DIFFERENT. Bare feet and red hot lava can be examined endlessly. If the feet press on the red lava with the weight of a human body above them, and if no burns result, that also is subject to scientific study. There is no trickery possible in red hot lava.

Dr. Brigham used his own feet to test the magic of the native fire-walk. More than that, he kept on his heavy mountain boots. Under the magical protection of the native priests he walked 200 feet across red hot lava. His boots were entirely burned from his feet, and he finished the walk with bare skin in direct contact with lava which had barely cooled enough to harden. **AND HE WAS NOT BURNED IN ANY WAY.**

Three native kahunas had also walked the red hot lava with bare feet and had been uninjured.

That was the beginning of an investigation of such importance that we have still to realize its full significance.

For years after the fire-walk, Dr. Brigham tried to get from the natives the secret of their magic. However, this magic was a deep and traditional SECRET with the kahunas. For countless centuries the secret system had been called THE SECRET (Huna). It had been handed down from parent to child under vows of strictest secrecy.

Dr. Brigham was not a blood relative, and so no kahuna could divulge to him the secret methods of their magic. They could, and did, demonstrate their abilities for the friendly scientist, as in his fire-walking with them. He watched them heal slowly and instantly, with the Low Magic and the High Magic. He worked endlessly and tirelessly for many years to evolve a theory to explain what he saw and what he repeatedly verified.

(Advertisement)

By the year 1900, the kahunas were dying off. The young Hawaiians refused to take the training in magic from their elders. They had been taught in school to scoff at native magic. It looked as if the most significant body of knowledge ever held by mankind was about to be lost — perhaps forever.

Dr. Brigham, at the age of eighty-two, cast about for a young man to continue what had become an almost hopeless investigation. He found Max Freedom Long, a young man only three years in the Islands.

Max Freedom Long took over the research to discover the SECRET lore of magic from the natives. For four years he studied the project under Dr. Brigham, and, upon the death of the aged scientist, carried on alone for twelve years more.

Mr. Long accumulated a considerable amount of material in the field, and was able to make certain first-hand investigations and observations, even in the twilight of native magic in Hawaii. In the year 1931 he gave up. He left Hawaii, depressed by the belief that mankind had forever lost its most valuable knowledge — that of human consciousness and its relations to higher forms of consciousness — perhaps gods?

Four years passed. Then, unexpectedly, Long stumbled on a clue. He instantly burned with renewed eagerness, and he plunged afresh into the work of unearthing the lost SECRET.

By now the last of the kahunas was gone. The clue which had at last been found was very small. But, step by slow step, the work of unravelling the mystery progressed. By 1936 enough had been learned to warrant the publication of a report in book form. This was done. The book was sold in England, but the story it had to tell was so strange and so incomplete that it attracted little attention.

By good luck, a copy fell into the hands of an elderly Englishman, W. R. Stewart, a blood son of a magician, who had been partly initiated into the Secret in his youth. He wrote Mr. Long at once and they pooled their findings. From that moment the work rushed ahead.

In 1948 a report of the recovery of the SECRET SCIENCE BEHIND MIRACLES was published in a 416 page book of which over thirty thousand copies have been sold. For the earnest and ambitious person bent on learning to use psychology and psychic science for healing mind, body and bank account this book is a must for the SECRET SCIENCE BEHIND MIRACLES works. It is probably the only book in print that gives a clear, scientific statement of the powers, limitations and relationship existing between the three levels of mind with simple instructions how to use all three levels to bring one his heart's desire.

SECRET SCIENCE BEHIND MIRACLES sells in book stores for \$4.00. FATE readers may have it for \$3.00 direct from publisher. With the large book you will receive FREE the latest on sleep suggestion in a book titled HEALTH, WEALTH and HAPPINESS WHILE YOU SLEEP by Wing Anderson, a pioneer in this field.

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tion of the earth upon the moon and ship alike.

"Some good experts have studied this photograph for some time and all agree it is a shadow cast by the space ship . . . According to the best calculations the ship is probably about a mile long, or maybe a little more — though the glow is many times that size . . . Yet according to one letter sent me, I believe the writer has mistaken the total lumination as the size of the ship.

"One party writes that it would be impossible for me to do what I

claim with my six-inch Newtonian telescope of 54-inch focal length. He may not have been informed that there are several types of optics that can do even better . . .

"One recent Sunday a group of photographic experts drove over 100 miles to examine the photographs. They noted the double shadow — the thin line within the large dark square, and agreed there was no fakery in the pictures . . .

"I am well pleased with the wonderful letters I have received, especially from astronomical societies."

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(Please mention "Fate" when writing)

REPLY ON THE MOON

A letter by Christa A. Robbins published in your July FATE alleges that my article on lights on the moon "contains a number of inaccuracies". I am herewith replying on the three alleged inaccuracies cited:

My statement that "we may not have to wear cumbersome gas-masks" is not dogmatic. The writer should have observed that I do not say "will not" or "would not" have to wear gas-masks.

The writer of the letter states, "I have read practically everything of an astronomical nature that has come under my eye for the past 45 years (i.e., she had read what she has read!) and I have found out that the refraction of which Mr. Robb speaks as occurring 'on numerous occasions' does not occur."

But according to orthodox astronomers it does! The Index of

Monthly Notices of the Royal Astronomical Society will refer any investigator to many instances. One may see also *Observatory*, 24-210, 313, 315, 345, 414, and the *English Mechanic*, 23-197, 279, 26-229, 52-index, "atmosphere"; 81-60, 84-161, 85-108.

The writer goes on, "a recent book by Skilling and Richardson does not speak of the 'lights' mentioned by Mr. Robb." But non-mention is not proof of non-existence. In the library of the London Royal Astronomical Society observations on moon-lights are copious and include 1,600 on the lights of Plato alone. A few of the astronomers who have reported the lights are Herschel, Gledhill, Schroeter, Beer, Madler, Birt, Pratt, Barrett, Kropp, Prof. Harrison, A. S. Williams, Morales, Trouvelot, Dr. Olberts, Francis Bailey, Rev. M. Ward, Hodgson, Ingall. A few references are *Astro. Regl.*, 3-189, 5-114, 5-220; *Phil. Trans.*, 84-429; *Quart. Jour. Roy. Inst.*, 12-133; *Monthly Notices R.A.S.*, 8-55.

Stewart Robb, M.A. (Oxford)
New York, N. Y.

OREGON VORTEX

In your July 1951 issue of *FATE* Magazine appears an article "Oregon's Strange Whirlpool of Force" by John P. Bessor. On page 28 Mr. Bessor makes the statement "— and that cameras do not photograph optical illusions." I recall reading, from a reliable source,

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that cameras with special film (infra red I believe) can take pictures of desert mirages, *which are optical illusions*. To my way of thinking for Mr. Bessor to make such a statement makes his whole article open to doubt. Further, I can see no difference in height in the picture of the two men on page 25. Other than this article I enjoyed the issue very much.

John Cunningham

Cocoa, Fla.

It is a strange thing, and inexplicable to the editors, that in the original photograph the men seem to change height, but in the reproduction they do not.

AZTEC PROPHECY

The critique of the Aztec religion was splendidly done, though I am sorry that you inadvertently helped spread the popular misconception that the ruins at Teotihuacan pertain to that religion. Actually, the Teotihuacan culture vanished before that of the Toltecs arose, and that culture had already decayed before the Aztecs arose from barbarism. I have wandered through the dead city that is buried at the foot of the pyramids and shared the awe that the Aztecs felt for it. It was taboo to the people of Tenochtitlan and regarded by them with superstitious fear which kept them far from it until at last Montezuma ventured to go there to make sacrifice during the very last days of his reign, when the



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very gods of the Aztecs foretold their doom and prophesied their overthrow and undoing. Some day I would like to write an account of the last days of that empire, with its strange omens, its prophecies and their strange fulfillments, and the psychic suffering of the last Aztec emperor, who was an amateur magician, as I have gleaned the story during my two years in Mexico City from old contemporary accounts.

Lee R. Gandee

Columbia, S. C.

A BOUQUET

I consider myself very fortunate in being a subscriber to FATE Magazine. I say right here that there is not a publication like it on Earth (or anywhere else).

Charles C. Ford

New Orleans, La.

HE LIKES US, BUT . . .

I like FATE magazine very much. I am interested in psychic phenomena. But as a *medical doctor*, I find the less I am interested in psychic phenomena the better off I seem to be as an M.D.

(Name Withheld)

Detroit, Mich.

MORE ON DISCS?

Let's have more on the "discs" and a little prophecy on the A-bombs. How about it?

A. J. BURBANK

Fresno, Calif.

The Dark Days

In FATE for April, 1951, is an interesting article, "Why Did The Sun Turn Blue?" The date given, September 26 and 27, 1950, in England. Remember two days earlier, Sunday afternoon, September 24, when the "dark day" occurred here in the good old U.S.A.? I was listening to the radio explaining it was caused by a forest fire in Alberta, Canada, and the wind blew the smoke east then southward.

Soon the radio announced it was getting dark in Washington State. Just what kind of a wind was it that could blow smoke in two directions, east and west, at one and the same time?

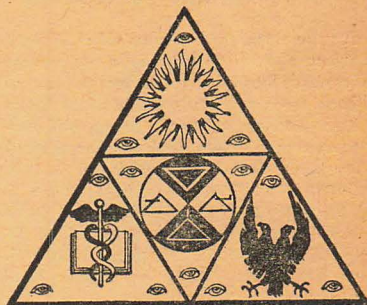
That was the third "dark day" I have witnessed. The first was in May, 1902, two days after Mt. Pelee blew her top and destroyed St. Pierre on Martinique in the West Indies. The second was in June, 1912, just two days after Mt. Katmai blew up in Alaska.

The light that came through the cloud was the same on all three occasions — yellow — while light from a forest fire is always red. If the sun can be seen it is blood red.

Now where was the volcanic eruption, and why the secret? The black cloud came from the northwest so a volcano must have broken loose in Alaska, the Aleutians, Bering Sea, or perhaps Kamchatka or some other part of Siberia.

The famous "dark day" of May, 1780, came two days after a vol-

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cano was born in Mexico. But the dark day of September 24, 1950, was the darkest of them all. When it began to get dark I set a pan of water out in the yard and two hours later there was a scum of volcanic ash on top of the water. Now where did that volcano break loose? Why is it kept a closely guarded secret? *H. M. Cranmer*
Vice-president
Pennsylvania Folklore Society

Planetary Life in the Bible

According to the Bible there are a number of both direct and indirect proofs of life on other planets. These references (*Eph. 1:10 3:41, 15, and Heb. 1:2*) clearly indicate life on other planets. Couldn't the flying saucers, by the same token, indicate that the various peoples of these planets (with no manifestations to indicate they do not resemble earthlings) were going through the more advanced stages of our own rocket-propelled research program? And couldn't they indicate, furthermore, that they have succeeded where we have not yet attempted to pierce our own ionosphere above the outer climatic atmosphere of the earth?

S/Sgt. C. L. Skelly, Jr.

Marine Air Corps Station
El Toro, Calif.

Good For Us!

Good for you! I've just read your May-June editorial in which you criticize Dr. Liddell. Who is this

character who suddenly seeks a share in the flying saucer notoriety? To my mind his "explanations" belong in the same class of worthless trivia as the "sightings" reported by certain persons who desire only a little publicity.

Yes, I enjoyed your editorial. As long as we have people who are willing to examine both (or all) sides of the question we stand a fair chance of some day solving this intriguing mystery. You are one of these. Dr. Liddell, unfortunately, is not.

E. G. Nitch

Praise from Holland

Just received the first three issues of FATE and I want to congratulate you on the magazine. I enjoy it immensely and believe it is just the magazine everybody was waiting for.

T. Van Ingen

Groningen, Netherlands

Seeing Blue?

Have any of your readers reported "seeing blue?" Some years ago I was walking along a deserted street about mid-afternoon when suddenly everything appeared to have a blue background. Exactly as if I had put on a pair of dark blue sun glasses. This phenomenon persisted about five minutes and disappeared as suddenly. I have always passed it off as a physiological phenomenon. Maybe it wasn't.

H. V. Hardin

Mesilla Park, N.M.

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