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FATE

JANUARY

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the Editorial

LET'S GET UP TO DATE ON

The Flying Saucers

Reports on new and strange aerial phenomena are multiplying constantly. Spheres, saucer-shaped objects, groups and squadrons are being observed.

RECENTLY we have received a number of communications from our readers asking what has become of the flying saucers. Some of them have accused us of being intimidated by Federal pressure, although we have repeatedly explained that no Federal pressure to suppress flying saucer accounts has ever been put upon us — or upon anyone else so far as we know.

We would like to point out proudly that we have resisted the combined efforts of the FBI, ONI and Air Force to keep us still, but, alas, there has been nothing to resist.

On the other hand, the flying saucer story is far from dead. We can recall no six-week period in recent years that has had as many authentic and solid reports of strange aerial phenomena as that between August 25 and October 9.

Read the following reports carefully. Each has more than one witness. Most of the witnesses are of the highest probity — some are nationally-known figures.

What did they see? We wish we knew. As we get deeper into our investigation of strange aerial phenomena we feel that we have less and less an idea of what this is all

about. We know only one thing for sure — these people saw *something*. And they surround their observations with details.

The puzzling thing is that there is no correlation between the various sightings. In one case the craft is circular; in another it is shaped like a small airplane. In one the object is small and slow-flying; in another it is a huge metallic globe, speeding rapidly. The objects are seen at night; they are seen in the daytime. Their speed, their coloring, their number, their appearance varies.

One conclusion can be drawn and we do not hesitate to draw it. Considering this and other evidence that we have published in the recent past — there is more than one type of object in the sky! If flying saucer-shaped objects do exist, they are only one of several unknown phenomena which are worrying our intelligence men. Unless, as we doubt, they are our own.

At this time we would like to take personal note of the Reader's Digest article, "The 'Flying Saucer' is Good News," by Henry J. Taylor, which was condensed from a radio broadcast and published in July, 1950.

"I know what these so-called 'flying saucers' are used for," Taylor said. "But they are an important military secret. When the U. S. Air Force does see fit to release the information it will be good news — wonderful news —

for Americans. Meanwhile, I do not think it is anybody's business to state what they are used for." (etc.)

We now have been waiting 18 months for this astounding revelation and, at the risk of being rude, we have one comment to make to this pontifical and smug statement.

"Nuts, Mr. Taylor."

REPORT FROM AFRICA

Nairobi, Africa (From Frank Edwards' broadcast of June 14). — A strange craft hovering motionless over Mt. Kilimanjaro was photographed and observed by the crew and seven passengers of an East African Airways plane, according to the front page story in a recent issue of the Adelaide, Australia, Express. The object was first seen by the radio operator of the craft, a flier of many years experience. He called it to the attention of the pilot, and then to the passengers, including two former officers of the Royal Air Force. They filmed it on movie cameras. Affidavits signed by all nine of the witnesses are in possession of the airline. All agreed that the craft was about 200 feet long, about 30 feet in diameter. They watched it for 17 minutes, they said, before it suddenly streaked eastward toward the sea at a speed estimated at more than 1,000 miles an hour. All the witnesses, including the fliers, declared they had never seen anything like it — whatever it was.

SQUADRONS OF SAUCERS

Lubbock, Tex. August 25. — Three professors at Texas Technical College were holding an informal discussion in the yard at the home of one of them, Dr. W. I. Robinson, professor of geology. The other two men were Dr. A. G. Oberg, professor of chemical engineering, and W. L. Ducker, head of the petroleum engineering department.

At 9:10 p.m. the three observed a group of objects flying in a rough semi-circular or crescent formation, bulged in the direction of flight. They were travelling at "incredible speed" and crossed the sky from horizon to horizon in about three seconds. They resembled a "string of beads."

The objects were moving from northeast to southwest. Three minutes later a similar formation appeared and crossed the sky, moving in the same direction, in the same length of time. The individual objects were indistinct but gave off a glow — possibly reflected lights from the city of Lubbock.

Professor Ducker spoke for the group. He said that each observer calculated the formation as covering the arc of the sky in three seconds. They could make no estimate of size or altitude because they had no reference for comparison. But they calculated that if the objects were a mile high their speed was approximately 1,800 miles per hour and they would have been about

1,000 feet in diameter.

Estimating them to be 50,000 feet high, their speed would be nearer to 18,000 miles an hour and they would have been 10,000 feet in diameter.

Ducker believes they were in the stratosphere at 50,000 feet or higher because the observers felt no shock waves as they would have if the objects had been lower. He and his two friends gather frequently to discuss scientific matters and never drink anything stronger than iced tea. "We didn't even have that last night," he declared.

Four nights previously, Prof. J. Russell Heitman, head of the journalism department at Texas Tech, reported seeing a similar phenomenon.

The Lubbock CAA tower and the tower at Reese Air Force Base declared there were no jet flights or other aircraft over Lubbock at the time.

Carl Hart, 18, was lying in bed watching the stars when he saw the first group flash by. He leaped out of bed, forgetting crutches he had been using for a leg injury, and grabbed his camera. Just as he got outside a second group of objects whizzed overhead and he shot a picture. He later made still another photograph of a third group. "They were faster than any jets I ever saw," Hart told the Associated Press.

After his photographs were developed he took them to J. C.

Cross, head of the biology department of Texas Tech, who examined the pictures under a microscope. Cross said they were not birds that give off a phosphorescent glow as suggested by some skeptics. Hart's first photograph showed about 18 lights and the second 21. The first group appeared to be V-shaped. The second group seemed to be round, shiny dots.

JEWEL OVER PHOENIX

Phoenix, Ariz., Sept. 9. — At approximately 1 a.m. a brightly lighted object, appearing at first glance to be an unusually large star, was observed from Phoenix Sky Harbor Airport hovering over South Mountain. The light, dubbed by newspapers the "flying jewel," darted about, from left to right.

Twenty-four hours later the same bright object was observed over Camelback Mountain. Observers looking through an Army telescope described it as having the form of a brilliantly jeweled bar brooch. It slanted first to the right, then to the left, rising, falling and circling. At other times it remained stationary.

There appeared to be three lights — a large one flanked by two smaller but equally bright lights. The colors changed in orderly sequence from clear green to icy blue to amber in what appeared to be timed intervals.

The Phoenix Gazette reported

that the object made swooping passes over the Camelback area, sometimes almost vanishing in the distance, and then returning.

AIR FORCE CHASE

Mitchel Field, L. I., N. Y., September 10. — Two Air Force pilots chased a mysterious round flying object for 30 miles and could not catch it. Lieut. Wilbert S. Rogers of Columbia, Pa., and Capt. Edward Ballard of Dover, Calif., sighted the object over Sandy Hook, N. J., while on a routine flight with a Lockheed T-33 jet training plane, which is a two-seat modification of the F-80.

The flying object looked like a small fighter plane, white or silver-colored, Lieutenant Rogers said. It moved in a wide arc from Sandy Hook to Red Bank, N. J., at a speed of 900 miles an hour estimated on the basis that it covered the 30-mile course in two minutes.

The T-33 chased it at full throttle and at one time was as close as 8,000 feet. The object's speed appeared to be constant and it did not seem to be running away from them, the two pilots said.

"I don't know if it was a flying saucer, but it sure was something I've never seen before," Lieutenant Rogers said. "We couldn't have caught it with an F-86 (America's fastest service jet fighter)."

The Air Force and Navy have said officially that flying saucers reported

previously are only weather balloons. "This couldn't have been a balloon," Lieutenant Rogers said. "It was descending and no balloon goes that fast."

A RUBBER BALL?

Hogansburg, N. Y., October 2. — Residents of northern New York state, along the Canadian border, declared that a dark brown rubber or plastic ball, about four feet in diameter, landed in a field, bounced several times, then took off with a buzzing sound at a speed of about 25 miles an hour.

Peter Phillips, 40, and Francis Arquette, 16, said that the strange ball appeared to be driven through the air by a propeller. Phillips and another witness, Alec LaFrance, chased the object for several miles in their car but were afraid to get closer than 100 yards. They said

the ball seemed to be too small to contain a human being.

Mrs. Angus Cook, 26, told police the ball was about 400 feet in the air when she first saw it, but that it landed only 200 feet from her home.

Weather bureau officials discounted the possibility that the object could have been a weather balloon.

HUGE METALLIC SPHERE

Terre Haute, Ind., October 9. — Roy Meffmore, a U. S. Civil Aeronautics Administration communications officer, and other employees at Hulman municipal airport, saw a huge metallic sphere speeding over the field.

"I've always been skeptical about these stories on flying saucers, but I've changed my mind," Meffmore said. "It's unbelievable but true."

FATE IS GETTING BETTER

AS PART of our program for improving the quality of FATE Magazine, we are proud to announce that this issue is printed on the finest and most expensive paper that we have ever used. In view of present-day paper shortages and costs this is an achievement of which we are tremendously proud.

FATE hitherto has come to you on a sort of glorified newsprint. This issue is printed on an English

finish paper with a harder surface which makes the whole magazine print better.

We are printing on the new paper primarily to obtain better reproduction of our photographs. Page through the magazine and note how the printing has improved. It is part of our continuous campaign to make FATE better. We move ahead as fast as we can. — Robert N. Webster.

Joseph of Cupertino—

the Flying Friar

By G. A. Cevalco

The Pope himself was only one of hundreds of persons who witnessed the amazing levitations of Fr. Joseph.



LEVITATION — the raising of a body into the air without mechanical means — is not often witnessed, yet the occurrence is reportedly old and widespread. This phenomenon has been recorded in ancient Sanskrit and allegedly takes place among Buddhist monks.

Levitation is recorded in the lives of over 200 Christian saints and holy persons. In their case it is interpreted as a mark of God's favor, whereby it is made evident, literally, that prayer is a raising of

the heart and mind to God. The most remarkable case of levitation, in extent and witnesses, is that of Joseph of Cupertino.

Joseph Desa was born in the year 1603 in a small town near Naples called Cupertino. His parents were poor and Joseph's childhood was one of sickness and misery. Joseph was not like other children. He experienced so many ecstatic visions that his teachers and classmates called him *Bocca Aperta* — the open-mouthed gaper.

He had no friends and his own family abused him as a good-for-nothing.

At 17 he was apprenticed to a shoemaker but, because of his visions, inattention, and general ignorance, he was sent back to his parents. They did not want him at home for they could not tolerate his strange behavior. They tried to have Joseph taken in at a neighboring Franciscan monastery. The monks charitably accepted Joseph as stable boy and it was here, under their influence, that Joseph began to display evidences of great virtue, humility, obedience, and love of penance. Finally he was admitted, in spite of his ignorance, to the clerical state in 1625.

His life now became one long succession of visions, prayers, and penances. He began to rise from the ground so frequently, especially during Divine Service, that he became known as the "flying friar." There can be no doubt that he deserved this name. We have written evidence by over 100 reputable eye witnesses who made their depositions under oath.

It should be mentioned that the overwhelming majority of evidence comes from educated witnesses of unchallengeable integrity. Some of the eye witnesses to Joseph's flights were present alone, some in small groups, and many in large crowds. Their evidence is for the most part simple, straightforward, with no major discrepancies, and exact

even in regard to minor details. These witnesses, moreover, were never worked up to a high pitch of excitement by Joseph telling them that he would rise above the earth ahead of time. For to Joseph, as to most mystics, his powers were not for display. He felt his levitation was only an accompaniment of his communion with the Divine.

Most of Joseph's flights occurred in monasteries and their immediate surroundings. Of the flights that he took in the little town of Cupertino alone, no less than 70 are on record in the depositions taken under oath from eye witnesses. Perhaps it may be argued that enthusiasm for their "brother" may have tempted the other monks of his monastery to exaggerate his strange gift. However, Joseph is reported to have flown also in Naples, Assisi, and Rome. His witnesses were not only his brother monks and Cupertino peasants but men of the world whose rank and credibility can hardly be questioned.

A most interesting flight occurred while Joseph was visiting a monastery in Assisi. The Lord Admiral of Castile, Ambassador from Spain to the Vatican, was traveling with his wife through Italy in 1645 and stopped at the monastery requesting permission of the abbot to see Joseph. The Admiral was as sceptical of Joseph's flights as his wife was credible.

The abbot liked to display Joseph

to visitors and commanded him to meet the Admiral and his wife in the chapel. Bound by a vow of obedience, Joseph replied: "I will obey, but I do not know whether or not I shall be able to speak to them."

But scarcely had Joseph entered the chapel when, his eyes fixed on a religious statue standing over the altar, he slowly floated upward a height of 12 paces and passed directly over the heads of those present. Then, after remaining suspended in the air for minutes gazing rapturously upon the image, he floated back over the heads of his amazed audience, landed, and returned to his cell. The Admiral's scepticism was shattered, his wife fainted dead away, and other on-lookers were piously frightened.

A similar levitation, fully attested to by dozens of eye witnesses, took place in Rome in 1643. The Father General of the Franciscans arranged for Joseph, who was at that time a topic of conversation all over Europe, to have an audience with Pope Urban VIII.

When brought into the Vatican, Joseph was seized by ecstatic rapture. As he approached the Pope Joseph suddenly floated off the ground several feet up into the air. Here he remained, invisibly supported, until called back to the ground by the Father General. Pope Urban was so impressed by this levitation that he is reported to have declared: "Should Joseph die

during my pontificate, I shall gladly bear witness to the most remarkable thing my senses ever beheld."

Joseph's most famous flights took place at Fossombrone. Once Joseph flew about the chapel of the monastery there so swiftly that he, in the words of the deposition, "went like lightning, gyrating hither and thither with such an impetus that the whole building trembled." Monks not present in the chapel are reported to have cried in consternation: "An earthquake! An earthquake!" Here at Fossombrone Joseph also reached what seems to be his record aloft: two hours without touching ground.

An even more unusual thing occurred when Joseph was in Naples. He was levitated with a passenger. This passenger was a mentally ill man who had been brought before Joseph. Suddenly Joseph seized the trembling patient by his hair, raised himself from the ground and drew the bewildered man up with him.

Joseph carried him in this manner for a short time, to the amazement of those present. The patient, whose name was Chevalier Beldasare, later swore in his deposition that on touching earth again he found he was cured of his mental malady. Perhaps this is the first known application of shock treatment.

These flights became so famous that Joseph's superiors were obliged to confine him to a cell in a monas-

tery at Osino to prevent the assembly of immense crowds and near riots. All too often, it seems, Joseph floated off the ground during prayer. Looking at a religious painting or hearing choirs sing was enough to send him up into space.

During his confinement, however, a most remarkable investigation was conducted by a famous doctor of the time, Francesco Pierpaoli. Dr. Pierpaoli also ministered to Joseph during the short illness which preceded Joseph's death in 1663.

This doctor testified that one day while he was examining Joseph his patient went into a state of rapture. He observed that Joseph sat with his mouth open, without the least sign of respiration, and that he now was raised about eight inches above the chair he had been sitting in. In order to observe this levitated position, the doctor related, he and Doctor Giancino Carosi, who was also present, got down on their knees and pulled the chair out from under Joseph. Joseph remained floating and the doctors spent about 15 minutes feeling around his body in an attempt to discover what held it suspended in space. The abbot, Silvestro Evangelista, happened into Joseph's cell and used his authority to recall Joseph. Joseph smiled and returned to his senses as he dropped back into the chair they rapidly pushed back under him.

This was not the only opportu-

nity that Dr. Pierpaoli had to observe Joseph's levitations. He became one of Joseph's outstanding witnesses; but he was only one among the hundreds, who included cardinals, Prince Leopold of Tuscany, the Infanta Maria of Savoy, Isabella of Austria, the Duke of Bouillon, and Duke Johann Friedrich, who was also the patron of the famous German philosopher, G. W. Leibnitz.

One day Duke Johann Friedrich and two of his retainers, Georg Sittig and Johann Blume, were taken, so they swore in their depositions, by a private staircase to a door of the chapel in which Joseph was accustomed to pray. Joseph did not know he was being observed. They saw him kneeling in prayer and then they saw him slowly rise into the air, still in a kneeling position, and float backward five paces. Then he returned to the front of the altar, still invisibly supported, where he remained floating for five minutes before returning to the ground. Could they believe their eyes?

Naturally they were eager to witness the incredible phenomenon again and it was arranged for the same hour the following day. Nor were they disappointed. Again they saw Joseph float up from the altar steps and remain kneeling in space for about a quarter of an hour.

Many other notable of the period saw the flying friar and their accounts of his levitations are just

as interesting and trustworthy.

Some persons scoff at levitation as part and parcel of an outmoded superstition of bygone ages but facts are stubborn. Joseph's witnesses were unalterably convinced they had seen him defy the laws of gravity on innumerable occasions, under varying conditions and surroundings.

Surely it is harder to believe that so many reputable eye witnesses were deceived than to be-

lieve that Joseph of Cupertino did actually float in the air. The Roman Sacred Congregation of Rites took over 100 years to collect and weigh the evidence that led to Joseph's canonization in 1767.

No other single case of levitation has been supported by such a flood of evidence from witnesses of unquestionable veracity. Little wonder Joseph of Cupertino has become the patron saint of all of us who now fly — in airplanes.



THE PHANTOM AND THE WILL

IN December 1766, John Butler, M.P., left his seat at Worminghurst for London on horseback, attended by a groom, probably to take his seat in the House of Commons. The next morning his sister-in-law, Miss Frances Browne, was awakened early by the apparition of Mr. Butler walking through her bedroom into the next room and returning. He did not reply when spoken to.

Being disturbed by the reality of the incident she got up and went downstairs. It was still too early for the servants to be about. Noticing the door of the steward's office open, she was surprised to find the steward there. He told her that not being able to sleep he went to his office and was surprised to see Mr. Butler standing there. Again

the spirit gave no answer and walked away, this time without returning.

During the afternoon the groom returned from London and told how his master, when mounting his horse early, had suffered a fatal heart attack just about the time he appeared to Miss Browne and the steward.

No will could be found until the latter remembered that Mr. Butler sometimes kept his papers in the room next to his sister-in-law's, where, after much searching, it was discovered. It would have been pointless for him to appear to the widow, although she was the chief beneficiary. These facts were given to the local Curate by the two witnesses and thus the case could be put on record. — *G. N. Slyfield (in Prediction)*

THE MARVELOUS LOST

Here were homes and palaces with running hot and cold water and flush toilets, modern dresses for their women — and the strange worship of bulls.

By John C. Ross

SURROUNDING the great amphitheater at Cnossus, throngs of men and women climbed slowly to their places or gathered in groups at the entrance gates to talk and to lay their bets. People leaned from the gaily decorated balconies which dotted the tiers to beckon and call to friends. An excited holiday air hung over the scene.

No one of us today has ever witnessed a spectacle to compare with this. In the soft, sea breeze on the Isle of Crete, 4,000 years ago a civilized people gathered to watch, not a barbarous, blood-letting bull fight, but a display of agility and grace — a dance with the bulls.

The women wore dresses of gold or silver cloth, or a colorful, light material adorned with embroidery. Their skirts were pleated and covered their gleaming bodies except for arms and breasts. Their bosoms were proudly bare with nipples painted red, like their lips. Their soft, curling hair was piled high upon their heads, held in place with gold pins or bound with ribbons. Their bodies were slim, with narrow hips and tiny waists.



Ivory figurine of snake goddess shows surprisingly modern dress for the Minoan women — except that their breasts were bare or but transparently covered.

The men too, proud of their bodies, were naked from the waist up, though they girded themselves tightly in loincloths and wore ornamented boots of white, buff or red leather which reached almost to their knees.

In the arena below, the dancers,

CIVILIZATION OF CRETE

highly trained young men and women, flexed their flat athletes' muscles preparing for the dangerous dance to come. At a salute of ram's horns the eager murmur of the balconies and the stands fell to a whisper.

The bulls were let into the ring one at a time and each dancer took his turn, carrying out a complex and exacting routine. The dancers were nearly naked and their bodies oiled that they might slide easily away from death. The bulls were

huge animals, a third larger than our modern bulls because they were nearer relatives to the great 'aurochs, extinct ancestors of modern cattle. Their horns were long and curved like scimitars and they pawed the earth and snorted like the legendary Cretan god, Minotaur, himself.

As the first bull lowered his head and rushed at a dancer the youth faced him, poised lightly on the balls of his feet. Just as the great horn of the bull seemed certain to

One of many scenes of bull leaping is this fresco in the huge palace of Minos at Cnossus. Young men and women alike participated in these dangerous ceremonies.



gore his slender body the dancer leapt suddenly sideways, grasped one of the horns with both hands and as the bull tossed his powerful head back the youth landed astride his massive neck. One of the terrible horns stuck harmlessly under his knee and the other horn supported him under the armpit. With leisurely grace the boy turned, poised briefly in a graceful handstand on the spreading horns, leapt backward in a somersault which ended with the dancer standing on the bull's back. As the bull hesitated, bewildered, the dancer sprang lightly to the ground.

When the bull rushed again he was met again. Two strong, small hands grasped his horns as one of the girls somersaulted over his neck and rested for an instant, lying back to back with the maddened bull. Then, with feet braced against the bull's hind quarters, the girl arched gracefully upwards, stood briefly, and sprang off again. Another girl, in her turn, gripped the flanks of the animal with her hands and turned a backward somersault into the steady arms of her partner. Another young man, holding himself on with his thighs, leaned back over the muzzle of the bull, arms outstretched, waiting for the animal to toss him backwards to land lightly on his feet.

Wherever the bull rushed he was met by agile phantoms, sidestepping, gracefully vaulting, vanishing over his head or his back.

We do not know whether the Cretans applauded these remarkable feats, since the bull-jumping rite was part of their religion. But the show lasted for hours — a magnificent ritual whose meaning is now lost in antiquity. Some remnants of this ancient custom still survive in parts of southern France and Thessaly where the object of the competition is not the death of the bull but the display of agility and daring by the men who meet the enraged beast.

After the show was over the bull was sacrificed by priests while the young dancers accepted the garlands they had earned.

The Cretans delighted in athletic contests, including races, boxing and possibly gladiatorial combats. Pictures of their boxers show heavyweights wearing helmets, cheek pieces and padded coverings to the elbow. Some of their boxing was modelled on what we now call the French style, with the contestants using their feet as well as their fists.

However, bull-jumping was the most popular of all Cretan sports from the years 3000 B.C. to 2000 B.C. Paintings, frescoes, jewelry, all show this sport. Perhaps it began with cowboys on the Cretan plains who later became professional entertainers in the cities. Eventually it developed to such an extent that schools existed whose only purpose was to train the boys and girls who danced with the bulls.

Scholars who have studied both the early Greeks and the Minoans who lived on the Isle of Crete, off the mainland of Greece in the Mediterranean Sea, believe it is possible that the Greek legend of the Minotaur actually grew out of this sport of bull-jumping.

According to one legend the Cretans levied an annual tribute on the Athenians of 12 youths and 12 maidens who were sacrificed to the Minotaur, a legendary monster, half bull and half man, which lived in a labyrinth on the island. Theseus, legendary hero of Attica, invaded the labyrinth and killed the Minotaur. Analyzing this ancient myth, it is conceivable that the "labyrinth" was the tremendous palace of King Minos at Cnossus and the "minotaur" was only a big Cretan bull. It is also quite likely that the Greek captives were taught bull-jumping and that the legend of the man-devouring Minotaur arose among the superstitious Greeks on the mainland as a result.

Another Greek legend which undoubtedly harks back to bull-jumping is the story of Europa, the young girl who used to leap on the back of the sacred bull and allow him to carry her as she grasped his horns. Europa finally was carried off to Crete by Zeus disguised as a white bull.

The Minoans may have had the greatest, though not the largest, civilization of ancient times. We

do not know how or why this magnificent culture was destroyed. We cannot read their writings though we have a large number of them carefully preserved. But we can tell what some of their customs were from the beautiful frescoes and vases which still exist. From the ruins of the great palace of Cnossus we can learn many other things about these mysterious people, who dealt with the Egyptians and Assyrians on an even footing, exchanged ambassadors with them and sent their trading boats all over the Mediterranean and probably out into the Atlantic.

The Minoans may have been conquered and destroyed by the early Greeks who came down from the north as little more than savages. The Minoans preceded the Greeks. Their culture was at its height before there was a federation of Greek people. Many of the Minoan customs must have been preserved by the invaders but the Minoans as a people were destroyed. With their destruction one of the greatest civilizations known to man was lost. It is thought by many students of antiquity that the Minoans may have possessed an even higher civilization than the Greeks attained 1,000 years later.

The Minoans were short, slender people averaging only about five feet five inches in height. This is less than the height of the present day Cretans. The Greeks called them "Red-skins," and it is certain

that they were darker than those few Greeks who achieved the Grecian ideal of light skin and blonde hair. The Minoan men were clean-shaven and paintings show them with pointed chins, full lips, long noses and long hair. Most of the men wore a triple tuft of hair standing upright in a sort of crest. The Minoans seem always to have depicted their enemies as having beards.

Existing Minoan frescoes show the women to have white skins. No doubt they achieved this paleness by staying out of the Mediterranean sun. The men's skins were bronze. No Minoan art shows Greek profiles with the nose extending straight from the forehead. Sometimes their noses are tilted, sometimes they are bumpy in outline. The women are invariably shown with slender waists, curving hips and swelling bosoms. The dress of the Minoan women as shown in their ancient art is almost as modern as today's Paris creation. It does, of course, differ in that it placed far more — or none at all — accent upon the breast. If the Cretan woman did not have her bosom entirely bare she wore a bodice of transparent material. Sometimes the bodice ended in a stand-up Medici collar at the nape of her neck and was open down the front, lacing only below the bare breasts. If the bodice had sleeves they covered only the upper arm and were either close fitting or

pleated and puffed. The skirts were often trimmed with lace, frills, or pleats and hung in as many as three flounces. Cretan women even wore the hobble skirt and some costumes had stays.

No ruin in the world points to such fabulous exploits of an ancient people as does the great palace of Cnossus near modern Candia in Crete. The palace covers an area of six acres, including a large central court. It is built atop a low hill in the river valley of the Karaitos. There are throne rooms, public halls, offices, cool secluded living rooms. In a great store house huge earthenware jars still stand. There are square cists showing traces of lead lining and gold foil, indicating that they must have stored the treasure of the king. A processional corridor is lined with frescoes showing youths bearing ceremonial vessels. A grand staircase leads down four flights on the east, though only a portion of the original staircase still exists.

Perhaps the most important indication of the mechanical accomplishments of the Minoan civilization is the remnants of their elaborate drainage, sewage and water system. Spring water was piped into Cnossus in terra cotta pipes. These pipes had collars and stop ridges like modern pipes. But they were superior in design because each was tapered to give the water a shooting motion which prevented the accumulation of sediment. There

were stone drains with manholes, latrines with pipes leading into these drains. There was an arrangement which sent rain water to flush the drains and toilets — conveniences that did not exist in the great French palace at Versailles thousands of years later. On one elaborate staircase water was channeled so that it flowed around the outside in a carefully designed runnel which prevented the water splashing as it was conveyed through a series of convex curves from one level to another.

Minoan houses generally were composed of rooms grouped casually around a central court. They were broad and without much depth so that they were open and airy and ideal for communication. The houses were several stories high, built of brick, wood or stone, and the roofs were flat. The walls and floors were painted and true frescoes appear on the lime plaster as interior decoration. On these frescoed house walls blue boys and girls gathered flowers, cats stalked pheasants amid luxuriant foliage, dolphins, birds, and monkeys gambled happily. There were some sculptures but few of large size.

Women seem to have enjoyed virtual equality in Crete. They rode chariots, hunted and competed in the public games. They played a large role in the religious ceremonies. The principal Cretan divinity seems to have been a goddess-mother, the patroness of fer-

tility. Through the women priestesses humanity was brought into touch with divine powers. Knowledge of some of the Cretan deities has come down to us through the histories of the Greeks. One of these is *Diktynna*, goddess of high places, a great mother who lived in the mountains and was probably the patroness of child birth. *Britomartis* was the goddess of youth and love. And the fusion of these two was worshipped as *Ariadne*.

No figure exists which archeologists are certain is a Cretan idol of a male god. But it is evident that the male force was worshipped through bulls and through the Minotaur. This latter is represented as the god of male force and was considered to live in the palace of Minos. The Greeks said that those who crossed the threshold were terrified by his dreadful bellows but there seems to be no basis for the belief that the Cretans actually worshipped a god who thirsted for human blood — this was the invention of the Greeks.

It is true, however, that bulls were sacrificed in the great festivals. The sacrifice took place after the bull-jumping pageant. Paintings and frescoes have been found that show the bulls, their feet bound, lying upon sacrificial blocks or tables while their blood drips into basins provided for the purpose.

The bull was the god of procreation. In the shape of a bull the god carries off Europa. In a union with

Pasiphae the god begets the Minotaur. As Minos he pursues Britomartis. The bull god fertilizes the fields and has the power to make women beautiful.

One of the symbols used in the religion of the Cretans was the cross. In Crete alone, of the many places where the cross appears in antiquity, it seems to have been closely connected with the gods and divinity. A cross is marked on the forehead of the sacrificial bull. The cross found in Minoan civilization takes a number of forms — what we now call the Latin cross, the Greek cross, St. Andrews cross, and the swastika.

There is evidence that the Cretans invented a great many of today's religious ideas and forms of worship, sacrifice and initiation into mysteries. Incense was burned during their ceremonies. Music was played as an accompaniment for religious rites — on such instruments as flutes, conches, lyres, and terra cotta bells. The Cretans celebrated the blossoming of spring, the capture of the bull, the olive harvest and the approach of winter. Dancing played an important part in their rituals.

Although we can trace the history of Minoan writing and thousands of clay tablets and seals exist, we are unable to decipher the inscriptions of this magnificent and lost civilization. Archeologists have traced the development of the script from ideographs to the existence of

two linear scripts. We do know the Cretan system of numbers. But we do not understand their alphabet. Diodorus says that the Phoenicians did not invent letters but took them from Crete.

Art reached a high level in Crete. Stone vases were manufactured. Beautiful glazed pottery was used. During the middle Minoan period the clay was worked to eggshell thinness. Some of the dishes were scalloped or fluted as if copied from metal cups. Elaborate paintings appeared on some of the pottery. Black glaze was set on natural clay. A variety of tones were used later, from brown through red and yellow. The decorations and frescoes were sometimes natural in design, sometimes formalized representations. Sea animals were the favorite subjects.

The photograph of the snake goddess which accompanies this article does not have the fine finish of some of the Cretan sculpture but it is extremely interesting.

The snake goddess wears a high purplish-brown tiara (now broken) with a white border, a necklace, and a dress consisting of a richly embroidered bodice with a laced corsage and a skirt which hangs in flounces or a sort of double apron. Her breasts are bare. Her hair falls behind her ears and onto her shoulders and is cut straight in bangs above her forehead. Her eyes and eyebrows are black.

Three snakes are coiled about

the goddess. Their greenish bodies are spotted with purple-brown. The head of one snake is in her right hand and its body follows her arm upwards and descends behind her shoulders, climbing again to her left arm which holds the tail. Two other snakes entwine about her hips. One outlines her apron and then climbs along the edge of her bodice with its tail coiled about her right ear. The third snake runs along the left edge of her bodice and coils around her tiara.

Archeological descriptions of what has been found in ancient Crete fill many volumes but unless, or until, we can decipher their writing we cannot know what was in the hearts of these people. We cannot know how they lived or what they thought. Perhaps on the day we read their writings we shall know

why the Minoan civilization existed only in the eastern part of Crete and not at all in the west. It seems strange that a complicated civilization which endured for thousands of years, on an island containing only 3,320 square miles (about four average-sized American counties), never colonized the western part of that island. Yet the Minoans seem to have populated the rest of the Aegean basin. And what happened to this magnificent civilization? Unless we find a Rosetta stone to unlock the mystery of their writing we cannot know!

But we can continue to marvel at their beautiful palaces, at their feats of engineering, at their paintings and works of art. And we can wonder at the agility and daring which allowed them to dance with the great horned bulls of Minos.



Another Vortex?

On Wonder Hill near Highway 101 in Salinas, Calif., nature has concocted her own whimsical version of a Coney Island Fun House.

Within the magic 100 foot circle on a knoll, all laws of gravity seem to have gone haywire. Balls apparently roll up inclines, pendulums hang off center and two-year-old tots appear to tower over their parents!

Physical scientists and psycholo-

gists offer several theories regarding the cause of the strange phenomenon of Wonder Hill. Some say it's just a case of mental suggestion or an optical illusion. Others suggest the presence nearby of a magnetic lode or a buried meteor. One odd aspect of this puzzling situation is that animals as well as human beings demonstrate an awareness that all is not down-to-earth on Wonder Hill. — *Catherine Christopher*



The VINDICTIVE TRUSS

Was this a fantastic series of coincidences or did some malevolent force lie in wait for the doctor?

By Paul Pickett

SOME years ago I taught school near the village of Lena, Parke County, Ind. I had lived in the village but a short time when I became acquainted with the resident physician, Dr. John Welch. He was one of the finest men I have ever met and a most interesting talker.

At his home one evening, for I often spent an hour or two there after my school day was done, he said, "Pickett, I don't think I've ever told you of a strange series of adventures that happened to me about two years ago. Their sequence seems so illogical that I feel sure

they were more than ordinary, everyday coincidents. But what?

"I'll tell you the story and see how you explain it. Any of my neighbors will verify these things.

"Four years ago an old man living a mile south of town died, leaving an aged widow. I had attended the old couple for several years and, as they were very poor, I had never charged them anything.

"A week or so after the old man's death his wife came to my office with a package wrapped in newspaper. 'Doctor,' she said, 'I've brought you the Old Man's truss.

Maybe you can find some use for it and it's all I've got to give you for being so good to us.'

"Of course I took the truss and thanked her and pretended to be mighty glad to get it although it wasn't worth a cent to me. After she had gone I threw the truss into a box where I kept the rubbish to be thrown out and forgot it.

"Spring came on and the grass was soft and green on the lawn. One afternoon I sat on the porch resting my feet after I had been out on a call. I had taken my shoes off, when something on the lawn attracted me and I walked out on the grass. I had taken only a few steps when something stabbed the ball of my foot like a sharp knife, making a deep gash fully three inches long. My wife called another doctor who sewed up the wound and dressed it. I was on crutches for some time. When I investigated the cause of my wound I found the old truss had been broken and imbedded in the ground with the thin sharp steel protruding. I dug it up and took it to the back yard and threw it in a barrel of debris, to be hauled away.

"Late the following November Joe Moreland, who lived on the north side of town, called me. It was only a short distance so I started to walk. The ground was frozen and a light snow was falling. I had gone a block or two when my toe caught on something. I tripped and fell headlong. I was so badly hurt that my neighbors had to

carry me home. My wife called another doctor who patched me up but I was in bed for three weeks.

"When I was able to get out again I went to the scene of my fall to see what had done the dirty work. Again I found the same old truss, imbedded in the ground with the broken part projecting like a hook. I dug it up again, deposited it in an ash barrel at the back of my yard and called George Hayes and told him to haul the barrel away at once, which he did.

"Next spring, along in May, I got a call to visit a Thomas family who lived a mile east of Lena. The weather was lovely. It was an ideal spring day so I told my wife I would walk and enjoy the fine spring air. I made my call and started back. Within a quarter of a mile of town I decided to cut across the fields. I was enjoying the green grass and the flowers and the singing of the birds.

"When I came to a little hollow with trees growing in and about it I saw some men and boys engaged in a game of cards in the shade so I stopped to watch. I became so interested that I decided to sit and rest and watch the game awhile. When I sat down it was as if some one had plunged a knife into my hip. The men staunched the blood as well as they could while some one went and got a rig to haul me home. Again another doctor was called. Again I was laid up for weeks. Again, when I had recovered, I

went to see the cause of my wound. The same old truss had hidden itself in the ground and waited for me. Fortunately it was still there — half buried.

"I dug it up and took it home. My wife was getting dinner and had a hot fire in the cook-stove. I said, 'Mary, I want to use your fire

awhile. I want to burn up this old truss, completely. If I don't destroy it the damned thing's going to destroy me.'

"With the poker and a hot fire I worked until it was reduced to ashes. I feel that if I had not destroyed it that it would eventually have killed me."



HYPNOSIS AT WORK.

IN a Loop office building in Chicago one day early in June a professional hypnotist stood before a group of well-fed women and announced that he would make them thin again.

"I shall put you to sleep and I shall tell you that no longer will you want to eat sweets and starches," said Edwin L. Baron.

"You will instead develop a craving for leafy vegetables and low-caloric foods," he went on.

He had the women watch a spot on the ceiling. "The spot is getting bigger," he intoned in a low-pitched voice. "Your eyes are getting heavy . . . heavy . . . heavy . . . very heavy . . ."

His voice continued, and before he was through more than half of the women in the room were in a hypnotic trance. Five apparently failed to respond.

When Mrs. Elsa Cohen, who weighed 255 pounds, came out of

her trance 20 minutes later she told a Chicago Daily News reporter, "No, I couldn't hear anything but Mr. Baron's voice. I kept picturing how I would look when I lost my weight. I think if I ate a chocolate sundae now I'd become ill."

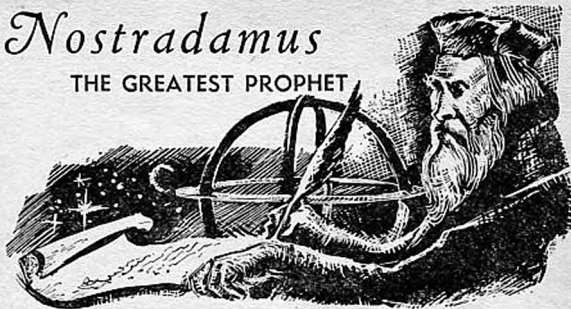
For weeks the women met twice a week at Baron's Loop office to go into a trance and listen to his suggestions. At the end of two weeks the average weight loss in six women was nine pounds. At the end of four weeks weight losses as high as 19 pounds had been recorded. This was accomplished by Jeannette McGinnis, an understudy in the cast of South Pacific, who had dropped from 189 to 170 pounds.

Mrs. Cohen was down from 255 to 241.

"I went to a wedding the other day and tried to eat some of the sweets," she said. "I got sick. Isn't that wonderful?"

Nostradamus

THE GREATEST PROPHET



Revolution will overthrow the Soviets, predicted the man whose prophecies have been coming true for 400 years.

By James F. Scheer

THERE is hardly a foreign office of any major nation — and this includes the U. S. Department of State — that does not have a complete file of the predictions made by the world's greatest prophet. And with good reason. In shaping diplomatic policies, those responsible for the destiny of millions must try in every way to learn answers to questions that prey on all our minds in these days of global tension.

For instance, will communism spread throughout the world or will it die? What is the future of our strongest ally, Great Britain? Will we be involved in a full-scale

world war? If so, in what year and what nation or nations will come out on top?

These and other important questions have already been answered by the world's greatest prognosticator, a man whose predictions — of the League of Nations' failure, the violation of the Versailles Treaty, the rise and fall of Hitler and Mussolini, even to specific details of their deaths, as well as the exact time for the ending of the war with Japan — are now a matter of historical record.

Remarkable though these forecasts are, the most incredible thing about them is that they were made

almost 400 years ago. Their author was Michael Nostradamus, physician and astrologer to King Henry II of France and celebrated sage of the town Salon.

Before studying his predictions for our period, let's consider the man, his times, his background, his methods of making forecasts, so that we can check him for reliability and accuracy. Let's see whether it was good fortune, an unusual combination of circumstances, or a great gift that made it possible for him to write history before it happened.

Michael Nostradamus was born on the day before Christmas in 1503, and at an early age was interested in studies far beyond the horizon of most young minds. His grandfather, Jean de St. Remy, court physician to King Rene of Provence, taught Michael mathematics, geometry, astronomy, Greek, Latin, Hebrew languages, lessons in the humanities and in alchemy, cabala, and astrology.

That this was just a beginning for Michael became plain upon his enrollment at the University of Avignon and, later, at the University of Montpellier, where he startled professors with his knowledge of philosophy and the sciences, as well as with his prodigious memory.

His understanding of medicine stirred envy in some of his professors. As a practicing physician—even before receiving his degree—

Nostradamus found medicines inadequate for treating victims of the plague and he originated a plague powder that helped to cure the dying of many cities and towns. His consideration of the sick was in itself revolutionary. To physicians of his era plague patients were untouchables to be treated from a safe distance. To Nostradamus, who went among the gasping and deathly ill with no qualms or protective amulets, they were people who needed the confidence and cheer, as well as the medicines, that a good doctor could bring them. His record of cures made him something of a sensation in all parts of southern France. But despite his skill Nostradamus lost both his wife and two boys through plague.

It was at this time, overcome by grief, that he showed his ability to forecast the future. A man who spoke little and meditated a great deal, he wandered throughout France and Italy. In a small Italian village Nostradamus, a devout Catholic, saw a group of Franciscan friars approaching him. Suddenly he bowed to one of them, Felix Peretti. The friars with Peretti asked Nostradamus why he paid this unusual honor.

"Because I must bow and kneel before His Holiness," he replied.

It was hard for the monks to keep from smiling broadly. Friar Peretti tried to hide his discomfiture. The idea that he, a poor

young man, could become spiritual leader of the entire Roman Catholic church almost overwhelmed him. Yet some years later the good monk rose to become Cardinal of Montalto and, in 1585, was elected Pope as His Holiness, Sixtus the Fifth.

The number of his predictions that came true brought Nostradamus to the attention of King Henry II and Queen Catherine de Medici. Late one night a page of the royal family, Beauveau, having lost a valuable hound, pounded on the door to ask for Nostradamus' advice. Interrupted from his reverie, the prophet, without opening up to see what the person wanted, shouted through the door:

"What is it you want, page of the king? You make a deal of noise for a lost dog. Go upon the road toward Orlean and you will find him led on a leash."

The page left and, following instructions, met a servant leading the hound toward him on the Orlean road. This story and others spread fast. Soon Nostradamus became a living legend. Once while acting as physician in Lorraine at the castle of the Lord Florinville, the ability of Nostradamus was good-naturedly kidded by his host. While walking with the prophet, Lord Florinville pointed out two small pigs, one white and the other black. "What is going to happen to them?" he asked.

Nostradamus answered that the

Lord and he would eat the black one and that a wolf would eat the white one. Lord Florinville made up his mind to prove his friend wrong. He ordered the cook to prepare the white pig for supper. After killing and dressing the animal, the cook was called away from the kitchen for a few minutes. A tame wolf (dog), attracted by the savory aroma of fresh meat, managed to get in by an open window and do away with most of the evening's dinner.

The cook cursed the dog but soon realized that wouldn't help matters. He might lose his job unless he produced roast pig in time for supper. He killed and cooked the black animal.

At the table Lord Florinville made the most of his joke, asking which pig they were eating. Nostradamus replied that this was the black one, for the white one was by now well settled in the wolf's stomach. The lord shook his head, laughing. He admitted ordering the cook to prepare the white pig. Nostradamus insisted that they were eating the black pig. To prove himself right, Lord Florinville called in his cook, demanded the whole truth, and got it.

Although adept at making spur of the moment forecasts, Michael Nostradamus did his best work under conditions of his own choosing. In the quiet of night, by the dim light in his sparsely furnished room, he — surrounded by heavy

volumes on the ancient sciences, judicial astrology, cabala, and alchemy — rested on his three-legged chair.

Three conditions that he found helpful for receiving previews of the future were: (1) peace of mind; (2) silence of night; and (3) loneliness.

The writings of Nostradamus are not easy to read. There is good reason for this. Living in an era when astrologers were honored but witches and heretics were sometimes burned at the stake, he — though a pious man — had to be cautious. So he wrote his predictions in anagrams, riddles, in enigmas, using symbols, astrological and other kinds, for persons, places, historical events and dates. Nostradamus states that he tried not to be direct in choosing words because he knew that "kingdoms, sects, religions" would be opposed.

But even in seemingly dark and cloudy passages there are pictures easily identified as persons and historical events.

Nostradamus wrote his visions of the future in personal letters and, mainly, in quatrains (four lines of verse). These quatrains were first published on March 1, 1556, in groups of 100 or more, called Centuries. In all, with the 10 known Centuries, his presages, sixains and prophecies in letters, Nostradamus committed himself more than 1,000 times.

Oddly, a prediction of King

Henry II's death led to his becoming physician to the French royal family. He also became an important court astrologer. This is a translation of Century 1, Quatrain 35, which first caught the monarch's attention:

*The young lion will defeat the old
in a duel on the field of war.*

*He will pierce the older man's eyes
in a cage of gold.*

*This is the first of two blows.
After this the older one will die
a cruel death.*

Exactly as he had said, the king died. On the day his daughter Elizabeth married the Spanish ruler, Phillip II, King Henry, who enjoyed duelling, arranged a tournament. He challenged all comers. After defeating two men, he asked a young swordsman whose ability he admired — Gabriel de Montgomery, an officer in the Scottish Guards — to duel with him. Montgomery tried to refuse, but the king commanded him to fight.

Soon after the duel began, the young officer's lance slipped, pierced the visor of the king's golden helmet and injured him above the right eye. As Nostradamus had written, the king suffered for 10 days and died "a cruel death." The second blow to the royal House of Valois was the death of Henry's son some years after.

Nostradamus' accurate foretellings are so numerous that only the most prominent historical occur-

rences can be covered here. An important event during the Stuart period of English history (1603–1649) is revealed in these four lines, Century IV, Quatrain 89:

*Thirty of London will secretly
conspire against the king.*

*Upon the Bridge the plot shall be
made.*

*These satellites will taste of death;
A king will be elected fair, and
born in Friezeland.*

Thirty was the number of conspirators against the reign of King Charles I. This group met at a public house, The Bear, at the bridge foot, as stated by Nostradamus almost 100 years before the event.

Century VIII, Quatrain 76, describes the dictator Cromwell and plainly shows Nostradamus' disapproval of the man and his methods:

*More of a butcher than an English
king,*

*Born in obscurity, he will take the
rule by force.*

*Of lax morals, without faith or
law, the ground will bleed.*

*His time is drawing so near that I
sigh for it.*

This passage certainly fits Cromwell, who was born in obscurity, who seized the government from King Charles I by force, ruled England by dictatorship, who shed much of the people's blood to achieve his ends and who feared assassination for the five years of his reign.

Even the great fire of London is foretold. Nostradamus named the exact year in which it was to occur in Century II, Quatrain 51:

*The blood of the just ones will be
given up by London,*

*Burned by fire in three times 20
and six.*

*The old Cathedral will fall from
its high location*

*And other buildings of the same
type will be destroyed.*

The London fire, in 1666, gutted 13,200 houses and the world-famous St. Paul's cathedral, built on high ground, as well as 88 other churches in an area of 436 acres.

Historical events that were to happen long after his death gave the prophet no more trouble in forecasting than those of his own period. For instance, the French revolution which took place more than 200 years after his death has been dealt with in Century IX, Quatrain 20:

*By night they will come through
the forest of Reines.*

*The two in succession (the king
and queen) to Varennes.*

*The queen white as stone. The
black monk in grey.*

*The King causes tempest, fire,
blood, beheading.*

Authorities on the works of Nostradamus have varied in their translations of the above lines, but they don't disagree on any major points. This quatrain is a clear picture of the flight to Varennes of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette on the night

of June 20, 1791. The queen's hair, it is said, turned white during the attempted escape. To hide his identity from revolutionists, the king wore a monk's garb. At Varennes, the two were arrested. It is true that this event came before the "tempest," leading to conflict and the guillotining of nobility including the royal family.

One of the quatrains that has proved most astonishing to interpreters of the prophet since the 18th century's end also relates to the French revolution. It is Century IX, Quatrain 34:

*Husband and wife kept apart,
the husband will be mitered
(that is, he will wear a
miter or cockade, the red cap
of liberty).*

*An attack will be made on the
Tuileries by 500.*

A titled traitor will be Narbon.

*Another, Saulce, keeper of the
ancestral oil kegs.*

Actually Louis and Marie Antoinette were kept prisoners, apart from one another on June 20, 1792, when a mob of Jacobins stormed the Tuileries and forced the King to wear the red miter of the revolutionists. Then on August 9-10, 500 men swarmed the Tuileries, captured the king, arrested him for treason, and put an end to the monarchy.

Narbon, called a titled traitor by the prophet, was indeed of royal blood, the son of Louis XV's daughter and Minister of War for

Louis XVI. Some historians believe that he could have saved the king had he so desired. Narbon, feeling the growing strength of the revolutionists, sided with them.

Saulce was a tradesman and an inn-keeper as well as Mayor of Varennes. It was he who recognized the queen and Louis XVI and had them arrested. Saulce had inherited his business and in his little shop, Marie Antoinette, a captive, sat near two bundles of tallow candles among Saulce's "ancestral oil kegs."

Another wonder that never ceases to interest interpreters of the prophet is the mention of the Tuileries, which was not a palace in Nostradamus' times but only a place for tile-making.

That Nostradamus foresaw the birth of a new country, the United States of America, is plain in Century VII, Quatrain 80:

*The West will be free of the
British Isles.*

*The discovered country will pass
low then high.*

*There will be Scottish pirates who
will rebel*

On a dark and rainy night.

As well as predicting that the U. S. would "pass low," then come into great prominence, Nostradamus painted a colorful picture of John Paul Jones (born in Scotland) and the men with whom he helped form the U. S. Navy which played an important part in freeing the country from Britain.

Another outstanding personality

who made history in the prophet's own country can hardly be mistaken in Century I, Quatrain 60:

*An emperor will be born near Italy
Who will prove very costly to the
Empire.*

*The people whom he rallies
Will learn that he is less a prince
than a butcher.*

The costly and bloody wars of the great militarist, Napoleon Bonaparte, born near Italy on the island of Corsica, made a deep impression not only on historians and enemy countries but also on the treasury of his own empire.

Important events verging on our own times are also plentiful in the writings of Nostradamus — U. S. aid that helped turn the tide in World War I, President Wilson's disillusionment with the peace and his subsequent death, and significant happenings in Russia that tie in with the global crisis today. Here, for example, is an interesting forecast of the Russian revolution made in Century V, Quatrain 26:

*The Slavic people in time of war
Will be raised to a high degree.
They will exchange their prince
for one low-born.*

*There will be a battle by sea with
an army from the mountains.*

In 1917, before the end of World War I, the Russians, unhappy with privation and mistreatment under the Czar, overthrew him for the commoner, Lenin. The battle, between sailors of the Baltic fleet and soldiers from the mountains,

was as Nostradamus described it.

The prophet adds more particulars of the Russian revolution in Century I, Quatrain 14:

*From Slavic people will come songs
and petitions.*

*The princes and lords will be in
prison.*

*The coming of brainless idiots
Will be celebrated with impassioned orations.*

On the basis of his social, cultural, and religious background Nostradamus calls these revolutionists (Communists) brainless idiots, for he knows what measures they are taking and will take and how hopeless is their work. Though he usually took a dim view of revolutions and the people who were a part of them, he never before went to this extreme in name-calling. It will be remembered that in his prediction of the American revolution — our severance from Britain — he used respectful language. Doubtless this was because his long-range view of history, past, present, and future, showed him that the American battle for freedom was justifiable in the light of our future contributions to the world.

The League of Nations, too, was foreseen by Nostradamus and its failure was clearly visible to him. In Century I, Quatrain 47, he predicts:

*The speeches at Lake Leman
(Geneva) will be vexing.*

*The days will go into weeks,
months, then years.*



Interpreters of Nostradamus say that Hitler's rise and fall was predicted by the prophet in several quatrains.

*Then there will be total failure.
The magistrates will condemn
their vain laws.*

Lake Geneva (Lacus Lemanus in Latin) saw years of debate, laws, and agreements framed in vain.

Nostradamus warns against the deeds of Adolf Hitler, including his violation of the Versailles Treaty, in Century IX, Quatrain 44:

*Leave, leave — you of Geneva.
Saturn of gold will change to iron
He who is against Raypoz (anagram for Paris) will exterminate all of you.
Before it happens, the heavens will show signs.*

Here Nostradamus tells League members to leave Geneva, for Hit-

ler, enemy of Paris, intends to exterminate them. Acts of outright contempt for the League by Hitler were so numerous that they were the storm warnings in the sky.

A great deal is told about the German dictator in these lines from Century III, Quatrain 55:

*From the depths of western Europe
Born of poor people will be a
young son
Who, with his tongue, will seduce
many.*

*His fame will increase in the
Oriental kingdom (Japan)*

Another of the prophet's word-pictures that fits Hitler is found in Century V, Quatrain 5:

*Under the pretense of freeing
people from bondage
He will usurp peoples and cities
for himself*

*He will do his worst because of the
falsity of the young harlot
(French Republic)*

*The prominent one will campaign
and read his false or invented
prose.*

This terse account of the German dictator's conquest of his own people and those of Sudetenland, Czechoslovakia, and Austria is accurate even to the corruption of the French Republic, which Nostradamus calls "harlot." The fourth line of the quatrain plainly points to Hitler's book, "Mein Kampf," surely false prose with inventions by a mind warped with ambition.

Though there is disagreement as to the way Hitler died — some

still claim he is alive — Nostradamus offers a clue in Century II, Quatrain 47:

*The great and old enemy will die by
poison, grieving
After having conquered a large
number of rulers.
It will rain stones (bombs); there
will be hiding under covers
(bomb shelters)
By his death (Hitler) his ambi-
tions will have been attempted
in vain.*

Here Nostradamus calls Germany "the great and old enemy" — a traditional foe of his country. There is some question as to whether he intends the word "poison" to be literal or figurative. It is known that Goering and Himmler, next in line of importance to Der Fuehrer, committed suicide with poison, potassium cyanide, hidden in small vials on their persons. Therefore, it may well be that Hitler, who, like many of his people, spent much time in bomb-shelters near the war's close, ended his life with the same quick-acting poison. Certainly they all died "grieving" their defeat.

Nostradamus also traces the career of Hitler's axis partner, Mussolini, in words written in Century VII, Quatrain 32:

*Born in a hut and elevated to regal
heights
Is one who will tyrannize over
Duke and Earl.
He will raise an army to march
from Milan.*



*Mussolini raised an army and marched
from Milan to dictatorship. Is he the
man that Nostradamus' quatrain meant?*

*He will exhaust Favence and Flor-
ence of money and men.*

The march of Mussolini and his men by train from Milan, of course, led to his becoming dictator. Nostradamus, in other quatrains, states that Il Duce would be ruler of the fishpond (Mediterranean), that he would become cruel and, later, be led to evil and to death by someone whose description fits Hitler.

The prophet claimed that Mussolini would be assassinated by means of iron (bullets) "let go at him" — he was executed by a firing squad. Century V, Quatrain 28, says also that his arms would be hanging and his legs joined. And the dictator and his mistress, Clara

Petacci, were hanged by their heels in the Piazzo Loretto, a Milan public square.

Despite his amazing accuracy, Nostradamus — the man who called Spain's dictator Franco by name and predicted his downfall — does not have a perfect record. Maybe that is too much to expect. He predicted that Germany and Italy would be defeated in 1944. The date of surrender was actually 1945 for Germany, although 1944 might technically be considered the one in which the axis powers were broken. Another forecast made in his quatrains was that, after the war, in 1944, a new king, Henry V, would re-establish the French Monarchy and be recognized throughout the world as a great ruler.

Though it is possible to defend Nostradamus' first error — missing the date of World War II's end in Europe by a year — as an astrological miscalculation, they cannot produce a King Henry V in France.

Be that as it may, Nostradamus did predict the close of the Japanese war exactly as the time when the era of Mars ended in favor of the era of the moon, plainly 1945. He said also — in Century VI, Quatrain 4 — that French frontiers (allied occupation troops in Berlin) would be beyond the Rhine by 1947.

Now, what of our own times? What does Nostradamus, who fore-

saw England's change to socialism in Century VIII, Quatrain 97, find in the future for our ally? How long will Great Britain be a strong and dominant force in world affairs? Century X, Quatrain 100 states:

*The great British Empire
Will be all-powerful for more
than 300 years.*

*Her commerce will be carried on by
sea and land.*

*The Portuguese will not be satisfied
with this.*

Experts debate whether the starting date for counting off more than 300 years should be 1588, when the English blasted Spain's Armada out of the water and became a great sea power, or 1651, when the Navigation Act was passed. The latter date gets more votes, so Britain's power should last some time beyond 1951.

As to the date of further warfare on a widespread basis, Nostradamus, according to calculations by judicial astrology, arrived at 1953 in Century I, Quatrain 16:

*The reaper (symbol of Saturn) in
the pond (watery sign)*

*Going toward Sagittarius in his
high point of exaltation*

*There is to be scourge, famine, and
death to military*

*A period of renovation approaches
the century.*

That the world nears this period of renovation is evident when the international situation is considered. For one thing, our standard

of living is already affected by the fabulous sums being diverted to armament. The battle of ideologies, as well as of men and weapons, will bring more changes. With this showdown between democratic and communistic nations in the offing, let's see what Nostradamus says indirectly and directly about our relations with Russia — about Communism and its future.

First, by stating that our ally, Great Britain, will be all-powerful for more than 300 years — that is beyond 1951 — Nostradamus has indicated that we shall be victorious. Second, we have a direct and clear picture of a battle between Russia and Grand Neptune (Nostradamus' label for the strongest naval power — U. S. and Britain) in Century III, Quatrain 1:

*After combat and naval battle, the
Great Neptune (Britain and
the U. S. jointly)*

*Will be at his highest steeple
(supremacy)*

*The Red adversary will become
pale with fear*

*Putting the great ocean (the Pacific)
in a fright.*

This indication of fear to the point of panic would seem to mean that war against communism by United Nations' forces will bring about the downfall of Russia. However, the following four lines, from Century VIII, Quatrain 19, offer clues to something that may be of even more importance — U.S.S.R. internal unrest:

*To hold up the great troubled
cloak*

*The Red ones will march to clear
it.*

*A family will be almost crushed to
death.*

*The Red, the Red, will knock
down the Red one.*

Unrest already exists behind the iron curtain we know. The communists in power have not been able to unify the Soviet Union's vast millions of diverse peoples. We need only remember how the Ukrainians welcomed Nazi troops as liberators in World War II in order to realize how dissatisfied the Russian people are. Then, too, the stiff-backed resistance of Yugoslavian Reds to Moscow pressure points to things to come.

To hold the U.S.S.R. together in the face of unrest at home, to use the military might developed, and to prevent nearby nations from causing further international embarrassment to the red, Russian leaders will order a march toward western Europe, Nostradamus says.

The "family" that is in danger of almost being "crushed to death" is the United Nations, which should heed the warning. The last line of the quatrain tells us that there will be serious disagreement among red leaders and nations to the point where "the Red, the Red will knock down the Red One." The Red One is Joseph Stalin.

But even this illuminating information from Nostradamus leaves

a few questions unanswered. Is it possible that the red vs. red battle will lead only to the replacing of Stalin with another leader of the same type? In other words, is communism to survive in Russia and nearby areas and possibly spread?

The greatest prophet, with his enviable record of success to convince us, offers this answer in Century III, Quatrain 95:

*Thomas More's way of life
(Utopia or Communism) will
fall,
After which another, more seduc-
ing, will arise.
It will fail first in the land of cold
winds (Russia)
Because deeds and words of the
other one will be more appeal-
ing.*

Failure of communism in Russia will, then, signal its failure through-

out the world. The way of life that will be more appealing than communism to the Russian people and the world may well be democracy, in which form of government the rights of the individual — human, spiritual, and property — are of paramount importance.

Nostradamus who, in his letter to Henry II of France, claimed that he could have named exact dates, places, and persons in all his predictions if he had not feared persecution, has gone beyond the present day in his prognostications. In fact he names for us the date of the end of our world.

This should not alarm us unduly, for, despite the noble efforts of gerontologists to increase our life expectancy, we won't be around to check on Nostradamus' accuracy in the year 3797.

MENTAL PREVIEW

REV. ISAAC SMITH, A.M., D.D., was a well known Baptist minister of the 19th Century in Massachusetts. As a boy he climbed Blue Hill often. Later an observatory was built atop this hill.

As Reverend Smith lay in a quiet spot observing nature one day he heard a strange rumbling sound. Closer it came, and louder. Soon there appeared before him a strange sight. Never had he seen anything like it before. With a great rattling rumbling noise, it roared past him

and soon passed from view. Never having seen anything like it, he was unable to describe it.

But a few years later he was privileged to see his first train. — And it was an exact replica of the scene he had observed on Blue Hill some years before, although at that time trains did not exist.

Reverend Smith declared himself to be wide awake and described the scene as a vision. But what its intent was he never knew. — *Frank Ball*

I LEFT MY BODY TO SEEK ADVICE



By Margaret Newby

Reprinted from "Prediction"

**Was it a dream or true astral projection? At any rate
the advice the author received was sound.**

"THE IDEA of astral projection is too silly for words." My friend gave me a skeptical look as I gave him my opinion.

"One day you will eat those words," was all he said — little supposing that his prophecy would be fulfilled in less than 24 hours.

That night, March 25, 1946, I went to bed in a perturbed frame of mind. My affairs had reached a critical stage and I could see no means of retrieving a rapidly deteriorating situation. I had no choice but to admit to myself that

I had undertaken a task beyond my powers though I was not prepared to admit as much to the world.

In the small hours I fell asleep, worn out by purposeless thinking.

When I awoke it was not yet light. For a time I lay on my back, at peace with myself — until, little by little, those insidious thoughts crept back to the foreground of consciousness. The same thing had happened the night before and the night before that.

I do not now remember why, on

this particular night, I should have realized that I was indeed "awake," but in another world. I may have been conscious of being very slightly out of alignment with my body, so that I lay, quite literally, beside myself.

Finally the incredible truth dawned upon me that although my memory of recent events was as distinct as on waking each morning, I remained from the physical viewpoint sound asleep.

Often in the past I had been conscious of dreaming: I had even amused myself by practicing levitation, knowing that my dream body could come to no harm. But I had never before experienced this complete continuity of consciousness between waking and dream life. Nor had I been aware of two bodies: the one lying inert while the real me occupied a body of a different texture.

Cautiously I got up — or rather, no sooner had I thought of getting up than I stood in the center of the room. I was filled with a sense of urgency. There was no time to lose. I had no doubt that I was "astrally projecting," not withstanding my derisive comment of a few hours earlier.

I had no idea how the miracle had occurred, but I was desperately anxious to make the most of an opportunity that might never again come my way. For a moment I was too overwhelmed by the realization that I was freed from physical

limitations to think of something I specially wanted to do — but only for a moment.

In a flash my mind was made up. *I would go out into the street and ask the advice of the first man I should meet.* I do not know whether I expected to meet a dweller from a sphere beyond the earth, or merely another "sleep-walker" like myself.

I was in urgent need of advice and prepared to accept it from almost anyone.

My resolve was hardly shaped before I found myself passing through the bedroom door. At the head of the stairs I paused, conscious of my night attire. Could I think myself into my day clothes? Apparently not. Unwilling to waste time over unimportant details I resigned myself to walking abroad in a white nightdress, and turned my attention to the stairs.

Negotiating those familiar stairs proved no simple matter. I had not sufficient command of my light-as-air body to fly from top to bottom; nor, since that body was not subject to the law of gravity, could I walk down in the usual way.

Finally, I walked down very slowly, pausing on each stair. Otherwise, my feet would slide from under me, leaving me suspended in mid-air until I floated gently down again.

Eventually I arrived at the front door. The business of coming downstairs had been so arduous that I

forgot how unnecessary it was to open doors. Carefully I lifted the latch and as carefully closed the door behind me.

It was curious, too, that the latch was on the left, not on the right as in actuality. In the dark I had many times tried to insert the key on the left side.

Outside, I made my way down the silent suburban avenue, with its semi-detached villas and evenly spaced sycamores. Beyond the fact of my unorthodox attire there was nothing to suggest that I was doing anything more unusual than taking a stroll in a familiar neighborhood.

I met no one, man, woman, or child. Were travellers on the astral invisible to one another, or was I the only one abroad that night?

I came upon a very different scene when I turned the corner of the avenue. In place of the cross-roads I knew so well was the entrance to a spacious park. The heavy wrought-iron gates stood wide open, and through them I saw, some distance away, a vast bank of massed white rhododendrons, the first rays of the sun opening out behind — a glorious spectacle. Women and children streamed in single file through the gates. All were strangely silent as though, roused at early dawn for a journey, they were only half awake.

I looked around for a man, but not one was in sight. As I hesitated, wondering whether I stood at the gates of the Kingdom of Heaven,

and whether to enter those gates would rule out the possibility of returning to my physical body, I found myself inside the park — fully clothed. A man in the uniform and peaked cap of a park keeper stood silently at my left side. He did not look at me nor I him. Had he come to warn me that I had died in sleep?

I considered returning home to find out whether my body still breathed, but remembered in time that I might be prematurely drawn in and so lose a part of this rare experience.

Better that matters should take their course. I would soon know the truth. If this were death the great park in which I stood invited exploration, and who could tell what possibilities lay beyond? At the same time, I had a strong urge to return to the physical world and clear up the mess I had made of things. I could not be content to start a new-life without completing the work begun elsewhere.

I turned to my companion, eager to assure him that I had already faced the possibility of physical death, when he spoke.

"You know," he said, "you are going downhill."

Then I realized he was the man I had come to look for, and that he knew all about my difficulties. "I know that," I replied. "But what can I do?"

"*The best way to go downhill is to go fast.*" That was all. And yet, I

knew, with a deep sense of relief, that I had found my answer. Now I could return home and continue my life.

So eager was I to be off that before I could express my enthusiastic, grateful thanks, I was once more in bed in the half light of dawn.

But alas! The words which had thrilled me a moment earlier had lost the greater part of their significance. "The best way to go downhill is to go fast." What was there in that to make me feel that I had found the solution to all my troubles? I had left my counsellor before he had time to make himself clear — or so I thought at the time.

I realize now that his meaning was perfectly clear. He had done his best for me: he was not to blame for my unwillingness to "go downhill fast" — to throw away pride and admit defeat without further waste of time.

Notwithstanding my disappointment I lost no time in finding out what other experimenters had to say on the subject of astral projection. Most of all, I was impressed

by the researches carried out by Hereward Carrington and Sylvan Muldoon.

I observed one or two points of difference between my experience and that of most astral travellers. For instance, I was not aware of any "clicking-in" sensation on returning to my body, nor had I noticed the silver cord extending from the base of the skull of the physical body to that of the astral form.

This seemed to suggest that I had had no more than an unusual dream. On thinking this over, however, I realized that although aware of my body in bed I had not looked closely at it; nor, during my journey, had I once looked behind me. Had I done so I too might have seen the cord.

And what of my counsellor in the humble guise of a park keeper? Was he one of those dream images projected by the unconscious mind to help us to help ourselves? Or was he a being who had responded to my urgent call for help? To that riddle I have not found the final answer.

FATAL PREDICTION

CHALCHAS, the ancient Greek soothsayer, had sought out another soothsayer to tell him how long he might expect to live. He was given the exact date and hour. When the day came, Chalchas, though old and weak, did not feel

at all like dying. He gathered his family and friends around him and made fun of the prediction. In fact, he thought it so funny that he broke into hysterical laughter — from which he died on the spot. — *Paul Steiner*



Thoughts through Space

By Dr. Donald West

Research Officer, Society for Psychical Research. Reprinted from "Prediction"

THAT distance is no barrier to extra-sensory perception is well known, but how firmly has this fact been established?

In the early 1930s, when Dr. Rhine and his colleagues were beginning the first large scale laboratory experiments, they had the good fortune to discover several "star" subjects. These subjects were able to produce consistently high scores in card-calling tests, their correct calls often averaging as much as twice what would have been obtained by mere chance guessing.

Gifted subjects are able to show ESP ability at considerable distances as well as they can in the room next door.

With subjects available who score so well it is possible to find out very quickly whether distance has any effect upon their extra-sensory powers.

An important series of tests was carried out by Dr. J. G. Pratt with a divinity student called Hubert Pearce.

Pratt and Pearce sat in different buildings separated sometimes by 100 yards, sometimes by 250 yards. Their watches were synchronized before the experiment. Pratt would thoroughly shuffle a pack of ESP



cards, and at a prearranged time he would pick off the top card from the pack and place it face down on the table without looking at it.

Exactly a minute later he would pick off the second card and so on through the pack, which consisted of 25 cards in all.

Meantime Pearce would be recording his guesses at minute intervals. Two runs of 25 card guesses were performed each day, and altogether a total of 74 runs were completed under these conditions.

The average number of correct calls per run of 25 was $7\frac{1}{2}$ instead of the 5 expected by chance; that is, a 50 per cent excess. The odds against a score average as big as this over such a long series coming about by chance is astronomically large — many billions to one.

In Dr. Pratt's experiment the distance factor rendered impossible the transmission of clues by any ordinary means. Critics were therefore deprived of their two favorite explanations, chance coincidence and normal clues, and many of them had to fall back upon the suggestion that the experimenter cheated.

Fortunately other experimenters have produced similar results independently, so there is no reasonable justification for doubting the genuineness of Dr. Pratt's work.

Miss Ownbey, another of Dr. Rhine's colleagues in his earlier work, performed an experiment

with a subject — May Turner — at a distance of 250 miles. Miss Turner scored an even higher average, 10.1 correct over eight runs.

The experiment was not quite so satisfactory as Dr. Pratt's. Miss Ownbey did not use shuffled cards but thought up the targets in her head as she went along.

The possibility arises that she may have had preferences for particular order patterns of card symbols. If the subject had shown the same preference habits, spurious scores might have been produced.

The data were examined with this possibility in mind, and various cross-checks were made, all of which showed that these alleged habits, not being detectable, could not account for the high scores obtained by the subject.

The most spectacular of all extra-sensory perception experiments was carried out in 1937 by a psychologist, Professor B. F. Riess of Hunter College, New York.

The subject was a young lady music student who was reputed to possess psychic gifts. During the experimental sessions she and Professor Riess were in their respective homes, a quarter of a mile apart. The targets were hand-shuffled decks of ESP cards. Professor Riess turned the cards over one by one, recording the symbols as he went along at the rate of one card per minute.

Meanwhile the subject was re-

cording her guesses also at the rate of one per minute. Two runs of 25 trials each were completed at each session, with a total of 370 runs in all.

The young lady either mailed or delivered her guesses to the experimenter's house.

Under these conditions Professor Riess's subject averaged 18 correct out of each run of 25, that is 3.6 times chance expectation. The odds in this case are too fantastically large to contemplate.

Professor Riess was conservative in his valuation of his own experiment, but unless the subject or an accomplice regularly cheated by breaking into his house and copying the targets, a supposition for which there appears to be no evidence, it does not seem possible to account for the result other than by extra-sensory perception working at a distance.

Statistical examination of the Riess data showed that the ESP effect was consistently present throughout the series. The series was brought to a close by the subject falling ill.

She returned to the tests some months later, but failed to produce any significant scores, although she thought she was doing as well as ever.

Other experimenters working, like Professor Riess, independently of Dr. Rhine's Laboratory, have reported extra-sensory perception experiments successfully conducted

over many miles of distance.

In 1937 J. McFarland, of Tarkio College, carried out a substantial series of card tests over varying distances up to 1,400 miles. The cards were well shuffled and kept intact in decks of 25 cards each; that is to say no one turned over the cards to look at the order until the subject's guesses were complete and the time for checking arrived.

The average score per run for all the subjects who took part was $5\frac{1}{2}$ instead of 5. This was much less than the average of Hubert Pearce and other special subjects, but then the experimenters had made use of a group of people and not a specially selected subject. Moreover the average of $5\frac{1}{2}$ was maintained over 5,225 runs, so that there was no question of its being only a chance effect.

The most recently published distance experiment was carried out by Dr. S. G. Soal, President of the Society for Psychical Research, using as subject Mrs. Gloria Stewart. This lady is one of two specially gifted subjects who were discovered by Dr. Soal after several years of patient searching.

Mrs. Stewart might be said to be a British version of those consistently successful subjects who were at one time common at Dr. Rhine's Laboratory at Duke.

Dr. Soal's experiment took place in June, 1949. The target cards were set up by the experimenter in random order, the order being

determined by means of a prepared statistician's table of random numbers.

This was a technical improvement over all the experiments previously mentioned, in which the cards were shuffled by hand, and doubts as to their complete "randomness" might be raised.

An "agent" in London, someone known to Mrs. Stewart, looked at the target cards while Mrs. Stewart, who was in Antwerp, recorded her guesses.

Fifty-six runs were completed, and Mrs. Stewart produced an average score of 6.6, the odds being 500 million to one against such a result being obtained by chance. This average was about the same as Mrs. Stewart had achieved in previous experiments in which the cards were in an adjacent room.

It should be mentioned that in

another distance test Mrs. Stewart failed. In this case the "agent" who looked at the target cards was a stranger to Mrs. Stewart.

The conclusion to which all these results point is that, at least in the case of some specially gifted subjects, the operation of their ESP ability is unaffected by removing the target to a distance.

Of course all ESP performance is subject to variation, often due to unknown factors, sometimes obviously due to the attitude of the subject. There is no evidence, however, that distance of itself, apart from its effect on the subject's attitude, is of any importance as a factor in extra-sensory perception.

[Dr. West wishes to make it clear that any opinions expressed in this series of articles are his own. The Society for Psychological Research holds no corporate views.]

A Psychologist's Dreams

DURING the past four years a Cleveland scientist has collected for analysis more than 10,000 dreams. The collector is Dr. Calvin Hall, chairman of the Department of Psychology at Western Reserve University. The dreamers were 400 young men and women.

During the dream state, Dr. Hall says, hostile feelings are more often felt than friendly ones in the case of both sexes.

Male dreamers usually regard

other males as their enemies. The female finds her adversaries from both sexes.

Conversely, men dream more often of women as friends; women find their friends in both sexes.

Summing-up, by the psychologist: "Men live in an ideational world of clear-cut enemies and friends, whereas women live in a world of ambiguity: they cannot be sure who their adversaries and allies are." — (Prediction)

Famous English novelist describes a challenging instance of receiving help from "outside."

INSPIRATION FROM SOMEONE

By Peggy Barwell (Reprinted from "Prediction")

I WAS writing my novel *Cadenza*; I became worried because I knew I was going to need a quotation later in the book, and it had to be a very special one, combining several specific ideas essential to the story in a few lines.

I hadn't the faintest idea where to begin to look for such a quotation, for it had to be a confession of love from a man to a woman, a thanksgiving that she had found him when he was in despair; it had to refer to his dying, that he would wait for her, and that love was stronger than death. It had to give a message of courage — and mention a rose!

To find all this in one short poem seemed rather a tall order! But, remembering past experiences, I stopped worrying about it.

My faith was rewarded! One night, when I was quietly working in the small hours (my favorite time for writing), I arrived at the part of the book where the quotation was needed. I could not put it off any longer. I got up, walked over to my bookcase, and stood looking at my rows of poetry books, saying to my unseen companions: "Please help me!"

Then, without the slightest hesitation, I picked out a volume of Lord Alfred Douglas, opened the book at random in the middle, and immediately read this: (I quote the relevant lines)

*And when life's day was shadowed
with deep gloom*

*You found me wandering, heartsick
and alone,*

*And ran to me and gave me both
your hands . . .*

*Now I have known the uttermost
rose of love;*

*The years are very long, but love
is longer . . .*

*The world is very strong, but love
is stronger . . .*

*When I am dead you shall not
doubt or fear . . .*

*And I, in the dark ante-room of
Death,*

*Will wait for you with ever-
outstretched hands.*

It was all there — even the rose! And the sensation I experienced was uncanny. I did not feel I was alone, but that my helpers in the world of spirit were there in the room with me, and I was overcome with wonder and gratitude for their generous intercession.

Fingers of FATE

• At La Rochelle, France, Michel Berthole, working on a roof 55 feet above the street, lost his balance. He plunged down to what seemed certain death — and landed on a bed atop a passing truck. Michel Berthole suffered a hurt ankle.

* * *

• Mrs. Harry J. Glenn, Jr., Memphis, had decided to name her expected child after her grandfather if it was a boy. Her son arrived 100 years to the day after her grandfather's birth.

* * *

• Ill and unemployed for many months, Joseph C. Smith, 49, finally got well enough to go out and land a job. On his way to work for the first time, he collapsed and died.

* * *

• An "association of the doomed" was formed by six young men of Twickenham, England, who suffered from tuberculosis and were told they had only a few months to live. That was 24 years ago. Since then, one was shot by a bandit in South America, another was buried in an avalanche in Tibet, a tiger killed a third in India and a fourth was clawed to death by a leopard in Portuguese East Africa. The fifth perished in an auto smashup in Johannesburg and the sixth has

just reached that South African city after some 100,000 miles of journeying, mostly afoot.

* * *

• Carpenter Lee Maness, who was the first workman on the job of constructing the new jail at Pennington Gap, Va., also became, when it was completed, its first prisoner.

* * *

• Lieut. John Becht, Lima, O., has bailed out from burning planes three times — each time on the 11th day of the month.

* * *

• At Alton, Ill., Officer Otto Schwegel saved the life of a stray dog by taking it home as a pet. A few days later the dog saved the life of his new master by warning him that his home was on fire.

* * *

• A Camden, S. C., prisoner pried his way out of the county jail and headed for a highway leading out of town. He flagged the first car he saw and got a lift — back to jail. The driver was Police Chief Jurdy Lee who had arrested the man in the first place.

* * *

• Mrs. Millard O. Johnson found more than 50 four-leaf clovers in the front yard of her Lansing,

Mich., home. The following day she won a waffle iron and a jewelry set.

* * *

• In Hazelwood, Pa., Railwaymen Norman Gibson and Robert Morgan worked an all-night shift fixing a passenger engine. On their way home their car was struck and demolished at a railroad crossing. The locomotive that hit them was the one they'd just finished repairing.

* * *

• Mrs. V. Bell, Port Elizabeth, South Africa, remembered something she wanted from inside her home and got up from the front lawn where she had been drying her hair in the sunshine. As she entered the hallway of her home she heard a crash. A car had plunged through the garden wall and over the spot where she had recently been sitting.

* * *

• Mr. and Mrs. Garland Watkins, Memphis, lived on North Garland Street. When they moved, it was to North Watkins Street.

* * *

• A Lexington, Ky., prisoner gave a pint of blood to the Fraternal Order of Police. It was sent to Patrolman W. R. Dickerson, ill at Good Samaritan Hospital. Dickerson was the patrolman who had arrested the prisoner.

* * *

• A Memphis, Tenn., police department 100 day safety drive was

ruined — by a police car. Chasing a speeder, it killed a pedestrian.

* * *

• In the small town of Alkmaar, The Netherlands, a man wanted by police was finally found when he registered at a hotel under the name of another fugitive.

* * *

• In Easton, Pa., Prosper Poolette told police that when the picture on his television set started "jumping" he went to a window to see if a passing car was causing interference and saw two men trying to start his automobile.

* * *

• As he lay in bed reading a mystery novel entitled "So Young To Die," Sydney Willoh, 42, of San Francisco, Calif., an auto parts salesman, was shot to death by his wife.

* * *

• Villagers of Chalfont St. Giles, England, are convinced that World War III is not imminent because the River Misbourne is flowing again. This river dried up during World War I, disappeared again just before World War II.

* * *

• Lou Zemler, a prisoner at Western Penitentiary, met Ed Mason, who played with a semi-pro football team, on Western's football field 12 years ago. The other day they met again on a Miami street. Mason, now an FBI agent, threw a flying tackle on Zemler, wanted for burglary. — *Harold Helfer*

PHANTOM LIGHTS IN OKLAHOMA

The light seemed to follow us. It was transparent. Finally I raised my shotgun and let it have both barrels.

By William Bathlot



A LITTLE story by Kenneth Arnold entitled "Phantom Lights in Nevada" came out in a fall, 1948, *Fate Magazine*. (Also see "Lights Without Flame," August-September *FATE*) I wish to verify Mr. Arnold's story with one of my own and, at the same time, to point out that these mysterious lights are not confined to Nevada alone. To my certain knowledge we had these same lights away back before 1900 and since in the Texas and Oklahoma Panhandles and also in the lower parts of Kansas.

About 1900 the Government opened up the land in Beaver County in the Oklahoma Panhandle to homesteaders. At that time the entire country was covered with bunch grass and blue stem and pastured by thousands of head of cattle from ranches up and down the Cimarron and Beaver rivers. I filed on a relinquishment in the year 1905, built a dugout and a little one room shack above it.

A cowpuncher friend of mine, from the (X-1) Ranch over on the

Cimarron river, and I were sitting out in front of my shack one warm June night when a light about the size of a boy's toy balloon suddenly appeared 100 yards west of the house and moved leisurely along toward the north. It seemed to float about a foot and a half above the ground and threw out a yellowish glow.

"Jim," I asked, "who do you suppose is tramping across the country with a lantern at this time of night?"

"Just a ghost light," Jim explained, as casually as if he slept with them. "From what I can find out this country has always been pestered with them. They're spooky all right. Can't get a cow pony near one. Nothing slower than lightning can catch up to them. They can turn off and on whenever it suits them. No one knows what they are. But since they don't do any damage we pay them no mind. Speaking for myself, I haven't lost any of them and, furthermore, I don't intend to get too friendly with the critters!"

But I have the same curiosity which killed the cat and I decided to meet the ghost the first chance I got. I did some figuring. This wasn't a Will o' the Wisp or a Jack o' Lantern such as infest low, swampy land. The dry upland of the Oklahoma Panhandle doesn't breed those and, besides, these lights were too large and not the color of swamp lights. Since we have electric eels, luminous fish, and fire flies, I thought, it is reason-

able to believe that large birds of some unknown species live on the western prairies and are able to illuminate their bodies.

Several times that summer I saw strange lights at a distance but I never was able to get anywhere near one. Then, one night as I was coming home from Liberal, Kans., with a load of lumber, a luminous globe of light, somewhat larger than a man's head, sprang into sight on the road about ten feet ahead of the team. The horses, badly frightened, jumped sideways, crowding a front wheel beneath the wagon and nearly upsetting the load of lumber.

This ball of light seemed to throw out a dim glow, but it gave forth no rays. It kept to the road ahead of the team. As I came down a slight incline I put the team into a fast trot thinking I might get close enough to the light to see what it was. And I did get close enough to see the outlines of the road right through it. Then, as if fearing capture, it rose into the air and settled a short distance from the road.

I pulled the team to a halt and walked over to a patch of wild plum brush where I thought the object had come to rest, but I couldn't find a thing or hear a sound, though I felt some sinister thing was watching my every move and cold chills ran up my back. In spite of all this, I remained convinced that I was on the trail of a large luminous bird.

A month after this old Brindle, the cow, about to come in fresh, struck out one evening for the timber along the Cimarron river two miles away to the north. Bob, my saddle pony, had cut himself across the chest on a barb wire fence the day before so I had to take out after old Brindle on foot.

The country was as dry as a powder horn that fall and the coyotes seemed more numerous than usual. I picked up my double-barrelled shotgun, slipped some loaded shells into my pocket, took my hired hand, and started over the trail to find the cow.

It was dark when we found her. Brindle had found her calf and she didn't intend to go back home with us. We couldn't very well carry the calf so we decided to return early in the morning with the team and wagon, load the calf in the wagon and lead the cow.

We were a mile from home when, without the slightest sound, a ball of luminous fire appeared just ahead of us in the trail. We stopped in our tracks and watched it in silence for awhile. We tried walking around it but it would slide over and head us off. When we went forward it backed up and when we backed up it came toward us.

We just stood there with that thing about a dozen feet in front of us as silent as death itself. It was

transparent. We could see a bunch of sage brush right through its body. It hovered in the air approximately 18 inches above the ground. We could see no body resembling bird or animal, nor could we see anything resembling legs to hold it up. It was just a ball of light.

Yet apparently this strange object could see us, and it checked our every move. The deadly unnerving stillness of the thing seemed to paralyze us. Finally I raised the shotgun to my shoulder and let it have both barrels. The light went out.

We didn't stop to see what if anything we had hit but hurried on home. The next morning, when we went after the cow and calf, we stopped the team near the spot to see what damage we had done. We examined the place carefully.

There was no blood, no feathers, no hair and no footsteps, except our own, in the fine blow sand that covered the earth.

I went back to Forgan, Okla., on a visit a year ago. That night, far in the distance to the southwest, we saw two of the ghost lights. These were not car lights, for cars do not travel deep Oklahoma blow sand where there are no roads. Sometimes I wonder if these ghostly lights are the spirits of men who died in old No Man's Land when Judge Colt ruled the Oklahoma Panhandle with his six-gun!



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.

I LOCATE THE BURIAL URN

ONE evening several months ago a friend informed me that he had been speaking to his business partner about my clairvoyance.

His partner was skeptical because of past experiences he had had with professional mediums. But to test my ability he asked our friend if I could tell him the location of his daughter's ashes.

After a half hour's concentration a man appeared to me and said he was the girl's grandfather. He gave me the following message:

"Tell my son-in-law the ashes are kept in a black box in the top drawer of the chest in the room with the dormer window, in the back of the house on the third floor. This room has, on several occasions in the past, been used as a seance room."

Our friend was distressed over my message because he thought that the ashes had been scattered over the bay. Nevertheless, I insisted that he give the message as received.

It took him several weeks to get

up courage enough to pass along the message. His co-partner then informed him that I was correct in every detail but one. I missed the exact location by six feet, therefore, the message had no value to him.

The man relayed the message to his wife. She was amazed! And she informed her husband that he was wrong, I was right! Several months previously she had moved the ashes to the top drawer of the chest and had forgotten to tell him. — *Olga N. Worrall, Baltimore, Md.*

SOLDIER'S RETURN

DURING the war between the states a soldier named Titus fell sick and was sent to the hospital. Here he apparently died and his body was laid out with a sheet over it, pending removal. The nurse, on her rounds, got to wondering if he really were dead and on impulse pulled back the sheet. Still not satisfied, she called the doctor. They chafed the body and with other means brought back feeble signs of life.

When the patient was sufficiently recovered he told the nurse and doctor that he had something to tell them. He said: "When you laid me out and pulled the sheet over me I saw everything you did and heard everything you said, I was above my body looking down, and afterwards I wandered around the encampment and saw what the boys were doing. I even heard what they said. I had no feeling of alarm and everything seemed to be perfectly natural."

Titus stated that when he regained consciousness in the hospital he underwent severe body pains, though he remembered nothing of rejoining his body.

The doctor sent for certain soldiers Titus named and Titus astonished them by describing what each one was doing on that particular night. He repeated what he had heard them say. He told who had been together and who had been alone. He had seen and heard these things at the exact time his body lay covered with a sheet in the hospital.

This story was told me by Doctor Anderson in his office in the I.O.O.F. building, San Francisco, in 1890. Dr. Anderson was one of the founders of the original lodge of Theosophists, San Francisco. Titus was also a member and was then practicing law at this same date and place.

One wonders what would have happened if no efforts had been

made to revive Titus.

During my 91 years on earth I have read much, searched and pondered. I conclude that it may be best for us not to know those things which are hidden from us. — *W. C. Trowbridge, San Francisco, Calif.*

CHARLIE CALLED ME

GRANDFATHER Black was a farmer and my father was the oldest of his five children. When the children were small they had enough to eat and to wear but there were no extras, no luxuries. The Christmas he was four years old my father found an orange in his stocking. It was the first orange he ever had.

Father had a good friend, Charlie Bell, whose parents owned a neighboring farm. The Bells were more prosperous than Grandfather. Charlie was their only son and my father came and went freely at their house as his constant companion.

The boys swam together, fished together and daydreamed together. They lived in and out of the river in a Tom Sawyer sort of existence. Early they decided they would be doctors or lawyers when they grew up and avoid a life of farming.

My father did manage to get a business college education. Charlie planned to go to the university but he never got there. He became mentally ill and finally was committed to an institution. In those days medical science could not help him.

The rest of this story I will tell in my father's words, as I remember them:

"One night I heard my old friend Charlie Bell calling me.

" 'Harry,' he said, 'Come on!' And there he stood smiling the old smile. I got up and was going to speak to him but he wouldn't wait. He was in a hurry and beckoned me to follow him.

"I was tickled to death to see him after so long a time. I tried to keep him in sight but it was very dark. All of a sudden I felt the cold floor of the sleeping porch under my bare feet and my wife said, 'Harry, what on earth is the matter?'

" 'Oh!' I said, 'Charlie Bell. He was right here. I *heard* him. I *saw* him.'

"Of course I thought it was only a dream but it was so real and so disturbing that I could not get back to sleep for hours. In the morning I thought of phoning Charlie's mother but didn't for fear of seeming ridiculous. I was just opening my desk at the bank when the telephone rang. It was Charlie's mother. 'Charlie died in the night,' she said. 'His mind was clear and the last thing he said was I wish I could see Harry.' — *Harriet B. Titus, Santa Rosa, Calif.*

TELEPATHIC HUNCH

AT one time I was employed by a man whose work took him out of the office frequently to call

on various clients and business acquaintances. When an important message was received it was my duty to locate him by phone. As he was a sociable person, his "business calls" often included drugstores, restaurants, the bank, etc.

One day when he was out an emergency occurred and he was needed immediately. I called all the places he had said he would visit that morning. He had "just left" each one. Then I started calling other places. As I waited for each call to be put through I doodled on the phone pad, and without conscious thought, kept writing the numbers 1727. These numbers made no sense to me; they were not a phone number, a license plate, nor even a house number that I could recognize. It puzzled me, but they kept coming back to my mind and on a hunch I called that number, using the local exchange.

It was a small private hospital and when I timidly asked the receptionist if Mr. D. were there she replied she'd connect me with him! Imagine my surprise at finding my boss's name recognized in a hospital. He was visiting a patient — one of his clients had been in an automobile accident.

He was amazed to hear me on the phone. I explained my "hunch." He told me he had requested the phone number previous to my call and had repeated it several times to himself in order to

remember it. It must have been then that the thought was transmitted to me. — *Mrs. Marie Lore, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

ASTRAL VISIT

IN 1948 I had a friend who was unwell and was constantly under the care of doctors. I had never been to her home but we met occasionally when I was in town. She had told me about her sickness and about some of her private troubles too. I was sympathetic.

I met and talked with her in November that year and went to bed still thinking about her that night. As I dropped off to sleep I felt a quivering sensation throughout my body. It was a pleasant sensation and I just let myself "go". The next thing I knew I was floating on my way to her home. The distance was about four miles but I reached my destination in seconds.

I went to the kitchen door and although the door was closed I walked right through it. This did not seem strange to me at the time. I found myself in the kitchen. The only light came from the dining room but I could see all the electrical appliances — stove, dishwasher, refrigerator, etc.

I walked into the dining room. There was no one in that room either. But I noticed the furnishings which were expensive and tastefully arranged. On my left was a window. The table was covered

with a lace cloth of rose design.

I went on into the living room. It was a large, spacious room that crossed the whole front of the house. There was no one here either.

Going back through the dining room I crossed the hall and went upstairs to a bedroom. My friend and her husband were in this room, talking. I stopped in the doorway. He was sitting on the edge of the bed and she was standing in front of the dresser putting cold cream on her face. Pictures of my friend and her husband stood in twin frames on the dresser. Two small pictures hung over the bed. I walked into the room past my friend and she sensed my presence.

"Jack," she said in a scared voice, "there is some one in this room."

He looked at her and said, "Nonsense, Meg."

Suddenly I realized that I was intruding. I became afraid they would see me. I went over to the window and hid behind the curtain.

"Jack," she almost screamed, "the curtain moved. Did you see it?"

Jack had seen it and he got up and came to the window. He pulled the curtain aside. Looking straight at me, unseeing, he said, "There is nothing here, it must have been the draught."

Meg shivered. "You know there is no draught in this house. Something was here. I felt it."

She was frightened and so was I.

I slipped out of the window — though it was closed — and returned home.

In December, one month later, I again met my friend in town and she invited me home with her. This was the invitation I had been waiting for and I did not refuse. We drove down in her car, parked at the back of the house and went into the kitchen.

The kitchen was exactly as I remembered it. She gave me a glass of water and then we went into the dining room. That, too, was as I remembered it except, instead of a lace cloth on the table, there was a large centerpiece.

I admired the centerpiece and started talking about table linen and about crochet work. She told me, "I have a lace cloth that I sometimes use on the table."

I asked to see the cloth and she brought it out. It was the cloth that I remembered — *Rose Design*.

We went into the living room and it too was a room I remembered. The rug, the furniture, the curtains were all familiar to me.

Later as we entered the bedroom I saw the pictures in the twin frames on the dresser, the small pictures over the bed, the window, the curtains — *all were familiar*.

I came away convinced that I had really visited her for the first time in November while I was in my astral body. — *Trudy McCoy, Pikeville, Ky.*

INVISIBLE VISITOR

ONE day in the summer of 1944 my little dog was lying, half-asleep, on the living room floor. Suddenly he leaped up in apparent alarm and edged up cautiously to the front door, growling furiously. The hair on his back stood up; his eyes were wild and frightened. He stalked some invisible being slowly across the room. His eyes and his actions indicated that someone walked over to a big chair in the corner and sat down in it.

Then came shame-faced recognition. Gingerly he sniffed and smelled at the exact place the extended ankle of a seated person would have been. Now his hair lay flat. He stopped growling and began to wag his stub tail, giving signs of welcome.

By this time I, seated across the room, felt an eerie sense of panic. It was all so real. The dog now lay flat on the floor, his head between his paws, his eyes on the chair, his tail wagging.

After a few minutes he got up. His eyes slowly followed a path from the chair to the door. The someone was leaving. Then he sighed and looked at me strangely.

How I wished he could speak.

Who was our visitor? — *Mildred Goff, Ventura, Calif.*

PSYCHIC ADDITION

AMONG my patients is a university professor in his sixties. He is

the author of several textbooks on physics and is nationally known in scientific circles. He told me this true story . . .

"When I was a young man my grandmother died and my father became interested in spiritualism. He got together a little group of intimate friends and they used to conduct seances in our home.

"During one seance the spirit of my grandmother appeared and asked my father to deliver this important message to her husband — 'Grandpa, you're keeping entirely too much money in the safe. There is great danger that it will be stolen. You must put it in the bank at once.'

"Somebody asked how much money there was in the safe and the spirit replied, '\$1,843.53'.

"The next morning my father hurried over to see grandpa and delivered the message.

"Grandpa hooted when he heard it. 'It's true,' he admitted, 'that I happen to be carrying more money in my safe than usual, due to the sale of some lots. But that's just a coincidence. You know I don't believe in this spiritualism business. There's nothing to it.'

"'But she told me exactly how much money you are holding in the safe,' father said.

"'She did?' grandpa exclaimed. 'Why, I don't even know that myself. I couldn't tell you within \$100.'

"'Well,' father read from the

note in his hand, 'you are supposed to have \$1,843.53 in the money box.'

"Grandpa jumped up from his chair. 'That's easy enough to check,' he said. The men went over to the safe in the corner of the room, Grandpa twisted the dial, swung open the massive door and took out the cash box. Both men counted its contents — twice. It contained exactly \$1,843.53." — *Dr. W. F. Farbstein, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

PREMONITION FOR LIFE

IN 1906 my husband, Ernest Erspamer, a blacksmith by trade, was working on the north side of the Columbia River. They were building a railroad there, about 80 miles from Vancouver near the small town of Carlson. The hot springs are there.

One day my husband got an order to report to the big shops in Vancouver to work. To get there he had to hire a boat to take him across the Columbia River. There was an old sailor who had a small boat and Erspamer hired him for the following day. Eight of the other men decided to go along and spend the weekend in the city.

The next morning my husband got up early. He was going down to the river when the camp cook came out of the kitchen and called to him. He had picked some wild berries that morning and wanted him to have some.

As he started to eat the berries he had a strong impression not to take the boat. Instead of going to the river as he had planned he walked in the opposite direction into the woods. He walked for more than two hours without any idea where he was going. The woods were infested with mosquitoes and he was carrying two big suitcases and a pack on his shoulder. Finally he was so tired that it seemed to him he couldn't go any farther. Then, suddenly, he heard the honking of a horn. He knew that a boat must be near. With the little strength he had left he ran toward the sound of the horn. Someone on the boat must have seen him because the boat stopped and they waited for him. It was not the boat in which he had planned to cross the river.

The next day he was working in the shop when a man approached him. Erspamer recognized him as one of the sailors who had planned to come to the city with him on the other boat the day before. As soon as the man saw my husband he started to cry. He told Erspamer that he was the only survivor of all the nine men in that boat. Everyone drowned, even the boatman. He said that when they reached a dangerous place in the river the men got nervous though the boatman told them not to move — that he would get them through. They didn't obey and the boat capsized. All were lost except him. He hung onto the boat until people on

a passing train stopped and threw a rope to him.

What made my husband change his mind at the last minute after he had paid the boatman? Going in that boat would have been sure death for him — he cannot swim.
— *Elvira Erspamer, Chisholm, Minn.*

MARY'S "GREAT SPIRIT"

WHEN I was a child of 12 my mother hired a colored girl, Mary, to help her with the heavier housework. This girl was in her twenties but she was small and dressed and acted like a child. She was quiet and talked only when spoken to — except when she gave someone a message that the "Great Spirit" had given her to relate. Mary would visit the neighbors, knock on the doors and be found kneeling when the door was opened. She frightened many of them until they grew accustomed to her and regarded her, as we did, as a little bit off.

Imagine our surprise when her predictions came true! At first it seemed to be only coincidence but as it continued we realized that she possessed some unknown power. She could foretell events.

One day a man who lived two blocks from our house called Mother on the phone and told her that if she didn't keep her crazy little girl home he would shoot her.

"Why, what has she done?" Mother asked.

"She told me this morning about some spirit sending her to tell me that if I didn't stop drinking I would be in dread trouble within two months!" he answered.

Mom told Mary not to go there again but she replied, "When the Great Spirit sends me with a message, I have to go."

In about a month, the town was shocked by the news of a hit and run auto accident. Two weeks later when the offender was arrested it was this man.

A year after this Mary warned us that my brother would fall and be seriously injured. Benny was repairing the roof of a building at the time and we were all relieved when this work was through. The next day he was given a job in the cellar of the building, working on the furnace. Coal lay carelessly strewn about the floor. Benny stepped on a small, round piece and fell backwards across a box. He was in terrible pain and they rushed him to the hospital. There it was found that one of his kidneys had burst. After a day the doctors had gotten his fever down enough to operate. After the operation he hung between life and death for two months.

Mary worked for us for eight years and was finally discharged after the whole family took sick. The doctor said it was food poisoning. Though she had no reason to suspect it, Mom was afraid that the "Great Spirit" might have told

Mary to poison us. — *Estelle Calais, Naval Base 54, S. C.*

IN MEMORIAM

ON the narrow facing of the vestibule door of Lynne Hall, the girls' dormitory at MTSC, are written in pencil these words, "Roger Smith's Corner." These simple words went unnoticed for almost six years until recently when a veteran returned to the college campus and pointed them out to us.

"I was anxious to see if his name was still there," he said. It was then that the story was unfolded.

Several years ago Roger Smith and this same veteran were students here. When the war broke out they enlisted in the Marine Corps and later went overseas.

One night before the boys left for service they stood in the vestibule of Lynne Hall waiting for their dates.

"I've been over here so many times I'll bet they'll miss me when I'm gone," remarked Smith. "I think I'll just autograph this door-facing, then they will have something to remember me by." Laughingly he took his pencil and scrawled his name on the frame. The veteran wrote his name there too.

Smith added as they turned away, "In case I get killed in battle my name will remain here forever, a memorial in Lynne Hall!"

The episode was almost forgotten

for the two boys never mentioned it to anyone. But when the veteran returned home he remembered the incident and stopped at Lynne Hall to see what time and paintbrushes had done to their writing on the wall.

He found that his name had disappeared beneath several coats of paint. But to his amazement Smith's name remained as clearly visible as the day it was written — truly a memorial to Captain Roger Smith, "killed in action" on Guam, July 21, 1945. — *R. Osborne Brown, Lascassas, Tenn.*

SPIRITUAL WARNING

OUR new friends were sincere Spiritualists. Sunday evenings the father, mother and two children held services in their darkened bedroom. It was strictly a family affair. My husband's and my curiosity finally led to an invitation to attend on the following Sunday. We tried to refuse, frankly stating our disbelief in spiritualism. They assured us our skepticism didn't matter, so we attended.

We'd been 100 miles away that Sunday and had to race back in our jalopy, arriving at the meeting just as they were getting comfortably seated. There was no circle, no holding of hands. They opened the meeting by singing a hymn (later ended it singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again"). Then we just sat there visiting.

Suddenly voices spoke aloud — deep, beautiful men's voices, high voices, women's and children's. For two hours our friends spoke with loved ones as normally as though they were visible in the room. The mother had a visit with her daughter who had been dead a year.

A girl's voice spoke aloud, addressing us personally, "Lucky I was with you today or you wouldn't have been present tonight." Unaccountably chills ran up our spines as she continued, saying she was our "Guardian Angel" and for us not to drive the car again as the cotter pin was nearly out of the left front wheel.

When the meeting was over we drove off to prove to them and ourselves that we didn't believe. Three blocks away my husband pulled under a street light, determined to prove there was no truth in it. We were horrified when he removed the hub cap — the cotter pin fell to the street!

This was our first experience with spiritualism. It took place sometime ago in Chicago. After this incident we attended many of these meetings and to this day neither my husband nor I can account for what we saw and heard.

I spoke with my father who died when I was a little girl. He told me things that no one in the world except my mother knew. Even I had not previously known the things my father told me.

One of my dear friends came and spoke to me and I could not believe that it was he because I did not know that he had died. He told me when and where he died and upon investigation I found everything he said was true. My husband received messages for his mother and dad from relatives of whom he had never heard. His parents verified every message and the mail verified further messages which were given to us.

The father of this family is now dead and the children married and gone from home. The mother no longer holds these meetings as she explained the spirits used her husband's vocal chords while he was in trance. Her husband himself remembered nothing after the meetings. He had a tin roof in his mouth and spoke like a person with a hare-lip. All through the meetings his stentorian breathing could be heard and surely none of the beautiful voices we heard could possibly have been his.

We have never become Spiritualists, nor have we gone to any other meetings elsewhere. However, these are the things we've never been able to explain: Why would the family meet just to fool each other? How can one explain the different voices which spoke in many languages — Chinese, Italian, Spanish, Greek? Several of these we can understand enough to know they were not faked. — *Mrs. Marge Irwin, Manitou Springs, Colo.*

SING, BROTHER, SING

DOES noise affect mental telepathy? I don't think so. For I once saw it clearly demonstrated amid the racket of a machine shop and the two persons involved in the demonstration never knew it had occurred.

Just outside the shops where I work the machinery makes so much noise that it is hard to talk. However, we could hear the workman, who was approaching us, singing. Out of his sight in a different direction, though not out of ours, there approached another workman, also singing. As they came closer we realized that they were both singing the same song, a religious hymn. And to our astonishment they were together — in perfect tune, timing, and words — as though singing a duet, which, in reality, they were. They passed within 15 feet of each other. Neither noticed the other's singing and their perfect duet faded into the rattle of the shop. Later when we questioned them, neither knew anything about the other's singing. They were amazed when we told them of their harmony.

The chance for such an accidental duet is too great — thousands of songs and thousands of notes in the same song and they were exactly together. Furthermore, what drew them toward each other at this particular moment in time? Mental telepathy is the only answer. — *Frank Ball, Barboursville, W. Va.*



RETURN FROM THE TOMB

By Edmond P. Gibson

**Two remarkable stories, one from modern Guatemala,
the other from ancient Greece — yet how alike.**

RECENT news dispatches from Guatemala City detail the doings of a ghostly young woman on "Holy Friday" last March 23rd. According to the newspaper accounts, a taxi passing a gate of the city cemetery was hailed by a well-dressed young woman who stood at the gateway. She asked to be driven to the cathedral, where she stopped, apparently to pay her devotions. The cabman was instructed to wait. Presently she returned. She then had him drive her to several other churches where she prayed. At last

she asked the driver to return her to the cemetery gate.

Arriving back at the cemetery, she inquired the fare and then explained to the driver that she had no money on her person. She directed him to go to her mother's address in an aristocratic part of the city, stating that her mother would pay him. The taxi-driver asked her to give him some assurance that the fare would be paid. The young woman tore off a brooch which she wore at her breast. She explained that her mother would surely pay

the fare if he gave her the piece of jewelry. The brooch was valuable and the driver agreed.

He left the young woman at the cemetery and took the brooch to the mother, who began to cry. Then she called the police. Weeping, she claimed that the brooch belonged to her deceased daughter and that it had been buried with her in the grave. The police came and arrested the taxi driver, charging him with having robbed the family burial lot.

According to the news story, the girl's tomb was opened by direction of the local court. The coffin was found to be undisturbed but the brooch had been torn from the dress of the corpse.

When the taxi driver became aware that he had driven a ghost to her "Holy Friday" devotions, he is said to have gone mad and been confined in an asylum. No charge could be sustained against him. It is said that the archbishop of Guatemala issued an interdiction against further discussion of the affair. The family of the girl is of good social position, and their names were not used in news dispatches.

Dr. Carlos F. Secord of Guatemala City, whose name is mentioned in some news items, was queried about this case. He stated that the facts are substantially as related in the news dispatches but he does not wish to publicize the name of the girl or of her family.

While these alleged happenings

in Guatemala City lack almost all of the factors which establish an evidential case, the story has certain psychological parallels that link it, in type, with an ancient case of haunting which rests on much firmer evidential ground. While this latter is very old, it is almost unique.

The story is preserved in a Greek manuscript of Phlegon of Tralles, who lived in the reign of the Emperor Hadrian. Phlegon's account is copied from a letter written by one Hipparchus, a city official of Amphipolis, to Arrhidaeus, the half-brother of Alexander the Great, during the reign of Philip II of Macedon — about 335 B.C. The first page of the letter is missing in Phlegon's manuscript (entitled "De Rebus Mirabilibus") but Proclus, an early Christian writer, had examined the whole and commented upon it. Proclus's commentary is in the Vatican Library. The scene of the events chronicled was the ancient town of Amphipolis on the River Strymon, a Thracian town about three miles from the Gulf of Rendino, in what is now known as Salonica.

Two aristocratic citizens of Amphipolis, Demostratus and his wife Charito, had a daughter named Philinnion. She had been in love with a young man named Machates, a friend of her father from the Greek city of Pella, in western Palestine. The family, however, had married her off to Craterus,

Alexander the Great's general, as a more suitable match. Six months later she had died.

A few months after her death the family was visited by Machates. He was installed in the guest chamber of the house where he stayed for some time. One day an old nurse of the family had occasion to visit Machates' room. The lamp was burning and by the flickering light she saw a woman sitting by Machates. The nurse was much surprised as the girl looked like the dead Philinnion. The nurse ran to the girl's mother calling: "Charito! Demonstratus!" and asked them to get up and accompany her to see their daughter, for by a favor of the gods she had appeared alive and was with Machates in the guest room.

When Charito first heard this she was completely overcome by the account and the excitement of the nurse. At first she burst into tears. Then she told the old woman that she was crazy and ordered her from the room. The old nurse became indignant. She said that Charito did not want to see her daughter because she was afraid. Finally Charito agreed to go to the guest room but since two hours had passed she arrived too late. The lamp was out and both persons in the bed were asleep. The mother endeavored to see who the woman was and thought she could recognize her daughter's face and clothing. It was very dark and she could

not be sure. She decided not to awaken the pair, meaning to arise early and catch the uninvited guest. Failing in this, she would ask Machates to explain the matter, as she felt certain that he would not lie in a matter of such importance. She left the room without disturbing Machates and his companion.

Phlegon's manuscript continues as follows:*

"Early the next morning, because the gods had so willed or because she was moved by a divine impulse, the girl left without being seen by anyone. When Charito visited Machates she was angry with him because the girl was not there. She clung to his knees and begged him to tell her the truth and to conceal nothing from her. He was at first very much confused but at last admitted that the girl was Philinnion. Then he described how she had first come to him and of the violence of her passion, and he told how she had said that her parents did not know of her coming to him. In order to give proof of his story, he opened a box and took out the things that she had left behind — a gold ring she had given to him and a belt she had left on the previous night.

"When Charito beheld these evidences of her daughter she screamed! She rent her clothes, and

*The following is abbreviated from the translation by L. Collinson-Morley in *Greek and Roman Ghost Stories*. Oxford: Blackwell. 1912.

pulled the cap from her head, letting her hair fall! She left to mourn her daughter anew among her friends. Machates was greatly disturbed by what had happened and how they were all mourning for Philinnion afresh, as if for her second funeral. He begged them all to be comforted and promised that they should see her should she come again. Charito yielded to his promise but warned him to have a care as to how he fulfilled it.

"When night came, and the hour approached when Philinnion usually appeared, they were waiting for her. She came, as she had before, and sat down on Machates' bed. Machates did not pretend, being anxious to get to the bottom of the mystery, and sent some slaves secretly to call her parents. He could scarcely believe that the girl who came to him so regularly at the same time could be really dead, when she had eaten and had drunk with him. He remembered the suggestion made to him — that grave-robbers had violated her grave and had sold the clothing and jewelry to someone.

"Demonstratus and Charito came at once. When they saw her they were amazed and speechless. Then, crying with joy, they embraced their daughter. Philinnion remained cold to them. 'Father and mother,' she said, 'cruel indeed have you been! You have begrudged my living with this visitor for three days in the house of my father! It

brought harm to no one! You shall pay for your meddling in sorrow! I must return to my appointed place, although I came hither by the will of Heaven.' So speaking, she fell dead upon the bed. Her father and mother threw themselves upon the body, and the house was filled with confusion and tragedy, for it was a heavy blow. The occurrence was soon known throughout the city. It finally reached my ears.

"During the night I held back throngs that gathered around the house. I took care there should be no disturbances as the news spread. The theater was filled at dawn. After a lengthy discussion it was agreed that we should open the tomb and see if the body was still on its bier, or whether the place was empty, for the girl had been dead six months.

"When we opened the family vault, the bodies were seen on the other biers, but on the one where Philinnion had been placed we found naught but the iron ring which had belonged to Machates and his gilt drinking cup which he had given to her on the first day. In amazement we went to the house of Demonstratus to see if the body was still there. It was lying on the ground! Then we went in a crowd to the place of assembly, for the event was of great importance and beyond belief!

"The confusion was great and no one knew what to do. Hyllus, the best diviner among us and an

authority on the interpretation of the flight of birds, said that the woman must be buried outside the boundaries of the town, it not being lawful that she should be interred within again. He said that Hermes and the Eumenides must be propitiated. Thus all desecration would be removed. Hyllus ordered the temples to be reconsecrated and the rites in honor of the gods of the underworld to be performed. As for the King, he privately told me to offer sacrifice to Hermes, and to Zeus, and to Ares, and to perform these duties carefully. We have done as Hyllus suggested.

"The stranger who received the ghost, Machates, had killed himself in a frenzy of despair.

"Now, if you think it proper that I should give the King an account of these things, let me know, and I will send some of those persons who furnished me with the various facts and details."

At this point the manuscript of Phlegon ends.

The unusual thing about this story is the completely materialized state of the ghost, and the fact that the living were unable apparently to recognize it as a spectral being, until the evidence was weighed and evaluated. The Grecian ghost-bride, Philinnion, acted the part of a living woman for three nights, eating, drinking, and sleeping with her lover.

The Guatemalan ghost, if it be credited without first hand testi-

mony, is of a similar type. So was the materialized Katie King, who appeared repeatedly in Sir William Crookes' experiments with Florrie Cook. And so perhaps was the materialized figure of the child Rosalie, who sat upon the lap of the arch-sceptic, Harry Price, in a perfectly controlled experiment, and made a permanent dent in his scepticism. Following this incident, Price gave the subject of survival serious consideration. (See *Fifty Years of Psychical Research* by Harry Price. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1939.)

The case of the Grecian bride is well documented. Hipparchus had firsthand knowledge of some of the events and secondhand knowledge of other events from testimony taken from the principals.

The story of Philinnion is translated from the original text of Phlegon's manuscript as reproduced in *Fragmenta Historicorum Graecorum* by C. Mullerus. Paris: 1849. The story is retold in a curtailed and somewhat inaccurate version in Catherine Crowe's *Nightside of Nature*, which appeared in 1848. It is likewise discussed and an accurate translation is given in the interesting little volume by L. Collison-Morley entitled *Greek and Roman Ghost Stories*. Oxford: Blackwell, 1912. Goethe used the story with improvisations of his own in his poem *The Bride of Corinth*. It is undoubtedly the best authenticated ghost story from the ancient world.



Two peach trees were bought on same day at the same nursery. They were handled identically. But the one on the right was touched and "talked to."

CAN THE MIND STIMULATE PLANTS?

By Gertrude Springer

MAN FREEDOM LONG, foremost living authority on Polynesian and Hawaiian Kahuna lore, in a controlled experiment with two peach trees, has added evidence to the fast-growing science of the control of plant growth through mental influence. Mr. Long has gone a step farther than other experimenters and has practiced, in this test, the theories outlined in his recent book, "Secret Science Behind Miracles."*

* Price \$3. Kosmos Press, 2208 W. 11th Street, Los Angeles 6-F, Calif.

Long's experiment seems to substantiate the recent statement by Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University concerning a French doctor and his wife who are able to control the growth of plants by concentrating on them. It is reported that these experimenters can boost or retard plant growth according to the type of mental control exerted.

Long reports that a member of his Huna Research Associates was given three begonia slips. Two were rose begonias, which she loved, but

the other slip she believed to be an "elephant-car," a plant she actively disliked. However, she gave the three plants the same potting care, light and watering.

Six months later the two rose begonias were about eight inches high and full of gorgeous blooms, while the unloved "elephant-car" was the same size as when she received it, with its original four leaves huddled dejectedly around the stem.

Then the woman's daughter took the plant. Two months later when the HRA member walked into her daughter's kitchen, she spied a plant full of pink blooms. "What lovely plant is that?" she asked.

"Well, it's not an elephant-car begonia. That plant is your unwanted orphan. I've given it love. You can almost see it grow."

Can it be that love is the secret of a "green thumb"?

Long admits that this is only a small beginning but what has been learned so far from this new science promises a future of quicker sprouting, better germination, larger yields and superior crops. In the commercial field this may conceivably produce flowering plants at the height of their beauty for special holidays without the nurseryman having to resort to forcing.

Max Freedom Long was inspired to conduct this tree experiment by the reports of Edgar Block of Indianola, Ind., Huna Research Associate, who sent pictures of his

now-famous corn tests to Huna Headquarters. In this controlled test Block began by rubbing half of the kernels in his hands before he planted them. These seeds showed an 88 per cent increase in sprouting and growth over untreated seeds. In a similar test on soy beans the increase was the same — 88 per cent increase when the seeds were rubbed with the hands. Where both the seeds and the soil was magnetized with the hands Block achieved a 144 per cent increase in growth.

Block then tried mental control. He planted six pots of soy beans and numbered them. He exerted mind power over the seeds in the pots having the uneven numbers. In a 10-day period the favored seeds showed a net growth increase of seven per cent over the other seeds, which were cared for in the same way except for the omission of mental concentration. Long says, "Edgar Block rubs seeds for several minutes between his hands to treat them for fast sprouting and growth. He may also put them under his pillow a night or two. He finds that soil and marl, so treated, is bettered."

It will be remembered that the famous mystic healer, Edgar Cayce, fixed difficult lessons in his mind by sleeping with the textbook under his pillow.

"There is a possibility," continues Long, "that Kilner's experiments with the human aura may

have some bearing on the influence of plant growth. The aura of individuals might well affect plants. Human auras attract or repel other humans and animals, as we well know, and they may also heal or poison the plant in some way, according to the nature of the owner of the aura."

Dr. Charles W. Littlefield, writer and scientist, experimented for many years by exerting mind power over mineral salts and claimed to have built from his mineral solutions not only microscopic replicas of all types of vegetation, from pond lilies to dense forests, but also formed many microscopic organisms in the shape of octopi, fish and reptiles.

From one of Dr. Littlefield's books on these experiments, "Man, Minerals, and Masters," we have his own words on this process:

"In order to demonstrate experimentally the principle of life form productions only a few apparatus are needed — a good microscope, a number of glass tumblers, plenty of distilled water (boiled), and the 12 mineral compounds of organic life forms.

"Make a 3 per cent solution of salt, fill 12 glasses. Triturate 12 different combinations of the 11 compounds (the salt being one) and place about ten grains in each glass of salt solution. Leave the glasses uncovered in a room from 75° to 80° temperature.

"Buy two dozen little glass discs

and put drops of the solution at different places on the discs and surround them with the tumblers of solution for active evaporation. Leave for 28 days.

"If no crystallized forms build up (vegetable forms) add more salts of soda, phosphate for foliage, and sulphate for trunk and branches.

"If solutions are properly made, and they may be varied after a little experience to produce any form of vegetation desired, there will be found at the end of the month a number of plant forms growing on the plates.

"1. 'A mental image' is the beginning of every created thing. With whatever functions, faculties or qualities this image may be endowed by the mind creating it, the same will be expressed by the creature.

"2. This 'mental image' has the power to group the 12 mineral salts normally found in organic nature, in the exact proportion necessary to build the form, and all the tissues and organs necessary to express all the functions, faculties and qualities with which the 'mind image' may be endowed. Hence *composition* becomes the *law* of form and function.

"3. Evaporation of water, a process universal on land and sea, generates a *subtle magnetism* which is the vital force of plants and animals. This force saturates the mineral salts of organic nature, making them susceptible to 'mental con-

trol,' so that any picture that the mind accepts as true in principle may be fixed in them.

"Hence the laws of creation and formation as stated in the first and second chapters of Genesis are scientifically correct," Dr. Littlefield further comments. "I have watched matter, the obedient servant of mind, build my thoughts into material forms with an infinite exactness that must be due to some marvelous law we cannot understand."

In 1950 eight of Glenn Clark's metaphysical camps, known as "The Camps Farthest Out," cooperated with Dr. Rhine of Duke University using love and prayer as a means of controlling plant growth. They planted corn in flats and the CFO members concentrated for a week on half of the corn. The flats which received the barrages of love and prayer outgrew the neglected flats at a ratio of 24:4.

"Dr. Nandor Fodor," continues Max Freedom Long, "in his 'Encyclopedia of Psychic Science' has a fine article concerning the effects of the emanations of the hands. He tells of many accomplishments, such as the prevention of decay in fruits, fish and meats, and of actual mummification of some of these items when treated daily."

Max Freedom Long was born of psychic parents. His father was given to prophetic dreams which were fulfilled in detail. His mother

had "a fair green thumb," to use Mr. Long's expression, as well as one dream which foretold the coming death of a member of the family. Long has always been intensely interested in all psychic phenomena.

In his book, "Secret Science Behind Miracles," Long tells about going to the Hawaiian Islands in 1917 to teach school and to investigate the Islands' volcanos. He became intrigued by the practice of magic among the natives. He learned about the Kahunas, or "Keepers of the Secret." He studied physical healings and the praying to death of persons guilty of hurting their neighbors. The natives testified that this secret magic enabled them to see into the future and to change it.

At first Long's repeated questions met with evasion, which only made him more persistent. Finally he met William Tufts Brigham, curator of the Bishop Museum on the Islands and scientist of world repute. Dr. Brigham was overjoyed at finding a kindred soul and was only too glad to pass on the wealth of information on Polynesian and Hawaiian lore which he had spent a lifetime accumulating. As Long puts it, "He placed his finger on me, claiming me as his own and, like Elijah of old, preparing to cast his mantle across my shoulders before he took his departure."

Long found the first clue to his "secret" in the root meanings of the

Hawaiian language. This important discovery led to his writing a booklet called, "Recovering The Ancient Magic," which was published by Rider & Co. of London, in 1936, and which was the means of establishing contact with the Englishman, William Reginald Stewart, who had received training in "white magic" as it was practiced by the Berber tribes living in the Atlas Mountains, North Africa.

With Stewart's help Long continued the search. The magical practices of the Berber Tribes were compared with the symbols and methods used by the Hawaiians and Polynesians as shown in the records of Dr. Brigham. Modern psychology and psychic science contributed much of value, as did a thorough probing into the real meanings of the enigmatic doctrines of the world's great religions. Gradually the secret was revealed to Long who then returned to Los Angeles and founded an organization for the purpose of further research to bring the obscure parts of the Kahuna's secret into the open where it can be applied to everyday living. This organization is the "Huna Research Association." Long is its director and it is closely allied with the "Borderland Science Research Associates" of San Diego.

In "Secret Science Behind Miracles," Long explains how emanations from mind and body affect matter. "Vital force, which is body electricity or low mana . . . has

an amazing characteristic which is still unknown to modern researchers. This characteristic is that it responds to the commands and direction of the consciousness of sentient beings almost as if it were itself conscious.

"The Kahunas have passed down to us in vague and tangled form the information that the universe has been created by the action of consciousness upon force to create matter. . . . Science tells us that all matter is made up of an electrical form or force of energy which has been set to moving in certain relations to other units of moving force, and that — seemingly because of the balance between the positive and negative forces in any given combination — we have the various forms of matter. Huna tells us that the thing which sets this electrical force into fixed motion is consciousness. The High Self (Superconsciousness) can use its consciousness to cause vital force to become high in voltage and to cause changes in temperature and matter — as in fire walking and in instant healing."

Long applied the foregoing principles to the peach tree at the right in the accompanying photograph. During his controlled experiment he made full use of mana, as it is called by Huna, or vital force as it is designated by modern science. First he accumulated a large surcharge of mana which he says caused a tingling of the fingers. He

then commanded that his mana leave his body and, through the emanations of his hands, that it enter the tree and stimulate its growth.

These two peach trees were bought on the same day from the same nursery. They were the same size; the planting was the same; the light and watering was the same. The one at the right was easiest to reach so Long talked to it daily, touched it and gave it "mana." Its growth has been phenomenal and it seems to lean to-

ward the spot where it receives its daily mana and praise. The tree at the left has been deliberately ignored as far as any attention, mana or mental influence is concerned. "I fear that the poor little tree has permanently joined the list of the unloved," Long recently remarked when showing the trees to friends.

"Does this photograph of actual results of a controlled test justify our Huna concepts of the effects of consciousness upon plant growth?" he asks.

THE FIGHTING MOUNTAINS

DEEP in the Taurus Mountains of Southeast Asia Minor the Euphrates River makes a great horseshoe bend. Inside the bend are three mountain peaks, Mt. Chakchak, Mt. Ziarat, and one peak without a name. Outside the bend, on the other side of the river, are three other peaks, Mt. Keklujek, Mt. Karaoghlin, and Mt. Hindi Baba. From time to time a ball of light is seen to start from one of these peaks and flash across to another. This phenomena is accompanied by a sound like thunder. Strangely enough, these exchanges take place only between certain pairs of mountains! They have been observed proceeding in either direction between Chakchak and Keklujek, Keklujek and Ziarat, Karaoghlin and Ziarat, Hindi Baba and Ziarat, and Hindi Baba and

the mountain without a name.

The interesting thing about this pattern is its relation to the Euphrates River. The discharges never take place between two peaks on the same side of the river, but always cross the Euphrates to get to their targets. The phenomena occur usually in the fall at the end of the long dry season.

Ellsworth Huntington, who described the phenomena in a letter published in the *Monthly Weather Review* of July, 1900, did not believe the story the first time he heard it. But he received essentially identical descriptions from a dozen people in five different places, some of them 40 miles apart. Several of his informants claimed that the flashes were seen only when Turkey was at war. — *LeVern W. Cutler*

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



• In Hanover, Pa., a judge blushed when he explained why clerks had not been able to find a man who was wanted on a felony charge. "I didn't know there was a warrant out for him," the judge said. "Why, I gave him a ride into Ashland a few weeks ago."

* * *

• The proprietor of a Tucson, Ariz., ice-cream parlor reported a new wrinkle in fire extinguishers. When he arrived at his place of business heat from a blaze had exploded cases of soda pop and the flying liquid put out the fire in short order.

* * *

• Acting on a telephone complaint that something was wrong at radio station WNAV, a policeman went to the station, found the door locked and climbed through a window. In the studio from which a program known as "The Sleepless One" was being broadcast, he saw a body slumped over a table — it was the

disk jockey. He was sound asleep.

* * *

• After spending a week gathering material for a series of stories on pickpocket thefts, a newspaper reporter in Winnipeg, Canada, had his notebook stolen as he walked to his office.

* * *

• In Columbus, Ohio, a deputy sheriff saw a driver carefully signal before making a right turn and stopped him to present him with one of the city's safety awards. The sheriff then discovered that the driver had no license and hauled him into court.

* * *

• A screaming siren and a policeman's hunch are credited with preventing a suicide in Washington, D. C. When officer John G. Myers saw a speeding prowler car, he thought it was heading toward Calvert Street bridge, the scene of many suicidal leaps. He commandeered an automobile and he and the driver raced to the bridge. No prowler car was to be seen, but they saw a man take off his coat and throw one leg over the bridge railing. Policeman Myers jumped from the car and pulled the man back to safety. The prowler car? It was racing to the scene of another accident.

* * *

• Not long ago John Auriemma, of Coventry, R. I., tried to give his dog Rags away because of its barking. But Rags didn't hold a grudge.

The other night he barked loud enough to awaken the Auriemma family just in time to escape from their blazing home.

* * *

• In Boston Landing, N. Y., a diner said, "Here's a present" and handed waitress Florence Urbanik, 19, two \$10 Saratoga Parimutuel tickets. The girl won \$535 — the tickets were on Blue Case and paid \$53.50.

* * *

• In Milwaukee a commuter who was carrying a copy of the late Will Cuppy's book "The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody" fell flat on his back while running for a bus.

* * *

• At Cannon Ball Beach, South Africa, H. W. Lewis drove his car over a 100-foot cliff, above the sea. A thorn tree on the brink caught the car and held it fast. Mr. Lewis climbed to safety with only a scratched thumb.

* * *

• The life of Pfc. William Lepper, a McCook, Neb., boy, was saved in Korea when an enemy bullet stopped halfway through a New Testament he was carrying.

* * *

• David Edward Dlumetti, 24-year-old gunman, was captured in Tucumcari, N. M., after he raced through a roadblock set up to stop another wanted fugitive.

* * *

• An Indiana man picked 100

four-leaf clovers in one hour the other day and as he was leaving the pasture a bull chased him up a tree and kept him there until dark.

* * *

• Mrs. Edythe Hanson, 32, of Redwood City, Calif., said, "I shall die at 11:45 on August 21." Her friends and neighbors laughed it off. But a few callers dropped in on that fateful day to say, "You see, you were imagining things." Mrs. Hanson smiled and said nothing.

That night about 9 P.M. she went to sleep and never awoke. Her husband Marvin explained later, "I called the doctor — at 11:45 he pronounced her dead."

* * *

• In Knoxville, Tenn., Carl Fowler settled his \$15,000 suit against M. A. Walker and James Ed Case for \$4,000 while the jury was out. Later he learned that the jury had agreed to award him \$10,000.

* * *

• In Commerce, Okla., Mrs. J. Orin Mowery, who had just given birth to her third son, announced she would have given anything if it had been a girl. Her doctor told her to be patient and 15 minutes later delivered a twin — a girl.

* * *

• Robert Guilfoyle 38, a Cincinnati truck driver, was recently cited for a perfect safe-driving record for 10 years. The following day he got another citation — from the police, for running his truck through a red light. — *Paul Steiner.*



IS THERE A PSYCHIC NERVE FORCE?

By Basil Smith

Reprinted from "Prediction"

Mesmer used a baquet in some of his experiments, although device probably had no value.

A good many things that happen need explaining. Here is one English expert's challenging hypothesis.

ARE those examples of physical mediumship which are associated with certain saints and mystics the product of an (at present) unknown force emanating from the human nervous system?

For hundreds of years my theory has been known, in one form or another — although of course, it has not been known as "Basil Smith's Law"!

In 1733, Friedrich Anton Mesmer, who gave his name to "Mesmerism", was born at Weil, in Germany. After studying medicine at Vienna, he gravitated, like many medical men before him,

towards the study of astrology; and, like others before and since, he came to the conclusion that the stars exert an influence upon our lives. First, he believed this influence to be essentially electric; later, he came to the conclusion that it was magnetic. The consequence was that, as a doctor, he began to experiment with magnetism in the cure of disease. He tried stroking his patients with magnets.

Then a remarkable thing happened — at least, it was remarkable for the medicine of his time: he began to cure people.

After a time, however, Mesmer

discovered that a priest called Gassner could effect the same cures *without the use of magnets*. Mesmer had, at first, made use of an elaborate piece of apparatus known as the *baquet* — a sort of tub, with projecting iron handles which the patients were required to hold. Whether there was any specific value in the *baquet*, I do not know; it is certainly true that at least one modern practitioner uses an instrument very like it. The fact remains, however, that, influenced by Gassner's cures, Mesmer abandoned his *baquet* . . . and the cures went on.

Mesmer was thus forced to the conclusion that there was an occult power in himself. Having in mind the performances of Gassner and others (including Mesmer's own assistant magnetizers) Mesmer came to the conclusion that this occult force permeated the whole universe, but particularly the nervous system of man. He has never been proved wrong. The Commission appointed by the French Government, in 1785, for the purpose of examining Mesmer's claims, scarcely helps us to arrive at an impartial conclusion. In their report they said:

"We have neglected those facts which are rare, unusual and marvellous." It must have been very easy for the Commission to arrive at their conclusion that it was "all done by suggestion."

Still, however, the theory per-

sisted, although in a modified form. In 1845, Baron Von Reichenbach advanced his theory that an influence was exerted by magnets, crystals, and the human nervous system. This influence, he named the "Odyllic force." Reichenbach held that magnetism and the human occult force were akin to each other, and were different manifestations of the same power, the "Od." Mesmer's occult force permeated the universe; Reichenbach's emanated from magnets, crystals, and the human nervous system. The basic principle, however, is the same in each case; a force, existing in space, is believed to inhere or originate in the human nervous system. Perhaps it is not a coincidence that, in 1908, Prof. William MacDougall wrote: —

" . . . The energy liberated in one part of the nervous system may operate in other parts of the nervous system." MacDougall thus opens the door to the possibility of a specific "nerve-force," which he proposes to call "newin."

Now let us examine the evidence for this point of view. In 1916 and 1917, Dr. W. J. Crawford, of Belfast University, observed levitations of objects in the presence of the medium Kathleen Goligher; and his camera registered lines of light flowing round the circle from member to member, and flowing towards the medium, as if to increase her own force. Dr. Crawford found evidence that the medium

was exuding ectoplasm. Is it not possible that ectoplasm is merely the material aspect of nerve-force — nerve-force, that is to say, which has become solidified, or materialized? Wherever we find physical mediumship, there, sooner or later, we find ectoplasm. It has to come from something.

Here is further evidence for the theory that a force is or can be exuded by the human nervous system. In 1920, Miss E. M. Storr published a book called *The Unseen Doctor*. In this book she describes how Margaret Harvey, a "healer," spent 14 years at her bedside, and ultimately cured her completely of tuberculosis of the bony system.

If Mesmer's occult force permeates the universe, perhaps it can carry thoughts and emotions from mind to mind. Possibly it can even link our minds with other minds beyond the remotest stars. Perhaps, one day, it will enable us to communicate with beings upon other planets. I am not making these suggestions in any dogmatic

spirit, but the possibilities cannot be ignored.

While Mesmer's theory provides an obvious explanation of telepathy, it is equally possible that the Mesmeric force may constitute a medium capable of conveying healing impulses from one person to another. On the other hand, we have to admit that Reichenbach's more humdrum hypothesis of a force emanating from the nervous system provides a more plausible explanation of magnetic healing, as it does of ectoplasm.

Perhaps the two theories interlock. But there is one last word I would say to scoffers and sceptics who tell me that science knows no such force as the Od, Mesmeric force, or even nerve-force. That last word is:

Not yet. But perhaps in a hundred years' time or more, science may have discovered many facts of which it is totally ignorant today. Two hundred years ago science was even ignorant of the circulation of the blood.

MEET THE AUTHOR

BASIL SMITH, who wrote the foregoing article, is a member of the Society for Psychical Research and has contributed to the Society's Journal. He is a Fellow of the Royal Anthropological Institute, and author of a paper on "Has Intuition a Physiological Basis?" At present he is preparing a book on ESP.



THE POSSESSION OF ESTHER COX

Loud rappings, cannon-like explosions, flying objects marked the course of this strange Canadian case.

By J. Lewis Toole

ESTHER COX, you are mine to kill!" These words were first heard in the quiet little village of Amherst, Nova Scotia, in the year 1879. Later many people heard of the words and some saw the strange machinations that followed them.

Esther Cox was an attractive 18-year-old girl who lived with her married sister, Mrs. Daniel Teed, in the latter's unpretentious frame house, on Princess Street, near Church. We are told that Esther

entered the world unwillingly and the complications of her birth caused the death of her mother a short three weeks later. Thus left without the love that babies need she developed into a moody, lonely and bitterly unhappy girl.

The first indication of the brewing psychic storm came during the sultry hot weather of August. In a dream, Esther saw the faces of her family change — a Jekyll and Hyde transformation — into the growl-

ing countenances of bears. Terrified, she ran out of the house. Her next impression was of standing before the dwelling, bewildered, when she saw — or dreamed she saw — a herd of black bulls with blue eyes charging down upon the house. She ran back into the house — and woke up.

Esther seems to have struggled with a deep-seated feeling of insecurity all her life. She was religious, but not satisfied with religion. She had friends but none of them thought too well of her, and no one perceived the thickening shadows which hung over the unfortunate girl.

Among the young men who sought Esther's attentions was one Bob McNeal, a personable youth but one of whom Esther's family did not approve. In an outburst of that perversity of which she was so capable, Esther went riding with him one evening in a horse and buggy.

A full moon shown down through the tall trees carpeting the quiet road with a shifting patchwork of black and white. The horse plodded along. The two young people were exchanging confidences when a tremor shook Bob from head to foot. Face contorted, he vaulted to the ground and, whipping out a revolver, levelled it at the amazed girl.

She cowered back in the seat too dumbfounded to scream. Abruptly the rigid tableau was shattered as

the sounds of a rapidly approaching carriage echoed down the road. The young man leaped back up beside Esther, cracked the whip fiercely and the horse stampeded down into the village. Leaving Esther standing stunned in front of her home, the demented suitor gave the horse its head and galloped into oblivion — he was never seen again.

These two experiences, both of them terrifying, created a condition of extreme nervousness in the young girl. During the next five days Esther kept to herself as much as possible, retired early and cried herself to sleep.

On the fifth night following the affair with the now missing Bob McNeal, Esther told Jane, another sister with whom she slept, that she could feel a mouse in the bed. Jane scoffed at the idea but made a thorough search. She found nothing although Esther insisted she had felt something move. Then a hatbox rose off the dresser, drifted across the room of its own volition and settled on a chair. The two girls could not believe it.

Another five nights later at ten o'clock Esther complained of feeling ill. Jane was trying to calm her when to her amazement Esther's hair stood completely on end, like the erected quills of a porcupine. Before Jane could stop her Esther leaped from the bed with an ear-splitting shriek, crying that she was flying apart.

Olive Teed, her married sister, hurried into the room as Esther fell back on the bed. Before the eyes of her horrified sisters Esther's body began to swell. Soon she was distended to an enormous size and moaning in pain.

The commotion aroused Dan Teed and his brother, John. Their entry into the room was accompanied by a terrific report—a noise of such proportions that Dan thought the house had been struck by lightning. He rushed to the window to find the night was clear and the stars shining.

The family stared in bewilderment at the hideously distorted Esther. The end of the phenomena was three thunderous reports which shook the room. Slowly Esther began to return to normal size. When this was accomplished she drifted at once into an exhausted sleep. Incredible as it may appear, she awakened the next morning apparently none the worse for her ordeal.

Four days passed quietly. The Teed household began to relax and hoped they had seen the end of the maniacal proceedings. Esther, to all appearances, was in good health although her nerves were badly shaken. No one understood what had happened.

The fatal fifth night again approached. And again at ten o'clock a series of cannon-like explosions rattled the windows.

Esther began to swell with

greater speed and violence than before. Soon she was a bloated caricature of a human being who writhed and shrieked in torment. The bedroom became a madhouse as her sisters and the two men fought to control her. Without warning the bed-clothes flew off the bed and hurled themselves into a corner of the room. The sheets and blankets squirmed and twisted as the sisters picked them up. The only way the bed-clothes could be kept in position was for the family to sit on them around the edge of the bed.

While they were seated in this manner the pillow under Esther's head slid out and pressed itself into John Teed's face. Then the self-propelled pillow resumed its former place.

After this second attack of Esther's and its attendant horrors, the Teed family realized they were confronted by a situation they could not hope to handle alone. They had minimized Esther's illness to the neighbors but the loud noises coming from the house late at night had waked more than one sound sleeper.

The next morning Dan Teed, leaving his job as foreman of the Amherst Shoe Factory for a few hours, called on the well-known physician, Dr. Caritte. Dan hesitantly told his story. He was not surprized when the doctor laughed heartily, but promised to call at the house and examine Esther that

evening. Dan was to have the last laugh, grim as it was, and all the learned doctor's scientific knowledge was to prove unavailing.

The doctor arrived at the Teed home shortly after ten. Esther was again in seizure. As he entered the bedroom of the stricken girl a large piece of plaster detached itself from the wall and fell at his feet. The doctor mechanically picked it up and placed it on a chair. He examined his patient while a storm of noises beset the room. A rhythmic pounding was so violent that the furniture jumped and rattled. This sounding was interrupted frequently by the now familiar loud reports.

The pillow which had slapped John Teed the night before began to swoop about the room. John followed its progress with growing irritation. Finally he grabbed the pillow with both arms. At the instant of contact his hair stood erect and a look of utter amazement spread over his face. He found he was powerless. Now apparently satisfied with the attention it had received, the pillow placed itself under Esther's head again.

John Teed left the room saying he had had enough.

Dr. Caritte was baffled by Esther's condition. He remained with her for several hours when the end of the phenomena was announced by the usual three reports. Esther came back to normalcy quickly and fell into a deep sleep. Before

leaving the doctor advised the family to watch her closely as he felt it would be dangerous to leave her alone.

When Esther awakened the following morning she was very weak.

The next evening Dr. Caritte arrived before ten and gave Esther an injection of morphia. It was thought the strong opiate would surely calm the nightly disturbances.

But as the clock struck the first note of ten a burst of sardonic laughter rang through the house. Esther fell to the floor, screaming. A pounding noise began on the roof. This soon drew a curious crowd of townspeople. Dr. Caritte, assisted by the family, was holding Esther on her bed when they heard a scratching sound on the wall. They looked up and saw an invisible hand write in large letters: "Esther Cox, you are mine to kill!"

With this ominous message the intangible forces apparently perfected their control. The purely nocturnal phase was over and the manifestations began to occur also in the full light of day.

The next morning Jane Cox remarked she thought Bob McNeal, the vanished suitor, was responsible for the trouble. Immediately there came three affirmative knocks on the table in front of her. "My God, it can hear us!" she exclaimed.

Communication with the personalities who purportedly created

the phenomena was found to be easy. A code using raps was worked out. At other times a voice answered directly.

The agents identified themselves as (a) Bob Nickle (b) Maggie Fisher (c) Peter Cox (d) Jane, Nickel and Eliza McNeal.

With evident relish, Bob Nickle stated that he was the chief instigator of the manifestations. Maggie Fisher was his most able assistant. Peter Cox said he was a relative of Esther's and kindly disposed; his time was taken up with trying to keep Bob and Maggie from using profane language and from breaking the objects they threw about. Jane, Nickel and Eliza McNeal were described as a fumbling trio who lurked about the house, only occasionally managing to upset a chair.

Word of the uncanny events taking place at the little house on Princess Street, spread out from Amherst like oil on water. Old records relate that at times the press of people became so great that the police had to be called to keep order. Doctors, scientists, clergymen and newspapermen visited the Teed home from all parts of Canada and the northern United States.

In December Esther spent two weeks in bed with diphtheria and another two weeks convalescing with her sister, Mrs. John Snowden, in Sackville, New Brunswick. While she was ill and convalescent

the phenomena which had plagued her for five months ceased abruptly and completely.

A few days after she returned to the Teed home one of the most terrifying aspects of the case developed.

The family had left the dinner table for the comfortable chairs of the parlor. They were entertaining the Reverend Dr. Clay, pastor of the local Baptist Church. Suddenly Esther leaped to her feet livid with fear. Pointing to a corner of the room, she cried, "Look there! Look there! Don't you see him! He says I must leave the house to-night. If I don't — he will set a fire in the loft under the roof. What shall I do! Merciful God, who will take me? I wish I were dead!" Esther collapsed on the floor sobbing.

The other occupants of the room stared at the corner of the room indicated by the girl. They could see nothing. But a dozen lighted matches, appearing from nowhere, fell about the room.

The Amherst fire marshals took the threat of the unknown seriously. A strong wind was blowing from the west and if the Teed house burned it could turn the village into a holocaust. Within the hour Esther was taken to the home of Mr. and Mrs. John White. These kindly people had often expressed a deep sympathy for the unfortunate girl and now, when she needed a haven, they opened their doors to her.

Mrs. White, despite the assistance of her daughter, Mary, was soon at her wit's end. Heavy footsteps were heard at all hours and the invisible intruder began to shout obscenities at visitors. Numerous fires were started; several of them almost got out of control. Friends of the White's were badgered without mercy when they called at the house. Sedate ladies were mocked, ridiculed to the point of tears. A rough voice would shout their age, tell how much or how little money they had, and relate at length other personal information.

Every effort was being made to stop the strange persecution of the girl. Theories were plentiful but they had singularly little effect on the invisibles, other than to move them to gales of ironic laughter.

The pyromaniacal tendency was the most feared. And it was decided to let Esther work, during the day, at the White's restaurant where many people were present and the fires could be found quickly and extinguished.

Dr. Clay thought she might be the victim of undiscovered electrical forces. Working on this theory a pair of special shoes with glass soles was made for Esther. Wearing these shoes gave her a headache but otherwise had no effect. They were discarded.

A number of people suggested Esther somehow had acquired the art of mass hypnotism. But apparently the fires were real enough.

Dr. Caritte studied Esther for months; he examined theory after theory only to reject them all. Towards the end he gave up and became a passive spectator.

The journalist, Walter Hubbel, spent six weeks in the Teed household. He wrote a vivid, factual story of his experiences which was published in St. John, New Brunswick, by the Daily News steam publishing office, Canterbury St. The journal appeared under the title, "The Haunted House" — "Being an account of the mysterious manifestations that have taken place in the presence of Esther Cox; the young girl who is possessed of devils, and has become known throughout the entire Dominion as: The Great Amherst Mystery."

Hubbel admittedly came to Amherst with the intention of exposing Esther as a fraudulent medium. He had taken pains to familiarize himself with the situation before he set foot in Amherst. There is no doubt that he expected to find a house ingeniously fitted with secret panels, concealed wires and other gadgetry, with accomplices lurking in attic and cellar.

Irregardless of what he expected, Hubbel relates that he was more than surprised. While he was introducing himself to the family his umbrella was plucked from his hand and thrown over his head. A moment later a carving knife whizzed out of the empty kitchen, grazing his shoulder.

Hubbel seated himself comfortably in the parlor and began making notes. He had his pipe going nicely when he noticed a large armchair opposite him acting in a strange manner. It was fidgeting like a frisky horse kept under a short rein. It began to make short menacing sorties in his direction. The apprehensive newsman watched it with alarm. Finally it rushed towards him and, colliding violently with his chair, sent him sprawling full length on the carpet. Quoting Hubbel: "It suddenly occurred to me to take a walk and admire the beauties of the village."

After a turn around the quiet streets had restored his equilibrium, Hubbel again entered the house. Esther made him a cup of coffee. While he was sipping the drink she remarked, "I don't think they like you." A hoarse voice from across the room agreed with Esther, and went on to make rude remarks about Hubbel's character.

The voice told Hubbel the number on his watch, the dates of coins in his pocket. It whistled Yankee Doodle and beat time on the table. Hubbel asked it to imitate a man sawing wood. It did, without hesitation and upon a further request it made sounds like a woman washing clothes.

Hubbel was a heavy smoker; consequently he required a steady supply of matches. Aware of the fire-setting proclivities of the personality known as Bob Nickle, he

one day asked for a match for his pipe. A match materialized out of the air and fell at his feet. From then on Hubbel would say, "Bob, may I have a match, please?" and a match would appear. Hubbel got into the habit of having the matches delivered into his open hand. This scheme proved very convenient for the journalist — until one day he was given a lighted match. And the invisible joker filled the house with his ribald laughter!

Early in the morning of June 28 the sounds of a trumpet were heard. Sometimes the notes came from far up in the sky; at other times the instrument sounded as if it were blown in the listener's ear. It was heard all day. Crowds of people gathered about the house, listening.

Late that evening the trumpet fell into the parlor. Still extant, it is made of a metal similar to German silver. The family gave the horn to Hubbel who stated that, when his investigation was concluded, he would bequeath it to a museum where future generations could view it.

Early in March Esther was taken to St. John, New Brunswick, where she was examined by a group of prominent doctors and scientists, including Dr. Alward, Dr. Amos Fales and Mr. Alexander Christie. The committee reported that fraud under the conditions imposed was impossible but that phenomena continued to occur.

The manifestations lasted for approximately 10 months, having begun early in August, 1879, and ending in May, 1880. Towards the conclusion of this period the Teed house was a veritable shambles. The family was reduced to a pitiful state of nervous exhaustion.

Esther finally went to live with the Van Amburghs, family friends, who lived on a farm some distance

away. She had made up her mind that she could no longer live with her family in Amherst.

This ended the phenomena.

Walter Hubbel visited her at the Van Amburghs' farm on August 1, 1880, and found her contented and at peace in her new surroundings. The phenomena never recurred so far as is known. The possession of Esther Cox was at an end.

THE MAN IN THE CHAIR

IT WAS in November, 1920, at 241 Washington Street, Brooklyn, New York, that a stranger approached me for help as I was about to enter my rooming house.

I hesitated for a moment but finally I invited him in.

I took the stranger, who said his name was Nieves, to the dining room which was down in the basement and, after questioning him thoroughly, I was moved by his sincere answers. Then I spoke to the proprietor who agreed to let the man stay for a week providing I pay his board in advance. That I did and I forgot about the incident until the third day when the proprietor called me and said:

"That fellow you brought in is in bad shape. He wants you."

I went to his room and I found him very sick. I called Cumberland Hospital for an ambulance and by 9 p.m. he had been admitted to the hospital. I answered some rou-

tine questions to the Social Service and as the man did not have relatives or friends in New York my name was recorded as his only acquaintance.

Next day late afternoon I saw Mr. Nieves sitting on a chair in a far corner of the dining room resting his elbows on top of the table and holding his inclined head with both hands. I did not disturb him.

An hour later when I came down for supper I asked: "Where is Mr. Nieves?"

"You should know," somebody answered.

"I saw him sitting on that chair an hour ago," I explained.

"Nuts," some fellow said.

"Here is a telegram for you, Mr. Rivera," said the proprietor.

"PETER NIEVES DIED AT 3 A.M. THIS MORNING. PLEASE CALL HOSPITAL IMMEDIATELY." — *Mathias Rivera*



The Mystery of Dreams

New book does indeed outline a mystery. Why do so many clairvoyant dreams portend disaster?

Reviewed by Philip Archer

Reprinted from "Prediction"

HAD it not been for a dream, the last 13 cantos of Dante's *Paradiso* would have been irrevocably lost to us. At the poet's death his family and friends came to the conclusion that he must have left his great epic uncompleted.

The facts which led to the discovery of the lost cantos were recorded by Boccaccio, who was eleven when Dante died, and who had them direct from Dante's son, Jacopo.

Jacopo had the temerity to try and complete the *Divine Comedy* himself. Eight months after his death, Jacopo's father appeared to him in a dream and told him exactly where the missing cantos were hidden.

So impressed was Jacopo that he got up immediately, went to the house indicated, woke up the owner, and found the manuscripts in the room described, behind a mat in "a little window in the wall, never before seen by any of them, nor did they even know that it was there."

This remarkable dream is one of many, all well-authenticated, cited by W. O. Stevens in his recent book, *The Mystery of Dreams*.

Jacopo's dream is by no means the only one in which a well-known literary figure plays a central part.

William Blake's dead brother, Robert, instructed him in a dream how to reproduce his exquisite designs, mingled with verse, by a

process of sketching and writing in reverse on plates rendered impervious to acid, except where the pen had touched them.

Anyone who has seen any of the works reproduced by this process will admit that the world of art and literature owes the departed Robert as great a debt as it does to the spirit of Dante.

Perhaps less well known is the fact that Robert Louis Stevenson admitted that much of his work came to him during sleep.

Mr. Stevens gives a number of other striking examples of dream communications giving information known only to those who had passed on.

One chapter is devoted to telepathic dreams. Perhaps the most remarkable of these is one in which Rider Haggard saw the death of a favourite dog in a dream, the whole thing being subsequently confirmed.

Of special interest is the fact that the author felt in his dream that the dying animal was making a superhuman — or should one say supercanine? — attempt to speak to him in words.

Many of the dreams recorded deal with matters of considerable importance, and one, a clairvoyant dream, resulted in the saving of five lives.

It is pointed out, however, that even trivial dreams which give clear evidence of telepathy, clairvoyance, or precognition are every

bit as important from the point of view of research.

It seems that in the majority of cases such dreams usually portend misfortune and death, but the writer records one delightful instance in which the very reverse was the case.

John Chapman was a tinker and pedlar of Swaffham, in the fifteenth century. Humble tradesman as he was, his munificence was largely responsible for the building of the local church, which is still standing. Carvings of him and his wife are to be found in the Vicar's stall.

One night John had a dream in which he was told that if he would go to London, he would meet a man on London Bridge, who would give him news of great good fortune. So impressed was he that he walked the 90 odd miles and for three days loitered about on the Bridge.

Nothing happened, and John was about to return disconsolately when a man who kept a shop on the Bridge asked him what or whom he was waiting for.

John told him. Eyeing the country bumpkin with great contempt the shopkeeper advised him to go home.

"If I heeded dreams," he said, "I might have proved myself just such a fool as you. Not long since I dreamed that at a place called Swaffham Market a pedlar named John Chapman hath a tree in his

back garden, under which is buried a pot of money."

The worthy John took the shopkeeper's advice and hastened home. Under the tree he found not one but two pots of money!

Though most of the instances cited in the book are modern and well-documented, the fact that John Chapman's dream occurred 500 years ago does not necessarily mean that it did not happen at all. Equally remarkable dreams have been recorded in modern times.

Perhaps the most interesting case is that of F. H. Grisewood, who as a boy had a long serial dream, continuing for 14 nights, in which he saw what appears to have been part of a former life in the time of King Charles I.

During the fortnight which the dreams lasted he acquired an intimate knowledge of the house and the surrounding country which were the background of his dreams. Much of this dream life was spent in riding over the country with a trooper named Jan.

Some seven years later he visited a house which he instantly recognized as the scene of these dreams. He was able to tell the astonished owners what changes had been made: all his statements they confirmed.

Mr. Stevens also gives a remarkable account of the healing dreams of Edgar Cayce, who cured many people despaired of by their doctors, and was responsible for the

founding of the Association for Research and Enlightenment.

This last opens up a fresh line of speculation, though the author does not touch upon this.

Many Occultists believe that some, if not all, of us have work to do "on the Other Side" during the hours of sleep. In many cases this work is connected with healing; indeed there are those who before falling asleep dedicate themselves to the work and ask for the privilege of working with the healers beyond the veil.

Healing is not, however, the only work done in the hours when our bodies are asleep.

There remains that category of dreams which lie within the province of the psychiatrist. These the author does not attempt to deal with. He has nevertheless a few pungent remarks to make about the Freudian school.

"There are little paper-covered dreambooks," he writes, "which are popular with a certain class of people not conspicuous for intelligence or education, but these silly interpretations are no more arbitrary and illogical than those of the orthodox Freudians. . . . The attitude of the extreme Freudian is simply that the Master said so, and that's enough. This is supposed to be science, but no theology was ever more dogmatic."

There are a number of first-class psychiatrists who would agree with this dictum.



Pendulum will indicate sex by swinging in a circle if held over a female, and back and forth if held over a male. Author claims the method even works over unhatched eggs.

USING THE MAGIC PENDULUM

By Ormond McGill

CAN a simple weight, dangling from a string, answer questions about the unseen and the unknown?

The answer is yes — if the person knows how to use the pendulum and if he is sensitive to it. For the pendulum has many uses which sensitives are only now beginning to understand.

- Its swinging is a recognized

method of spirit communication.

- It can peer into the future or the past.

- It detects the eternal vibration through all matter.

- It has proved a successful means of recognizing subconscious thoughts, as evidenced in Chevreul's experiments and in the ideomotor activity theory of William James.

Tie a small weight at the end of a ten-inch string. Hold between thumb and forefinger of right hand. Let it dangle freely . . .

Of course not all persons are sensitive to the pendulum and can make it work. But there are millions who are and can. This article applies only to them — not to the others.

To those who are sensitive to the pendulum, it is an unfailing indicator for determining sex. When the pendulum sways round in a circle it is regarded as indicating a female vibration. When it sways back and forth this motion indicates male vibration. How a small weight dangling on the end of a string can determine sex is not understood. Mr. Kenneth Roberts has an interesting section on this particular phenomenon in his popular book "Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod."

A device that covers such a wide range of human thought and has such seemingly miraculous powers, certainly deserves careful study. We suggest that you readers may enjoy experimenting with this fascinating instrument.

Nothing could be simpler than constructing the pendulum. Merely take a 10-inch length of string or thread and tie on its end a small weight. A fishline sinker is ideal, or just tie on your finger ring.

Hold the end of the thread between the thumb and forefinger of your right hand. Let the weight dangle freely. Rest your elbow comfortably on the table. Allow the pendulum to become motionless. And remember: in all pendulum experiments, never deliberately move the instrument yourself. You must always remain a passive agent, letting the pendulum take on motion and swing as it will.

Have a woman place her hand beneath the motionless pendulum, and immediately it will begin to swing around and around in a circle. Have a man place his hand



First step in locating whereabouts of a person is to draw a straight line on paper, then rotate it under pendulum.



Pendulum will swing in pattern to indicate sex of the person being sought.

under it and it will swing back and forth along the length of the hand.

You will find these same indications of sex true for any object associated with either male or female. For instance, if held over a letter the pendulum will swing to indicate the sex of the writer. By this process it is possible to tell the sex of the owner of any object.

This principle of sex determination will hold true for the entire animal world. The pendulum will indicate the sex of any animal at once — swinging in a circle if female, and back and forth if male. Even over an unhatched egg the pendulum will indicate the sex of the unborn bird inside.

Sex determination with the pendulum is only the beginning of its possibilities. For with the pendulum you can locate the position of any person; you can tell if the person is alive or dead; you can answer questions and you can some-

times predict future events. With pendulum in hand, carefully follow these directions and see how you come out.

HOW TO LOCATE THE POSITION OF ANY PERSON: Draw a straight line, about an inch in length, on a piece of paper, while thinking of the particular individual that line is to represent. This externalization of identification through the use of an objective representation is a vital principle in the use of the pendulum. Indeed, this symbolization of persons and things has counterparts through all forms of cabalistic magic.

Suspend the pendulum over the mark you have made on the paper and it will swing to indicate the sex of the individual. Next, slowly rotate the paper on its own axis under the pendulum so that your drawn line points in different directions of the compass. When that line points in the direction of the person represented by the line the pendulum will cease swinging and will come to a dead stop. Then by following along over a map in the direction indicated, you can locate the person geographically. Hold the pendulum over various localities on the map, along that extended line, and it will swing in positive indication over the place where the person is to be found. This technique will be described in more detail under the heading of "Answering Questions With the Pendulum."

HOW TO TELL WHETHER AN ABSENT PERSON IS ALIVE OR DEAD: Again draw a line representing the person under consideration. Suspend the pendulum over the mark. You first will get the indication as to sex. Now rotate the marked paper beneath the swinging pendulum. If the pendulum stops swinging at some point in the rotation of the paper it indicates that the person is still living. If, however, the person is dead, while the pendulum will still swing to indicate sex, its movement will not cease no matter in what direction we turn the paper.

ANSWERING QUESTIONS WITH THE PENDULUM: Whatever the question you desire answered, always frame that question in your mind so that it can be answered with a simple Yes or No. Make the "mark of representation" of your question on the paper, and suspend the pendulum over it. If the answer to the question is yes the pendulum will commence to swing. If the answer is no the pendulum will dangle motionless.

For obvious reasons it is only possible for the pendulum to indicate positive and negative responses but by working over the question and carefully training related questions, allowing the pendulum to indicate the answer to each in turn, it becomes possible to obtain the details desired. Let us take a hypothetical question and consider it, "When will John return?"

The question first asked is, "Will John return?" The pendulum is then dangled over the "mark of representation." If the response is yes, this question is now framed, "Will John return this year?" Suppose the response is yes again. The question can then be, "Will John return in January?" If the answer is no you next ask, "Will John return in February?" And so on down the months of the year until the pendulum swings to indicate yes. You can work over each day of that particular month in the same way. But remember that each question must have its own individual "mark of representation."

PREDICTING THE FUTURE WITH THE PENDULUM: Perhaps the pendulum will likewise bridge time and predict future events. For such experiments, here again, frame your question so it can be answered by a yes or no and suspend



After pendulum indicates proper direction, hold it over various localities on map along extension of the line.

the pendulum over the question's "mark of representation." It should swing readily if the answer is Yes, and hang motionless if it is No. At this rate there should be no limit to the information that the pendulum can reveal.

One last question looms up: What makes the pendulum work? And the answer is: You do! Not consciously — *but unconsciously*. It seems as though the device possesses an intelligence entirely its own. Actually, of course, you are unconsciously and automatically

imparting the impulses. It is a question then whether the subconscious mind can provide answers through the pendulum on subjects of which it has no knowledge. Or does some sixth sense provide this knowledge?

If the pendulum can truly fulfill the claims of being an easily applied, mechanical means of tapping the psychic powers of the mind, it can with justification take its rightful place along with the wheel as one of the important discoveries of all time.

Unlucky Friday

COLUMBUS did set sail on his successful voyage of discovery on a Friday. Despite this fact seafaring men traditionally consider it an ominous day on which to embark. And it would seem they have evidence to substantiate their superstition. Some of the most convincing concerns an ill-fated English ship.

In the 17th Century the British Admiralty, worried over the demoralization that Friday sailing caused among the Navy personnel, decided to end this absurdity once and for all. It ordered the construction of a craft, the keel of

which was laid on a Friday. The ship was named Friday and she was to be launched on a Friday. To prove its point further, the Admiralty confidently appointed Captain Friday, a competent navigator, to command the new ship.

Manned by a reluctant and frightened crew, the vessel set sail on its maiden voyage on a Friday. Friends and families of the ship's company watched the Friday disappear over the horizon — and never again saw it or anyone aboard.

The vessel went down with all hands lost! — *Frank L. Remington.*

WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND

Mrs. Muriel Lurie was sitting on a park bench enjoying the air when her collie dog Laddie began to bark frantically. Mrs. Laurie got up from the bench — just in time to miss being hit by a big limb that crashed down from the tree overhead.

THROUGH MY GRANDFATHER'S MEMORY



By Cicely M. Ellis



She had never been in the room before. How then could she recognize it and its view?

Reprinted from "Prediction"

IN 1917, during the first world war, I was working as an orderly in one of the "Scottish Women's Hospital Units" stationed in an old abbey in the north of France.

The Abbaye de Royaumont was a lovely old building dating back, in parts, to the reign of Louis IX of France. Partly destroyed during the French revolution, partly spoiled by additions and repairs by various occupants, it remains very beautiful.

Neither the vandalism of the revolutionaries nor the depredations of the restorers have marred the fine refectory, with its graceful vaulting and fine carved pulpit.

While I was living here I got to know the custodian of the better known, but to my mind, less beauti-

ful Chateau de Chantilly, one time home of the Duc d'Aumale.

The Chateau was now a show place and the rooms, denuded of most of their furniture, were filled with pictures and other art treasures.

From time to time I went with various friends to see the pictures and wander through the many rooms. One day the little man at the entrance told me, with a smile, that he would not show me round again, but that I and my friend could go where we liked.

We wandered from room to room till at the end of a long hall I noticed a little passage, and out of curiosity we followed it into a part of the building that I had never seen before.

There were several small rooms opening off the passage and we looked in one.

"Oh!" I said, "Look! The bed used to stand there. It was a small four-poster. There was a bureau over there. It was prettily inlaid. The tall-boy stood against that wall, and there was a chair with spindling legs by the side of it."

Then I glanced out of the window and felt such a disappointment. "But the view is all changed. There used to be a lovely avenue stretching away down there." I came to an abrupt stop.

"What are you talking about?" asked my companion. "You said you had never been in this part of the Chateau before."

"No, I haven't," I replied rather lamely. "I don't know what I am talking about, but it was like that, that is all I know."

My friend looked puzzled and I felt the same.

When we passed the custodian on our way out I was still wondering about that room: why I knew it so well and yet found it changed. I asked him: "What are those little rooms off that passage?" and described them.

"Those were the bachelor guest chambers, when the Duc d'Aumale lived here," he said.

Then I asked if the gardens overlooked by that window had always been like that, and he told me that he remembered huge trunks of trees which he used to clamber

over as a boy, and which his father had told him had once formed an avenue in that part of the grounds.

We were extremely busy during the next few months at the hospital, until at last I got leave and went home for a rest.

In the course of a chat with my father, I told him of this curious happening, and he looked at me for a minute and then said: "Did you say this was at the Chateau de Chantilly?" I said it was.

"That is very strange," he said slowly.

He then went on to say that his father, who died when I was a small child, was a great friend of the Duc d'Aumale.

He often went to stay at Chantilly when my father was a boy, and once made quite a long stay there, making a catalogue of the library.

My grandfather was a well-known bibliophile of his day, with a shop for the sale of rare books in Old Bond Street, London. He was also a personal friend of many of the pre-Raphaelites, including William Morris, Rossetti and Burne-Jones, and also Ruskin.

I could remember that room as I can still remember the day-nursery of my childhood. I had never been there before 1917 and had no idea of my grandfather's friendship with the Duc d'Aumale.

I am convinced, and so was my father, that I had inherited my grandfather's memory.

THE GIANTS IN THE EARTH



Human skulls two feet long — could such creatures really exist? Read the evidence pro and con.

By Harold J. Wilkins

THERE were giants in the earth in those days," say the old Hebrew compilers of Genesis, who drew on ancient and vanished sources of antediluvian age.

There is evidence, in the shape of skulls, bones and artifacts, that giants ranged over the whole planet from the plains of Asia and the mountains of central Europe into every part of America. In the Western Hemisphere, evidence is found from the far south in what is now Patagonia up to the tundras of Alaska — once a far warmer region. In that far day there existed land bridges which were, thousands of years later, destroyed in a terrible cataclysm which is recorded in Genesis and in many American Indian myths.

The Iroquois, the Osages, the Tuscaroras, the Hurons, the Omahas, and many other North American Indians all speak of giant men who once lived and roamed in the territories of their forefathers. All over what is now the U. S. are traditions of these ancient giants.

But in addition, there is evidence in the form of bones, skulls and artifacts of the existence of giant men in North America. It is evidence which justifies the theory that these giant men were contemporaries and even adversaries of monstrous animals and dinosaurs, which palaeontologists assume vanished in an epoch preceding by many thousands of years the appearance of either man or any anthropoid ape or mammal.

The weight of this evidence would justify the theory that, in what is now the U. S., civilized man must have existed in the Tertiary Age!

What is also remarkable is that these giants had six toes and, in some cases, a double row of teeth in their tremendous jaws! I have space here for only a small selection of the evidence which would fill a pretty long book. It is evidence which is sure to shake many preconceived notions of evolution and the age of ancient man's civilization in America.

About 1810 there was found near Braystown, at the headwaters of the Tennessee river, footprints of immense age impressed in the solid rock. They included *six-toed* feet of giant men. One such track is the print of a human heel ball actually 13 inches wide! Close to it are prints of the hoofs of ancient horses—those horses which fallacious history asserts never existed in the America of pre-Columbian times. One of these horses slipped for several feet and then recovered his footing. The prints suggest that an army of giant men was traveling in the same direction and that a giant led his horse when passing the mountain with his army! The track of the horse is 8 by 10 inches.

Sixty years later (about 1870), Frank la Flèche of the Indian Bureau at Washington, D. C., reported that the Omahas, digging a grave near the house of their ex-

chief "Two Grizzly Bears," unearthed the skeletons of eight giant men lying in a row. The skulls of these giant men were two feet long! Staggering dimensions when compared with the skull of the average modern man!

These discoveries seem to bear out the ancient traditions of the Omahas that in the land of their forefathers lived giants called Pansu-ta who abducted men and women of lesser stature. Whether the giants enslaved these lesser breeds or ate them is a moot point; but it may be noted that, down south in ancient Peru, a similar race of giant men landed in rafts from the Pacific, invaded ancient South America's shores from what is now Puerto Viejo, ascended the highlands, killed the small Indians, and raped and ruined their women. These giants sank fine wells and lined them with stone and built megalithic cities. The myths charge them with the perversions of Sodom and Gomorrah—but the point to be noted is that they were both skilled engineers and architects.

It is significant that the Osages called these ancient giants of North America "Mu-a-lu-shka"—a name which points straight to their possible origin in the vanished Pacific continent of Mu, land of ferocious giants who had also developed a megalithic culture. Moreover, the Osages said these giant men had amazing skulls with a vertical diameter of more than two feet.

I stress this histological characteristic for a reason that will soon appear.

In 1924, the Dohenny Scientific Expedition to the Havai Supai canyon of Arizona came on startling evidence in the shape of astounding petroglyphs which indicate that these giants were contemporaries of the fearsome dinosaur *tyrannosaurus*. Cut in the hard sandstone rock of the Supai canyon is a petroglyph in which the dinosaur *tyrannosaurus* stands erect on tail and hind legs as if to challenge an enemy. The picture must have been carved by an eye-witness. Indians around have a tradition that the glyph was cut by a "big feller" in a very ancient day. The immense age of this petroglyph, and of others close to it, is attested in the fact that some of the iron patina, which very slowly accumulates on the face of this rock, is found in the furrows of the glyph and also around it. This denotes that aeons must have passed since the glyph was made.

There is geological reason to suppose that, exactly as is the case of plutonic regions in central Brazil, the high plateaus of Nevada, Arizona and Utah, are among the oldest parts of the earth and have not been under water since the azoic ages, more than 40,000,000 years ago. How old then must this amazing petroglyph be if the dinosaur became extinct in America more than 12,000,000 years ago?

How long were these giants denizens of this weird region of ancient North America?

The answer is vividly suggested by the fact that in the same Arizona canyon another petroglyph depicts a giant man either attacking or being attacked by a mammoth. And yet this carving seems to have been made ages later than that of the image of the *tyrannosaurus*.

Be it also noted that this same ancient picture gallery, whose canvas is a granitic stone on which wind and weather have little erosive effect, has also other glyphs of unknown monsters with goatlike feet and an ancient hieroglyph resembling the old Greek sign of Mars.

Here too, attesting its antiquity, iron scale has formed in the furrows of the glyph.

Another mysterious discovery was made in Arizona in the township of Crittenden in 1891. Workers were removing earth in order to make the foundation for a hotel. Eight feet down their picks struck soft masses of stone which seemed once to have been well worked masonry. Excavating deeper still, the men came on an ancient tomb of large square blocks of rose granite, most skilfully cemented so that the whole construction looked solid. An architect named Hendrickson was summoned and took charge of the work. Hendrickson forbade the use of gunpowder on these amazing remains.

Inside this granite tomb the men came on an amazing sarcophagus of Egyptian type. But, of course, it was no work of the ancient Egyptians. It took the form of the image of a giant man lying at full length and made of some strange material like clay, but brightly colored in blue. The giant was stark naked but had a girdle at the waist. Close-fitting sandals were on his feet and on his head was a crown shaped like a bishop's mitre, but topped with what looked like either a hawk's or an eagle's head. The face of this giant was as imperious as those of the colossal portrait-images in Easter Island. His nose and mouth were large but the low cheek bones were not those of an Indian. Yet his hands were as small and delicate as those of a woman. They were crossed on the breast and stamped on their backs was the image of a hawk or an eagle.

Now note: the feet were also crossed and had six toes! The sandals had been so cut as to bring the sixth toe into prominence as if the giant were proud of the distinction! The hair was shown as thick and bushy, reaching to the shoulders.

Inside this sarcophagus were handfuls of dust — all that was left of bones and skull. No more amazing evidence of antiquity could be found for, of all parts of the human anatomy, the very last to disintegrate is the human skull.

There was one more feature of

the image of the sarcophagus — in the giant's hand was clasped the queer image of a squatting figure, which might have been that of a god. The image was male in sex, squatted on a pedestal, and squinted and grinned in hideous fashion. Both hands were clasped over the ears as if to shut out sound. (A type of ancient image resembling this old Arizona image has been found in an extremely old Peruvian *huaca* or grave.) Its hair hung down its back in plaits.

The crown worn by the giant, and also the girdle, was of thick red gold finely carved with minute and delicate designs and drawings depicting battle scenes, a triumphal procession, marches, and other scenes whose meaning is unknown. On the girdle were carved unknown hieroglyphs. Along with the sarcophagus-image — probably a portrait of the giant within — was a large battle-axe whose blade was of some hard, glassy substance like obsidian, but the handle was of petrified wood. Another evidence of immense antiquity.

Magnificent green stones or chalchithes — emblems of immortality — were in the giant's mouth.

Amazing finds were also made in California about 1810 and in Montana in 1924. One was that of a six-toed giant, another a skull of a man found 130 feet deep in a mine with lava over it. A human molar embedded in anocene coal measure was found in November 1926 in No.

3 Eagle Coal Mine at Bearcreek, Mont., and in strata anywhere between 30 and 75 million years old. An amazing skull — there is no other word for it! — of a giant man with double rows of teeth all round the massive jaws was found on Santa Rosa Island in the Santa Barbara Channel, Calif. It has a singular tie-up with the statement in the old Babylonian Talmud, called the Berakthoth, that the giants before the Great Deluge had double rows of teeth!

Many of these discoveries were made early in the 19th century and in one case where a giant man's skeleton was exhumed by soldiers at Lampock Rancho, Calif., the Roman Catholic padre ordered the skeleton to be reburied because the local folk swore it was the skeleton of a god. These remains were often found accompanied by cemented gravel six feet thick lying under volcanic ash — sign of ancient cataclysm — ancient metal skillets, beautifully made plummets of syenite, strange inscriptions on ancient artifacts, sea shells lined on the inside with gold and worked in unknown inscriptions, carved blocks of porphyry engraved with hieroglyphs, hieroglyphs on hard rocks covered with iron scale, queer slate tubes and cylinders, well made pestles and mortars. All, of course, evidence of ancient civilizations.

And now for one of the most interesting of these accounts. This

story comes from an eye-witness who was a disgusted observer, helpless to make any protest at what was done under his eyes.

In the spring of 1943 a volunteer detachment of the U. S. Army Engineers (Branch of the Alaskan Defense Command) was sent to work on the Alcan Highway. While they were at Fort Lewis, they were put into another outfit composed of whites and Negroes in separate companies and sent across the Pacific to a little island right at the western end of the Aleutians. Its name is Shemya and it lies close to the volcanic island of Attu but will be found on none but U. S. military charts.

On Shemya their job was to build an airstrip for landing purposes. One day in May, 1943, a remarkable discovery was made. At the northeast end of this tiny island is a bluff of sedimentary rock and below it, on the beach, are strewn igneous and sedimentary boulders. When these beach boulders were shifted the bulldozers started to work and turned up layer on layer of fossils, each layer differing from that below it. In one of these layers were huge human bones and skulls of giant men, lying near fossil ivory and mammoth and mastodon bones. Some of these giant human skulls lacked the lower jaw. The skulls were from one foot ten inches to two feet long! They were emphatically human and not animal skulls. The bones of the ani-

imals lay far enough apart for the difference to be clearly perceptible.

The height of these giant men measured no fewer than 24 feet! I cross-questioned my informant and he was positive in this affirmation of the astounding height of these men — a height which tallies with that asserted in ancient Hindu lore about the giants of old, and the height of the famous Bamian statues in Central Asia at the foot of the Hindu Kush mountains.

My informant went on:

"I was in the 92nd battalion and I must ask you not to give my name as I am under draft orders in connection with this war in Korea and might be victimized if Army brass knew what I am telling you. The officers in charge in Shemya ordered strict secrecy about this discovery. Not a man was allowed to take any souvenirs, whether of the giant skulls and jaws or of the fossil ivory and mammoth bones. One soldier, who knew something of palaeontology and anthropology, realized that here was a priceless discovery that any scientist would almost give his head to be allowed to examine. A day later the officers found that one soldier had made a cache of some of the bones. They threatened him with a court martial if he did not at once give up the cache. He surrendered his cache and the threat was dropped."

I may tell the reader that the editor of FATE Magazine has been given, in strict confidence, the

name and address of this ex-G.I. who lives in a western state.

His story goes on:

"These giant remains in the Shemya beach were found about six feet below the surface. The ground where the skulls and bones were found is swampy and sandy, and the beach was just muck and deteriorated rock. Mixed in with the big bones were smaller ones. They might have been deposited there in a cataclysm but there is evidence that this may have been also an ancient graveyard of the giants. It is curious that all these skulls of giant men had holes in them 2 inches in diameter. Maybe that was in accord with the notion of ancient folk that you could let the soul out of the head by trephining the crania. It may have been done with clubs or arrows, but as all the skulls were perforated I reckon it is more likely that an ancient ritual was followed."

I asked my informant if any artifacts were found with these giant human bones and skulls. His answer is remarkable:

"Yes, in this graveyard of the giants there were also found little carved ivory toys such as dolls, boats, arrow-heads, spear heads, the latter made of some chipped and ground stone. The stone, too, was not of a kind found on Shemya Island. The skulls of these giants were, except as to their Brobdingnagian size, like those of modern man and with a high forehead.

It is odd that I saw no lower jaw in any of these skulls. These carved ivory artifacts were found among the giant remains and were of a style much more advanced than would be found among primitive or modern Indians. There is no sign of any recent vulcanism on tiny Shemya Island. The tusks of mammoths were also found, but broken, close to the giant human skulls and bones. No, I sure never heard, nor did any other soldiers, that any of these remains reached a

U. S. museum. Scientists got no chance to investigate in Shemya. Yes, one of us measured these giant men. They were 18 feet 6 inches high! I prefer not to give the name of my unit on Shemya when this happened in May, 1943. If I get called up on draft, as I expect I shall be shortly, it might mean trouble for me. But I'd take my oath before any public notary of the truth of these facts of which I was an eye-witness right on the spot."

Red Czechoslovakia was thrown into turmoil and thousands flocked to the scene when the vision appeared.

Miracle at Begov

By Richard Eastman

SINCE leaving Czechoslovakia I have never heard this story retold. Perhaps the Iron Curtain has effectively blocked it off from our world. I heard it first hand from the driver of the bus involved, and from the relatives and close friends of many who were there.

In the latter part of the summer of 1949 the communists were tightening their hold on the small democracy of Czechoslovakia. All forms of freedom were being cur-

tailed, but above all the churches were being persecuted. People were turning by the thousands to their neglected faiths but the communists remained adamant in their decree that God does not exist and that there is no such a thing as spirit-life.

One clear, beautiful day during that summer a bus-load of factory workers, most of them ardent communists, was driving home after a day's work. The sun was shining,

without a cloud in the sky. But as the bus climbed a hill near the small village of Begov it was suddenly overtaken by dark clouds and strong gusts of wind. The wind increased to such violence that the driver, also an ardent communist, stopped the bus, as he was convinced that they would be blown over.

With great difficulty they made their way out of the bus. Many of them were thrown to their knees by the force of the wind. Then, as quickly as it had come, the storm ceased. The gaze of all from the bus, and some persons from private cars who were likewise stopped, was attracted to a bright light over the nearby village. There in the sky stood a beautiful lady in long blue and white robes. Behind her, a host of armed, uniformed men stretched off into infinity. They heard no sound and slowly the lady dropped from her hand onto the church below three red roses. Then the vision vanished.

A friend of mine riding in a car behind and all the riders on the bus gave testimony of what they had seen, many of them accepting arrest and imprisonment at the hands of the Secret Police because of their testimonies. Soon the village was

the object of pilgrimages from all parts of the country. All felt that a miracle had been wrought.

And what did it mean? The prayers of millions behind the Iron Curtain ask for liberation from the tyranny of unfaith that governs them. All of them feel that this vision was a symbol that some day soon the Lord will lead a force to liberate them and that somehow the number three was important in this liberation. Three days have passed, three weeks have passed, three months have passed. Only three years remain, and they are up during the summer of 1952.

It is interesting that, other than those on the hill, no one saw either storm or vision, and the majority of those who saw it previously had denied the existence of any supernatural power. Afterwards many of them returned to their churches and renounced their communist affiliations. They felt they had received a sign from God.

The government was quick in closing the town and the church to pilgrimages and in declaring the whole thing to be a hoax. But thousands who have heard the testimonies of the witnesses believe it is true. And many still secretly visit the site.

CALLING ALL ZOOLOGISTS

LAST August a strange animal washed up on a beach near Pt. Banks, Alaska, 60 miles north of Kodiak. Here is how fishermen described it: Thirty feet long, hand-like front feet, tail of a whale, hind feet about 45 inches long, fins apparently 72 inches across, body covered with yellow-brown fur,



IN MY MIND'S EYE

By **FREDERICK MARION**

A gifted psychic, famous on two continents,
tells some of the most dramatic incidents of his career.

EDITOR'S NOTE

THE author, an Austrian by birth, has lived in England for many years. He is a vaudeville entertainer, yet he is recognized by such men as Dr. R. H. Thouless of Cambridge University as having proved paranormal capacities. This story is excerpted from his challenging book, "IN MY MIND'S EYE." Copyright, 1950, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., 300 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. Price: \$3.75.



MYSTERIES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

ONE DAY in the early 'Thirties the people of Zurich were mystified by the newspaper story concerning Professor X—a man well known in Zurich and of considerable renown in the medical world.

Professor X had disappeared from the flat where he lived with his wife and family. At first this had caused only mild anxiety, but with his continued disappearance came profound alarm. The police were called in and made widespread inquiries; the last known movements of the missing man were studied and cross-checked; photographs and descriptions were circulated in the Swiss newspapers. None of this diligence produced a happy result. The mystery remained as deep as ever.

About this time I happened to be passing through Zurich on a lecture demonstration tour. I am not in the habit of taking more than a passing interest in the local news in the towns through which I pass, and consequently I knew nothing whatsoever about the mystery of the vanished professor.

After my first demonstration in Zurich I was asked by the Society of Physicians there if I would demonstrate for them at an intimate little soirée the following evening. I agreed to appear and

the matter was arranged accordingly. The next evening I gave a number of experiments before this keen and attentive body of professional men. For me there was nothing particularly outstanding about any of the mental phenomena produced, but some time after commencing my demonstration I touched upon one experiment which created an uproar in the room.

One of the visitors handed me a picture post card with some greetings written upon it. As usual, the greetings consisted of a couple of brief sentences and an unreadable signature. I held the card in my hand and began to concentrate. After a moment or two I gave a description of the writer's appearance and personality. Then:

"The writer of the card has been undergoing a period of mental and moral depression. This has been brought about by unhappy circumstances created in his family circle. He goes away to a station and he takes a train to some destination not far from Zurich. He has in his pockets a booklet which seems to be something like a passport—yes, probably a passport—and also a gold cigarette-case with the figure of an angel embossed in enamel on the outside. He leaves the train at a small station and walks along the beach at the side

of a lake. He walks for a long time and finally stops at a place where he has to look down on to the waters of the lake. He stands there for some time, and suddenly jumps into the water . . ."

By this time I was in a state of considerable mental agitation, but was compelled to go on. I continued, describing the way the man had struggled in the water, instinctively fighting to save himself . . . how his strength slowly ebbed away so that he could struggle no more . . . how the waters closed in over him and he sank down to his death. I even made it clear that the body of this man had been caught up in some form of underwater weeds and remained trapped in that position.

This was the story I told on handling the post card.

I was quite unable to continue with any further phenomena, because all tragic experiments are very exhausting for me. In this case it was as if I myself had undergone the mental and physical agonies of the drowning man.

Nobody seemed to be concerned about the fact that the demonstration had concluded so quickly. All the guests were far too busy discussing the result of my last effort. There was a tremendous air of excitement throughout the whole room. The gentleman who had handed me the post card called for silence while he spoke a few explanatory words.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a quiet, controlled voice, "I am sorry to tell you that this post card was received by me several months ago from Professor X. As you all know, he has been missing for several days. I hoped that Mr. Marion might be able to help solve the mystery of this disappearance and that is why I handed him the post card without giving any clue as to the writer. It is better that we should know the truth, but I did not dream that we should hear such a terrible revelation."

He went on to make a few more remarks, saying that what I had recounted would be placed at the disposal of the police, and eventually the soirée broke up.

The next day a gentleman came to see me, announcing himself as the solicitor of Professor X. He had heard the story of my demonstration the previous evening and wanted to know if I could give still further help by trying to gain more detailed impressions of the tragic occurrence. He had brought with him a map showing all the lakes, large and small, within a 50-mile radius of Zurich.

"You feel confident in the accuracy of my impressions?" I queried as I watched him spreading the map, a look of anticipation on his face.

He nodded. "But of course, Mr. Marion. You see, the police . . ." He shrugged and made a gesture of helplessness with widespread

fingers. "The police have been told of your experiment. They say the theory of suicide is improbable because Professor X was a happy man, well loved and content in the bosom of his family."

"What do the police think then?" I asked.

My visitor smiled a little ruefully.

"They say that either the professor went on a journey without telling anybody about it, or that he is suffering from loss of memory."

"And you disagree with them?"

The solicitor hesitated for a moment, looking at me keenly.

"There is one point about your experiment which, to me, was very convincing," he said slowly. "This is known only to a very few people, but the fact is that the professor was not happy and contented as he was thought to be. Recently there have arisen various family troubles. They have distressed him to such an extent that I firmly believe they might provide a motive for suicide."

I nodded. "That was a point I touched upon when doing the experiment, but nobody seemed to attach much importance to it. Well, let's see if we can get a little more information."

The solicitor had brought with him further samples of the missing man's handwriting, as well as the large-scale map. I got to work with the material at hand, and after some time managed to pin-point the tiny lake in question.

My visitor thanked me heartily for my assistance and left, saying that he would arrange to have the edges of the lake dragged in the places which fitted in with various descriptive details I had given him.

And that is very nearly the whole story.

Two days later the body of Professor X was recovered from the waters of the lake, where it had lain trapped beneath the surface by weeds. In the pocket of his jacket was a passport . . . and a gold cigarette-case with an angel embossed in enamel on the outside.

* * *

THE YEAR 1910.

IN a park in Sydney a little girl of three is skipping along the sandy yellow paths in the bright summer sun, the watchful eye of a nursemaid upon her.

A passing friend offers the nursemaid a welcome opportunity for a few words of gossip, and for a matter of minutes the small charge is forgotten. A sudden mild anxiety as the nursemaid realizes that the little girl is no longer in sight, and then increasing panic and frantic scurrying through the broad lanes between the flower-beds as her calls remain unanswered.

The little girl is lost, and a frightened nursemaid returns, sobbing and breathless, to tell the parents. For a few hours the police treat the matter as an everyday routine job; but the hours turn to

days, and still no news comes to bring relief to the heartbroken parents. Their child has disappeared as if from the face of the earth, and all investigation and cross-questioning prove fruitless.

Weeks, months, years roll by, and the mystery remains unsolved. The authorities are helpless, the case is dropped and is relegated to a brief, unemotional account in the official records.

In 1930 — twenty years later — in Sydney the threads of this tragic story are picked up again.

It was my first visit to Australia, and I found myself delivering lecture-demonstrations in halls filled to capacity. After one particular lecture I was approached by an elderly couple, their lined faces stamped deeply with sorrow. They handed me a tiny metal pendant, obviously antique, and asked me if I could gain any impressions from it. They told me nothing of the history of the pendant.

I received strong and clear-cut impressions as soon as I began the experiment.

"This has been closely connected with a little girl who ran away many years ago," I told the parents (as they later proved to be). "She is playing in a park, and stops to speak to a lady — a lady past middle age. The lady takes the child by the hand and they walk away together. The lady is a married woman. She and her husband have always longed for children but have

been unable to have any. This fierce desire overwhelms the lady and she takes the child away, to call it her own. The child grows up with this couple. She becomes a singer. Her voice is a beautiful soprano and she achieves success."

That was the sum of the impressions I received, and I have seldom seen such a reaction as took place in the parents as they heard this news of the child who had been stolen from them so many years before. They told me the story as it was known to them, and begged me to make a journey with them through every large town in Australia, searching the theaters in an effort to find the missing girl. They were willing, they said, to spend every penny they possessed if only I would agree.

I was touched by their pleading, but explained gently that such a search might take several years. An attempt to solve the mystery in this way was quite impractical. If they could think of some other way in which I might assist, then I would be willing to help.

The couple exchanged desperate glances.

"You say the girl . . . our daughter . . . has made a success in singing," said the gentleman. "Surely there must be records of her voice. There can only be a limited number of sopranos who are good enough to have recordings made. Would you recognize the voice if you heard it?"

I affirmed this readily, for the impression of the girl's voice had been so strong and distinctive that I knew I should recognize it anywhere. The gentleman made all arrangements and two days later he asked if I would visit a large store with him. There we sat in a booth while scores of records were played, waiting for the voice I hoped would come. The task was exhausting, but just as I was beginning to lose hope of any success I heard the voice I knew to be that of the missing girl.

Yes. The girl was found. Her "mother" had died, and she was living with her "father", who broke down and confessed to the abduction when confronted by the real parents.

The girl was 23, and had looked upon him as her father for as long as she could remember. The situation was not a pretty one. Even the reunion with their daughter, who did not know them, could not erase the sorrow of 20 years from the hearts of her parents.

From the theoretical point of view, the main interest of this case was the fact that the time-lag of 20 years proved in no way detrimental to the accuracy of my impressions and to the overall success of the experiment.

* * *

ONE AFTERNOON in the Czech health spa of Senohraby I sat waiting to play an unrehearsed part in the destiny of another man

— a part that had been reviewed 20 years earlier by a man who must have been an occult adept. I wish very much that I knew his name.

The previous day I had delivered a lecture-demonstration and now, as was my custom, I held myself ready to give consultations to any who required my help.

My visitor was a middle-aged man, brisk, strong-featured and of dominant bearing. He was dressed with that unobtrusive excellence so expensive to attain, and did not seem the type who might be in need of assistance. He gave me his name, wasting no words in generalities. For reasons which will be obvious I shall have to call him Mr. P—. Plunging straightway into the reason for his visit, he proved to be an incisive and vivid speaker.

"In my youth, Mr. Marion," he began his story, "I spent many years in the Diplomatic Service, assigned to our Consulate in the U.S.A. I wasn't what could be called a big-shot, but I worked hard and did my job efficiently. I progressed, and found myself without any cause for complaint as far as my finances were concerned. I enjoyed my work, too, which was a great thing. One day, quite by chance, I was given the address of a man about whom I'd heard one or two remarkable things. A number of my friends had been to see him, and it appeared that he was a seer, a clairvoyant of some type. I had always been rather sceptical

about that sort of thing, though I'd never encountered it personally. My friends insisted that this man had predicted a number of events in their various lives, and his prescience had been verified.

"Well, I had this man's card in my pocket and one day, for no sound reason that I can possibly think of, I went along to see him. I think most people are slightly drawn towards anything mysterious, and perhaps I was attracted by an inner curiosity. So I called on the gentleman. I must admit that I was very little impressed by the results of my interview. The fellow told me a number of things which could easily have applied to 90 per cent of the young fellows dressed as I was and speaking as I did. He said I was in a strange country and that I wasn't satisfied with my present position. Soon there would be a great improvement in my affairs, involving a change which would take me back to my mother-country. This change, he said, would not be in any way connected with my present occupation. I would branch out in a fresh sphere, and from then onwards my career would be meteoric and I would reach a very high position.

"I was beginning to think that this was the usual optimistic sugar-and-honey of the regular fortune-teller, but he went on to say that after some years of success and high position I should suddenly find my

little world tumbling about me. The blow would fall with frightening suddenness, involving terrible complications which would bid to overthrow all the security gained from my previous success. My name, my career, would hang on a thread only. This seemed rather drastic, but at the time I was more amused than concerned. True to form, as I thought, the seer produced the silver lining to the clouds over my future by saying that just at the moment when I felt at the end of my tether, I would meet a man — a man gifted with abilities similar to his own — who would immediately show me the way out of my dilemma.

"When I left this chap I naturally thought the matter over. His statement that I was in a strange country was not at all clever. My accent was sufficient to tell him that. In saying that I was not satisfied with my present occupation he was quite wrong. And as far as the rest of his ideas were concerned — well, that simply remained to be seen. On the face of it, not a very bright piece of clairvoyance. I was rather sheepish to think I'd been silly enough to go and see this fellow and so I tried to put the matter out of my mind. A few days later I received a letter from a friend in Czechoslovakia. He said that he could be instrumental in getting me a position in a leading bank in my home town. Did I want him to take action? Reading this letter, I im-

mediately had a great desire to take up my friend's offer. Until this moment there had been no wish for a change on my part. The mere reading of this letter made me feel dissatisfied with my present state.

"After very little thought I resigned and accepted the offer. From the day I arrived back home I felt happier and more satisfied. I took up the new job full of energy and with confidence in my abilities. I went from strength to strength and progressed to ever higher positions. In a few years I became a director of the bank, and so my life has been more or less a tale of success and pleasure.

"But six months ago something occurred which has jeopardized the whole of my future security and family happiness. The bank of which I am a director is in a state of financial danger, and this has been brought about by certain transactions for which I was mainly responsible. My fellow directors have realized that my operations have placed the bank in a precarious position, and today I am faced with the alternative of voluntarily resigning, or waiting until I am ignominiously forced to do so. This has been the situation for the past two or three weeks, and I've been worried into insomnia. Even if I retire voluntarily, as I've considered doing, I should still be a very unhappy man.

"Today I rose very early in the morning with the vague idea of

going somewhere . . . anywhere in the hope of gaining inspiration as to how I should act. From Prague I took a ticket here to Senohraby, a couple of hours' journey. There was no particular reason why I should have chosen this place, but it just happened that way. When I alighted at the station the first thing I saw was a poster on the wall announcing the details of your lecture-demonstration last night and the fact that you would be giving private consultations today.

"In that moment, Mr. Marion, the dormant memory of that 20-year-old prediction awoke in me, and I felt that the final word was about to be spoken. Everything that the seer predicted in my life had come to pass according to his prophecy. There remained only one thing more — that in my present trouble I should meet a man with abilities similar to that of the seer himself, and that this man should guide me to safety.

"I went straight to the hall where you had given your lecture, and enquired for your hotel. And now here I am, Mr. Marion, keeping an appointment with destiny, as it seems to me. What have you to tell me?"

During the whole of his story I had remained silent. There had been no idea in my mind as to how I should proceed to help my visitor. Normally I should have asked for a specimen of his handwriting in order to make some form of contact,

but on this occasion I changed my custom.

With the final pleading words of the story I was abruptly aware of certain positive and unmistakable impressions streaming into my mind. The ideas came so quickly that I could hardly form the necessary phrases fast enough.

"You've told me everything but the reason for the dangerous financial transactions you initiated, Mr. P——," I said, making no effort to choose my words carefully. "Your judgment warned you against them, but you were compelled to carry on because you are in the hands of a blackmailer."

My visitor looked at me very queerly, his face strained and taut.

"This blackmailer," I went on, "claims to have certain letters written by you. If they were published your reputation would be ruined and your family life shattered. The blackmailer has instructed you to advise these financial transactions being carried out by your bank, and by virtue of this he is garnering a large fortune. Both of you know that if it goes on any longer then you will be forced to resign. But the blackmailer doesn't care about that. He will have made his pile by that time. And you are afraid to oppose him."

P—— was gazing at me with an expression of utter bewilderment on his face. He had spoken no word of confirmation during my declaration, but this was hardly necessary.

For myself, I hardly seemed to be speaking of my own volition. No sooner had I described the background of my visitor's troubles than I received a clear impression as to what action he should take. It was very simple.

"You've come to me for help," I went on, "and it is easily given. The person who is blackmailing you does not possess the letters he claims to hold! He knows the details that you wish to keep hidden, but he has no proof whatsoever. Call his bluff. That is all you have to do; you will never be troubled by him again."

My visitor made to speak — but he had difficulty in controlling his voice and it was several seconds before he could frame a word. His tacit agreement with my revelation of what he had thought was his own secret was sufficient confirmation of my accuracy.

"Are you . . . quite sure, Mr. Marion, that if I refuse to obey this person, then he will cease his . . . his sinister activities?"

"There's nothing he can do to harm you," I replied. "His knowledge of this indiscretion in your past is useless to him. He has no proof in his possession."

I could almost see relief and new courage flooding into my client as he heard these words. He thanked me with simplicity and fervour and we parted. A few weeks later I received a message from him. The whole tone of the letter was one of

vitality and happiness. His dark days were over and his work of recovery in the matter of the bank's finances was progressing famously. The shadow had been lifted from his life.

A strange case, this, and one that stands out in my memory, for I have often brooded over the identity of the seer in America who made such a startlingly accurate prediction involving myself. According to P——, the seer had not used any form of contact to attain his results. There had been no palmistry or crystal-gazing; and the peculiar point, for my part, is that on this particular occasion I myself worked without any form of cryptaesthetic contact — a thing I never do under normal circumstances. . . .

Editor's Note: Mr. Marion does not know why he has been granted the powers he possesses. It is an interesting fact

that these powers desert him when the primary issue at stake is in any way concerned with personal gain, such as picking winners in races or gambling games.

His book, "In My Mind's Eye," is packed with scores of similar cases. He has placed himself at the disposal of investigators for tests and experiments of the most rigid sort and has recently completed a series for the University of London Psychological Council.

Prof. S. G. Soal, at the National Laboratory of Psychical Research, has written: ". . . My laboratory experiments show that Marion performs his amazing feats by the aid of remarkable powers which are probably possessed by not one man in a million. There can be no question of either collusion or trickery in his public performances judging from what I have seen him do single-handed in the laboratory. . . . Marion is one of the very greatest masters of his art that this century has produced. . . ."

REMEDIES THAT SOMETIMES WORKED

DID YOU ever kiss an old mule? Probably not, but some Afghans do. They believe such an osculatory salute cures colds.

Physicians of yesteryear prescribed treatments as fantastic as they were frightening. For instance, to cure rickets the doctor fastened a strand of the patient's hair to the side of a tree. A quick jerk supposedly relieved the victim not only

of his hair but the disease as well.

For whooping cough the practitioner passed the sufferer three times under the belly and over the back of a donkey. Then both the patient and the donkey swallowed an equally divided drop of the patient's blood. A complete cure followed, of course!

According to the ancient Egyptians, drinking water from the skull

of a convicted murderer cured insanity. By the 16th Century, however, practitioners knew much more about mental derangement and prescribed binding a loaf of bread filled with a goat's brain to the patient's head.

A powder consisting of bones, hoofs, crabs, eggshells, garlic and honey made an excellent toothache remedy among certain primitives. Medieval therapeutists discarded this loathsome potion and prescribed scratching the troublesome tooth with a rusty nail taken from a coffin at midnight.

Fever sufferers have never lacked for treatment. The Romans cut a splinter from the patient's front door, ground it to powder and dissolved it in water for the patient to drink. Colonial Americans collected spider webs, pressed them into pellets and swallowed them.

To disinfect a house contaminated by the plague medieval men herded a number of sheep into the sickroom for a few days. Afterwards they bathed the animals and saved the water, which was given to a pig to drink. If the pig died it indicated the infection had left the house.

The ancient Chaldeans simply laid their sick on a busy road, hoping some traveler might know a cure. Probably the natives of New Guinea suffered least from ancient medical practices. Disease there was against the law and violators were flogged and fined. — *Frank L. Remington*

REPORT FROM THE READERS

Flying Saucers

I was just wondering if you could re-print the article, "The Flying Saucer Is Good News," from the July, 1950, issue of the Reader's Digest. It would make scientific and authentic reading for your subscribers. — *M. S. Lindemann, Madison, Wis.*

Our information leads us to believe it is inaccurate in many respects. It was printed well over a year ago and nothing has happened in the interim to confirm any of it. (See page 5.)

For four days last June several of the fellows where I work and I watched a small blue-black spot which was near the sun. At first I thought this dark object in the sun was a weather balloon but it did not move. It looked to be the size of a B-B shot and therefore it must have been HUGE to be seen with the naked eye. On June 19, the last day we could see this round ball-like object, we realized from the charts we had made daily that the spot had changed position and had moved nearer to the earth. I was once a member of the United States Rocket Society and was very interested in this phenomenon. — *F. X. Gruber, Albany, N. Y.*

On two occasions I have seen, through my telescope, dark objects cross the moon, always going east to west, backward to normal revolutions and rotations of celestial bodies. Last December, according to the American Broadcasting Company, witnesses saw two vapor-trailing objects travelling together. In March, 1887, two similar objects were seen; apparently they travel in pairs, one lighted and the other dark. I calculated my objects as 100 feet in diameter. By the same calculation, Adamski's would be about 900 feet long. — *Lonzo Dove, Broadway, Va.*

I am enclosing a copy of my broadcast of June 14 in which I spoke about the object seen by the plane passengers of an East African Airways flight. The airways head office is located at Shell House, Delamere Ave., Post Office Box 1010, Nairobi, British East Africa — *Frank Edwards, Washington, D. C.*

Strange things are in Florida skies in spite of the silence of press and radio. I have quite a diary of personal sightings and have learned always to carry small binoculars. The latest is something that makes streaks but the craft itself is invisible. — *Robert J. May, Tampa, Fla.*

On August 16, 1951, about 8:30 on a cloudless evening, we went out to sit on the front porch to watch the full moon. About ten

minutes later a thin, black object started to cross the face of the large, orange moon. The object was elliptical, tapering off into a thin tail. It was followed by two more objects of the same shape and, lastly, by a long narrow strip of black density — then the face of the moon was completely clear again. Five minutes was about the time this spectacle lasted.

These objects must have been airships of some sort and not their shadows, as either a cloud or a shadow would have a lighter aura around the edges and not be opaque as were the objects that we observed. Further, a cloud would sail on past the moon but these objects simply disappeared, as if they flew around the moon.

My husband, daughter, and the boy across the street also witnessed this phenomenon. — *Mrs. Claude Bayle, San Jose, Calif.*

Quite recently a private owner was flying his plane somewhere in Jersey and got caught in an early evening fog and lost his bearings. He was running low on gas so he started looking for an emergency landing field and purely by chance landed on a flying field where many of the so-called "flying saucers" were on the ground. He was given gas and told to be on his way. The flying field was in the middle of a dense forest.

The following information is second hand and I cannot vouch

for it. Namely, that there are two of these flying fields, the other one out west and the project "flying saucer" is a joint venture of the U. S. and Canadian governments. Your guess as to the motive power of these "flying cigars" is as good as anyone's. — *Joseph W. Donnelly, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Our guess is that this story is somebody's guess.

The Doom of the Seaforths

I especially appreciated the August-September FATE because of the story "Doom of The Seaforths." I was born near there and grew up where that happened. I often heard the story from my father but never expected to see it printed in a magazine in Illinois, USA. Except for one or two minor mistakes it is as I heard it long ago.

I am descended through a younger son from that family and they were highly respected. It was the Countess of Seaforth who caused the trouble. I had the book "Prophecies of The Brahan Seer" but left it in Scotland. I was born on the Chisholm estate and remember well when the last of them was killed shortly after he came of age. — *Robert McRae, Friday Harbor, Wash.*

We are indebted to Mr. Ray Rank of Seattle for the above letter which he received from his friend and forwarded to us.

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PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128

The Grave Creek Stone

It is true that once, long ago, North America was inhabited by a people having a civilization of sorts. This is proved by artifacts found in many parts of the country. These are too numerous to be dismissed as idle conjecture or as fakes planted to impress the credulous. I mention as evidence not only the etched coin or medal found at the bottom of a 114 foot

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well in 1871, in Chillicothe, Ill., but also the large copper ring, together with an object shaped something like a boat hook, found at a depth of 120 feet, in Whiteside County, Ill., some 20 years earlier. In 1851 a bell-shaped vessel made of some unknown metal, inlaid with silver in a flower design, was found buried in solid rock near Dorchester, Mass. Surely, no practical joker could have put these objects at the bottom of a well or so embedded them as to make them part of the rock itself.

It is a shame to destroy the delightful mysteries evolved by various writers around the Grave Creek Stone found in 1838 by A. B. Tomlinson in West Virginia, but the truth is that the inscription is neither Etruscan, Runic, Gaelic, Erse, or Phoenician but good plain English. A printer, David Price, was the first to realize this when he recognized the last line, which, from a certain angle, read "Oct. 14, 1838" — the same year as the tablet was found. When finally deciphered, the mysterious stone was found to read "Bill Stump's Stone, Oct. 14, 1838." The letters had been purposely inverted and deformed and the otherwise unknown Mr. Stump, evidently a reader of Dickens' Pickwick Papers, had enjoyed many a sly laugh at the feverish activities aroused by his practical joke copied from that eminent work.

The Hebrew Stone mentioned

by Charles Fort, and which Lord Avebury confounded with the Grave Creek Stone, was found in 1860 in Neward, Ohio, by an elderly invalid in the earthworks near his home. This stone was a fake also. It was discovered, after the death of its founder, that he had scratched Hebrew characters copied from a Hebrew Bible upon the stone and hidden it himself to be "found."

There are many genuine evidences that an ancient civilization did exist in North America but the Grave Creek Stone is evidence only of the credulity of modern man, who loves to be fooled. — *Mrs. W. L. Vallette, Declo, Ida.*

Ice Cap Control

The earth will tip over, like an over-loaded canoe, causing a world wide flood, because the tremendous South Pole Ice Cap is growing at the estimated rate of $3\frac{1}{2}$ trillion tons per year. This ice accumulation is less than 8,000 years old and has formed from constant snowfall on what was once a tropical land of much smaller area. It covers approximately 6,000,000 square miles, about double the area of the U.S.A., and it is over two miles high at the polar plateau. If spread uniformly around the globe it would make a layer 120 feet deep.

The globe is now wobbling around the permanent axis of spin, somewhat like a spinning top whose spin is dying out. The centrifugal force of the off-center weight and

rotating motion of the ice mass will cause a side throw sufficient to overturn the earth.

The only safety valve is the natural flow of glacial ice, from its own weight and pressure, into the oceans as icebergs. To keep alive tomorrow we must greatly accelerate the flow-off of these icebergs.

The growth of the glacial ice cannot go on forever, it must have an ending and that end will come when the ice cap reaches maturity and causes the earth to careen side-

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ways. The force of the throw of the eccentric centrifugal weight of the ice cap pinches the upper strata of the earth's layers and will cause them to crumple and elevate. At that moment the globe will be thrown and floods will roll over the continents.

This menace of doom calls for action and the aid of scientists is being asked. The growth of this ice cap is based upon Admiral Byrd's reports from his successive Little America expeditions. — *Hugh Auchincloss Brown, Douglaston, N. Y.*

Some Amazing Parallels

While I was reading an article in your August-September issue — "America's Lost Race" by John Thomas — I was overcome by the conviction that I had gone through this same experience before!

And I had!

You may experience the same weird sensation if you compare the Thomas article with passages from Charles Fort's "Book of the Damned" (original copyright 1919), starting with page 147 to 160. These pages of Fort's book contain all the incidents of the findings of mysteriously inscribed articles referred to by Mr. Thomas. Many of them are even in the same order. Many of the phrases are identical. Something occult must be at work! — *Lou Huston, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Well anyway something! Page Mr. Thomas.

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MYSTERIOUS LIGHTS

I read in your August-September issue of the mystery lights seen in the south along the swamp roads. I have seen the same lights in Oklahoma along a country road. These have been seen there in all weather and seasons for a hundred years. If you get too close the lights disappear. The light is usually single and moves over the road looking like an orange ball. These lights also are seen often near Seneca, Mo., 20 miles southwest of Joplin, Mo. — *A. H. Binnquist, Chicago, Ill.*

I am sending two clippings from my home town paper describing

recent sightings of fiery balls of light. These are described exactly as those mentioned in the story "Strange Mystery of The Foo Fighters" in the August-September FATE.

Another clipping confirms your statement: "Scientists have an answer for everything." This one I think needs psychiatric treatment. — *Aubrey D. Snell, Shreveport, La.*

Atom Bombs and the Weather

Ray Palmer has something when he says atomic explosions influence the weather. He is also fairly correct about the number and dates

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (39 U. S. C. 233)

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R. A. Palmer, Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1951.

[SEAL]

Chester V. Lipak (My commission expires January 25, 1953)

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of atomic explosions. I, too, knew about the first major Russ explosion at least six weeks before Truman gave a false date revelation. Since then I have noted so many that I have lost count. Twenty may be correct, non-reported. It might interest you that ours have been faintly reported on scismographs 2,000 miles away, whilst a number of the Russ detonations were recorded as "major destructive quakes" all over the world. — *Frederick G. Hehr, Santa Monica, Calif.*

Mr. Ray Palmer says that he believes it quite possible that hundreds of feet of rain could fall if 100 atom bombs were exploded. The editors parenthetically state they feel this to be an overstatement. I am inclined to believe that Mr. Palmer is correct.

Terrific rainfalls have been recorded. Rain fell at the rate of 60 inches per hour at Opids Camp near San Gabriel Range, Calif., on April 5, 1926. This is five feet of rain without the aid of one solitary A-bomb! Many observers have noted that during violent electrical storms strong flashes of lightning are invariably followed by a great downpour of rain. This phenomenon affords a striking example of the catalytic power of lightning to manufacture water, thus obviating the necessity for the presence of moisture. This is possible because the atmosphere is made up of many

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elements, including hydrogen and oxygen — the molecular components of water.

Certainly if individual bolts of lightning can release and manufacture water, it is within the realm of possibility that 100 A-bombs can unleash far greater electronic power, possibly sufficient to convert the heavens into a veritable sea. — Ernest L. Petit, Los Angeles, Calif.

Dr. Franz Polgar

I remember away back in January, 1935, in Pittsburgh at the William Penn Hotel, a banquet where Dr. Polgar gave a demonstration. He stated that he had received his so-called mystic powers as the result of being caught in an explosion during World War I. In the August–September FATE he states he got his powers in World War II. Tell Dr. Polgar to get his wars straight. — Maurice Cohen, Miami Beach, Fla.

It is correct that Dr. Polgar received his powers after serving in World War I, not in the second World War. The error was made by FATE and not by Dr. Polgar.

Concerning the article "Hypnosis in Medicine" by Dr. Franz Polgar, I find it difficult to believe that he actually wrote the article. A few of the paragraphs are untrue, and sound more like the ravings of a press agent. Even the lay

public, whose credibility has been bottomless, realizes that hypnosis is not produced by any look no matter how frightening or powerful, but by a series of suggestions. — Frederick Duff, Elmhurst, N. Y.

Oregon Vortex

Contrary to statements in your article about Oregon's strange "whirlpool of force," which I recently investigated, I found no phenomena there (with one possible exception) that could not be explained by optical illusion. The one exception was an unusual feeling in my stomach, also noticed by others, but which could have been induced by imagination. — The Rev. Milton Nothdurst, Maquoketa, Ia.

The article, "Oregon's Strange Whirlpool of Force," in the July issue of FATE refers to Camp Birch, an old Boy Scout camp in the mountains near Pueblo, Colo. The author mentions the possibility of a vortex, similar to the one in Oregon, existing in this location. Any vortex in this place exists only in the head of a particular reporter for one of the local newspapers. In 1945 or 1946 a newspaper article appeared about the alleged peculiarities at the old camp. I checked up on the matter, visited Camp Birch and, by means of a newspaper picture, located the cabin in question.

I found only a cabin that had

slipped its moorings and had skidded a few feet down the hillside.
— J. W. Allen, Albuquerque, N. M.

An interesting article on the Oregon vortex ran in *Mechanix Illustrated* in April, 1947, entitled "Haywire House." This article was illustrated with pictures of all the phenomena described by our own author, John Bessor. Mr. Bessor writes that he has received numerous letters, some tending to prove and some to disprove the existence of genuinely unusual phenomena at the site of the vortex. John Litster, who owns the Vortex, writes: "Unfortunately, the average human mind is so constituted that anything beyond its individual comprehension is immediately classified as fraudulent."

Apparently we'll all have to make the trip and do our own deciding.

Scroll Controversy

Why does Mrs. Robinson — see page 107, August-September issue of *FATE* — jump to the conclusion that those scroll glyphs, surely prehistoric however she came by them, are Atlantean? I think not! I have before me some very similar glyphs of an unknown race photographed in a wood in North Borneo, in 1939.

The British Museum experts are baffled by them. I hazard the theory that either some colony of old Mu — they are cut in hard basalt — or one of the extremely ancient and unknown civilizations which

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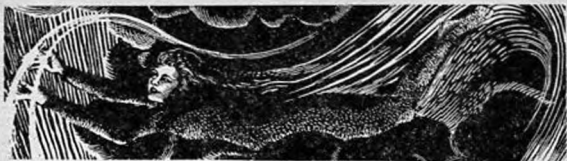


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existed in Asia cut them. — *Harold T. Wilkins, Bexleyheath, Eng.*

While looking at the Atlantean words and symbols in Mrs. Catharine Adair Robinson's two articles I was thrilled to be able to remember that I had seen one of them many years ago.

I took down from my bookshelves "A Dweller On Two Planets" by *Phylos*. The autographed picture of the author's signature was exactly as Mrs. Robinson writes the word! The book, from front to back, contains the most clinching kind of proof that everything Mrs. Robinson has written in her articles is truthful. I hope we do not have to wait another year before Mrs. Robinson writes more articles for FATE. — *Mrs. O. E. Gilcrest, Des Moines, Ia.*

Wanted: Books

Do any of your readers have a copy of Wing Anderson's book, "1951, Year Of The Crisis," for sale? His ad appeared in FATE some months ago but I neglected to order one until too late. None were then available. — *Harry C. Collier, Route No. 1, Boonsboro, Md.*

I will be very grateful to anyone who can give me information or help me to find a copy of the book "Psychic Self Defense," by Dion Fortune, either for sale or to borrow. I would prefer to borrow it if

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possible, will pay postage both ways of course, but otherwise will buy it. — *Mrs. Ellen Beers, Coos County, Remote, Ore.*

Messages From Beyond

During the three years that I have been talking with people in the beyond I have sometimes had doubts as to the validity of my so-called gift. A few days ago I found that there need be no doubt whatsoever and that life after death really does exist.

I neither speak, read nor write any language but English. I have never studied languages and am of English parentage and descent. But my neighbor is Italian and wanted to communicate with her grandfather who committed suicide a year ago. With the dead man's wife and daughter present I was able to call him to us. I told them to ask their question only in their minds and not so that I could hear it. I was surprised when the entire conversation from the dead man came in Italian. I did not know what was asked and did not know what was answered. But I was able to write his answer in the Italian language for his wife and daughter.

I am convinced that I can contact any dead member of a family. If any group for Psychical Research would like to investigate me they are welcome to do so for I am quite mystified by the recent turn of

events and would like an explanation myself. — *Mrs. Joseph Hall, Cleveland, Ohio.*

Some Bouquets

Congratulations on your splendid magazine. In a life time of browsing the world, hunting oddities of all kinds, I have never come across any better magazine of its type. — *Donald Whitacre, Lebanon, Ohio.*

It was as I expected, that FATE would soon shed its diapers and grow up. Each issue is full of good meat. Each step you take is forward. Your recent changes have shown an appreciation of your responsibilities to a public hungry for more and better reading along the lines you have chosen to champion. The icy indifference toward "true" is cracking. Old Josh Billings said, "It's better to not know so much than to know so much that ain't true." Ain't it the truth! — *Alson Secor, Hollywood, Calif.*

For several days I have tried to find time to congratulate you and your associates on the excellence of your October issue of FATE. The cover is most appropriate, dignified and thought-provoking.

I must commend the editorial by Barry Conklin. This young man has put into words the real essence of the psychic subject in a most able and scholarly analysis. — *Guy Hedlund, Culver City, Calif.*

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