

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE, THE UNUSUAL, THE UNKNOWN

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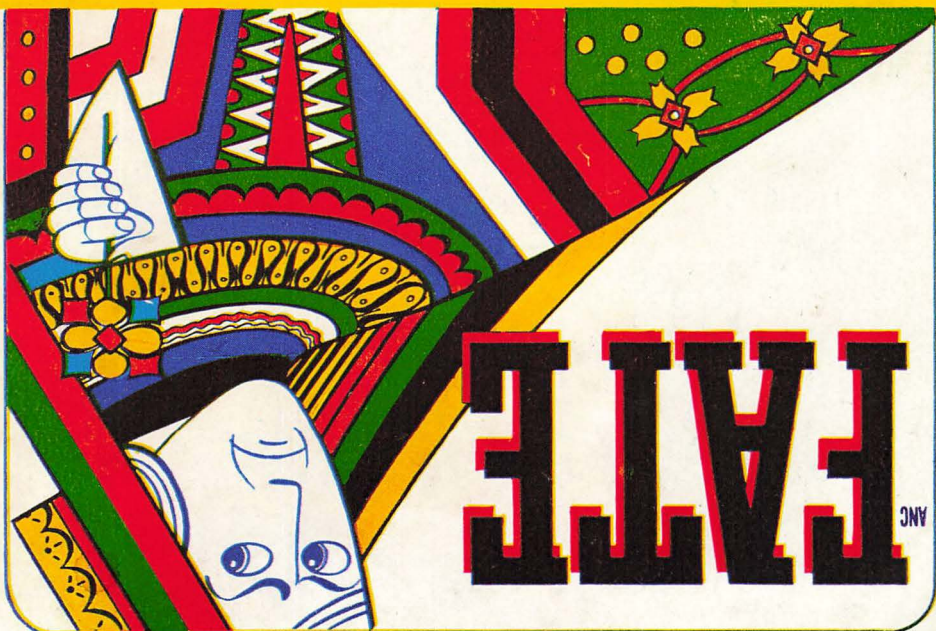
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IS YOUR FUTURE IN THE CARDS?



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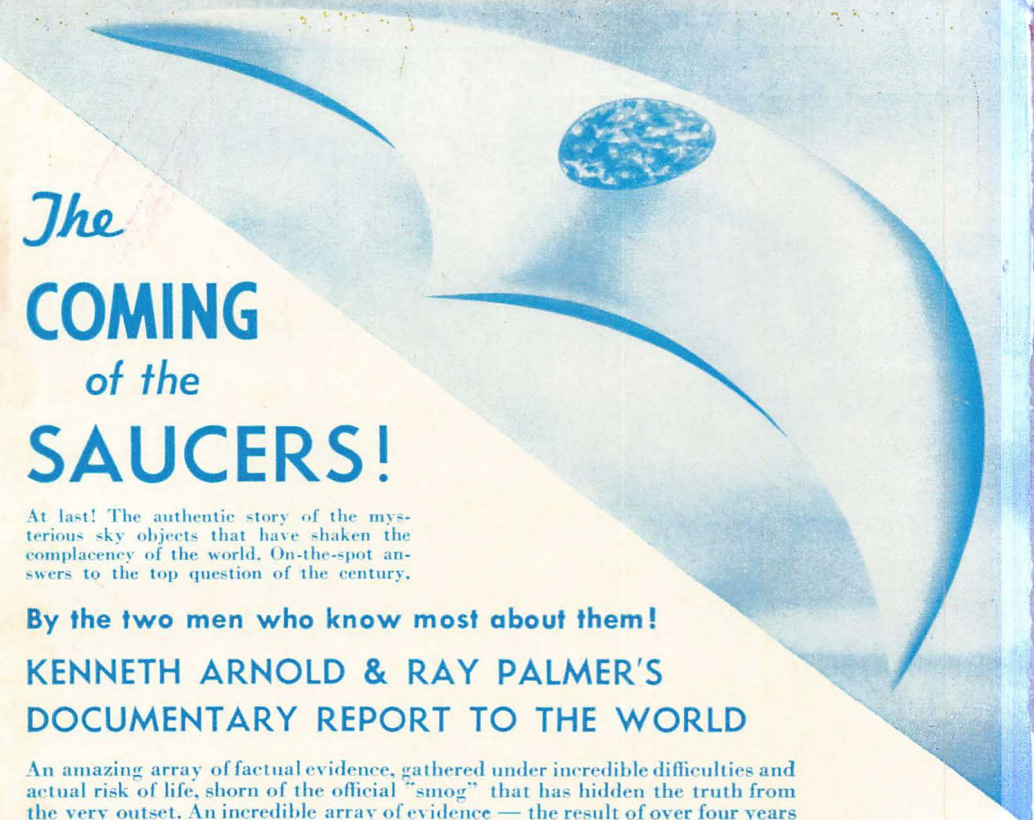
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True Stories of the Strange, The Unusual, The Unknown

VOL. 5—NO. 4

ISSUE NO. 28



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TABLE OF CONTENTS



JUNE
1952

ISSUE NO. 28

VOLUME 5
NUMBER 4

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STORIES

Factual accounts of actual experiences

STRANGE CASE OF THE CHAFFIN WILL.....	Alson J. Smith	10
CUMBERLAND COUNTY POLTERGEIST.....	William Bathlot	29
GHOST-DRIVEN SHIPS.....	K. Frank Feldman	41
A STRANGER IN CHURCH.....	Rev. Rowland Jones	52
HISTORY OF THE TALKING MONGOOSE.....	Harold T. Wilkins	58
THE MAGIC PADDLE.....	G. Wm. Mac Nurlen	91
THE MAN WHO CAME HOME.....	Albert A. Brandt	102

ARTICLES

Articles on the strange and the unknown

SECRETS OF LIVING LONGER.....	R. A. Braun	14
ARE THE DAYS OF FIRE AT HAND?.....	Trevor H. Tims	16
MIRACLE OF THE STIGMATA.....	Trevor Holloway	24
DID YOU LIVE BEFORE?.....	K. Frank Feldman	36
THE LAW OF MIRACLES.....	Paul Ellsworth	44
PROOF OF SPIRIT CONTROL.....	Rev. Elvina Colburn	55
MYSTERY OF THE FAIRY CROSSES.....	John P. Bessor	72
STRANGE DESERT ICE CAVE.....	Lester F. Nieman	84
IT'S ONLY COINCIDENCE.....	Denys Parsons	86
MYSTERY OF THE MANDANS.....	Earl Chapin	90
TELEPATHY IS A TRAP.....	Elva Wilson	97
IS YOUR FUTURE IN THE CARDS?.....	Chester Geier	104

FEATURES

Competent reporting on unusual topics

I SEE BY THE PAPERS.....	Curtis Fuller	4
IT COULDN'T HAPPEN — BUT IT HAS.....		9
ATOMIC PRESERVATION.....		13
FINGERS OF FATE.....	Harold Helfer	22
THE GIRL WHO HAD 14 CHILDREN.....		35
MIRACLE OF SIGHT.....		40
UNLUCKY ALBATROSS.....		43
I COULD NOT RUN HER DOWN.....		57
THE PRIME MINISTER'S SPIRITUALISM.....		69
SEA-FARING GHOST.....		69
WHEEL OF FORTUNE.....	Paul Steiner	70
TRUE MYSTIC EXPERIENCES.....	The Readers	74
CONFUSED HOMING PIGEONS.....		85
I THOUGHT I KEPT ON TALKING.....		96
THOSE BLASTED SEA SERPENTS.....		96
EXPLOSIONS FROM SOMEWHERE.....		103
REPORT FROM THE READERS.....	The Readers	115

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I See by the Papers . . .

FIREBALLS remain in the news. We do not claim that there is anything supernormal in the greatly increased number being reported — especially in the Southwestern United States — but it is certainly unusual. A major disaster at Tucumcari, New Mexico, last December 13 at first was attributed to one of the numerous fireballs seen in that area.

Four persons were killed, three injured and two children were orphaned when a 1,250,000-gallon water tank collapsed in Tucumcari. Fifteen homes were destroyed. Ten persons claimed that they saw something that looked like a fireball before the tank collapsed.

Dr. Lincoln La Paz, head of New Mexico University's Institute of Meteorics and three other university staff members were immediately dispatched to the scene. Here in part is what Dr. La Paz told International News Service:

"We made a preliminary investigation of the area by flashlight Thursday night (the night of the collapse) and talked with four of 10 persons who claimed they saw something before the explosion which looked like a fireball.



. . . I believe that each of the four persons with whom I talked actually saw a fireball. Our real problem now is to find out whether they saw a green fireball — the kind that has been prevalent in the area the past several weeks . . .

"Beginning Friday, my co-workers and I will probe the tank area with powerful drag magnets to pick up any possible fragments which might have dropped from the fireball. I should hasten to say here that I am not discounting the possibility that the fireball could be a meteor from the constellation Geminid.

"The situation in Tucumcari was complicated by the fact that there were many so-called shooting stars in the skies before the explosion. . . .

"None of us knows for certain just what the fireballs are, but we do know that they are not like ordinary meteors . . ."

Later a committee of the New Mexico Society of Professional Engineers decided that the tank collapsed because of a faulty vertical weld. "There was no observed evidence of any external force having disrupted the tank," and "there was no observed evidence of any explosion, either internal or external."



Nonetheless, the fireballs are still being seen. J. L. Bow of Trenton, Tex., sends us a report from the *Dallas Morning News* of February 2, 1952. The object was seen over northern Texas and Oklahoma and variously described as green to bright yellow.

The fireball acted very strangely indeed for a meteorite. A private pilot told the Civil Aeronautics Weather Bureau that he "picked up" the meteor around Shreveport, La., and followed it for 53 seconds before losing it. He said it was travelling from east to west at about 25,000 feet. The meteor finally exploded into a dozen fragments, like a gigantic sky-rocket.

E. M. Brewer, president of the Texas Astronomical Society, says that the fireballs are extra large meteors that come from a greater distance in space than most shoot-

ing stars. They contain gaseous matter which is ignited by the friction with the earth's atmosphere and explodes with the same effect as the powder in a sky-rocket, Brewer explained.

IN FATE, as we have to explain to so many contributors, we receive far more stories of dreams come true than we can possibly publish. Our readers have recently sent us two very good stories from their local papers, however, which we believe will interest you.

One concerns W. H. Moore, who owns a furniture store in Ellwood City, Pa. Last January Mr. Moore had a vivid dream that the roof of his store had caved in. He immediately telephoned an employe, Mrs. Elizabeth D'Ambrosia of Ellwood City, from his own home in Evans City, 18 miles away.

"Go down there and find out if something is wrong," he told Mrs. D'Ambrosia.

She and her husband went to the store as soon as they had dressed on Sunday morning. They found gas pouring out of a broken connection. City employes who shut off the gas said enough had accumulated to blow up half the town.



The second story is more complex. Mrs. Frances M. Headen of Richmond, Va., sent us a clipping

from the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* dated February 1, which tells the story behind the composing of "Snowflakes," a hit tune current as this is being written.

The composer is a nine-year-old Brooklyn, N. Y., schoolgirl named Marjorie Kurtz. Marjorie can not read music nor play any musical instrument. One hot night last summer Marjorie dreamed about snowflakes. In the morning she began to write down a little verse and hum a tune that kept running through her mind. A few days later she told her Aunt Sandra Kent that she had "made up a song." Aunt Sandra asked her to sing it.

When she heard it, Miss Kent, herself a professional singer, copied down the words and music and sent it to CBS "Songs for Sale." Judges Xavier Cugat, Morey Amsterdam and Louis Alter voted for it unanimously and Marjorie won the prize.

A few days later Orchestra Leader Guy Lombardo asked Sandra to sing the tune from the bandstand in the Roosevelt Hotel Grill in New York. The song was so successful it was sung twice more that evening. Before Sandra went home Lombardo had acquired publishing rights to the song and had arranged to record it. Decca officials liked it so well they ordered an unprecedented 200,000 first pressings. Snowflakes is now a top hit tune.

The question in our mind is: Did Marjorie really create the words and music to this song — or was it implanted in her mind by "outside" means. Does Marjorie have a telepathic pipe line to some talented artist, living or dead?

SPEAKING of telepathy, Mary Wood, radio-TV columnist for the Cincinnati *Post*, tells a fascinating story in the December 13 issue of her paper:

"It happened on Ruth Lyons 'Fifty Club' last week when Ruth stopped suddenly in the midst of a telecast and asked, 'Who called me?' She was sure she had heard somebody say: 'There's Ruth.'

"But no one in the studio had called her and Ruth forgot the incident until two days later she received a letter describing a strange experience which happened to Mrs. Jean Brumberg. Here's part of the letter:

"Mrs. Brumberg has been ill since May, stricken with paralysis. She does not walk very well, and, for the last few weeks, has not been able to talk either.

"Mrs. Brumberg was always a great fan of yours dating back from the days when her husband, Bill, was Warner's publicity man in Cincinnati.

"The other day, as you came on TV, Mrs. Brumberg said: 'There's Ruth!' — her first words in several weeks. Seconds later, you asked: 'Who called me?'"

“Of course, you can understand what a tremendous reaction Mr. Brumberg had, and well — we all believe in miracles!”

LAST issue we mentioned the Abominable Snowmen of the Himalayas and expressed doubts that, whatever the “Snowmen” are, they are Langur monkeys. Now the December 31 issue of LIFE Magazine takes up the matter and reprints photographs of tracks taken by Explorer Eric Shipton. The tracks of this strange monster of the heights are larger than a man’s booted feet, according to the LIFE photographs.

Additional information on the “Snowmen” was received early in January by Dean Allen Janssen of the University of Idaho College of Engineering from Chhotey L. Gupta, a 1950 Idaho engineering graduate and a native of India.

“I wonder if you have heard about a new creature that has been seen here by Mr. Shipton and his party,” Gupta wrote. “These people were trying to reach Everest and on their way found the footprints of a monster. This monster, it is believed, is like an ape and is over seven feet tall.”

Gupta reported that the “ape-man” weighs well over 1,000 pounds and lives in altitudes of more than 16,000 feet. It is found in Nepal, Tibet, and northern India. “The beast lives in snowy caves,” Gupta said. “The foot-

prints and other information about this monster were sent to London about two weeks ago (November 30) and a full party will come there for further investigations, probably in March.”

ONE of the important duties performed in the last six months of his life by the late King George of England was to give royal assent to the “Fraudulent Mediums Bill” in England. Before the passage of the bill by Parliament there was no such thing as genuine legal mediumship in England. While the bill sets up machinery for prosecuting fraudulent mediums it also recognizes authentic mediums.

One of the greatest influences in obtaining passage of the bill was Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowding, who headed Britain’s Fighter Command during the darkest days of World War II. Lord Dowding believes that Spiritualist beliefs are growing rapidly in England.

“As soon as it becomes more fashionable to believe than not to believe, there will be an enormous swing in public opinion,” he declares.

ONE of our favorite authors is Hiram Wilson Sheridan, an inventor, physicist, humorist, and, in his spare time, a captain for American Airlines. Hy Sheridan, whose by-line was well-known to

readers of FLYING Magazine when this writer was editor of that journal, recently prepared a detailed analysis of the H-Bomb (it is his opinion that it won't work), during which he had some pertinent things to say about atoms and the nature of matter.

"A solid substance is composed mostly of space," Sheridan writes. "The nuclei that must be hit in either fission or fusion are very far apart compared with their size. Atoms are far apart, too. A comparison may help to picture the situation.

"Suppose that we expanded an atom so that its nucleus were the size of our sun. The electrons that circle the nucleus would be like our planets. They would be as far away as our planets, too. That is, the proportion of size to distances in the atom are about the same as in our solar system. And the weird coincidence does not stop there.

"In a solid substance, an atom is spaced from an adjacent atom at the same ratio that our solar system is spaced from other solar systems. That's a lot of empty space in the cosmos or in a piece of solid hydrogen or uranium.

"Because of the strange similarity in the proportions of the tiny being — the microcosm, if you wish a word that bristles — of the atom and the huge being of the endless heavens — the macrocosm — some men have been

set to wonder. Since the red shift of the astronomical spectrums seems to show that the universe is "exploding," perhaps our world is but a part of a fissioning atom in a bomb being used in a war between colossal gods. This concept is fantastic, of course, but no more so than the fact that a number of atoms have gotten together and have somehow cooperated in a common idea to become you and to become me."



A Collection of Oddments

- Dr. Jean Lhermite, an honorary professor of the faculty of medicine in Paris, recently discussed astral projection with the staff of a London hospital.

Ghosts seen by patients are real enough, he told them. Often they are the "doubles" or astral bodies of the person seeing them. He believes it is possible to link the phenomenon with paralysis, epilepsy and brain lesions. He does not suggest that there may be other explanations . . .



- Dr. T. C. Fang, biologist of the University of Toronto in Canada, has developed a new type of palmistry, according to James Leigh, editor of *Prediction*.

Dr. Fang claims that by counting the fine skin ridges between two arbitrary lines on the palm it is possible to differentiate be-

tween an imbecile, a moron, a person of medium intelligence and a university student.

The correlation is remarkably high between the ridge count and intelligence, but Dr. Fang doesn't know why. He says: "In all classes, women appear to have a slightly higher ridge count than men. This does not mean that they are more intelligent, but makes it necessary to consider the sexes separately."



• Thousands of persons crowded Naples Cathedral a few months ago to watch the annual miracle of Saint Gennaro, whose blood liquifies every year on his feast day. On this day, as usual, the blood liquified. The miracle is recognized by the Roman Catholic Church.

• Here is a story from *Rays from the Rosy Cross*:

A small boy, shortly after his second birthday, declared to his mother, "You know, Nana, I died a long, long time ago but I didn't stay dead. I woke up and came back."

Shortly after he could talk he informed her: "I am not Thomas, I am Tippy." Later he decided his name had been Timothy.

The first day he went to school he looked around and saw a little boy who saw him at the same time. They rushed toward each other and the new child said: "They call me Danny now."

The boy who thought his name was Timothy answered, "They call me Tommy now." From that time they were close friends.

— Curtis Fuller



"IT COULDN'T HAPPEN — BUT IT HAS"

WHEN Mrs. Theresa Butler took an overdose of sleeping tablets last November 8, a doctor pronounced her dead. She was sent to the morgue, where a startled attendant heard her gasp and saw her jaw twitch. She was rushed to a hospital, where she remained in a coma for five days. On Tuesday, November 13, she recognized her daughter and Dr. J. C. Geiger, city-county public health director.

"Apparently we are going to have to alter our opinions of what are the

criteria of death," Dr. Geiger said. When Mrs. Butler was pronounced dead she had no perceptible reflexes, no blood pressure, no breathing, no heartbeat. Dr. Thomas Albers, superintendent of San Francisco Hospital described the case as the "most far-fetched and implausible I have ever known. She could not recover — it just couldn't happen — but it has." Physicians predicted she would recover fully and planned to study her case further to see if she suffers any ill effects from her "death".

The Strange Case of The Chaffin Will

Everyone knew that Chaffin meant to leave everything to Marshall. So no one questioned his will — until . . .

By Alson J. Smith

ONE of the most intriguing court cases on record in the United States is known in the files of both the State of North Carolina and the American Society for Psychological Research as "The Chaffin Will Case." It is the only instance in modern legal history in which a dream resulted in the reopening of a closed case and the reversal of a previous decision. The story is the more amazing when it is understood that a period of some four years elapsed between the routine settlement of the issue and the dream which eventuated in its reopening.

James L. Chaffin was a well-to-do, rather eccentric farmer who lived in Davie County, N. C. He was married and had four sons — John, James, Marshall and Abner, in order of age. Of these, Marshall was his favorite, although he loved all his children and tried to treat them impartially.



However, when he was alone in years, he was gently urged by the family to make his will, and when he did so (on November 16, 1905) he executed a document which left no doubt in anyone's mind that Marshall was his special pride and joy. In a will which was duly

attested by two witnesses and which he made no effort to keep secret, he appointed Marshall sole executor of his estate and bequeathed the family farm and everything else to him. His wife and three other sons were left completely out in the cold. The disinherited spouse and children were understandably miffed but put the whole thing down to the old man's eccentricity. Life went on for the Chaffins without too much friction in spite of the unfair will.

On September 7, 1921, the elder Chaffin finally died after a fall downstairs, and on September 24 Marshall Chaffin obtained probate of the will. The mother and three other brothers did not contest, knowing that it was a valid document. The will was duly probated and entered in the court records as "closed" and the property was turned over to Marshall.

Four years passed — quietly, uneventfully. Four years of farm work, family picnics, church-going, and an occasional movie on Saturday night at the county seat for the Chaffin boys, their wives and children, and their aged mother. The property now belonged to Marshall but otherwise things went on as before and whatever irritation the disinherited had felt gradually disappeared.

Then, one night in early June, 1925, James Chaffin (the second

son) had a dream so vivid and unearthly that he awoke bathed in sweat. He had been dreaming a great deal for several weeks previously, and mostly about his father. But on this particular night, as he dozed in that intermediate state between sleeping and waking, his father suddenly appeared at his bedside. The old man was dressed as he had been in life, and he wore the long black overcoat which had been his trademark in Davie County for at least 10 winters. In his dream, James saw his father pull open the overcoat and point to an inside pocket. Again and again he pointed to the pocket. Abruptly the vision faded and James Chaffin awoke, sweating and trembling.

After breakfast that morning James went over to the old farm house where his mother was still living. He felt a bit foolish — but the dream had been so vivid that he knew he would have no peace until he had found the old overcoat and looked into the inside pocket.

The elder Mrs. Chaffin remembered the coat very clearly and thought she had given it to John.

John Chaffin, the oldest of the brothers, lived in Yadkin County, about 20 miles away. The following Monday James drove up to see him. John was out, but his wife remembered the coat. It was hanging upstairs in a closet and had been ever since Mrs. Chaffin,

Sr., had given it to John. He had worn it only once or twice because it was too big for him.

Together John Chaffin's wife and James Chaffin took the old black coat down from its hanger and laid it on the bed. Nervously James drew it open and ran his fingers along the inside pocket. It was sewn shut! He cut the stitches and reached inside. His fingers closed around a tiny roll of yellowed paper tied with a string. He untied the string, opened the paper, and read these words in his father's handwriting:

"Read the 27th Chapter of Genesis in my daddy's old Bible."

James' grandfather, Nathan S. Chaffin, had been a clergyman. His Bible was a fragile, worn affair, one of the most treasured Chaffin family heirlooms, and it was kept in a top bureau drawer in an upstairs bedroom of the old Chaffin farmhouse in Davie County. James, thoroughly excited by now, immediately drove back to the old farm. But before he left he and John's wife looked up the 27th Chapter of Genesis in the Bible at John's home. It told the story of how the younger brother, Jacob, supplanted the older brother, Esau, and won his birthright and his father's blessing.

James Chaffin now decided that he should not go any farther without witnesses. He got in touch with a neighbor, Thomas Black-

welder, and induced Mr. Blackwelder and the latter's daughter to accompany him and his own daughter to his mother's house. (Mr. Blackwelder later testified.)

Solemnly James Chaffin and his three witnesses followed the elder Mrs. Chaffin upstairs to the bedroom where the Bible was kept. Mrs. Chaffin opened the drawer and James lifted out the old book — which immediately fell in three pieces to the floor. James picked up two of the pieces and Mr. Blackwelder one. The one which Mr. Blackwelder retrieved was the one containing the Book of Genesis. At the 27th Chapter two leaves had been folded over so as to form a pocket, and in this pocket was found a paper on which was written, in the elder Chaffin's handwriting:

"After reading the 27th Chapter of Genesis, I, James L. Chaffin, do make my last will and testament, and here it is. I want, after giving my body a decent burial, my little property to be equally divided between my four children, if they are living at my death, both personal and real estate divided equal, if not living with share going to their children. And if she is living, you all must take care of your mammy. Now this is my last will and testament. Witness my hand and seal.

*James L. Chaffin
This January 16, 1919"*

Although this second will was unattested, it was legal in North Carolina if it could be proved that the handwriting was that of the elder Chaffin. It obviously was; nobody ever questioned it. James thereupon submitted it to the court for probate with a plea to set aside the first will.

Marshall had died, so his young son was made a defendant in the suit to set aside the first will and prove the second. Marshall's widow agreed to appear in court as her son's guardian *ad litem* and next friend.

The case, however, was never tried. Just before it was scheduled Marshall Chaffin's widow was shown the second will and immediately agreed that it was in the elder Chaffin's handwriting and therefore valid. The court thereupon ordered the first will

cancelled and the second will was probated.

The Chaffin Will case created quite a furor in Davie County. Skeptics accused James of forging the second will but handwriting experts vindicated him. Psychologists announced that he probably had heard his father speak of a second will at some time and had carried the information in his subconscious mind all the while. But all members of the Chaffin family insisted that the old man had never spoken of a second will. Psychical researchers talked learnedly of "delayed telepathy."

All attempts to explain the case in normal terms failed and it stands in the record as one of the few instances in modern times in which a dream has been responsible for a court ruling.



ATOMIC PRESERVATION

UNIVERSITY of Michigan scientists have successfully preserved food by atomic radiation on an experimental basis. Several samples of raw beef exposed to gamma rays did not develop spoilage, odor, or appreciable change in color. The method was also tried on fresh fruit.

If the process continues as successful as present experiments indicate, it may revolutionize the food indus-

try. The method is to expose the food to gamma rays emitted from a cobalt cylinder encased in a lead vault. This destroys or inactivates the bacteria or enzymes which cause spoilage and decay, according to Prof. Lloyd E. Brownell of the College of Engineering. The food itself is not radioactive because its nuclear structure has not been changed.

Secrets of *Living Longer*



By R. A. Braun

**Researchers are working hard on the problem and our chances
of living to be a hundred get better every day.**

HUMAN life is too short. This is a scientific fact. Science has proven that all mammals live six times longer than their maturation period lasts, but we human mammals live only three times longer. As our period of growth ends with 25, we should live to 150 years of age instead of 75.

Looking into the past we find that Methuselah lived for 969 years and probably he was not the oldest man in history. According to some authorities the Kings of Ur lived longer. Each of them lived for 1,000 years or more if one can believe the recently found ancient Babylonian chronicles which are very accurate in many other ways.

At the present time great efforts are being made to prolong human life and the French scientists of the Pasteur Institute predict that their famous Bardach serum will

soon be available, at popular prices, in every pharmacy to add a dozen years to the average normal life span. This Bardach serum is thought to be even more effective than the mysterious Russian A.C.S. which, until now, has been



the best serum of this kind and could be bought only at fabulous prices on the black markets of Europe. A legend, with Stalin as its main figure, has already sprung up around this Russian mystery elixir.

According to this legend Stalin, as a Georgian, was always interested in the secret of longevity because in Georgia are found more people of 100 and even 150 years of age than anywhere else in the world. In fact, many thousands of Georgians reach 100 years and are still amazingly vigorous. In 1938 Stalin sent the then relatively unknown Professor Bogmoljec to the Caucasus mountains to discover what kept all these oldsters alive and healthy.

Bogmoljec soon discovered that the secret of long life was in the connective tissues of the human body which were extremely well preserved in all cases he studied. After his return to Kiev he worked on a serum to refresh and rejuvenate these connective tissues. Contrary to expectations he succeeded and called his wonder drug A.C.S. (Antireticula Cytotoxic Serum).

As soon as the first reports of Bogmoljec's discovery appeared in a Russian medical paper, the Pasteur Institute, which had worked on the same problem for many years, tried to contact him. They never succeeded. Apparently the Russians regard this serum as top secret and are determined not to give its formula away. Yet, in

spite of the official secrecy and the strict government control, small doses of A.C.S. have been smuggled out of Russia.

It is rumored that Stalin himself uses A.C.S. — that he would be dead and buried by now without it. It is also said that A.C.S. was used in large quantities by the Russians during World War II, that it saved the lives of hundreds of thousands of mortally wounded soldiers and hastened the recovery of others. For Bogmoljec himself, however, his miracle drug came too late. He died when he was 72. He probably would have lived longer if he could have started using A.C.S. when he was 40, the critical age of modern man's life according to his own theory.

Another strange story comes now from Germany where an engineer, Hans Neumeyer, tries to lengthen human life with his "Water No. 507." Neumeyer admits readily that his elixir is nothing but clear drinking water, activated by electric currents of high frequency. His new elixir invades and purifies — he says — the cells of the human organism, at the same time adding such important substances as iodine, iron and copper. Neumeyer states that he has had amazing results with his electrified water, but medical authorities are still sceptical.

Nevertheless, our chances of living to be over hundred seem to be more promising every day.

ARE THE DAYS OF FIRE AT HAND?

By Trebor H. Sims

Will the earth be destroyed by flame? Ancient prophecies say it would. Now the H-bomb may make it all come true.

A PROMINENT writer recently stated, "The people of the United States today are just as indifferent to atomic destruction, as were the people of Noah's day in regard to the flood. As the earth was baptised by water, so will it be baptised by fire!"

Prophecies, both scriptural and secular, unmistakably refer to destruction that could only be accomplished by such great and terrible forces as are released by the explosions of atomic or hydrogen bombs.

We are familiar with descriptions of the devastation wrought by the bombs dropped on Japan, but this destruction is nothing in comparison with what is possible with hydrogen bombs. Many of our top atomic scientists refer to the hydrogen bomb as the "suicide bomb".



They say the hydrogen bomb will kill slowly, poisoning everything and everybody with radioactive dusts. This superweapon is reported in "The United States News and World Report" to be, if successful, at least *one thousand times as powerful as the present atom bomb.*

The Bible tells us that one of the manifestations of God's wrath in the last days will be His utilization of the power of the sun in His judgments upon the earth. Some of these prophecies seem to indicate a connection between the H-bomb and the sun. In *Rev. 16: 8-9*, it is stated: "And the fourth angel poured out his vial upon the sun; and power was given unto him to scorch men with fire. And men were scorched with great heat, and blasphemed the name of God."

Let us study a few other Bible prophecies that may apply to the hydrogen and atom bomb. Note how aptly they describe fission destruction:

"And He (the Lord) will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with *unquenchable fire.*" (*Matthew 3:12.*)

"For the day cometh, that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." (*Malachi 4: 1-3.*)

Regarding the imminence of atomic warfare between Russia and the United States, evidences are found in both secular and scriptural prophecy as follows:

Roger W. Babson, the financial wizard, whose prophecies of the depression in 1928-30 came true, made this statement in a United Press article dated December 12, 1946, "if one lives in any of the ten major cities of the United States and expects to REMAIN alive, he had better move before the inevitable Third World War begins, in which atomic bombs would blot out all life within a few hours."

On March 17, 1947, in Salt Lake City, Dr. H. D. Smythe, atomic energy authority, stated that Americans ought to fear atomic bombs, as it is a cheap way to kill with no means of defense against it!

Many of our authorities expect the bombing to start early in 1952. When underground shelters were proposed for our large cities and for Washington, D. C., it was conceded there would be no time to prepare such places adequately.

Note the words recorded in *Matthew 24: 21-22*, "There shall be a time of great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, nor ever shall be."

What greater tribulation could man face than H- or A-bomb warfare?

The quotation in Matthew concludes with the startling statement, "Except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but for the elects sake, those days shall be shortened."

My interpretation of His words are that knowing the power of the atom bomb and the deaths from infection from radioactivity and chain reaction, He could foresee the wiping out of *all flesh*. Then, as no one else has the power to forestall this destruction, it will be necessary for Him to shorten the time of His coming on earth to stop the hellish destruction that will occur if Russia and the United States should, simultaneously, bomb each others large cities.

Hence the prophecy in *II Thes. 1: 7-8*, "The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, *in flaming fire* taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Before me I have a copy of the March, 1938, issue of "The Beacon Light," published by William Kullgren in Atascadero, Calif. In it I read, "In a general sense, all our large cities will be unsafe, some more so than others, according to, how deeply they are saturated with Red control. . . . Cities like New York, Seattle, San Francisco, and possibly Detroit, we consider practically hopeless, and believe there will be little if any salvage to these cities. . . . But again we say, get

out of the large centers, if you can, . . . we suggest getting out in the country, preferably on a farm or ranch, 100 to 200 miles away. We would suggest an altitude of not less than a thousand feet above sea level. Your object will be self-sustenance, for there can be no dependance upon outside sources. Buy as much as you can of the things that are of stern necessity." The author also mentions, "A good radio, for most of the newspapers will be put out of business, and your news will be through radio."

I have a recent "Atomic Bomb Defense Chart," gotten out by a local Civil Defense Office, September 30, 1951, in which the very things Kullgren recommended are again advised, "Decide in advance a good shelter area, stocked with emergency supplies, flashlights, first aid kits, covered or bottled water, canned foods and soap, also blankets, clean clothing, tools, fire-fighting equipment, and a battery radio."

There are some rumors that our government, at the suggestion of President Truman, plans to move certain valuable, national documents and assets near to the President's home in Missouri. In that connection I recall an old prophecy of Brigham Young's, "The western boundaries of the state of Missouri will be swept so clean of its inhabitants that there will not be left so much as a yellow dog to wag his tail."

In the Journal of Discourses, Brigham Young wrote, in 1860, a prophecy that could easily refer to the destruction of the terrible H- and A-bombs: "All you now know can scarcely be called a preface to the sermons that will be preached with fire and sword, tempests, earthquakes, hail, rain, thunders and lightnings, and fearful destructions. You will hear of magnificent cities, idolized by the people, sinking in the earth, entombing the inhabitants, the sea will heave itself beyond its bounds, engulfing mighty cities."

Scientists tell us that the power of atom bombs is sufficient to cause earthquakes, change the weather, and, if dropped upon the ocean in the harbors of great cities, to cause the waters to engulf those cities with great tidal waves.

Nostradamus, the famous French prophet, makes the statement that New York City will be turned upside down and buried in the water. The old French prognosticator warns of the destruction of Paris in these words, "Dynamic fire will be left, containing hidden death. Within the globes death, horrible and frightful. *By night the city will be destroyed by bombs and fire!*"

One famous scientist has asserted that the atom bombs dropped on Japan "only released one-tenth of one per cent of the full amount of the energy stored in the atom." This same scientist predicts that within 15 years the "secret" of

smashing the atom instead of only the "minor cracking" will be discovered; "then it will be possible to make a bomb with enough destructive power to blow the earth itself into smithereens."

Another scientist points out that, so far, the research experts have merely succeeded in cracking the atoms of uranium, which is the heaviest and one of the rarest of the elements. The lightest and most common of the elements is *hydrogen*. Water consists of two parts hydrogen and one part oxygen. About three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered with bodies of water. The atmosphere teems with infinite hydrogen atoms. If scientists can smash the hydrogen atom, why would it not be possible to set up endless "atomic chain reactions" in the atmosphere and in the oceans? In other words, what would prevent the literal firing of the earth itself, the atmosphere above and the waters upon the earth?

The scientists say, "nothing!"

Christians say, "Nothing but God!"

A well known California scientist argues that "science is certain, within 20 years, to uncover the secret of world suicide by atomic explosion. What is to halt this scientific advance which appears certain to end in world suicide?"

Mr. Dan Gilbert, of the Christian Press Bureau, Washington, D. C., replies, "The coming of Christ. If

it is true that science is bound to produce world suicide within 20 years, then we can conclude that Christ is certain to come before that time. God has reserved the earth unto the time of His destruction of it. God will stop the 'progress' of science before it can interfere with His plans."

This indicates that the threat of the atom bomb will be instrumental in hastening the second coming of Christ, to within 20 years.

Mr. Gilbert also states that "Satan is racing to destroy the world and create complete chaos, in anticipation of Christ's return." (From "The Atom Bomb," published by Jewish Hope, Los Angeles.)

A prophecy exists in the book, "The Last Days", published by Pyramid Press, Salt Lake City, in which Elder Wilford Woodruff, in 1877, described a vision or dream, in which he seemed to be traveling through the air above some of the large cities of the United States. He wrote, "It seemed as if I was above earth and looking down upon it. — I saw the roads full of people, mostly women, with just what they could carry in bundles on their backs, *traveling to the mountains, on foot*. It was remarkable to me that there were so few men among them. I have no conception of how I traveled as I looked down upon the people.

"I imagined next that I was in Washington, and found desolation

there. The House of Representatives was empty, the Halls of Congress the same, and everything in ruins. The people seemed to have fled the city. — I was next in Baltimore. In the square where the monument of 1821 stands I saw dead piled up so as to fill the entire square. — The waters of Chesapeake Bay seemed stagnant, and the stench was so terrible that the very smell carried death with it. Everywhere I went I beheld the same sight."

Daniel, the prophet, in *Chap. 12, Verse 11*, refers to the "abomination that maketh desolation," and in *Matt. 24: 15*, Jesus Christ says, "When ye therefore shall see the 'abomination of desolation' spoken of by Daniel the prophet, stand in the holy place."

In succeeding verses, in *Matt. 24*, we find the warning of the necessity of speedily "fleeing to the mountains," not stopping to take anything out of the house, even clothing, and although this is directed mainly to those "who are in Judea" at the time, it applies to all places where the atom bomb may be used.

There will not be space here to introduce the prophecies relating to the overrunning of Palestine by Russia, but the use of the atom bomb during that invasion is surely indicated.

Matt. 24: 19-20 warns of the danger to the women who are with child, and those with infants, as

only in speedy flight can safety be found, and the danger is, of course, accented by the handicap of winter weather.

Referring to the word "desolate" in these prophecies, it is reported that for two years after atomic tests at Bikini the battleships used were so full of radioactivity that men dared not come near and the ships had to be sunk. The word "desolate" means "to lay waste, overwhelm with sorrow, to make barren." The experts have warned us that no form of vegetation, no blade of grass can grow for 70 years after the atom bomb has spread its devastation.

Philip Morrison, a member of the Army mission which examined the effect of the atom bombing in Japan, stated that even the human beings were "desolated". The whole function of the blood is impaired, it does not coagulate but oozes through the unbroken skin, and internally fills cavities in the body. Infection results and within a few weeks the victims perish.

Even those exposed to remote radiation, both men and women, are made sterile for life ("barren" or "desolate"). Many are reduced to imbecility.

Nicholas Murray Butler said, "The end cannot be far distant".

General Eisenhower said: "Without a moral regeneration through the world there is no hope for us as we are going to disappear one day in the dust of atomic explosions."

The Rev. Andrew M. Olsen says that scientists have told us, and statesmen have confirmed it: "The world now has the power to commit suicide. The evil that is in men is the real threat to civilization. Men's nature must be changed — and soon — or we shall perish."

H. G. Wells wrote: "This world is at the end of its tether. The end of everything that we call life is close at hand."

Even if the prophecies be disbelieved, are the facts otherwise?

How could a man better describe the effects of atomic destruction than Mr. Woodruff did, in 1877?

Mother Shipton, in Columbus' time, wrote:

"Build houses light of straw and sticks

In nineteen hundred twenty-six

For then shall mighty wars be planned

And fire and sword shall sweep the land.

But those who live the century through

In fear and trembling this will do:

*Flee to the mountains and the dens
To bog and forest and wild fens."*

The advice given by everyone — Roger Babson, William Kullgren, Mother Shipton, and Woodruff — includes "fleeing to the mountains."

Rep. G. L. McDonough of California said, "The Abomination of Desolation may be closer than we realize."

Fingers of **FATE**

Willie Garrison, Atlanta, Ga., who got bit by a mule, posed for a newspaper photographer to show just how it happened. The mule bit him again.

* * *

The prayers of a Columbus, O., church congregation were punctuated every now and then by pounding from another room. After the sermon, Rev. Holman Cox discovered that burglars had broken open his desk drawer and stolen \$20.

* * *

Dr. H. J. Turner, Wayland, Mich., delivered his own wife . . . 27 years before their marriage.

* * *

At Long Beach, Calif., Mrs. Katherine Young was looking in the phone book for the number of a friend. The book fell. As she picked it up, her glance fell on the name Jacob H. Koch. It was the name of a son she had not heard from for 39 years.

* * *

In Minneapolis, Kans., five husbands of the same woman are buried in the same graveyard, side by side. The initial letter of their names spells, "C-A-R-E-S."

* * *

Tubby, a kitten owned by Mrs.

Claude McMillan, Cedar Rapids, Ia., appeared at a newspaper plant which had published a want ad seeking its return.

* * *

Brother Selesius, head of the order of the Brothers of the Poor of St. Francis at Jersey City, N. J., spent all night praying for the two thugs who had beat and robbed him — then he died.

* * *

All her life Mrs. Elizabeth Nicholas, 68, illuminated her little house with candles because she considered electricity dangerous. Recently, her clothes brushed a lighted candle, caught fire and she burned to death.

* * *

When Mrs. Dorothy B. Anderson was killed in an automobile accident in Murray, Utah, her sister, Kathleen Branagan, came from Payson, Utah, for the funeral. She decided to remain in Murray. A month later Mrs. Branagan was in an automobile accident and was killed at exactly the same spot where her sister had lost her life.

* * *

Death came to 104-year-old Mrs. Mary Bosly, Sheldon, Vt., just as she'd wished — on Christmas Day. For years she had said

that she wanted to die on Christmas.

* * *

For the second year in a row, the prayers of Rev. Gene Fussell, Santa Paula, Calif., have brought rain. This year rain fell only 24 hours after the Rev. Fussell held a special service to pray for rain. There had been less than two inches of rain in the previous eight months. The previous year precipitation totaling 1.45 inches occurred the same day that the minister held his prayer-for-rain service, after 10 months of drought.

* * *

Investigating the strange behavior of her cat, which was racing up and down the yard, Mrs. Les Smith, Ward, New Zealand, found her 2½-year-old son floating unconscious in a pond several hundred feet from the house. She restored him to life with artificial respiration. It is one of the few times a cat saved the life of a child.

* * *

While Arthur Frith, Rotherham, Eng., was vacationing at his daughter's home at Oakham, he mended the clock there. A few days later he was taken ill and died soon after. The clock stopped again at the moment of his death.

* * *

Gammon Davis, mayor of Boerne, Tex., was hunting and shot at a big buck. He missed. But he did hit a nearby hill and

knocked loose a big rock. The mayor found a seven-point buck lying at the foot of the hill — dead. The deer had been killed by the rock.

* * *

A firecracker tossed by a child in the house of a government official in a village near Goa, India, brought a deadly cobra out of hiding. The cobra ignored the child and attacked the firecracker, picking it up in its mouth. The subsequent explosion killed the snake.

* * *

Alan Taylor, of New South Wales, Australia, believes a horseshoe is lucky. He was being swept to his death down the Naomi River when he spied a horseshoe sticking out of a tree trunk along the river bank. He grabbed it and clung until help came.

* * *

Ora C. Abbott, Cataract, Wis., likes the number seven. He is one of seven children, he's the father of seven boys and seven girls, seven of whom are married and seven single. Also Abbott is grandfather to 17 youngsters and is 57 years old.

* * *

In Shelbyville, Ind., Walter D. Meltzer celebrated his birthday on Easter Sunday, 1951, for the first time in his life. He was born in 1894 the last time Easter fell on March 25th, 57 years before. — *Harold Helfer.*

Miracle of the Stigmata



The Wounds of the Cross have appeared



mysteriously on the bodies of scores of persons.

THE Oxford English Dictionary defines the meaning of the word "stigmata" as follows: "Marks resembling the wounds on the crucified body of Christ, said to have been supernaturally imposed on the bodies of certain saints and other devout persons."

It is no purpose of a dictionary to express an opinion on such a

By Trevor Holloway

(Reprinted from Prediction)

phenomenon as stigmatization. It rests with the individual to pursue his own investigations and form his own opinion.

To this end the writer has made a sincere endeavour to collect and place before the reader the most reliable information obtainable on what is indeed a thought-provoking and awe-inspiring topic for such a materialistic age as ours.

Manifestations of the stigmata have been observed and reported for centuries past. Broadly speaking, they have fallen into two categories — visible and invisible stigmata. In the latter class actual wounds do not appear on the body, but pain of varying acuteness is felt in the side, the hands and feet or around the forehead.

In a few instances, the wounds of the Cross do not become visible until after death. Since the 13th century over 300 people have suffered (or should one say been blessed by?) the phenomenon of stigmatism in various forms.

Curiously enough, only about one-sixth of the known stigmata have been males.



Acme

Therese Neumann, right, is perhaps the most famous of living stigmatists. She is shown here with nun and priest.

The first recorded instance concerns St. Francis of Assisi. In the year 1224 (two years before his death) St. Francis was meditating in his monastic cell on Mount Alverna, in the Apennines, when he beheld a glorious vision as of a glowing scraph descending upon him.

Shortly after the vision had faded St. Francis became aware that his hands and feet seemed bored through with four wounds and that these wounds appeared to be filled with "nails" of hard flesh which protruded on the palms of his hands and instep; and there was a lance-wound in his side which periodically gave forth blood.

In 1472 Gabriella da Piezolo, of Aquila, exhibited the lance-wound also, as did Clara di Pugny, a Tertiary of the Dominican order half a century later.

Then there was Catherine Emerich, a peasant woman of Westphalia, who in 1812 was marked by a bloody cross upon her breast. The following Christmas the stigmata of the Crucifixion appeared as she knelt in prayer. She was kept under close observation and doctors tried in vain to heal the wounds.

It is now an accepted fact that the wounds of a stigmatic are not influenced in any way by any form of medical treatment. They have no known physical cause, and no known physical cure, and

as such cannot by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as an ailment or a constitutional disorder in the accepted sense.

Often the persons so affected enjoy the best of health and spirits and lead a more or less normal life.

As recently as 1947 the press reported the amazing story of Susan Kuruvilla, an 18-year-old girl of Niranum, S. India. Local clergy told how the girl first experienced pains in the palms of her hands, her feet and side.

Then the wounds of the Cross



Ewing Galloway

St. Francis of Assisi is the first recorded case of a stigmatist and one of comparatively few men so affected.

appeared on her body and blood trickled from them. For two years previous this girl had taken no food or water, save the bread and wine of the Eucharist.

Incidentally, a total and absolute fast, lasting maybe for many years, is often a feature of the miracle of the stigmata, as will be seen presently when we come to the case of Therese Neumann, the most astonishing of present day stigmatists.

First, however, we will refer to Father Pio, a Roman Catholic priest of the mountain village of San Giovanni Rotondo, Italy.

It is possible that some readers of this article may have had the wonderful experience of seeing Father Pio personally, for many soldiers serving in Italy during the war were able to do so during lulls in the fighting.

The men who went in skeptical mood returned convinced that the age of miracles is not yet past. They were brought face to face with the fact that in this modest village priest they had seen a tangible link with the life hereafter.

It is now 33 years since Father Pio became stigmatic. As a young monk in 1918 he was knelt in prayer when he passed into a state of collapse, and when he revived the realization came that he bore the wounds of the Cross.

His wounds are constantly bleeding, and at times he is able

to walk only with difficulty owing to the soreness of his feet.

At one time it was arranged that he should leave his mountain parish, but so great was the love of the villagers for their priest that they would not let him go.

The story of Therese Neumann, the living crucifix of the Bavarian Alps, must surely rank as one of the most amazing biographies of this or any other age.

Here, in our own day, we have a woman of humble birth who weekly suffers the agonies of Calvary, who bears on her body the imprints of nails and spear and crown of thorns; a woman whose spiritual being goes back as a witness of those first Good Friday brutalities and who knows the secrets of life beyond the grave.

Here, too, is a woman whom even Hitler himself feared openly to destroy, despite the fact that he knew full well her influence was a powerful enemy to the spread of the new "religion" of Nazism among the Bavarian Catholics.

Born of peasant parentage on the night of Good Friday, 1898, she developed as any normal child during her early youth. She was, however, possessed of deep religious fervour and remarkable physical strength.

When World War I flared up and the menfolk of the village were called to arms, she was obliged to abandon her ambition

to become a medical mission nurse in Africa and take up work on a farm. Such was her physical strength that she could reap, sow, or handle a plough as ably as any man.

In 1918, when 18 years of age, fire broke out on the farm, and when assisting the fire-fighters she fell from a ladder and sustained a serious spinal injury that kept her bedridden for six long years.

She became blind, partly paralyzed, and one foot developed a crippling malformation. From being a fine specimen of robust womanhood she relapsed into a pitiful, twisted and pain-racked invalid, helpless almost as a child.

But if her body was broken, her spirit was not. Cheerful and courageous, her religious fervour in no way depleted, she sought to model her life and thoughts on those of her namesake, the little Thérèse of Lisieux, the French Carmelite who was shortly to become canonized.

Now comes the first miracle in the life of this remarkable woman. On the very day that Rome was celebrating the beatification of Thérèse of Lisieux (April 29th, 1923) Therese Neumann who lay pondering on the holiness of those ceremonies realized to her amazement that she could just discern her own sister standing at her bedside. Her sight, had, indeed begun to return.

Two years later — on the day

her namesake was canonized, gentle unseen hands seemed to be lifting her up and she heard a voice bidding her rise up and walk. To the amazement of all she arose and walked!

The following year (1926), during the season of Lent, Therese Neumann passed into a state of intense religious ecstasy during which her spirit being found itself in the presence of Our Lord in the Garden of Gethsemane.

As her normal senses returned she felt a sharp pain in her side. Close to her heart was a bleeding wound, as of a spear thrust.

Other visions followed, during which she beheld all the scenes of the Passion — Christ bearing His rough cross through the streets of old Jerusalem, the scourging and the nailing to the Tree.

One by one, upon her own body, appeared Christ's gaping, bleeding wounds also. Every Friday (save on certain feast days), Therese experiences the agony of the Crucifixion. At first her body writhes and twists as though in mortal pain, then she becomes quiet and still, and by earthly standards lifeless.

In a few hours this death-like state passes, the wounds heal, and she may be seen about the village as might any other normal woman.

These weekly visitations reduce Therese's weight considerably, but the loss is unfailingly restored.

It may be argued that this loss and gain in weight could be possible in the case of a normal person, within certain limits, of course. But Therese Neumann is abnormal in that for the past 24 years she has taken no food save the fragment of unleavened bread received at daily Mass.

During the autumn of 1926 her desire for earthly food began to wane; by the year's end the desire, and the need, for liquid nourishment passed also, and from 1927 to this day she has lived absolutely and entirely without nourishment in any form save the aforementioned sacramental food.

In order to silence the skeptical, in 1927 the Bishop of Regensburg suggested to Therese that she should submit herself to stringent medical observation for 15 days at the hands of four experienced nurses acting under Dr. Seidl, with the object of proving beyond dispute that no food or drink passed her lips.

She acceded to this request (even to the extent of refraining from daily Mass). Waking or sleeping, she was not left unattended for one moment. A damp cloth only was permitted for bathing and every possible source of food or drink closed to her.

Therese was not in the slightest degree discomfited, but remained in perfect health and spirits throughout the observation.

While in the ecstatic state Therese will sometimes answer questions on the visions she sees. On several occasions her replies have been in ancient languages, Greek or Aramaic, for example, depending upon the scene her spirit being is witnessing.

It has been said that dazzling motion picture contracts have been offered the beloved Therese, all of which were promptly declined. Fame or fortune mean nothing to her. She is content to be a simple God-fearing woman and to live as close to her Saviour as the saints of former times.



EIGHT LIVES TO GO

A MONTH-OLD kitten apparently spent 48 hours in the heat of a 276° brick-baking kiln in Spokane, Wash., recently. A fireman at the plant heard the cries, put on an asbestos suit, broke open the kiln, and retrieved the cat.



THE OLD-TIME POWER

IN Delightful, Ohio, late this winter, the Evangelical Congregational Church members were holding services by candlelight because a snowstorm had knocked out wires carrying electricity. Just as the congregation launched into the hymn, "Lord, Send the Old Time Power," the lights went on.

Cumberland County Poltergeist

Did Uncle John's ghost come back to haunt Elisha and Maybelle — or was it their own guilty consciences?



By William Bathlot

IN 1895, shortly after I was married, I bought a little grocery store in Effingham, Illinois.

One day I read in glaring headlines on the front page of the *Effingham Democrat* "HAUNTED HOUSE IN CUMBERLAND COUNTY." The story stated that the home of Elisha Elliot, owner of 80 acres of fine, black land in Mule Foot Bottoms along the Embarrass River, about 14 miles north-east of Effingham, was haunted. Five

hundred dollars in cash had been deposited in the Toledo Bank to go to the person or persons able to exorcise the ghost which was deviling the Elliot family.

The *St. Louis Globe Democrat*, together with Chicago and New York papers, also ran stories of the strange occurrences at the Elliot home. But visitors soon proved to be more trouble to the Elliots than the alleged ghosts. They had no privacy. They put up signs and

placed locks upon the gates to keep curiosity seekers away. Eventually the excitement died down and the Elliots again were alone with their ghost.

Elisha Elliot had three brothers, Charles, Frank, and George. They were all substantial citizens and well liked. Frank and George lived out of Watson, Ill., and Charles lived near Effingham. Their father — everyone called him Uncle John — was a widower and had lived with Elisha and Elisha's wife, Maybelle, on the 80-acre farm in Mule Foot Bottoms until his death.

I didn't believe in ghosts and thought somebody was making trouble for Elisha. After reading the stories and listening to the gossip I decided to go down there, catch the culprit, and come back here with that \$500. I needed the money.

Luck played into my hands. My brother-in-law, Isaac Cook, dropped into the store one day. His folks were next door neighbors to the Elliot family and their places joined. Ike wanted to visit his folks and, incidently, find out all he could about the matter. I was raring to go. I put my wife in charge of our little store and we hitched Ike's team of broom-tails onto the buckboard. In four hours we were at the Cook farm.

"I don't like to talk about others or judge their actions, because we all have our faults," Uncle Bob, Ike's father, remarked, "and what

I tell you I want you to keep under your hats for a person can get wrong ideas. And if they get spread abroad they can cause a world of grief to others.

"Lisha Elliot never was too much of a man in his business dealings and folks around here don't like him any too well. The girls around the country didn't cotton to him either so, about two years before his father's death, he sent off and got himself a mail order wife. I didn't like Maybelle the first time I set eyes on her. She is a lot older than 'Lisha and as lean as a beanpole. She's got a long peaked face and yellowish-green eyes. She made me think of a cat. 'Lisha and her seemed to team up pretty well but for some reason she seemed to hate me as the Devil is supposed to hate holy water. But she was afraid to start anything for the wife and I are the only neighbors who are willing to help them and do their chores gratis when they go visiting her folks over in Indiana.

"For a year after she married 'Lisha she seemed to have Uncle John under a spell. He followed her around like a pet coon. But when I found out the old man had deeded her and 'Lisha his 80 acres to pay for his keep while he lived and his burial expenses after his death I felt a little uneasy. Of course it was only natural a man at his age would feel bad sometimes, but he began to take spells of sharp, peculiar pains in his

stomach and I began to worry.

"Then the two started visiting her relatives across the line in Indiana a lot, leaving the old fellow alone. I was looking after the place, doing the chores; the wife would cook up something to suit his taste and we'd see he had something to eat."

Uncle Bob continued:

"The last time they left they were gone five days. They had left Uncle John a part of a loaf of hard bread and that was all. One morning I went over to do the chores and the team was in the barnyard. 'Lisha and Maybelle were in the lean-to kitchen where Uncle John slept. I slipped over to the partly open window and made no bones about listening in to what was being said.

"I heard the old man tell those two, 'You devils talked me into giving you a deed to this place. You are poisoning me and trying to starve me to death. You stayed away five days this time and thought I would be dead when you got back. My time is about up but if the Lord will let me come back here, I will haunt you both to your deaths! I will cripple you, Elisha, blight your crops and bring sickness and pain to you both. Nothing but death will bring you relief. I curse you both! Now, damn you, make the best of it!'

"Two days later Uncle John died and we buried him in the little graveyard north of here.

"Then Maybelle brought in a big, lanky kid she claimed was her son by her first husband and a brother she said was a twin. And I guess it was the truth for the brother was the spitting image of her. The boy was a good kid to do the chores and light work around the place and, as spring was now at hand and 20 acres of corn land ready for planting, Maybelle's brother Tom came in as handy as the pocket in a shirt.

"Time passed and it was early summer. Corn was knee high and black green when the first blow fell. 'Lisha, coming in from corn plowing one evening, was riding one horse and leading the other. He rode up to the horse trough and, without a sign of warning, those two old work horses snorted, rose up on their hind legs and, apparently mad with fright, bolted, leaving 'Lisha lying across the watering trough with a broken leg and a badly injured back.

"Every three or four years the Embarrass river rises in what we call the 'June fresh.' A few days after 'Lisha's accident it rose and swept the river bottoms from bank to bank. 'Lisha's corn crop, higher than other crops, was hit the hardest. Mud settled where the blades joined the stalks and in the small, new forming tassels. When the water receded and the sun came out and dried the stalks it looked as if fire had scorched the entire field.

"Of course, the flood was natural maybe but I couldn't help but think of Uncle John Elliot's words: 'I will cripple you Elisha and I will blight your crops!'

"A month after this 'Lisha was better, but the doctor told him he might have to use crutches the rest of his life, as his back injury could cause partial paralysis.

"I was over caring for Elisha the night the ghost gave us its first demonstration. I had him propped up in bed in a fairly comfortable position when we heard a faint, far off tapping, like someone thumping on a dishpan with a stick. I opened the door and listened. The sound seemed to come from the little graveyard to the north of us. I wondered who could be causing such an uproar at midnight. I stood there in the doorway peering into the darkness and the noise seemed to approach the house. The racket stopped right in front of me. A chill passed through my body as something that felt exactly like a human body crowded past me.

"The uproar commenced again. 'Lisha, speechless, with his face as gray as plaster, crouched back against the pillows. Maybelle stuck her head beneath the covers and shook like a leaf. Her son and her brother Tom stood in the door of the lean-to, peering into the room.

"I was convinced that mortal man had nothing to do with this visitation. The uproar continued for about 10 minutes, seemingly

from different parts of the room. As soon as it ceased rocks began hitting the roof. It was as if someone pitched one rock at a time onto the roof of the house to let them roll down.

"When things quieted down I left for home to get a little rest. Footsteps followed behind me and at my side. Sometimes I felt pressure against my side but my outstretched hand felt nothing. I was not uneasy for I seemed to know it was the spirit of John Elliot and I knew he meant me no harm.

"It has been over a year now since that first visitation. Maybelle's brother Tom and her son were frightened so badly they pulled out for Indiana the next day. Elisha walks on crutches. He's been forced to draw the reward money out of the bank for living expenses. He rents the place out on crop terms. In this way they manage to get by. When the going gets too tough, the wife and I lend a helping hand.

"The ghost is with them always. They have made several trips over into Missouri and other places trying to shake it loose but this is one ghost that won't be left behind. Where they go, it goes. The folks all over the neighborhood no longer pay attention to the goings on at the Elliot place and the Elliots have reached a state of apathy."

After Uncle Bob had finished this story Ike and I made arrangements to stay with the Elliots for

a week. Elisha must have been a vigorous man at one time but now he was a yellow parchment skin drawn over bones. His sagging body hung loosely over the padded tops of his crutches. The ends of the crutches had iron pegs in them to keep him from slipping as he dragged himself along. Maybelle was as Uncle Bob described her but now her hair hung unkempt and uncombed. Her appearance was anything but tidy. They were folks for whom all joy had vanished.

We sat up, until 12 o'clock that first night. Everything seemed to be quiet and finally we went to bed in the kitchen where the old man died. We were almost asleep when three jarring thumps on the slab walls of the kitchen brought us wide awake. Then the foot of our bed was raised off the floor and then dropped with a resounding thump. We were out of bed in a flash and lit the lamp. There was nothing to be seen and no further disturbance occurred during that night.

The next day Elisha showed us many small holes in the headboard of the wooden bedstead where, on more than one occasion, the ghost had seized his crutches and had jammed the iron pegs into the hard oak wood right over his head as he lay in bed. Maybelle showed us black and blue spots upon her body where, she said, it seemed as if fingers had clamped her flesh and twisted it in a vise-like grip.

Of course, the holes in the head

of the bed could have been made by Elisha or his wife and Elisha could have pinched Maybelle. Now these folks were avoiding publicity, not seeking it. They both seemed perfectly normal despite the terrible strain under which they lived. Common sense told us that they wouldn't disfigure their floor with oil from overturned lamps, break their dishes, the backs and rungs of their chairs, lamp-globes and other household necessities just for the fun of it.

They had never caught a glimpse of their ghost. Always it came in the night. Sometimes it stayed for an hour, sometimes it stayed for a night. It seemed to prefer the dark of the moon and, as it now was verging onto that time of the month, 'Lisha assured us we would hear and see more of the unseen visitor.

Sure enough on the second night the entity thumped on the walls, seemed to tear strips of paper all around the room just below the ceiling. Sounds of water falling drop by drop into a bucket came from all four corners of the room. Chairs rocked back and forth and were thrown to the floor. The old horsehair sofa was turned upside down and the picture of Uncle John Elliot that hung on a nail above the old organ was turned face to the wall. Fluttering, as of a bird's wings, was plainly heard and the cover on the bed was lifted up exactly as if the claws of a bird

had clutched it. Then came the sound of someone dragging himself, with faltering footsteps, across the kitchen from the bed to the water bucket in one corner of the room. The clinking of a tin cup followed.

During the next few nights the ghost demonstrated every prank in its bag of tricks. It never tried to upset a lighted lamp or the old wood-burning box heater. It seemed to know its devilment would end if it destroyed the house.

The day before our last night at the Elliot place it had rained a slow, steady downpour all the Saturday afternoon. About nine o'clock that night it cleared up, leaving behind a muddy mess of sticky, yellow clay. First came the tossing of rocks upon the roof of the house, much as Uncle Bob Cook had described it.

This rock tossing kept up for over an hour and then stopped. We tried, by peering through the three small windows and a crack in the door, to catch a glimpse of the rock thrower but failed. We sat in the kitchen until midnight playing pitch. Then we went to bed leaving the kitchen lamp burning. We didn't sleep a wink for we expected our ghost at any moment.

Just before daylight the light suddenly went out. There was a tinkling of broken glass as the lamp was sent hurtling across the floor of the kitchen.

When we got up we discovered that our clothes, socks and shoes,

had disappeared. We stood in our underwear and began to search. Back in the corner, beneath the bed, lay our clothes.

We moved the bed and found our shirts and pants neatly folded and placed in two piles, with our shoes and socks resting upon them. Resting beside our clothing was the lamp, wrapped in one of Maybelle's rugs. The bed was homemade and stood only six inches off the floor. Even a small child couldn't have crawled under that bed.

On leaving the Elliot place that morning, we carefully examined the soil around the house. We found where small boulders had been plucked out of the mud here and there. We found where these muddy rocks had rolled from the roof and landed beside the house but we failed to find a single footprint of man or beast anywhere in the vicinity.

A short time after this I sold my store, left Effingham and settled in the Oklahoma Panhandle. A year passed by and I received a letter from Uncle Bob Cook. Here is part of his letter:

"Perhaps you don't know it, but about eight months ago Elisha Elliot went out of his head one morning and died before night. The third day after his burial Maybelle was found stretched out upon the bed, her face purple, her eyes protruding from their sockets. The marks of fingers were seen upon her crushed throat. The house

wasn't robbed and nothing was disturbed. Folks wondered and shook their heads. Elisha's brothers took over and now new neighbors live in the house. Nothing has disturbed them. I guess the bill is paid in full and John Elliot's ghost is satisfied at last."

I remembered the curse as Uncle

Bob Cook had told it to me; "I will haunt you both to your deaths! I will cripple you, Elisha, blight your crops, bring sickness and pain to you both. Nothing short of death will bring you relief! I curse you both. Now, damn you, make the best of it!"

There had been no "best of it."



THE GIRL WHO HAD 14 CHILDREN

IN 1933, Budapest was agog with a story that still defies explanation. The 15-year-old daughter of a Budapest engineer, Miss Iris Farczady, was dying of influenza. There was an instant when watchers at the bedside believed her dead. But she recovered. When she was lucid again, it was found that she spoke only Spanish!

So far as is known, she had never previously spoken a word of Spanish. She did not recognize her parents, and called her mother "señora." Her family was unable to talk with her and called on a Spanish interpreter.

To him she said:

"I am Señora Lucia Alvarez and

have 14 children. I was 40 years old and ill. A few days ago I thought I was dying. Now here I am in a strange country. What has happened to me?"

Two years later Iris Farczady had learned a little Hungarian, which she spoke with a thick Spanish accent. She could sing Spanish songs and give graphic descriptions of Madrid.

When newsmen interviewed her she told them: "I am Señora Alvarez de Salvio, and should like to hear something about my family. These nice people here are very kind to me, but they are not my parents as they pretend to be."



THOSE IRISH LEPRECHAUNS

WORKERS at a housekeeping project in County Limerick, Ireland, refused to level an old mound, supposedly the ancestral home of leprechauns. After they had dug into it they returned the next morning to find the mound intact. A new group from nearby County Clare also left when its equipment started to disappear. Finally county officials gave in and built the houses around the mound.



The French house looked so familiar to the young German officer. It seemed to him that he had lived here in some earlier time.

By K. Frank Feldman

(Reprinted from Prediction)

Did You Live Before?

PROFESSOR RUDOLF VIRCHOV, probably Europe's most outstanding pathologist of the 19th century, once declared that although he had "cut up" hundreds of bodies, he had never been able to find a person's soul.

But his great compatriot, Johann Wolfgang Goethe, the dramatist and poet who was also a student of science, was not convinced that the soul was not an "inanimate thing," but embraced those bodies best fitted to its inherent nature, wandering from one to the other, forcing the flesh to adapt itself without choice.

Goethe was a great believer in reincarnation and he made no secret of this contention, once writ-

ing to Charlotte von Stein: "I am sure that in some previous life you were either my sister or wife."

It is everyday occurrence for someone to exclaim: "Oh, I'm sure I've seen him before," or "I could swear that has already happened to me once."

Countless dissertations have been written by psychologists on the subject. No wonder. These momentary glimpses into the dark past are mysterious enough to intrigue the most bone-headed realist.

The recently-conducted experiments by the Swedish scientist Dr. Lund of Upsala University have again brought this topic of reincarnation to the fore.

Dr. Lund, for example, records the case of a 40-year-old woman who in the presence of witnesses was hypnotized. While under this influence, he told her to imagine herself as a young child.

Subsequently the woman behaved in a very child-like manner. That was nothing new, but Lund went on to suggest that she was a baby, and without further ado his medium altered her actions to fit the part.

Then came the critical phase. Dr. Lund suggested that she return to her pre-natal womb. After a momentary hesitation, the medium took up an embryo's posture.

Lund continued: "What were you five years before your birth?" The woman's normal voice suddenly changed into a gruff masculine tone. "It is very hot here," she began.

The following dialogue was then recorded.

"What is your name?"

"Age Karlström."

"What is your profession?"

"I am a farmer in Mjölby," she declared hoarsely.

"Do you have children?"

"Yes, three." The woman gave their names.

Immediate investigations provided evidence that a farmer named Age Karlström had lived in Mjölby. Four months before the woman's birth, he had died leaving the three children whose names had been mentioned during the seance.

Dr. Lund subsequently continued with his experiments in this field by hypnotizing several mediums under similar conditions. The results of these tests were then narrated in scientific work.

The other day this correspondent came across an enigmatic narrative recounted by a former German officer who was stationed in occupied France during the last war.

The young lieutenant in question had received orders to take lodgings in an insignificant Rhone valley village. Already on arrival he was overcome by an inexplicable sensation that somehow this strange, out-of-the-way village was not so foreign to him after all. Somehow it seemed familiar, although he was unable to recollect where he had seen this quaint, picturesque locality before.

Suddenly he remembered that two roads away stood a school building, and he immediately went to investigate. Sure enough, there it was, and as he stared at it fascinated, he remembered how he had swept through its gates every day on a care-free ramble homewards.

He smiled at the thought. Now he also remembered his parental home at the back of a small, dingy confectionery shop.

He traced his subconscious boyhood path back to this house. The matronly woman who opened the creaking door gaped at him uncomprehendingly as he tried to

make himself understood with the aid of a simplified dictionary.

"There is a small alcove in this house," he explained tortuously, "and in front of a brown cupboard, a smallish, dilapidated rocking horse. The cupboard is choked with toys of every description . . ."

The woman was struck speechless. Here was a strange German officer in full uniform telling her of a room upstairs which he had never seen. It was preposterous.

He insisted on confirming his descriptive illustration, and quavering with doubts she led the way upstairs. And there they were, just as he had said: the cupboard, the toys, the rocking horse.

Haltingly she explained that 21 years earlier her little boy, then nine, had died.

"On what day?" the officer cried, unable to suppress his excitement.

"Why," she stammered, "on February 8."

"That's my birthday," he confirmed solemnly.

It was a weird experience for both, but there was a war, and they lost touch with each other.

Of course, there are always plenty of these anecdotes recounted either from personal or more often second-hand experience.

It has been suggested that a person is not only struck with the occasional capacity of an accurate prognostication or premonition of a lurking danger, but can also gain a sudden glimpse of a pre-existence,

a sort of "seventh sense" as it has been called.

It has also been suggested that an individual's spirit, "that indestructible quiddity" as Goethe called it, is wont to transmute itself from one person to another without the prerequisite of a death to send it on its way.

There is the case of a country gentleman setting down in detail the circumstances of the murder of Prime Minister Spencer Perceval in the House of Commons a few days before he was actually killed.

An even stranger occurrence was recorded at the close of the last century when M. Berard, a French magistrate, was holidaying in a southern village of France.

One night the judge lost his way and had to stay in an inn called the *Au Rendezvous des Amis*, a sordid-looking restaurant which he would have avoided on any other occasion.

He was given a room some way off from the usual chambers, which the host and his wife declared were occupied by guests. Somehow he felt unduly apprehensive and barricaded his door.

Falling into a restless sleep, he had a garish dream of a stranger lying on his bed. A secret door opened and the landlord stole into the room, plunging his gleaming knife into the victim. Husband and wife then carried the lifeless body downstairs.

Three years later, the magistrate

stumbled across a Press item which spoke of a strange disappearance of a lawyer in the woods of Sigean. Subsequent messages mentioned the inn *Au Rendezvous des Amis*.

Witnesses claimed to have seen the advocate enter this restaurant, but he was never spotted leaving it. The judge recollected his weird nightmare and straightaway journeyed southwards to interrogate the inn-keeper and his wife.

She did not recognize Judge Berard, and explained that the advocate had dined there, but left because both the chambers were occupied.

"But what about the other, the third room?" the magistrate asked.

The woman broke down. She stammered "You saw?"

The judge then related his dream word for word, omitting of course that to him it had all been a nightmare. A confession was wrung out of the pair, who admitted the crime exactly as detailed by the judge.

De Musset, the noted French poet, once entered the Louvre, and perceived a voice saying: "I am murdered!"

The voice went on to describe the name of the street where the crime was said to have taken place. De Musset immediately hurried over and in fact found the corpse lying there.

Such moments of clairvoyance cannot only be put down to telepathic powers. Only the other day a farmer in State Wurttemberg

claimed that he could draw precise plans of primitive edifices built on stakes in the swampy Federsee district hundreds of years ago.

Excavations were begun on the basis of these drawings and it was discovered that the farmer had hardly missed anything. Even the hearth marked in one dwelling was found exactly where he had put it.

When asked how he could possibly have known all these details, the farmer stated rather simply that he was sure to have lived in this area before.

The ancient Egyptians used to greet each other: "Hail your Ka," the latter word implying a person's second ego. When scribes used this salutation, they meant to pay their respects to the incarnation without heeding the physical make-up which they knew would expire.

An Austrian journalist who has made a life-long study of stories told by people who all sensed that they had been alive in earlier decades gave this rather intriguing opinion.

"Existence does not become sober reality when its subsistence is first grasped by our crude senses through material tissues, nor does it end when it can no longer be possessed substantially; the immateriality, or if you want to call it, the subliminal self, can continue to exist without brute matter, but this is unthinkable the other way round.

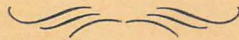
"The temptation is therefore very close to pounce that most audacious of all questions — does the incor-

poral quintessence seek for itself a bodily mantle best suited or modified to its characteristics? One can almost ask whether an executed murderer does not appear on the scene again in a different shape."

Johannes Vehlow, Germany's foremost astrologist, is convinced that every human being brings with him certain definable propensities shaped during a previous life. Vehlow contends that it would be wrong for the layman to become a fatalist.

"On the contrary," he declares, "an aviator may be overcome by a severe electrically-charged storm. He cannot change the elements, but it is either in him to act sagaciously, or he lacks that intrinsic capability."

It was Goethe who gave this very apt summing-up: "The thought of death leaves me unmoved, since I am convinced that our spirit is indestructible, being something which progresses perpetually from infinitude to the endless."



MIRACLE OF SIGHT

MRS. FRANK CERRA of Scranton, Pa., became blind during childbirth nearly 12 years ago. During the labor of giving birth to the youngest of her three children she suffered an optic hemorrhage which physicians told her could not be cured. They warned Mrs. Cerra that her case was hopeless and that only a miracle could bring back her sight.

One Friday last August the miracle happened. Mrs. Corra awoke with severe pains in her legs. Her family physician was on vacation and she went to Dr. Alexander Munchak who thought she might have arthritis.

He gave her some pills. The next day she went back to him and she said she believed that she could see "just a little bit."

While she was sitting in Dr. Munchak's office her sight kept improving. "I could see a scale and his class picture on the wall," she said. The following day she went back to the doctor and he told her that her recovery was permanent.

Mrs. Cerra's greatest thrill came when she saw her youngest son Joseph for the first time. "He's handsome," she told the United Press. "Just handsome."



MORE VIKING EVIDENCE?

AN ANCIENT battle ax found in a private museum at Iowa Falls, Ia., may be evidence that Vikings visited Iowa in the 14th Century, according to R. W. Bréckenridge, a professor at Iowa State College. Publication of his theory brought 15 responses from persons who said they had found similar axes, some of them buried in river bottoms.



Ghost-Driven Ships



Not a breath of wind disturbed the surface of the ocean
as the strange ship approached at terrific speed.

By *K. Frank Feldman*

(Reprinted from *Prediction*)

THE British whaler *Greenland*, sailing through Arctic waters in the summer of 1775 was caught in a lashing storm which drove the tossing ship dangerously near some pack-ice. Just as the ferocity of the winds began to abate, the sodden crew heard the look-out cry: "Ship ahoy."

The men rubbed the salt water out of their eyes and stared. A strange vessel was bearing down on them from the north!

Even the veteran skipper Jones refused to believe this spectacle. No master could pilot his ship through that ice.

But on she came, miraculously avoiding the cold jaws of death lurking below the angry waves.

However, as she approached, the drenched sailors on the *Greenland* went numb. The decks were covered with ice and a thick layer of snow. Not a soul was to be seen.



The hailing stopped. There was no reply.

The whaler's captain decided to investigate and, accompanied by two of his men, rowed across to the ghost ship. They had some trouble in penetrating as far as the galley in view of the accumulated ice. As the door burst open, the three seafarers gasped with astonishment.

Stretched out before them were a half-dozen men, all of them mummified by the extreme cold. Their expressions were quite natural and it seemed as if they were asleep.

In a separate cabin the three mariners found a young woman, a weak smile arrested on her frozen features. Near her a seaman sat bent and rigid over a stove. Like the rest of the crew, he was frozen stiff, quite literally.

A log book disclosed the last gruesome details. One by one the crew had succumbed to the cold.

But it was the date at the bottom of that report which arrested Capt. Jones's attention. He read it again.

November 14, 1762.

All those frozen bodies had been tossed around on a ghost ship for 13 years!

No one will ever know how the pilotless ship evaded the icebergs. *What hidden power had guided her through those treacherous waters?*

Just as the mystery of the *Mary Celeste* has never been solved satisfactorily, the story of the *Abbey S. Hart* also leaves much room for fantasy.

It was in September, 1894, when the Hamburg steamer *Pickhuben* churned through the sluggish waters of the Indian Ocean. Not a wisp of wind disturbed the unruffled sea. The men on watch dozed listlessly under the stinging rays of the sun.

And then they felt it: an eerie sensation and an evil smell.

On the horizon appeared a full-rigged ship approaching at tremendous speed.

One of the Germans raced down to the captain's cabin. "She sails, but there's no wind," he stammered incoherently. "*Flying Dutchman*," he mumbled. The old Hamburg veteran was disgusted. "Keep off the rum," he ordered.

But he felt it as well. Rushing up to deck, he was just in time to change the *Pickhuben's* course. The first mate had been rooted to the spot by the spectre. She had a black hull, glistening white sails and an odd transparency. The name was quite visible — *Abbey S. Hart*.

A loud "Ahoy there?" remained unanswered.

"Take two men and see what goes on," the *Pickhuben's* master called down to his first mate. The "volunteers" boarded the rickety rowing-boat and began splashing towards the ghost ship. The first mate tried to shout, but the voice just rasped through the parched throat.

Going below, they found three men dead in their bunks. A fourth, apparently the captain, stared at the intruders with glassy eyes. He was raving mad.

They dragged him across the deck and down to the boat. An hour later his painful contortions ceased. The mysterious master of

the ghost ship had died without uttering a single sensible word.

It was decided to take the *Abbey S. Hart* in tow. A few days later the *Pickhuben* steamed into Table Bay. It is noteworthy to record the words of a British sailor, E. H. Todd, whose barque, the *Carlisle Castle*, was also anchored in Table Bay that memorable night in 1894.

"Suddenly I was awakened by a terrifying sensation," Todd declared later. "I jumped out of my bunk, and to my astonishment noticed that the others were doing the same. Then we all rushed up on deck as if propelled by an

unknown and irresistible force.

"A steamer chugged past us towing a large sailer with black bows and glowing white sails. There was not a man aboard her, and yet she kept tugging to one side and then to the other as if the devil himself was at her helm. The blood froze in our veins."

Just exactly what had occurred on that mystery ship has never been revealed. The vessel had been fully manned when loading sugar at Tanjong Priok, Java. It was assumed that a fever had struck down the crew.

But how had she continued her voyage under full sail?



UNLUCKY ALBATROSS

FOR centuries seamen have considered it bad luck to harm an albatross, a great sea bird which is often seen thousands of miles from shore. John Slipp, research assistant at the University of Washington, did not believe the legend. He does now.

Slipp was aboard the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service's exploratory vessel *John N. Cobb* last summer when he sighted a white albatross flying near the vessel off Cape Flattery. This bird is ordinarily found only off the coast of Australia and Slipp asked permission to shoot it. Everybody aboard said no, but finally, because the trophy was so rare, Capt. Sheldon Johnson granted Slipp's request. Slipp brought the bird down

after seven shots. And, according to the Associated Press, this is what happened thereafter:

- The net caught on the sea bottom and was ripped to shreds.
- The net cables fouled up three times.
- The shaft of the main winch snapped. (It then took the crew 5½ hours to reel in the cable.)
- Ted Moellendorf, a scientific aid aboard the ship, fell down a hatch ladder and broke a rib.
- The sea was calm but Slipp became violently seasick for the first time in his life.
- The ship had to turn back to Seattle because of these disasters. There the cook quit.

THE LAW OF MIRACLES

Would you like to get things you want just by wishing?

It can be done! This article tells how.

By Paul Ellsworth

ONE spring morning in 1925 I picked up a magazine to while away the time till my wife should be ready to go into San Francisco — we were living across the Bay in San Rafael at the time. Among the fillers at the back of the book was an item which asserted that neither I nor anyone else would ever see a one-legged Chinese in the United States — because every citizen of China belonged to a tong, which was pledged to support him if he needed help. In case of serious bodily damage the tong sent the ailing member back to his people in China.

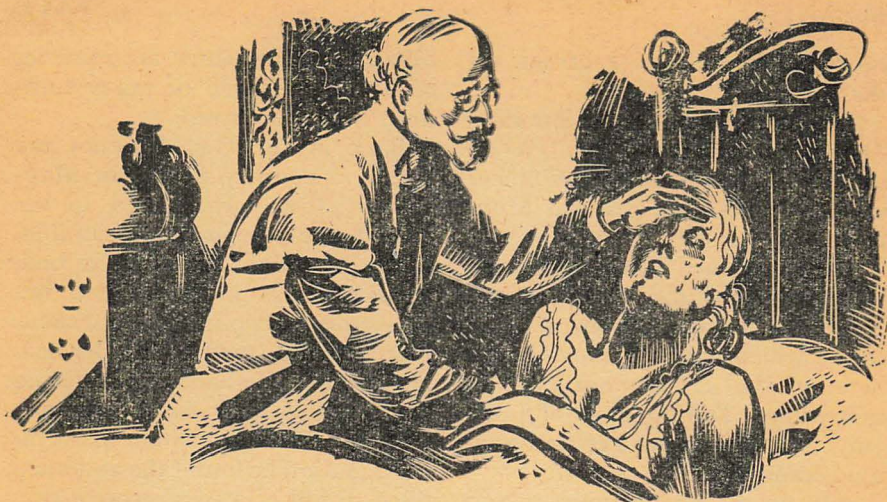
That sounded reasonable enough. But there was something in the dogmatic way in which the thing was put that roused opposition. I found myself somewhat maliciously, wishing I could confute the author.

My wife finished dressing — and we made our trip to the city. She went into a knitgoods store on



The author, shown here with his son who was once pronounced "incurably" ill, at one time studied medicine, later became a professional journalist. For the past 15 years he has devoted most of his time to the study of metaphysics.

Stockton Street, on the Market Street side of the tunnel. I stood outside. I began to think of that irritating statement about one-legged Chinese — and just at that moment



I heard a sound as of someone walking toward me along the sidewalk and thumping it with the end of a two-by-four. I slowly turned my head to the right. There came a Chinese, dressed in denim trousers and jacket. He had a wooden leg.

This was only the beginning. My eyes followed him as he approached, came abreast, passed on toward the tunnel. Then I looked on ahead. Down the walk from the tunnel came a second Chinese — with a wooden leg. They passed each other without so much as a sideways glance.

Do you think that I “imagined it all?” Let us see what you think of a second affair.

In July, 1948, our daughter came home on a visit from New York. We were living at this time in Dubuque, Iowa. The morning after her arrival, about an hour before noon, I was lying on a day-bed with a small

radio on the bedside table — listening to my wife and daughter talking. My wife began to tell Yvonne about the time, the winter before, when we had been turning the dial on the radio and had unexpectedly got Montreal. With our small set and in our unfavorable location we get this station only on cold, still, winter nights — but this time the station came in clearly and we heard a woman singing “My Lady Green Sleeves.”

“Your father actually remembered the name of the song!” my wife said.

That was good for a family laugh because father seldom remembers the name of any song. I was slightly irked. The old malicious feeling came over me that I would like to confound my enemies. I reached out and snapped on the radio and began to twist the station dial. I did not look at the machine. As the

tubes began to hum I turned up the volume.

A woman was singing. She sang "My Lady Green Sleeves." When she finished, the station announcer said in French that this was Montreal.

This happened just before noon of a day late in June. We cannot get Montreal, we can't even get Toronto, which comes in much better here, in the *daytime*, not even in mid-winter. During most of June, July, and August we get no Canadian stations.

Add up the odds against such a thing "happening." At the moment when my wife was talking about that station and that tune — from a station that never came in on a summer morning.

These two "miracles" illustrate only one kind of super-normal happening.

Professor Einstein once stated that if you put your kettle of water over the gas flame often enough, some time it would freeze instead of boil. When that happens you will be experiencing a "miracle" — a thing that certainly can happen if it does happen, but that according to common belief and experience should not happen. Also your miracle would be one with no survival value — it would not do you "any good." It would be like the two miracles I have just reported.

Before getting down to any possible explanation of the law of miracles, I want to tell you about a few

others. The first three are miracles of healing — three of many hundred I *know* occurred.

Back in the Gay Nineties my father, a country doctor in Manchester, Iowa, was called to the farm home of one of his families. There he found a woman in bed, her face sallow and emaciated, her eyes sunken deep into their sockets. Her husband stood beside the bed. He said his wife had been suffering for nearly a year from "stomach trouble." When my father made his examination he found the abdomen filled so full of a hard growth that the organs were badly crowded.

The diagnosis was obvious — this growth could hardly be a non-malignant tumor — and even if it was the woman was in a dying condition. My father wanted to take the man into the kitchen to break the bad news but the sick woman peremptorily stopped that.

"Is it cancer, doctor?" she demanded.

"It probably is," my father said.
"Will I die?"

My father hesitated.

She said impatiently, "Tell me the truth!"

Then my father told her that he thought she would die. If she and her husband so decided he would telegraph to Chicago for a surgeon — this thing was much too far advanced for him to operate.

She turned her feverish eyes toward her husband. She looked at him, my father said, with an ex-

pression of ironic amusement.

"Well, John," she said, "I have no choice — I forgive you."

Then she told her husband to drive into town for the minister. He came; she asked him to pray for her healing. After that she ordered everyone out of the room. She explained that she wanted to pray for herself.

Twenty-four hours later she was sitting up in bed — eating ravenously. The growth in the abdomen seemed to be gone. Another day and she was up, walking about the house. She was healed — she had been certain she would be, if she could bring herself to forgive her husband for some misbehavior with another woman.

The skeptic will have one or both of these two things to say: the whole thing is a lie — or there was a mistake in diagnosis. My father, who had been in practice nearly thirty years, who was a lecturer at the state university medical school, would have accepted either explanation gladly. He did not believe in instantaneous cures of cancer.

A year or two later one of his town patients came into the office — sallow, emaciated, weak. He found, in this case, unmistakable evidence of mammary cancer — the glands under the arm and in the neck were involved — again he said that a surgeon from Chicago should be sent for at once.

"Can't you give me some medi-

cine to make me well?" the woman asked.

"Madam, medicine would do no good whatever," he told her. "There is still a chance that your life may be saved by an operation."

She sniffed. "I'm not going to be cut up," she said. "If that is the best you can do, I'm going to use ———," and she named a brand of "mental healing" which was pretty well known at that time.

My father was outraged. Despite his experience with the farm woman he *knew* "that kind of thing" was nonsense.

"My dear lady," he said, "if you will come into my office a year from today — alive — without having had an operation — I will proclaim your healing from the house-tops!"

This woman was alive 20 years after my father died. She finally died of "old age." My father didn't proclaim her healing from the house-tops. He developed a convenient form of deafness concerning these two cases. When you asked him anything about them, he just couldn't hear you.

Now a brief account of one more case of miraculous healing — one in which I was involved. I was living in Seattle, in 1917, where a friend of mine, Judge Gay, former member of the state supreme court and successful lawyer, phoned me that he was sending a man to see me.

"He wants to commit suicide,"

Gay said. "He'll tell you why. Maybe you can do something for him."

The man came. He was suffering from syphilis, which had attacked his throat and legs. He showed me the extensive ulceration. He had spent three months in a hospital taking the only "cure" then available — an arsenical — and he had been dismissed as incurable.

"I've made my will and I'm going to shoot myself," he said.

I told him that if he would go home and lie down and relax I would try to help him. "I can't see that you have anything to lose," I said. "I may be able to help you or to help you help yourself. I believe that there are no incurable diseases — although there are many incurable people."

This way of putting the case caught his interest. He thought it over and decided to make the experiment. We had agreed on the time — what I did at that time I will explain later.

The following day he called me. He wanted me to come to the theater where he worked as janitor. When I got there he took me down into his sub-basement room, turned on a drop light, opened his mouth, and tipped back his head. His throat was not only free from ulcers — the tissues were as smooth as if there had never been any. He pulled up his trouser legs. No sign of ulcers there, either.

Two more miracles and I will

have presented my evidence. The first may seem rather ludicrous.

My wife and I were living in a downstairs apartment in a stone house. It was cool in summer and warm in winter. But it was so damp that the wallpaper all came loose and it was a happy hunting ground for beetles, spiders, house centipedes and silver fish. The latter bothered us most as they got into our books and other papers and ate holes. This was some years ago, before the discovery of DDT. I tried what there was — various roach poisons, ant sirup, and powders containing phosphorus. The results were negligible.

I decided that here was a situation where whatever supernormal force there may be could be tested. I put in five minutes the last thing one night working along this line on bugs. I lay down, relaxed, turned my attention inward, emptied my surface mind, and from the intellectual level held a wish — but not in words — that this nuisance should be corrected. This use of desire-force is very effective, but of course training is required before you can use the method. This "miracle" took place in Seattle, where I lived somewhere on 22nd Avenue north.

The next day they were gone — every spider, every centipede, every silver fish. They never came back. The house remained damp and, according to all probability, even if our rooms had been freed of the pests by ordinary means they would

soon have come back. Instead, we never again saw even a mosquito . . . and they had bothered us every summer night theretofore.

One final miracle — again a “practical” one. I was working for a trade-paper outfit and I liked the work. I knew that I was doing a good job but the old managing editor got it into his head that I wanted his job. I learned that he was liable to this fixed idea. He finally got me off the pay-roll. But I liked the job, I even liked “the Colonel.” I thought it over, considered getting work somewhere else, and decided against it. Instead I began to “do a discipline.”

I stayed at home, talked to no one, read no newspapers. I read various books along metaphysical lines and did a lot of “meditating.” In this way I cleared my mental or psychic or spiritual decks for action.

Then one afternoon I got the feeling that I was ready. I lay down in a dimly lighted room and went to work. Just how I did this I will explain presently. Because of the “fasting” from worldly thoughts which I had gone through, it took me only 10 or 15 minutes to get levelled off. Two minutes later I heard the phone downstairs ringing.

Colonel Jones was on the phone, from the home office, 200 miles distant. His voice shook. Would I take the night train, at company expense, and be with him early next morning? I would and did.

When I walked in on the Colo-

nel he was still jittery. On the previous afternoon, at the time when I was lying on my back “working,” the owner of these trade journals had suddenly appeared. He was a man of such vast affairs that these trade papers were unimportant details in his life. He owned strings of newspapers and had fine homes scattered around the world. He was not known to be in town. In fact, the Colonel thought he was in Washington.

But there he was and his first words were in the form of a question.

“Colonel, what are you doing about Ellsworth?”

This man, this tycoon, employed hundreds of men, without ever knowing their names. Men had worked for him for 30 years without his ever seeing them. Now he asked about an obscure trade-paper writer. The Colonel quavered something and the great man told him to get me over to the home office at once.

No one ever knew how it “happened.” I would have liked to know the sequence of events. But I never did. All I knew was that this multimillionaire took over my affairs for several years, pushed me ahead in one or another of his organizations, told me through his confidential man that he meant to make my fortune. He failed only because a time came when I got the old Gypsy feeling and moved on.

But the blast of psychic energy turned into my life that afternoon

continued to dominate my life for ten years. Whatever I did prospered, people who could do things for me hunted me up — sometimes they were persons I had never heard of.

If you believe these stories, which I swear are true, you will be interested in my conclusions about a possible law of miracles — or at least in a routine and technique which often brings the miracle-working power into action. That it does not always do so simply proves that I am no nearer knowing the *whole* truth about metaphysical science than present-day physicists are to knowing the whole truth about nuclear physics.

First, what is the nature of the force that produces miracles? I want to use a Bible quotation here. Jesus said, "No man hath seen the Father." By that he meant that no man had been able to see this Power mentally, to understand it, to know anything about it.

When those two cancer patients turned to metaphysical healing, did they receive help from "God?" That depends on what you mean by "God." *He* is certainly not a person. Apparently He is Force — the force or energy back of all other forces or energies. He defies the "law" that nothing can be in two places at once, for He is obviously omnipresent. But even modern physics has become very dubious about the thing we call "space."

Here is a second quote — from

Lin Yutang's "The Wisdom of China and India" — a highly important book for students along this line — "*Rajah Yoga declares that each man is only a conduit for the infinite ocean of knowledge and power that lies beyond mankind. It teaches that desires and wants are in man, that the power of supply is also in man; and that whenever a desire, a want, a prayer, has been fulfilled, it was out of this infinite magazine that the supply came, and not from any supernatural being.*"

I could give you other quotations, from modern research scientists, such as Gustav Stromberg, H. A. Wilson, Pascual Jordan, all indicating the experimental and factual discovery of a Power which acts as though It had intelligence, free-will, unlimited control and mastery.

But the only proof that will ever really mean anything to you is that which you can get by your own efforts.

The force you are about to work with is a form of desire. You are going to form what Mary Austin called a "creative wish." If you are to use it successfully it must differ from ordinary wishing and day-dreaming in several ways. One is that if the thing or condition you want can be obtained by ordinary means — by the use of a reasonable expenditure of intelligent activity on your part — it will be best to get it in this way. Using psychic or spiritual energy just for a stunt or to see if you can do it is not advisable. Another difference between using true

desire-force and just wishing is that with the former there is an intention, a purpose, to get results. There is "faith" that it can be done in this way, or at any rate there is no scoffing incredulity. You do not have to believe, but you must not "not-believe." If you are open-minded and earnest, you can get results.

Here is what you do:

Lie down, if possible in a quiet and not too brightly lighted room. Move about till you get your body adjusted so that it will be completely supported by the bed or whatever you are lying on.

Relax every voluntary muscle in your body. Unless you have worked at this previously for a long time you won't be able to relax completely at first but do the best you can.

Empty your mind. *Stop thinking!* Never mind what you have read or heard from the psychologists about mind being busy thinking in words every waking moment. You can empty your mind of this kind of thinking and you must. The reason for this is that word-thinking is done on the verbalizing level of consciousness which has no psychic power whatever. If you have trouble, just lie quietly relaxed and watch the monkey-thoughts chase themselves about. In time, if you do not take an active part, they will run down and vanish.

As soon as your mind is empty, let the *feeling* of what you want flow

into consciousness. You can learn to feel a desire without verbalizing it. It is the instinctive tendency to keep the mind cluttered up with words that prevents many people from getting any results along psychic or spiritual lines. Learn to desire — wordlessly.

Third, hold this desire *within* your consciousness. By that I mean do not try to visualize some outside place or condition and to "project" your psychic energy. What you are doing is creating a field of force, a magnetic field, with your desire. This field, like every other "field" in physics, has the power to produce effects at a distance. Just turn within, desire what you want steadily and keep on desiring till you begin to tire. Then stop — for the time.

If you don't get results at once, repeat this entire process once or twice a day till you do. Some novices have tenderfoot luck and produce genuinely miraculous results very early. Others have to work longer. But there is a cumulative effect in this kind of work. The energy builds up, as if you were charging a Leyden jar. "Drop by drop the pitcher fills." When it is full, it brims over into your miracle.

This is all you need to know to begin your work. Other details will come to you from time to time if you persevere. You have entered a Path. That Path will lead you where you want to go.



A STRANGER IN CHURCH

*By the Rev.
Rowland Jones, Ph. D.*

(Reprinted from Prediction)

**My churchwarden came
in late wearing his cas-
sock. He took commun-
ion — then disappeared.**

I HAVE been for 20 years the Vicar of a large artisan Parish in Manchester, England. At 9 a.m. on Sunday mornings we have a simple Holy Communion service in which bread and wine is blessed by the priest.

Half-way through the service the congregation, which at this hour is rarely greater than a score, come forward to the Communion rail and kneel there to receive the blessed Bread and the consecrated Wine as an act of remembrance of the last request of Jesus when He gave that bread and wine to His disciples in the Upper Room at Jerusalem.

Now it is my custom to be assisted at this celebration by a

server, a man or boy, who wears a cassock and a white surplice, and who at the appropriate times brings the bread and the wine to the priest for the consecration ceremony.

Servers are carefully trained in their duties, and only the devout are permitted to fulfil this function.

When the happening I am about to describe took place I was in the habit of having as my server a gentleman of very pious habits who was my churchwarden, and a good friend of mine.

He was a man of about 50, and his name was Hartshorne. Jokingly he called himself "spirits of ammonia," little dreaming that

any uncanny spirit-happening would ever be associated with himself.

It was a Sunday during the past War. I reached my church at about a quarter to nine, and prepared myself for the service by putting on my robes. At any moment I expected Mr. Hartshorne to come into the vestry and prepare himself in a similar way for his duties as server.

For two years he had acted as my server at this nine o'clock service, and I could not remember that he had once missed, or even been late in his arrival.

Indeed, usually when I arrived he might have been seen kneeling in the body of the church preparing himself for the duties he took so seriously. This morning he was not there.

The finger of the vestry clock mounted up to nine.

"This is unusual," I thought, "I had better get the vessels ready as Mr. Hartshorne does not seem to be coming today."

This I did, and looked around the church as I did so to ascertain if there were any signs of my server. There were about 12 worshippers there, but Mr. Hartshorne was not amongst them.

At nine o'clock exactly I started the service without my server. That simply meant that I should have to do much moving about and much getting of things ready for myself.

The service started in strictest silence. Then, at about two minutes past nine I heard, rather noisily, the opening of the west door of the church. I turned round and was relieved to see that it was Mr. Hartshorne.

I saw him pass right down the church and heard him open the door that led to the vestry.

"He is going to robe himself and come quietly up to the altar to assist me," I thought.

Robe himself he did, but he did not come up to the altar as I expected. He opened the door into the church again, and as I turned round I saw him wearing his cassock, and making for a seat amongst the worshippers.

He knelt down amongst the people, conspicuous in his black cassock.

"Ah," I thought, "he feels that he will not disturb the service by coming up to the front, and intends to make his Communion this morning with the people."

The service went on, and I thought no more about Mr. Hartshorne, fixing my mind now only upon the prayers and the manual acts.

The time came for the people to approach the altar rail. Mr. Hartshorne approached too, and I noticed that he knelt by the side of a crippled girl who always attended this morning service. Her name was Nellie.

I gave the matter scarcely any

attention, but passed along the rail with the consecrated Bread. I gave It to Mr. Hartshorne when I reached him. I did the same with the consecrated Wine.

The people returned to their places. As was their habit they knelt a moment in their places, and I saw Mr. Hartshorne kneel likewise.

Then it was that the first happening which seemed strange took place. The next time I turned round to look at the congregation, *Mr. Hartshorne was not there.*

I had heard no noise of his departing; no opening of doors; no passing through vestries. *Mr. Hartshorne had vanished.*

Even then I merely said to myself: "That is strange. Why did he not wait till the end of the service? Perhaps he is disrobing and waiting for me in the vestry."

But a sense of mystery was beginning to grow in my mind.

I finished the service and entered the vestry; Mr. Hartshorne was not there.

I said nothing to a soul. Mr. Hartshorne always came again to church for a service at a quarter to eleven. He would be there and I would ask him about his strange behaviour.

It was about 20 minutes to 11 when I arrived for the second service. I entered the vestry, which was occupied by about three men and six boys who had duties in

the worship and were putting on their cassocks.

I saw Mr. Hartshorne, and he was grubbing about in the cupboard where we kept the clothes.

"Who has been wearing my cassock?" he said. "It was moved from this cupboard where I usually keep it, to this small one, where you keep your clothes."

"Why," I said, "You used it yourself at the nine o'clock service. You came in here, and then knelt in the church with the other people. You did not come to serve, because, I suppose, you were late."

"I didn't come at all this morning. I was ill, and stayed in bed."

"Wait a minute," I said. I turned to one of the boys and asked him to go into the church and tell Nellie that I wanted to speak to her right away. Soon Nellie was in the vestry, wondering.

"Nellie," I asked, "did you see Mr. Hartshorne at the nine o'clock Service?"

"Why, yes, Vicar," she replied. "He knelt by my side and received his Communion. Then he went out almost immediately."

When the service was over, I went with Mr. Hartshorne and Nellie to two other people who had been at the nine o'clock service. They both testified to seeing Mr. Hartshorne in his cassock in the church and at the rail receiving his Communion.



The entities who serve as models for these life-like heads have startling ways of revealing their names.



PROOF OF SPIRIT CONTROL

By Rev. Elvina Colburn

IN September, 1950, FATE published an article I wrote entitled "I Model Spirits." It is interesting to note that although some of the heads I model are not recognized, time after time the entities they represent have made themselves known at a later date and through various channels.

For instance, I made the head of an Indian for a Mr. and Mrs. A—— of Santa Cruz, Calif., in November, 1950. I had never met them at the time although I did at a later date. After he read my article,



Mr. A. wrote asking that I model a head for him. The head was made while in a trance condition and I wrote Mr. A. that although I did not know the name of the Indian, I was told by my guides that he would be told the name and particulars of this spirit at a later date when he was travelling.

It happened exactly as predicted. Mr. A. and his wife visited Florida a short time later and on their way back to San Jose, Calif., visited to tell me personally what had taken place. Later Mr. A. wrote a letter from which I quote here with his permission:

"For some time I have corresponded with you with reference to spiritual advice and you have given me some very good replies but the best of all is the Indian guide picture you had taken from the model you made while in trance and sent to me. Not knowing at the time the name of the Indian, you wrote me that I would probably be told about it on my travels. While in Florida we were attending a service at Reverend Larrick's church in St. Petersburg and she read billets which were placed in a basket. She picked up ours and said: "There is an Indian here who comes in with Sitting Bull, Indian Chief. He says your Indian's name is Te-A-Wana and that he belongs to your band of guides." Reverend Larrick described the Indian and gave an exact description, including the single feather and the features as well

for which my wife and I were greatly pleased and he is very welcome. I am writing this, my dear Mrs. Colburn, thinking you may need it for reference some time. You may use this letter as proof when and wherever you wish."

In July, 1950, I saw clairvoyantly the face of a very beautiful girl who stood constantly beside our secretary, Mrs. Gladys White. She appeared about 16, dressed in a crinoline with curls resting on her bare shoulders. Testing my mediumship I decided not to describe this spirit to Mrs. White but waited to see if she too would be able to see this form as she is in my unfoldment class. This beautiful face appeared for months. Then one night in class Mrs. White saw her and described her exactly. Strangely, we had both seen her as though descending the steps of an old Southern mansion. Shortly after, my hands were controlled and the face was modelled exactly as she appeared. I was impressed that she passed away about 1860. We have had other proofs from mediums who have described the faces modelled but these two are exceptional.

We had a rather strange experience some time ago.

Some days previously I had completed the head of a Mayan. After it was finished I placed it on the back porch, which is like a second kitchen and impossible for anyone or anything to enter unless the door is opened.

At this time I was casting the heads in plaster of Paris, a practice which was later discontinued. Each time I looked at the face it almost seemed alive. Quite annoyed, I finally turned it to the wall.

My impression was to cast it at once but so many different obstacles arose that I constantly postponed it.

One night at dinner, around six o'clock when it was still quite light, I remarked casually to my husband: "That head must be cast somehow tomorrow." Hardly were the words out of my mouth when

we heard loud knocks, and sounds like someone falling down. These apparently came from the back porch and also from the passage running beside it. We both ran to see what could have happened but there was nothing. We were the only people in the house. The noises were so loud we thought someone must have broken in and been hiding. There was of course just one explanation as far as we could see, that the spirit was annoyed that the head had not been cast and had at last gathered enough power to express it.

I COULD NOT RUN HER DOWN

IT WAS after midnight. Twenty-three-year-old Rudolph Klimp drove his new car slowly along Navigation Street in Houston, Tex. Suddenly his car swerved sharply and crashed into the heavy center support. When motorists and police came to his aid the young man muttered brokenly:

"It was Eva! My wife standing there. I could not run her down."

According to Louis Hofferbert, Houston Press staff writer, Klimp got out of the car, walked around it, peered beneath it and looked intently into the shadows of the underpass. Then he walked back to the car and sat with his head in his

hands. He was uninjured except for a few bruises and a cut lip. The car was in worse shape.

When police investigated, they found that Klimp's wife had died a few months before. She had been a bride of only a month when he returned home to find her dead. "We never had an unhappy day," Klimp said. "I guess you would call it God's will. But sometimes it is hard to understand His way."

Who can say whether Rudolph Klimp saw an apparition or merely imagined his dead wife had appeared in front of his car? He only knew that "it was Eva. I could not run her down . . ."

PROPHECY FULFILLED

WHEN Glen Robinson's daughter Ethelyn was missing, a fortune teller in Houghton, Mich., his home town, told him her body would be found in the Detroit River, murdered and bound. Robinson came to Detroit last May 15 in an attempt to find it. Police let him look but considered his story weird. Last July 3 the same police found his Ethelyn's body — in the river.



ACME

A mongoose is a weasel-like animal, about three feet long, half of which is tail. The animal seen on Isle of Man which purported to be a mongoose was much smaller.

HISTORY OF THE TALKING MONGOOSE



By Harold J. Wilkins

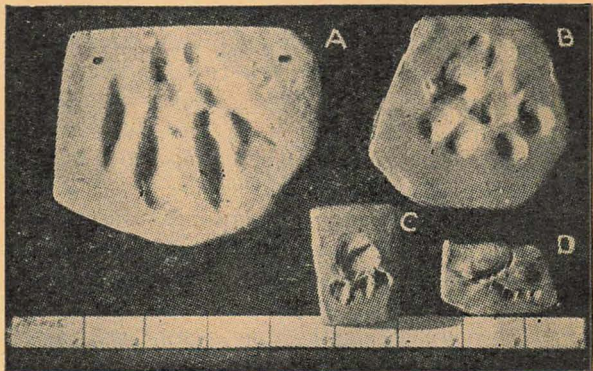
ONE of the strangest phenomena of physico-psychical nature that I have investigated in the past 35 years was on the Isle of Man in the Irish Sea. This island is some 30 miles long by about 12 miles wide and lies 76 miles out, by steamship, from the port of Liverpool, Eng. This romantic and rather eerie island is about a day-and-a-half by rail and steam-

ship from London and only a few hours by air. Its wild glens and rugged coves, washed by the often tempestuous Irish Sea, have been the home of Norse and Viking pirates in the remote past.

The fishermen and farmers, who speak a language called Manx, tell you of mermen and mermaids seen sporting in their wild coves and swear they speak the truth! There

It started with noises in the walls and glimpses of a rat-like body. Then incredible events followed. The weird creature could talk.

Alleged casts in dough and plastic were made by "Jef" the "mongoose." Experts say prints in no way resemble the prints of a mongoose. A and B are paw-hands extended and retracted; C is alleged to be hind paw; D, toothmarks. Photographs are copyright Price and Lambert.

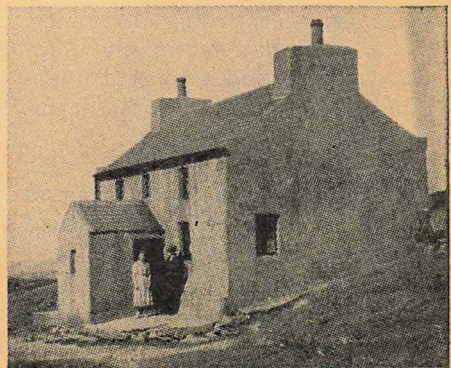


are also tales of giant men who lived on the island both before and after the Great Flood that sank Atlantis. And there are weird traditions of great tunnels, stretching far underground beneath the island.

A pair of strange brass shoes of monstrous size was dug up 200 years ago from under the ancient church yard of Kirkcarbra and a human skull of amazing size was also exhumed by grave-diggers. At another old church yard at Kirkbradden, leg-bones of giant men — 4 feet long from ankle to knee — have been found.

Some Manxmen still believe that Peel Castle is haunted by the fearsome spectre of a great coal black

Lonely farmhouse of Doarlish Cashen was scene of "talking mongoose" phenomena. Mr. and Mrs. Irving are standing at entrance.



dog — called the “Moddhy Dhu” — which has fiery carbuncle eyes.

Three miles from this century-old Peel Castle, on the west coast of the island, reached by a rugged path which ascends steep cliffs, is a lonely farmhouse on a high down, about 740 feet above a cove of the wild Irish Sea. In summer time, when I was there, the fishermen told me that not long before they had seen an undine, or female water sprite, in that cove, called Glen Maye. It is, thus, exactly the setting for a strange adventure. Beautiful fuchsias grow wild and burgeon on the sod-banks. As I climbed the path, I was struck by the number of small stone and slate farmhouses abandoned by men unable to wrest a living from the unfertile and scanty soil of these lonely downs and uplands.

I was bound for Doarlish Cashen, or the Gap of Cashen, a fairy-sounding name. A seemingly fantastic story had been told in the London and North of England newspapers concerning this place. It was said that a “talking mon-goose” had suddenly and unaccountably appeared in the farmhouse.

The nearest auto road lay some four miles away in the valley and I could not see even a wagon-road anywhere in sight on the wild downs. I caught sight of a grey stone house, very like the farmhouses in the wild hills of Wales. Sombre and stern, its walls were

of slate-slabs with narrow oblong windows not made to open for gales and lashing rains blow and sting most of the year. Doarlish Cashen has only two stories and, as you approach, seems to be built on great slabs of concrete that show signs of cracking. A porch stands in front built to keep out the driving rains from the sea which otherwise would meet the occupants full-face when they come out the door.

The farmer I had gone to see was James T. Irving. Before the first World War he had been European agent for a firm of Canadian piano-makers. The war killed his trade and, as his wife is a native of the Isle of Man, he settled there.

James Irving was 64 years old when I met him and he had travelled widely in Turkey, Germany and Russia. He could speak some German and Russian and knew a little Urdu — the vernacular dialect of India.

His ducks, geese and hens were in yards and pens behind the house. Inside Mr. Irving had the rooms lined with matchboarding to keep out drafts. The space thus made was ideal for a small animal. A dark stairway leads up to two bedrooms. I had to grope because the ceilings had low beams and the ground floor room was dark. The only illumination was a smallish petroleum lamp. But there was an air of neatness about the place and signs of refinement very unusual in

either a Welsh or Manx farmhouse. On the walls of the lower rooms were water colors and the living rooms were nicely furnished. Upstairs, in the Irvings' bedroom, Indian rugs lay on the floor. He struck me as an intelligent, articulate man, well able to keep the diaries and records on which this story is based.

Here is his story:

"In the fall of 1931, one night we heard a noise that seemed to come from behind the matchboard partition in the parlor. It lasted some time, then ceased. Not long after, my daughter Voirrey and I were in the bedroom of the house when we both caught sight of an animal. I should say it was as large as a nearly full-grown rat; but the flat snout suggested a hedgehog. My daughter saw it before I did and she said it had a yellow face and flat snout."

Up to this time, as Mr. Irving's documents show, he did not suspect that there was anything supernatural or mystical about the animal. An idea struck him. He began to mimic the calls and cries of farm animals and poultry. Then he found that if he merely named the animal or bird the strange animal responded with an appropriate call. It now seemed that this weird animal was unusually intelligent!

Rather unpleasant things followed:

"This eerie weasel, as I thought he might be, began to keep us

awake at night by blowing, spitting and growling behind the matchboard partition of the lower rooms. My daughter Voirrey tried nursery rhymes on it and it repeated them! *It could now talk!* Its voice was at least two octaves higher than any human voice, clear and distinct. It was not at all under our control. Far from it, indeed! It had begun to announce its presence but I never could tell whether it was in the house or outside. It called me 'Jim', and my wife, 'Maggie'. If we even whispered it heard at what seemed 20 feet away and repeated what we had said!"

This eerie animal began to act like a poltergeist, and made such a nuisance of itself that Irving thought that the family would be forced to quit the farmhouse. He spread some rat poison behind the partition and he says:

"One night after we had gone to bed — my wife was then miles away from home — we were wakened by a most horrid screaming. It lasted 20 minutes. I said to Voirrey, who was in the next room, 'I put some rat poison down and I reckon that infernal animal has taken some. I thought it had died but a few nights later, it resumed the nocturnal disturbances. By this time it could carry on a long conversation with us.'"

One night soon it set up a diabolical howling and sighing and moaning, as if to "pay out" Irving for the attempted poisoning! It

kept the racket up for half an hour and more without stop. It sounded as if some human being was at the point of agonizing death.

No doubt Irving would have packed up and quit the farm, so little sleep could the family get, but there might have been serious impediments against selling a farm that was not merely remote but now seemed to have become "haunted"! By now the news had spread, not only all over the Isle of Man but had been wired and cabled to newspapers in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Leeds and London. The London *Daily Sketch* — a picture tabloid — came out with a story about "A Talking Weasel Farm," with a photo. The Manchester *Daily Dispatch* sent a man down to the farm. He was mystified and wrote:

"January 10, 1932: . . . Here at Doarlish Cashen, the farm of the 'Talking Weasel,' this mysterious beast has *spoken to me, today!* My investigation of the most remarkable animal story ever given publicity — a story which is finding credence all over the Isle of Man — leaves me in a state of considerable perplexity. Have I heard a weasel speak? I do not know, but I do know that I heard, today, a voice I never imagined could issue from a human throat. The people here at the farm who claim it is the voice of a strange animal seem sane, honest and responsible folk not likely to indulge in difficult

long-drawn-out practical jokes to make the theme the talk of the world and I find that others, too, have had my strange experience."

The reporter was quite correct. The Irving family are normal folk.

"No," said Irving to the reporter, "there are no spooks here! This farm is not haunted. All that has happened is that a strange animal has taken up its abode here."

However, before long Irving had reason to suppose that this "talking weasel" might be something other than a weasel. It had some poltergeistic features, but it did what no poltergeist has been known to do, it killed rabbits for the family table, wandered the Isle of Man, hid in motor garages, eavesdropped on the operatives there, repeated their talk including technical terms, and returned to Doarlish Cashen farmhouse to relate what it had seen and heard! It even visited the airfields on the island, watched planes landing and taking off, listened to the talk of pilots, and according to Irving even developed such an interest in automobiles as to distinguish their makes!

One can believe or not, what the same reporter said:

"The weasel even gave me a tip for a winner in the Grand National horse race!"

Next day the reporter was alone in a room in the farmhouse with Voirrey, Irving's young daughter, then aged 13. He heard a piercing

and uncanny voice talking with Mrs. Irving in the room adjoining. Meantime the girl sat on a chair a few feet from the reporter. Her lips did not move but she was sucking a piece of string. The reporter stated:

"I edged into the next room where the weasel was talking and the voice ceased. Voirrey remained motionless, taking no notice of any of us."

Later on other things happened which strongly suggest that the phenomena of the "mongoose" was not connected, as many poltergeist phenomena are, with the paranormal, or parapsychological force of which some young boys and girls approaching puberty seem to be the medium. It continued long after Voirrey had passed this stage of her growth.

Irving now heard that another farmer named Irvine (*sic*) whose land lay near Doarlsh Cashen had in 1914 turned loose in a field mongooses he bought for the purpose of killing rabbits which were a pest. I am told by an Isle of Man resident that a farmer on the island actually shot a mongoose there, in 1947. There is no evidence that it talked!

Irving henceforth called the mongoose "Jef." He says that, when told, the animal said:

"Yes, I like that name. I was born near Delhi, India, on June 7, 1852. I have been shot at by Indians. I am a marsh mongoose."

This fantastic statement would mean that when the weird animal came to the Isle of Man and appeared on Irving's farm he was already 79 years old! According to Mr. Irving's documents, three years later on January 20, 1935, "Jef" sang a song in a vernacular tongue of India, using the words *lookee* and *jemara*. He also mimicked Hindus with whom, he says, he lived:

"I was," *the mongoose said*, "brought to England from Egypt by a man named Holland. When I was in India I lived with a tall man who wore a green turban on his head. Then I lived with a deformed man, a hunchback. I knocked over a bowl on a table, and one man said to the other: '*Comee, gommadah, mongus*'."

One day men repairing a road some miles up in a valley got a shock. They looked up and saw a piece of bread one of the men had thrown away apparently being carried by something invisible. "It's that bloody mongoose!" shouted a scared man.

A worker in a garage miles away was hurt when something he could not see hurled an iron bolt at his head. "Jef" told Irving that he had been to that garage.

I now summarize other events of 1932:

A woman wrote from the Isle of Man inviting the late Harry Price — the ghost hunter, some of whose adventures have already appeared in FATE — to come from London

and investigate the "talking mongoose." Price sent a Captain Macdonald, a business man, racing autoist, and member of Price's National Laboratory of Psychical Research, to investigate. Macdonald made three separate visits to Doarlish Cashen, and part of his report, found in the archives of the University of London's Council for Psychical and Paranormal Phenomena Research, is as follows:

"On my first day, the Irvings showed me cracks in the farmhouse walls where they said the mongoose spied on visitors. I was there till midnight, but the mongoose was silent. As I was leaving to go to my hotel and had my hand on the door, a voice screamed: 'Who is that b—y man?' Irving gripped my arm. 'That's the animal!' he said. I went back next day and Irving told me that 'Jef' said I must give Voirrey a camera, or he would not speak. 'I've been looking at that man,' *the mongoose said*, 'and I don't like him. He does not believe in me. He is a doubter!' . . . At 5:30 p.m., something threw a large needle at the tea pot on the table. 'He often throws things at us,' said Irving to me. . . . Later a noise was heard in the scullery but no one was there, but we found a little stream of water running from a hole in the wall. 'It's the mongoose, piddling (micturating)', said Irving.

"I heard a shrill voice upstairs talking to Mrs. Irving. I went to

the foot of the stairs and shouted up: 'I believe in you, Jef. So come down and show yourself.' The mongoose screams: 'No, I don't like you and I won't stay!' I tried to creep up on Jef but fell on a broken stair with a loud clatter. A voice shrieked: 'He's coming, the dirty old *sleech!*' (dialect for sly man). The voice was heard no more that night."

Macdonald said he did not know what to think.

Voirrey reported trying to photograph the mongoose, who sits on a wall in the farm-yard; but he jumped down before she could click the shutter. He was not seen again for some time.

Irving found that, one night, the mongoose left footprints in the dust of one room. Irving said these prints showed that the mongoose had much larger forefeet than hindfeet. "The forefeet look *like human hands* with very long fingers!" he said.

Mrs. Irving put her hand through a crack and stroked the mongoose at one time and he bit her with sharp teeth that drew blood. "He gripped my hand like a vice." She says, "He takes chocolates, bananas, biscuits, pie and sausage, while sitting on the rafter. He chases the rats from the outbuildings. He sings songs of Turkish Jews in Spanish, plays with a ball he is given, and stole a ball of wool from a distant house and gave it to me. He spits and swears at people he

does not like and even calls out the names of papers or books people are reading yards away!"

Irving reported an extraordinary event that seemed to show that the mongoose had learnt to read:

"I was reading a Liverpool newspaper, when the animal called out in alarm: 'I see something!' What? I asked. 'A name that makes me quake, makes me shake!' I can find nothing alarming in the paper. Jef bawls: 'Have a dekkko again! Look in the deaths. I look and see the obituary of a man named Jeffreys just died, and, in brackets after it, 'Jef'! I had not noticed it before.

"It is found that Jef can tell to a minute when I get back home from Peel," Mr. Irving says, "and before I arrive, he says, when I am still a mile away: 'Jim's coming'."

The mongoose killed 54 rabbits in one year. He did not bite the rabbits but apparently strangled them.

"Jef" spent a night *in*, at the farm, and talked for three hours without a stop. The Irvings could get no sleep. He seemed to have been studying medical treatises for he reeled off names of 60 diseases. Said Irving:

"He laughed like a devil when I was unwell, and called out: 'Hey Jim, ain't I got horse's pains in my tail?'

"When he is hungry he thumps the walls and this after a long absence from the farm. I ignore

him. He calls: 'Hey, you devil, you heard me! I want chukko.' He is given biscuits and uncooked bacon. For two nights he is missing. When he returns to the farmhouse he tells me he's been at a garden party, 10 miles off.

"On the night of January 28, 1934, I am wakened from sleep by a hoarse whisper from the roof-beam. 'Hey, Jim, I want chukko!' My wife throws up two biscuits onto the place where he squats on the rafter. If they happen to be tea and unsweetened biscuits, he angrily refuses them, says: 'You better keep 'em if you ain't got better!' This night I hear his bony fingers scraping round. Seems he can't find the biscuits. My wife throws up a box of matches. The mongoose is heard to take a match from the box and strike it. He finds the biscuit, blows out the lighted match, and throws the box back into the bedroom.

"Next, he takes paper from one drawer and pencil from another and outlines his paw-hand. On another night, he roams the house and, after we've got to sleep, wakes us up with loud laughter and flashes beams from an electric torch on to our eyes, from his stance on the rafter."

The mongoose once played the Irvings a very dirty trick. They had pestered him to give some evidence of himself and on a night in May, 1935, he woke them up calling out: "Go'n look in the bowl

on the shelf downstairs, and you'll find something precious." They went and found a piece of fur. The mongoose said: "I pulled it from my eyebrow and, my God, it did hurt!" Later, Harry Price had it microphotographed by experts at the London Zoo Park who stated it was hair *from a dog, not a mongoose*. However, it did not match in color the hair of the sheepdog on Irving's farm! And it had been "clipped" rather than combed or pulled.

On July 30, 1935, Harry Price and R. S. Lambert — the latter was then editor of the British Broadcasting Corporation's journal, the "Listener" — visited the farm to take photos and hear and see the mongoose. They were at the farm till midnight but the mongoose was deaf to all invitations to show himself or make himself heard. Later Price and Lambert wrote a book about their adventures, and titled it: "The Haunting of Cashen's Gap."

Irving wondered if the mongoose had met with an accident for he had not been heard about the farm for five weeks. But the weird animal turned up at midnight of the very day that Price and Lambert left by steamer for Liverpool. Said Irving:

"I and my wife were in bed fast asleep when a loud clapping of hands came from the rafter and something was thrown onto the bed. There were roars of diabolical

laughter. I called out: 'Where have you been?' *The mongoose said*: 'I'm back. Been all over this blessed island!' *Irving*: 'Were you here, you rascal, when Mr. Price and Mr. Lambert were here?' *Mongoose*: 'Yes.' *Irving*: 'Then why did you not speak? Remember: you yourself invited these gentlemen to come.' *The mongoose*: 'There was a doubter present.' The animal meant Lambert. To prove it, the mongoose described Price's appearance: 'He looks like a minister and has a gold ring on the little finger of his left hand. I peered at him through a crack in the boards. Yes, and it was me who upset the pan of Maggie's water in the kitchen, Jim!' The mongoose then made it plain that he was very particular about the quality of the biscuits my wife gave him for chukko. He demanded bananas and knew all about some apricots my wife had hidden in a drawer."

The mongoose was now invited to stamp impressions of his feet in some plasticine sent by Harry Price. He demanded that it be softened first. "It is too damned hard!" he said. The plasticine, along with some dough, was placed on the rafter where the mongoose sat at night. (One gathers from Irving's records that the mongoose sits there while Voirrey is sleeping in the room below from which the rafter — actually the boxed-in top of the staircase — is visible. He is seldom seen, yet very much *heard!*):

"While we were asleep," (*Irving's*

dossier), "the mongoose stamped his feet in the stuff and gave it a twist. He said next night, 'It was as hard as hell but I did it. Go'n look!'"

Four casts were left by the mongoose. One shows a sort of thumb and three pudgy fingers suggestive of a lap dog. No. 2 shows what might, or might not, be prints of four "paw-hands," extended. Nos. 3 and 4 show what are *said* to be the mongoose's hind foot and teeth marks. After studying these prints one is forced to say that they look more like a jawbone of a prehistoric ape-man, a bizarre impression of a flabby mollusc with four truncated tentacles and flippers dragged over a sandy beach still wet with the outgoing tide. No wonder that, when these casts were shown to Mr. R. I. Pocock of the British Natural History Museum's Zoological Department, he bluntly declared:

"One print *might* have been made by a dog; but the other is of no mammal known to me unless it is that of an American raccoon. There is no mammal with such disparity between the size of the fore and hind feet as these prints show, nor do I think tooth marks are shown in the cast. Finally, I must add that I do not think these photographs represent foot tracks at all. Most certainly none of them were made by a mongoose."

Had this talking mongoose played another of his tricks, like that of the fur he said was torn out of his own eye-brow, but which was

really dog's hair?

Irving now told the mongoose: "We are having a dictaphone to record your voice."

The mongoose said: "Who's *we*? Is it that spook man, Harry Price? Why I won't speak into it. I'll go and smash his windows; I'll drop a brick on him as he lies in bed. *Me*, at the age of 83?"

The mongoose seemed to have heard of dictaphones. Irving was told by him that he had listened in to a radio broadcast while wandering the island.

One photograph taken dimly shows a grey form on a sod-bank near the farm. It might, or might not, be the mongoose. An artist drew the mongoose from the Irving family's description. It was shown to the mongoose who replied: "That ain't me, it's more like a llama." The Irvings say he never showed himself to them for more than three seconds at a time, when they have seen his 6-inch long body with bushy tail, conical head, and front paw with three fingers and thumb — this last totally unlike the paw of a mongoose.

What, or who, then, was this talking animal?

Lambert appears to have said he did not believe in "Jef" at all.

Irving says: "The mongoose said to my wife, 'I know what I am, but I shan't tell you. I might let you see me, but not to get to know me. I'm a freak. I've hands and feet. If you saw me, you'd be

petrified, mummified. At another time, he said: 'I'm a ghost in form of a weasel.' Later, he denied he was a spook."

Mr. Lambert suggested he may have been just a voice and nothing more. But something more than a mere voice would be required to throw about a heavy chair as this animal, with a six-inch long body and six-inch tail, did at one time. The evidence of witnesses suggests that the animal existed yet was as elusive as a bodiless spook. He could disappear when chased behind a stone wall beyond which no cover whatever existed. He could race at "terrific speed" and then vanish.

Did this "talking mongoose" hail from some invisible world that may be all about us, imperceptible to our senses, since its wave-lengths are different from ours?

In some ways he reminds us of what was said of the "familiars" — alleged evil spirits under a witch's control — in the 16th and 17th century witch trials. Some of these familiars, in the shapes of ferrets or pole cats, lived in crannies of cottages and farms. In the case of Joan Cason, who lived at Faversham, Kent, in 1596, folk said at her trial that she lived with a ferret with reddish eyes, which cried out words like "Go to, Go to," from a crack in a wall. Cason was in a fair way to be hoisted on the gallows on charge of dealing with the devil and had the Irvings lived in her

day they would have run grave risks of torture and hanging. It was then said that familiars lived for 60 years and more. However, in our presumably rational and scientific age, talk of familiars sounds like mediaeval nonsense. The fact is that when familiars ceased to be given credence, they ceased to exist. Is that why the "talking mongoose" was so angry when "doubt-ers" called at Doarlish Cashen?

In 1947 a farmer on the Isle of Man shot a mongoose but whether it was "Jef" or a descendant of one of the mongooses turned loose in a field in the Isle of Man in 1914 by Irvine no one can say.

Last August 14 I had a letter from the news editor and director of a leading Isle of Man newspaper. He wrote:

"We fear that 'Jef,' the famous Dalby spook, has passed into legend. Strange that you remember my visit to Doarlish Cashen in 1935. It certainly was a remarkable experience. The Irvings sold the farm to a man named Graham just around the end of the last war, and he went in for poultry. Graham claimed to have killed an unusually large type of weasel and thought that this might have been the animal that inspired 'Jef.' This animal had been raiding his chicken run and he set snares for it. He caught the animal but it was so ferocious and dangerous that he had to kill it, and he produced the pelt for our reporter's inspection. Had he been

able to cage the animal he might have been front page news. Who knows?"

I do not believe that "Jef" was a mongoose or a spook. Nor do I see any proof that the animal shot by Graham was identical with "Jef" the talking "Mongoose." The mystery still remains.

Note by author: Readers, skeptical or not, who wish for further information on this strange affair should note that

the University of London's Council for Psychical Research has an extensive dossier on the investigations made at Doarlish Cashen. There is also a very interesting book written by Harry Price and R. S. Lambert, titled "The Haunting of Cashen's Gap: A Modern 'Miracle' Investigated," published by Methuen and Co., London, England, 36 Essex Street, W.C. 2. This book may be out of print but secondhand copies should be available. — H. T. W.



THE PRIME MINISTER'S SPIRITUALISM

MACKENZIE KING, late Prime Minister of Canada, was a follower of spiritualism for 25 years, according to MacLean's magazine. Miss Geraldine Cummins, a medium, reported that the "spirit" of Franklin Delano Roosevelt had warned King

that there would be war in Asia within a year. Once Roosevelt's spirit is alleged to have warned the Prime Minister to be more careful of his health. King ignored political advice he received in seances, Miss Cummins said.

SEA-FARING GHOST

WHEN the Germans seized the Norwegian ship *Templar* during World War II they put their own men aboard to run it. Since the Norwegians took the ship back after the end of the war crews have been refusing to sign up on it because they say she's haunted. They say that a headless ghost, dressed in Nazi

uniform appears, speaks, turns away and disappears.

"I heard a German voice," declared one Norwegian officer. "Then a headless soldier in a green German uniform walked into the sick bay." Ghosts traditionally are not supposed to haunt ships because they are assumed not to like water.

SONS 2,000 YEARS AFTER DEATH

MEN may some day be born of fathers dead for centuries. This startling news was presented to the British Association for the Advancement of Science by Dr. A. S. Parkes of the National Institute for Medical Research. By freezing sperm cells,

Dr. Parkes said, "The vitality and fertility of the sperm will be retained for an indefinite period. An animal could be used as a sire long after its death. What is true of animals is also true of men."

Live mothers are still needed.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



- A Kansas City man tore down his garage because he didn't have anything to keep in it and dim prospects of getting a car. The next day he won a car in a raffle — his wife won a car, too, for selling him the winning ticket.
- During the war Mary Goran of Detroit wrote a letter to her brother-in-law, Richard Schuler, on Guam. But because of a postal clerk's error, the letter reached the wrong man, of the same name, in Tokyo. This led to a correspondence and when the "wrong" veteran returned from Japan, he and Mary Goran were married.
- Three times last year speeding autos crashed into the yard of Mrs. Lavinia J. Lee and each time Patrolman Bell Cressley was assigned to investigate them. When a fourth car plunged off the curve into Mrs. Lee's yard recently, Patrolman Cressley was right on the scene — he was driving the car.

• In Boyne City, Mich., Mrs. Hudson Robinson cut open a fish and found the earring she had lost two years ago at a fish hatchery.

• When Carl Sagle's car hit a fence after skidding on an icy road at Roseville, O., he injured his back and wrecked his automobile. But none of the 30 dozen eggs he was transporting broke.

• Doctors at a Passaic, N. J., hospital x-rayed a bobby pin lodged in 19-month-old Theodore Leo's bronchial tube and informed the baby's parents that the only way it could be removed was by an operation. At that moment little Theodore coughed and up came the bobby pin.

• When J. C. Farris, an Oklahoma City patrolman, got back from his vacation, he looked at a secret service "wanted" sign, stepped out on the sidewalk a few minutes later and arrested the man in the picture. He was wanted for forging a treasury check.

• In a borough-wide charity raffle, for which thousands of tickets had been sold, five members of one New York City family held all five winning tickets.

• While shoveling coal into a locomotive which ran between Illiopolis and Decatur, Ill., Sam Bridge, a fireman on the Wabash Railroad, lost his false teeth. He got them back a few days later when a machinist at the round-

house found them in the chute where coal is shoveled from the tender to the firebox. Railroad men figured about 300 tons of coal had tumbled over Bridge's choppers, but he washed them off and found them as good as new.

- For over a year, Deryck Cawthorn, a store manager in St. Cloud, Minn., tramped the streets looking for a house for his family. The other day he found one — a couple of hours before he was transferred to another town.

- Ten minutes after Stanley Capistrant, of St. Paul, Minn., left his easy chair to repair a flat tire on his car, a 300-pound ceiling radiator fell and smashed the chair.

- In Saginaw, Mich., Marcelino Mareno was showing a friend how he had shot off one of his fingers at the second joint in a gun accident 12 years ago. He pulled the trigger of an "unloaded" gun and shot off what was left of the same finger.

- Samuel I. Rothbard, a Newark, N. J., lawyer, got prompt service when he reported his car stolen the other day. A broadcast description of the car brought an immediate answer from two radio patrolmen, "This auto is right in front of us". They arrested the driver at the first traffic light.

- In 1949, 91-year-old Leroy Irwin erected a tombstone, dated

it 1950. Early in 1950 he met the former Mrs. Mary Sage, 62, and married her. "I'll beat that '50 date on my tombstone", he told friends on his wedding day. But he didn't. Leroy Irwin died on his honeymoon.

- J. E. McKinley was visiting a television factory in Los Angeles when he saw a telecast of fire enveloping a home in the Hollywood Hills. "My gosh, that's my house," he shouted and raced home to find the three-story dwelling destroyed.

- Kenneth Craven, of Charlotte, N. C., laughed when he told friends about a dream in which a thief stole the spare tire from the trunk of his car. Then he took a look — the tire was gone.

- When J. Rusden, of Melbourne, Australia, won £100 in a lottery, he decided to spend his winnings on a holiday in his native town of Marton in New Zealand. There he bought another lottery ticket and won £10,000.

- When Mrs. Myrtle Staver, of Madison, Wis., dropped a clothespin during a storm and went to pick it up, she moved just enough to avoid being killed by the roof of her house, which blew off.

- In Norwich, Eng., a pair of robbers hatched three fledglings on a grave in a cemetery. The name on the tombstone where they built was George Robin.

— Paul Steiner

Mystery of the



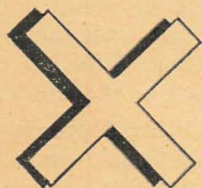
Fairy Crosses

What produced these tiny cross-shaped stones?

Are they the work of a race no larger than pickles?



By John P. Bessor



They have been found in two other states but those of Virginia all are from the vicinity of Bull Mountain.

The United States Geographical Survey issued a bulletin concerning these crosses on September 18, 1925, which states:

“Perhaps the most curious mineral found in the United States is Staurolite, otherwise known as ‘Fairy Stone’. Staurolite is an iron aluminum silicate, found in Virginia, the reddish-brown and brownish-black crystals occurring in well-defined crosses. There is a commercial demand for the crosses as curios, which are worn as watch charms on one’s chains in the manner of a locket or lavalier — a demand stimulated by the quaint legend which is told of their origin.”

On the other hand, Charles Fort, in his monumental “The Books of Charles Fort,” says about the crosses:

AT THE point where the Allegheny and Blue Ridge Mountains unite, in the northern section of Patrick County, Va., lies a quiet and charming valley noted for its quarry of remarkable little stones. These stones are shaped like crosses and their exact origin has never been satisfactorily explained. Due to their tiny size and their singular design, they are popularly known as “Fairy” or “Lucky” stones.

These “fairy crosses” vary in size from $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch to $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length and are of three varieties: Roman, Maltese and St. Andrews.

“Conceivably there might be a mineral that would have a diversity of geometric forms, at the same time restricted to some expression of the cross, because snowflakes, for instance, have diversity but restriction to the hexagon, but the guilty geologists, cold-blooded as astronomers and chemists and all the other deep-sea fishes — though less profoundly of the pseudo-saved than the wretched anthropologists — disregarded the very datum — that it was wise to disregard: That the ‘fairy crosses’ are not all made of the same material. It’s the same old disregard, or it’s the same old psycho-tropism, or process of assimilation. Crystals are geometric forms. Crystals are included in the System. So then ‘fairy crosses’ are crystals. But that different minerals should, in a few different regions, be inspired to turn into different forms of the cross — is the kind of resistance that we call less nearly real than our own acceptances.”

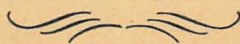
Fort was inclined to correlate the tiny “fairy crosses” with the minute “pigmy flints,” a quarter of an inch in size, which have been found in England, France, India and South Africa. He believed the tiny arrowheads to be the artifacts of a race no larger than pickles. “So fine is the chipping that to see the workmanship a magnifying glass is necessary,” he says.

Similarly with the “fairy crosses”, it is interesting to observe that each cross looks exactly as though it were cut into shape by a hand-file, the “teeth” marks being clearly discernible except at the end surfaces which are smooth and perfectly flat.

The crosses have been quarried commercially for more than 70 years by the L. C. Clarke Company of Virginia which mounts the stones with gold caps and gold plated eyes. They print a little leaflet carrying the legend of the “fairy crosses”.

This legend is as follows:

“Hundreds of years before King Powhatan’s dynasty came into power, long before the woods breathed the gentle spirit of the lovely Pocahontas, the fairies were dancing around a spring of limpid water, playing with the naiads and wood nymphs, when an elfin messenger arrived from a strange city far, far away in the land of the dawn, bearing the sad tidings of the death of Christ, and when they heard the terrible story of the crucifixion, they wept. And as their tears fell upon the earth they crystallized into little pebbles, on each of which was formed a beautiful cross. When the fairies had disappeared from the enchanted spot the ground about the spring and the adjacent valleys was strewn with these unique mementoes of that melancholy event.”



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.

THE CASTER

THE cotton tipped waves were tumbling over each other along the sun-drenched Florida beach. It was a morning of the last week of March in 1932 and I was basking in the sun like a lazy turtle. Several other women lay on the sand with me and our children played nearby. We had all come down from Durham, N. C., for a winter vacation.

Addie Dillard saw a man some distance down the beach, casting; she watched for awhile, then, unable to curb her curiosity, she walked down to where he stood casting and reeling in, casting and reeling in. Addie talked to him for a few minutes and then came back. "He's casting for blue fish," she said. That was all the information she had gotten from him.

Some little time later Pauline Hibberd looked up to see a man with snow white hair standing behind Addie. Addie turned around and recognized the fisherman from down the beach. He asked if he might join us and without

waiting for a reply sat down. We were surprised and no one spoke for a few minutes. Finally the old man announced abruptly, "they call me psychic." We looked at each other in surprise.

The fisherman then spoke directly to Pauline first. Calling her by name, he told her that she would become involved in the settling of a very famous and wealthy estate which belonged to an old woman — a sort of hermit. The woman had died without leaving a will and no near relatives could be found. He told Pauline that she would be contacted and would eventually inherit this woman's money.

The old man turned to me and said, "Willard, you are called by another name much more often than by either of your given names. I will call you Willard because your mother does." He asked me how far it was from Palm Beach to where my mother was. I answered that it was about 750 miles. "Why?" I asked. "I think your mother is calling you,

perhaps I can tell you why she is calling in a few minutes." With this he turned to one of the other women.

I was in Palm Beach with my two children and Pauline had her children. We were renting a cottage together for the winter. Pauline was talking of going home and I had written to my mother telling her that I thought I would come home too because I didn't want to stay without Pauline. The postman had given me mother's reply as we were leaving the house to come to the beach. In this letter mother wrote she thought that I should stay in Florida, that March was such a bad month to change climates for the children. For some strange reason I had felt, for the past few days, that I should go home; so when the old man told me that my mother was calling me this feeling grew more intense.

The fisherman talked to the others, telling them various things which would happen to them, some of them quite nice. The women were interested of course. One of the things he told Rose Lambeth was that she had been worrying about a friend of hers who was having marital trouble and that he foresaw a great disaster for this friend, that in the near future she would think of traveling by plane in quest of excitement and if she did she would surely die.

A few weeks later Rose went to

Little Rock, Ark., to be with her friend, Mrs. Steven Wise, who had gone there to get a divorce. Early on the morning of the final hearing Bert Wise told Rose that she'd had a nightmare the night before and dreamed that she was falling into space. Late that same afternoon, after getting her decree, Bert was flying to a celebration party. The plane crashed and she was killed.

After talking with the others, the old man turned back to me and said very gently, "You have had a good bit of trouble for a woman so young; but you will have more, much worse than anything that has yet come to you." He asked me if I weren't the baby of the family and I answered that I was; then he said, "Your mother is calling you still, she wants to know why her baby doesn't come home."

With this remark he got up and started to walk away. I ran after him and told him that I was the only one to whom he hadn't told something pleasant, that everything he told me sounded so ominous. He shook his head sadly, "I am so very sorry, but the trouble waves around you are so heavy they overshadow everything else. Perhaps in the next day or two something better will break through. If you are on the beach and I can 'find' anything better I will be glad to tell you." Then he walked away.

On the following Thursday Pauline, with her children and maid, left for home. I left with my children at the same time. We spent one night in Jacksonville and arrived in Hendersonville, N. C., at my brother's home about seven o'clock the following evening. When we drove into the yard and started around the circle, to leave the car at the back, Joy, my brother's wife, came running out to greet us. As I was getting out of the car she turned from the children and asked, "Billie, when did you hear from Mother Lauder?"

I answered that I hadn't heard from mother for almost a week.

Joy said, "I had a letter from Beanie (my brother) this morning and he said Mother Lauder has influenza and is pretty sick."

I leaned against the car remembering the old man of the beach — I could hear him saying, "Your mother wants to know when her baby is coming home, how far are you from home? How far are you from home? How far are you from home?"

I ran into the house and called my sister, Mrs. John R. Welsh, who lived in Monroe, not very far from mother. When she answered the telephone I said, "Hallie, how is mother?"

Hallie answered, "Billie, it is too bad to greet you with bad news, but mother is quite ill. I was with her all day, just came

home to get some clothes and see that the children are all right. I am going right back. Where are you Billie, are you calling from Palm Beach?"

I told her that I was in Hendersonville.

"Oh, I am so glad, mother has been asking for you all day; she asks when her baby is coming home."

Again I remembered the fisherman with his compassionate eyes, standing on the white, sandy beach. I could only whisper, "Tell mother I am on my way, I will be there early tomorrow morning."

I tried to relax and rest for awhile, knowing the danger of night driving when one is exhausted. But I couldn't rest, there was just no use trying, and dawn found me well on my way to my mother.

I wore a red ratiné sport suit because mother always liked bright colors. When I went in immediately upon my arrival she cried and called me her little red-bird.

Shortly after my arrival Dr. Benny came in. He had been mother's doctor for years. Dr. Benny told me that mother had pneumonia, that she was too ill to be moved to a hospital. He said the crisis would not come for some time.

Dr. Benny gave me a sedative and promised to call me if mother should wake. They let me sleep

four hours; then the nurse woke me saying that mother was asking for me. It was Easter Sunday morning and mother asked me to sing some of the lovely old Easter hymns for her.

A short time later mother went into a coma. I sat by her bed constantly, how long I don't know. Finally Dr. Benny sent me outside to get some air. When I came back mother had died.

Dr. Benny was leaning against the mantle, tears running down his cheeks. He said, "I tried so hard."

I told him not to feel so bad, that mother knew she was going, that she had called me home to say goodbye.

If I knew where to find the old man of the beach, The Caster, I would like to thank him for relaying mother's call. — *Frances McDonald, Dallas, Tex.*

AUNT ANNA AND THE TOMB

THIS happened in my home town of Bergen, Norway, in the year 1890.

One day my brother, age four, accompanied my mother to the fish market. On their return home they passed the old Church Cemetery. Suddenly my brother tugged at mother's arm and excitedly pointed at one of the graves, "Oh see, Ma, there is Aunt Anna sitting by the tombstone."

"No, come on," mother said, "you are seeing things. It is im-

possible because Aunt Anna is home, sick in bed. Come, let's go home to prepare dinner for dad."

When father arrived home at 7:00 o'clock that evening he looked very sad and started to tell mother something. She interrupted him.

"Don't tell me," she said, "Aunt Anna died at 5:00 o'clock."

"Yes, but how did you know?" dad asked. "Our son told me," mother said. — *John D. Ness, Palatine, Ill.*

A BRUSH WITH DEATH

AFTER my major operation I had a severe hemorrhage. The last I remembered was the doctor bending over me, trying to locate a vein big enough for the blood plasma needle.

Then I seemed to be walking up a hill. I was dressed in a long white robe with gold cord about the waist. Cool air fanned my damp face. As I reached the top of the hill I heard my cousin call to me, "Just a couple more steps, Elizabeth" (my cousin had been dead six years).

I seemed to step through a fog curtain and there, in a well lighted room, sat all my relatives. Even my great-grandmother was there holding my small baby daughter who had died at birth. My cousin invited me to sit down and make myself comfortable as I was going to stay a long time.

Something snapped in my mind for I realized where I was and told him I couldn't stay — I had my family to raise. He smiled and nodded. Then I felt myself falling and the colors that spun before me were unmatched in beauty for anything I had ever seen before or since. They were like millions of pin wheels.

When I opened my eyes my husband was crying and begging the doctor to do something so I wouldn't leave him.

"That was a close call," the doctor said as he strapped my arm on a board so the plasma needle wouldn't pull out of the vein.

I am thoroughly convinced that there is life after death and that I'll find everything like it was when I do step across into the beyond. — *Mrs. Elizabeth Barry, Los Angeles, Calif.*

LIFE-SAVING VISION

I AM a registered nurse and had recently accepted a position at the Homeopathic Hospital for night duty when I had this amazing experience.

While I was responsible for the night force at the small hospital, I had no real authority and with all the nurses and students on duty the appointment held difficulties. At first the patients in my care kept me busy and between bells I charted.

Seated, that first night, at my

desk I suddenly sensed a presence. Looking up I saw a woman in gauzy white. She held in her arms a nude infant, its tiny body covered with blood.

The vision's meaning was evident. I rushed to the next floor to the maternity ward. The nurses were busy straightening the delivery room. From the nursery came the cry of many babies.

"I want to see the new baby," I gasped.

"We can take care of our floor," snapped the senior nurse. "You were hired because they have to have a grad on duty." With arms full of fresh laundry, she stood in the doorway.

"That baby is having an umbilical hemorrhage," I declared, walking past her and straight to the white draped crib of the newborn baby. Quickly I removed the blanket. There lay the babe in a pool of blood. Nearby stood a tray of newly sterilized instruments. I grabbed a clamp; fortunately it was not too late.

The fact that I saved the child's life did not lessen the anger of the nurses. I was questioned and I could only say that it had happened. How? I could not explain.

My co-workers expressed various opinions. I overheard one conversation, seemingly for my benefit, which accused me of untying the tape that wrapped the umbilical cord.

I left the hospital as soon as they were able to get another graduate nurse to take my place. But I have never ceased to be glad that some one or some thing helped me to save a life. — *Alta Beane, Los Angeles, Calif.*

THE FUNERAL MARCH

MY FATHER, the late Bernhard Mollenhauer, was a famous leader in music. In his youth he traveled with Pat Gilmore's celebrated band as solo violinist.

Few persons knew he was psychic. He used to say he could "hear" Chopin's Funeral March played for him and had a great dread of that haunting melody. He hated to play it or even hear it. To please him my mother promised she would not permit it to be played at his funeral. But this did not satisfy him and he claimed the music still haunted him.

When father passed away December 4, 1920, mother and I remembered his wish and, to be doubly sure, we announced there would be no music at the funeral. Our musical friends were puzzled and perhaps displeased. I was sure father would not be "haunted" this last time until a messenger handed me a note from our park organist about an hour before the funeral. It read in part:

"Unfortunately I will not be able to attend the funeral, as it takes place at the same hour as my

recital at the Park, but my sympathy is with you. I intend to play Chopin's Funeral March in my program and I shall explain to the audience that it is a tribute of respect to the departed.

Sincerely yours,
H. S. Stewart."

I'm sure Father heard his "haunting melody." — *Bernhard Mollenhauer, San Diego, Calif.*

THE MAN IN THE SEA

ONE of the strangest things that ever happened to me occurred in the summer of 1930 when I took my three children to spend two weeks in Galveston, Tex. My twins, Dwight and Anna, were 17 years old and Mimi was 12. Had anyone told me that we would stay only three days I would not have believed him.

It was late evening when we first drove into the seaside court and rented an upstairs apartment overlooking the ocean. I paid a week's rent in advance; we unpacked, dressed and went out for dinner.

The next day we arose early. The children donned bathing suits and we all started for the beach, but were confronted with signs advising swimmers to stay out of the surf because of the sting rays. We wandered around and finally found a lagoon where swimming was good. The children spent most of the day in the water. We picnicked on the sand.

Before we started back to the apartment in the late afternoon I noticed that my eyes felt peculiar. They were drawn and puffed and by night were swollen shut. The next morning they were no better and Dwight insisted that I see a physician. We picked one at random and after examining my eyes the doctor admitted frankly that he did not know what was wrong. He put drops in my eyes and told me to return if they were not improved by morning.

After leaving his office we decided to drive down to the fish wharves to look around. Presently we heard the scream of a siren. An ambulance swung up beside us and a crowd quickly gathered near the end of the pier. A young man, hatless and excited, fought his way through the crowd. He hurried to meet an incoming banana boat on which lay the inert form of a man who had just drowned. It was the young man's father. To us it was just a pathetic incident and shortly we left.

The next morning my eyes were no better and I was discouraged and ready to start home. I remained all day in the apartment, as I was too self-conscious to venture out in public, even behind dark glasses. By night I was weeping mournfully. We retired about nine o'clock as the young folks had plans for an early rising.

At two o'clock in the morning I was awakened out of a deep sleep. I sat straight up in bed. At that same moment Dwight and Anna jerked to a sitting position. The room was filled with a pale, elfin green glow. The moon was riding high, shedding a greenish, silver sheen over the world. The night was so still it seemed filled with a menacing force. There wasn't a breath of wind, yet the white Swiss curtains stood straight out and remained that way. The twins spoke in unison, in hushed whispers, "Mama, something is wrong — I can feel it — what is it?"

"I don't know," I answered.

Anna sprang from the bed and ran to the window. "Look!" she cried, "That man out there in the surf."

Dwight and I rushed to the windows. There was no sound of the surf, nor even small breakers on the sand. What I saw caused my knees to weaken and my heart to stand still. There, running up and down in the water's edge, was the old gentleman who had drowned. He was gesticulating wildly as he gazed steadfastly up into our faces. We could not hear his words, if words there were, but his lips were moving. "Go! go!" he seemed to say, "Go now."

"Mama," said Dwight, "we're getting out of here right now."

"Yes," I agreed, "the faster the better."

I knew all the time we were packing that it would appear absurd to the landlord. Yet I felt there was no alternative. When I roused him to leave the key, he remonstrated with me, insisting on a reason for our untimely departure. All I could say was that I was sorry to have disturbed him at that hour but it was imperative that we leave. We knew we must leave but we did not know why.

We were quiet as we drove through the sleeping city, across the two mile causeway.

With the dawn came a sense of well being, of safety. We drove steadily until about 10:30, when we stopped at a small town to get breakfast. Across the breakfast table Dwight exclaimed, "Mamá, your eyes are normal." I looked in a mirror. Every sign of swelling had gone. I believe that the eye trouble had been one means of forcing me to leave Galveston. When it failed, stronger methods were employed.

The morning paper we bought carried the news that warnings had been posted in Galveston advising all who could to leave the island or to seek shelter from a hurricane headed that way. So *that* was it. Now I realized the unearthly stillness was the lull before the storm.

When the storm hit it was of sufficient fury to cause much property damage. It ripped houses

along the waterfront from their foundations. The apartment we had just vacated was reduced to splinters and washed out to sea. — *Miriam Teel Clarke, El Paso, Texas.*

WARNING FROM AN UNKNOWN

LATE in 1935 I visited my sister in Long Beach, Calif.

I was washing the breakfast dishes after my sister had left for work, when I felt compelled to face the doorway. I saw the misty form of an old lady and received the impression of impending tragedy for my sister. I called her and told her what had happened as I was worried for her. She explained that the old lady had owned that house and she had seen her misty form quite often.

Suddenly she said, "Wait a moment, two police officers are in the hallway by my door. I will be back."

I kept the phone glued to my ear, my nerves tensed.

Soon she said, "Do you remember Officer McLean? I introduced him to you while he was directing traffic at Ocean and Pine. Someone just killed him. The police think the murderer ran into the State Theatre and will come down the back stairs."

I said, "Oh no, he is a little dark man. He has run down steps to what seems to be a cleaners. He is now cleaning the gun on

paper towels. The woman sold him a white shirt."

My sister said "I did not say he was shot."

I insisted and she told the officers just what I had said. They left on the run, seemingly knew the cleaners. The man was gone but they found the soiled towels and he had been sold a white shirt.

The murderer, one Harry Arax, was subsequently caught in Cheyenne, Wyo., and returned to Long Beach for prosecution.

The tragedy was not for my sister after all — though she did miss her friend Mac very much. — *Edith Pense, Sierra City, Calif.*

The murder of Police Officer W. J. McLean, in 1935, was verified by the Long Beach Police Dept. — Editor

DEATHBED VISION

MY GRANDMOTHER and my uncle lived in cities some 50 miles apart. My uncle, in poor health for some time, became seriously ill a few days before my grandmother also became ill. My uncle's condition was so grave that it seemed wiser not to tell him of his mother's illness.

When grandmother died suddenly, we decided not to telephone my uncle's house but to call his next door neighbor instead. The neighbor in turn quietly summoned my uncle's daughter to take the call. My cousin told us that neither she nor her mother

could come to the funeral as her father was so low. She added that they would not tell him of his mother's death. And they did not tell him.

Two days later, on the day of his mother's funeral, uncle roused and spoke to his wife and daughter, "Ma is dead," he said, "she was here just now and wants me to go with her. I saw her funeral and I've never seen so many beautiful flowers."

That was all. My uncle died that same day. He did "go with her." — *Eulalia MacDonald, Joplin, Mo.*

THOUGHT MESSAGE

ONE beautiful sunny morning I decided to wash quilts and rugs and got out the tubs and washboard. I was very busy at it when suddenly I heard a voice, which I recognized as my son's, say very clearly, "Mother, I am coming home. Meet the six o'clock bus at Holcombe to-night."

At noon when my husband came in I told him about the incident but he didn't believe in telepathy and wasn't interested.

At five o'clock he returned and said, "Where is supper?"

I said, "Please go to the town of Holcombe and meet the bus. Charles is coming."

A trip of 11 miles each way just at chore time did not appeal to him when we had no letter or direct word of Charles' coming

and we argued some time over it. Finally my husband said he would meet the bus just to show me I was wrong.

When he arrived in Holcombe several people asked if he was meeting the bus but he walked away and went into a store.

Just then the bus arrived, Charles alighted, looked across the street, saw our auto. He put his suitcase inside and went to the store. Just as he opened the door the grocer said, "Your dad's here waiting for you."

Once on the highway Charles wanted to know if dad had been down shopping. My husband told him I had sent him to meet the bus, saying I had received a telepathic message.

When they came in the house I had the table all set and supper ready. Then we compared notes.

That morning Charles' boss decided to give him a few days off and he didn't know how to get word to us. Suddenly he remembered that I was interested in telepathy and tried sending a message at 10:40. Exactly four minutes later, at 10:44, I received the words: "Mother, I am coming home. Meet the six o'clock bus at Holcombe to-night."

We believe that one must have a clear mind to send a message and to receive a message. In this instance neither of us had anything on our minds so the message was clearly sent and clearly received.

I wish to point out that the town Charles sent the message from was about 40 miles away and it took four minutes for it to reach me. — *Charlotte C. Kern, Sheldon, Wis.*



GREENLAND A CHAIN OF ISLANDS?

GREENLAND is not a single island but really three separate islands bridged by an ice cap. That's the view of a French scientific expedition which recently returned to France after spending several years in Greenland. The 26 men of the expedition

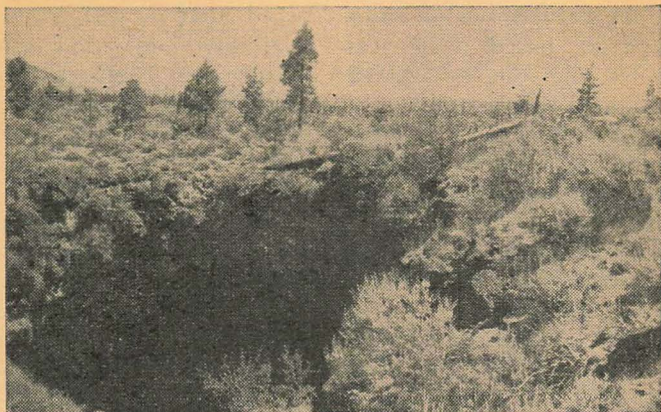
measured the thickness of the ice cap by setting off explosions and calculating the time of the echo. They found ice to be as much as two miles thick — which made the ground surface below sea level. The Greenlanders aren't sure of their ground.



MARKED FOR DEATH

LAST October a man by the name of Mathiesen, 55, who lived on a house boat in San Pablo Bay, Calif., stalled his car on railroad tracks which cross his road. The car was demolished but he was uninjured. He bought a new car. On November 21 Mathiesen stalled on the same spot, was hit by a train and killed.

Strange Desert Ice Cave



The desert is hot, no water is visible — yet in this unexplored cave is a river of ice. How is it formed?

By Lester F. Nieman

THE state of Oregon is noted for its scenic beauty. The well-stocked lakes and beautiful parks make it a vacationers' paradise. One of the strangest spots in the state is the Arnold Ice Cave.

This natural oddity, only 27 miles southeast of the thriving city of Bend, receives little publicity and many life-long residents of the state have never heard of it.

To reach the Arnold Ice Cave,

take State Route 97 south out of Bend. After traveling 10 miles you will see a marker, "Arnold Ice Cave — 17 miles," directing you up a graveled road to the east. Not a good road by the state average it is, nevertheless, passable.

Your first view of the cave will perhaps disappoint you. It seems merely a pit in the desert, some 50 yards across, with nothing in sight for miles around except sand, sage-

brush and a few stunted juniper trees.

The mouth of the cave is only 20 feet or so below the rim of the pit and you will not encounter much difficulty in reaching the cave entrance.

At the mouth of the cave is a sign: "Ice underfoot, proceed no further." As you do proceed further you can see nothing for a few minutes. It is dark after the glare of the desert sun but you notice immediately that it is remarkably cooler.

With the help of a flashlight you can make out a veritable river of solid ice. And with care you can proceed 30 feet or so into the cave proper. But extreme caution must be taken for the slick ice underfoot makes treacherous going and there are only a few upthrust rocks to cling to. Before entering the cave it is advisable to secure a rope at the cave entrance as a safety measure. Under no circumstances enter the cave if you are alone. Although the slope of the ice flow is fairly gradual for the first 30 feet, there is a sharp

"ice-fall" beyond this point with a drop of 10 feet. A mishap could mean broken bones and death from exposure for the temperature is now intensely cold.

This is not an accumulation of ice formed in winter, nor glacial ice of a by-gone era, but ice that forms of itself all the year around. Chip off a large chunk and take it away with you. Return in a few weeks and you cannot see where you carved it out. Yet there is no water, as such, in evidence.

The city of Bend obtained its ice from this cave in the days before electric refrigerators were invented. It seems impossible that the broiling desert sun does not melt the ice for a few yards within the cave, but the ice lies at the entrance, and proceeds no telling how far back. No one has dared explore the depths of the cave, and this mysterious phenomenon is entirely unexplained.

The Arnold Ice Cave lies in the area of an ancient lava flow and is in the Lava River Caves State Park.

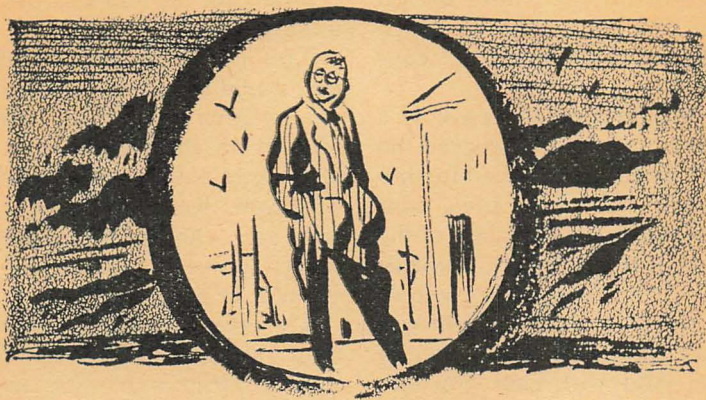


CONFUSED HOMING PIGEONS

SOMETHING has been happening to homing pigeons. Pigeon fanciers claim it is radar or television. They say that the homing birds have a beam of their own and that all the electronic signals pouring out into the air in recent years have been leading the birds astray. Hundreds of racing pigeons have vanished in recent years. In a Texas race recently

only four birds out of 180 returned to their lofts. An entire squadron of 100 birds disappeared in Indiana. The Atlanta club lost half of the 160 pigeons which had been sent to Spartanburg, S. C., to race home. Before the prevalence of radar and TV, pigeon handlers often finished an entire season without losing a single bird.

It's Only Coincidence . . .



Strange things happen — apparently unexplainable. But let's face up to it — many of them are really only coincidence.

By Denys Parsons, M.Sc.

(Reprinted from Prediction)

“**W**HAT an extraordinary coincidence — it must be telepathy!” How often have we heard this remark, perhaps made it ourselves after hearing a friend tell a strange experience.

Experimental work during the last two decades on both sides of the Atlantic has led inescapably to the conclusion that telepathy is an established fact. But it is also clear from the investigations that the faculty is excessively rare and elusive.

To-day we are rather too ready

to endow strange incidents with supernatural attributes. We should not take telepathy too much for granted.

The other day the Society for Psychical Research received a letter from a Belfast man. He said he was not in the habit of having his photograph taken, but that a photographer had chanced to visit the school where he worked and he had had some portraits done. The next day a girl he had known for some time wrote and asked him to send her a snap of himself.

Did the Society think that was telepathy?

What do you think?

Let us give coincidence a fair run for its money. After all, the most amazing things happen by chance. Here are a few examples.

A waiter who served in the Merchant Navy during the war called on the staff manager of the hotel where he had worked to inquire about resuming his pre-war employment. During the discussion somebody entered the room and delivered to the staff manager a picture postcard which the waiter had posted to him from Panama over two years previously.

Lady A. dropped a butterfly diamond brooch outside the Ritz Hotel. Two days later she heard that it had just been picked up outside the Ritz.

The police thought the two-day interval strange and inquired of the maker whether there were any replicas. The maker said he had made two, and the brooch which was found had in fact been lost, not by Lady A., but by Lady B.

A bank manager in a town in East Anglia had absconded and could not be found. Some time later a sailor from the same town was looking through a telescope at seaside crowds in the Isle of Wight. The telescope came into focus on a face he seemed to know. It was the bank manager,

who was later apprehended.

Only a year ago there was a triple wedding at Rowton, in Shropshire. Three Pearce sisters, Hilda, Olive, and Phyllis, each became Mrs. Cartwright. Two of the bridegrooms were brothers but the third was not related to them.

Two indicators dropped at the same moment on the switchboard at Birkenhead ambulance headquarters. The two ambulances raced away to two different abattoirs and returned at the same time to Birkenhead Hospital each with a slaughterman with a badly cut right leg.

The two injured men were carried to adjoining beds. They sat up and greeted each other — they were brothers!

Here's another simple example of the way in which numbers may dazzle us unless we look at them a little more closely.

How many people do you guess you would have to ask before you found two with the same birthdays?

Probably your guess was a number between 300 and 500. Well, the "official" answer is "about 35." I could scarcely credit this myself until I tried it, and it was so.

Remember you are not trying to find a person with the same birthday as yourself, but any two people with the same birthday — a very different matter.

Talking of birthdays — in Baltimore last year Mrs. Patricia Fish had her third son in three years, each born on Jan. 21.

Then there are coincidences in which names are involved. (a) In her book *There's Rosemary, There's Rue*, Lady Fortescue relates that at her own country station the porter was called Pigg, the ticket-collector Bacon, and the station-master Fryett. (b) When I was in Northern Rhodesia there were two district officers at the same remote station in the bush. One was called Chicken and the other Hegg. (c) During the South African War, the captains of two of the big guns in the Naval Division on the Paardeburg side were Mr. Cannon and Mr. Ball. (d) During the recent war at a Toc H Services Club at Cambridge, the secretary was named Bean, the chaplain, Gawne, and the warden, Dunnet!

Bean and Gawne and Dunnet — this example sounds a little too good to be true. Did the person who contributed this case to the *Sunday Times* perpetrate a slight improvement? Is it possible, for example, that the warden's actual name was Dunstan? I wonder.

But here's a still more amazing story, and fully corroborated by witnesses. It is reported in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research* for 1902, and is quoted by permission.

Mrs. J. G. Piddington wrote to

a friend, Miss L. Allen, inviting her to lunch. She got no reply for several days so she called at Miss L. Allen's house.

Miss G. Allen was at home and said her sister had told her that she had met Mrs. Piddington and given her a verbal answer.

Mrs. Piddington replied that she had not seen Miss L. Allen for several months. While they were talking Miss L. Allen came in and explained the mystery.

Some days before this she had met a lady in the street whom she thought was Mrs. Piddington. This lady said she had written a note asking her and her sister to lunch. After some further conversation they parted.

When Miss Allen got home she found the note from Mrs. Piddington, and as she believed she had just given her a verbal reply, she did not write an answer.

A few days later she again met the same lady, who stopped her and apologized for having mistaken Miss Allen the other day for one of two sisters whom she knew, but she had since discovered her mistake.

Miss Allen and Mrs. Piddington were well known to each other at the time, and Miss Allen said that her eyesight was normal and that she now saw there was a slight but by no means striking resemblance between Mrs. Piddington and the lady for whom she mistook her.

Another peculiar facet of the case is that the strange lady spoke to Miss Allen about "your sister Mabel," and Miss Allen really had a sister Mabel.

"The episode is instructive," comments the then Editor of the *Journal*, "because, had the mystery never been solved, as might well have happened, it would have contained all the elements of what might not unreasonably have been claimed as a case of veridical hallucination." — in

other words a telepathic apparition.

To conclude: if we should have an experience of the coincidence type which appears to be paranormal, we are in duty bound to examine it very carefully, seeking to find a chance for pulling off some amazing long shots.

(Mr. Parsons wishes to make it clear that any opinions expressed in this series of articles are his own. The Society for Psychical Research holds no corporate views.)



Mystery of the Mandans

**Here was a tribe of white Indians living
in fortified towns. Whence did they come?**

IN 1738, Pierre de la Verendrye, seeking a route to the Western Sea, reached the upper Missouri, the first white man of record to penetrate thus far into the North American continent.

He had pressed forward over plains patrolled by hostile Sioux, lured by almost unbelievable tales about a tribe of Indians who inhabited this part of what is now western North Dakota. La Verendrye found that the tales had not been exaggerated. The Mandans were a strange tribe of people

indeed, for American Indians.

In his faithfully kept Journal, La Verendrye wrote: "Their towns are fortified. Within are streets and squares. Our Frenchmen would often lose their way in going about. . . . There are four bastions at each curtain, well flanked. The fort is built on an elevation in mid-prairie, with a ditch over 15 feet deep, and from 15 to 18 feet wide. They are impregnable to savages. As to the Mandans, there is nothing savage about them."

La Verendrye concludes on a

note of understandable amazement: "This tribe is of mixed blood. The women are rather handsome, particularly the light colored ones; they have an abundance of fair hair."

"Bearded whites" was the name the early Frenchmen gave to the Mandan Indians. Why did the men have beards while the Indians who surrounded them were beardless? Why were many of the women fair, with gray eyes? Who taught them to build European-type fortifications? The Mandans cooked their food in earthen vessels, cultivated corn, beans, melons, pumpkins, and raised grain and tobacco. Their cellars were well stocked. They traded with the surrounding tribes, as the French traded with the savages.

George Catlin, noted ethnologist and Indian painter, spent considerable time among the Mandans. Concerning them, he adds the expert testimony of a scientist who studies at first hand:

"So forcibly have I been struck by the peculiar ease and elegance of these people . . . the singularity of their language, and their peculiar and unaccountable customs, that I am fully convinced that they have sprung from some other origin than that of the other North American tribes, or that they are an amalgam of natives with some civilized race.

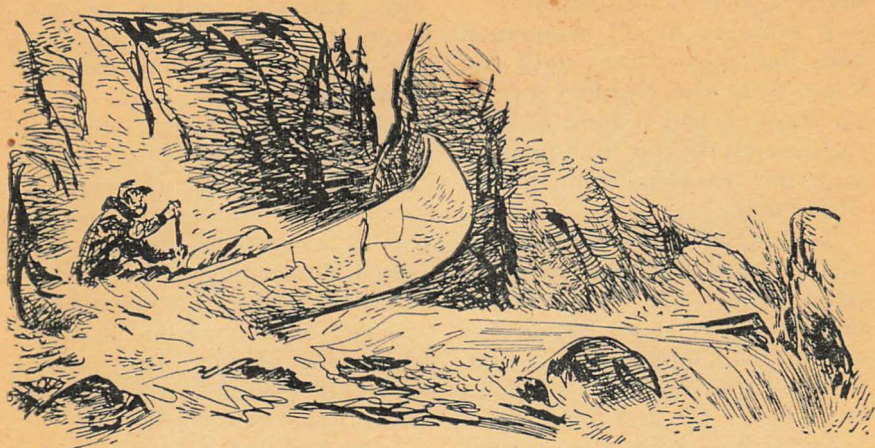
"A stranger in the Mandan village is first struck with the different

shades of complexion . . . and is almost at once disposed to exclaim that 'they are not Indians.'

"There are a great many whose complexions appear as light as half-breeds; and amongst the women particularly, there are many whose skins are almost white, with the most pleasing symmetry and proportion of features; with hazel, with gray and blue eyes, with mildness and sweetness of expression which renders them exceedingly pleasing and beautiful."

Another authority on the early American Indian has stated: "The Mandans conveyed to all visitors and observers who came in contact with them in the 18th and first half of the 19th centuries the impression, in a marked degree, that they were emphatically more civilized than other Indian tribes of the West, and that they were of such fair complexion and had hair and eyes of such color as to convey the distinct impression — to some the belief — that they were not Indians in the usual sense of the word . . ."

From whence did they spring? The Mandans had their own tradition. They said they were descended from the First Men who, when the waters rose and covered the earth, built a Big Canoe and thus survived the Flood. The Mandans could even point out the very spot on a high hill where the Big Canoe came to rest when the waters receded. — *Earl Chapin*



This story of a life-saving paddle may seem unbelievable but we have a sworn affidavit that it is true.

THE MAGIC PADDLE

By G. Wm. MacNurlen

AROUND the turn of the century I was an adventurer in the north country. I had traveled the Mackenzie, the Peace, the Becks, the Nelson and the Indian Rivers, along with scores of smaller streams, until a good paddle and a well-balanced canoe were almost part of me.

The winter of 1900 I spent holed-up in the Lakes Region, practically hibernated in an eight-by-nine wickiup I managed to throw together when I saw I was not going to make it out of the district. I came through all right

too, thanks mostly to a small herd of caribou yarding, for some strange reason, not far from where I was frantically getting myself under cover.

I downed two caribou while they were making up their minds to spend the winter somewhere else, dressed them out and piled them against the side of my *snuggie* close to the door-hole.

Two days later they were refrigerated to where nothing short of a belt-axe could take off a steak, and that night buried them, along with the cabin and me,

under a good 10 feet of snow.

If you are at all acquainted with that part of the world you know what the weather can do up there. I had a time keeping the snow on the roof from pouring into the wickiup through the smoke-hole.

The run-off the following spring was so heavy it pinned me down right where I was until it began to look like I never would get over on the Chippewayan in time to make the hundreds of miles north before the next freeze-up.

Then the southwesters turned on the heat and evaporated more water in one day than the whole river-system could have carried out in ten. A week later I was moving.

I came up the Pelly and one of its smaller tributaries; over the *hump* and down the old Siwash portage, lugging more load than I should have thought of tackling that long traverse with.

I made it, after a fashion, hitting the river early in June, so completely tuckered I lacked the energy to care very much about going anywhere. I settled down right there on the river-bank, just loafing.

My supplies, what I had left, were in good shape, and I could get a mess of fish or grouse without much more effort than it takes for you to go to a grocery-store.

How long I would have stayed

there loafing is hard to say, had it not been for something that put an edge on my dulled imagination.

My favorite paddle, a spare, took to wandering nights.

If I left it in the turned-over canoe, next morning it would be leaning against the crawl-in tent I used for sleeping. If I leaned it against the tent, come daylight it was sure to be lying on the bank with about half its blade in the water. If I leaned it against a tree, it came back to the tent.

I looked for tracks. There weren't any. I even brushed the ground clean with a bush, scratched fine lines across it with a bunch of willow-stems to make sure. There were no tracks. There were no teeth-marks on the paddle either, nor any mark of its having been dragged.

Anyhow, same as everybody else who spends a lot of time in the wilderness, I slept with a hair-trigger brain. Anything big enough to handle that paddle would have had me wide-eyed in a split-second.

As I said, it was my favorite paddle, one given me by Indian Mike over on the Mackenzie. He had two of them, exactly alike. He assured me they were ancient, with magic built into them by the Chief who made them, an ancestor of his. I pretended to believe him.

It was a trifle shorter than an

ordinary paddle, somewhat wider in the blade, and with a twisted hand-grip. Not much of a twist, really, but more of a double set-off where the blade-rib blended gradually into the stem. It fitted a man somehow, never seemed as stiff, as tiring as other paddles. I guarded it carefully, as though I actually believed what Mike had told me, always carrying it as a spare to use when I suddenly needed something a little more dependable- to take me out of somewhere — fast.

When I was not using it I always kept it within easy reach, lashed to the open gunnel by a thin strip of whang-leather tough enough to hold it if I turned over, easily broken by a jerk when I needed it.

After it had shifted around for several nights I lashed it to the canoe so thoroughly I would have had trouble getting it untied, even in daylight. Then I sat up all night peeking out through the tie-hole of the tent.

Nothing happened so far as I could see, but next morning that paddle was leaning against the tent not two feet from the end of my nose.

I crawled out quick when I saw it there, almost ran to the canoe, expecting to find those lashings slashed. Every knot had been neatly untied, the thongs left dangling.

That was the morning I de-

ecided to go on down-river. However, perhaps as a gesture of independence I postponed my departure until the following morning.

As another little gesture, I informed the paddle that evening that if it had any running around to do it must be sure to get back by daylight as I was pulling out then. With this I threw it alongside the canoe, none too gently, and left it there. That was where I found it next morning.

I got to wondering, before the day was over; if my winter's hibernation could have cracked me a little. I seemed normal enough to myself but they say you never can tell. I know I lashed that paddle to the gunnel with a delicacy I never accorded it before, when I did shove-off. I think I tied it a little farther back, too, a little closer to me.

It stayed right there, for three nights and four days.

Going into camp evenings I left the large bundle, in its waterproof canvas, tied in behind the first thwart so as to avoid the necessity of re-balancing the canoe every morning. I removed only the little tent, in which I carried my cooking-utensils, food and blankets lashed down behind the larger pack. Now, for the first time, I also was leaving my favorite paddle in the canoe.

At the end of the fourth day, with 200 miles of river still ahead

of me — river completely devoid of white-water according to my government map — I decided to drift along for a few hours after sunset before making a landing. I never had covered that part of the river before but I trusted my map.

It was a perfect evening, balmy, spiced with the aromatic fragrance of cedar, spruce and pine. There was no moon. As the night came down the darkness thickened as it can only on a northern river, high-tiered with lordly trees. The stars came out, pushing their ways through the deep softness of the black-velvet night. The river took on a shimmering phosphorescence where the ripples ran, where the snags stuck up, where the eddies turned along the shores.

The current I was riding quickened, swept turgidly around a great bend, left the center of the stream and headed straight into the deep shadow of high trees which marked where the river slewed off to the left.

As the threatening black wall came at me I reached farther back with the paddle, stroking deep, twisting into a side-drift for the boiling I knew should be there. It was — a big bubble of heaving water. The gunnel just back of the bow rubbed against the overhang of a low, crumbling bank as I slid across it.

Something entered the canoe — stepped into it.

The canoe sank deeper, tipping to that side until the water almost ran in; then it righted suddenly, came up to an even keel and apparently rode no deeper now than it had before.

I was startled. Anybody would have been. I waited until the current had again carried me out to the center of the river, then I called:

“Where the hell’d you come from? Where you going?” My answer was a dead silence.

I tried again. Nothing.

Experimentally I rocked the canoe, over and back with a quick body-swing — straightened. From bow to stern things were as perfectly balanced as they had been when I adjusted the load that morning.

I decided some animal must have been standing on that low bank when I rubbed against it and, being panicked by the sudden appearance of the canoe, had made an unmeditated bound onto the top of the pack, and bounded off again immediately.

I felt better, for some reason, rolled me a cigarette, lit up and started to enjoy the night again.

As a matter of fact I rolled several cigarettes, one right after the other. No need now to conserve tobacco and matches. Two more days and I would be at the Fort, where I could replenish everything.

It was so confoundedly pleas-

ant, just drifting this way, I dozed off, for no more than a few minutes it seemed to me.

When I opened my eyes everything had changed. The river had become sullen, swift-moving, its surface was almost greasy. The booming of the frogs back in the swamps was gone. The little breezes were hushed. A deadly silence was over everything.

I felt the surge of a paddle — in the bow.

It was a firm steady stroke, the curl-stroke few white-men have ever mastered. Only the Indians know it, ever have known it in its perfection.

I leaned down, squinted across the upper edge of the pack as it cut the center of an exceptionally bright glister on the surface of the water, expecting to see a head and shoulders projected above it.

There was nothing.

I knew well enough that pinching front end provided no room for a person to crouch down out of sight — certainly not room enough so a man could crouch and still reach over the side to deliver those long pulls I was feeling.

I started fighting with everything I had, breaking the rhythmic perfection of those strokes by counter-stroking with deep, twisty back-strokes and rudder-strokes on both sides. No good. That unseen paddle was taking me on a long slant across the current,

heading me straight into the upper end of a huge island now looming out of the darkness.

In desperation I reached for the spare paddle that had taken me out of so many tight places. It was gone!

The thought struck me that I may have picked up something, a sunken log perhaps; maybe some brush, now hanging down into an under-tow of cross-current. Maybe I imagined that curl-stroke.

I hunkered down, flat on my hams — just feeling.

There *was* a paddle. Quietly and determinedly it was carrying me into an irreparable smashup on the sharp rocks at the head of the island. As the canoe rushed into the deeper shadow I got my feet under me, leaned forward, ready for the impact as those rocks started ripping the bottom from under me.

One last long surge seemingly lifted the canoe out of the water. Then it came to a gentle stop, settled quietly, with no more commotion than a thistledown settling onto a lily-pad.

Tentatively I reached a foot over the side. It struck dry ground. The whole canoe was entirely out of water, bow to stern!

I eased the other foot out, stood up. Then I heard it — a deep throbbing, a rushing roar —

I thought it was my heart. But my heart settled down to normal

and it was still in the silent air — all around me.

I cupped my hands behind my ears. It was water, a whole river of water, this river, pouring over a mighty falls not more than a hundred yards below the island. Its turmoil was almost smothered by the high wall of cliff over which it tumbled.

I felt suddenly that I was standing in the presence of something quite beyond my poor understanding. Without a further thought I leaned forward, hands extended, heard myself saying:

"I thank thee, O Chief. May thy spirit linger with its desirings — forever."

Something fell against my shoulder. It was the paddle, its blade dripping wet.

I'm an old man now. Rather a peculiar old man, I guess. Anyhow, whenever I feel an urge remotely resembling veneration, which is seldom, for some reason I always find myself calling upon the *Great Spirit*, in the same tongue I unconsciously employed that night on the island — Cree. Indian Mike had been a Cree.



I THOUGHT I KEPT ON TALKING

WHEN Sam Specter of Richmond, Va., was convalescing in his hospital room two weeks after a serious operation, he suddenly blacked out. He had no pulse and no blood pressure. Sam's surgeon happened to be in the room at the time. In minutes he was back on the operating table, his chest was re-opened, and fluid was drained from the sac around

his heart. The heart started beating again. When he recovered consciousness, Sam said that he believed he had kept right on talking. He kept thinking about his previous operation and the unpleasantness it had caused. But when he came to he felt only as though he had had a good sleep. He had no feeling of having "died".



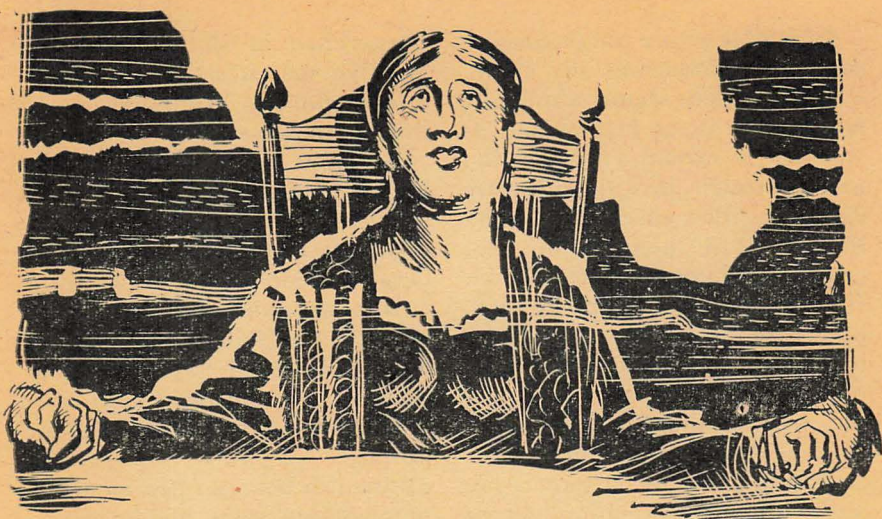
THOSE BLASTED SEA SERPENTS

FROM the August 2, 1826, issue of Zion's Herald, a Methodist journal published in Boston:

"SEA SERPENTS AGAIN — Capt. Holdredge, of the ship *Silas Richards*, which arrived yesterday from Liverpool, states that in passing George's Banks five days since, he had a fair view of the serpent. It was about 10 rods from the ship . . . and

that part which appeared out of water, about 60 feet in length.

"A certificate has been drawn up and signed by the passengers which, with a drawing made by one of the gentlemen, gives a minute description of the serpent. . . . The number and credibility of the witnesses place beyond all doubt the existence of such an animal."



TELEPATHY IS A TRAP

By Elva Wilson

(President, Psychic Society of South Australia)

The greatest obstacle to scientific proof of spirit communication lies in the existence of telepathy.

WHEREVER I have lived in Australia (and that is in four states of the Commonwealth) I have met some Spiritualists who seem to resent any suggestion of telepathy and thought transference as a possible explanation of some mediumistic "communications".

Generally speaking, I have found that these people have

studied neither psychology nor parapsychology. They say they do not believe that a medium can "pick up" a thought or image from a sitter's mind. And so they say that every psychic message is a spirit communication.

That is no doubt very comforting to them, but are we justified in thus dismissing thought transference so summarily?

I say that we are not justified in summarily dismissing any claim, even one that seems absolutely fantastic to us at first glance. If we give it careful consideration and thorough investigation, we can then either accept it or reject it; but until then we are not competent to express an opinion.

That principle can be applied, of course, to much else besides telepathy, and it could well be remembered both by those people who, without investigation, denounce all psychic phenomena as fraudulent, and by those who, also without investigation, accept all alleged phenomena as genuine.

I want to make it clear that in this article I am not dealing with "physical" psychic phenomena such as the direct voice, materialization, and so on, which are produced with the aid of ectoplasm extruded from the medium's body, but with "mental" phenomena such as clairvoyance, clairaudience, sensing, automatic writing, trance, and various degrees of "control", all of which must pass through the medium's own mind.

My own researches, carried on over a number of years, support the conclusion of better, qualified observers, such as Dr. J. B. Rhine, that telepathy is a very real faculty of the mind.

The extent to which this faculty is exercised has not yet been determined, but the fact that it

is exercised at all makes it imperative that it should be taken into account in evaluating every psychic message.

And now, before going further, let me define my terms. I am using the word "telepathy" to cover all mental communication between people living on earth.

It is not quite accurate, and if we were analyzing the subject in detail we would have to divide these communications into several classes; but for our present purpose "telepathy" will serve to distinguish between psychic communications from an incarnate mind (the living), and similar communications from a discarnate mind (the dead).

In my view, the *modus operandi* would be much the same in all cases, and all would be in a sense telepathic; but we must have some means of distinguishing one from the other, and so I use the terms "telepathy" and "Spirit communication".

Both are included in the term "psychic message", by which I mean information conveyed to a medium (or psychic, or sensitive, whichever term you prefer) by some means other than through the "normal" five senses.

Much of this information could not be previously known to the medium, and for this reason it is accepted by most spiritualists as proof of survival.

The credulous go much further,

of course, and accept everything said by a medium as a spirit communication. These overcredulous people constitute one of the greatest menaces threatening spiritualism, but at the moment I am more interested in the intelligent majority and their views on what is needed as proof of survival.

I am a very skeptical person, and so for years I have been trying to convince my fellow spiritualists that because information was previously unknown to the medium it does not, in every case, prove survival, but in most cases proves only that a genuine psychic message has been received.

What does constitute proof of survival?

Scientifically, a message cannot be accepted as proof of survival if it could possibly be explained in any other way. The alternative explanation need not be probable. It is enough that it be possible.

That does not mean, as some self-styled researchers seem to imagine, that any hare-brained theory can be advanced as an alternative to survival.

The theory must be reasonable, must have a solid basis of fact, and must be possible in the circumstances of each individual case. But it need not be probable in each case.

I think there would be a better accord between spiritualists and researchers if more researchers would realize that theory is not

fact, and that the possibility of telepathy does not prove telepathy. And if more spiritualists, for their part, would realize just what scientific evidence is, and the difference between scientific proof and individual proof.

The first and most obvious difference is, of course, that the scientist must convince skeptical critics, while the individual needs to convince no one but himself. That leads to other differences.

The individual probably receives much of his evidence in messages from people he has known intimately on earth, and he is strongly influenced by mannerisms, tricks of speech, and other details that make up a characteristic personality.

The scientist can use such evidence only sparingly, if at all.

Much individual evidence, too, is given in home circles, but while it may be good evidence, and extremely convincing to the sitters concerned, it has no scientific value.

If the evidence of home circles is to be acceptable to scientists, certain conditions must be observed; and at the very least, the evidence must be recorded immediately and attested by all present.

In most cases this is not done, but that does not make the evidence invalid, nor does it detract from the value of the evidence to the individual.

Skeptics may sneer, but a person of normal intelligence is not likely to manufacture evidence just to deceive himself.

However, spiritualists should realize that unless the necessary conditions are observed the evidence is *not* scientific, and they should not resent its rejection by scientists.

Further, the scientist cannot use what is probably the most consistent evidence available to a medium, and that is the definite *feeling* of the presence of another person with him.

Even if the scientist is himself a medium and has experienced this feeling, he cannot tender it as scientific evidence because it is not demonstrable. It is individual evidence only.

Because of these differences between scientific proof and individual proof, it sometimes happens that a researcher is himself convinced of the reality of survival, but is still seeking the proof that will convince skeptics.

That proof must be irrefutable. But can he obtain it through mental phenomena?

The greatest obstacle is telepathy.

Unfortunately, although we know that a thought or image can be transmitted from one mind to another, and although we know that that image need not be in the conscious mind of the sender, but may be in his underlying

(*sub-*) consciousness, we do not know how far back the telepathic faculty can probe.

Can it touch only the events of yesterday? Or can it reach back 20 years, 30 years, and even further?

We do know that under hypnosis, in which the psychic faculty is brought into play, a person can remember long past events, and even incidents of early childhood.

We cannot say definitely, then, that any image in the underlying consciousness can not be transmitted telepathically, and so we have the possibility that the description of any person, once known to the sitter, could have been "picked up" from that sitter's mind.

But — and this is a point that should be borne in mind by all researchers — the possibility of telepathy does not prove that that explanation is the true one, or even the most probable. It is a possibility, but a possibility only.

Let me give you a personal illustration. It is possible to travel from Australia to England by air, but that does not mean that I am a liar when I say that I came by sea. It means simply that, if the point were important, you would need further evidence than my word to prove my actual mode of travel.

It is the *possibility* of telepathy that makes real, scientific evi-

dence so difficult to obtain. But what evidence there is gains in value from the fact that so many factors have been eliminated.

The messages given through mediums can be divided into several classes.

There are, firstly, those messages which are not even definitely psychic, because the information could have been known to the medium.

Then there are those which seem to be partly psychic, being based on a genuinely psychic symbol to which the medium has given his own interpretation.

An infinitesimal proportion of mental messages can be accepted as proof of survival, since they cannot be satisfactorily explained in any other way.

But by far the biggest proportion of messages, even those which are undoubtedly psychic, must be labelled "Doubtful" and "Unproven".

They may be spirit communications, but it cannot be proved that they are not telepathic. And this class includes *every* description of a person once known to the sitter.

I have read glowing accounts of meetings at which the medium

has given descriptions which were instantly recognized, and these descriptions have been hailed as proof of survival. I have given such descriptions myself, and so has every other medium of my acquaintance.

These descriptions are genuine psychic messages, but they are not *proof of survival*. That is, they are not scientific proof.

Speaking for myself, I can say that I believe they are not telepathic and that I am describing actual spirit entities, because I can *feel* those people with me. But I do not tender them as scientific evidence.

Evidence of survival — scientific evidence — is rare, and is extremely hard to obtain through mental phenomena. But we must seek it if we want to convince those skeptics who are too lazy to make their own investigation. There is, too, a certain satisfaction in tendering evidence that cannot be sneered away.

For ourselves, I think we are justified in accepting the individual proofs that are offered, and even the extreme probability of some of the messages that to scientists would be doubtful.

CAT COMES HOME

WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Smith lived in St. Petersburg, Fla., they had a cat named Tom. In 1949 they moved to San Gabriel, Calif., and gave Tom to the man who bought their home. Two weeks later the man wrote that Tom had run away. Last August 3 he showed up in the Smith's back yard. He had traveled 3,000 miles in two years and six weeks. But how had he known where to go?

The Man Who Came Home

How did the coffin find its way across trackless oceans to its final home in Nova Scotia?

By *Albert A. Brandt*

THIS story of the return after many years of a dead man to his far-away birthplace does not belong in the realm of the supernatural. Yet it is one of the most amazing and best authenticated examples of nature's peculiar game of chance.

In 1841 a boy was born to an Irish immigrant, John Coghlan, on Prince Edward Island off the southern coast of Labrador. The boy showed great dramatic ability, even in his youth, and the neighbors pooled their meager savings to send Charles Coghlan to England for a dramatic education. The grateful lad, then 14 years old, promised that he would return to the island some day, dead or alive.

Charles Coghlan did become, in fact, one of the greatest Shakespearean actors of the English stage. His international fame finally brought him an invitation to perform in New York City. He learned to love America and stayed on, touring the country with his own company in the Shakespearean plays.

In 1898 he was playing Hamlet in Galveston, Tex., when he was suddenly taken ill. He died a few hours later in his hotel room. Charles Coghlan was buried with

great honor in a Galveston cemetery.

Perhaps because he was an Irishman, Charles Coghlan was even more superstitious than most actors of his period. He was a steady customer of gypsy fortune tellers. Years before his sudden death he had told his friends of a prediction made by his favorite mystic advisor. "He would die in an American Southern city just before the 20th century and would be buried there. Yet eternal rest would come to him only in the place of his birth. A great storm would blow his remains over the seas."

On September 8, 1900, two years after Charles Coghlan's death and burial, a terrible, still remembered hurricane swept over Galveston. Five thousand people died in the holocaust and the material damage was more than \$20,000,000. The resulting floods washed some of the city's cemeteries into the Gulf of Mexico. Coffins floated beside the bodies of the newly drowned. The Gulf Stream scattered them far and wide.

The years passed. Galveston had been rebuilt and the days of the great tornado had become a memory.

In October, 1908, the gales of the last few days were abating and the fishermen of Prince Edward Island once more were setting their nets in the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They noticed a large box floating on the still angry waves. It must be very heavy, they thought, for it lay deep in the water. It must have been in the water for a long, long time, too, for it was encrusted with sea mollusks and hung with waving green weeds and barnacles.

After strenuous efforts the box was anchored safely on the shore. The men worked for hours chipping off the thick crust of shells so that it could be opened. Only then

did the fishermen disappointedly discover that they had found a coffin containing the well-preserved body of a middle-aged man. A silver plate gave his name as Charles Coghlan, his profession as actor, his birthplace as their own village.

The name of Coghlan was still remembered on Prince Edward Island and the great actor was reburied with respect near the church where he had been baptized. He had come home to the place he had loved so well in his youth.

The waves of the sea had fulfilled the prediction of a gypsy fortune teller.

EXPLOSIONS FROM SOMEWHERE

MYSTERIOUS blasts jolted Los Angeles and San Diego last January 4 and authorities have been at a loss to explain them. One of the blasts was too strong to register on a San Diego seismograph. The first blast came at 3:33 a.m. in the Los Angeles International Airport area. The second was reported in San Diego's Mission Hills area at 8:30 p.m., followed by a third a half hour later at Point Loma and a fourth two hours later in the Chula Vista area. Police said there was nothing to indicate that an explosion had been set off. Scientists were inclined to attribute the blasts to meteors although none had been reported in the area. In Northern

California on the same day, however, a glowing cigar-shaped object was reported flying over Del Monte about 1,000 feet off the ground. It apparently dropped into the Fort Ord military reservation but officials at Fort Ord had no knowledge of the object — they said. Deputy Sheriffs Al Bollman and James Matney, who saw the objects while on patrol, checked Monterey Airport to learn if a plane were in trouble. They were told that a United Air Lines pilot had just reported to the control tower that he too had seen the unknown object. The object was observed by scores of people in a period confined to an hour. The blasts and the object may have been unrelated.

SHEEP 10,000 YEARS OLD

Swiss lake dwellers who lived about 8000 B.C. shared their huts with domesticated sheep archeologists have recently discovered.

IS YOUR FUTURE IN THE CARDS?

By Chester Geier

Seers have long believed in telling fortunes by cards;
now the parapsychologists offer a theory of why it works.



“It’s in the cards,” is an expression that has come down to us from times when it was widely believed that future events could be foretold by colored bits of pasteboard. Much more skeptical today, however, we are inclined to ask, “But *is* it in the cards? What facts, if any, lend support to the belief that cards can indicate coming events?”

A few years ago a woman investigator, whom we will call Helen Martin, carried out an experiment to answer these very questions. Her results, based on creditable if not absolutely scientific procedures, are illuminating.

Helen first selected three of the most reputable cartomantes — woman card diviners — it was possible for her to find. Reputable cartomantes are generally distinguished by the matter of fees. Miss A, for instance, restricted her consultants to persons recommended by friends and charged



no fees whatsoever, explaining that to do so might cause a loss of spiritual power. Mrs. B charged only a small fee and would accept nothing over the set amount. Mrs. C accepted donations of any size up to a fixed amount.

The next step in Helen’s experiment was to consult each of the three cartomantes in turn, trying

as far as possible to obtain answers to the same set of questions. Immediately after her visits she wrote down in detail a summary of the readings she had been given.

The final step was to wait for about a year to see how many of the predictions came true. The readings were given in the spring of 1950. Early in 1951 the records made of them were taken from safekeeping and compared with a diary kept during the interval of waiting.

WHAT WAS PREDICTED

Miss A:

"A distinct change is coming into your life. . . . You will meet many new people and will become more active socially. . . . In September you will come into money. . . . You will receive an offer of marriage in three years. . . . You will travel in July or August, and again in November. . . . I see a possible complication regarding your teeth. . . . Be careful in driving cars; you have already just barely escaped a serious accident. . . ."

Mrs. B:

"The year 1950 will bring important changes into your life. . . . Financial conditions will be much better for you in the Fall. . . . You will marry in about four years. . . . Keep a close watch on your money during July and August. . . . You will travel unexpectedly in November or

early December. . . . As for your health, the only illness I can see appears to be kidney trouble. . . . Guard against jealousy and intrigue, which will arise within the year. . . ."

Mrs. C:

"Your life is reaching a turning point. . . . You will soon become financially much better off. . . . You will come into some real estate, or a small inheritance soon. . . . A successful marriage lies very close in your path. . . . This summer you will travel; it appears likely that you will go abroad. . . . You will have a reconciliation with a friend, or will see one you have not seen for a long time. . . ."

WHAT CAME TRUE

Comparing the predictions with what she recorded in her diary, Helen sums up:

"First of all, each cartomante placed emphasis on the fact that my life was to undergo an important change. I was to turn the corner within the year.

"This actually seems to have happened. The first thing I noticed was that men friends began to show greater interest in me. Several, in fact, became unusually sympathetic and helpful.

"These men took me out to dinner and dancing, and on long drives. We saw plays or heard concerts. We took rambling walks together and had long, frank dis-

cussions. In contrast to my former more quiet life, all this had some of the quality of a dream.

"I came into no money or real estate either before or after September, though in general, through the help of friends, I did better financially than the previous year. As for marriage, I came close to receiving a proposal — one I'm afraid I could not have accepted. But there is still quite some time to go before the wedding bells are predicted to ring.

"There was a remarkable amount of agreement in regard to travel. I did not take a trip abroad, but in July and August I did go on a long vacation trip — during which, it must also be noted, I did not keep a close watch on my money, as Mrs. B had advised. I spent more than I had planned on, and as a result had to keep my financial belt tight for months afterward.

"I did travel unexpectedly, as was predicted for November. This was a four-day trip to the country over the Thanksgiving week-end.

"As for my health, I had no trouble with my kidneys, but in October I had to have a tonsil operation, which probably was just as bad. And since Miss A warned of a complication regarding my teeth, I insisted on having my dentist examine them thoroughly — even though he had already given them a check-up

a few months before. This time he discovered a cavity that he had overlooked — one which he said might have led to a serious infection.

"Miss A also warned me to be careful in driving cars, adding that I had barely escaped a serious accident. I took considerable pains to heed this particular warning. For shortly before my visit to Miss A I had been in an auto accident, which only by a miracle had not been fatal.

"Mrs. B told me to guard against jealousy and intrigue, which were to arise within the year. They did. The jealousy happened to be my own, and was therefore harmless. But the intrigue had to do with an important business matter, and would have resulted in serious loss had not good friends nipped it in the bud.

"Mrs. C said I would have a reconciliation with a friend, or would meet one I had not seen for a long time. There was no reconciliation. But I did see two women, who were among my oldest friends, after a separation of many years.

"It seems impossible to be scientifically detached in stating my conclusions regarding this experiment with cartomancy. Nobody could fail to be astonished by the similarity between the readings given me by the three cartomantes. But the fact that they

should have come true in so many instances is little short of awe-inspiring.

"At the same time, however, the discrepancies that arise when the predictions get down to details should not be overlooked. They should serve as a reminder that even the best of card forecasts should not be taken too seriously."

In fairness to the cartomante, it can be pointed out that discrepancies in readings are to a large degree the result of certain inherent limitations in obtaining messages from cards.

The language of the cards is a symbolical one, and interpreting this language is a science that is still in its infancy. Thus even the most psychically advanced cartomante is somewhat in the position of having to use a primer when an unabridged dictionary would give best results.

Another limitation exists in the matter of time. Many cartomantes admit that as a rule it is next to impossible to give a precise date for an event. The reason is that time is a purely human institution and does not exist in clairvoyance. To the true clairvoyant, past, present and future are all one. For the most part only approximations of dates can be given, from hints which may appear in the cards, or which may flash intuitively into the mind of the cartomante.

The cartomante can also explain in her defense that some consultants are so deeply skeptical or so emotionally upset, that they affect the cards and confuse their meanings.

One woman, for example, had barely managed to escape a terrible fire in which several persons had died. A psychotic dread of being burned to death haunted her for years afterward. This fear inevitably communicated itself to the cards with the result that warnings of death by fire appeared in the readings.

The cartomante herself can adversely influence the cards. If she is worried, despondent or tired, they will be muddled and contradictory. If she presses them to make sense, they will become childishly obstinate and vigorously resist all attempts to make them behave.

In this connection a parallel might be noted with the experiments in extra-sensory preception by Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University. In his book, *New Frontiers of the Mind*, Dr. Rhine notes that worry or depression on the part of his subjects lowered the number of "strikes" which they usually made in calling out the special markings of the ESP cards used in the tests.

Dr. Rhine's researches, in fact, may shed further light on how it is possible to foretell the future by means of cards.

In his earliest experiments, subjects called out the markings of cards which were spread out, face down, on a table. Later subjects "worked down" through a pack of ESP cards, calling out the markings of the cards, one under the other, as they were stacked.

In almost every case, their scores were considerably higher than a figure mathematically calculated for pure chance.

What is more impressive, in still later tests the same high scores resulted when subjects foretold what order a pack of cards would take before being mechanically shuffled.

In fortune telling by cards it is always the consultant who shuffles. Some students believe that during this procedure the consultant transfers to the cards her deeplying, subconscious awareness of coming events. And considering Rhine's results, the idea appears to have some sound basis. For if the order a pack of cards will take can be predicted before mechanical shuffling, it is reasonable to assume that actually holding the cards in the hands should make the process all the more effective.

Yet how can the consultant be aware of coming events? In psychic circles it is believed that *everyone* possesses the faculty of clairvoyance — only some more so than others. Our conscious mind, it is explained, is limited to

a "moving present," while our true and more or less unknown existence actually takes in the past and future as well. Glimpses of the future, it is said, often rise to the surface of the conscious mind through the agency of dreams. The Englishman, J. W. Dunne, has treated this subject with scientific thoroughness in his famous book, *An Experiment With Time*.

A cartomante who seems uncannily successful in reading cards thus prepared for her attention is merely a person with greater clairvoyant ability than average. She may be a member of a "psychic family."

There is no one specific method of divination by cards. Each cartomante develops her own system, just as a writer or a pianist develops his own individual style. Thus in studying the methods used in fortune telling by cards it is best to select those of one particular cartomante. For with several, while the foundation may be more or less the same, the superstructure, determined by talent, intelligence and experience, is always quite different.

A survey of the methods of cartomancy might begin with the cards themselves.

There are many methods of using the ordinary pack of 52 cards in divination. These may employ the entire pack but a more general practice is to use a

“reduced” pack of 32 cards. The reduced pack gives speed and ease to readings, even though it may be felt that more subtle shades of meaning can be obtained with a full pack.

When the reduced pack is used, all twos, threes, fours, fives and sixes are removed. Due to space limitations, only methods involving the reduced pack will be considered here.

The values of the four suits and the meanings of each of the cards included in them form the groundwork of cartomancy.

Clubs stand for position, authority, capacity for business, organization, success.

Diamonds stand for speed, finance, sharpness, rapidity in decision, precarious undertakings — dominated to a large extent by surrounding cards.

Hearts stand for happiness, pleasure, the affections, domestic affairs, comforts.

Spades stand for misfortunes, sorrow, mourning, distance, disappointments, darkness.

The suits also have certain values when taken in combinations.

Diamonds and clubs show successful business or monetary transactions, increase of prosperity. Hearts and diamonds show pleasure, happiness, enthusiasm, energy. Diamonds and spades together are evil, showing danger, accident, illness, and sometimes

death. Clubs and hearts show lasting affections, reliable natures, making good friends, kind dispositions. Clubs and spades denote things desired but difficult to obtain, remoteness, thwartings, despondency, disappointments. Spades and hearts show regrets, obstacles, unhappy marriages, unfortunate love affairs.

Certain of the cards are used to represent persons such as the consultant, her family and friends.

Queens stand for women, according to their coloring. Kings stand for men of mature years, also according to coloring. Jacks stand for young men or boys, messengers, enemies, lovers, or close friends, according to suit and position. They also represent the thoughts of the kings and queens.

Diamonds denote people with white, red, or very fair hair. Clubs indicate persons of medium coloring, neither fair nor dark. Hearts show persons of fair skin, brown hair, blue or gray eyes. Spades denote persons of dark coloring, black or dark brown hair, brown eyes.

The meanings of the other cards in the pack are as follows. It should be noted that the meanings are quite different when the cards are reversed. For this reason it helps to show clearly which is the top and which the bottom of a card by marking the pack before it is put into use.

CLUBS

Ace: Letters, good news, luck; *reversed*, bad news, delayed letters.

Ten: A short trip or outing, pleasant events; *reversed*, an outing near water, sea, or river.

Nine: Pleasure, legal business; *reversed*, delays, depression, discomforts.

Eight: A good friend, meetings with friends; *reversed*, news, papers, discussion.

Seven: Success, achievement; *reversed*, annoyance over money.

HEARTS

Ace: A house, an affectionate letter; *reversed*, changes, a home not your own.

Ten: Happiness, love, lessens influence of any bad cards it may be near; *reversed*, birth, change, pleasure.

Nine: Attainment of desire, indication of success; *reversed*, great affection, someone dear to you.

Eight: Friends, marriage, affection; *reversed*, a tendency to jealousy.

Seven: A gratified wish, domestic affairs; *reversed*, ruffled feelings, small annoyances.

SPADES

Ace: A large building, business; *reversed*, annoyance, danger, death.

Ten: Water, voyages, distance; *reversed*, trouble, illness, mourning.

Nine: Loss, failure of plans; *reversed*, grave danger, death.

Eight: Illness, depression, night;

reversed, sadness, obstacles, deceit, plotting.

Seven: Change, determination; *reversed*, disturbance, accident.

DIAMONDS

Ace: A present, jewelry, paper money; *reversed*, financial news, money matters.

Ten: Money; *reversed*, engines, fire, electricity.

Nine: Sudden happenings, anger, sharp instruments; *reversed*, danger, fighting, pain, operation.

Eight: A road, a walk, a short outing; *reversed*, irritability, rudeness, things going wrong.

Seven: A brother or sister, a child or animal; *reversed*, a present, a parcel.

Cards in groups of fours, threes and twos also have their meanings.

Four aces: A bad sign, distress, adversity; *reversed*, they show annoyance, some treachery.

Three aces: Promotion, rise in position, some pleasing news; *reversed*, pleasant meetings.

Two aces: Suggestions and plans, new ideas; *reversed*, doubting and indecision.

Four kings: Contact with important persons, social advancement; *reversed*, undertakings requiring legal advice.

Three kings: A successful undertaking; *reversed*, new friendships.

Two kings: A good friend, pleasant meetings; *reversed*, new ideas.

Four queens: Much talking, some-

times leading to quarrels; *reverse*, carelessness, gossiping friends.

Three queens: Social pleasures; *reversed*, jealousy, suspicion, scandal.

Two queens: Friendly advice and conversation; *reversed*, disturbance, trouble.

Four jacks: Something underhanded, payments difficult to meet; *reversed*, a prison, a law court.

Three jacks: Plans upset, irritating occurrences; *reversed*, calm, indifference.

Two jacks: A demand, an investigation; *reversed*, a bill, treachery.

Cards in mixed combinations also have their meanings.

Nine of clubs and jack of spades, for instance, indicate a lawyer. Together with the eight of diamonds, the cards indicate a policeman.

Many other meanings could be given, but lack of space precludes going through the entire list, suit by suit.

Suppose we conduct an actual reading. This begins with the consultant taking up the cards and shuffling them thoroughly. Some of the cards should be turned end for end at random, since as has been mentioned the meanings of the cards are different when they are reversed.

Having shuffled the cards, the consultant places them face downward and cuts them three times. The cartomante will then turn up the cards and interpret the cut,

considering the three cards as something urgently dominating the consultant's mind, or as some important event close at hand.

A married woman, the consultant is now identified with some particular card — the queen of hearts, for example, since one of the cards she has cut is the king of hearts, which can be identified as her husband. The other cards are the ace of spades and the eight of spades, showing illness which requires her husband being placed in a hospital.

The consultant next picks up the cards in the order in which they were cut. Holding them face down, she lays them out in any one of a group of patterns, choosing a pattern that fits the particular case under consideration.

She may choose a simple block pattern, placing the cards face upwards in four rows of eight, forming each row in a straight line from left to right.

Still identifying the consultant with the queen of hearts, it is now seen that she comes out in the middle of the second row. On her left is the king of hearts, with an eight of hearts between them, showing that they are linked by a strong bond of affection. On her right is the ace of hearts (the house card) and ace of spades, with the seven of clubs, and seven of spades, reversed, at her head. This signifies worry and difficulty as to plans, intensified by the fact

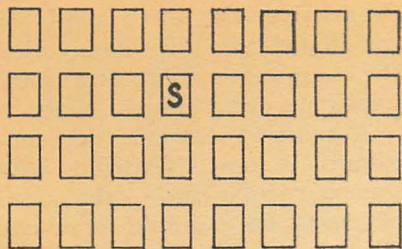


Figure 1

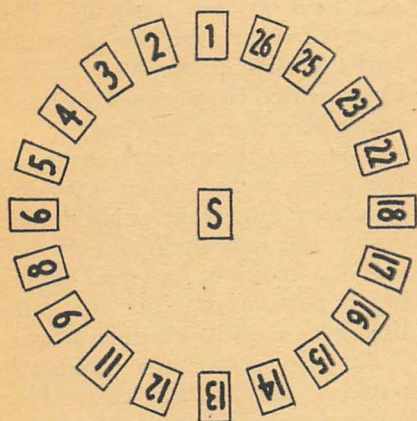
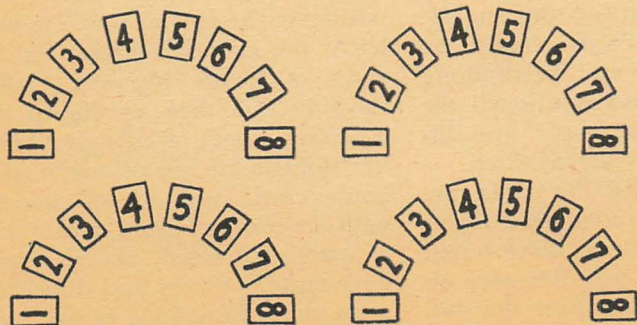


Figure 2

Figure 3



Three important patterns for card reading are illustrated here. At left is simple block pattern, with the 32 cards laid out in four rows of eight. Layout is for general aspects of situation. S designates consultant (significator).

that two reversed sevens touch the ten of diamonds (a money card), showing that expense is an added complication in her husband's illness.

The king of hearts is touched by the nine of diamonds, eight of diamonds and ten of diamonds, reversed, showing an automobile. Since these are signs of illness and accident, it is known that the king of hearts has met with an auto accident, though not a serious one.

Opposite the auto cards, at the ends of the same rows, are a ten of hearts and a ten of clubs, indicating a complete recovery from

Circular pattern (center) is believed to allow forecasting the month's events. Method is described in article. The four fans, below, are another shortcut.

the accident, followed by a pleasant change in surroundings after the stay in the hospital.

The above is little more than a quick survey of the general situation shown by the cards. Many additional details can be obtained from the layout by a process called counting. This links the cards together into combinations, each of which has a different shade of meaning.

Counting may be done in any direction from any point, but it is gone about in a systematic way. It should always begin with the card representing the consultant. And it should follow a certain numerical order, depending on the type of layout chosen. In the layout already described, the cards are counted in threes, sevens, nines and thirteens.

Beginning with the consultant, the queen of hearts, taken as the first card, the counting passes on to the third card, which is considered in connection with the two preceding cards, and the one next to it. From the third card counting passes to the seventh, which is considered with those touching it. A similar procedure is followed from the seventh card to the ninth, and from that to the 13th. From the 13th card, counting begins again, number one card being that next to the 13th.

From this such additional facts are brought out as a telephone call notifying the consultant of

her husband's accident, the arrival of the doctor, and a trip in an ambulance to the hospital.

Another method of laying out the cards is interesting and useful. It gives satisfactory results for such events as may develop in a few weeks.

The significator — the card representing the consultant — is first placed in the center of the table. The remaining thirty-one cards are given to the consultant to shuffle. There is no cut in this method of laying out the cards.

After the shuffle the cartomante takes the pack and places the two top cards side by side, face upwards, over the significator. The first card goes at the head, the second on the left, as shown in Figure 2.

The third card is then put aside. Continue doing this, each time putting the two top cards on the left hand in the circle around the significator and the third card aside, until only two cards are left in the hand.

Then pick up those put aside and give them to the consultant to shuffle once more. After this repeat the process as before, laying down the first two cards, and putting the third aside until all the cards are used, and a circle of 26 cards is formed around the significator.

There will now be five cards left over. Put these aside until the circle has been read.

The counting of the 26 cards begins from the card immediately over the significator (Card No. 1 in diagram) to the third card on the left of it. Next from the third to the seventh, and from that card to the ninth and 13th.

When the counting reaches its starting point, Card No. 2 will now be the one to start from, continuing in threes, sevens, nines and 13s as before. This is kept up until all the cards have in turn been a starting point for a round of counting.

Finally take up the five cards left over from the circle of 26. Having given them to the consultant to shuffle, place them on the table again in a row — 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

The cartomante then reads them thus: 1, 2, 3 — 3, 4, 5. The third card being the connecting link is used twice in counting. These five cards will indicate a condition or happening that is near at hand for the consultant.

Another short method of reading the cards is easy to remember.

The consultant first shuffles the cards and hands them to the cartomante, who holds them loosely, face down, while the consultant draws eight cards at random from any part of the pack. The consultant may draw the cards separately, or two or more at a time until eight cards are withdrawn from the pack. This should be a matter of free choice.

The cards are placed face up as shown in Figure 3, in the shape of a fan. Care must be taken to place the cards down on the table in the exact order in which they were drawn. Then eight more cards are drawn in the same way and placed on the left, above the No. 1 position.

Again draw eight cards. These are placed in the same way, on the right, opposite the top group. Finally the last eight cards are drawn and placed opposite the lower group. Each fan is then read in accordance with its respective position.

Position No. 1 represents "That you will gain."

Position No. 2 represents "That you will lose."

Position No. 3 represents "That you will have."

Position No. 4 represents "That you would choose."

The counting is done in four pairs, using the third card of the fan each time as the first card for the next count.

Whether cards so read can really tell something about the future is indicated but not definitely proved by research to date. While physical scientists are extremely doubtful, parapsychologists and many psychologists give card reading considerable credence. It is plain, however, that we are only nibbling around the edges of a great and practically uninvestigated subject.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

VENUS? MERCURY?

Although I have often been skeptical of many of the True Mystic Experiences and Reports from the Readers published in FATE, I am in a position to add to the material submitted by F. X. Gruber of Albany, N. Y., on page 113 of the January, 1952 issue. Mr. Gruber wrote that he and several associates saw a dark spot near the sun for several

days in June, 1951, the last occasion being June 19.

I was up early that morning. The sun came up very red and was easy to look at without dazzling the eyes. Although Mr. Gruber described the object he sighted as "near" the sun, the one which I saw was definitely on the surface; if I remember correctly it was about where 7 or 8 would be on a clock-face. Mr. Gruber compared its appearance to that of a B-B shot, a description which I can agree with; he declared its color to be blue-black, and my impression is simply that it was black, but perhaps a very dark blue-black would not be

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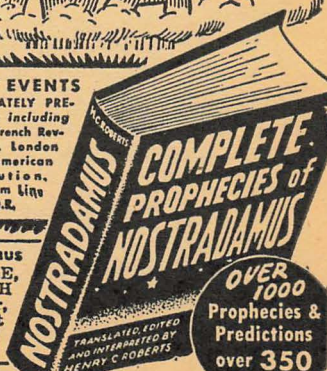
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inaccurate. — *W. P. Grant, Philadelphia, Pa.*

Although we have not checked astronomical tables, the object could well have been the silhouette of either Venus or Mercury against the sun. — Editor.

SYMBOL OF TIME

For a number of years I have been communicating with various entities through the means of automatism. Much of the information I receive is senseless to me. Upon one occasion, however, I received a message as follows:

“Not of the world you are in. We are in a different type of place. In one of the many, other streams of time. The opposite polarity of Cg \overline{og} // B14.

“This is the way it would be written in your letters. It means that there will be an event in the past which has happened in the future and you will meet it coming the other way, but we know it now.

“C is Contra, g is moving time, // is the operation of a non-time factor, \overline{og} is non-moving time, and B is the other term for a known time which in your case is one of 14.

“This is the time of the great awakening and its symbol is B.

“There are other times now in motion which were begun by the great opening when the old world was again tipped.”

Since I am not a mathemati-

cian, the above expression is without meaning to me. However, the whole message was so clear and concise that it must express something. Maybe some of your readers would have some idea as to what my communicants meant. — *Orin T. Lewis, 331 Atlantic, Long Beach 12, Calif.*

FRIENDLY CRITICISM

I recently picked up three back numbers of FATE and must confess my astonishment at the amount of outright trash amid items of definite value. For instance, having seen Franz Polgar perform on three different occasions for the purpose of appraising his much touted ability, I unhesitatingly declare that aside from his memory routine he really has nothing to offer.

In Los Angeles, in 1949, Polgar was to give a private demonstration for 10 newspaper men. It was a complete failure. He did not succeed with a single member of the group in performing the simplest of hypnotic tricks, that of fastening a person's hands so the subject is unable to take them apart. As a result the headline read “HUNGARIAN'S MENTAL ACT DOESN'T CLICK WHEN CONFRONTED WITH LOCAL REPORTERS.”

No doubt the publishers of FATE have done this unwittingly, but it is hoped that a consideration of the facts will inspire them



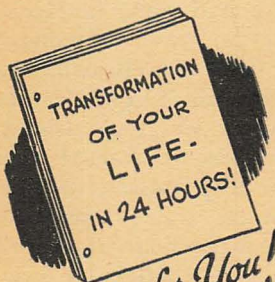
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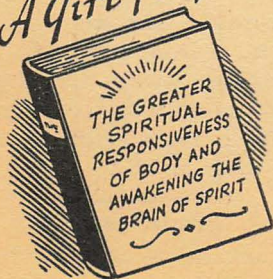
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to be more critical in choosing material for publication in an otherwise bright and interesting magazine. — *Charles George, Minneapolis, Minn.*

PENDULUM ERROR

I wish to bring to your attention an error in your January issue concerning the pendulum story. I find the pendulum always swings in a circle over male and in a straight line over female and that is the way Kenneth Roberts has it listed on Page 67 of *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod*. The article has it just the reverse — a circle over the female and straight swing over the male.

I have had some fantastic experiences in water dowsing. My brother has a well drill and I work with him. On the last dozen or so wells we have drilled we knew before we started to drill just how deep it was to the stream, how much water was flowing through it per hour, the direction of flow, and whether hard or soft water. We have charted over 350 underground streams this past summer, at from 100 yards up to 3,000 miles away and I have proved about 300 on the ground with three slight errors. — *I. M. Shults, Medford, Ore.*

STONE PAGES?

For several weeks now I have been seeing one scene over and over in my mind without any

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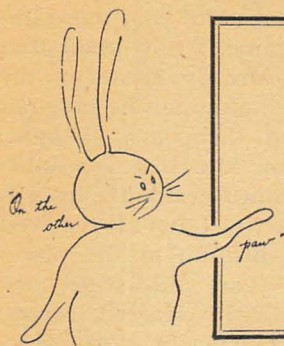
variations. The scene is as though I were looking westward. There is open rough country . . . it is a barren place with little vegetation . . . Into a sort of bank running slightly NW-SE have been placed five large flat stones. I cannot determine their size. Only a fraction of each stone is visible.

They are rectangular in shape. From what I can see I might say they subscribe to the proportions of the "Divine Rectangle." To the right facing them is some small ordinary vegetation and a small sassafras sprout (now leafless). As I view the scene today for about the 10th time I see a sheep grazing above the stones . . . the sheep is white with a black head and is grazing northward. The first time I saw this scene I knew these stones were called "The Stone Pages."

Also I have realized at each impression that their underside contains writing carved deeply and some of which, at least, is still legible. I have felt the underside of the one most conspicuous and found at least one deeply carved symbol which bore a certain kinship to the astrological symbol used to designate Capricorn. A pleasant feeling permeates the whole picture . . . nothing sinister whatever.

Then today while preparing the noon lunch for the boy I was suddenly overcome with the need to send this on to you. Maybe

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some reader of FATE would have seen these stones, or may see them in the future. Almost as soon as I decided to write you, more impressions came. I now knew that some one already knows of the stone pages, although he may not have given them any thought. He is Jerome Morris. It is possible they call him Gerald. He lives in Massachusetts. Later I received the name Brinton as the place. He is 18 years old. I get two addresses: 1211 Harriet Street, and 1427 Harriet or North Harriet. It seems to me that the boy has seen the stones out west somewhere on a farm associated with his uncle Benjamin.

Does this description mean anything to anyone? — *Mariechen Al-An', Evansville, Ind.*

CONGRATULATIONS

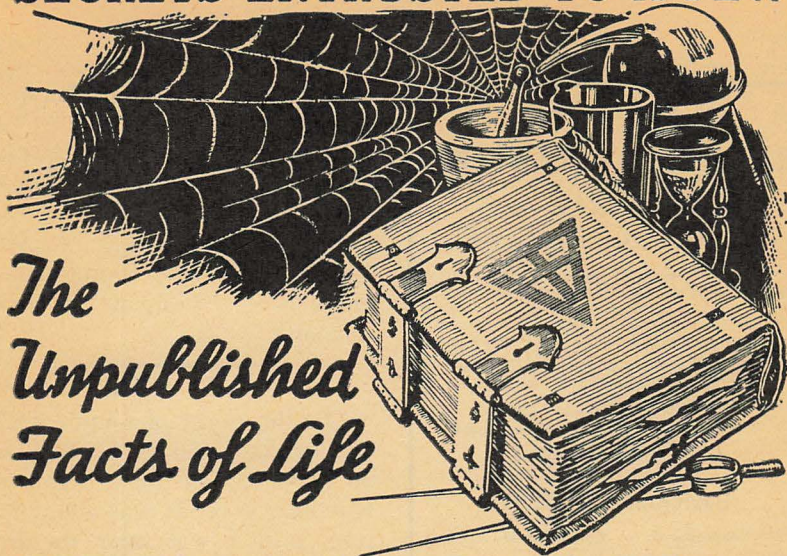
CONGRATULATIONS on your fine article on Madame Blavatsky. No real student of the comparative sciences, religions, and philosophies can afford to neglect her many and voluminous writings. — *James W. Thompson, Pasadena, Calif.*

MORE ON BAIL-OUTS

I was surprised and delighted to run across a "Finger of FATE" incident of Lieut. John Becht, Lima, Ohio, in the January issue.

The account is accurate as far as it goes. It might interest your readers to know that the three

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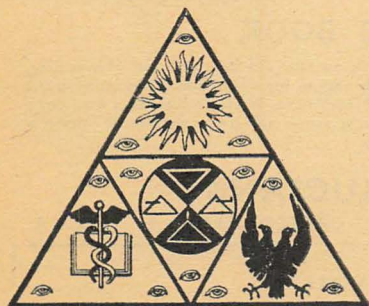
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bail-outs of Lieutenant Becht on the 11th of the month were two months apart: May 11, 1944 in France; July 11, 1944 in England; September 11, 1944 in France. FATE is a stimulating magazine . . . more people should get to know it. — *Edward S. Makowski, Endicott, N. Y.*

BALLS OF FIRE

On the night of October 27 I was driving west on U. S. Route 30 between Laramie, Wyo., and Rawlins, Wyo. It was about 8:30 p.m. and I was near the little town of Hanna. I was climbing a good grade which necessitated my shifting the large truck I was driving into a low gear, making my speed quite slow.

As I was going up this grade, I noticed what looked at first like a bright star off to my right in a northwest direction. To my surprise the star appeared to be growing and getting very bright. I realized that it was not a star at all but something right on top of the hill. When I was within about 200 or 300 yards the light faded out just as it had come up and disappeared completely. When I did reach the top of the hill I looked for something which might have been the cause of the light but there was nothing.

However, I continued to watch the sky, which was clear and star-filled, although there was no moon, and within a few moments

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I saw the same performance repeated once again on a hilltop a mile or so to the southwest of where I was. The light began as a pin point, rapidly expanding to a bright round white light apparently several feet across, and then faded out as it had come.

The light remained on both times for about 30 seconds, perhaps a little more or less. Although I continued to watch for some time after this second light appeared, no further lights were seen, excepting a brilliant falling star or meteor, which exploded and fell in two separate parts.

I could see several airplane beacon lights in the far distance but there is none within miles of this point and I know what they look like. I am not saying that these lights could be from flying saucers, but I do say that they were the strangest thing I have ever seen in many years of scanning the skies. — *W. Barton Williams, South Bend, Ind.*

CLAIMS SAUCER KNOWLEDGE

The scheduled Saucer landing according to my predictions came due November 21 to December 9-12, 1951. Appropriately after the publicized misbehaving "Shooting Stars" of October 27 to November 9, seven shining objects were seen in 13 days, scanning the skies, some in pairs moving from horizon to horizon east to west which is backward to the normal

movements in our solar system.

On December 9, the end signal of the Saucer landing period, President Truman suddenly cut short his vacation in Florida and flew to Washington into conference with the military chiefs involving the "whole world," he said. Though the news commentators mentioned several sufficient emergencies, the President stressed overmuch that there was "No Emergency." An emergency trip with no emergency?

I really do know what the flying saucers are and where they are coming from. And I have charted the saucer activity dates from February 18, 1947, to October 15, 1953. In good time I will reveal these discoveries. — *Lonzo Dove, Broadway, Virginia.*

I would like to make a report on a "thing" that my two sisters saw plainly. A crew of threshers saw it and were very close to it. It appeared in the southwest sky here in central North Dakota about nine in the morning in mid-August. It was white smoke in the shape of a sickle. It turned, rose sharply, curved again, and then the smoke trailed out to the southeast as it moved along, sometimes within 300 feet of the ground. The long trail of smoke could still be seen two hours later.

A round shiny object was seen twice. It was perfectly calm and there were no clouds in the sky.

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Even those close to it could hear no sound nor smell the smoke. The shiny part was quite small. In June of 1949 we saw a similar smoke streak and neighbors reported seeing a shiny object at its head.—*Florence Newsom, Hurdsfield, N. D.*

I definitely believe in the existence of these saucers and partly because the explanations of authorized authorities simply do not explain.—*Mrs. O. A. Aussenheimer, Tacoma, Wash.*

NOT REALLY A CRITICISM

That confounded FATE. When it comes in it means that myself and wife drop all other reading we happen to be doing and start to eat up FATE. That is a magazine what'am.—*Edward R. Walker, Pueblo, Colo.*

PROTECT THE HYPNOTISTS

I bring to your attention the near future destruction of free thought, speech, spirit and press by a small group called the Hypnodonetics Society in New York State.

A group of New York dentists have taken an interest in hypnosis and they have a training system for those dentists who are interested. This means that all psychics, publications, associations, parlor and stage hypnotists are to cease functioning. Your magazine can-

not mention hypnosis in New York State or encourage its practice once a law is passed by the efforts of this group which will limit all practice to the medical profession. Trance mediumship might be included as a hypnotic application.

Incidentally, these individuals use hypnosis for anesthetic purposes but, in spite of contrary statements I have heard made by a leading psychiatrist directly to them at one of these meetings, they have decided not only to fraudulently claim that their attitude is that of medical science but to impudently set themselves up as authorities on psychiatry. I refer to the claim by these dentists about malpractice by all those who are not doctors.

Your cooperation is needed to debunk this accusation, especially since New York State laws often set a precedent for a far larger area. — *Talbot Southwick, 326 West 14th Street, New York 14, N. Y.*

A GOOD WORD

I enjoy reading your magazine and am also an ardent fan of *Other Worlds*. I especially liked the articles "Sex in the Spirit World" and "New Light on the Aura" (February-March FATE). St. Petersburg has organized a science fiction fan club called "Sufinity." Could you put in a good word for us? — *Edith Heilweil, 2127 8th Ave., N., St. Petersburg, Fla.*

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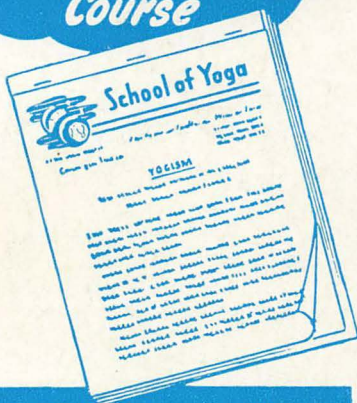
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