

September 1952

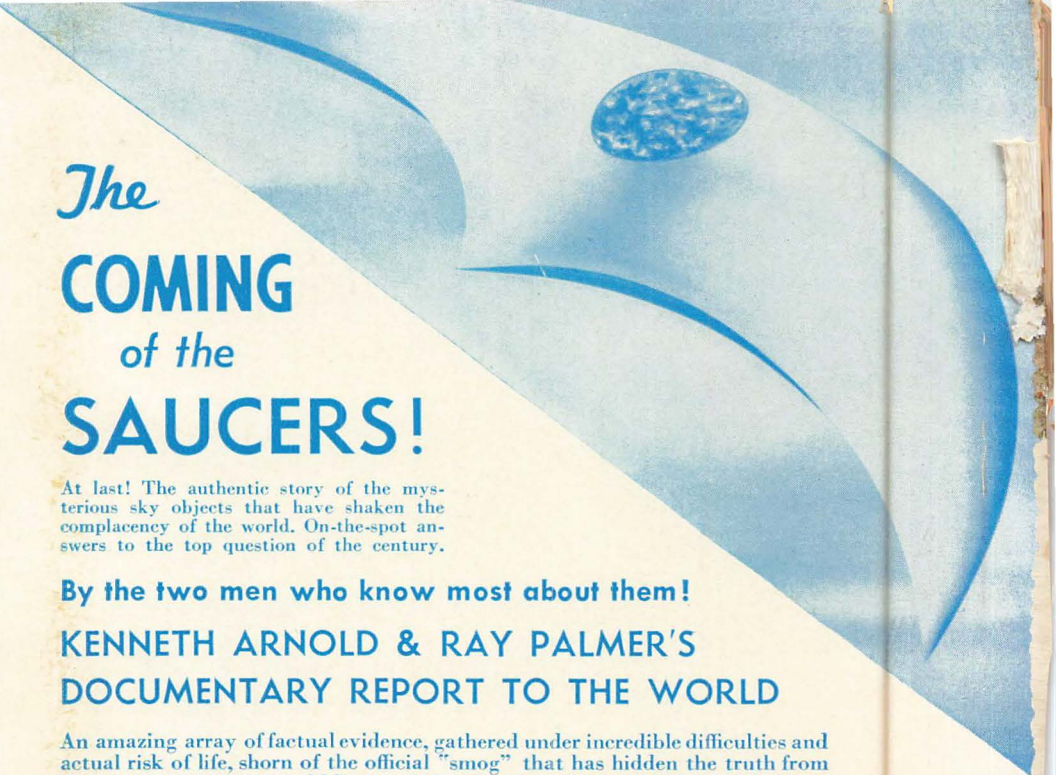
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FATE



THE 10 PROOFS
OF
**JOAN
OF ARC**

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I See by the Papers...

Life Buys the Saucers

THE outstanding news of recent weeks seems to be the increased number of reports of strange aerial phenomena coming in from all quarters. To many readers the most important story is the 10-page article in *Life Magazine* titled "Have We Visitors from Space?" by H. B. Darrach, Jr., and Robert Ginna. The subhead for this article read: "The Air Force is now ready to concede that many saucer and fireball sightings still defy explanation; here *Life* offers some scientific evidence that there is a real case for interplanetary flying saucers."

Life's story in almost every detail is familiar to FATE readers. We have covered nearly all the information carried in the *Life* article and a great deal more beside. *Life* lists 10 particular cases, of which three were reported for the first time. The other seven had already been reported by FATE.

Here is a brief summary of *Life's* three "new" saucer sightings:

• On July 10, 1947, at 4:47 p.m. a "leading U.S. astronomer" was driving near Clovis, N. M.



His wife and two teen-age daughters were in the car. The western half of the sky was a "confused cloud sea" but visibility was excellent. As they drove toward these clouds they observed a curious bright object nearly motionless among them. The astronomer held a pencil at arm's length, measured the object's size against the windshield of his car, estimated angles, and made other mental calculations as a good astronomer should. The object was luminous with a hard, elliptical outline. It exhibited a wobbling motion. It moved behind a cloud, then reappeared higher than when first seen. "This remarkably sudden ascent thoroughly convinced me that we were dealing with an

absolutely novel airborne device," he said. The astronomer viewed the object for about two and one-half minutes. He calculated that it was 20 to 30 miles distant, rigid, and between 160 to 245 feet long and 65 to 100 feet thick. Horizontal speed was 120 to 180 m.p.h. and vertical 600 to 900 m.p.h. There was no exhaust or vapor trail.

• An Air Force Security officer at a key atomic base was in command of the radar equipment that watches over the atomic installation. One day in the fall of 1949 while watching his scope he saw five apparently metallic objects flying south at tremendous speed and great height.

• On May 29, 1951, three technical writers for the aerophysics department of North American Aviation's Downey plant observed about 30 glowing meteor-like objects come out of the east, make a right angle turn, and sweep across the sky in "an undulating vertical formation." They crossed 90° of the horizon in about 25 seconds. The men estimated their diameter at 30 feet and their speed at about 1700 m.p.h.



From all this and other information, *Life* concludes that flying saucers, foo fighters, green fireballs — whatever you choose to call them — are not psychological

phenomena. They are not products of U.S. Research. They are not Russian developments. They are "not distortions of the atmosphere resulting from atomic activity." They are not all Skyhook balloons, as Dr. Urner Liddell of the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics has stated.

Life quotes Dr. Walther Riedel, once chief designer and research director at the German rocket center in Peenemunde, as follows:

"I am completely convinced that they have an out-of-world basis."

Dr. Riedel pointed out that no known metals would resist melting under the friction imposed by the terrific speed of the objects. They demonstrate an acceleration higher than any known man-made flying machine. They perform intelligent maneuvers that no human pilot could withstand. There is a lack of visible jets.



I hope I can be pardoned for pointing out that FATE has said all of these things before. I have written on Flying Saucers for FATE since the first issue of this magazine, under the name of John C. Ross, which was the pseudonym under which I also wrote for *ESQUIRE*. In Vol. 1, No. 1, of FATE I said of the saucers:

"I do not believe they were manufactured in the United States or in the Soviet Union or even on the Planet Earth."

I also said, "If you want my candid opinion, it is that Mr. Arnold either saw a mirage or he did not see anything at all."

"But if he did see what he describes, it was a train of space ships from another planet."

I have changed my views considerably since those days more than four years ago. As editor of FLYING Magazine during three of those years I carried on intensive saucer investigations. I visited many Air Force and Naval Air bases and I always asked questions about saucers. I talked with scores of airline pilots and many more commercial and private pilots.

Today I have revised my opinion about Kenneth Arnold. I believe he did see what he described. But I do not necessarily believe that saucers come from other planets. I have been told so much and it is so contradictory, that I do not know what they are or where they come from. But I am completely convinced that they exist.



We would be derelict if we did not list, however briefly, the latest independent reports on unidentified aerial objects.

• *Watsonville, Calif., January 5.* A weird, flaming cigar-shaped object flashed through the sky. Deputies Al Bolman and Jim Mattnay at first thought it was a flaming plane. They said it cruised along, apparently under control, at about

1,000 feet altitude. Policeman George Brautovich described it as a ball of fire with a bluish, green tail like a string of beads.

• *Greenfield, Mass., February 20.* A Greenfield resident who refused to identify himself was waiting for a train in the Greenfield station when he observed three, round, thin objects approaching rapidly from the southeast. They turned over Greenfield, changed formation and darted out of sight to the east. Weather was fair, sky bright.

• *Imperial Beach, Calif., February 24.* Elmer Kiepert, a bakery truck driver, saw a "white-hot" object, about two feet in diameter, scoot along about a foot from the pavement while he was delivering his route. He could look at it only for an instant at a time during the 30 seconds it was in view. Then it disintegrated, burning a thin black streak in the asphalt nearly three feet long. Kiepert said the object appeared to spin and was as bright as an arc welding torch.

• *Richmond, Calif., February 25.* Two mysterious orange balls of fire were seen by Patrolmen Jack Fickes, Jack Estes and T. J. Walsh. They hovered over Point Richmond, then disappeared to the north.

• *Buhl, Ida., March 8.* Four citizens declared that they had seen two "saucers" following a B-36 bomber. Guy Ulrich, employee of the Buhl Feed and Ice Company,

saw two round objects come out of the Snake River Canyon at a terrific speed and head for the aircraft. He estimated they must be traveling five times as fast as the plane. When they reached it they slackened speed and seemed to hang in the air just behind and below it. Then they began "chasing each other" around, behind and above the bomber. Ulrich was an anti-aircraft gunner in World War II.

• *Columbus, Ohio, March 12.* A long, shiny, wingless, tapering object was observed headed southwest over the west side of Columbus. It made a circle and headed north, turned west again and then flashed a bright light at its front which burned about two seconds. Shortly afterwards it disappeared to the north. The time was between 6:15 and 6:40 p.m. and scores of reports were received.

• *Grants Pass, Ore., March 26.* Five "flying saucers" were observed for 10 minutes by hunters. There were no signs of motors, smoke, vapor trails nor sound. One witness who examined them through field glasses said the objects were metal-like discs "flat like a newspaper only made out of crumpled aluminum foil that had been smoothed out." Another said: "they seemed to tumble over and over but maintained their height and kept in formation with two at one level and the other three well above them. Sky was cloudless, lit-

tle wind at ground level, visibility excellent. The objects proceeded south by east at a slow speed, then turned abruptly east and disappeared rapidly.

• *Minneapolis, Minn., April 12.* Pilots and engineers at the General Mills balloon experimentation project said that strange "aerial objects of undetermined origin" — neither balloons, planes nor shooting stars — had been sighted in spectacular acrobatics over Minnesota and Wisconsin. In one instance, J. J. Kaliszewski, supervisor of balloon manufacture for the Aeronautical Research Laboratories, was in an experimental balloon with Jack Donaghue near St. Croix, Wis., when an object showing a "peculiar glow" came toward them in a shallow dive, then levelled off and slowed down. After a time the object went into a sharp left turn, climbed with "terrific acceleration" and disappeared.



We've already devoted too much space to this fantastic subject — if reports keep up we'll have to start a regular flying saucer department — but we can't resist reporting that Mason Rose, president of the "University for Social Research" of Los Angeles, credits Inventor Townsend Brown with solving the saucer's means of propulsion.

Idea is that the objects operate

in a field of "electrogravity" that "acts like a wave with the negative pole at the top and the positive pole at the bottom.

"The saucer travels like a surfboard on the incline of a wave that is kept continually moving by the saucer's electrogravity generator."

Mr. Brown neglects to state where the electrogravity generator gets the power that runs it. Well, you take it from there.



Correction, Please

WE WISH to correct a story in the April-May issue of FATE relating to the photographs which the Vatican's semi-official paper, *L'Osservator Romano*, published (as we did also) as "rigorously authentic" photographs of the "revolving sun" phenomena at Fatima, Portugal.

Correction comes from *The Voice of Fatima*, official English-language journal of the Sanctuary and Crusaders of Fatima.

In Portugal, *The Voice of Fatima* said that the pictures "were not in fact taken of the solar prodigy of 1917 but several years later (May 13, 1921, near Torres Novas) during an atmospheric effect at sunset."

A different account of the origin of the photographs comes from Dr. Joao de Mendonca who reported that his brother, the late Alfredo de Mendonca, had photo-

graphed a repetition of the "Miracle of the Revolving Sun" on a pilgrimage to Fatima in 1922. Dr. de Mendonca said he gave these photos, erroneously inscribed "Fatima, 1917" to Cardinal Tedeschini but had later explained that the pictures were authentic so far as the 1922 pilgrimage was concerned.

Meanwhile, it was Federico Cardinal Tedeschini himself who announced that last October 13 Pope Pius XII had seen a repetition of the miracle of the sun during the Holy Year of 1950.



Experiment at Abbas Hall

FOR some reason there are more ghosts in England than in the United States — or else the English are less reticent about discussing them.

Six American airmen spent the night in Abbas Hall, a 14th Century Manor which is one of the "most haunted houses" in England, to investigate the reported nocturnal phenomena there. They still don't understand it but they heard the strumming of a harp and the pealing of muted bells several times during the night.

Four of the Yanks slept in one bedroom and all were awakened at 2 a.m. with a start "and with fits of the shudders."

Corp. John Deandy, 23, of Portales, N. M., said their reaction was a "weird attack of twitch-

ing and shaking — something unearthly about it.”

They were hot and cold throughout the night. It seemed as though someone were opening windows, then closing them, then piling logs in a fireplace “until he had a great roaring fire going,” Deandy told the Associated Press.

“I don’t believe in ghosts,” reported Corp. Robert Gwizdala of Bay City, Mich., “but there is something mysterious about Abbas Hall.”

Sounds too as though there’s something very active about the imaginations of six American airmen.



Prefabricated Poltergeist?

SOMEWHAT more understandable is a case from Bristol, England, where a young couple and their 18-month-old baby moved out of their prefabricated house because it was “haunted.”

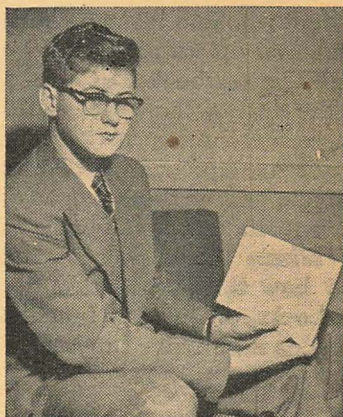
Dennis Hawkins, 30, a mechanic, said, “We have heard footsteps, doors banging at night. We have found lights on after switching them off. Once a bread-knife vanished for three days and turned up on the mat in front of the door.”

Hawkins, his 25-year-old wife, Doris, and their baby, David, went to live with Doris’ mother.

A psychologist analyzing this story would probably label it a poltergeist case, define Doris as

the catalyst about whom the phenomena revolved, and decide that she probably wanted to go live with her mother in the first place.

Which really doesn’t make it any more understandable.



James Hanenburg and his book.

Mysterious Reappearance

THIS story comes to us from Pauline Saltzman, Radio Station WLAV, Grand Rapids, Mich.

“When Freshman James Hanenburg of Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, ate his lunch in the cafeteria of Calvin College in Grand Rapids he had no idea that in a few minutes he would encounter an inexplicable enigma.

“When young Hanenburg finished his lunch, he returned to his locker just outside the cafeteria. His books were all in order except for a strange volume which had mysteriously appeared there. It

was a German grammar. Curious to know who the owner might be, Hanenburg opened the book, to find this inscription:

"John Hanenburg, Room 25, Calvin Dorm, 1925.

"The inscription was that of James' father, a Calvin College student who had taken a course in elementary German 27 years earlier! The textbook had been sold at the end of the term, in 1925. There were other names of the book's subsequent owners but not a single one of those persons is a present student at Calvin.

"Where the book came from, and how it was included in the textbooks of James Hanenburg, remains an unsolved mystery."



WE HAVE received a collection of clippings about a phantom motorist who has been scaring the devil out of night drivers in Ohio. Seems the guy pulls up alongside cars or trucks, blows his horn, switches out his lights, and immediately the inside of his car is bathed in an eerie green glow with a "spook" at the wheel. Sometimes a glowing skeleton is driving; other times it appears to be an animal.

The car gives off a wailing sound. One driver said the "spook" stood on the running board.

Roy Fitzwater, a Greenville, O., trucker, said: "It was spitting snow, and freezing rain, and very

dark. I dimmed my lights when a car approached. When it got about 200 feet from me its lights went out entirely. Then a little light flicked on inside and I saw this thing. It was horrible looking."

Trucker William Todd got close enough to see that the "spook," an animal this time, was driving a 1949 Nash.

Any doubt about the car or driver being supernatural was resolved when it scraped off some paint against a truck recently.



Cremation Theory

FATE readers will remember Mary Fuller's excellent story on the mysterious cremation of Mrs. Mary Reeser in St. Petersburg, Fla., last year. *Inside Detective* recently paid a \$25 reward to Thomas R. Byrley of Birmingham, Mich., for the best theory on the cremation. He concluded that the fuel came from a gas-fired wall heater "but the means by which the gas was conducted to the area under the chair is of course subject to speculation. The connection could have been reconnected before the body was found."

This may be a good theory for *Inside Detective* but it isn't any good for us. Even if a means did exist to conduct the gas precisely to a point beneath Mrs. Reeser's chair, a gas flame is not hot enough to have effected this cremation within the time limit. — Curtis Fuller.

BURY MY BONES

By Edmond P. Gibson



The dead man took swift and forceful action to bring about the rescue of his violated remains.

CASTEL DI SANGRO lies about 100 miles due east of Rome, Italy, and about 80 miles north of Naples. On the night of March 3, 1905, M. Pascal Coccozza, a gamekeeper to the Baron Raphael Corrado, dreamed that his father, who had been dead for more than 10 years, appeared to him.

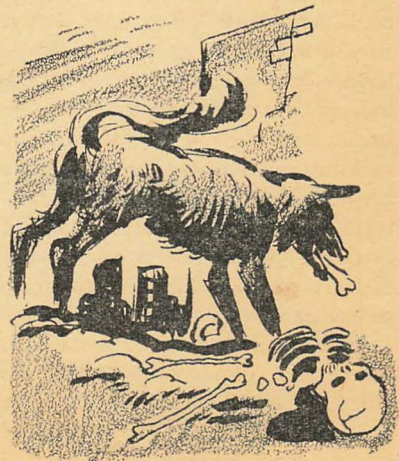
The father berated Pascal and informed him that he and his brothers had utterly forgotten him. The father declared that his coffin and bones had been removed from the grave and thrown behind the cemetery tower into the snow, where they were being molested by the wolves which had become bold during the deep snow that buried the mountains.

Pascal Coccozza's dream set the stage for a thoroughly verified and investigated psychic experience. The affair was to be entered in the records of the municipal court and attract widespread attention.

The dream was so vivid and impressive that Pascal Coccozza

described it to his sister the following day. She not only was not surprised, but informed him that she had dreamed the identical dream at about the same time.

The gamekeeper, despite the deep snow on the ground and a coming new snow storm, took his gun and visited the cemetery, which lies on a steep rocky hill



above the town of Castel di Sangro. Exploring behind the tower among the bushes and in the deep snow, as his father had directed, he discovered the tracks of wolves and some scattered human bones.

M. Coccozza subsequently filed a complaint with the Mayor, M. Fiorangelo Frattura, against the custodian of the cemetery, M. Francesco Mannarelli. The complaint was turned over to the Justice of the Peace, M. Casoria, and the custodian and three of his grave diggers were arrested.

Questioned by the Justice, the defendants stated that the 10 year rental of the grave site had expired. They had removed some bones from a grave just as it was becoming dark. It was very cold and snowing hard so instead of depositing the bones in the cemetery charnel pit or ossuary as was customary, and as they fully intended, they left them in the snow behind the tower. Search of the cemetery, the records, and the location of the empty grave disclosed that the bones were certainly those of the father of M. Coccozza, although the defendants at first denied they knew whose bones had been removed.

The Justice of the Peace was so convinced of the guilt of the defendants in desecrating the dead that he had the entire transcript of the proceedings inscribed in the court record, together with

the story of M. Coccozza's and his sister's remarkable dreams. He recognized that the negligence shown to the remains of the father Coccozza constituted an infringement on the rights of the son and daughter.

Dr. Guido Fiocca-Novì, who lived in the mountain town himself, made a thorough investigation of the veridical dreams and reported the case to the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* (Paris) which published his report in the issue of September 1905. Dr. Fiocca-Novì concluded that although telepathy from the grave diggers to M. Coccozza could explain the dream in part, it failed to explain the activity of the father Coccozza, who was unknown to the grave diggers. In fact, the grave diggers had no knowledge of whose remains they removed. Furthermore, telepathy could not cover the motivation of the dream, which was that of the person whose bones had been disturbed. The grave was without a monument. There was a plain cross over it, bearing a number. The identity of grave and bones was finally established at the trial only when the burial records were produced and consulted.

A comment on this unusual case appeared in the newspaper L'Echo del Sangro on March 15, 1905. Dr. Fiocca-Novì submitted a statement with his report which was signed by Alberico Giannone, an

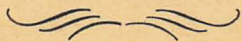
attorney of Castel di Sangro, dated May 23, 1905, certifying that the bones had been identified as those of the deceased M. Coccozza, Sr. Dr. Fiocca-Novati furthermore offered a complete statement of the case inscribed by the Registrar of the Court and bearing the stamp and signature of the Justice of the Peace. This statement was submitted with his report to the *Annales des Sciences Psychiques* and substantiates the fact that "around the bones there were the marks of the paws of wolves and foxes, which helps to explain the disappearance of some portions of the skeleton." It further established that Coccozza Sr. died on January 10, 1895.

Testimony in the court established that the son Coccozza had not passed near the cemetery during the period of the exhumation or afterwards. The cemetery is difficult of access even in good weather, being on the summit of a small mountain or hill with very steep slopes. When the bones were exhumed the snow was deep and the temperature had dropped to six below zero. The combination of sub-zero weather plus deep snow and a new snowfall had driven away the grave diggers as the night came on and they had left their task uncompleted.

The aftermath of the trial is of interest. The cemetery guardian, Mannarelli, was acquitted. It was proved that he was absent during the exhumation and had no knowledge of what disposition had been made of the remains of M. Coccozza, Sr. The Justice of the Peace pronounced the grave diggers guilty of desecration of the dead, a crime which carries a heavy penalty in Italy. He was about to pronounce sentence on these peasants when the young Coccozza, who had procured the warrant and had prosecuted the case, asked that the sentence be suspended. He stated that what could be recovered of the remains had again been buried, and that he thought the guilty grave diggers had been sufficiently punished in their anticipation of what was their just due.

Following this plea for clemency, the Justice agreed to suspend sentence and peace was re-established by the prosecutor over the drinking of some bottles of wine, in which all concerned joined.

The interesting feature of this case is that it demonstrates the persistent and purposeful action of a spirit entity which managed to manifest itself to two dreamers at the same time and conveyed an identical message to both.





THE IO PROOFS OF
JOAN OF ARC

By Peg Miller

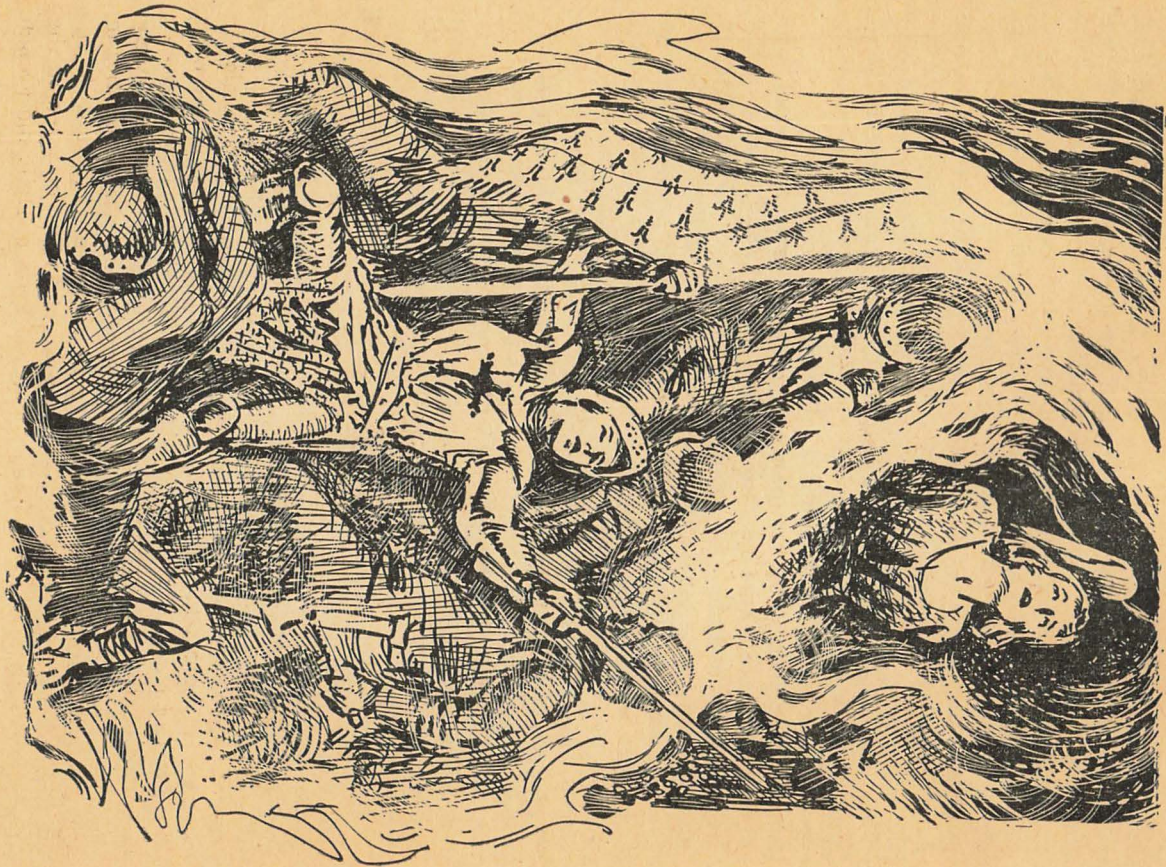
Some said she was mad and others that
she was guided by Heaven. She was burned as a witch —
yet she freed France and was sainted.



“From the forests of Bois-chen . . . will come a maid . . . who after throwing down the citadels will slay the stag . . . and will trouble the isles of Britain with woeful sound.” — Prophecy of the Wizard Merlin.

FIVE CENTURIES ago the world was not so different from today. Most of Europe was clouded by the smoke of destruction and threat of annihilation.

In France men lived in daily fear — humbled beneath the heel of the oppressors from England. Vast stretches of the country were laid waste. Weeds and thistles grew in the fields. Villages were abandoned and the people hid in caves. The uncrowned king, Charles of Valois, cowered in the south of France. Daily the French people consulted prophets and seers for a sign — a sign that 100



years of war would cease.

At dawn on April 25, 1429, in the city of Tours, excitement mounted along every street. A sign had appeared. The court of the Dauphin, the Marshall Generals of France and a simple maid called Joan of Arc had come to the city.

It was said that Joan was guided by Voices of Heaven to save France, that she brought a sign so compelling to the Dauphin that he could not ignore her cause. Now she commanded an army and this day was to set out to raise the siege of Orleans.

In the brightening dawn the people of Tours crowded the streets to glimpse the Maid. Priests and barefoot friars led a procession intoning the *Veni Creator*. Behind rode the Knights of France and Joan. She sat lightly on her warhorse. The early sunlight touched her armor and helmet with gold. Above floated her flag with its field of lilies and King of Heaven emblem. Joan was radiant with hope. To all who saw her she seemed indeed heaven sent — the Maid come from the wood to fulfill the prophecy.

Within a few weeks all France was filled with optimism. For, as she had prophesied, Joan miraculously raised the siege of Orleans and rescued its people from starvation. A miracle had occurred! Around the city of Orleans, one of the greatest and strongest cities

of the kingdom, the English had built a circle of seemingly invincible forts to hold the city. Inside the walls the people of Orleans, faced with famine, had despaired.

Joan unfurled her banner and cried, "Boldly! Attack!" And the smaller French army swept over the English horde crushing them. In three days Orleans was delivered.

There followed a series of lightning-like clashes. Every attack was a victory — Jargeua, Meung, Beaugency. At Patay the English were beaten in pitched battle and their General Talbot taken prisoner. In two months Joan transformed the French troops from a dispirited, disorganized pack into a victorious army.

Then Joan and her army escorted the meek and still frightened Dauphin to Reims — the city where the kings of France, since Charlemagne, were crowned. It was the hour of Joan's greatest triumph.

Inside the cathedral thousands of candles lighted the long aisles. Crowds of priests and lords, knights and ladies filled the great hall. Near the altar stood the twelve peers of the realm. And next to the King stood Joan, dressed in her white armor, her banner in her hand and the sword of Charles Martel hanging by her side.

The King was anointed by the

Archbishop of Reims. The great golden crown was set upon his head; the royal mantle of blue was hung upon his shoulders. At this moment Joan threw herself at his feet. She wept and cried, "Gentle Sire, thus is accomplished the will of God, Who ordained that I should raise the siege of Orleans and lead you to this city of Reims to receive your worthy Consecration and so prove that you are the true king and heir to the Crown of France."

The trumpets blew, a procession formed. The Maid and the King appeared to the crowd which shouted, "Noel! Noel!" It was a bright day for France.

Joan's mission was accomplished.

For what she had done she was persecuted and praised, called witch and savior, burnt at the stake, and finally raised by the Roman Catholic Church to Saint-hood. Historians, churchmen, lords, kings, English and French, mystics and philosophers have speculated on what manner of person Joan was, where she came from — a girl of 18 to lead a degenerate army to victory.

Even the skeptics believe that Joan was sincere, that she believed prophetic voices guided her and urged her to free France. In 1924 Leon Denis, in conjunction with Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, advanced a new theory. Monsieur Denis writes, "Where shall we

find the truth as to the part played by Joan in history? As we read it, it is to be found neither in the mystic reveries of the men of faith nor in the material arguments of the positivist critics. Neither one nor the other seems to hold the thread which would lead them through the facts which form the mystery of this extraordinary life. To penetrate it it is necessary to study and have practical knowledge of psychic science." M. Denis goes on to state that Joan was "a messenger from the spirit world — a medium."

This French historian arrived at his theories after long and careful study of Joan's life (he claims that Joan's spirit guided and helped him). He traveled to Domremy, the little village in Lorraine where Joan was born and saw her first vision. He put together the long reports of Joan's trial, eye-witness accounts of her deeds, all the records of her life. Since then other students of psychic phenomena have added to his theory.

Here are the facts which support belief in Joan's mysticism:

The first evidence of her vision and power came when Joan was 13. On a summer morning she had gone to the meadows to gather flowers with her playmates. A neighbor child joined the group and said to Joan, "Your mother needs you."

Joan was an obedient child and she went home. But her mother declared she had not called her. So Joan went out again into the little garden near her home. She stood a moment looking toward the hills which surround the valley of Bois-chen. It was noon.

Suddenly a dazzling light shone beside her and she was terrified. Then from the light a voice spoke, "Joan, daughter of God, be good and wise. Visit the church and pray diligently." Joan looked up to see an angelic figure surrounded by other radiant forms. In a few moments the light faded and was gone.

Shaken by this vision, Joan grew silent and reflective. She told no one of the visitation. A few weeks later a spirit again appeared, this time in the form of St. Michael. He instructed her . . . "go to the help of the Dauphin so that he may recover his kingdom and end this strife."

Months passed. Each week Joan was visited by the spirits. Repeatedly they spoke to her of a mission . . . "save France . . . crown the Dauphin."

Joan protested, "I cannot even read or write. I am only a maid. How can I undertake such a task?"

The voices reassured her, "Go and we will guide you."

During this same time Joan's father had a dream which frightened him so that he became de-

pressed and morose. Jacques D'Arc dreamed that a company of knights rode out of the wood. Joan appeared in full armor, carrying a sword and banner and joined them. The band vanished on the road to Paris.

Joan's father misinterpreted this prophetic dream. He thought it meant that she would follow a band of soldiers loosely, as whores do. And he said to her and her brothers, "If she did thus, I would drown her."

Joan feared her father's anger. She hesitated though the voices urged her to "Go! Go! We will help you." Their instructions became more specific — they commanded her to raise the siege of Orleans, to crown the Dauphin at Reims.

The spirit forms Joan saw were always indistinct. There is no way to tell who they were. Monsieur Denis believes that spirits assume forms familiar to the persons with whom they wish to communicate. Joan was an ignorant child of the Middle Ages and saints were spirits she could accept.

On a winter morning Joan gathered together a few belongings and slipped out of the house. She left without saying goodbye to her parents. Her father's dream still troubled him and she feared he would stop her. She went to the town of Vancouleurs to ask help of her cousins Lassois.

In the Lassois house she said,

"Have you not heard how France, laid to waste by a woman, shall be restored by a maid?"

Indeed such a prophecy ran — older than Joan herself — during the time of the Dauphin's mother, Isabeau. It was then that Henry V brought his English army and vanquished the French at Agincourt. Queen Isabeau saw an opportunity to seize a fragment of power from the disaster. She claimed that Charles was a bastard, not the son of the King, and that her daughter, Catherine, whom Henry wanted for a wife, was the only true heir. Charles was a mild, weak man who did not inspire great loyalty. This, coupled with his mother's scheming, made it difficult for him to inspire or lead the armies of France against the English.

For the first time Joan told of her visitations. She convinced her cousins of her mission and they took her to the governor of the province. Robert Baudricourt was a rough soldier — the only kind of man who could govern a province in those days of wandering brigands and invading armies. When Joan was brought to him she said, "My Lord Captain, God has commanded me to go to the gracious Dauphin who is to furnish me with soldiers so that I may raise the siege of Orleans and lead him to Reims to be crowned. Give me escort to the court of the Dauphin."

Baudricourt was stunned. Then one of his men laughed. Baudricourt laughed with him. Now full of coarse humor he threatened to turn her over to his soldiers to "skirmish with her in sin." This would cure her of visions. Finally he said to her cousins, "take her back to her father for a sound spanking."

Joan turned sadly away but she didn't give up. She remained at the home of her cousins hoping Baudricourt would change his mind. Meantime, rumors of a girl who spoke of spirits and voices flew from cottage to cottage.

Months later she came again to Baudricourt. This time he listened, for she brought a sign — the first of 10 great signs and prophecies she was to make. She foretold the day and hour when the forces of the Dauphin would retreat from the battlefield at Orleans. In a week her prophecy was confirmed by a messenger who rode into Vancouleurs from the king bringing the news that the Dauphin's forces had been routed in battle at Orleans.

Baudricourt was afraid to oppose Joan's mystic forces further. He gave her a horse and an armed guard. On February 22, 1429, Joan set out for the court of the Dauphin, then at Chinon, 250 miles to the south.

Joan requested an audience with the Dauphin and it was granted. Early in March she en-

tered the town of Chinon. Here the second of her prophecies was fulfilled. As she and her escort rode into town they passed a soldier who swore loudly at Joan. Joan turned to him, "In the name of God, do you swear? And you so near your death." In an hour the body of the soldier was recovered from a stream where he had drowned.

Joan and her companions continued to the castle. By this time everyone at court had heard some story concerning her. A brilliant assemblage of knights, princes and bishops awaited her. They were astonished when she entered the courtroom in man's clothes — grey tunic and hose — her hair cut round at the neck like a young page. The women of the court wondered at her calm dignity; the men marvelled at her rounded figure. Joan advanced, unabashed by their stares and whispers.

The King's courtiers had advised him to test her — and amuse the court — by putting a more richly dressed courtier on the throne in his place. Joan scarcely paused. She walked past the courtier seated on the throne, ignored others who pointed out as the King now one figure, now another, and went straight to the Dauphin (whom she had never seen) where he stood concealed in the rear of the hall. She knelt before him and said, "God give you long life, noble King." (Later

Joan said at her trial that a voice had guided her recognition of the Dauphin.)

The King was moved by her simple manner. He took her to an antechamber. When they were alone she told him of her voices and her mission. The Dauphin listened but he doubted. How could an ignorant country girl do what the best military brains in France could not do? Then the strongest evidence of Joan's psychic power was revealed in the sign she gave the King.

She spoke to him of a time when he had withdrawn to his chambers, uncertain and afraid. There he had prayed. He had prayed that if he were not of Royal Blood, but a bastard as his mother claimed, that God would remove from his heart the desire to be King. And that if he were of Royal Blood, the true Dauphin, that God would give him a sign.

Charles had told no one of his doubts though he well remembered his prayer. Joan repeated the prayer to him nearly word for word. The Dauphin paled. Then his dull face lighted. Joan had brought a sign and it was a sign of power.

Charles was convinced but the court peers and churchmen insisted upon a series of tests. Joan was questioned and examined but they could find no fault in her. At length she emerged triumphant. During this time she

chafed constantly at the delay and she gave the fourth prophecy.

"We must not delay," Joan said, "for I have but 12 months." Twelve months later Joan's power was ended and she lay in a dungeon at Rouen.

Joan's confidence blew like an exhilarating wave over the army. Joan was escorted to Tours where her armor and a banner were made to her instructions. In Tours she gave directions for uncovering the sword she was to carry in battle. She described this sword as of fine metal marked by five mystic crosses. It lay buried beneath the altar of the church of St. Catherine at Fierbois. Joan prophesied, the fifth sign, that when it was brought to her the rust and grime would fall away and the sword would gleam untarnished in her hand. The blade was found as she directed and the wondering priests saw the rust melt away as Joan took the sword in her hand.

Whose sword was it? Had it belonged, as some said, to Charles Martel, earlier savior of France? Joan didn't care. Her voices had told her the sword was to be hers and she was satisfied. God himself had armed her through the messages of her protective spirits.

Joan rode on to Orleans.

She was now at the height of her mystic powers. At Orleans she clearly foresaw each turn of battle, each change of strategy.

There she made the sixth prophecy. She told her generals, Alecenon and Dunois, that she would, that day, be wounded in the shoulder by an arrow but that she would recover swiftly and return to battle. A few hours later as she was scaling a wall, an arrow struck her in the shoulder. But true to her pronouncement the wound healed miraculously and the next day she again took the field.

After Orleans was won Joan again urged the king not to delay. "I have but a year," she said, "and the road to Reims is filled with hostile armies." The King roused himself and went to Reims to be crowned.

From this time on Joan's star waned. At Reims her glory surpassed all others. But such glory incites hatred. Lords, whose plans she thwarted, courtiers whose favor she usurped, plotted against her. The weak, unprincipled Charles vacillated and before a month had passed he succumbed to the influence of Joan's enemies. Generals, humbled before the Maid's knowledge of military tactics, plotted mutiny. They disregarded orders, gave countercommands.

Joan endured eight months of trouble. In battle she was sometimes successful and alternately beaten. Finally at the Moat of Melun her mystic voices told her, "Joan, before the Feast of

Midsummer you will be captured." This was the seventh sign.

The English vowed that if ever they seized the "sorceress" they would burn her at the stake. But what the English desired most was not her death but her discredit — which would lower the morale of France and her fighting men.

Joan knew of the English threats. Yet she remained at the head of the French armies, constantly risking capture. A few days short of Midsummer, at Compeigne, Joan and a small force were cut off from the main army. She was captured by the Burgundians, allies of the English. She was sold by the Burgundians to the English for 20,000 pounds.

The English took Joan to Rouen and imprisoned her in the castle tower. So great was the English fear of Joan's power that she was locked in a narrow dungeon, chained by the neck and feet, guarded day and night by five ruffians. Her guards, little more than brigands pressed into service by the English, mocked and jeered her. At her trial Joan wept. She told of being brutally insulted and beaten by these guards. The priest who attended her later said that the guards raped her.

Meanwhile the King, frolicking with his court in the south of France, oblivious to what was

going on in his kingdom, ignored Joan. At first, when told of her capture, he raged and threatened revenge. But pliable as milkweed seed, he soon accepted the idea that nothing could be done for her. Charles, who owed his throne to Joan, forgot her.

The long trial began. It was such a trial as we associate with the Soviets today. Joan had no defense lawyer, no witnesses of her own. She was allowed to tell her story but every attempt was made to weaken her claim that her voices came from God. Theologians, under the power of the English military, spent days thinking of clever traps. Added to this was the daily torture of the dungeon.

Joan courageously and clearly answered her tormentors. She told the story of her voices, of her visit to the King and of raising the siege of Orleans. But she refused to tell of the mysterious sign she brought the King which had convinced him she came from God. This was the King's secret and Joan would not reveal it. Knowledge of the sign was gained later from priests to whom the King confessed. Joan's one vulnerable spot was her refusal to discard man's dress. The judges harped on this point. Joan steadfastly refused, claiming that man's dress was necessary to her mission and she could not lay it aside. (Part of Joan's refusal has been at-

tributed to the degrading conditions of her prison.)

During the examinations at the trial Joan's mystic powers shone again. In the last month of the trial she gave the eighth sign, saying, "Seven years from this day the English will lose a greater prize than Orleans and then all France."

Seven years later the English were driven out of Paris and within a few months the last battle of the Hundred Years War was fought at Formigny.

The ninth prophecy Joan made was one she did not fully comprehend herself. She said her voices bid her withstand suffering for within three months she would be free. Joan understood this to mean worldly freedom — but three months after this prophecy she was freed by death.

The last and tenth sign she gave the world was: That soon all the kingdom of France would act together. This also came true for a contract was signed by the King and the Duke of Burgundy whereby France was once more united.

After Joan had lain in the foul dungeon four months, a priest visited her begging her to abjure her crimes. Joan was ill. She dreamed only of the freedom of the fields of Domremy.

The next morning she stood public trial in a cemetery outside Rouen. The long list of her sup-

posed crimes was read to her — witchcraft, heresy, sorcery, etc. Joan could make nothing of the long list couched in legalistic terms. So a short paper which stated only that she confessed to wrongdoing was read. She was promised that if she signed this and donned woman's dress as a sign of penitence she would be removed to the bishop's palace, tended by women and freed from the heavy chains. Joan put her sign on the paper.

Her judges broke their word. Joan was not unchained, she was not taken to the bishop's palace. She was returned to the dungeon. In her women's clothes she was at the mercy of her guards.

A few days later when she called to the ruffians, "Unloose my chains for I need to rise," the guards instead took away her woman's gown and brought back her man's tunic. Joan would not get up seeing that she had only the tunic to wear. "It is forbidden me," she said. She pleaded with the guards throughout the morning to return her women's clothes. Finally at midday when she could hold out no longer she got up, putting on the tunic.

This was relapse. Under the laws of the church at that time a penitent who relapsed had sinned unforgivably. The punishment was death.

On May 30, 1431, Joan heard her sentence. She was a confessed

witch who had relapsed. She was to be burned at the stake. Joan cried, "I would rather die seven times over by the axe than be burned."

A guard of 200 men in full armor escorted Joan's small cart through the streets of Rouen to the marketplace. Joan in her white robe was frightened but calm. She reasserted her faith in her voices and maintained that her mission was from Heaven.

Stones were heaped into a mound in the marketplace. In the center was a tall stake. Around the stake faggots were laid. Joan climbed up without faltering. She was chained to the stake. A torch set fire to the faggots. The square was noisy with the taunts and jeers of the crowd. Joan begged for a crucifix but the priests ignored her pleas. An English soldier ran forward and

handed her a crude cross made of twigs.

The smoke swirled upward hiding the figure of the girl. Those standing near heard Joan call upon her saints. From amidst the flame came a loud JESUS. Then nothing more was heard but the crackling of the fire.

Hours later when the fire had died the embers were pulled apart. So great was the English fear of Joan's power that they commanded all the ashes dumped into the Seine. Soldiers scattered Joan's ashes into the river and threw after them her heart, which the fire had not consumed.

Four centuries after her ordeal the Catholic Church completely lifted the stigma of sorcery from Joan of Arc. In Rome Pope Benedict XV formally canonized her. She has joined the ranks of her beloved saints.



SPIDER WEB MYSTERY

IS SOME mysterious drug contained in spider webs? It has long been known that some primitive people use them to stop the flow of blood over open wounds. But now comes word from Colombia which suggests that medical scientists would do well to investigate the drug properties of spider webs.

The inmates of one cell in the prison at Cali, Colombia, regularly appeared in a "drunken" condition. But no liquor could possibly have been smuggled into the cell. Nar-

cotics were suspected and a trap was laid. But no smuggler showed up. Then the warden set up a secret watch.

The watchers saw the prisoners form a human pyramid and collect cobwebs which had gathered on the ceiling. They rolled these in cigaret paper, smoked them, and were soon higher than the Andes. In order to keep the spiders working at top speed the prisoners had been catching insects and feeding them to the voracious web spinners.

THE STOPPED WATCH

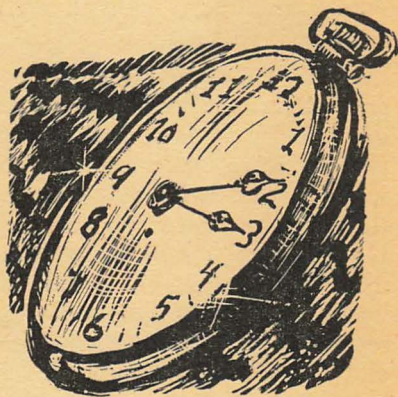
By C. Schadow

The watch stopped without any warning and when it started again by itself it had made up all the time it lost!

MANY years ago I was in the jewelry business at Altus, Ark. The town was small in 1897 and today it is still small.

In 1897 a few genuine gold watches, having "Old English movements with roller tables and winding chains," could be found in America and every man who owned one pampered it as he did his wife. We watchmakers hated them because of the "winding chain." If a link got broken it took a whole day to make a new one. For this work the standard price was three dollars. These watches were key-wind — to wind up such a watch the key must be turned left, not right, or the chain snapped — and they broke easily.

Mike Metz, then a well known hardware merchant, in Altus, Franklin County, Ark., owned one of these watches. The case was solid gold, and beautifully en-



graved. The movement had genuine jewels, not glass. On the outer, inside back lid was engraved "From Father to Son, 1856."

Mike Metz's father lived in Germany and died there. Two weeks before young Mike, then 22 years old, left for America to seek his fortune his father bought that watch from a watchmaker in

Achen, had the inner back lid engraved, and presented it to his son, saying:

"In America they may not have watches as good as this one. Take good care of it and it will last you a lifetime. It will be running, giving the right time of day, when I am dead and gone."

Mike promised his Dad that he would always hang onto that watch regardless of what the future had in store for him in the country across the sea. Mike kept that promise. He thought more of that watch than of all the Charter-Oak ranges, guns, copper sheet, and builder's hardware he had in his store. He carried it on a heavy gold chain, the kind you do not often see nowadays, and it kept perfect time. Once a month he went to the depot to check the time with the telegraph operator. Only once he was off five minutes, due to forgetting to wind the watch at the right time, so he had set it by the Seth Thomas weight and chime clock in his home.

Sunday, November 18, 1897, the watch stopped at exactly 3:10 p.m. Mike tried to wind it. But it was bound to be wound up because he could not turn the key. He then sent his daughter Minnie to my father's house to have me come up. Their home was on the hillside next to Dr. Fane's.

I told Mike Metz, who was 23 years my senior, "Don't mess with it. You'll break the winding chain.

Bring it to my shop in the morning and we'll see what is wrong."

He took the watch and laid it on the dresser in his and his wife's room. Then we went down to the dining room. Off the dining room the cellar opened in the side of the sloping hill and Mike Metz always kept the best of wine. Some of it he made and some of it was Bachman's who sold his recipe to an eastern firm for \$50,000 five years later.

We had a ham, pickle supper and two small tumblers of that good wine. Then we walked out to the back porch and sat down on the steps in the evening sun. That porch faced the barn and cow lot about 50 yards distant. There was a brick walk to the gate of the cow lot from this porch. Mike believed in a good and convenient place to live. The roof on his house was of genuine copper built by his own hands.

We had sat there about five minutes when his eyes suddenly stared at the gate and he said: "My God, there stands my father."

I saw only the gate and figured maybe the wine had gone to his head. In a moment he said that the vision had vanished. He was quite upset by the thing. He went into the house and brought out a letter from his sister which said the old man was getting feeble and often expressed the desire to see Mike one more time before he died. That letter had been written

on the 23rd of July.

"Something has happened!" Mike moaned, "my father must have died."

I tried to talk him out of it. We returned to the parlor where Mike showed me his father's and mother's picture in the family album. He went to the dresser for the Old English watch and found it had started running again.

I said, "Let's remember the time, 3:10 when your watch stopped." By this time it was 4:55 p.m. by the grandfather clock, and believe it or not that watch now had the same exact time.

At the moment Mr. Metz saw the apparition my watch, a 17

jewel Elgin, had registered 3:40 p.m. Two weeks later Mr. Metz received the letter which said his father had died and had called for his son almost to the end.

After carefully checking and comparing time, we found that Mike's watch had stopped just at the time of his father's death in far-off Germany.

There is no question in my mind that the father stopped that watch, then started it again, setting it by the grandfather clock. Why the spirit waited the interim to show himself to his son I do not know — unless he wanted to prove to his son, by a watchmaker, that the watch had not stopped and started on its own.



DOING GOD'S WORK

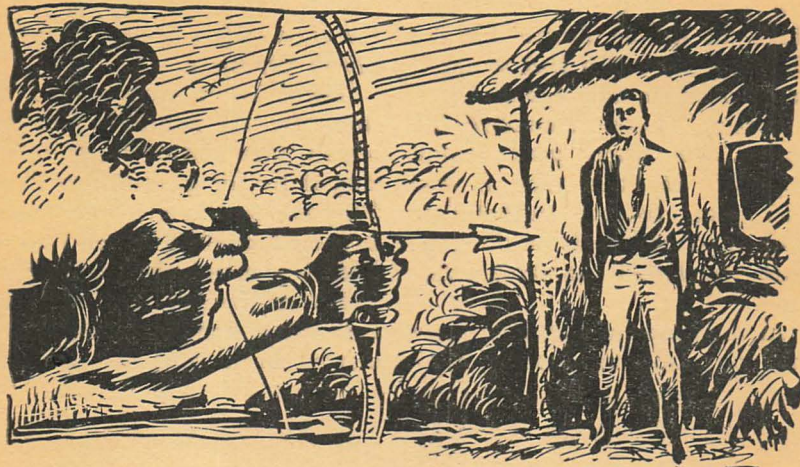
LUCIA APICELLA, a pious-62-year-old widow of Cava Dei Tirreni, near Salerno, Italy, had a dream six years ago. An angel appeared to her and told her to visit the mountains nearby. God, said the angel, had some work for her.

Mamma Lucia, as she is called, went to the mountains and found the bodies of 13 German soldiers on a hilltop overlooking the beaches of Salerno. They had died in battle two years earlier. Mamma Lucia came to believe that it was her divine duty to spend the rest of her life finding and burying the many German dead who still litter the countryside.

Since that first day she has found over 700 bodies and been able to identify more than 250 of them by their tags. She hopes some day to identify all of them.

Mamma Lucia has paid for the construction of special big zinc coffins where she puts the bones pending their being taken to the cemeteries of Caserta and Naples of burial. She even notifies the German families themselves if she is able to identify the remains. Mamma Lucia feels she still has much work to do. She does not plan to rest as long as she lives. She is too busy carrying out the angel's instructions.

THE
MUNDURUCU'S
GHOST ARROW



It was just pagan nonsense, I knew, as the old man stood me against the wall and aimed his arrow at me.

By Arthur J. Burks

I MET Shickta entirely against my will.

Shickta happens to be a strange, I might say peculiar, arrow. It comes and goes among the Mundurucu Indians of Central Brazil: the "black faces", so-called because they tattoo their faces a

deep, dark green which, to other Indians, is "black."

I made two trips to the northernmost tip of the Matto Grosso, where the San Manoel and Juruena rivers meet to form the Tapajos. During the first trip I became aware of "benign" ma-

laria; not so benign but that, at 10-year intervals, it wiped out whole villages of down-river Brazilians.

Decades before, as a second lieutenant of marines in the Dominican Republic, I had had chronic malaria which responded neither to quinine taken orally — my ears still ring from the stuff after 27 years — nor intravenously, but did respond to two injections of salvarsan; responded so well that save for the ringing in my ears malaria became but a memory. But I was scared of malaria when I went to the mouth of the Amazon to look into the activities of the *Serviço Especial de Saude Publica*, Special Service of Public Health, commonly called SESP, which Uncle Sam had organized during World War II for the sanitary processing of workers in jungle rubber.

I wanted no more malaria, especially when I found myself 1500 miles from the nearest doctor, quinine or atabrine. Having some belief in the authority of the human will, I simply decided *not* to have malaria, though my will did not prevent mosquitoes from biting me wherever I went.

I returned to the States in the dead of winter, coming down with most utterly sickening malaria two months thereafter, right on Times Square. I'd forgotten to keep my will operative. I was planning to go back to Brazil and

I took the atabrine course and kicked the stuff out of my system.

Odd items remained. I would be standing, looking out a high window, when I'd get so dizzy I'd have to cling to the window frame. Then I'd have to look at my hands to make sure they were clinging; they seldom felt as if they were. I'd be tying my shoe when I'd almost fall on my face. I had no fever according to the thermometer. Remember that this Brazilian fever is "benign." It kills you with finesse.

When I got a dizzy feeling, or a catch in the guts, or my eyes suddenly blurred, I thought how dizziness might strike at an inopportune time, like when I was standing on the catwalk of a river launch, going up or coming down a dangerous rapids where there'd be no ledge to clutch, or time to look at one's hands.

But I went back to Brazil — and met Shickta.

I took Mrs. Burks along in place of the window frame, to cling to. We went up the Tapajos, south, to the Matto Grosso, up both the San Manoel and Juruena as far as rapids would permit, then up the Cururu to the Franciscan Mission where German priests took us on up the Cururu to Creputia, Rapids of the Little Red Bird, and contact with the unknown and unexplored. I had a dizzy spell or two I didn't mention to Mrs. Burks. We'd both de-

cided not to be sick, of anything, and I couldn't permit myself to fall down on the will business.

But Ruth didn't go with me the morning I went *timbo* fishing with the Indians. Priests led the way, for fish were needed for the chapel larder and for visiting Mundurucu. *Timbo* is a plant secreting rotenone. "Sow" backwaters with the milky juice of the plant and all fish, even the savage *piranha*, churn the water into foam, then float belly-up to be taken in the hands — though only a fool would take a *piranha*, even a dead one, in his hands before it is cooked.

I had a dizzy spell or two during the morning, after sunrise. I noticed old Hakaiapömpö looking at me oddly. He was an oldtimer, must have been at least 70, covered with all the Mundurucu tattoos. All Mundurucu eyes looked dead black to me with no pupils. Hakaiapömpö's had a snaky film on them. The old boy had a reputation about which the priests, deprecatingly, told me. He had been a medicine-man before the church changed his ways, had cured people of sickness by just looking at them, by shooting them with "the ghost arrow," Shickta. He had also disposed of enemies by staring at them, turning on something like The Evil Eye. I was given to understand that arrows figured in this evil eye stuff, too, but not curatively. The wrinkled old fellow looked the part.

He didn't take part in spearing, shooting with arrows, or otherwise gathering in the hundreds of fish which *timbo* bellied up. Being a man of importance he could sit back and watch other people catch his food.

He carried a bow of *pupunha* wood, and arrows four or five feet long. All of us moved back and forth in the backwaters of the Cururu, west of the mission, in dugouts propelled by broad-bladed paddles. Some Indians dragged bundles of *timbo* through the water, which became milky before the fish started jumping.

I kept swaying, feeling as if I were going to black out. The very first time I did this I caught old Hakaiapömpö's eyes on me and knew that he knew what was wrong with me. Indians and Brazilians die too often with malaria not to know all the signs. But the old fellow didn't bat an eye. There wasn't a tablet of atabrine or quinine or metoquina within hundreds of miles. No doctor. Only a nun who believed in the efficacy of methylene blue in the treatment of malaria. I had no intention of having methylene blue pumped into my veins. But it would take 10 days to get back to the Amazon, to Santarem and the SESP Hospital — which might be out of atabrine when we got there — and a man could have a lot of dizzy spells at inopportune times before we got that far. A man

could even die of malaria without pitching overboard in rapids en-route.

I began to get that gone feeling in the pit of my stomach which had signalized my midwinter New York City experience with "benign" malaria. If you've never had it I can't make it clear.

Old Hakaiaöpmpö was watching me again. Our *canoes* were within a few yards of each other. He paid no attention to the *timbo* fishing, an old story to him. I paid little more, especially during my "gone" spells.

I got the idea — you do get ideas when malaria is kicking up didoes in your veins — that old Hakaiaöpmpö was trying to tell me something with his famous, strange eyes. Near time when we had about filled our boats with gasping fish I knew he wanted me to take some sort of cue. But there was a catch: he didn't speak or understand English, German, Portuguese or Spanish; I understood but a few words of Mundurucu and the only priest who understood the Indian dialect hadn't come fishing with us.

We got off the hot backwater into the shade of trees and I knew I had it: malaria, but bad! Old Hakaiaöpmpö brushed against me and one word came out of him:

"Shickta!"

It registered, but not very deeply. There were two priests with us and we paused for rest at

an Indian shack before making a two-mile hike back to the mission. I kept, dizzily, trying to remember what Shickta meant.

"Shickta!" I said thoughtfully to one of the priests. "Where did I hear the word? What does it mean?"

The priest looked at me, smiled, shrugged.

"I know that Mundurucu word," he said. "It's 'the ghost arrow'. When somebody is sick, he's shot with the ghost arrow and gets well. It's pagan nonsense. The church doesn't hold with it. But old Indians like Hakaiaöpmpö there still believe in it. I guess maybe most of our Mundurucu do if we must confess the truth."

Hakaiaöpmpö was looking at me again. I read some sort of appeal in his tattooed face.

I felt sure that of all the Indians there, only Hakaiaöpmpö knew that I was a sick man.

"Would he be carrying a ghost arrow among his other arrows now?" I asked the priest.

"The ghost arrow is invisible, of course," said the priest, smiling. "But that arrow with the *cocu* feathers may represent the ghost arrow."

"As a writer I'm interested in the ghost arrow," I said. "I'd like him to pretend I've something wrong and . . . well, do whatever he would do if I were a sick Mundurucu and the church didn't object to the ghost arrow."

"He won't pretend," said the priest. "It's a serious matter with him, with all the Mundurucu — in spite of everything we can say — even to the best Christians among them. There's another thing, Hakaiapömpö is old, his eyes are failing and he has to shoot *at you!*"

I said I'd risk it, though I didn't fancy myself in the role of William Tell's little boy. I backed against the wall of the Indian shack and Hakaiapömpö stood 15 feet or so away from me and slowly nocked the white-feathered arrow. There was deep silence among the Indians, all of whom were deadpan, as they watched Hakaiapömpö. A priest coughed, then joined the silence.

The old man began to look really blind. And when he raised his bow to aim — I understood that the real arrow was to snap past me over my left shoulder, nearest my heart, while the ghost arrow hit me dead center — the arrowhead looked to be aimed at about the bridge of my nose. And Old Hakaiapömpö was a mighty

hunter, even yet, able to down jaguars, deer, wild pigs, otter. He could drive an arrow into the bridge of my nose far enough for it to protrude behind my head.

I stood to take it. Somehow I felt confident of the old man. Then again I was undergoing one of those fits of nausea which made me feel I didn't care what happened. I had malaria, no doubt about it.

In the same instant two things happened, the bowstring twanged and the arrow went through the *ubim*-frond hut-wall behind me. It snicked past my ear and my nausea passed as the arrow passed. The wind of the real arrow's passage *could* have been the ghost arrow hitting me in the face — driving out the devil of malaria. It *could* have been, because I've been around long enough and visited enough queer places to know that, as Steinmetz said, we know nothing.

This I do know. From the instant Old Hakaiapömpö took a fast shot at me until this moment I haven't had the slightest touch of fever, nausea, or dizziness.



WORLD'S SAFEST PLACE

ATOM-PROOF vaults are being dug 550 feet into the heart of Iron Mountain in the Catskills of New York. More than 100 storage vaults of steel and concrete, each equipped with a solid steel door and combination lock, have already been completed. The project is the work of Herman Knaust, Catskill, N. Y., industrialist, who is employing 600 workmen on the project.



Who was John Ferguson?

The entity came through by direct voice and seemed to make sense, but no one was ever able to trace it.

By Denys Parsons, M. Sc.

Joint Hon. Secretary of the Society for Psychical Research. Reprinted permission Prediction.

THE question of telepathy between sitter and medium is one that has been much discussed by both psychical researchers and spiritualists, chiefly because an alternative explanation of the evidence for survival is possible.

In every case, if we propose a sufficiently elaborate theory of telepathy or clairvoyance, the evidence for survival even in proxy sittings can be disposed of. The argument cuts *both* ways of course, and is rather academic. In the John Ferguson case it is difficult for the most skeptical to deny that here is evidence for *something*, though not for survival.

It happened in 1921, when Mr. (now Dr.) Soal, internationally known for his brilliant researches into telepathy, had several sittings with Mrs. Blanche Cooper, a well-known "direct voice" medium.

John Ferguson was only one of



several communicators and I shall have to condense very considerably the 11 sittings at which he appeared.

VOICE: Wescot Road, Brentwood . . . I am John Ferguson — brother's name is Jim. I want to

describe a house — in an avenue, begins with an H. Trees on each side — all big houses with gates painted dark red — quite large houses. (This was all given piecemeal with long pauses and words of encouragement from Soal which I have omitted.)

In answer to questions by Soal, John Ferguson said he died on March 3, 1913, aged 33, and that his child Amy was buried in the same grave.

Soal recalled later that he had been at school with a James Ferguson who might be the brother Jim. He could remember very little about the boy, and had certainly not seen him since leaving school 17 years before.

At the next sitting the medium gave one or two correct bits of information about the school which Soal thought must have been obtained telepathically from his own mind.

Soal decided to visit Brentwood for the first time in his life.

“My object was not to settle the question of John Ferguson’s identity but to glean a few facts about the locality and watch what effect it would have on the next sitting.”

He spent an afternoon wandering around the town, and by questioning some boys he was able to track down Warecott (Wescot) Road; and the tree-lined avenue (beginning with H) of big houses with red gates turned out to be

Highland Avenue, which answered the description very well. It was a turning off the Ongar Road.

Warecott Road contained smaller houses, obviously the homes of the artisan classes of the town.

Soal speculated what connection there might be between the two streets, but on this occasion he made no effort to trace the name Ferguson.

At the sitting three days later the communicator John Ferguson started off without any prompting from Soal:

“The house is near the Ong . . . Ong . . . Onget Road,” then with difficulty, “High . . . High . . . Highlands . . . Name of Avenue.”

SOAL: What connection is there between the family in Highland Avenue and the family in Warecott Road?

VOICE: Enquire for Ethel . . . Ethel is the link.

Between this sitting and the next Soal purposely made some imaginative conjectures. Ethel, he supposed, is a trusted servant of the house in Highland Avenue, but her people live in Warecott Road.

Sure enough at the next sitting John Ferguson gasped out bit by bit:

“Ethel Lloyd, the young person in Warecott Road . . . maid to the family in Highlands.”

Another detail given was the existence of two peculiar gas-lamps at the top of Warescott Road. Soal had indeed observed two such lamps.

After this, on December 12, 1921, Soal paid a second visit to Brentwood and made enquiries of the Postmaster and of the Registrar of Births and Deaths. These, from the point of view of tracing Fergusons and Lloyds connected with the two streets, were almost entirely negative.

Quite arbitrarily Soal pictured his John Ferguson as being connected with a house named "Paglesham", and owned by a Captain Shoesmith (pseudonym), a naval man. These details he had gleaned from the Postmaster. The house was the third from the Ongar Road.

At the next sitting with Mrs. Cooper, Soal tried to catch John Ferguson out and show him up as a fictitious communicator, but the entity seemed to show great cunning and would not be caught out.

The name Shoeshine was given — a good attempt at Shoesmith, and also the fact that the house was the third from the Onget (Ongar) Road.

SOAL: Now tell me the name of Shoeshine's house.

VOICE: It's where cowslips grow in cockle beds.

This was a remarkable effort because Paglesham, besides being the name of the house, is also the name of a small hamlet on the Essex coast noted for its cockle and oyster beds. Moreover the word Paglesham is Anglo-Saxon for "cowslip meadow".

This derivation was known to Soal but he "could hardly imagine that Mrs. Cooper could have known even the place, let alone the derivation."

There were still further developments in this involved story, but the spectacular web of evidence, woven by a kind of Soal/medium partnership at the unconscious level, was gradually proved by Soal to be entirely without foundation — at least as far as John Ferguson was concerned.

On the other hand it seems to provide one of the best evidenced examples of telepathy.

Everybody who is interested should study the original report in the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research*, Vol. XXXV, 1926, p. 523.



FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

DANISH scientists trawling 15,000 feet deep have found strange animals in the sea. They include an octopus without suckers, fish which produce their own light, and a sea cucumber with suckers on its feet and a jelly-like tail twice the size of its body.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



- Oswald Jacoby, author of the book "Winning Poker," lost \$77 playing poker with war correspondents in Korea.
 - Because she dropped her Long Beach, Calif., telephone directory, Mrs. Katherine Young and her son, Jacob, were reunited after a 39-year separation. The book opened to page 431, where her son's Inglewood address was listed.
 - Harry Peterson, Springfield, Mass., had to call firemen for aid when a fire broke out in his vehicle, a city sprinkler loaded with hundreds of gallons of water.
 - When neither owner nor key could be located for a safe-deposit box in the old Roane County Bank, of Spencer, W. Va., Cashier Lawrence Lewellen, who has been trying to clear out the boxes ever since the institution merged with the First National Bank, called in drillers to open the box.
- Papers inside identified the owner — Lawrence Lewellen.
- In Toledo, Ohio, Ambulance Driver Robert Twining was told to go to the scene of an auto collision. When he got there he found his father, sister and grandfather had been killed in the automobile wreck.
 - Dennis Betts was fined the equivalent of \$59.50 on a charge of incompetent driving after he crashed his automobile into a sign saying "Ottershaw (England) Welcomes Careful Drivers."
 - Earl Dunkle, cruising in his police car in Bellingham, Wash., got orders to watch for a truck driven by a drunk. Just then the truck crashed into his car and he arrested the driver.
 - At Chautauqua, N. Y., the Symphony Orchestra was unexpectedly assisted by Mother Nature the other night. An electrical storm broke as conductor Franco Autori raised his baton to start John Strauss' "Thunder and Lightning Polka."
 - In Indianapolis, Mrs. Daisy Lacey, 74, was killed by an automobile after escorting two cub scouts across the street.
 - In Pontiac, Mich., John Garner, a grave digger, fell dead as he dug a grave at the Dryden Cemetery. His body dropped into the grave.
 - The day after the Rev. H. B.

Kuhnle, pastor of the Third Baptist Church in Owensboro, Ky., preached on "Why Do the Wicked Prosper?", it was discovered that the door of the safe in the church office had been blown off and that Sunday's offering — between \$2,000 and \$2,500 — was missing.

● In Chatham, England, a double-decker bus crashed into 52 teenage members of the Royal Marine Cadet Corps as they marched along the street and killed 23, injured 19. The driver, cited nine times before for safe driving, was to have received a 10th award the next day.

● A Norborne, Mo., man, returning home unexpectedly after serving a two-year jail sentence for chicken-stealing, was shot in the shoulder by his son, who mistook him for a burglar.

● In Winnipeg, Canada, in the wee morning hours, a man woke his wife to tell her of a terrific pain in his back. The wife quickly dressed, got out their car and drove him to the nearest hospital. When they arrived, the man's pain had completely gone but his wife had to stay — within an hour she gave birth to a baby girl.

● One of Canada's top radio quiz shows is "Share the Wealth," broadcast over the CBC Network. Every studio contestant draws from a batch of letters in a barrel, sent in by listeners who participate as "air partners." If the studio

contestant answers the question correctly he shares the prize with the person whose letter he has chosen. The other night a nurse was selected by lot as a studio participant. She drew a question she herself had sent in weeks before.

● In La Rochella, France, Yoline Bardin decided to be married by proxy to her fiancé, Sergeant Guineau, who was fighting Red guerrillas in Indo-China. But before the latter could sign the marriage contract he was killed by an enemy grenade.

● Linda Lee, 4, of Seattle, Wash., was picked as the average healthy American baby three years ago. Now she is ill for the first time — of incurable leukemia.

● On the day he was elected a director of the Los Angeles chapter of the National Safety Council, radio executive Cliff Gill slipped in his bathtub and broke two ribs.

● Fifty years after marrying a couple, Rabbi Samuel Segal, of Boston, took the bride, who had become a widow, as his own wife.

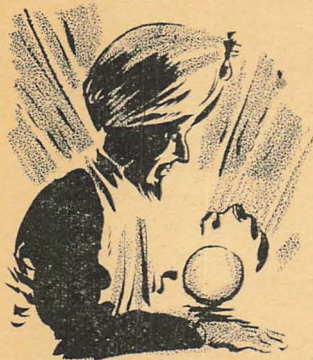
● The home address of Lieutenant Robert H. DuBois, now in Korea, is Du Bois Street in Du Bois, Pa.

● In London, Mrs. Florence Sparrow sliced a loaf of bread — and found a dead sparrow. The bakery was fined for selling food unfit for human consumption. — *Paul Steiner*

SECRETS OF THE CRYSTAL BALL

By Ormond McGill

Do you want to master the art of crystal gazing? You don't need occult powers — an ordinary glass of water will do.



IF ANY one object were to be considered the "trade mark" of the occultist, it would surely be the crystal ball. Every motion picture Hollywood turns out, every illustration in the national magazines, every newspaper advertisement dealing with the occult uses it as a "prop" prominently displayed to symbolize fortune-telling or any other mysterious lore.

Hundreds of times, on the stage, I have seen the "mind-

reader" gaze intently into his crystal as he somberly answered the questions of an expectant audience. As a magical entertainer I've used it myself and invariably after a performance an interested group will gather about the globe and squint into its heart, asking what manner of pictures may be seen within the ball.

It is to be sincerely doubted that any public performer has ever seen so much as a fleeting image in the sphere — unless, perhaps, it was the reflection of his own face. For crystal gazing is an art that blossoms only in lonely introspection, never in the hustle and bustle of a theatrical situation.

Yes, I honestly mean it — one can actually see visions in the crystal ball and I shall tell you exactly how. But no one can expect a technicolor movie to unfold before him, for crystal gazing isn't like that. No picture ever really appears in the crystal. The ball is merely the instrument for

externalizing the images from one's own mind.

For example, close your eyes and visualize the image of a rose. Can you see it? It appears as a mental picture in back of your eyes. Now, with your eyes still closed, try to imagine the rose as it would look held out in front of you. Is there any color to your visualized rose? Most likely it is just a shadowy outline of black and white. So try imagining in the colors, and, bit by bit, the green of the leaves and the red of the flower appear.

Can you do it? If you can, then you definitely have good control over your visualizing processes. That's about as far as you can go with this faculty without external aid . . . and that is where the crystal ball comes in.

So get yourself a crystal ball — or if you can't get a crystal, get a glass of water. One will work as well as the other.

Now, take your crystal to some quiet room where you can be alone. Polish its surface with your pocket handkerchief and place it on the table before you on a piece of black velvet. Next draw the curtains so the room will be in semi-darkness, and arrange a lamp behind you so its light will fall over your shoulder directly onto the crystal ball. Pull up your chair in front of the table so that your eyes will be about the same distance from the crystal as they

are when you read a book. You are ready to try your first experiment in crystal gazing.

It is somehow very restful to sit thus quietly gazing into the crystal ball in the lonely solitude of your darkened room. Do not stare or strain your eyes — simply gaze, looking deep within the ball.

Soon the reflected images on its surface will begin to fade, and you will find a pleasant lassitude stealing over you. Breathe deep and full and try to visualize again your picture of the rose. This time visualize it, if you can, with your eyes open and intent upon the crystal. See if your imagination can project the image within the sphere. Practice such visualization for about 10 minutes. Then call it a day for your first session.

Next day try it again. It is a good idea to arrange your practice periods at a similar hour each day as this frequently increases their value in developing your visualizing powers. Ten or fifteen minute sessions are amply long.

Think now of some familiar scene and try to visualize it in the crystal. At first the images will seem little more than memory pictures, but gradually, if you are successful, they will become more and more tangible and seem actual visions within the crystal itself. This, of course, is merely an illusion but it does show the progress you are making in suc-

cessfully externalizing your visualizations. Keep practicing until you get the knack of forming these mental pictures in the ball. Then again call it a day.

For the third session you are ready to attempt actual crystal visualization without any specific ideas as to what you are going to see. Look deep within the crystal. Be passive and calm, and wait expectantly for whatever will appear. Let your gaze go on past the surface reflections until they seem to fade and melt away. Then will come the feeling of looking out into illimitable space.

With this sensation the crystal will begin to cloud as though with a mist. Occultists call this the "milky mist" and its appearance marks the beginning of your real mastery of the art of crystal gazing. Very likely you will not be able to go beyond this point at this practice session. But keep right at it for a few days, and eventually the mist will give way and burst forth into a luminous bluish field against which visions will appear. *You are now a crystal gazer.*

Your practice, from this point on, will begin to develop a zestful interest that cannot be denied, so at the next session take a piece of paper and write the name of some friend you would like to see. Turn the paper face down in front of you and then proceed to forget it as you practice gazing.

Slowly the image of your friend's face will form before you. Pull your visualizing back a bit now, and see if you can get an image of his entire figure and possibly his surroundings and specific activity. Observe the picture carefully and make a note of what you see. Crystal visions are much like dreams and have a bad habit of being quickly forgotten so that unless you make a practice of jotting down the gist of the image you are very likely to forget some worthwhile points.

And here's a fascinating sidelight: suppose the visualized picture of your friend shows him performing some specific action at the time you are gazing — make a careful note of the incident and the time of its occurrence and when you next see that person, casually ask him if he was doing such and such at such and such a time. His surprise will more than give you confirmation that you have become a master of crystal seership.

If you are successful with this your progress will be rapid. All that remains is to gain stable control over your power. Soon you may be getting the answers to many questions that you choose to investigate.

You will observe in this power that the art of crystal gazing has another side, other than visualization, in its development — that of clairvoyance. Were the process

to offer nothing more than a means of cultivating creative imagination, crystal gazing would be a skill of great value. But coupled with the possibility of this development it becomes one of much larger value.

The faculty of clairvoyance has always been one to arouse controversy. Some persons take it

very seriously, others merely raise their eyebrows. Nevertheless a great collection of testimony points directly to the existence of this power. So I suggest this course for the answer to the question: practice crystal gazing for one week, then you be the judge as to whether the mind does possess such extra-sensory powers.



CAPTAIN OLSEN'S WANDERING BOAT

CAPT. MARTIN OLSEN was one of Puget Sound's first purse seiners. He had a successful career netting salmon and when he retired, rather than sell his boat the *Sea Lion*, he beached her on a sandspit called Point Monroe just across Puget Sound from Seattle. The *Sea Lion* was there about 10 years, settling deeper each year. Captain Olsen would sit on its deck on sunny days and dream of time when the deck ran with salmon blood and scales.

But the day came when Captain Olsen died. And on that same day the

Sea Lion floated off. There was no storm, no particularly high tide — it was just one of those strange things that happen, no one knows why, no one can explain.

It drifted around the bay until the day they buried the captain in the old cemetery on Bainbridge Island. The day of the ceremony the boat drifted up on the Bainbridge Island Beach, as close to the grave as possible. After the funeral it drifted off again — and came to rest back on the sandspit where it had spent the previous 10 years.



BURNING EARTH

TRUMAN STENSETH of Newman, Calif., was digging to repair a water line in the downtown area. He turned a spadeful of earth. It burst into flame. Again he thrust in his spade. Again a spurt of flame. Gas company experts made tests for escaping gas. There was none. But the earth still flamed whenever friction was applied. Even rubbing a finger over a clod would ignite it. No one has figured out why.



THE
VISION OF KINISTIN

By Reginald Beatty

• This story is excerpted from an old chronicle of "Kinistin, an Indian Chief," by Reginald Beatty who was called Ogemases (the little clerk) by the Indians. It is reprinted by permission of the copyright owners, The Country Guide, Winnipeg, Manitoba. Kinistin was an Ojibway Indian, leader of a band driven west to the Winnipeg

country by the Iroquois of eastern Canada. The chronicle tells the story of his band, and this excerpt is only a small part of the account.

AT THE south end of the lake we found one of our canoes waiting for us with news that a good place to winter had been found at

a small lake called *Me-na-ge-ska* (Pine Lake), about 70 miles to the southeast. Our people had met a band of Indians, some five tents of them, mixed Crees and Chipeweyans, who told them that this lake was a good place for whitefish but that the country around had not been hunted for years because it was haunted by spirits who would not rest in their graves. My sons laughed at this and said their father was a big medicine man who would soon pacify the restless spirits.

“My boys asked for news of the war (the Northwest Rebellion of 1885), and then we heard for the first time what had happened — how Louis Riel, the French half-breed leader had been captured and hung by the neck like a dog at *Es-kun-a-che-se-pe* (Pile of Bones Creek, or Regina); that seven Indians had been hanged by the neck at one time at *Noo-tin-e-too-sepe* (Battleford); that the Indians and the half-breeds had been badly beaten and many of them shut up in prisons of stone; that the country had been full of the soldiers of the Great White Queen but they were all going home again now.

“Such news! Such news! Such news!

“I called all the men together in council and all night we offered prayers to *Kitche Manitou* in thanks for his guidance that we had left the country and had not taken

sides in the fighting so that our hands were clean and we could go back among the white men with a clear conscience. All my men shook hands with me and said, ‘Ah, what shall we do when our father goes and we have no one to guide us?’

“At last we reached Pine Lake and our whole band was united once more. The boys of the canoe party had made wooden tents for the winter and parties of them had explored the country on all sides, finding plenty of signs of fur and many beaver. The winter passed in quiet and the hunters had great success.

“It was here, while we were in this winter camp, that one thing happened, and this I must tell to you, Ogemases, as you always like to hear about the spirits.

“This was the country, as I have already told you, which was said to be haunted by restless spirits. Our hunters told me that several times in the late fall and early winter they had heard voices calling just at dusk. Calling, calling; but when they shouted back there would be no answer. This was in a range of hills called the Spirit Hills, and generally at or near a certain point. And when they looked over the ground they could find no tracks. And when they were on their way to their night hunting camps they would see lights flitting over the ground, lights dancing and never still.

My hunters were brave men but they were afraid of these voices, so I thought I would try to appease their restless spirits.

"I had my wives make me a small medicine tent and in this I sat apart for two days, sweating and making strong medicine and using the rites of a medicine man. I took no food, only some tea and tobacco. For two days I sent my spirit into the far-off world and many spirits appeared to me and disappeared without saying anything. Then there came the spirit of an old man, and also with him was a view of a gorge in the hills. In the gorge was a high pointed rock, at the foot of which I could see something white. The old man pointed to this white thing and said, 'I cannot rest until my bones are buried,' and when he had said this the whole scene faded away in a mist and my spirit returned to my own body. I was very weak and felt tired, and going home to my own teepee I took a little food and at once fell asleep.

"When I awoke I thought over what the spirit of the old man had said to me and decided to have a secret meeting of members of the brotherhood of Long Tent. We held a private meeting in my teepee, placing a guard at the entrance just outside, this to keep away any intruders and those who would like to listen to our conference. I laid my vision be-

fore them and Ma-na-ke-se-quep, whose rank was next to mine in the order, recognized the place as seen by me. It was a gorge in the Spirit Hills and he knew it by the high pointed rock which he had noted on his hunting trips. It was about five smokes (20 miles) away.

"We decided that three of us, my eldest son, one other brother and myself should journey to the spot. The next day we set out, I riding in a cariole drawn by dogs. When we were near the place we tied up the dog-train and approached the rock with reverence. Here we found the white bones of a man, partly grown over with moss, just in the place at the foot of the rock as pointed out to me by the spirit. Many years must they have been lying there and they appeared to be the bones of an old man; his restless spirit had been roaming these hills for many moons and thus they were known by other Indians as the Spirit Hills.

"My sons dug a grave, duly lining it with split wood, while I offered prayers for the departed to *Kitche Manitou*. I also made large offerings to *Mutchi Manitou* (the evil spirit), propitiating him not to interfere with us in our work.

"When all was ready we wrapped the skeleton in a blanket and laid it in the grave, chanted the mystic words of burial and did

all the duties of our ancient rites. When we finished we filled in the grave and returned to our camp, and no more from that time did our hunters hear voices or see the lights flitting to and fro."

About the year 1890, in February, Ogemas received a message from Kinistin. The weather was cold with lots of snow on the ground, but the message was an urgent one brought by one of his sons, and the tenor was that Ogemas should come at once to see Kinistin in his winter camp. As is usual with Indians when conveying a message no reason could be obtained from the son for the urgency of the visit. The message was conveyed verbatim, as given by Kinistin, with no explanations added. Ogemas was perplexed, but finally decided it was best to go and see the old man. Taking his medicine chest with him he started early next morning with the Indian on the 75-mile journey; it meant a 150 mile snow-shoe tramp, and at this inclement time of the year. He reached Kinistin's camp about noon the next day and found him apparently in good health.

The customary somewhat tedious formalities of a visit took place and Ogemas, knowing Indian ways, waited patiently for Kinistin to enlighten him — waited until the old Indian thought the fittingly decent interval had elapsed, and with a wave of his

arm cleared the teepee of all except himself and his visitor.

Then turning to Ogemas he said, "You are wondering why I sent for you?"

"Yes," replied Ogemas, "I thought you were sick, so brought my medicine chest with me."

Kinistin laughed and said he never felt better in his life, but his time was growing short.

"In what way?" asked Ogemas.

"Well," said Kinistin, "when the buds are on the poplar trees, just before they break into leaf, I shall go to join my fathers."

Still Ogemas did not quite grasp his meaning and asked for further information. Then Kinistin told him he had received warning from the spirits that his death would occur in the early spring, just before the poplar buds burst into leaf. Naturally, Ogemas was distressed, as he loved the old man. He refused to believe the prophecy. Kinistin then was about 65 years of age, straight as an arrow, and to all appearances in the best of health. But nothing would shake him in his belief in the truth of the message from the spirit world, and he refused to discuss the matter any longer.

Instead he turned the conversation to a matter that weighed far more with him than his impending death. It was what would happen to his band when he was gone. He said he had been think-

ing hard about this and thought it would be best that they accept government treaty money and become reserve Indians, and it was the help and advice of his white friend Ogemasas that he wanted — thus the message to him.

Here the proud old Indian stood upright in all his six feet of stature, dropping his robe, all naked except for his clout, a man of perfect physique with a broad chest scarred by bullet and arrow wounds of many a fight; the highest type of a doomed race; rugged and grand in his simple dignity but a pathetic figure nevertheless.

"The day of the Indian is gone," he said, "but (*with a proud gesture*) as for me, Kinistin, I will never accept the government treaty money."

Then he went on to ask the help of Ogemasas so that the old summer camping ground and the family burying place might be included in an Indian reservation at his death. A definite promise that this should be done was beyond the power of Ogemasas to give but he told Kinistin he would do all he could. The reply of the Indian was characteristic: "Keep your word in this and long shall be your life, and prosperous. Break your word and the spirits of evil shall dwell with you and

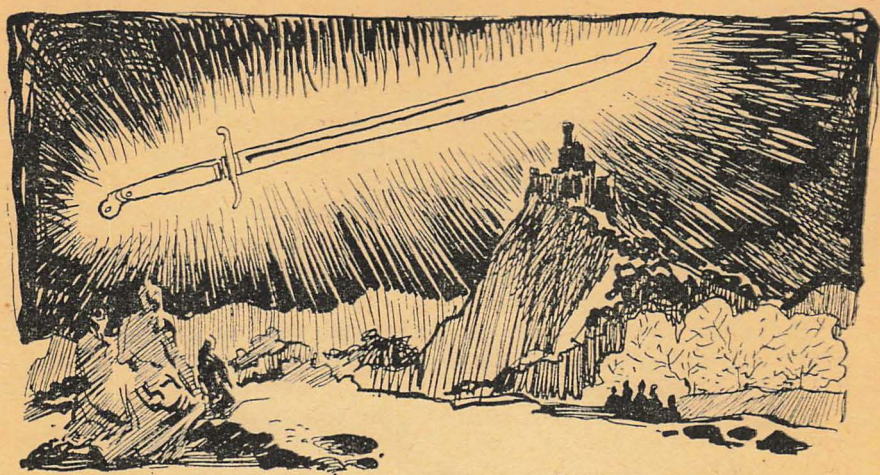
make your life a misery." Other matters the old Indian talked about concerned his band, showing how wrapped up he was in their future. Then clasping his hand he said, "Here I shall wish you good-bye. Perhaps we may meet again in another world; may the Great Spirit bless you as a friend of the Indian." Then he covered his face with his robe and said no more.

Ogemasas returned home alone, saddened by what turned out to be his last interview with Kinistin. True to the old man's prediction, at the time when the poplar trees were ready to burst into leaf there came two messengers to Ogemasas, two of the sons, with their hair dishevelled and their faces blackened, bearing news of their father's death.

It is good to tell that after some years' hard work and much correspondence with the Indian Department by Ogemasas, Kinistin's wishes were fulfilled and a reservation for his band was made. It included his favorite camping grounds and the family burying place at *Pa-qua-bis-kow*.

Unfortunately, through a clerical error at Ottawa, the name given to the reservation was Kinistino and by that name is this reserve known to this day. It should have been Kinistin.





Night turned into day, and frightened Englishmen
leaped from their beds to behold the awesome spectacle of

The Silver Colored Sword

By Barnet Hyams

MARCH 10, 1643, was just another evening to Mr. Evelyn of Hartingfortberry, England. The sky's only companion was a calm moon. Silence lay over the picturesque countryside. Then, to the amazement of the homecoming farmer, the countryside seemed to change. His eyes were drawn upward to the sky. What he saw struck a fear into his heart. Directly overhead a large silver cloud was taking on a queer shape. The cloud

slowly changed into a perfect sword!

Evelyn's feet glued to the cowpath, his mind raced back to the dire prophecy of the deacon's sermon on the past Sabbath. It was based on the "coming end of the world." His mouth dry, his heart beating a mad tattoo, Evelyn wondered if this sword-like cloud symbolized the arrival of the Avenging Deity?

The farmer dropped to his knees

and with a fervent prayer begged forgiveness for his past sins — and for cheating his neighbor at chess.

The Hartingfortberry farmer wasn't the only one to feel a strangling wave of terror. Thousands sprang from their beds as the night blossomed into day. For two awful hours the bright silver sword hung in the heavens. Prayers rang through the fear-filled night.

Many ran until, exhausted, they fell panting, awaiting the end and the fearful reward of past evil

deeds. Others stood and sang hymns to welcome the expected arrival of God. Then at the end of two hours the sword-cloud was slowly withdrawn as if by a great hand.

All England sighed as the cloud vanished leaving the sky alone with the moon once more.

This strange phenomenon never recurred and no logical explanation has ever been given for the weird appearance of England's silver cloud-sword.



HOW DID TERESA GET ON THE ROOF?

How did Teresa, a blonde cocker spaniel, get on top of a three-story building and throw everybody in the 1400 block of West Gray into a perfect tizzy?

This was the question asked by George Wysatta, staff writer for the Houston Press, last November 1.

It seems that Teresa, a year-old dog owned by 12-year-old Adolph Flores of 1425 West Gray, Houston, had been romping in the house and Mrs. Flores didn't see her for a few minutes. Then Mrs. Flores walked out of the house into the yard and heard "the most pitiful whining and howling. It seemed to be right up in the air," Mrs. Flores said.

"I looked, and finally I saw Tere-

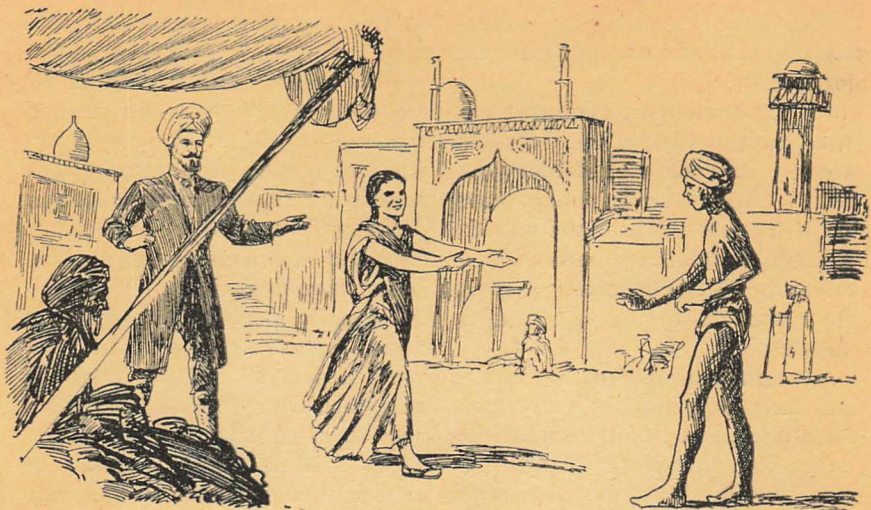
sa's nose sticking out over the edge of the roof. That's three stories off the ground. She seemed scared to death."

Mrs. Flores ran and called her husband. Both of them tried to figure out how Teresa got on the roof. There are no other buildings close and there is no opening from the attic to the roof. A crowd quickly gathered but now no one could figure out how to get Teresa down. Finally someone brought a 41-foot ladder and carried Teresa to safety. She seemed unharmed and glad to be down. No one, including Reporter Wysatta, has figured out how she got up there in the first place.



LINK JAPANESE TO U.S. INDIANS

INDIANS of the Eastern United States and the primitive people of Japan had a common ancestor, the Smithsonian Institution has decided tentatively. It bases its decision on similarity between design, surface treatments and shapes of pottery from New Stone Age inhabitants of Japan and those from Pre-Columbus Indians.



The Girl Who Lived Before

Here's a personal interview with
the young girl who proved she remembered a former life

By *K. M. Jalgeri*

Reprinted courtesy of Prediction

MEEETING Shanti Devi is like meeting somebody from the spirit world. The infant science of parapsychology is now trying to probe into her strange experience.

Shanti Devi talks of her previous incarnation as you would talk of yesterday's cricket match, or of

last year's cold wave. For her, existence has been curiously continuous between two successive "births", each entirely different.

"Do events of your previous birth appear in your consciousness with just the same vividness and familiarity as events of your present existence?" I asked the frail, 22-year-old girl, in an interview at Delhi.

Her eyes assumed an other-worldly look and she replied with emphasis:

"I can remember the incidents of my previous life in just the same way as I can relive in memory the events of last year or of ten years back. Yes, the tastes, the smells, the sights and the sounds of that distant — but conscious — past are rooted in my being. And to this day!"

My first reaction to this amazing statement was one of open skepticism. But I could not, at the same time, forget or dismiss the fact that I had just returned after listening to men of unquestionable integrity of character who had in their possession overwhelming proof of the authenticity of the case.

Professor Indra Sen, author-philosopher, now at Sri Aurobindo's Ashram at Pondicherry, had placed before me all the data which, in his opinion, conclusively proved that Shanti Devi's was a clear case of genuine "re-birth, of reincarnation."

Here is the astonishing story of this girl, as revealed by the professor.

Shanti Devi was barely three years old when she was first heard repeating to herself, her play-mates or relations, that she longed to meet her "son" and her "husband Kedarnath," living in a certain street in Muttra! At first this was dismissed as simply a

child's attempt to imitate adult talk.

The facility, the force and the frequency with which the unusual statements came from Shanti's lips set people wondering. The wealth of detail she gave of her "husband's" home perplexed many. Yet, she was dismissed as just another "problem child."

Shanti's periodic longings to visit Muttra to see her "son" and her "husband" did not abate in the least. Her desire to see them was so great that the word "re-birth" had no special meaning or significance for her. Time and space seemed to have intermingled in her consciousness in some mystical way.

It was when Shanti was eight years old that her grand-uncle, Professor Kishen Chand, decided to investigate this strange case. On the basis of the information Shanti gave, he dropped a letter to Kedarnath, alleged "husband" of Shanti in her previous birth, and staying at the place indicated by the girl. The letter of course related to Shanti's revelations.

Strangely enough, there was actually a man of that name in the vicinity. But Kedarnath, suspecting a hoax, wrote to a friend at Delhi to meet Shanti Devi. The friend met the girl and her father, a business man, and wrote back to say that it was a case deserving his immediate attention.

Kedarnath elected to go to

Delhi with his only son, who had lost his mother some nine years before.

Arriving at Shanti Devi's residence, Kedarnath was overwhelmed by what followed.

Shanti, on seeing her "son," rushed to him, picked him up and hugged him, sobbing all the time and using the very terms of endearment which Kedarnath was accustomed to hear his wife use.

Shanti reacted to her "husband" Kedarnath's presence in the usual dutiful manner that was characteristic of his deceased wife.

She desired her "son" to stay with her. But the next day Kedarnath, puzzled and not a little embarrassed, returned to Muttra with his son to avoid further publicity.

The incident secured the widest notice in Delhi. There were many who dismissed it as a practical joke. Others wanted to investigate further.

Accordingly Desh Bandhu Gupta, the President of the All-India Newspaper Editors' Conference and a member of Parliament, took upon himself the task of solving the mystery by an established empirical method.

He thought of no better technique than that of taking Shanti to Muttra, and then of letting her guide a party of investigators to her "previous home."

Soon, Mr. Gupta, accompanied by Mr. Tara Chand Mathur, an

advocate, and other prominent citizens took Shanti to Muttra by train.

A large crowd, having heard of this novel experiment, had collected at the railway station. Desh Bandhu Gupta arranged for the safe passage of the party. Shanti was put on a tonga, and was asked to show the investigators the way to her "old home."

She unerringly led the party to her residence through a maze of meandering lanes and narrow roads, the like of which she had never seen in her present life. Once or twice she had some difficulty in recalling the route, but in some inexplicable way she was drawn to the place of her previous incarnation!

"This is where I lived," she exclaimed at last, with the glow of triumph writ large on her face. "But," she added, "the building was painted yellow in my days, not white as it is now."

Presently it was discovered that the occupant of the house was not Kedarnath, her alleged husband. The residents there refused to open the doors to a strange girl and the curious crowd.

Puzzled, Shanti asked to be taken to her "husband's" present residence, if anyone did know where it was. Kedarnath himself was on the scene and was amazed to find that Shanti had correctly identified his previous residence, where his wife died some nine

years before this strange day.

Then Shanti led the investigators to her "mother's" house. Mr. Gupta asked Shanti if she had noticed any changes in the building since she had last seen the place. She pointed to a site where a well had been situated nine years ago.

The ground was dug up, and to everyone's amazement a huge wooden plank was unearthed. A deep well which had apparently not been used for many years lay below.

Going inside the house, Shanti recognized her "mother," who was bent double with age.

After confirming other statements, the party along with Shanti returned to Delhi. The spate of publicity that followed

the event repelled the retiring girl. She chose to live in comparative seclusion.

Shanti, now 22, is still unmarried and wants to be a journalist.

"Were you an abnormal child at school?" I asked Shanti, expecting her to say "yes."

"Not at all," she replied, "I was and am completely normal. The only extraordinary faculty I possess is my capacity to remember my past life, correctly and completely."

"Don't you long to be with your 'son' and your 'husband'?" I questioned her, half-seriously and half in jest.

"No," she replied with a smile, "I have made emotional adjustments to my present life. I am at complete peace with myself."



EXORCISM IN SINGAPORE

A STRANGE entity that seems to haunt the police officers' mess in Singapore with slamming doors and strange noises in the night has been exorcised by a Chinese temple priest. When the problem was laid before the temple priest he went into

a trance and came out of it with the information that the mess was haunted by a child who died along with its Chinese mother as it was being born in the police mess. Then the exorcism ceremonies took place in the mess hall.



THE ONE-EYED GREAT

HISTORY records many persons who became famous despite the fact that they were blind in one eye. Among them were Hannibal, the Carthaginian conqueror; Martin Luther; and two American presidents. Theodore Roosevelt lost the sight of one eye after a boxing injury, and Woodrow Wilson was blinded in one eye after a retinal hemorrhage.

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, 806 Dempster Street, 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.

DREAM CAFÉ

AFTER the death of my husband I had to find work to support myself and our twin daughters. I had no experience and no training for any kind of work and I was seriously worried. My husband had left \$3,000. Should I use this money as a down payment on a large house and run a boarding home? I was a good cook. Or should I go to school — study to be a teacher, or stenographer?

I had no close relatives to advise or help me. I thought and prayed about my problem all my waking hours. One rainy night I went to bed unusually early and dropped asleep, my mind still on my problem.

I dreamed I was walking along an unknown street and saw a sign, "Louise's Café. Good Coffee." It was a chilly, drizzling day and behind the pink curtains it looked warm and inviting. I stepped in for coffee. I noticed how the clean, brown little counter was brightened by the yellows, blues, and

greens of the colored pottery dishes. As I sat sipping my coffee the waitress-owner-cook told me of her family in Oregon. We talked until I realized it was almost time for my daughters to come home from the first grade. I jumped up to go home and woke up.

Next day I remembered the vividness of the dream. I wondered how one went about establishing a little eating place, how one selected a good location.

Two weeks later the twins and I visited a friend in Los Angeles. While there we went for a walk and on a side street I saw the sign of my dream, "Louise's Café. Good Coffee."

I rubbed my eyes. Was I dreaming again?

The little café had pink curtains in the windows and looked in every way like the one in my dream.

"Nice little eating place," my friend remarked. "Handy, too, when one doesn't want to cook. Unfortunately Louise may have to

go back to Oregon. Her mother isn't well."

I pinched myself. No, I was not dreaming. There was my café! We went in for coffee, chocolate for the twins. Later Louise and I reached an agreement. She showed me all the details of running a small, successful café.

That was years back but we're still here. The twins are old enough to help a little now. We have plenty of work, and we are not getting rich but we are earning an honest living. — *Lillian Brand, Pasadena, Calif.*

RETURN OF A FRIEND

THIS story was told to me by Robert Bell, an honest old Scotchman who lived in Oakland, Calif., for many years and had many friends who have heard these same facts.

While he was in Alaska in the gold rush days Mr. Bell had a partner named Jake. They often talked of the mysteries of life and death during the long, lonely evenings and they made an agreement. The one of them who was first to die would do everything in his power to contact the other.

During their partnership they built a small sailboat to use on the river and while building it Bell told Jake that he had the boom too low, that it would swing around and hit him on the head and that he would be knocked overboard. But Jake said he wanted it that

way and that he would watch out for it.

A short time later Bell left Alaska and came to Oakland. He had been living there for some time when one day, just as he was sitting down with a cup of coffee to read over the newspaper, he looked up and saw Jake standing in front of him. "Jake!" Bell exclaimed:

"Yes, Bell," said Jake, "it happened just as you said it would. That boom swung around and hit me on the head and I went overboard."

Jake asked Bell if he remembered a certain bend in the river and a tree at the river's edge with roots out in the water. Bell said that he did.

Jake said, "My body is caught in the roots of that tree." Then Jake disappeared.

In those days communication between Oakland and Alaska took weeks so Bell went to San Francisco and found that on the following day there would be a boat leaving for Alaska. Bell took passage on that boat. When they came into port in Alaska there was a crowd out to meet the boat and many of Bell's friends were present. They shook Bell's hand and told him they had bad news for him. "Jake is dead," they said.

Bell told them he knew it and that is why he had come back, to get Jake's body and bury it.

The men told Bell that they had

dragged the river and had spent many days trying to find his body. They had found the boat but Jake's body could not be located. However, after a little talk they agreed to go with Bell to look again.

Bell led them straight to the tree at the river's edge. They looked down into the clear, icy water and there was Jake's body, plainly visible.

It was many years after I first heard this story that I again met Bell in Oakland. He was an old man and he told me that he was near the end of his time on earth.

I said to him, "You have proof that death is not an end so you have nothing to worry about."

Bell hung his head, shook it slowly. "Oh, I don't know," he said.

I wonder if anything ever could have convinced him. — *Wm. H. D. Spears, Manteca, Calif.*

MENACE IN THE SPRINGHOUSE

I AM relating a story told me many times before her death by my very un-superstitious grandmother. It seems to bear out the belief that certain individuals possess extrasensory perception.

Grandmother, like everyone living in that community, kept her milk and butter in a springhouse. The springhouse, a small structure of stone and heavy hand-hewn wood, sheltered a small spring. The water flowed under the door

and was piped downhill to a small branch. Large cans of milk were set directly into the water. There were low crude shelves for cheese and butter. Vivid in my own memory is the emerald green color of the moss which grew on the inside walls of the little house.

Grandmother told me that late one evening she set the supper on the table, then hastened to the springhouse to get the milk and butter. She could barely see the path, it was so nearly dark. But she knew she could find what she needed even in the dark because she was the only one who placed the dairy supplies in the springhouse.

Within six or eight feet of the building she stopped suddenly. "Something told me to stop. 'Go no further!'" the voice warned.

Grandmother said to herself, "I am acting foolish — of course I'll get the supper things! I do it every evening!"

Grandmother, telling me the story, would shake her head. "I tried to move forward, but I could not go a step," she explained. She turned and ran back to the kitchen.

My grandfather chided her, took up a lantern and went to the springhouse for the butter. As he entered the springhouse he saw a pair of copperhead snakes coiled on the first large tin of milk. Blinded by the lantern-light they did not strike him. Certainly they would have struck at the hand of

my grandmother. In those days the bite of a copperhead was almost certain death.

What unrecognized sense warned my grandmother? — *Fran Brandon, Nashville, Tenn.*

SPIRIT PICTURE?

LAST summer while browsing through a picture post card rack in our local drugstore I came across a view of my husband and a small boy feeding the polar bears at the Detroit Zoo. He and I had used to go to the zoo almost daily, for he was a born naturalist and while he was ailing and indisposed we both thought it a good idea to stay out in the open as much as possible in this northern climate.

My husband had a way with animals such as I have never before seen. He could make them do



his bidding almost as though he had hypnotized them. We took pictures and often traveling camera men would take pictures of the zoo animals while we were there.

When I saw the picture, which I enclose, I noticed that he was standing in his favorite pose, with a youngster by his side, his newspaper tucked in his hip pocket. He was wearing his light coat and dark trousers and his slouch hat at its characteristic angle. It certainly was John.

I got in touch with the studio supplying those cards. Imagine my complete surprise when the photographer told me that he had taken those pictures in 1950. He remembered the day well. He had "planted" the boy before the bears' cage and a stranger stepped up and took his place next to the child just as the camera shutter clicked.

The photographer said he took that same view two more times, to make certain that he would get at least one good commercial picture. He later found, on developing those negatives, that the best view was the one where my husband posed with the boy. BUT — *my husband had passed away the year before, in 1949!* — *Mrs. E. Johnson, R.N., Wyandotte, Mich.*

WHAT SAVED MY BABY

DONNY was six weeks old when, in 1944, my daughter Geraldine, 13, accompanied me to the

doctor's office for a checkup. Donny was left at home with Frances, 13, and Sarah, 2.

Having finished at the doctor's we left his office intent upon going to a grocery store. But just as I walked out of the reception room something seemed to grab me and say, "Get home."

It scared me. I told Geraldine to call a cab but she only stared, saying, "But Mother, we've got to get groceries."

"We've got to get home — something awful's happened!"

She called a cab and the trip home took exactly four minutes!

Rushing in I asked Frances, "Where's Donny?"

She assured me he was sleeping; he was fine. I started to the kitchen. Something grabbed me again, "Go see about Donny." I turned back to the bedroom and went to his bed. All I could see was his tiny hand sticking out from beneath the cover. He'd pulled his blanket over his face. I snatched it off and saw beads of perspiration covering his face. His eyes were open — set in a death-like stare.

I worked with him, breathing into his mouth, giving artificial respiration, still he showed no signs of life. I continued frantically and after a long while his eyelids flickered and he gave a queer gasping sound. Geraldine got ice water, then hot water, and finally we got circulation started.

Not one of the children had made a sound. Everything was carried out in silence. I prayed in this silence.

After lying limp for several hours Donny gradually became normal. We fixed him a hot bottle, wrapped him in a blanket in summertime of 1944, a year we always remember as Miracle Year.

This is one of many psychic manifestations I have experienced in my lifetime. — Mrs. Eunice Kirkley, Atlanta, Ga.

WHENCE THAT POWER?

AND, behold, a woman which was diseased with an issue of blood twelve years, came behind him, and touched the hem of his garment: for she said within herself if I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole. But Jesus turned him about, and when he saw her, he said, daughter be of good comfort, thy faith hath made thee whole. And the woman was made whole from that hour." Matt. 9: 20, 21, 22.

I'm going to tell you something I learned this week. A woman who has been a friend of my family for years, Mrs. A. B. Kimble of Oviedo, Fla., had been pestered with open sores of some kind for a long time — for years. Doctors were not able to stop her bleeding. She kept this from her friends and no one but my mother knew what physical worries and handicaps she suffered. She is a woman

of prayer but she had not received the desired healing.

She is generous with her time for others and frequently uses her car to drive friends to their appointments. Among her acquaintances is Mrs. Kathryn Aparicio who prays for her own needs and those of others. But she did not know of Mrs. Kimble's special need and had not prayed for her.

Mrs. Kimble drove Mrs. Aparicio home from an afternoon meeting one day. Mrs. Aparicio thanked her for the ride and alighted from the car. She was about to go to her house when she turned and said to Mrs. Kimble, "Something tells me you are in need of help. You want some healing. You're going to get it soon." And she went on into the house.

That very night Mrs. Kimble experienced her healing. She is now completely well. She was so happy she called in some of her most intimate friends, disclosed the circumstances and gave praise to God for the wonderful, though delayed, answer to prayer.

The Bible story and this incident are 1920 years apart, but the results were the same for both women. — *George B. Pettit, Oviedo, Fla.*

HOW DO ANIMALS KNOW?

DURING my father's last illness he and my mother left their fishing camp at the Florida Keys

to stay in my brother's home in Miami. In their absence, a young couple they knew stayed at Dad's place to take care of the business. They also kept Dad's devoted German shepherd dog, Sheba. The dog had been my father's pal since puppyhood and she never showed affection for anyone else.

My father's illness lasted about a week and he passed away about 7:30 one evening. The next day we had to drive down to the Keys to get his good clothes and to tell our friends the sad news.

But before my mother could speak they said they knew!

The young woman told us they knew "something had happened" the night before. Sheba had suddenly risen from her vigil by Dad's bed and begun to pace the room, whining piteously and showing signs of great distress. When she went to the door they let her out and she dashed away. She did not come back for hours, though they called and hunted her. She had never done such a thing before, for she greatly preferred the house at night. When we checked the time we found that Sheba had begun acting strangely at the very time her beloved master passed into the Great Beyond.

We are convinced that she knew Dad was gone — and in her grief and distress she wanted to hide and mourn alone. She was inconsolable after that and finally my mother decided that the kindest

thing to do for the faithful old dog was to have her put to sleep. — *Mrs. Harold Yerkes, Davisville, Pa.*

ANGEL IN THE NIGHT

THE six month old baby boy lay in the crib next to his mother's bed, slowly dying of starvation. The mother tossed in her bed praying and occasionally dozing from complete exhaustion.

Every possible medical aid had been tried and specialists had given up hope for the baby, who couldn't keep down a thing he ate. His formula had been diluted until it contained almost no food value in hopes that he might retain even the slightest bit of nourishment. Nothing had helped.

Suddenly the mother sat upright. Into the room, through the open, screened window, she saw an angel come.

"Be not afraid, I have come to help you. Your baby is dying, but heed what I tell you and he soon will be well. The boy weighs less now than when born. In the morning make his formula of whole milk, add a little cream, and beat an egg into the milk. This he will keep down.

"Look, he sleeps soundly," smiled the angel.

The mother looked and the boy lay sound asleep with a smile on his face. Tears rolled down his mother's cheeks.

"Cry not, your boy will live to be a fine man. Now you lie down

and sleep, long and peacefully. Good-bye," and the angel floated back out the open window.

The mother rose and looked out the window for a long time. Then she lay down and slept soundly for the first time in weeks.

In the morning the mother called the doctor and told of "her idea," not mentioning the angel. The doctor said that she could do as she pleased but the formula that she suggested would surely kill the baby. He suggested that she try it, though, as there was no sense in prolonging the boy's suffering.

Fully believing in her "vision," the mother made the formula according to the angel's directions. The very first bottle stayed down, every drop of it!

The mother knelt and gave thanks to God for saving her baby.

I was that baby and I am now 33 years old. I have heard my mother tell this story many times. My father says that it is true, except that he thinks that the vision was merely a lucky dream. — *Les Willcox, San Diego, Calif.*

THE PHANTOM CAT

I WAS 13 years old and for a year had been living with my grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin N. Wise, on their farm in southern Illinois, near the small village of Parker, when I saw the "Phantom Cat."

It was a raw cold day in Janu-

ary, 1926. I was coming home from school and as I turned in at the gate my mind was filled with thoughts of a warm fire and a good supper. I was about 50 feet from the front door when I saw the cat; it was solid white with long fluffy fur. It ran up the steps, turned, looked at me and then went in the front door. Now, I have no recollection of the door; I can't say whether it was open or closed; I only know it was closed when I reached it.

I was very excited as I rushed into the house. I have always been very fond of cats and I was sure that my grandparents had got a new pet for me. "Where is it? Where is it?" I kept repeating as I looked behind chairs and every other place I thought it could be hiding.

Both Gram and Gramp were sitting calmly in front of the fire.

"Honey, what on earth is the matter with you, and what are you hunting?" Gram asked.

"The cat! the cat!" I replied. "Where is it? I saw it come in the door right ahead of me."

"Why child, no cat came in here," Gram answered. "We have been sitting here by the fire for the last half hour, and the door has been closed all the time."

"But Gram," I protested, "I saw it."

At last they convinced me that there was no cat in the house. As I left the room I heard my grand-

mother say, "Well Ben, our cat came back, but we didn't see it."

My grandmother died suddenly on the 17th of March, 1926, two months after I saw the white cat. I tried many times to talk to my grandfather about the cat but all he would ever say was that there are some things better left alone. The nearest I ever came to clearing up the mystery was when a great-aunt told me that she had heard that my grandparents could always tell when there was going to be a death in the family, because a white cat would walk through the house.

There are two points of which I am certain. One is that I saw the cat and the other is that the only cats around our farm at that time were the plain alley type. — *O'Helen Sullivan, San Francisco, Calif.*

"I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE"

"Believe me, I will never leave thee, —

For I've been with thee from the beginning

And ever your friend until the end, . . .

And on and on forever . . ."

IT WAS "His Hymn" that all the family loved and of which they were so proud.

They were a devoted family and I'd just become their daughter-in-law. "Dad" called me his

youngest, littlest daughter. We were on my first visit to my husband's people and, like all new daughters-in-law, I had wondered how they'd receive me. Dad's welcome made me feel as if I had belonged to them for a long time. How I wish I could have known him longer. He had been quite a musician but now he could no longer use his fingers at the piano.

"I want you to hear my hymn before you leave," he often said as we sat on the front veranda in the evenings. But somehow we never got to that hymn and we left with this disappointment in his heart.

Shortly after this visit Dad passed away. I did not go to the funeral as it was quite a distance across the state and I was not feeling well at that time.

A night or two after my husband's return I had a dream or vision:

We were on the front veranda as usual, Dad and I, and suddenly he arose and said, "Now, I'm going upstairs to my room and get 'My Hymn' to read to you." He was too feeble to attempt such a thing and I remonstrated, "You mustn't do that Dad; you might fall and hurt yourself." I noticed he looked like a young man in this dream, his face free from wrinkles. "Oh, I'm all right now, Honey, watch me make those steps." He soon returned with the words to his hymn. Now he took me by the

hand, "We'll go to the piano and I'll play the air and sing it to you." But here I awoke.

I waked my husband and told him my dream. I repeated the words of Dad's hymn verbatim, the entire length. I had never heard one word of it before this dream. My husband was surprised, and he wrote down the words as I repeated them. The next day he wrote mother for a copy. When it came we checked carefully and if I had been reading from the original I couldn't have repeated the words more faithfully.

Dad and I must have been *en rapport* with one another from the first day we met and he had succeeded in having me hear his hymn.

He was indeed a lovable old man. — Mrs. Irene W. Norman, Little Rock, Ark.

"JESSE — JUMP"

MY RESPECT for what is called "woman's intuition" began with a strange experience my mother had during my boyhood.

Very early one morning in 1918, still asleep, Mother suddenly sat up in bed and screamed, "Jesse — jump!" Her cry woke both her and Dad, and, as she looked terrified, Dad shook her and asked, "Bertha, what's the matter? Why did you yell?"

Half-awake and confused,

Mother said, "I don't know. But I think we will hear that Jesse is hurt."

Jesse Palmateer was mother's only brother and worked in Salt Lake City, Utah. His job was very dangerous as he was a cranesman in a quarry and dynamite was used to blast the rock loose. But in spite of this he liked his job and would not change to a safer one.

Mother thought over her experience as she got breakfast. Before Father left for work she said, "I'm going to write to Jesse right away and tell him what happened."

"Go ahead if you want to," Dad said. "But I bet Jesse will laugh his head off and you will look mighty silly."

Mother wasn't to be put off. As soon as she had seen us four boys off to school she wrote to Jesse and told him of how she had yelled his name in her sleep. The following is the letter she shortly received:

"Dear Bertha:

"Your letter was a big surprise to me. Something did happen on the same morning you say you yelled for me to jump and I guess it saved my life. I don't understand it, but I'll tell you how it was.

"I went to work at the quarry as usual and was waiting near the steam shovel for the dynamite man to set off a blast. As cranesman, I stand on a step between

the cab of the shovel and the crane to signal the operator when I want the shovel lowered or raised. The cab has a heavy steel plate in front to protect it in case an explosion should throw pieces of rock at the shovel. This plate has two portholes in it so that the operator can see my signals.

"The dynamite man lit the fuse for the blast and his assistant waved a red flag for everybody to move clear. I took my position on the step between the cab and the crane and signalled the operator to move the shovel back on the rails of the spur line that runs into the quarry.

"The shovel had just started to move, when all of a sudden I heard a voice yell, 'Jesse — jump!'

"I didn't stop to think of who gave the warning. I jumped to the ground and ran behind the steel plate. A blinding flash and a loud explosion followed. Something crashed into the steel plate and stones rattled all around the shovel like hail.

"When the air cleared I found that the steel plate had been dented by a big rock. It had gone right past the spot where I had been standing. If I had been on the step I would have been killed.

"None of us can figure what made the dynamite charge go off ahead of time. Either the fuse was cut too short or else there was something wrong with it and it burned too fast.

"I talked to the other men in the quarry trying to find out who warned me to jump. But not a one said he had called to me.

"Then I got your letter, Bertha. I guess somehow, way out here in Salt Lake City, I heard your warning." — *Clarence Benedict, Grand Rapids, Mich.*

THE CRYING CORPSE

YEARS ago, in 1887, my Grandmother, Mrs. Julia Kelly, and her son Jack moved into a house on a chicken-ranch near Virginia City, Nev.

My Grandmother agreed to care for the place, in lieu of rent, for the owner, a Mr. Bell, who said he had to be gone for some time. He gave her the keys but said one upstairs room was to remain locked because his dead wife's treasured things were there.

One night while they were playing cards, they heard a weird, muffled sound from upstairs, but

they decided it was the wind. It came again, this time sounding like a woman's voice, very faint.

Grandmother said bravely, "Jack, get my keys out of the left-hand corner of the commode. I'm going up there."

When they entered the forbidden room a musty, unpleasant odor almost repelled them but they went inside. On a dust-covered piano was a slender, faded rose in a vase. Its petals now fell to the floor, though no human hand had touched it. Then the low, pitiful cry, like those they had heard before, came from the piano.

My Grandmother, now thoroughly frightened, telephoned the police. The police found the body of a dead woman, rolled in a rug, behind the piano.

When he was finally apprehended Mr. Bell confessed he had killed his wife as she sat playing the piano. But whose voice called my Grandmother? — *Julia Cronin, San Francisco, Calif.*



LAST OF A LOCOMOTIVE

DENMARK's homicidal locomotive has had its last accident. Its destructive story began on November 1, 1919, when it was involved in a train collision near Copenhagen that killed 30 passengers — Denmark's worst train crash. In 1935 the same

locomotive battered a truck to pieces 100 miles from Copenhagen. Last November 2 the locomotive and another collided head-on on a single track in Jutland. One crew member was killed, 15 freight cars were destroyed — and both locomotives.

Was the strange entity what it claimed
to be — a character from the Twelfth Century?

[[Voice from the Past]]

By Edmond P. Gibson

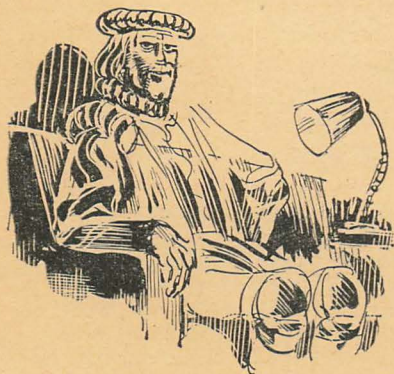
IN THE course of experimentation in the field of extra-sensory perception which we carried on in Grand Rapids, Mich., between the years 1934 and 1938, several of our good ESP subjects developed other phases of mental phenomena, which, while they diverted our attention somewhat from our original research, provided evidence of the paranormal, and were of considerable interest to us.

Mrs. Gibson and I had been experimenting in card-calling ex-

periments with Mrs. Clifford A. Paige, who made excellent scores calling ESP cards using Duke University procedures. Some of the card tests were made in her normal state, others while she was in a state of trance. Mrs. Paige is the wife of the city engineer of East Grand Rapids, Mich.

On the evening of November 18, 1937, there were present at the experimental session Mr. and Mrs. Paige, Mr. and Mrs. Carl Nichols, Mrs. Gibson, and myself. Mrs. Paige had been calling sealed decks of cards for us with some success and upon this occasion she fell into a light, spontaneous trance. Her trance control "Amelia" took charge and card calling temporarily stopped. In the course of "Amelia's" trance speech the following statements were made, addressed to me. The record was taken down in long-hand at the time by Mr. Paige. Mrs. Paige, or "Amelia," said:

"There is a strange man here between Edmond Gibson and the davenport. Seems to come to



Gibby. He has a quill back of his ear. . . .

"Man near Gibby (me, Gibson) has thin lips, prominent chin. Can you tell me your name? All I can get is Map.

"He says: 'Some call me Map and some Mape. I lived so long ago I have almost forgotten. . . .' Man is getting stronger. When did you live? He says: 'Back in 12th century.' What did you do? He took his pen off his ear and started to write. Bookkeeper? 'No.'"

Mr. Paige: "Author?"

Mrs. Paige: "He nods his head."

Mr. Paige: "What was your first name?"

Mrs. Paige: "They called me Walt."

Mr. Paige: "What did you write?"

There then followed irrelevant matter addressed to others. At 8:45 p.m. Mrs. Paige dropped into a much deeper trance than her previously light stage in which she seemed half-conscious.

Mrs. Paige: "Hello, Smiles!" ("Amelia's" customary greeting to Mr. Paige).

Mr. Paige: "Hello, Amy. Do you know who that man was?"

Mrs. Paige: "He gave you his name, but he was drawing too hard on her so I took her away. . . . I'd like you to know that the world, as known today, is the most cultured civilization that the

world will ever know. That is the statement given to you this day, in the year of our Lord 1182, by your Professor Walter Mape."

Most of Mape's writings, on investigation, seem to have been severely critical of his era and if he ever made such a statement in any of his writings, it must have been made in a vein of satire.

At this point Mrs. Paige came out of her trance. We were not sure of the above remarks, due to the odd speaking voice of the Mape communicator, and when Mrs. Paige was completely out of trance she and her husband tried the ouija board.

Board: Yes. He said: "Children, the history of today shows us that the culture, as we know it, is the greatest that the world will ever know. This is given you by your Professor Walter Mape in the year of the Lord, 1192."

Mr. Paige: "Was he referring to 1192?"

Board: Oh yes, how else?

One interesting feature of the appearance of the Walter Mape personality is that about 10 days before the experiment I had picked up a copy of Malory's *Morte d'Arthur* in a book store bargain case and in the evenings since, at home, I had been reading Arthurian material. I had never read Malory completely before, although I had read selected excerpts in school. I found Malory's

work quaint and interesting. That I had been reading Sir Thomas Malory was not known to Mrs. Gibson at the time nor had I mentioned purchasing or reading the book to anyone.

Immediately at the close of the session we searched the Paige library and found a short biographical note relating to Walter Map or Mapes (circa 1200) and a remark that he was probably the author or compiler of much of the Lancelot material, which he had brought to England from France. This note was found in an old Chambers' Encyclopaedia. On returning home, I hunted and found another biographical note on Map in an Everyman Encyclopaedia, which confirmed the statements in the Chambers's.

The biographical material is as follows:

Walter Map (Mape) (Mapes)
(circa 1200)

Medieval author and wit. Probably born in Herefordshire, England. He studied in Paris. Clerk of the Royal Household after returning to England. With Henry II at Limoges — 1173. in Anjou — 1183. Attended the Lateran Council at Rome — 1179. Prebend of Mapesbury at St. Paul's — 1176. Chancellor of Lincoln — 1186. Archdeacon of Oxford — 1197. Wrote De Nugis Curialium, a collection of anecdotes and legends of England, with sketches of the medieval English court. Probable author of satirical verse. Probable author of a large part

of Lancelot. His wit is mentioned by Giraldus Cambrensis. Reputed to be author of Goliath poems. Systematized the Arthurian legends, with new additions. Ancestry — Celtic.

Both locally and at the Duke University Library a search was made for Mape material but only a copy of his satire *De Nugis Curialium* could be found. This contains no quotation regarding the culture of 1192. However, *De Nugis Curialium* contains much of a critical and satirical nature and it seems quite possible that Mape may have made such a statement with tongue in cheek.

The coincidence between my reading of Sir Thomas Malory and the communication from the person from whom Malory "borrowed" much of the Arthurian material is very striking. There is no reason to attribute this association to telepathy. To the best of my knowledge I had no knowledge of Mape or any associations of Mape with Arthuriana. Examination of Rhys' introduction to the *Morte d'Arthur* revealed that nowhere in the Everyman edition is any credit given to Mape for source material.

Several explanatory theories can be considered:

1. Fraud. An impossibility due to the nature of the evidence.
2. Coincidence might be offered to explain the juxtaposition of the communicator and my reading matter.

3. Telepathy does not seem to explain the occurrence at all.

4. An involved sort of clairvoyant extra-sensory perception might account for it.

5. The incident strongly suggests survival as a theory; in fact, this is the only hypothesis that does justice to the incident.

I favor this last hypothesis.

As regards Mrs. Paige, she has made tests with ESP cards in sealed envelopes and in the screened touch matching procedures developed by Drs. Rhine and Pratt at Duke University. These tests gave evidence that she possesses paranormal powers both in her normal and trance conditions. Due to her serious illness, experimentation with Mrs. Paige had to be abandoned soon after the described experiment. Her work

in extra-sensory perception was reported in part in the *Journal of Parapsychology*, Vol. 1, pp. 264-275. The notes of the sitting were made by Mr. Paige as noted above, and were typed the next day by me from his copy.

The full report of the Walter Mape incident appeared in the *Journal of the American Society for Psychical Research* of January 1942, pages 31-35, together with confirmatory statements from Mrs. Gibson and Mr. C. A. Paige.

Up to the present time, I have been unable to locate a portrait of Walter Mape in this country. The search is now being extended to England, and if such a portrait is found, it would be most interesting to compare it with the description given by Mrs. Paige while she was in trance.



CHEATED BY FATE

WILLIAM F. CROTHERS, 73, a retired San Antonio, Tex., auto dealer, won title to \$600,000 one day last June. County Judge Albert Scott signed an order giving him the entire estate of Mrs. Martha E. Waggoner, a first cousin he had never seen. Two days later, Crothers died of a heart attack.



ST. ANTHONY'S FIRE

LAST YEAR in France, four persons died and 27 were hospitalized because they ate bread made from flour that contained a cereal fungus known as ergot. More than 200 persons sought medical care. The disease has been known for years and is called "St. Anthony's Fire." An outstanding characteristic is the hallucinations of fire and impending violence it causes. One patient threw himself out of a window screaming: "I can't stand it any longer. A red snake is eating my brain."

Fingers of **FATE**

Recently, while Mr. and Mrs. Orson Lance, Payson, Utah, were out of town attending a funeral, fire destroyed their home. Eleven years before, Mrs. Lance's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Zachariah Ewell, left town to attend a funeral and they also found their home burned to the ground when they came back.

* * *

A Van Buren, Me., woman had a child and a grandchild — all within two hours. Mrs. Edmond Violette gave birth to an 8 pound 8 ounce daughter two hours before her daughter, Mrs. Louis Sirois, gave birth to a 7 pound six ounce son.

* * *

In Newport, R. I., Robert L. Dring celebrated his 100th birthday. His middle name is Livelong.

* * *

When Andy Marr's car was damaged near Yorkton, Canada, from colliding with a deer, it was his second accident in 49 years of driving. In the first accident he ran into a cow.

* * *

Thirteen babies have been born in the past 20 years on Fair Isle in the Shetlands, off Britain. All have been boys.

In Tokyo an American sailor gave a pint of blood to a mobile blood bank that visited Navy headquarters. On his way back to duty he collapsed. Shipmates carried him back to the blood bank which returned his pint of blood.

* * *

In Central Falls, R. I., three sisters gave birth to children at the same hospital in the same week. Mrs. Walter Pise gave birth to a daughter on a Tuesday, Mrs. Edward B. Ousquet, her sister, gave birth to a son on Thursday and another sister, Mrs. Gerard Paulhus, gave birth to a son on Friday.

* * *

A coconut picker at Teluk Anson, Malaya, clambered down from the top of a tree on which he had been working and stopped under the palm to mop his brow. The one coconut he had not picked fell on his head and killed him.

* * *

When surgeons removed the appendix of John McKee, Hartford, Conn., they found it contained five bird shot — which came from the same blast Mr. McKee fired to bring down a duck dinner sometime before.

Mrs. Julia Pearson, Los Angeles, wrapped two big packages to send to Korea. One she addressed to her son, Pfc. Chester Whisamore. The other was for the YMCA's gift lift for servicemen. Inside the second package she put a card saying she hoped the soldier who received it would enjoy it and signed her name. Some time later she received a note from her son saying: "I got your package, Mom, but what a shock I got when I opened one of the gift lift packages. It was from you too."

* * *

Guglielmo Tacconi, of Verona, Italy, awoke and told his wife he had dreamed that his long-dead mother was urging him to prepare for death. The parish priest yielded to the agitated Tacconi's request to hear his "last confession." The next day Tacconi died of a heart attack.

* * *

Betty Postema, Grand Rapids, Mich., had been paralyzed from the waist down for six years as the result of a fall and thought she would never walk again. Recently she fell from her wheelchair and again landed on her spine. Apparently adhesions were torn free because now she can walk and her wheel chair is discarded.

* * *

When the 81st reconnaissance battalion of the First Armored Division entered Milan six years

ago, a German private, Gerhard H. Lemke, was captured. Last year Lemke emigrated to the United States and settled in Gallup, N. M. Recently, Pvt. Lemke was drafted. His assignment: 81st reconnaissance battalion, First Armored Division.

* * *

In Madison, Wis., Walter Herman, who had more than 400 convictions on drunk and vagrancy charges, was refused a drink by a bartender. Mr. Herman promptly dropped dead.

* * *

Knocked unconscious in a fall from his motorcycle, a Copenhagen, Denmark, man fell against an alarm post — and called his own ambulance.

* * *

Joseph Poland, Weymouth, Mass., was driving his car when a fire truck sped by. He decided to follow it. It brought him right to his own home, which was ablaze.

* * *

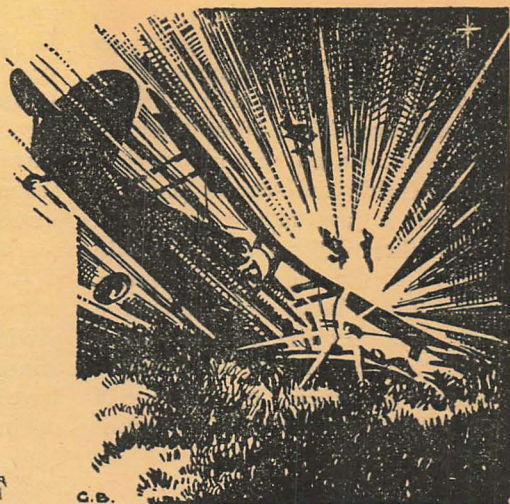
A New York youth of 19 was taken to a hospital. His parents had no idea that on that particular night he was in a dangerous condition, with a high fever. But their English bull dog, Butch, moaned and shivered all night long keeping them awake. At dawn, however, he finally went to sleep. It was precisely at that moment that the boy's fever went down and he was out of danger. — *Harold Helfer.*

By Elliott O'Donnell

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GHOST PLANES OF WORLD WAR II



C.B.

I saw the plane coming towards me.

Suddenly it crashed. When I got there it had vanished!

I WAS returning to my hotel late one night in 1941 after a visit to some friends in Shepperton, England. The night was fine, not a cloud in the sky, the air sweet with the scent of clover and new mown hay, everywhere so serenely still and peaceful that it was difficult to realize there was a war on. I strode along, filling my lungs with the delicious air. I had just passed a cottage, the windows of which shone with an almost eerie lustre

in the moonlight, when I heard the unmistakable humming of a plane.

It sounded to me like one of our planes. Searchlights were sweeping the sky all round but there was no alert. The droning rapidly increased in volume. I looked up into the sky and saw a plane coming, very low, towards me. There were fields on either side of the road and I wondered if it was going to land on one of them. Get-

ting lower as it flew, it passed almost immediately above me.

When it had gone a little way it suddenly nosed downwards, and I realized to my consternation it was out of control and falling. There was a whirring and spluttering as it shot towards the earth, and then a crash, curiously hollow-sounding and reverberating. I started running towards the place where it lay but when I was a few yards from it it vanished — abruptly and inexplicably. I was looking at it one moment, and the next staring in wide-eyed amazement into starlit space. The plane, or whatever it was, was no longer there, and a stillness that was uncanny in its intensity succeeded the terrible crash. Not a little jarred, I lost no time in getting to my destination.

The following day, in answer to my inquiries, I was informed that about 10 years previously a Captain Schofield, when flying towards an airport not very far from Shepperton, had crashed in the very spot where I had seen the phantom plane crash, and been killed. Periodically ever since then a ghost plane has haunted the Thames Valley in the neighborhood of Shepperton. Many people have seen it.

Several cases of haunted airports have since been told me. One such case occurred early in 1942 in an airport in the southwest of England. My informant,

an officer of the RAF, had been in a hospital for some weeks after being wounded in a raid on Germany. The evening of the day of his return to active service was very close and muggy and there was a slight ground mist. He was crossing the airfield, lamenting the soggiess of the turf, when he saw someone in uniform come out of one of the buildings. As the man drew nearer he saw it was an officer and presently identified him. He was an extremely popular brother officer and old school-fellow of his named Coles.

Though my informant could not distinguish the man's features at a distance owing to the mist, he knew him by his walk, which was singularly characteristic. Presently, as the man drew nearer, he was able to see his face more clearly and he had not been mistaken — it certainly was Coles.

"Coles," my informant exclaimed, "it's good to see you again, old man!"

But Coles made no answer. Not seeming to hear, he came steadily on, still with the same characteristic walk, his eyes staring straight ahead of him, his expression set and, in the uncertain light, grim. My informant knew that grimness; he had worn it himself during a raid when the enemy's anti-aircraft fire was thick and death seemed inevitable.

"Coles," he cried again, "don't you know me?"

Still no answer, and Coles came resolutely on, looking neither to the right nor left and passing my informant apparently without seeing him.

Much surprised and hurt at such conduct, my informant turned and watched Coles' receding figure. It seemed strangely shadowy and there was an indistinctness and unreality about it that he had not noticed before but which he persuaded himself was due to the mist. It certainly was Coles; he was positive of that.

His superior officer was pleased to see him back again.

"You don't look too well," he remarked. "You seem bothered and agitated. Anything the matter?"

"Not with me, sir," my friend replied, "but what's wrong with Coles. I passed him by just now so close that he couldn't help seeing me, but he didn't appear to, and when I spoke — I spoke twice to him — he didn't answer. I'm sure it was Coles, but he didn't seem himself."

The superior officer paled and gave my friend a strange look.

"You couldn't have seen Coles," he said, "because Coles was killed last night over the Ruhr!"

In an airport in the south of England there was a spot where no plane ever was to be seen. Soon after the beginning of the war two young RAF officers were having an argument one morning on the take-off runway. One believed in immortality, the other did not. They became very heated, and the skeptic said:

"Look here, Dick. If I am wrong and there is a life for us beyond the grave I will haunt this very spot on which we are now standing. You may not see me, but I will do all I can to let you and everyone else know I am here."

A week later he was killed in a raid on Germany. Subsequently every plane that took off from the spot which he declared he would haunt met with disaster. One, for some mysterious cause, crashed soon after it had flown, another was destroyed in an aerial collision, a third crashed through its pilot being taken suddenly ill, and several that set out on raids failed to return. It was remarkable, however, that in no instance were there fatal casualties. The spot acquired such a bad reputation that it was tabooed. RAF men avoided it as they would avoid the plague and no plane ever rested on it.



CRISWELL'S CANARY

GRACE MOORE, the pet canary belonging to Jeron King Criswell (of "Criswell Predicts") died, for no apparent reason, on the same day that his namesake, Grace Moore, the Metropolitan Opera Star, met death in a plane crash. — *Elizabeth Pauls*

Here is the amazing story of a psychic who packed several lifetimes into one, but who at 98 resembled a man of 40.



BROWN LANDONE

... PRACTICAL MYSTIC

By Clarence J. Hubbard

DR. BROWN LANDONE — America's most practical mystic — passed away on October 10, 1945, at Winter Park, Fla. He called his friend, Clark Maxwell, dictated to him some final letters and then casually informed him that he was about to die. After some final instructions, Dr. Landone reclined on his couch, closed his eyes and was gone. He was 98 years old.

Twenty-five years previously, in New York City, eminent heart specialists told Dr. Landone that

he couldn't live more than three days and that only if he stayed in bed. Instead, he drove 50 miles to Newton, N. J., and began preparations for several new manuscripts. Dr. Landone had had long experience with illness. He had been bedfast at the age of three, his leg "hopelessly" crushed in his father's Minnesota sawmill.

I call him our greatest "*practical* mystic" for while he healed thousands and completely restored his own crushed leg to normalcy, he also maintained an

oxygen tank at the head of his bed during his latter years. Dr. Brown Landone never scorned material aids. His letterhead proclaimed: "God is All — and that means exactly what the words state — that God is the essence and source and substance of all things created by Him. Material means created by God are a part of God's manifestation as certainly as are his spiritual powers."

Besides his long list of healings, which would seem sufficient for one mortal life, Dr. Landone compressed into his century of living an unbelievable career of discoveries, services and teachings.

Always believing in "new wealth," he formed the "Society for the Development of Foreign Grown Plants," and he imported "ramie roots" from Egypt, treated them scientifically and planted them in the silt beds in Florida where they flourished. Unfortunately, following his death and before the harvest, a flash flood washed the acres clean. But today large chemical plants are again cultivating ramie crops in Florida. Ramie is a fibre of such great tensile strength that a suit woven of ramie would never wear out. Dr. Landone also revived the growing of auxinon Mung bean sprouts at home for youthfulness, and later soy bean sprouts became a nation's fad. He first discovered the "vitamin" and faced the usual mass-minded derision.

Dr. Landone visited the Pyramid of Gizeh in Cairo, Egypt, and declared Davidson and others were in complete error in their measurement interpretations and predictions based on this "Bible In Stone." He rediscovered the Teleois system of measurement based on the Teleois circles, and proved that this prehistoric method of measurement was employed in the ancient temples of Tiajuran and even the Tiahuanacan civilizations, and that these Teleois proportions were found in the Eleusinian Temples, the Caracol of the Mayas, the Holy of Holies in Jerusalem. He said the builders may have been the Hyksos, or Thoth, or Khufu but that the Pyramid dimensions and design were the guided architectural planning of the eternal Melchizedek.

He maintained a record of all the Teleois system prognostications appearing in the symbolism of the Pyramid and declared that each one turned out to be a date of historical importance, such as August 9, when Hitler conferred with Stalin, attacked Poland in all German newspapers, broke off with Yugoslavia, ordered all citizens mobilized for service — a day when Hitler remained at his desk for 23 consecutive hours. All subsequent military days of importance appeared to be Teleois measured and predicted events in the Pyramid calendar of man's

evolution on earth. This was not too difficult for ancient wisemen, he claimed, who could foretell the epochs necessary for man to reach his realities of today.

In his early youth, when he was confined to a wheelchair, Brown Landone often wrote out prescriptions in Latin to the consternation of his medical attendants. He remained a cripple until he was 17, when he himself healed his crushed leg. He has stated that this transfiguration of his crushed leg came about through his awakened ideal of a perfect leg, his intense love for a normal leg, plus his usual procedure in healings of moving the injured limb, finally walking with it until it responded to his ideal.

After years of traveling abroad and after completing his education with tutors, Dr. Landone is supposed to have been mysteriously summoned to London to be a guest at the Holy Monasteries in Delhi, in Tibet, in Gyansé, in the Himalayas. For two years, it is said, he studied, first at the Karygupa Monastery of the Red Hats, and then at the Tungkhara Monastery of the Yellow Hats. Prior to this he was graduated as a doctor of medicine. Also ordained as a clergyman, he found that neither profession held him. He had tried welfare work and in 1895 had organized the first boys' activities in a Y.M.C.A.

But Dr. Landone was destined

to become a practicing mystic. "Mystics," he proclaimed, "are those who are manifesting more of their inheritance than other souls."

Dr. Landone was born on an ocean liner, March 6, 1847, of English-American parentage, just one day before the ship docked in New York. After reaching manhood he always received golden colored daffodils on his birthdays regardless of whether he was on the high seas, or, as once, in the middle of the Sahara desert. The daffodils were not "materialized" or "apported" but their never-failing appearance as a gift is a chapter in mysticism by itself.

Before settling down to a life devoted entirely to spiritual and mystical pursuits, Brown Landone made an economic and financial survey of the German Empire in 1912-1913. In 1914 he was Director General of the Institute of the Sciences of the Arts of France. In 1915 Raymond Poincaré, then president of France, appointed Dr. Landone Envoye Special to the United States.

He was Editor-in-Chief of a *History of Civilization* with Associate Editors Lorado Taft, William Hubbard, Edmund James and other noted educators. He was Executive Director of the New Educational Movement for an international committee of 100 educators. He filled positions as sales consultant to the Ford Motor Company and to the Metropoli-

tan Life Insurance Company. He drafted a Constitution for a United States of Europe and later wrote *A Super State With Power to Enforce Peace*. Assisted by Maj. Gen. Leonard A. Wood he wrote *Awake U.S.A.* For Theodore Roosevelt he translated important French documents. He numbered Sarah Bernhardt, Mary Baker Eddy, Flammarion and other world citizens among his friends.

He finally settled down in Landone Park, a fabulous estate in Hollywood. But overnight his fortune vanished. He paid off his debts, boarded a train for New York and, henceforth, devoted himself exclusively to teaching "spiritual responsiveness" and to healing. Sometimes he handled a thousand cases a month with 96% success.

His absent treatments, by mail, were based on one fundamental principle — he never prayed *for you*, only with *you*. The greatest certainty of life, he maintained, is Christ's sacred promise — "If two agree on earth as touching anything they shall desire, it shall be done for them."

Once a well known business man who never touched liquor entertained a customer who desired a glass of beer. They visited a tavern, each having two glasses. Motoring home the business man struck a woman with his car and was jailed. He wrote Dr. Landone, "I know that you never pray for

people, only with them. But I am so humiliated, so sick in body and mind, so ashamed for my family, I can't pray. Please help." Landone agreed, on one contingency, "that you find some poor soul in jail worse off than you are and you comfort him." The jailed business man finally offered a little cheer to an alcoholic migrant worker. This man told Landone's patient that a waiter at the tavern spiked beer and, when customers got drowsy, lifted their wallets. The waiter was located, confessed and the business man was vindicated with freedom and a good press.

Dr. Brown Landone performed his "sacred prayers of promise" in the wee hours of the morning when all was quiet. Usually he retired at 6 a.m. and arose at 8:30. Occasionally he went through a whole day and night without sleep.

After a day and night of dictation, conferences, study and meditation, he often "chummed," as he called it, with G.I.'s on furlough who knew by the lights on his house that "the Doctor was up." Outside his house by the lake an electric cross gleamed and inside he maintained a special prayer room.

A typical day, recorded by Clark Maxwell, was as follows: Dr. Landone arose at 8:30 and meditated until 9:30. About 9:45 he accompanied his gardener to

look at his imported roses — the rose, like the daffodil, he considered a mystically symbolic flower. From 10:00 to 3:30 he dictated letters, articles, courses. From 4:00 to 5:00 he read current magazines and newspapers and dined out with friends from 6:30 to 8:30. Then he usually worked until 4:00 or 5:00 in the morning, using dictating machines. He ended his long day with the "prayers of sacred promise" at 6:00. Thus he slept only two or three hours out of the 24.

Dr. Brown Landone was not an eccentric. He dressed in good taste, occasionally attended movies and concerts. He liked dog races but did not bet. He smoked 150 cigarettes a day, drank quarts of coffee.

Here is an incredible story reported about Dr. Landone:

Once in New York City, before he moved to Orlando, Fla., a friend, night clerk at a hotel, dropped in at 3:00 a.m., as he frequently did. It was a cold, snowy night. Dr. Landone lived alone. His housekeeper left after serving dinner. A large urn filled with hot coffee always stood on his table. As his friend joined him, he turned the spigot but discovered that his housekeeper had forgotten to make the coffee. Heartbroken they both peered into the urn. It was empty! Landone so "desired" to provide his guest with steaming coffee that when he

later turned the spigot again, enough coffee came forth to fill two cups.

Dr. Landone discovered the item "submarine fund" in the Japanese financial statement — it was spelled backward and upside down. He predicted war with Germany while lecturing at the Sorbonne, and later at Oxford. He was criticized by military intelligence but his prophecy materialized within three weeks.

While engaged in intensive research on the subject of "perfect proportions" hoping thereby to offer a formula for producing certain beauty in all things, he examined hundreds of examples and theories. He declared Da Vinci's body height of 8 times the head height was not true. He concluded that all beautiful proportions, such as he personally measured in the Taj Mahal, were in multiples of 4, 7, 13, 19 and 31. He photographed 2,000 snowflakes and measured the proportions of their designs to prove his contentions. Finally, after studying 200,000 measurements of the human body, he discovered the unnamable bone was the pelvis. It was the "key" he sought. However, he wanted evidence as to the measurements of children and learned of a book written by a German scientist named Schadow which contained thousands of measurements of children. He could not locate a copy in New York City so

sent to Germany for the book. The next night, after again reviewing many of his calculations and wishing that he might complete his 38 years of research, he fell asleep. He dreamed of finding the long-sought book on his desk, a bound volume by Gottfried Schadow, published by Wasmith of West Berlin. In his sleep he copied the figures he so desired. Next morning, on waking, he reviewed his copied figures with amazement. No trace of the book could be found. It arrived from Germany two weeks later.

As a young man Brown Landone traveled in Egypt and watched British archeologists engaged in excavating ancient tombs. He often "knew" just where to find the entrance to a tomb — he would draw his diagrams at night and slip them under the doors of the rooms occupied by the engineers. Then he would watch them locate his pre-discovery. This knowledge just "came to him," as if he had lived intimately, in some previous life, in these places.

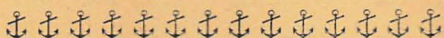
At 98, Dr. Landone looked like a man of 40. He was active in step, his eyes shone and he possessed a grand sense of humor. He drew his own plans for a memorial, wrote his own funeral sermon, and knew the exact minute he was to pass on. He had no personal fortune. All funds accumulated through the sale of his courses and through the dollar-a-week fee for healings went into the Landone Foundation, from which he drew a living allowance. He believed in abundance, activity, spiritual dependence. While he ate heartily at times, he usually chose his diet scientifically, including an elixir made of boiled celery juice. He believed that by compressing several lifetimes into one he overcame the limits of mortal mind and used "expanded spiritual responsiveness" in winging his way to divine sources.

Despite all his amazing discoveries, visions, predictions, healings and honors, Dr. Brown Landone was a plain, everyday man — America's most practical mystic.



TIDES ON THE LAND

THE land surface of the earth changes level an average of 11 inches a day due to the pull of the sun and the moon, according to Dr. John T. Pettit of the University of California. The biggest land tides come an average of 80 minutes after the biggest force of the moon and sun gravitation.



Wheel of Light

By Comdr. J. R. Bodler
USNR (Inactive)

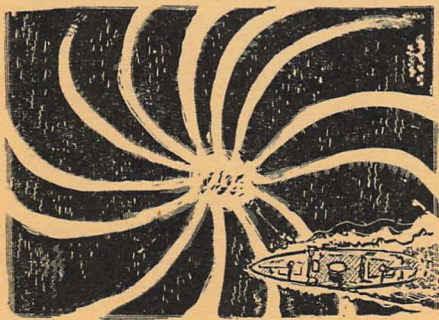
... in the sea

When a commander in the U.S. Navy reports a weird ocean phenomenon, isn't it time to start believing?



MY VESSEL had passed through the Strait of Hormuz, bound for India. Little Quoin Island Light was still in sight on the star-board quarter, bearing 305° T, distance 20 miles. The night was bright and clear, with very good visibility, no moon. The Third Mate called me to the bridge, saying that he had observed some-

This article is reprinted by permission from the January, 1952, issue of the United States Naval Institute Proceedings. Commander Bodler, the author, a veteran merchant marine officer, commanded the naval vessels Hemminger and Vixen during the war. He returned to the merchant marine after the war was over.



thing he thought I should see.

About four points on the port bow, toward the coast of Iran, there was a luminous band which seemed to pulsate. Its appearance suggested the aurora borealis, but much lower; in fact on or below the horizon. Examination with binoculars showed that the luminous area was definitely below the horizon, in the water, and draw-

ing nearer to the vessel. With the approach of this phenomenon it became apparent that the pulsations seemed to start in the center of the band and flow outward towards its extremities.

At a distance of about a mile from the ship, it was apparent that the disturbance was roughly circular in shape, about 1000 to 1500 feet in diameter. The pulsations could now be seen to be caused by a revolving motion of the entire pattern about a rather ill-defined center; with streaks of light like the beams of searchlights, radiating outward from the center and revolving (in a counterclockwise direction) like the spokes of a gigantic wheel.

For several minutes the vessel occupied the approximate center of the phenomenon. Slightly curved bands of light crossed the bow, passed rapidly down the port side from bow to stern, and up the starboard side from aft, forward. The luminosity was sufficient to make portions of the vessels upper work's quite visible. The bands of luminance seemed to pass a given point at about half-second intervals. As may well be imagined, the effect was weird and impressive in the extreme; with the vessel seeming to occupy the center of a high pinwheel whose "spokes" consisted of phosphorescent luminance revolving rapidly about the vessel as a hub. (The sketch on the next page shows, diagrammati-

cally, the effect produced. The lights moved counterclockwise.

The central "hub" of the phenomenon drew gradually to starboard, and passed aft; becoming more and more distant on the starboard quarter. While it was still in sight, several miles astern, and appearing, by this time, as a pulsating band of light, a repetition of the same manifestation appeared fine on the starboard bow. This was slightly smaller in area than the first, and a trifle less brilliant. Its center passed slowly aft on the starboard side, with the pattern of revolving, luminous "spokes" clearly defined.

It was my impression that the actual illumination was caused by the natural phosphorescence in the water, periodically stimulated by regular waves of energy. The shape of the "pinwheel," the well-defined "spokes," the revolutions about a center, and the speed with which each band of light traversed the water, all preclude the possibility of this phenomenon being caused by schools of fish, porpoises, or similar cause.

Approximately half an hour later, a third repetition of this manifestation was observed. The general characteristics, direction of rotation, etc., were the same as the others, but this one was much smaller and less brilliant. Its diameter was not over 800 to 1000 feet, and compared to the other two, was unimpressive. It was

first observed much closer to the vessel than had been the case with the others. Whether this was due to its lesser brilliance, or the fact that it came into being at comparatively close range, could not be determined.

At the time of the above, conditions were as follows: Date — 14 November, 1949, Time 1830 GMT, Position 26°-17.5' N, 56°-51' E. Wind^s NW^{ly} force 1. Sea calm with slight surface ripples; no swell. Air 75° (Fahr.), sea 83°. Visibility very good. A clear, bright night with no moon.

Vessels course 157° T. Speed through the water 11.6 knots, Actual speed over the bottom, approximately nine knots due to strong head current. (Very strong streams are encountered in this area.) At no time were any unusual deviations of the magnetic compass observed.

It is of interest to note that the

same, or similar, phenomena have previously been reported in the Indian Ocean. A book, titled *Oddities* by T. R. Gould, published in England during the past century, devotes a chapter to reports of similar manifestations. However, the author is as unable as the present writer to offer an explanation! This volume, unfortunately, is not in the writer's possession at the present time. The author appears to be a pre-Ripley collector of various odd occurrences, well authenticated, but never satisfactorily explained.

It is the present writer's conviction that he has been privileged to witness one of the rare instances of a most curious and impressive natural phenomenon. If other seafarers have had a similar experience, or anyone of scientific bent can offer an explanation of the foregoing, he would be most interested to learn more on the subject.

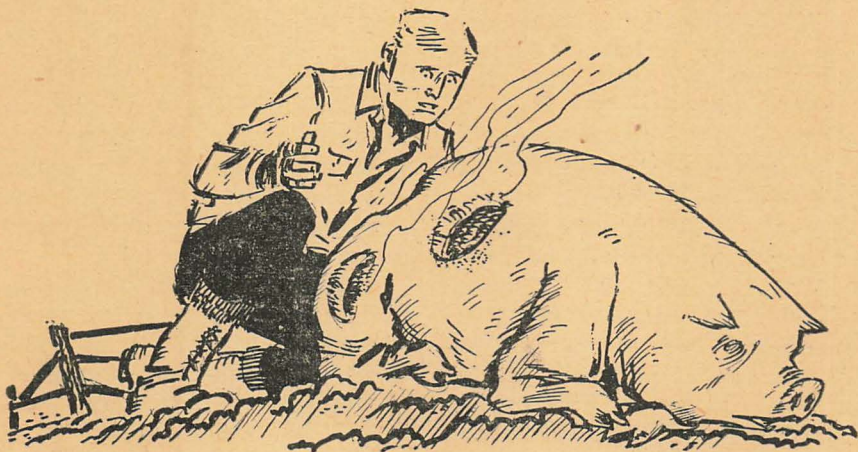
THE SECRET NAME

THE Navajos give to each of their children a secret name which is never used except in emergency. They believe that the name possesses the power to extricate its owner from any difficulty. The name is carefully chosen and believed to provide the child with a good spirit or angel.

CHINESE GOD IN OKLAHOMA?

A HAND-CARVED eight-inch figure supposedly representing the Chinese god of longevity has been dug up deep in the clay of a central Oklahoma hillside, according to the United Press. The figure is hand-carved of wood, and shows a god holding a ram in one hand and leaning on what appears to be a staff. It is eight inches high and was found on the Lincoln County farm of Mrs. A. K. Eckers, Guthrie.

THE BURNING ON THE FRENCH



The French River is noted for queer happenings. But the queerest of all was the killing of Joe Restoule's pig. What left those huge burns in its flesh?

By Robert LaBour

IN Northwestern Ontario there is a beautiful, wilderness river named the French. It runs from Lake Nipissing in the north down to the calm waters of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron in the south. A tribe of Ojibway Indians live on the many wooded islands that dot

the broad expanse of this river. Some of the Ojibways live on the reservation on the big island. Others have built their cabins on more isolated islands.

Joe Restoule is part French and part Ojibway and he and his family live on one of the smaller islands in the French River. Their island has about 10 acres. Joe's wife taught school in the Indian

village at one time and though her hair is white now, her brown, intelligent face is almost unlined in its gentle placidity. The Restoules are wonderfully happy. Joe himself has the face of a hawk and the lines from his cheek to his jowl are weathered deep. The squint marks around his dark eyes are permanent grooves. Joe's four sons are as tall and spare and brown as he.

There isn't a better guide on the French River than Joe Restoule. The summer campers from the States and the Indians on the reservation all say he is hard working and thrifty. In addition to the deer and bear meat Joe and his sons lay in during the fall there are fish from the river, and the corn and potatoes Joe and his boys plant each spring last through the winter. There are not many on the river who work as hard as the Restoules nor live as well.

It is the custom of the Restoules, each autumn before the big river freezes, to take their old launch 14 miles up the French and 20 miles across Lake Nipissing to the town of Sturgeon Falls where Joe buys a half grown pig to fatten, and to butcher in February when the snows are deep and the wild game hard to find. One day in early November of 1950, after the day-long trip to and from Sturgeon Falls, Joe and his boys unloaded a pig at their dock and

led him into the shed at the back of their cabin. Wolves and panther have to be reckoned with in the time of heavy snows. So Joe builds his pig pen high and strong, using young, straight pine logs to a height of eight feet.

The pig was fed and Joe himself barred the door to the pen. The Restoules retired to their cabin for the night. A light snow had begun to fall and Joe was glad his boys had finished the roof over the pig pen before dark. Even a pig should be comfortable.

Once during the night Joe thought he heard voices and called to his boys to be quiet, but there was no other disturbance. In the morning Joe walked through the trackless snow, now fallen to a depth of five inches, to look at his pig. When he unbarred the door of the pen Joe was alarmed to see the pig lying on its side. Along both its sides and down its flanks were ridges that he took to be welts, but closer inspection revealed charred indentations in the animal's hide. Joe was at a loss to account for these burns as there was no sign of entry to the pen and no marks in the snow outside.

By the end of the day the pig had recovered somewhat and was able to stand on its feet and walk, but it would not touch food. It walked in slow circles, grunting occasionally and staggering as though dazed.

That night Joe himself sat guard

in the pen with the pig and there was no disturbance. The pig was stronger by the next day but still refused to eat. Joe left his pig alone again that night, and since the pig was weak and the night really cold, Joe heated several large round stones and placed them in one corner of the pen to warm it a little.

In the night Joe waked as he had before and thought he heard voices. This time he went at once to the pig pen and unbarred the door, but nothing was amiss. The pig was sleeping on its side; the temperature in the pen was quite warm from the heat of the stones. Joe went back to his bunk and slept soundly.

The next morning the pig was dead. It lay on its side in the center of the pen with three holes, deep as dinner plates, burned into the flesh on both its flanks. Joe examined the stones he had heated

the night before but they were still piled in the corner although they seemed to retain more of their heat than it appeared they should.

Joe Restoule has no explanation for what happened to his pig. The other Indians have no idea either, nor are they surprised.

Many remember the time one of their tribe was found dead in a kind of brush corral, three miles from his home. Gaunt and dead of starvation it seemed, but no Indian starves in the woods in mid-summer. And why the corral? A kind of fort perhaps?

Another time Joe shot a mother bear and her cub. He left their gutted carcasses on a rock beside his cabin over night. In the morning there were fresh bear tracks in the snow leading across the island, and only the cub remained.

Strange things happen along the French.



DREAM OF A BROKEN LEG

EDNA VAUGHN, 15, who lives near Mesa, Ariz., dreamed that she broke her leg on her way home. She told her mother about the dream, then forgot it. That evening she fractured her leg when she jumped an irrigation ditch on her way home.



THE HEARSE'S HORN

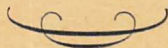
A HEARSE sounded a fire alarm and probably saved the funeral home of William H. Jacquin, Highland Park, N. J., from burning up. The empty hearse, garaged next to the funeral home, caught fire at 5 a.m. Its horn sounded and awakened neighbors who summoned firemen. — *Thomas Joseph McLaughlin*

Psychoanalyzing *The Bell Witch*



The Bell Witch is America's most famous ghost. Its story was told in the third issue of FATE Magazine. Does this theory explain it?

This article is excerpted from HAUNTED PEOPLE: Story of the Poltergeist Down the Centuries, by Hereward Carrington and Nandor Fodor, Copyright 1951, by E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. Price: \$3.50. The chapter reprinted here is entitled "The Case of the Bell Witch." It was written by Dr. Fodor, a Hungarian-born psychoanalyst practicing in New York City. Dr. Fodor is an internationally-known author and psychoanalyst who has written much on psychical subjects. He believes his and Carrington's book can be considered a pioneering work.



Haunted People

Many of the readers of FATE will disagree with the thesis presented here. Yet it is such a challenging idea that we feel it cannot be ignored. It is the concept, to quote the words of Dr. Nandor Fodor, that as far as poltergeist phenomena are concerned, "it is not the spirits of the dead that mould the thoughts of the living, but the thoughts of the living that shape the ideational content of 'supernatural' manifestations."

To those who recoil from this theory, let it be understood that Dr. Fodor is referring only to poltergeist activities. Let them remember, too, that true poltergeist activities seem to fall into such a rigid, formal pattern that it would seem possible they can be explained by one theory.

Whether Dr. Fodor's theory is correct we cannot know. However, it is refreshing to find a scientific man of Dr. Fodor's stature accepting the manifestations unhesitatingly. The only problem he concerns himself with is their cause. Note too that, as Dr. Fodor says: "While psychologically we come nearer to an understanding of these mysteries, physicists, physiologists and biologists are still unable to meet the challenge in a satisfactory manner."

In other words, even if Dr. Fodor's theories are true, we still do not understand the physical method by which poltergeist activities are accomplished.

THE first written chronicle of the Bell Witch dates from 1846. It was penned by Richard Williams Bell, one of the nine children of the murdered John Bell. He was thirty-six years old when he committed to paper a belated diary to which he gave the title: *Our Family Trouble*. This manuscript was not written for publication, and only appeared in print in 1894, in a small illustrated volume by M. V. Ingram.¹ Richard Williams Bell was six years old when the outbreak began, ten years old when it was over, and eighteen years old when the Witch returned a second time in 1828. His impressions of the events must have been exceedingly vivid, yet a delay of eighteen years, following the return of the Witch, or twenty-six years following the cessation of the original upheaval, must needs militate against the acceptance of the record as completely accurate. Ingram's book, as the many sub-

¹ M. V. Ingram: *An Authenticated History of the Famous Bell Witch. The Wonder of the 19th Century, and Unexplained Phenomenon of the Christian Era. The Mysterious Talking Goblin that Terrorized the West End of Robertson County, Tennessee, Tormenting John Bell to his Death. The Story of Betsy Bell, Her Lover and the Haunting Sphinx, Clarksville, Tenn., 1894.* All the quotations in this study are from Ingram's book, unless otherwise indicated.

titles indicate, catered to sensation-mongers; but the author, at one time a local editor, was intimately acquainted with the story from early childhood, knew the surviving members of John Bell's family, went to the trouble of interviewing all the witnesses he could find, and reproduced his material well, even though he made no attempt at critical presentation. He had applied as early as 1867 for permission to print Richard Williams Bell's diary, but this was refused until 1891, when the latter's son, Allen Bell, decided to release it, writing of his father's motives to Ingram as follows:

"So many painfully abhorrent misrepresentations had gone out concerning the mystery that he [Richard Williams Bell] desired the writing should be preserved, that the truth might be known in after years, should the erroneous views which had found lodgement concerning the origin of the distress continue to live through tradition, handed down to an enlightened generation under a version so disparaging." (Pp. 12-13)

This is a reference to accusations of fraud that were directed at Betsy Bell, around whom the phenomena mostly revolved. The fact that doubters and disparagers of family reputation were active at the time, or after the Bell Witch had ceased its activities, is a healthy sign, and strengthens rather than weakens the positive

testimonies. No "exposure" story appeared in print until 1849, in the *Saturday Evening Post* (the charges against Betsy later being retracted by the editors) and during the reign of the Witch the would-be ghost-layers are said to have met with egregious defeat.

The next record of the Bell Witch is an official one. It was written by Dr. Charles Bailey Bell, and it was published in 1934.² He is described on the front page of his book as for some years instructor on the brain and nervous system at the Medical Department of the University of Nashville; for several years on Visiting Staff at Nashville City Hospital; member of Tennessee State Medical Association, Nashville Academy of Medicine and other medical organizations, etc. etc. He writes in his preface that his father, Dr. Joel Thomas Bell (1831-1910), assured him that Richard Williams' manuscript was true, although Richard Williams was too young at the time of the outbreak to understand the Spirit, and the wonderful things the Spirit related to his older brother, John, Jr.

The "wonderful things" refer to a kind of cosmology and prophecies which include the Civil War, emancipation of the Negroes, the rise of the United States as the leader of the world, the two world

² *The Bell Witch. A Mysterious Spirit.* By Charles Bailey Bell, M.D., Nashville, Tenn., 1934.

wars, and even the ultimate and total destruction of our civilization. The latter prophecy is so worded that today we may consider it hinting at atomic energy release as it speaks of rapidly increasing heat, followed by a mighty explosion.

Fortunately, this prediction is not dated, but the prediction regarding the second world war proved to be correct within four years.

John Bell, Jr., the author's grandfather, having been twenty-four years old when the Witch first appeared, would have made an excellent witness if he had left direct testimony. Unfortunately, the author only quotes him through his own father, Dr. Joel Thomas Bell, to whom taciturn John solemnly handed down the story as a private burden of the family. But it happens that Betsy Bell, the principal character of the drama, lived to a ripe old age, and the author, at the age of nineteen, had received a graphic firsthand account of the activities of the Witch from the then eighty-three-year-old lady.

Intrinsically, little value can be attached to such late recollections, even if they had been committed to paper without losing time, of which Dr. Bell offers no proof. The substantial agreement of her story with the reminiscences of other members of the Bell family, and of their slaves and friends,

may be due to coördination through constant retelling, comparing and editing. On the other hand, such coördination, if it took place in the lifetime of the witnesses, is the best argument for the reality of the mysterious visitation. The essential facts stand out equally in the recollection of each member of the family and, barring the culminating horror of the murder of John Bell, agree with many descriptions of contemporary poltergeist disturbances. On this basis alone we may presume the records to be accurate as to the existence of the Witch. Richard Williams Bell, writing in 1846, could not have been acquainted with spiritualistic phenomenology. The chronicles of witchcraft could have been accessible to him, but he would have been hard put to find in them an account as fascinating as his own on the development of the voice of the Witch — a phenomenon in close agreement with contemporary séance-room claims.

THE COMING OF THE WITCH

The disturbances began with knockings and scrapings on the outside of the doors and windows. If the light was put on, the noise ceased. Then the sound moved inside. Week after week an invisible "rat" was gnawing vigorously on the bedpost, and an equally invisible "dog" was clawing on the floor. Something flapped against

the ceiling. Sounds were heard as if the beds were suddenly roughly pulled apart; as if dogs that had been chained together were fighting. The noise grew in volume and moved from room to room, stopping when everybody got up and searched for the cause. About a year after it began, it had so increased that it fairly shook the house. Then the coverings commenced slipping off the beds; a smacking of lips, a gulping sound, a choking and a strangling noise were heard. Occasionally it appeared as if heavy stones had fallen from somewhere; as if chairs had been overthrown or heavy trace-chains had been dragged across the floor. Some new performance was added every night, and "it troubled Elizabeth more than anyone else." (P. 107)

John Bell and his wife slept on the first floor. Betsy had a room on the second. On the same floor John and Drewry shared a bed, Joel and Richard Williams another, in two different rooms. Richard Williams was awakened by something pulling him by the hair, raising him and giving him the feeling as if the top of his head had been taken off. "Immediately, Joel yelled out in great fright, and next Elizabeth was screaming in her room, and after that something was continually pulling at her hair after she retired to bed." (P. 107)

At this stage, the family decided

that the secrecy they had observed about the manifestations was unwise. They needed help. So they called in Mr. James Johnson, their nearest neighbor and most intimate friend to help solve the mystery. It was Mr. Johnson who made the discovery that the agency behind the phenomena was intelligent. He listened attentively to all the sounds, and particularly to "that which appeared like someone sucking air through the teeth," (P. 108) and he adjured it in the name of the Lord. The adjuration silenced the noise for a considerable time, then it commenced with renewed vigor, and "the persecutions of Elizabeth were increased to an extent that excited serious apprehensions. Her cheeks were frequently crimsoned as if by a hard blow from an open hand, and her hair pulled until she would scream with pain." (P. 109)

As the phenomena ceased when the invisible agent was spoken to, Mr. Johnson inferred that it understood the human language, and advised John Bell to invite in other friends and form a committee of investigation. From Richard Williams' account it appears that the main job of the committee was to keep a close watch on every member of the family, "but all of their wits were stifled, the demonstrations all the while increasing in force, and sister was so severely punished that father and mother

became alarmed for her safety when alone, and the neighboring girls came almost every night to keep her company." (P. 109) Hoping that it might rid her of the trouble, Elizabeth was sent to the neighbors, "but it made no difference, the trouble followed her with the same severity, disturbing the family where she went as it did at home, nor were we in any wise relieved." (P. 110)

By this time the mystery had gained wide notoriety; the house was crowded every night with visitors who persevered in their efforts to make the Witch talk. They called on it "to rap on the wall, smack its mouth, etc., and in this way the phenomena were gradually developed." (P. 111) During the time it was not uncommon to see lights "like a candle or lamp flitting across the yard, and through the field, and frequently when father, the boys and 'hands' were coming in late from work, chunks of wood and stones would fall along the way, as if tossed by someone, but we could never discover from whence, or what direction they came." (P. 111)

The "never" is not strictly accurate, for later in his account Richard Williams Bell quotes the testimony of William Porter, a very prominent citizen of the community, "a gentleman of high integrity, regarded for his strict veracity." William Porter used to go to school with Joel Bell and, re-

turning in the evening, the boys passed some briar patches and hazel thickets by the wayside. At this spot, William Porter says, "sticks of wood and rocks were often tossed at us, but never with much force, and we soon learned not to fear any harm from this pastime, and frequently cut notches on the sticks, casting them back into the thicket from whence they came, and invariably the same sticks would be hurled back at us."

The objection that the boys might have been the victims of a practical joker is answered by the further statement that "after night the Witch would recount everything that had occurred along the way. Even if one of us stumped a toe, falling over, the Witch claimed to have caused it, and would describe how it appeared in the form of a rabbit or something else at a certain place."

Later, I shall consider these infantile claims of the Witch. Now the development of the voice must hold our immediate attention. The strength of the physical manifestations kept on increasing steadily. Those who resisted the cover, as it was pulled off their bed by the Witch, and those who came as detectives to expose it, were slapped on the face and beaten-up. "The blows were heard distinctly, like the open palm of a heavy hand, while the sting was keenly felt." (P. 112) The visitors persisted in

urging the Witch to talk "and finally it commenced whistling when spoken to, in a low broken sound, as if trying to speak in a whistling voice, and in this way it progressed, developing until the whistling sound was changed to a weak, faltering whisper, uttering indistinct words. The voice, however, gradually gained strength in articulating, and soon the utterances became distinct in a low whisper, so as to be understood in the absence of any other noise." (P. 112)

This was a sensational development. The voice was not confined to darkness, as were the physical phenomena. "The talking was heard in lighted rooms as in the dark, and finally in the day at any hour." (P. 122) Some people accused Betsy of ventriloquism. John Jr. suggested a test to a visiting doctor. The doctor "placed his hand over Betsy's mouth at the time when the voice was heard, and soon satisfied himself that she was in no way connected with these sounds." The reason why this accusation was levelled against Betsy is most interesting. To quote:

BETSY'S SEIZURES

"Sister was now subjected to fainting spells followed by prostration, characterized by shortness of breath and smothering sensations, panting as it were for life, and becoming entirely exhausted



and lifeless, losing her breath for nearly a minute between gasps, and rendered unconscious. These spells lasted from thirty to forty minutes, and passed off suddenly, leaving her perfectly restored after a few minutes, in which she recovered from the exhaustion. There is no positive evidence that these spells were produced by the Witch. However, that was the conclusion from the fact that there was no other apparent cause. She was a very stout girl and, with this exception, the personification of robust health, and was never subject to hysteria or anything of the kind. Moreover, the spells came on at regular hours in the evening, just at the time the Witch usually appeared, and immediately after the spells passed off the mysterious voice commenced talking, but never uttered a word during the time of prostration.

"In the meantime, father was strangely afflicted, which should have been mentioned in the out-

set, but he had never regarded his trouble as of any consequence until after sister recovered from the attacks just described. In fact, his ailment commenced with the incipency of the Witch's demonstration, or before he recognized the phenomenal disturbances. He complained of a curious sensational feeling in his mouth, a stiffness of the tongue, and something like a stick crosswise, punching each side of his jaws. This sensation did not last long, did not recur very often, or cause pain, and therefore gave him but little concern. But as the phenomenon developed, this affliction increased, his tongue swelling against his jaws, so that he could neither talk nor eat for ten or fifteen hours.

"In the meanwhile the Witch manifested a pernicious dislike for father, using the most vile and malignant epithets toward him, declaring that it would torment 'Old Jack Bell' to the end of his life. As father's trouble increased, Elizabeth was gradually relieved from her severe spells, and soon recovered entirely from the affliction, and never had any symptom of the kind. But father was seized with another malady that caused him much trouble and suffering. This was contortions of the face, a twitching and dancing of his flesh, which laid him up for the time. These spells gradually increased, and undoubtedly carried him to his grave." (Pp. 128-130)

We are now right in the heart of the Bell Witch mystery. Betsy's fainting spells closely agree with the symptoms spiritualistic mediums exhibit at the onset of trance. She was twelve, very stout and in robust physical health, apparently the type that at puberty is able to divert into an abnormal channel the budding sexual energies, or other mysterious biological forces of which we hear so much from the investigators of psychic phenomena. The problems which we face are:

1. Is the story of the Bell Witch a gigantic hoax and continued imposture?

2. Is the Witch a spirit, according to its own claims, using Betsy as a medium for contact, or is it a split-off part of Betsy's personality, a Betsy-X on the rampage?

3. Why did the Witch, or Betsy-X, hate and murder John Bell, and why did it persecute Betsy?

The first question admits of an easy answer. If human testimony has any value, hoax or imposture cannot be considered as a serious explanation. But that implies a formidable admission: that an unknown agency did produce incomprehensible phenomena in the Bell household and in their neighborhood. It also makes it incumbent upon us to solve the problem of how such disturbances can be produced.

I do not know how. All I can

say is that the phenomena produced by the Bell Witch follow the routine observed in the development of ghostly disturbances the world over. The best I can attempt is to answer the psychological questions involved.

Our chroniclers leave us in no doubt that John Bell's illness appeared simultaneously with the first disturbance. He suffered from a tic, which grew to the proportions of a hysterical attack. The tic accomplished two purposes. It stopped him from eating and talking. The latter is more important. Eating seldom gets people into trouble. Speaking does, when they have a guilty secret. If such a secret has to be kept undisclosed at all costs, the tic would answer the need. Can it be that the simultaneity of his attacks with Betsy's seizures is purely coincidental? I do not think so. When such events keep on recurring over a long period, a causal connection between them should be assumed. If Dr. Charles Bailey Bell had read Ferenczi's discoveries on the psychogenic origin of tics,³ he would not have described John Bell's malady simply as a disease of the nervous system which may have been caused by the Spirit.

Support for the idea that John Bell's attacks were not due to the Witch, but represent self-aggres-

sion, might be found in testimonies from which we learn that these attacks were not confined to the Bell house. In an interview with Ingram, Mrs. Martha Dearden, a lady of eighty-five, recalled that John Bell behaved strangely on an occasion when her father invited him to dinner. He shook his head, without saying anything, and seemed to be depressed, confused and sullen. The following day he rode over expressly to apologize and said: "All of a sudden, my tongue became strangely affected. Something that felt like a fungus growth came on both sides, pressing against my jaws, filling my mouth so that I could not eat or talk." (P. 257)

The Deardens lived four or five miles from the Bells. At the time of this incident nothing was known of the Witch outside the Bell family, and we know from the records quoted that the radius of the mysterious activity of the Witch, in the first year, suffered from spatial limitations. Therefore, it is tempting to infer that in John Bell's unconscious something was already stirring when the poltergeist made its first appearance. As the physical manifestations seem to be closely linked with the biological upheaval caused by the onset of Elizabeth's puberty, John Bell's illness looks like a strange echo of the psychic tempest that was being loosed from his daughter's unconscious.

³ *Further Contributions to the Theory and Technique of Psychoanalysis*. By Sandor Ferenczi.

THE WITCH DECLARES ITSELF

From the moment the Witch was able to articulate, John Bell was declared doomed. "I am a spirit; who was once very happy, but has been disturbed, and made unhappy" (p. 115) was the first utterance of the Witch in a feeble but distinct voice. Then the Witch proceeded to say that it would remain and continue worrying John Bell, and that it would kill him in the end. This establishes a connection between the disturbed state of the Witch and John Bell, but the specific nature of this connection was never explained. As, however, the Witch kept on reviling him and punishing him severely with blows and torture, the inference is that the Witch did not know why it should hate John Bell so virulently. If the Witch was "born" from a shock which Betsy suffered through her father, and Betsy's memories were not carried over to a fragment of her personality, perhaps the Witch could just hate without rhyme or reason. In accepting suggestions of the environment as to itself, the Witch was obviously stalling for time. After much coaxing it gave John Johnson (whom it called "Old Sugar Mouth") a grandiloquent statement: "I am a Spirit from everywhere, Heaven, Hell, the Earth; am in the air, in houses, any place at any time, have been created millions of years; that is

all I will tell you."

The same grandiloquence was noticeable in the statements of the Talking Mongoose: "I am the Fifth Dimension. I am the Eighth Wonder of the World, etc."⁴ Such self-adoration is typically infantile. It fits in well with the spirit of mischief that child personalities like to display. The Witch first declared itself to be the spirit of an Indian whose bones had been scattered, and had good fun in setting the Bell family hunting for a missing tooth; then it professed to be Old Kate Batts' witch, sending a shudder of delicious horror through its audience. Mrs. Batts was an eccentric old woman, slightly unbalanced and commonly feared as a witch. In this guise, the Bell mystery became more acceptable. In Ingram's book, the witch is always called Kate. Dr. Bell frowns on this appellation and omits it from his own volume, nor does he dwell on a rather disreputable phase of the Witch's career.

This concerned the "family of the Witch," four characters answering to the names of Blackdog, Mathematics, Cypocryphy and Jerusalem. Behind this, associations with Mrs. Batts are clearly traceable. For our purpose the

⁴ *The Haunting of Cashen's Gap*. By Harry Price and R. S. Lambert, London, 1938. — "The Talking Mongoose." By Nandor Fodor, *Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research*, February, March and July, 1937.

noteworthy feature is that the members of the family spoke in distinct voices of their own: Black-dog in a harsh masculine tone, Jerusalem with a boy's voice, while Mathematics and Cypocryphy sounded more delicate and feminine. They all used obscene language, uttered vile threats and made the night hideous with their drunken carousal. "On one occasion all four appeared almost beastly drunk, talking in maudlin sentimental strain, fuming the house with the scent of whiskey." (P. 134)

This phase represented a fall of estate, as the Witch started on its career as a pious character, singing beautiful songs, quoting from the *Bible* with remarkable knowledge, and reproducing the Sunday sermons of the two preachers of the settlement in the evening circle word for word, and with a perfect imitation of the pastor's voice. All present, including the pastors, were astonished by the demonstration. The memory and histrionic ability of the Witch was unique. It could assume anybody's voice and it never forgot a thing. It would have made a grand "spirit communicator" if it had been imbued with mediumistic ideas. To puritanical mentality, however, communication with the dead was unthinkable. As a result, we find the Witch in no contact with the dead. John Jr. was frankly told, when he wished to have news of

his father after the latter's tragic death, that the Witch could imitate his voice to perfection but that it was not its purpose to deceive him. The Witch was quite positive that people who had died did not, at that age, talk to those left behind and that such is not likely ever to be the case.

On another occasion, the Witch gave a dramatic demonstration as to how a deceptive manifestation could be engineered. John Jr. was asked to look at the smooth snow before the window, and as he did the snow showed signs of disturbance as if an invisible man were approaching the window. Depressions as if made by heavy boots appeared in the snow and the Witch challenged John Jr. to take his father's heavy boots and match them against the tracks. John declined the test and the Witch then repeated that this was the answer to all the foolish people who might think that the dead could come back.

The most important implication in this vigorous denial of communication with the dead is that the Witch is not a spirit that survived bodily death; that it is an entity belonging to this world; that, by its own testimony, we must place the Witch on the terrestrial plane of existence when it speaks of the dead John Bell as "not of this world". Hence, we are driven to think of the Witch as a fragment of a living personality

that has broken free, in some mysterious way, of some of the three-dimensional limitations of the mind of the main personality. There is, however, no indication that the Witch was conscious of any dependence on a living personality, or that it achieved any success in unravelling the secret of its own existence. All we note is a ready acquiescence with the ideas of the crowd.

In an atmosphere in which Negro slaves saw ghosts in every odd animal, no Witch could escape disporting itself in animal shape. Accordingly we find that, before the disturbances began, John Bell saw a peculiar animal sitting between two corn rows. It looked like a dog, yet it was not. He shot at the animal which at once disappeared. It is assumed that this animal was the Witch. Later Drewry and Betsy saw another strange animal creature; then oddly behaving rabbits were seen, and the Witch, now being able to talk, duly claimed their shape as its own. It is interesting to note that, barring one or two vague claims, no one saw the Witch in human shape, and that it had no knowledge of its own sex.

Of a sense of humor the Witch gave plenty of evidence. It sent the members of the Bell family on a fake treasure hunt, and enjoyed the leg-pull immensely. But it was also willing to be of service to the family and gave them good advice

which they foolishly disregarded. Like the Talking Mongoose, it was a magnificent reporter, collecting gossip from all over the countryside, hearing and seeing everything and becoming the holy terror of evil doers. It denounced the drunkards, abused those who whipped their children, read the thoughts of those present, revealed unpleasant secrets of their past, if they so deserved, and followed them and spied upon them after they had left the house. In both books a good deal of evidence is presented of the Witch's telepathic and clairvoyant power, of its freedom from spatial limitations and of its ability to forecast the weather.

APPORT PHENOMENA

All poltergeists are "apport" specialists, *i.e.*, they produce odd objects, of a mysterious origin, in a mysterious way, apparently from thin air. The Witch was no exception. It participated at Mrs. Bell's *Bible* study meetings and "when refreshments were served it always brought in nice fruits coming from they know not where, but were simply dropped on the table or in their laps with the invitation to eat them. At Betsy's birthday party the Witch called out: 'I have a surprise for you; come and see it.' Suddenly, there was placed on the table by unseen hands a large basket of fruit — oranges, bananas, grapes and nuts. The

Spirit called out, "Those came from the West Indies. I brought them myself."

When Mrs. Bell felt ill, the Witch was disconsolate.

"Its plaintive voice was heard exclaiming: 'Luce, poor Luce, how do you feel now? Hold out your hands, Luce, and I will give you something.' Mother stretched her arms, holding her hands together open, and hazelnuts were dropped from above into her hands. This was witnessed by several ladies who had called to see mother, and it was so incredible that the floor above was examined to see if there was not a loose plank or some kind of opening through which they were dropped, but it was found to be perfectly secure, and not even a crevice through which a pin could pass. After some time the amazement was increased by the same voice inquiring, 'Say, Luce, why don't you eat the hazelnuts?' Mother replied that she could not crack them. Then the exclamation, 'Well, I will crack some for you,' and instantly the sound of cracking was heard, and the cracked nuts dropped on her bed within hand's reach, and the same passionate voice continued, insisting on mother's eating the nuts, that they would do her good. Next came the grapes in the same way, the voice importuning her to eat them, that they would do her good." (Pp. 158-159)

It is worth noting that the Witch claimed no power to heal and was as helpless in the face of illness as a little child.

On another evening "the room was full of company, all deeply interested in discussing the phenomena of the grapes, etc., when the presence of the Witch was announced by the voice exclaiming 'Who wants some grapes?' and before anyone could answer, a large bunch of luscious wild grapes fell upon Elizabeth's lap. The bunch was passed around and all tasted of the fruit, and were satisfied that it was no illusion." (P. 159)

Another amusing apport phenomenon, savoring of witchcraft, is described by M. V. Ingram in an interview with Mrs. Lucinda E. Rawls (Theny Thorn), one of Elizabeth's intimate girl friends. It is about a "witch doctor" who insisted that he could relieve Betsy of the spell if she would take his medicine. According to Mrs. Rawls:

"... mother remonstrated with Betsy against taking the awful dose, but she persisted that she would take anything that anybody would give her, if it was poison, to get rid of her excruciating pest, and so she did swallow it down. It very soon made her deathly sick, as the conjurer promised it would, and immediately a copious evacuation of the stomach followed. The excrement was

examined and found to be literally full of pins and needles, and Kate, the Witch, fairly roared with laughter, and said that fellow was the only conjurer who had ever done any good; he had made Betsy throw up pins and needles enough to supply the whole community, and if he would give her another dose of the stuff, she would get enough to set up a pin and needle store. The witch doctor really believed that the pins and needles were ejected from the girl's stomach, and was astounded by the result of his own practise. There could be no mistake that they were real brass pins and needles. Mother gathered up a number and kept them as long as she lived. I have seen the pins and needles myself. As a matter of course, Betsy could not have lived with such a conglomeration in her stomach, and the only solution of the matter was that the Witch dropped the pins and needles in the excrement unobserved." (P. 246)

The Witch must have had a weakness for pins, as we read further on that "pins were frequently found in the bed pillows, stuck from the inside of the pillow case with points out, and sometimes found in the chairs, and the saying was that the Witch had power over anyone who gave her pins."⁵ (P. 248)

⁵ The vomiting of pins and needles was frequently reported in old witchcraft cases.

INVISIBLE BUT SOLID?

While the Witch never appeared in visible solid shape, the records of its amenities clearly suggest that its "body," though invisible, was of solid, palpable substance. Those in whom the Witch had confidence could feel "a soft and velvety hand like a woman's" slipping into their extended palm, but those who aroused its ire could feel a hand with "blows falling fast and heavy."

Of the feats of strength ascribed to the Witch, Betsy Bell's magic sleigh-ride is as remarkable as any fairy tale could be.

"She and the other girls seated themselves on the sleigh for a ride, and heard the Spirit's voice cry out: 'Hold tight when we get to the corner.' The sleigh started by itself, making the corners at such speed that they had difficulty in staying in. It went around the house three times before it stopped."

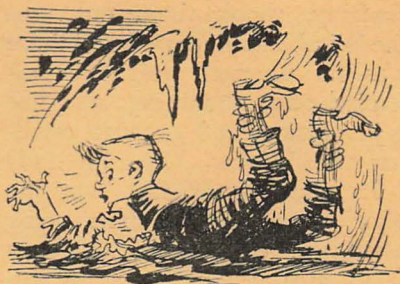
This is one of the stories which Dr. Bell heard firsthand from Betsy Bell. As it referred to an event that occurred at least seventy years before, and is of more marvelous character than the ordinary witchcraft stories, it hardly can be accorded serious consideration.

The evidence is not much better regarding the trick which the Witch is said to have played on General Andrew Jackson, as he

was coming to visit the Bell home. The horses suddenly became unable to pull along the General's wagon. The wheels were on level ground. The driver yelled and whipped the horses, but they could not budge the wagon. The General got down, examined the situation and saw no reason why the horses could not pull it. The driver tried again, without success. The General then shouted: "By the eternal, boys, it is the Witch." Then came the sound of a sharp metallic voice from the bushes saying: "All right, General, let the wagon move." And the wagon moved. (P. 232)

In the Bell Witch Cave, famous for its stalactites, one of the boys in Betsy's company, got into the quicksand deposit at a place where he got down on his knees to crawl. He became jammed in, his candle went out and no one could get to him. "Suddenly, the big room and all parts of the cave were lit-up as if from a big lamp. A voice called out, 'I'll get you out.' The boy's legs were seized as if by strong hands and he was drawn out with his face full of mud and nearly suffocated."

This is a better story than the one about General Andrew Jackson, as Betsy's presence is clearly stated. The most priceless of all these heroic stories comes from William Porter, with whom the Witch went to sleep "to keep him warm."



"The cover continued to slip in spite of my tenacious grasp, and was twisted into a roll on the back side of the bed, just like a boy would roll himself in a quilt, and not a strip was left on me. I jumped out of bed in a second, and observing that the Witch had rolled up in the cover, the thought struck me: 'I have got you now, you rascal, and will burn you up.' In an instant I grabbed the roll of cover in my arms and started to the fire, intending to throw the cover, Witch and all, in the blaze. I discovered that it was very weighty and smelled awful. I had not got halfway across the room before the luggage got so heavy and became so offensive that I was compelled to drop it on the floor and rush out of doors for a breath of fresh air. The odor emitted from the roll was the most offensive stench I ever smelled. It was absolutely stifling, and I could not have endured it another second. After being refreshed, I returned to the room and gathered up the roll of bed-

clothing, shook them out, but the Witch had departed and there was no unusual weight or offensive odor remaining; and this is just how near I came to catching the Witch." (Pp. 148-149)

In view of the fact that the odor was absent a short while after the experience, we may safely assume that it was subjective, and, together with the sensation of the weight, was due to suggestion. The means of defense is exceedingly earthy and not of the type one would expect from an immaterial being.

THE HATREDS OF THE WITCH

The earthy aspect of the Witch is further accentuated by its extreme sensivity to certain odors. It had a strong aversion to Negroes, often remarking, "I despise the smell of a nigger; the scent makes me sick." To Mrs. Bell we owe an impressive experiment proving that the Witch indeed had a nose or something equivalent to it.

Mrs. Bell had a slave called Anky, a well developed, buxom African girl "exuberant with that pungent aroma which was so obnoxious to the Witch's olfactory." (P. 138) She made her hide under her bed, the fringed counterpane of which, hanging to the floor, completely covered her from view. Not another soul knew that she was there.

"Presently, the voice of the

Witch angrily rang out above the din of conversation, with the exclamation, 'There is a damn nigger in the house; it's Ank; I smell her under the bed, and she's got to get out.' In an instant a noise was heard under the bed like that of a man clearing his throat, hawking and spitting vehemently, and Anky came rolling out like a log starting downhill, her face and head literally covered with foam like white spittle. She sprang to her feet with wonderful agility, frantically explaining, 'Oh, Missus, Missus; it's going to spit me to death. Let me out; let me out,' she went yelling all the way to the cabin: 'Let me in, let me in.' " (P. 240)

It would be interesting to know how Betsy Bell reacted to the smell of their negroes, as the Witch seemed to be partial to those whom Betsy liked and hostile to those whom she disliked. John Jr. was Elizabeth's favorite brother, and the Witch was always on the defensive when abused by him; but towards others it was ever ready to show a frightful temper. Again, towards Elizabeth's mother the Witch always showed the tenderest regard. She was "the most perfect woman living," and we may safely assume that this was the opinion which Betsy herself held, perhaps also by way of compensation for her feelings toward her father. Joel and Richard Williams were of-

ten thrashed by the Witch, and Drewry went in such awe of the mysterious entity that he never married, always fearing the Witch's return. The principal sufferers were Elizabeth and her father. The worst of Betsy's afflictions was the breaking up of her engagement to Joshua Gardner. According to all accounts, they were ideally suited, but the Witch objected to the match from the moment it learned to talk. Ingram describes "a soft, melancholy voice, sighing in the distance and gradually approaching nearer with gentle pleadings in loud whispers: please Betsy Bell, don't have Joshua Gardner, please Betsy Bell, don't marry Joshua Gardner! It was so intensely persuasive, gentle and sweet, so extremely mystifying that it not only bewildered the lovers but brought perplexity and confusion into every social circle." (P. 49)

As time passed, the remonstrations of the Witch grew sharper and sharper. It "said so many things to Betsy and Joshua in the presence of their friends of a highly embarrassing nature that the girl in time became quite hysterical and worn out in despair." The only lame reason the Witch gave to John Jr. of its opposition to the marriage was that, if Betsy married Joshua, she would never have a day of happiness or peace. It urged John Jr. to break up the engagement, saying that

Betsy would take his advice as she knows that he idolizes her.

If Betsy also idolized John we have a double reason to understand why the Witch had so much respect for him. It is very odd, too, that after John Bell's death, the Witch stopped ill-treating Betsy and became good to her; but on the question of marriage it would not relent. Fearing the ill will of the Witch, Betsy finally gave back to Joshua her engagement ring. As to Joshua, his very theatrical farewell does not speak for him very well: "Betsy, my love, the adoration of my soul, the long hope of my life, this is the bitterest draught of all, but for your sake I drink to the dregs, releasing you from the promise which I know was earnest." (P. 213)

Richard Williams laments in the same style:

"This vile, heinous, unknown devil, torturer of human flesh, that preyed upon the fears of people like a ravenous vulture, spared her not, but rather chose her as a shining mark for an exhibition of its wicked stratagem and devilish tortures. And never did it cease to practise upon her fears, insult her modesty, stick pins in her body, pinching and bruising her flesh, slapping her cheeks, disheveling and tangling her hair, tormenting her in many ways until she surrendered that most cherished hope which ani-

mates every young heart." (P. 174)

One may sympathize with a brother's indignation, but there is reason to suspect that Betsy had derived a measure of satisfaction from the rôle which she played in this drama of the supernatural. It comes to light in Betsy's story of Frank Miles, a friend of the family, who stood up for her against the Witch. As Betsy told Dr. Bell:

"[Frank] fairly shook the house, stamping on the floor, and dared it to assume any shape so that he could get hold of it. He went into such a rage that (the first time I ever heard him curse) he swore terribly; the scene was terrifying in the extreme, as the Spirit kept screaming at him to mind his own affairs; that it had slapped him over before, and to be careful or it would knock his block off . . . Frank soon learned that it was of no avail to offer to champion me in a fight; it only made matters worse, so he no longer offered to fight, but would look at me with the most sympathetic glances and say the nicest things to me, always telling me how much he thought I was bearing with the greatest courage any child in the world could." (Bell 77)

This courage and pride, and the praise by a young Lochinvar who stands up against a demon, may well rouse the suspicion that

in some dim way Betsy Bell knew that she had to suffer, and that she was as resigned to being tortured as her father was meek and submissive.

THE MURDER OF JOHN BELL

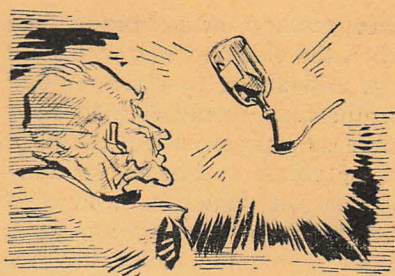
The spells of John Bell did not abate. His face jerked and twitched and his tongue became so swollen that his whole face appeared distorted. Each spell would last from one to two days, and the Witch grew ever angrier and more virulent in disposition. Every word uttered to "Old Jack" was a blast of curses and heinous threats (to use Richard Williams' favorite epithet), while those uttered to "Old Luce," Betsy's mother, continued to be most tender, loving and kind. During a severe attack, which confined John Bell to bed for six or seven days, we read, "the Witch cursed and raved like a maniac for several days and ceased not troubling him." (P. 176) After he got better, the Witch attacked him in the open air. His shoes were repeatedly jerked off, a phenomenon to which Richard Williams bears personal testimony.

"Presently, he complained of a blow on his face which felt like an open hand that almost stunned him, and he sat down on a log that lay by the roadside. Then his face commenced jerking with fearful contortions. Soon his whole body; and then his shoes would

fly off as fast as I could put them on. The situation was trying and made me shudder. I was terrified by the spectacle of the contortions that seized father, as if to convert him into a very demon to swallow me up. Having finished tying father's shoes, I raised myself up to hear the reviling sound of derisive songs piercing the air with terrorizing force. As the demoniac shrieks died away in triumphant rejoicing, the spell passed off and I saw tears chasing down father's yet quivering cheeks." (P. 177)

On returning to the house, John Bell took to bed and from then on gradually declined. On December 19, 1820, he was discovered in a deep stupor and could not be aroused. John Jr. went to the medicine cupboard and, instead of the bottle for which he was looking, he found "a smoky looking vial, which was about one-third full of dark colored liquid." The doctor was immediately sent for, and in the meantime the Witch was heard in joyous exultation: "It's useless for you to try to relieve Old Jack — I have got him this time; he will never get up from that bed again." Asked about the vial of medicine found in the cupboard, the Witch replied: "I put it there, and gave Old Jack a big dose out of it last night while he was fast asleep, which fixed him."

When the doctor arrived, it



was suggested that a test be made of the contents of the vial. A straw was run into it and wiped on the tongue of a cat. "The cat jumped and whirled over a few times, stretched out, kicked and died very quick." The vial and contents were thrown into the fire, and instantly a blue haze shot up the chimney like a flash of powder.

John Bell died the following morning. The Witch "was around during the time, indulging in wild exultations and derisive songs." At the burial "after the grave was filled and the friends turned to leave the sad scene, the Witch broke out in a loud voice, singing 'Row me up some brandy, O!' and continued singing this until the family and friends had all entered the house." (Pp. 180-182)

There is something very extraordinary about this account. The Witch would have had sufficient strength to strangle John Bell, yet it never launched other than minor bodily attacks against him. Seemingly, it was afraid of John Bell and used the very hu-

man method of poisoning him when the old man was on his last legs and about to die a natural death. One would like to have more information about the color of the poison and its smoky quality, as the Witch was fond of functioning on the excretory level, as shown by the incident of the pins and needles and by the stench with which William Porter was attacked. However, no such information would help us to understand the manner of the cat's death. The vial must have contained poison, the use of which was as senseless as was the violent exultation of the Witch after the deed. Only a vindictive infant, devoid of social adaptation, or a primitive savage could behave in a manner so fiendish. Moreover, the circumstances under which the poison was smuggled into the medicine chest and its administration are very odd. In the morning, John Bell was seen sleeping soundly, and was left alone until after breakfast. Then, he was found in a stupor. But the Witch claimed that it had given him the dose during the night. As the poison immediately killed the cat, could John Bell, if he had taken it, sleep soundly throughout the night and fall into a stupor for almost a whole day before he died? To top the oddity of the tale, the poison vial is thrown into the fire and thus the evidence of murder is deliberately destroyed.

It does seem that the Witch was guilty of lying. John Bell must have been poisoned during the breakfast interval (during which the presence of two members of the household is unaccounted for). Whoever administered the poison in place of medicine must have been somebody well known, if John Bell was waked from a sound sleep. But no murderer of sound mind would destroy the genuine medicine and keep the poison in the cupboard as evidence unless it was the Witch's deliberate intention to have one particular member of the family administer it, in the belief that it was the real medicine. Then we could understand why the Witch should go to the trouble of hunting for poison, and replacing the medicine with it. There was, however, no need for anybody to prove an alibi. From the point of view of the law, the Witch's disembodied voice, claiming responsibility for the deed, and its subsequent behavior, must needs absolve the members of the family, even if it was through one of them that the poison was administered.

With the killing of John Bell, the days of the Witch were numbered. Richard Williams says that "there were but two purposes, seemingly, developed in the visitation. One was the persecution of Father to the end of his life. The other, the vile purpose of destroy-

ing the anticipated happiness that thrilled the heart of Betsy." During the rest of the winter and the spring the demonstrations gradually decreased, as if the emotional energy that fed the existence of the Witch had gradually oozed out. The final phenomenon, highly symbolic of guilt release, took place as the family was sitting round the fire after their evening meal. "Something like a cannon ball rolled down the chimney and out into the room, bursting like a smoke ball. A voice clearly called out, 'I am going, and will be gone for seven years. Goodbye to all.'" (Bell 193)

The return took place as predicted. Mrs. Bell, Joel and Richard Williams were the only occupants of the homestead. Betsy was now married to another man. The manifestations consisted of scratching sounds and the pulling-off of the covers of the bed. The family agreed to ignore the disturbance, and the Witch departed in two weeks without causing further trouble, except that it paid two visits to John Jr., at his home, and promised to return again "in one hundred years and seven" to one of John's descendants. This doubtful honor should have fallen on Dr. Charles Bailey Bell, but the year of 1935 came and went, and the Bell Witch failed to keep this promised tryst.

THEORIES OF EXPLANATION

Now that the story is told we must attempt to draw our final conclusions.

Was the Bell Witch a spirit or a split-off part of Betsy's personality — able to function in a manner unknown to abnormal psychology?

In analyzing the story, sufficient evidence has been advanced to show that the Witch was not a spirit or a ghost in the spiritualistic sense. It was a unique entity as it knew not of, and was not in contact with, any similar being and could not account for itself or for its powers. In emotional behavior, it was singularly human: evil and good, strong and weak, afraid of strangers and so suspicious that it would not shake hands with people who might try to seize its invisible but solid hand. It had telepathic and clairvoyant powers of cognition, resources of the human mind which are being explored, with rather startling results, at Duke University by Professor J. B. Rhine. It had power over matter, through some mental operation, the rudimentary existence of which in the unconscious is now also being confirmed by Rhine. Hence the Bell Witch had not shown itself possessing a non-human mind.

What would have happened to Betsy Bell if William Porter had succeeded in throwing the bundle in which the Witch was rolled

into the fire? Spiritualist records are full of stories of dangerous "repercussion" on the medium's body, when a séance-room phantom is seized. Was it this fear of repercussion on Betsy that kept the Witch from violently assaulting John Bell? Or was it rather Betsy's own instinct of self-preservation that operated through the Witch and made it so cautious? We shall never know the answer to these fascinating questions. But, from a close study of the records, little doubt can exist that the Witch came into manifested life through Betsy Bell. It had no personal history to boast of before this period, and it never claimed to have been with the family in any shape or form prior to its first appearance. From all this there is but one conclusion to draw: the Bell Witch was part of Betsy Bell.

If this conclusion is correct, we have to revise our notions regarding the scope of activity and powers of dissociated personalities, and the very nature of this dissociation. Poltergeist cases are too extraordinary to fall within the ordinary category of secondary personalities, and no psychologist would credit split personalities with manifestations and powers outside the range of the body. Yet the Witch was able to act outside the physiological radius of Betsy Bell's main personality, surpassed her mental perceptual range, and

produced a variety of supernatural phenomena. Obviously, we are dealing with facts for which we have no adequate theories within normal or abnormal psychology.

"Absurd facts require absurd theories." I had received this advice from the late Dr. Maxwell Telling, of Leeds, a well-known English psychiatrist, when I discussed with him the bewildering case of the Talking Mongoose. He suggested an approach which, at the time, I resisted, but the consideration of which has since appeared tempting — after a close study of several modern poltergeist cases: that, in some exceptional instances, the human mind can be so split-off that part of it may function in apparent independence. In the case of the Talking Mongoose, Dr. Maxwell Telling surmises, part of Farmer Irving's split-off mind may have entered into the animal's mental orbit and stimulated an unusual form of development.

After a period of incubation, I began to wonder whether indeed a devastating shock might not produce a kind of psychic lobotomy, tearing loose part of the mental system and leaving it floating free, like a disembodied entity, but still capable of personality-development, as any autonomous complex would be, though on a different, apparently fourth-dimensional (whatever

that may mean) plane of activity?

The germ of this idea is not new. It was first put forward by F. W. H. Myers, one of the great pioneers of psychical research, under the name of "psychorrhagic diathesis,"⁶ in an attempt to improve on the telepathic theory of apparitions. He considered it as a "psychical invasion," the creation of a "phantasmogenetic center" in the percipient's surroundings by some dissociated elements of the agent's personality which in some way are potent enough to affect and modify space. He considered it a "subliminal" (unconscious) operation, not necessarily a profound incident but rather a special idiosyncrasy on the part of the agent, which tended to make his phantasm easily visible. He coined the word "psychorrhagy" from the Greek. It means: "to let the soul break loose," and he believed that he had discovered a new physiological fact.

The difference between the view of Myers and that of the psychic lobotomy which I hesitatingly suggest is that poltergeist manifestations are not due to incidental and occasional unconscious operations, but to a profound cleavage of personality — to the explosive loosening of an infantile part of the psyche in

which severe conflicts are kept repressed. This torn-off part of the mind would be strictly conditioned in its development by the conflict-material which the main personality (in a therapeutic reaction to a disintegrating shock) had expelled and is preventing from returning into consciousness. If the conflict-material consisted of a virulent hatred of the strong parent, and guilt feeling on that account, the poltergeist would automatically work out both emotions by revenge and self-castigation, and consume itself by discharging the dynamic components of its existence.

To entertain any such genesis of the Bell Witch, one must have a theory of the mind which permits of fragmentation and survival of a part in independence of the physical organism. Since I first thought of the Bell Witch case, in the sense mentioned, such a theory, rather startling in its simplicity, has been applied to psychic phenomena by the late Mr. Whately Carington,⁷ who was one of England's foremost psychical researchers. In essence, it is that the mind consists of "sensa" and images, and of nothing else. These he conceives to be the only constituents of the mind, in the same sense that electrons and protons, positrons and negatrons are (prob-

⁶ *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*. By F. W. H. Myers, London, 1903, pp. 264-5.

⁷ *Thought Transference*. By Whately Carington, Creative Age Press, New York, 1946.

ably) the only constituents of matter. He uses the generic term "psychon" to describe any constituent of the mind. The mind then is a psychon-system, in very much the same sense as the body is a cell-system, that a protein molecule is an atom-system or that a galaxy is a star-system. Psychons are linked together by forces of association in much the same way that cells are linked by adhesive forces, atoms by electrical forces or stars by gravitational forces. In Mr. Whately Carington's view, "consciousness" would refer to the system of relations between psychons, in the same manner as the word "space" refers to the relation between bits of matter. Given two or more bits of matter, there is ipso facto gravitation. Given two or more psychons, there is ipso facto consciousness.

This theory has far-reaching applications, not only to the phenomena which are the concern of psychical research, but also to the numerous mechanisms with which psychoanalysis deals. The direct shock which gave birth to the Bell Witch was the onset of puberty. In my considered opinion, this event is capable of regressively reviving infantile fantasies or actual traumatic memories. Because of a series of psychic relays, the shock can be so intense that some girls are seized with terror, feeling as if the interior of their body were being attacked

or destroyed. Betsy Bell, perhaps owing to her puritanical education, may have been so afflicted. We may safely infer this, as the poltergeist outbreak at her home cannot be disposed of on the basis of mass hysteria, and because it is now generally accepted in psychical research that these outbreaks are frequently associated with puberty. The most interesting feature of Betsy Bell's case is not the shock and the resulting dissociation (of which her trance seizures furnish convincing evidence) but the implacable hatred of her own father, and the castigation which, in consequence, Betsy-X inflicted upon her.

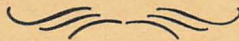
Nothing was known, in those early days, of the unconscious. Betsy Bell would have been rightly indignant, together with members of all her family, if she had been charged with hating her father and wishing to visit a cruel death upon him. Yet those who suspected that Betsy Bell was behind the devilry of the Witch were more correct than they knew. Betsy Bell, as the Witch, took her father's life and, according to the Law of the Talion, paid for the deed with her own life's dearest hopes; by sacrificing her love. The sacrifice came first, but the murder, mentally, had been envisioned long before. To the unconscious, guilt and punishment are interchangeable currencies. By having herself tortured and her

life wrecked (as any romantic young girl would picture it) the slate was wiped sufficiently clean to make it possible for the main personality to carry on without being on constant guard against the return of the repressed.

From the purely therapeutic point of view, both the murder and the persecution of Betsy were indispensable. In an age in which little was known of psychotherapy, it was Nature's own way of saving Betsy Bell. But for the tragic events taking their inevitable course, Betsy Bell would never have lived to the extreme old age she reached, and would have, in all probability, been confined to a mental institution in her early youth. Her psychological history, if we had it, would be an invaluable document. It would, no doubt, explain the obscene language used by the voices, the reason why the Witch returned seven years after its departure, and why it failed to return in 1935, when Betsy Bell was long dead. Nothing could better illustrate the Witch's own ignorance as to the source of its mortal existence than the prophecy of its return at such a late date.

There remains one last question to answer. Why should Betsy Bell have had such a ferocious hatred

of her father? My answer might be considered purely speculative, and, to many people, particularly the prim and prudish, unforgivable; but it is based on many years of clinical experience in psychoanalysis. Betsy Bell, as a small child, was victimized by her own father. John Bell, as so many neurotic fathers do, had taken with her sexual liberties, the memory of which inspired increasing horror in both as the years progressed. The puritanical age did not guarantee purity in men, and did not necessarily safeguard the children. Sexual meddling by an adult with an infant is the worst traumatic foundation for the development of later neurosis or psychosis. In Betsy Bell's case, the repression was successful until the shock of puberty produced a regressive earthquake. It was probably to save her reason that a fragment of her mind (with the group of "psychons" centering around the event) was split off. In some way, this free-floating part of her psyche was still supported by her very dynamic constitution and, on the pattern of autonomous complexes, began to organize itself into an independent personality. With this the Bell Witch entered upon its amazing career.



REPORT FROM THE READERS

Correction, Please

Raymond F. Ross' story "Amazing Prophecy" has me in a "tizzy." I've always been under the delusion (?) that this prophecy was by Mother Shipton — *Frank L. Walburn, Clay Center, Kans.*

Aren't you familiar with the prophecies of Mother Shipton? This is supposed to be one of her prophecies. Here is another of her prophecies:

*Women will dress like men and trousers wear,
And cut off all their locks of hair.
They will ride astride with brazen brow,
And love shall die and marriage cease,
And nations wane and babes decrease,
And wives shall fondle cats and dogs,
And men shall live much as hogs,
Just for food and lust.*

Mother Shipton was supposed to have been born in England, Yorkshire, about 1486, and lived to a remarkable old age. — *R. J. Murphy, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Criticism from Fort Worth

I have been a reader of FATE for a long time but I think two

articles in February-March, "Sex in the Spirit World" and "My Father Said Goodbye" are in extremely poor taste. I buy FATE particularly to get away from the usual "sex three times a day" that we hear on radio, and in movies.

The lady in "My Father Said Goodbye" states that her father came back and told her to leave college. Later she states that if she hadn't she might have become an old maid. Is it some kind of disgrace to be an old maid? There are many of us and quite a few that are very happy.

Please don't make a sex magazine out of FATE. — *Laura Keith, Fort Worth, Tex.*

The Invisible World

Your magazine fills a void that has been lacking in magazines for years. I am interested in the fact that you are open and frank in regard to the "Invisible World."

This subject has been taboo for as long as I can remember. Einstein deals with it in his Theory of Relativity. People believe and accept it. The clergy preach and build sermons around it. People believe. The Bible and Jesus speak and teach it. The Witch of Endor is accepted.

But if one person speaks of it and tells of spirit communication or relates his personal experiences with it he is condemned, embarrassed, insulted, and called crazy.

Why? — (*Name withheld on request*)

We don't know, but it is FATE'S primary purpose to remedy this situation and get psychic phenomena raised to such a level of respectability that more and more truth about it will be known. — Editor.

We Make a Friend

Last month I read the first copy of FATE that I ever saw and I shall not miss another. It is about the only publication that concerns itself with the science of afterlife.

My experiences have proven to me that many dreams hold a meaning for the future. I have had many of these myself. One that very plainly showed me the mechanical trouble of my car, and others that showed me scientific inventions. Again there were times when I was given fleeting glimpses of things that happened as long as eight years later.

In the *Book of the Ecclesiastes* (1:9-10) we are told:

"The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done is that which shall be done: and there is no new thing under the sun. Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us."

From this Scripture, and many others, I reason that there was an earth before this in its exact likeness. I have reasoned the exact natural process that causes each

creation to beget another and why dreams tell us the future. — *John H. Leabo, Port Angeles, Wash.*

Disagreement on Weidler

I have just read Roy Clyde Weidler's "Jesus . . . Master Psychic." I disagree with it. Jesus Christ was not a medium and a psychic. He is a Divine Person, a member of the Godhead: God the Father; Christ the Son; and the Holy Spirit. His powers to perform miracles proved His divinity . . . — *Wilbur Hunt, Coral Gables, Fla.*

Serious Criticism

To a certain extent I agree with criticisms such as those of C. W. Norver. Your articles do nothing more than fill pages. They offer no answers and tend only to leave one with a frustrated two or three hours of reading.

Also I wonder why we never see articles about the great Mystery Schools, about other occult societies, and their leaders — or are you becoming a uni-sectarian magazine for the Spiritualist Church? Frankly, so many psychic tales and ghost stories are becoming repetitious and boring.

Dr. Vest's article on the Great Religions is a step in the right direction but I would have liked it better if he had looked at the subjects from the Mystic rather than from the Materialistic view.

You might make your "Report from the Readers" longer. They

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seem to know more than your staff does. — *Claude C. Parker, Jr., Olathe, Kans.*

FATE avoids many articles on esoteric and mystic orders and "schools" because it believes that many of them make false claims. FATE is not as much concerned with "mysticism" as it is with psychic phenomena. Like the scientist, the editors of FATE prefer to discuss matters which can be seen, felt, heard, smelled, tasted, weighed — matters for which physical evidence can be produced. We do not accept material on hearsay, inspiration, or revelation.

As to criticism of our not publishing ultimate answers on the great problems of survival, the nature of the universe, and so forth, we present what evidence we can but we do not know the final answers nor do we know anyone who does. For a provisional answer, however, see Dr. J. B. Rhine's article in the next issue. And remember always that faith is not evidence and conviction is not proof. — *Editors*

Bouquets for Us

I like your editorial policy and attitude very much indeed; this unfortunate nation is lucky to have so intelligent a sponsor for the unknown and the weird. — *Miles MacAlpin, Hillsboro, Ore.*

You are doing a very good job with a rather difficult problem. To hover on the borderland of the bizarre and not be tempted into

sheer fantasy, to deal with the unbelievable and not indulge in the untrue, to reveal the unusual and not go a step farther into the unreal is a difficult task.

Mesmerism, mind reading, senses, etc., are almost mechanical effects produced by laws we do not understand. But my hobby is what I would call the spontaneous manifestations of the paranormal — hauntings, disturbances, and visitations. My hobby is “ghost-hunting.” Let us have some real “hants.” Preferably in the U. S. so I can spend my vacation checking on them. — *Rev. A. L. Smith, Michigantown, Ind.*

I wish to complement you on some fine articles. “Key to the Great Religions” by Paul M. Vest is very well written. “Did Man Tame the Dinosaur?” is also good and educational. — *Charles E. Geiger, North Judson, Ind.*

Permit me to congratulate you on the splendid article by Dr. Vest, titled “Key to the Great Religions.” In my many years of study and research, I have never encountered a more concise sum-

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His "Intolerance is not found in the actual scriptures of any great religion, but only in the attitudes of its adherents" is a message that should be broadcast throughout the world. — *James M. Davidson, San Francisco, Calif.*

I enjoyed William N. Russell's article, "Did Man Tame the Dinosaur?" in FATE — which I always read from cover to cover. — *Mrs. Lee Franklin Mann, Arcata, Calif.*

Them Rolling Stones

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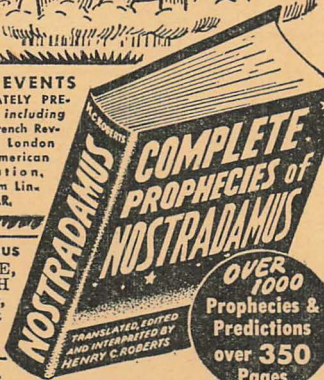
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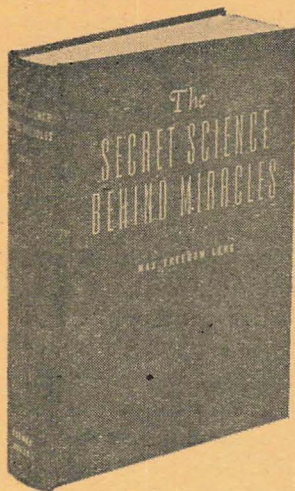


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A. G. Nelson, Palisade, Minn., I can't tell him how or why the stone balls are found, but I can tell him they are not man made. My answer is just a guess but I believe they are the result of water rolling them round.

I know where there are enough to pave a road from Miami, Fla., to the farthest corner of North Dakota. All of them are not round but I did at one time help dig a well 23 feet deep and we never did get through the round stones. Some of them are as much as six feet through and some the size of marbles. This place is about 38 miles north of Chattanooga, Tenn., on the Southern Railway. The town of Graysville is about the center of the most rocks. They are between Lone Mountain on the east and the Cumberlands on the west and have caused much speculation as to how they got there. One old timer advanced an idea as follows:

"The Devil made them to build a fence around Hell and as he was flying over Graysville, Tenn., his apron string broke."

That is as good as any that has been given. — J. S. Russell, Orlando, Fla.

Childhood Clairvoyance

As a child I had an unusual sense of intuition and prediction of things to come. Until I was 12, and common sense made me stop, I would proudly announce a

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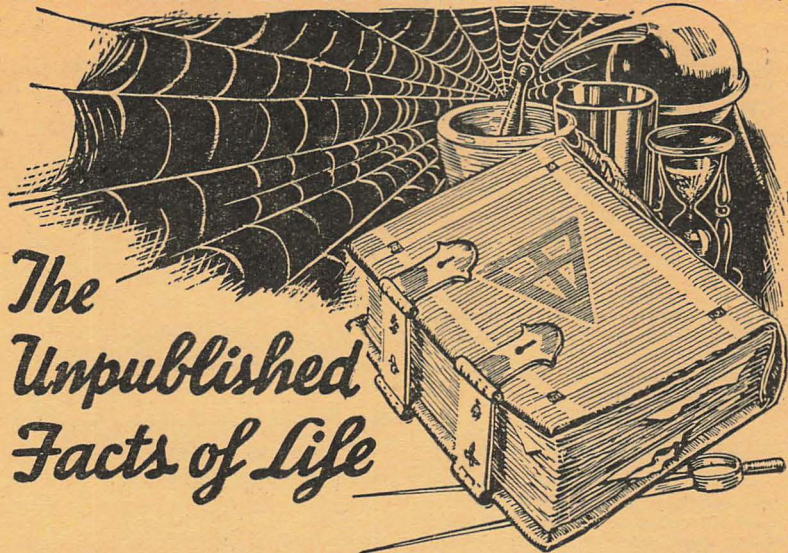
In high school I correctly predicted the passages of Latin which would be used in the monthly tests. Although Latin was my worst subject and I earnestly desired to study what I suggested to others, if I did so the teacher invariably selected a different passage.

By the time I finished school and started to work I had completely lost and forgotten this ability. At one office a stenographer told me her mother hated me not for my childhood misdeeds but for my unflinching prediction of her future. The lady was the mother of 12 children and lived near me for five years during which she bore four children. Each time she became pregnant I made a special trip to her house to inform her I was glad she was having another baby. I was five at the time of the first visit. On two occasions she was not sure of her condition until after I made my unwanted call. At no other time did I go near the woman or her house. The stenographer's mother swore this was true, but all I can remember concerning her is being jealous of her many children since I was an only child. — *Mrs. Harold A. Oakley, New York.*

A Difference of Opinion

I have been reading FATE since the first issue several years ago and have thought you to be pretty

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honest. If you are as honest as I think you are you will print the two articles I am enclosing side by side in your magazine.

(Space does not permit us to reprint these in full but briefly one is a clipping from the February-March issue of FATE describing the famous rocking chair of Muscatine, Iowa, which rocked itself and was exhibited, still rocking, on a broadcast of "We The People." The second clipping, from the February 2 issue of This Week, states that the chair would not rock on the program and that the showman-magician Dunninger, who was present, "gave it a big fat push".)

Nevertheless I still enjoy your fine magazine, and wishing you the best of luck in the future, I remain very truly yours. — Donald C. Hendrickson, Grangeville, Ida.

Here is what Dr. W. E. Farbstein, author of the original FATE article says:

"I have a letter from 'We The People' saying Dunninger did not give it 'a big fat push,' also a letter from Dunninger saying he did not give it a push, and am trying to get more dope from Lieber, J. J. O'Neill (who was present) and from editor of This Week. . . . On the face of it 'the big fat push' is just a 'big fat lie.'"

Man and the Dinosaur

I was much interested in the article by William P. Russell, "Did Man Tame the Dinosaur?" (February-March FATE) because

the discovery of those strange pottery figures would seem to prove an old occult teaching that man and the great lizards did indeed live on the earth at the same time! That was during the Lemurian Period when man was just becoming human and going through many transformations, before he finally evolved into the present type of human, and dinosaurs and other creatures lived alongside of man. The Lemurian Period was a great many millions of years back, according to the esoteric tradition, so it is entirely possible that these figurines do depict an early Lemurian man with some dinosaurs. — *Howard Brenton MacDonald, New York City, Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society.*

Notes on the Saucers

A friend of mine tells me the saucers will be proven in time to come from bases in the Ural Mountains in Russia. . . . She told me about the saucers before they were first seen in this country. . . . The ones I saw were traveling from very slow to some that were very fast — say 1800 m.p.h. — *J. Boswell, St. Helena, Calif.*

On or about October, 1950, while participating in Operation "Dutch Door," I observed a small round red object moving from left to right quite slowly, stop abruptly, then remain motionless. I asked

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my companion if he had also observed it and he replied yes.

The object started in motion again, then stopped once more. It then became dimmer until it faded from view and disappeared completely. I then noticed a "formation" apparently at a very great altitude going at tremendous speed. The objects were of the same general conformation as the former and hardly visible. They were constantly changing formation. These also became stationary and presently vanished in the same manner as the first. I am an aircraft mechanic and I have no idea what I observed that night. I am convinced, however, that they were not conventional aircraft, balloons or hallucinations. — *Pfc. Richard Erlandson, USAF, Anchorage, Alaska.*

One night last December my mother, little sister and I were going to Harrisonburg, Va., to family night at our church, which is the last Friday of every month. We were about halfway between Pleasant Valley, my home, and Harrisonburg when I called mother's attention to a red-glowing light up in the air. It looked like it was suspended there. My sister and I just kept watching it and we noticed that it moved from one side of the road to the other. To this day we cannot guess what it was. — *JoAnn Sloap, Rockingham, Va.*

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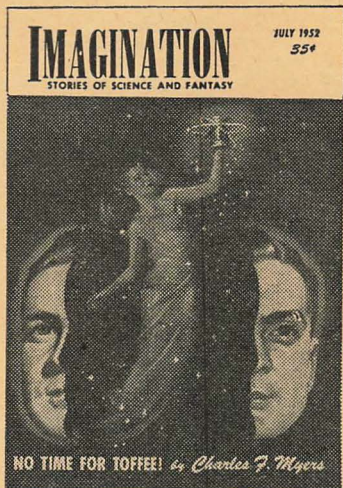
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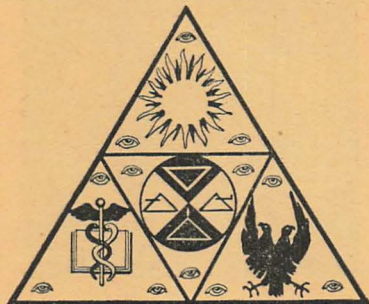
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Proof on the Pendulum

The pendulum discussed by Ormond McGill in January FATE really works. I took a dozen raw eggs and held the pendulum over each egg. Over some it went in a circle. Over the others it swung in a straight line. — *Otto Bergquist, Albuquerque, N. M.*

I tried the pendulum according to Mr. McGill's instructions and it worked for me. Then I went on trying materials other than metal and found anything would work as a pendulum, such as wood, bones, glass, ice, cake, paper money, eggs, apples, grapes, etc. Then I started asking questions mentally without using a line and the pendulum worked.

I tried sex determinations on bones, first raw then cooked. The cooking changed nothing in the reactions. Then I found I could control the swing of the pendulum mentally. If I hold the pendulum over the hand of a man and will it to circle it will. And if held over a woman's hand and willed to swing back and forth the pendulum will. Letting it dangle, the pendulum will swing back and forth, sidewise, clockwise, and counterclockwise, at my request. — *Isabelle Polk, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

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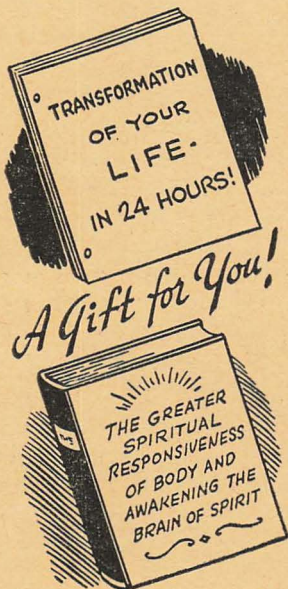
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of the books of the English cleric Robert Taylor which they would be willing to sell me. The best known of these are "The Devil's Pulpit," "Diegesis," "Syntagma," and "Astronomico-Theological Lectures." — *A. L. Rockwood, 206 Hollister Street, Capitola, Calif.*

Squirring Hose

I was interested in the article on Page 28 of your February-March issue by Dr. W. E. Farbstien about the experience at Ann Arbor with the squirring hose.

Two little tenant boys got to playing with my garden hose. When I came to the garden many feet of the hose were already buried. I tried to pull it out and could not. It crept deeper. Then I turned the water off. But still the hose couldn't be pulled out. I have seen pipe sunk into the ground by hydraulic pressure, and when the water is turned off the hose or pipe stops creeping. I had to dig a deep hole beside the hose and keep filling it with water before it was released. — *Jennie Betteridge, Fresno, Calif.*

Correction, Please!

In the February-March issue of FATE you have an article titled "Amazing Prophecy." I believe the quotation given is taken from "Mother Shipton's Prophecy" and not from the old man, Marlin the Stonecutter, who is quoted. — *Phyllis Warren, Astoria, Ore.*

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