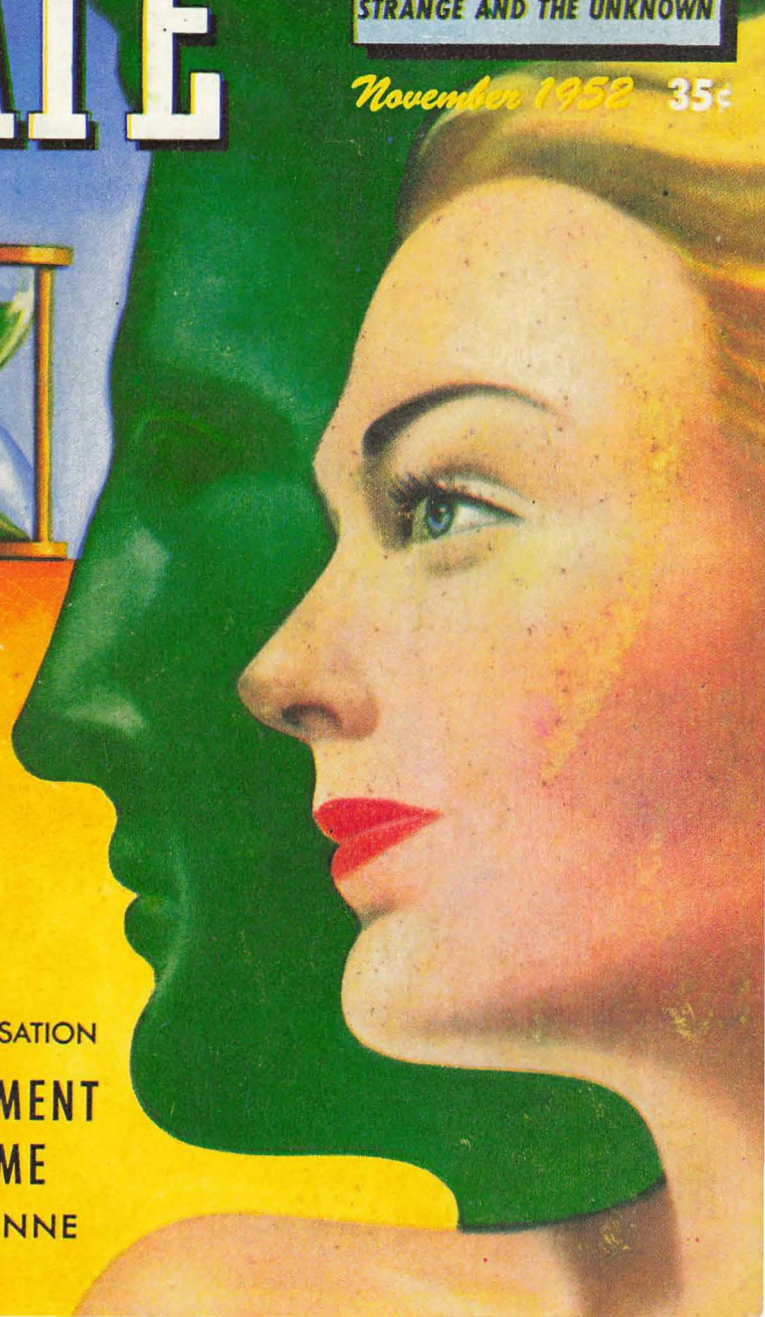
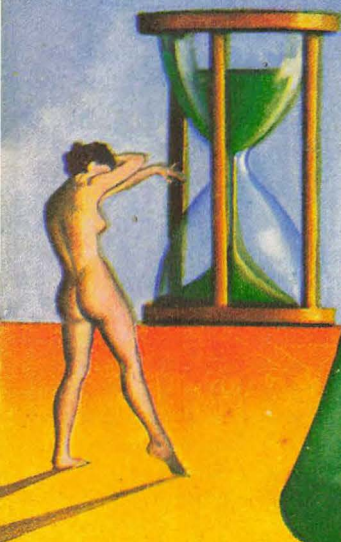


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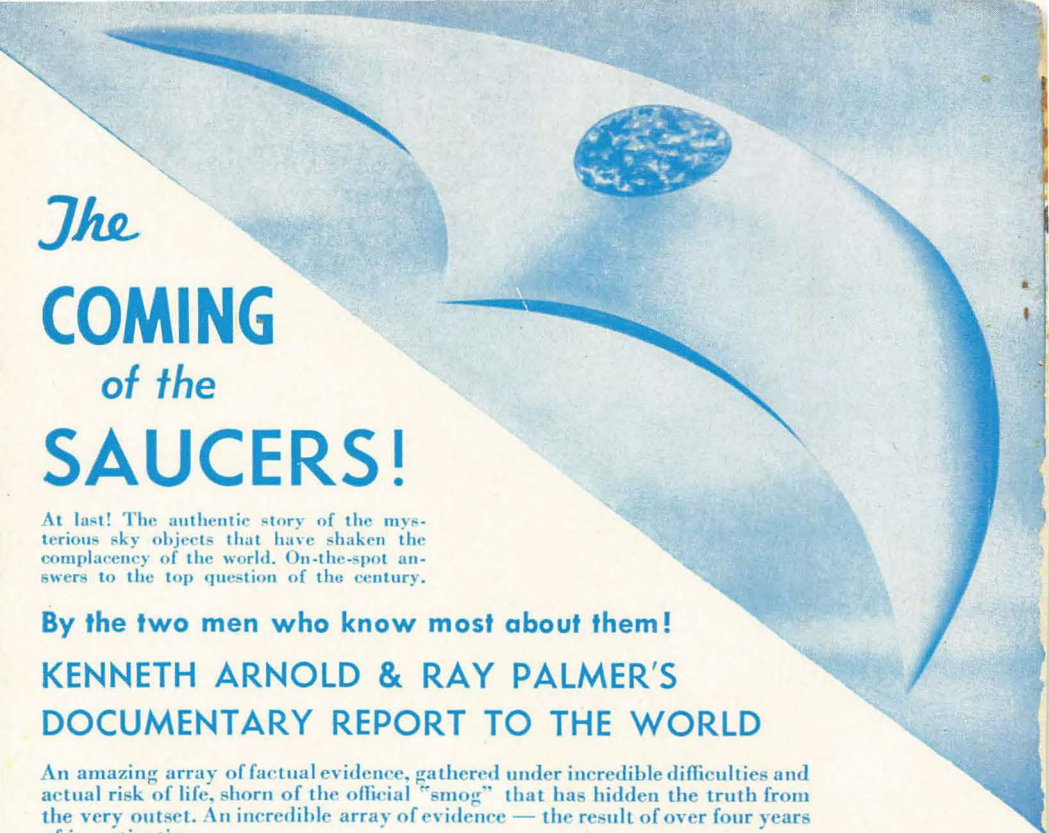
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Contents



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STORIES . . . FACTUAL ACCOUNTS OF ACTUAL EXPERIENCES

The Story of Margery.....	Horace Leaf	11
Mr. Bekker Finds Water.....	Edmond P. Gibson	16
Dairy Farm Poltergeist.....	John P. Bessor	27
The Afreet of the Water Hole.....	Maj. C. Court Treatt	41
The Waimea Firehouse Ghost.....	Catherine Christopher	56
When My Aunt Came Visiting.....	James W. Johnson	77
The Miraculous Wounds of Padre Pio.....	G. A. Cevasco	81

ARTICLES . . . ARTICLES ON THE STRANGE AND UNKNOWN

Do Thunderstones Fall From the Sky?.....	John Thomas	20
Candle Grease Sermons.....	F. Terry Newman	30
Frederic Myers: Father of Psychical Research.....	H. Addington Bruce	36
The Indian Master.....	Dr. Harold K. Maxwell	51
Clairvoyance in Battle.....	James Leigh	72
An Experiment With Time (Part One).....	J. W. Dunne	85

FEATURES . . . COMPETENT REPORTING ON UNUSUAL TOPICS

I See by the Papers.....	Curtis Fuller	4
That's Our Tom.....		19
Custer's Last Stand.....		35
Ghost of Shelley?.....		53
Wheel of Fortune.....	Paul Steiner	54
True Mystic Experiences.....	The Readers	59
Fingers of Fate.....	Harold Helfer	70
Mac Goes Home.....		80
Miracle Cure.....		80
The Lost Purse.....		107
Report from the Readers.....	The Readers	108

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I See by the Papers...

Saucers Next Month

AS WE WRITE this the temperature in Evanston is something like 98° in the shade and it's too blamed hot to think. We have some terrific information on flying saucers — or, if you prefer, “unidentified aerial phenomena,” but we're going to take a chance that next month will be cooler and devote a whole article to bringing the flying saucer situation up to date.

One of our big problems always is that of time lag. The November issue, you know, goes on sale October 1 and this is being written in the last 10 days of July. We wish we could find a way to speed things up but we can't. Anyway, because of the time lag, we feel that another month won't make too much difference.



A Rolling Stone

THE May issue of *Coronet* has an inexplicable story about a monument that stands in the eastern corner of a cemetery in Marion, Ohio. The monument consists of a tapered white granite column topped by a 3½-foot black granite sphere. The monu-



ment has been in the cemetery since 1897, and the strange thing is that the three-ton sphere on top insists on turning around.

When the phenomenon was first noticed a special lead cement was poured into the socket to hold the granite ball in place. But two months later the ball had come loose and turned a total of 10 inches. Distance is marked by movement of the unpolished spot on which it is supposed to rest. The ball is still rolling and nobody, including scientists, has been able to figure out why.



The Dot Over The I

WALDEMAR KAEMPFERT, that skeptic who writes science stories for the *New York Times*,

has lately become a little less skeptical about the scientific validity of graphology. He has reported that psychologists attending the recent conference of graphologists in New York City, "made it plain that graphology is to be taken as seriously as IQ and inkblot tests."

Dr. Werner Wolff of Bard College told the group that writing is a personal expression, "a bodily movement registered graphically." Pressure of the pen shows the effort put into the writing. The man who writes a big, sprawling hand is given to overemphasis.

Dr. Wolff declared: "How long you make your stroke, how wide your loop, where you put the dot over the 'i' is not chance." Writers are not free agents, says he, but subject to the law of their personality. Kaempffert reports Wolff as claiming that personality changes are indicated in simple mathematical proportions. Based upon these it seems likely that graphology can be developed into a real science.

Dr. Anita M. Muehl, a lecturer in criminology and psychiatry at the University of Melbourne, Australia, said that much mental anguish could be averted if the handwriting of adolescent children could be studied for inaccessibility, secretiveness and unreality. If a child is likely to become an alcoholic in later life, his handwriting will proclaim it.

Handwriting is a tool in diagnosing diseases, according to Dr. Malford W. Thewlis, a consultant for Government and other hospitals. The progress of disease, especially mental disease, can be traced through changes in handwriting.



"Dr. Thewlis' most dramatic case," reports Kaempffert, "was that of a young woman who had been committed to an institution by two physicians who had never laid eyes on her and who took her husband's word for it that she was in a bad mental state. Her handwriting was 'fairly normal.' The husband's script was that of a paranoiac, and paranoiacs can be very convincing when they drive home a point. The man was later sent to prison for committing perjury in a social security case. When he was released he bought a gun, shot his wife, two children and himself."

It seems to us that in this case the two physicians should also have had their handwriting examined.

Handwriting also shows whether a person is honest. Many psychologists still doubt the validity of this new science. But business is, in many respects, way ahead of them. We know a big mail order company — one of the biggest in the world — whose credit manager is a graphologist.

Whenever credit information is lacking he bases his judgment solely on his analysis of the applicant's handwriting! One personnel manager hires help only after checking their handwriting.



A Moral, Too

While we're on this subject, we should like to point out a parallel between the conventional scientific approach to this subject and to that of psychic phenomena. It has been pretty difficult to prove anything by using a strictly materialistic, physical approach, in either case. In the case of graphology, the expert can tell whether a man is honest or not without reducing the problem to a scientific formula. Yet most psychologists are still unwilling to grant the same thing for the reality of psychic phenomena, despite the fact that the purely physical approach is apt to end in meaninglessness. No one has stated this better than Kaempffert (as applied to graphology and not psychic phenomena) when he stated:

"Psychology, like other sciences, has been tyrannized by physicists. In other words, there is a passion for measurement, with no clear understanding of what is being measured. Identical twins have been measured down to the diameters of the hairs on their heads. And the conclusion? Identical twins are very identical."

How Old Are We, After All?

HERE'S a puzzle that seems to have set anthropology back on its heels. Maize pollen grains were recently dug up about 240 feet below the surface of the dried lake bed on which Mexico City is built!

They must be at least 25,000 years old — maybe older — and here's the problem. Were the plants from which the pollen came wild or were they being grown by people 25,000 years ago? Science has always considered that if man did exist in America even 5,000 years ago he must certainly have been a hunter.

Yet no wild maize has ever been found. It is perhaps the most highly developed agricultural plant in the world — so highly developed that we cannot even trace it back to its original wild ancestors. Therefore the likelihood is that the pollen grains found 240 feet deep must have been domesticated.

"We shall have to hunt the ancestors of Mexican man, as well as those of corn, much earlier than we had thought necessary," declared Dr. Paul B. Sears of Yale University.



The Persistent Robin

HERE is an unusual story sent us from a newspaper which is not identified. It comes from a column called "Niagara Topics":

and is written by Charles Dineen. We thank the writer, but wish he had identified the paper by name and date.

It seems that one Mr. and Mrs. Jack Balfour were disturbed by a robin tapping robustly on the windows of their home at 202 68th Street. The tapping came on Friday. And again on Saturday, loud and long.

On Sunday the robin came back and Mrs. Balfour tried to chase it away. It always came back. She fed it bread and it ate. She opened the window but it moved on to another window and kept tapping away.

On Monday and Tuesday the robin continued tapping, and Mrs. Balfour was in despair. Her distress was not improved when a neighbor told her that a bird tapping on a window was a sign of death.

On Wednesday the robin was back tapping. It went away at noon. The same day came a long-distance telephone call that Mr. Balfour's father had died that day in California. The robin was not seen again until Sunday—the day Mr. Balfour was due back after attending his father's funeral. It gave a disconsolate peck or two and flew away for good.



The Everlasting Body

YOGI PARAMHANSA YOGANANDA was giving a speech last

March 7 at the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles. He died in the midst of it. His body was embalmed the following evening and held at the mausoleum of Forest Lawn Cemetery until it could be enshrined permanently on a special 25-acre plot atop Mt. Washington.

The bronze casket was not sealed until March 27. And up to that time, according to Harry T. Rowe, mortuary director of the cemetery, there was no visual sign of bodily decay.

"Our astonishment increased as day followed day without bringing any visible change in the body under observation. Paramhansa Yogananda's body was apparently in a phenomenal state of immutability," declared Rowe.

"The hands at all times remained normal in size," he said, "revealing no signs of shriveling or pinching at the fingertips—the place where dessication is ordinarily seen very early. The lips, which wore a slight smile, continuously retained their firmness." Rowe called the situation "unparalleled."



Fateful Hour

IN Bennett Cerf's column in the May 25 issue of *This Week*, he tells the story of a London mother who took her child to a carnival. The little girl wanted to ride the Ferris wheel but her mother was afraid of it. Instead she persuaded

the child to have her fortune told.

The fortune teller was greatly agitated, called the mother aside and warned her to take the child home and guard her carefully. "The fateful hour will be 6:08 this evening," warned the woman.

The mother rushed the child home, watched her carefully all the while, and blamed herself for a fool when nothing happened — until she read the paper the next morning. The carnival's Ferris wheel had collapsed at exactly 6:08 p.m.



Hypnotism's Gains and Losses

HYPNOTISM has been having its troubles lately. In England, Ralph Slater, an American stage hypnotist, recently was ordered to pay \$3,169 damages to Diana Rains-Bath, a 23-year-old shopgirl who had been put into a trance by Slater during a show.

In 1948, Slater hypnotized Miss Rains-Bath at a Brighton amusement place. "He induced her to jump up and shout 'peanuts'," declared the girl's attorney. "She was reduced to a little frightened child crying for its mummy, a lamentable thing."

Slater said that he had hypnotized thousands of persons and had never had any complaints before. He said he would appeal. But obviously, if the court's judgment stands, any hypnotized person who is made to perform

before an audience might bring suit against the hypnotist. Maybe this isn't such a bad thing after all.



Censors on The Air

DEFINITELY on the dangerous side, however, is a code adopted by the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters (NARTB) which has been in effect since March.

"Exhibitions of fortune-telling, astrology, phrenology, palm-reading, and numerology are acceptable only when required by a plot or the theme of a program, and then the presentation should be developed in the manner designed not to foster superstition or excite interest or belief in these subjects."

The danger of such a code is that the NARTB has arrogated to itself the authority to decide that these subjects are bad. Other allied subjects, by inference, therefore may be good. By what evidence has this been decided? On what theory is such censorship justified? The answer is obvious that no censorship of informational programs is justified unless fraud and deceit are involved. It seems likely that most member stations will ignore the edict.



Hypnotized Athletes

HERBERT CHARLES, the hypnotist, has proved that sub-

jects in trance may be capable of superhuman effort in sports contests. At the same time they are liable to injure themselves.

In the *Journal of Hypnotism* he writes, "a football player is told that when he carries the ball nothing will stop him and when the sheer weight of numbers bears him to the ground he continues striving to move forward even if it means the tearing of muscle or the breaking of bone." Boxers put in trance appear to have endless stamina, terrific speed and power.

A logical conclusion is that some extraordinarily successful athletes may be capable of self-hypnosis in attaining the heights they eventually reach.



Hypnotism is achieving its most socially acceptable place, at pres-



ent, in the prevention of pain in dentistry. It has been used in painless childbirth, but is most widely adopted by dentists. Dr. Arthur Kuhner, whose picture accompanies this note, is typical of a dozen dentists trained by Dr. Thomas O. Burgess, professor of psychology and clinical psychologist at Concordia College in Minnesota. Dr. Kuhner holds a certificate to practice hypnosis from the American Society of Psychosomatic Dentistry.



Dowsing Theory

A LABORATORY accident convinced W. H. Hollands of the validity of dowsing when he was a student at Carleton College in 1893. Bob Murphy tells the story in the Minneapolis Sunday Tribune:

"I was working in a college science laboratory cleaning some apparatus," Hollands said. "I was cleaning and rubbing a stick of sealing wax with cat fur. A half-inch stream of water was running with considerable force from a faucet into the sink.

"And when, by chance, the stick, now carrying a light charge of negative static electricity, came too near the faucet, the water rushed horizontally to the stick, resembling a beautiful, long icicle.

"I moved the stick back and forth, and the stream followed it, as though a part of it. . . . I

realized at once that I had discovered the principle of water dowsing. . . . While water does not hold a charge long, it was constantly being produced as the water rushed through the pipe. The inside of the pipe was rougher than the outside, which was burnished. The pipe became negatively charged, the water positively charged."

Hollands never told anyone about his experiment. Later he tried dowsing himself but unsuccessfully. He concluded that he must be positively charged and that successful dowsers have a natural negative charge, while friction produces a positive charge in water flowing through the ground. He was never able to duplicate his Carleton College experiment but believes it holds the clue to the explanation of water dowsing. Hollands is now a retired school superintendent living in Grand Rapids, Minn.



Telegraph Clicks

ROGER O. DEVLIN, who writes "The Rambler" in the *Tulsa Tribune*, tells the story of a Tulsa woman who was napping at 4 p.m. one day when she suddenly heard the clickety-clack of an old-style telegraph key. She con-

cluded drowsily that her husband must be typing and for some reason she was convinced it was 8:30 a.m. She finally roused and telephoned her husband, who turned out to be thoroughly alarmed. He had called her several times in the preceding half hour and had not been able to wake her. The reason he had called was to read a telegraph message — that her brother had died at 8:30 a.m. that day.



Ghosts in Greece

Prediction reports on poltergeists that have driven some 1,500 inhabitants of Karya on Mount Olympus, Greece, from their fields. The so-called "haunted area" is near a ravine where the Germans executed several inhabitants of Karya in 1943 — and where in 1947 the Communists executed some more.

Villagers say that they no sooner go near the place than they hear the cries of hundreds of people, most of whom seem to be shouting for help.

Father Gortsos, priest of Karya, recited the *Te Deum* in an attempt to "appease the spirits of the victims" but the phenomena have continued to recur. — *Curtis Fuller*.



The Story of Margery

By Horace Leaf

(Reprinted from Prediction)

The feats of this unorthodox psychic did much to convince scientific investigators that spirit survival is true.



FEW mediums have been so vigorously assailed by skeptics and bigots as "Margery" who died 10 years ago. In private life she was Mrs. Leroy Crandon. She never accepted money for her services but, on the contrary, she and her husband spent large sums in lavish hospitality on those who undertook to investigate her mediumship.

I first sat with her in the autumn of 1928 when she was at the height of her popularity. The seances took place in her charming home in Boston, and pilgrims from all parts of the world came to sit with her. Here one rubbed shoulders with international celebrities from all walks of life, including eminent scientists, millionaires and politicians.

We are as deeply indebted to Margery's husband, Dr. C. L. Crandon, as to Margery herself for the great part she played in psychic science. He nursed her mediumship with remarkable skill and guarded her from many of her assailants. Both Dr. Crandon and his wife became Spiritualists and remained so to the end of their lives.

My last series of sittings with Margery took place in the winter of 1936 and were conducted by the President of the American Society for Psychical Research. I had been Honorary Research Officer for the New York Section. There were present a number of important personages and they were extremely careful to exclude all sources of error. Five sittings

in three days is pretty good going and may surprise students of the supernormal who believe that frequent sittings are harmful to the medium. Margery was certainly none the worse for the experience. Her mediumship did not seem to react detrimentally on her health and she impressed me as being a healthy, cheerful, and certainly a very intelligent woman. The five sittings to which I refer were held two on each of the first two days and one on the third, and they lasted almost 90 minutes each.

It would be difficult to describe Margery's personality, as there was something decidedly original about her. She was self-confident, buoyant, talkative, dynamic. In her own home these traits were often carried to a point of obtrusiveness but never became offensive. I am inclined to think that she often experienced suppressed excitement before a seance and considerable relief when it was over.

Owing largely to Dr. Crandon's scholarly disposition, one was always sure to meet interesting conversationalists at his house. An afternoon or evening spent in his company was reminiscent of the gatherings of the famous Dr. Samuel Johnson.

A marked change of method had taken place between the early seances I had with Margery and the last five. Those in 1928 were

controlled by several scientists and professors from Harvard University, of which at one time Dr. Crandon was Professor of Physiology. In 1936, however, conditions were much less rigid, but that may have been because, while the earlier sittings were conducted in darkness, the latter were held in clear light. This made rigid control much less necessary, although there was at no time lack of keen observation. Light made judgment much easier.

The sitters were always encouraged to be skeptical and no resentment was shown when anyone suggested modifications or asked for a repetition of the phenomena. In 1928 I witnessed a remarkable demonstration of the Sir William Crooke's test of depressing a pair of scales enclosed under a glass cover. When about to undertake his notable investigation of spiritualism in 1870, Sir William pointed out that science did not ask, in the demonstration of the existence of an unknown intelligent force, for anything tremendous. It would be sufficient if the balance of a pair of scales, enclosed in a receptacle, were moved by so much as an additional grain of weight.

There could be no doubt of the genuineness of Margery's mediumship in the seances I sat in, owing to the standing of the men who controlled them. It was obvi-

ous to all present that if anyone was cheating it must have been the experimenters and not the medium, who was a mere passive onlooker. The scales that were used had been placed on a wooden base under a glass cover resembling the glass shade of a Sevres clock. As the room was in total darkness, an electric light had been cleverly introduced into the case which contained the scales, making them quite visible to all present.

On one part of the scales had been placed a weight, which definitely depressed it; the other pan was empty. At the request of the experimenters, "Walter," Margery's control, repeatedly depressed the empty pan, making the scales move up and down. The scientist who held the scales showed them to each sitter in turn, which enabled all present to see the experiment repeated over and over again. Later on, a photograph of the scales was taken and clearly showed a small cube-like object on the empty pan, although it had not been visible to the unaided eye.

Walter, who claimed to be Margery's dead brother, a youth of 18, took a prominent part in every experiment, whether of the physical or of the psychological order. He had a distinctive personality and preferred to speak whenever possible in the "direct voice." His voice was unique. I

heard him speak many times and it was always in the same deep, husky tones, like a man with a severe cold. There was nothing religious about Walter, a fact soon noticed and a source of displeasure to investigators who leaned towards the religious significance of mediumship. There was, however, a good deal of the scientist about him, and he took a lively interest in the various experiments suggested and often initiated some of his own. His willingness to cooperate with the experimenters was one of his most pleasing features.

He impressed me as being keenly interested in his sister's mediumship and as thoroughly enjoying his self-imposed task. He always acted like a good craftsman who loved his job. When things went well he expressed his pleasure in cheerful terms; but when they went awry he would lose his temper and often use strong language. There could be no doubt that he had a disposition very similar to that of his sister and one found it easy to believe they were of the same family.

Margery had several excellent forms of mediumship although her wonderful voice phenomena tended to obscure her more subtle mental gifts. Her telepathic powers were remarkable — but they always took place under the supervision of Walter — and bore strong evidence of involving his

cooperation. Many believers in telepathy would argue that the introduction of a spirit in telepathic communications merely introduces a third and unnecessary entity; but all the telepathic experiments that I heard discussed by Margery and her fellow experimenters showed very clearly that the personality of Walter must have played a leading part.

Margery's productions of Chinese script impressed me as much as anything I saw her do. Immediately after an experimental voice seance, I have seen her go into the lounge and rapidly write beautiful Chinese characters, in Chinese fashion with a brush. It was obvious that whoever was responsible for these writings was thoroughly skilled; Margery did not know Chinese. The script was often reliable and translated by Chinese scholars. Her method was so simple and easy that nothing short of true automatism could, I think, account for it.

Like all great test mediums, Margery underwent a slow progressive development of her powers — and with them built up a disposition which enabled her to submit to test conditions without undue mental or emotional disturbance. No doubt she was greatly helped by not having to accept a fee for her services. To have had to do so would have made it necessary for her to please her sitters; as it was, she did not

very much mind what they thought. It was as well that she did this, as otherwise she would have broken down under the unfair treatment she received, especially from Houdini, whose behaviour was so strongly condemned by Malcolm Bird the secretary of the experimental committee appointed by the "Scientific American," to investigate Margery's claims. Mr. Bird, however, did not limit his condemnation to the well-known conjurer — but extended it also to some of the scientists composing the committee.

It is not generally known that after one of the scientific seances, during which Houdini was suspected of having behaved in a particularly scandalous manner, Walter prognosticated his early decease and something of the conditions under which it so tragically occurred.

Although Margery and her husband accepted spiritualism, they did not attempt to force their opinions on their visitors. Their chief aim was to show that mediumistic phenomena were true.

I spent a good deal of time with Dr. Crandon, both in his home and in his consulting room, and we often discussed the cause and nature of the phenomena. He was convinced that Walter was the spirit of his wife's deceased brother, and that the survival of bodily death had been com-

pletely established in his wife's seances. He laid great store on the highly evidential nature of the fingerprints Walter left behind, and a large number of hitherto skeptical investigators were won over to the spiritualistic hypothesis through them.

Dr. Crandon had some interesting views about mediums and he insisted that when their powers are developed they are not quite like other people psychologically and in consequence "considerable allowance" had to be made for their behaviour. This was not in reference to their honesty or sense of justice but to their reactions to life generally. They were, he held, privileged types destined to influence the future, scientifically and spiritually.

Walter and other spirits seemed to have made the home of the Crandons their earthly abode, and one never could be sure when they would turn up. One of their most popular ways of doing this was to start the phonograph which stood just outside the dining-room door and in full view of everyone in the dining room. I have sometimes sat talk-

ing to Dr. and Mrs. Crandon when the music would start. This frequently happened when we were dining.

Such an operation indicates the presence of ectoplasm and its resultant making of materialized organs. The production of Walter's voice necessitated some kind of materialization; this was eventually proved to be the case, and Walter's "voice box" was duly photographed. The surprising thing about these photographs is that they show nothing resembling human vocal cords — but a semi-oval dark mass resting in the medium's lap. How this strange object could produce the human voice it is difficult to say.

Dr. and Mrs. Crandon took a somewhat religious view of the mediumship, although they seldom referred to this in the presence of skeptics. That their behavior conformed with a spiritual view of life was evident to all who knew them intimately. I personally witnessed Dr. Crandon give medical advice and treatment free of charge. His famous wife shared his sentiments as well as his generosity.



THE SAME OLD PANTS

BILL KIMBALL, of Lexington, Neb., went to a store in his home town to purchase a pair of surplus army trousers. He found a pair that fitted him perfectly. Glancing at the serial number written on the inner lining, he found that it was the same pair he had turned in at Camp Atterbury, Ind., in 1945 after his service in World War II.



MR. BEKKER FINDS WATER

By Edmond P. Gibson

**When General Motors engineers
couldn't find water they called upon an obscure employee.**



THE large General Motors plant at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, was in desperate need of more water. Experts were called in to locate a new supply for the plant. Port Elizabeth is semi-arid country and an adequate water supply is problematical. The town itself was short of water and knew of no additional source. Lawn sprinkling had been prohibited. The entire General Motors project was threatened. More wells were the only solution, but good wells in the area are scarce.

After a well expert had located a site for the new General Motors well and the drill was sinking rapidly into the dry soil, C. J. Bekker, an employee of the company, remarked to A. J. Williams, plant materials superintendent, that the well would yield some salt water at between 150 and 160 feet and not too much of that.

Mr. Bekker's remark made no particular impression upon the superintendent until the well struck water at 155 feet. The water was salt! Bekker was called on the carpet by the superintendent. If Bekker knew so much about where they would find salt water, why couldn't he find some good water for the company? Bekker said that he could. The complete story is told in *General Motors Folks* for October, 1951.

Unlike most water diviners or dowzers, Bekker does not use a forked stick or dowsing rod. He closes his hands and folds his arms tightly across his chest. In this position he walked back and forth over the motor company's large property until, after about a quarter of an hour, he came to a dead stop. His whole body was visibly vibrating. He said that he stood over a large stream of

When Bekker stands over a stream of water his whole body vibrates visibly, as shown here. He does not use a dowsing rod or any other tool.

water. The spot was marked. Then Bekker resumed his promenade. A few minutes later, at another spot on the property some 1,800 feet distant, the phenomenon was repeated. Again the place was marked.

Gradually Bekker worked out the course of two large, underground streams and located their juncture for a new well site. The plant management was very skeptical, despite the fact that they had invited Bekker to find water. As an experiment Bekker was securely blindfolded and again led back and forth over the company property. His tremors recurred at the marked spots. Whatever his strange faculty, vision was not necessary to its operation. Blindfolded, he chose the same spot for a well as he had selected before.

Williams was partially convinced that Bekker "had something" and decided that the new location was worth a try. It was. Drilling on Bekker's spot brought in a very fine well with sufficient water for the plant and a surplus for the lawns and flower beds.

Many dowsers can locate water with some degree of success. Bekker can do better. He can tell whether ground water will be



fresh or salt by holding a silver coin in one hand and a copper coin in the other. When the hand with the silver coin reacts strongly the supply will be fresh. When the hand with the copper coin vibrates the water will be salt. Bekker is invariably right.

The Bekker family originally farmed in the Jansenville district, 100 miles northwest of Port Elizabeth. Here the country is very arid. The original, native crop was cactus, with grazing only for goats. The ability to locate wells in this area was essential to successful farming and Bekker's grandfather was an excellent water diviner. He located some of the best wells in that area. When Bekker was nine years old his grandfather taught him what he knew of dowsing and young Bekker discovered that he had a natural talent. He states:

"As I grew up my interest in divining seemed to dim, until after coming to Port Elizabeth and joining General Motors when they opened their factory in 1927.

"About 15 years ago I started in earnest and have located about 100 sites with about 98 percent success. I can use a piece of wire but am most successful when simply crossing my hands. I have discovered quite a few interesting facts. For example, by simply parting the hands, thus breaking the circuit formed by shoulders and arms, the action on the body

is stopped. Facing downstream (with the flow) there is no action, but facing upstream the effect is instantaneous. The vibration in the body is terrific and is governed by the strength of the flow.

"The effect on me is tiring and if carried on for a long period causes fatigue and pains in the neck and shoulders. Oil and certain other minerals can be located in the same way. I am now experimenting to find a method to distinguish between water, oil, and minerals.

"An interesting fact is that a stream of water has three distinct currents, or whatever they can be called. One is upright and there is one on each side at an angle of about 45°. I have judged the depth of a stream to within a foot on numerous occasions simply by getting contact with the upright current and then striding away to each side until I find the furthest reaction point on both sides. The distance from the center to this point is the same as the depth of the stream."

Bekker further states:

"I have judged the depth of smaller streams above the main stream. Streams crossed while the main stream contact is maintained have no effect and to locate them one must make a fresh start from a different point.

"I have located a flow of 75,000 gallons per hour on a farm named 'Mabinie' near Klipplaat, a rail-

way junction 130 miles from Port Elizabeth. Another success was on the farm of a Dr. Hartman, after he had sunk 12 different boreholes without success."

On the farm of Mr. Carelse, nearby in the Jansenville area, Bekker located an underground river at approximately a 400 foot depth. Bekker was unable to cross the swift-flowing central 14 feet of the stream, but fell prostrate on the ground above it. He says:

"Try as I would I could not cross that 14 feet. I was drawn to earth as if by a powerful magnet. I tried from the opposite direction with the same result."

In this manner Bekker finds ample water in the dry areas of South Africa.

Meanwhile, the engineering pundits of the *American Water Works Journal* still insist that water dowsing is a delusion and a snare for the superstitious.

THAT'S OUR TOM

WHEN Old Tom, an alley cat who pussy-footed it all the way from St. Petersburg, Fla., to San Gabriel, Calif., rejoined his family, he was so tired he collapsed on the kitchen floor. The cross-country hike took him two years and six weeks. But he was happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Smith left for California in 1949 and they gave Tom to the man who purchased their home, Robert Hanson. Two weeks later, Hanson wrote that Tom had run away.

Then, one night last summer, Mrs. Smith heard a cat meowing in the yard and told her husband to chase

it away. Instead of running, however, the cat leaped into Smith's arms and began to purr. "Hey," Smith shouted in astonishment, "this is old Tom."

Mrs. Smith was a little skeptical. After all, St. Petersburg is 3,000 miles from San Gabriel. To be sure she tried the Pabulum test. Tom had been raised on the children's food and had an unusual fondness for it. A saucer of Pabulum was placed in front of the weary traveler and he dived into it up to his whiskers, making himself completely at home.

"No doubt about it," Mrs. Smith said. "That's our Tom."



IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME

AT Corpus Christi, Tex., William R. Anderson, Jr., bid seven hearts in a bridge game. He had every one of them. His wife bid seven spades. Wouldn't you know it! She held all thirteen.

DO THUNDERSTONES

A tree is struck by a lightning bolt. Later an axe-shaped stone is found in the riven wood. And then an old and violent controversy starts again.

By John Thomas

NATIVES call them "thunderstones" in Moravia, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, Cambodia, Sumatra, and Siberia. To the Chinese they're "thunderbolts." They're called "storm stones" in Lausitz, "sky arrows" in Slavonia, "thunder axes" in England and Scotland, "lightning stones" in Spain and Portu-

gal, "sky axes" in Greece, "lightning flashes" in Brazil, and "thunder teeth" in Amboina.

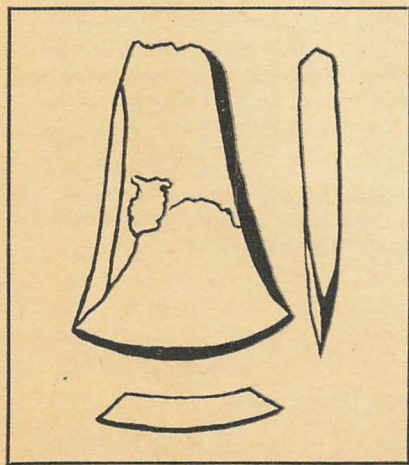
Thunderstones are found everywhere in the world.

A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* says a "thunderstone" is usually "a beautifully polished, wedge-shaped piece of greenstone." However, he's limiting his field unnecessarily. Actually "thunderstones" may be almost any shape and composition.

What's so mysterious about them?

Well, they fall from the sky during thunderstorms! But according to scientific theory there can be no "thunderstones" in the sky. Therefore "thunderstones" cannot fall from the sky.

A typical scientist's attitude toward "thunderstones" appears in *Natural History*, 56-260, where Nels C. Nelson tells of a man who called at the American Museum of Natural History with a "primitive stone implement" sent to him by his father in Italy. His father



Drawing of hatchet-like thunderstone.

FALL FROM THE SKY?

treasured this "primitive stone implement" highly because it fell from the sky during a thunderstorm!

Mr. Nelson put on his best scientist's attitude, the one he uses for the children and the insane, and gently informed his caller that this triangular flake of brown flint did not fall from the sky. Certainly not. It was Middle Paleolithic, of a kind common in France 2,500 years ago. The man didn't ask what it was doing in Italy and presumably Mr. Nelson did not tell him.

Scientists just can't see "thunderstones." They blame the whole thing on the "peasants." "Peasants" only *think* they see "thunderstones" fall. Actually they must have been there in the first place.

Well, this simple son of the soil has done a little checking and found that there is pretty good evidence that "thunderstones" do fall. Where they come from and what manufactures them is a mystery that may never be cleared up. Perhaps they fall from other dimensions or are swept down from the Super-Sargasso Sea of Charles Fort.

The legend of the "thunderstones" is both ancient and widespread. The aforementioned Nels C. Nelson believes the "myth"



Thunderstone worn as a luck charm.

originated with the belief that lightning was a solid object. Of course lightning isn't solid, it just seems that way when it hits you. "Thunderstones" were generally regarded as tokens of good luck and were often prime requisites for witch's brew and charm potions. No harm could come to a person protected by a "thunderstone."

According to the Journal of the Institute of Jamaica, 2-4, there is a general notion among Jamaicans that axes of hard greenstone fall from the sky "during the rains." Another source has something to say about their composition. "They are of a stone nowhere to be found in Jamaica."

Schonland, in *The Flight of*

Thunderbolts, tells of an old Norse belief that lightning was caused by Molljner, the magic hammer of Thor, which, though hurled repeatedly earthward, would always return magically to its owner. To support this belief Norsemen today often exhibit pieces of the hammer-head "either iron or stone" of a kind "not usual in the neighborhood." Countrymen often turn them up with plows and call them "thunderstones." With the easy confidence of one who has never seen them, Schonland tells us that these so-called "thunderstones" are nothing but meteorites or stone age implements.

In the Americas "thunderstones" were common. The North American Indians knew of them and so did South American natives — "Certain stone hatchets are said to have fallen from the heavens" (Journ. Amer. Folk Lore, 17-203).

The legend goes far back in history. Even Pliny, quoting Sotacus, described various types of stone instruments called *ceraunia* or "thunderstones," which were found in places where lightning had struck.

Blinkenberg, in *Thunder Weapons*, gives many instances of the fall of "thunderstones," which he attributes to a lamentable lack of mentality on the part of those who claimed to have seen them. He reports that in Malacca, Sumatra and Java natives say that stone

axes have often been found under trees that have been struck by lightning. Blinkenberg sees no reason to dispute this. He says the axes must have been there in the first place. The lightning was only a coincidence.

In Central Africa it is said that wedge-shaped, highly-polished objects of stone have been found sticking in trees that were struck by lightning. Once again I suppose Mr. Blinkenberg would say that the objects were "there in the first place" and that only the horribly low mentality of the natives (who will do in the absence of peasants) would lead them to believe that the "thunderstones" had fallen with the lightning.

Once, in Memphis, Tenn., blacksnakes were found strewn about in great numbers after a thunderstorm. The ignorant peasants of Memphis also jumped to the conclusion that they had fallen there. Not being scientists, they couldn't understand how these snakes, foreign to the region, had gotten there and why.

If they were "there in the first place" one still wonders where they came from. Livingstone's Last Journal, pages 83, 89, 442, and 448, states that Livingstone had never heard of stone implements being used by natives of Africa. A writer in the Report of the Smithsonian Institution, 1877-308, says there are a few. Only one trouble: the natives claim that

these axes fell during thunderstorms.

In Prussia two stone axes were found buried in the trunks of trees, one under the bark. Another object, described as an "ax" — it was a wedge-shaped object of worked stone — was found in a tree that had been struck by lightning. The finders had the ridiculous idea that they had fallen there!

Blinkenberg tells the story of a woman living near Kulsbajaergene, Sweden, who found a "flint" by an old willow near her house. The willow had been split by something. That ridiculous idea popped up again.

Isle of Sark, near Guernsey: Cow killed by lightning, or what seemed to be lightning — farmer who owns the cow investigates. Digging at the spot where the cow was killed, he finds a small greenstone "ax" — there it is again.

Reliquary, 1867-208: A stone ax found by a farmer after a severe storm — actually it's reported as a "fearful" storm — beside a signal staff which had been split by something. I needn't tell you the idea he got.

A pear-shaped "thunderstone" is said to have fallen at Ghardia, Algeria, contrasting "profoundment" with the outlines of an ordinary meteorite. This object, which fell during a thunderstorm, was supposed to have formed as a drop of molten matter from a larger

body. Nobody attempted to explain what the larger body was.

A "thunderstone" is said to have fallen on London in April, 1876. It weighed about eight pounds. No particulars about its shape.

Nature, 98-95: A meteorite, "commonly known as a 'thunderbolt,'" fell at Dinas Powis, near Cardiff, the night of Sept. 26-27, 1916, and did some damage. "The cause of the damage was, however, not a meteorite, but a lightning flash."

Nature also tells of a stone that fell in a storm near St. Albans, England. The museum of St. Albans accepted it but the British Museum refused to look at it, since it was not of "true meteoric material."

Among astronomers, not being of "true meteoric material" is the cardinal sin of falling stones. If they're not of "true meteoric material" scientists automatically know they didn't fall.

Which reminds me of a story in Science, 77-87. It seems that J. G. Shaw, editor of the *North-Side Ledger*, was driving with his family near Pittsburgh when the party glanced upward and there saw a great meteor flash across the sky and appear to fall in a field 150 feet from the road. A day or two later one of the party returned and found "a boulder near where an oat shock had been set on fire and destroyed by either the sparks

or heat from the yet warm meteorite. Nearly half of it was found to be of iron composition and the remainder stone."

But horrors! Professor Charles R. Fettke, head of the Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh, examined the stone and found that it was not of "true meteoric material." According to him "the boulder has undoubtedly been derived from one of the sandstones of Pottsville or Allegheny Age cropping out in the locality where it was found." The writer in *Science*, R. W. Stone, thinks that "possibly a small meteorite, maybe only an inch in diameter, struck and ignited the oat shock, and buried itself in the ground." Typically enough, both explanations blandly ignore the finder's testimony that the boulder was still warm when he found it.

Probably this stone is lying in that meadow to this day, an unwanted visitor from an unknown world.

On May 27, 1884, a Mr. Gjestland, of Tynsas, Norway, saw a large meteor shortly after eight o'clock and heard a roar like rolling thunder as the flaming object passed overhead and vanished eastward. A couple of days later he happened to be at a farm in Onarheims parish, where a woman told him of a "ball" that had fallen near her house. Mr. Gjestland and the parish engineer immediately began a search and

found a great hole near the house where the turf had been torn up. A handful of pulverized rock, of a type common to the mountain, was scattered about the huge gash.

Two days later Mr. Gjestland heard a rumor that a girl had found a "peculiar" stone near that same spot. He immediately — he always did things immediately — went to her house and succeeded in obtaining this "peculiar" stone which was "in shape and size . . . like the fourth part of a large Stilton cheese, cut vertically from the centre to the side." Part of the stone had been broken off. One surface showed an uneven, undulating surface "partly polished." Mr. Gjestland had no idea what the stone might be. He could only say that its specific weight was "considerable."

The "thunderstones" of Burma are called "thunderbolts" by the natives. They fall there all the time, it seems. The *Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal*, 1869-183, reports that they are of a type of stone unlike any other found in Burma. Captain Duff exhibited one of them — it was described as an "adze" — saying that there was no stone like it in its neighborhood. He writes of "the extremely soft nature of the stone, rendering it equally useless as an offensive or defensive weapon."

In *Nature*, 32-626, A. Hall tells of two stone "axes" of Malaya, one of a soft slate-like material,

the other resembling greenstone. He says that natives call them "thunderstones" and say they are missiles used by angels and demons in their aerial warfare. In *Nature*, 34-52, he tells more of these wedge-shaped "adzes." He had seen many of them do a fine job of cutting but was informed by a native chief that these "thunderstones" were originally quite rough and had to be smoothed on a whetstone. Another native told him that a coconut palm close to his house had been struck by lightning and about a month later he had searched among the roots of the tree and found a "thunderstone."

In *Notes and Queries*, 2-8-92, a writer describes a "thunderstone" he brought back from Jamaica. The object was a wedge-shaped implement of some kind. "It shows no mark of having been attached to a handle."

A report by Dr. C. Leemans, Director of the Leyden Museum of Antiquities, describes "wedges," said by the Japanese to have fallen from the sky. The "thunderstones" of Java are also "wedges" (*Archeological Journal*, 11-118).

The stone that fell from the sky near Cashel, Tipperary, on August 2, 1865, however, is said to have been a pyramid. Another pyramid fell at Segowolee, India, March 6, 1853. Of the object at Cashel Dr. Haughton says: "A singular feature is observable in

this stone that I have never seen in any other — the rounded edges of the pyramid are sharply marked by lines on the black crust, as perfect as if made by a ruler" (Proc. Roy. Irish Acad., 9-337).

The doctor, in case you hadn't guessed, has an explanation for this. It is his idea that the marks may have been made by "some peculiar tension in the cooling." That's a rather interesting theory, if you like theories.

A strange instance is reported by W. B. Tripp, F. R. M. S. During a thunderstorm a farmer had seen the ground in front of him plowed up by a luminous object. The farmer did the obvious. He dug. Found a bronze axe.

Tripp was obviously trying to say that a bronze ax had fallen from the sky.

Another curious incident — a lump of "coal" fell during a thunderstorm. It happened during the storm of June 30, 1866, at Notting Hill. G. T. Symons, of *Symons' Meteorological Magazine*, investigated the case.

The Symons spadework quickly uncovered the fact that coal had been unloaded next door to the home of the correspondent on the day preceding the fall. Mr. Symons sought to identify the "coal" that had fallen from the sky with the less spectacular unloading of the day before. Residents of Notting Hill couldn't see it that way. They were willing to pay good

money for pieces of the fallen object as curiosities. They seemed to think the lump wasn't coal at all!

Evidently Symons didn't quite swallow his own story either, for next he lugged in a hypothetical chemist's pupil, who had perpetrated the whole thing as a hoax on unsuspecting meteorologists. He had filled a capsule with explosive and "during the storm had thrown the burning mass into the gutter, so making an artificial thunderbolt."

I have nothing to say about this theory. If Mr. Symons couldn't distinguish a lump of coal from a capsule of explosive it's none of my business.

Scientists can't see anything falling out of the sky but "true meteoric material." I wonder who decided what is "true."

But meteorites may somehow be connected with "thunderstones." *Nature*, 13-531, and 14-272, tells an interesting story. Two meteorites fell in the area near Wellington within one year of each other, under identical conditions — her-

alded by a strange rumbling sound and an explosion resembling "the discharge of heavy artillery." Both meteorites fell during a heavy rainstorm.

There have been many explanations of "thunderstones." Most scientists think "fulgurites" first caused the belief in "thunderstones." Fulgurites are formed when lightning strikes in sandy soil. But their more common name, "lightning tubes," hints that perhaps fulgurites cannot explain the wedge-shaped and pyramidal objects that are called "thunderstones." Lightning in sandy soil will not produce greenstone.

It may be that Tallius explained the whole thing back in 1649 when he wrote: "The naturalists say they are generated in the sky by fulgurous exhalation conglobed in a cloud by the circumfused humor."

My own opinion is that the "coincidence" of the appearance of these objects in the presence of thunderstorms and lightning is no coincidence at all.

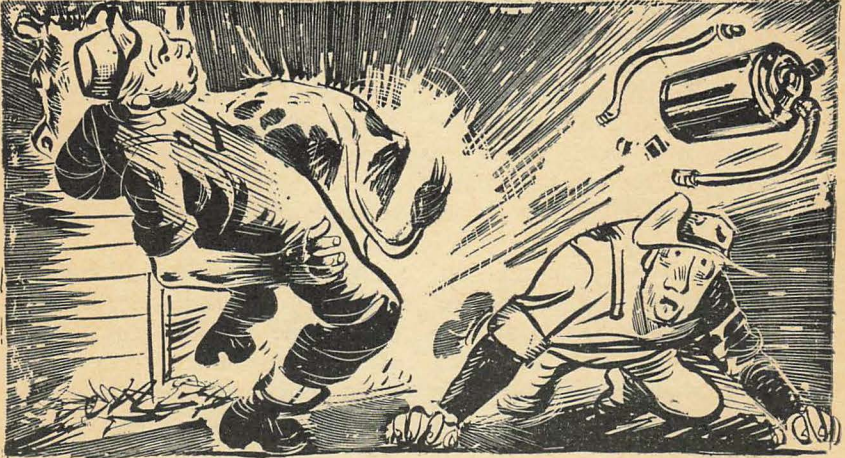


INSPECTION OF THE DEAD

WHEN Enrico Caruso died in 1921 he made a deathbed request that his body be taken from the family vault in Italy and inspected every three years. No reason was given by the famous tenor for his strange request. Nevertheless, in apparent defiance of the natural laws of deterioration, his body has remained in a perfect state of preservation for the past 30 years. During each inspection the body is freshly clothed while some tenor sings a few bars from Caruso's favorite songs.

DAIRY FARM POLTERGEIST

By John P. Bessor



The milking machine disintegrated before their eyes and went flying through the air at fantastic speed.



EARLY in 1949 strange things happened on the lonely dairy farm of Lawrence A. Wilkinson, in the fertile Tarcutta Valley of New South Wales, Australia.

His milking machine and the dairy shed which housed it became the focal point of mysterious phenomena. The machine's brass pulsator plates, three inches long and weighing 13

ounces, flew over the adjoining field for 200 yards and more. Public works officials, dairy inspectors, and scientists of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Organization, were called in to observe the manifestation and to help, if they could, bring order out of chaos.

Before their startled eyes hundreds of metal parts, weighing

from two ounces to two pounds, were thrown great distances by an invisible force. The brass pulsator plates flew, without the slightest noise and invariably in a northern direction, so rapidly that their actual flight could not be followed by the naked eye.

Alexander Porter, a local garage proprietor and acquaintance of Wilkinson's, found one of the discs buried in mud. Oddly, a queer haze hung over the place of fall for which he could not account.

Wilkinson's 15-year-old son, Robin, tried to dislodge one of the plates with the aid of an iron bar but the bar was wrenched forcibly from his hands by some unseen force which then hurled the point of the bar deep into the concrete floor. The plate he had sought to move rose into the air and landed 200 yards away.

At first the plates were hurled shorter distances. Experimenting, Wilkinson removed the fiber facing and substituted leather, whereupon the plates were thrown farther.

A reporter for the Australian paper, *THE SUNDAY HERALD*, wrote that at least 15 eyewitnesses had, at different times, observed the phenomenon. Alexander Porter told the reporter:

"I was standing in the creamery with some friends. Mr. Wilkinson had just left the engine-room when an empty one-pound grease

tin, which had been standing on top of the vacuum pump, began to rise in the air. We saw it spinning as it rose. It cleared a six foot wooden partition with 18 inches to spare, then turned and fell with terrific force to the ground about two feet from where I stood."

Amazed, they had decided to place an empty cigarette tin on the pump where the grease can had formerly rested. After several minutes they saw it, too, rise into the air.

A radio and electrical engineer who, with Mr. Porter, had observed the levitation of the can and cigarette tin, stated that he once kept a four-hour watch on the master pulsator block in the creamery. Suddenly he became aware that it was gone though he had not seen it move. Later it was found in the paddock, 50 yards away. At another time he peered through the engine-room door to see the lid of a milk can rise off the creamery shelf, soar through the air and bang against the opposite wall. "It's impossible to explain these things by any known law," he told the reporter. "I've thought of magnetic deflection and electrical interference and I made a lot of electro-physical tests with instruments I brought to the farm. But my tests proved nothing. It's the biggest mystery I've ever experienced."

Once Wilkinson securely fas-

tened all the movable objects in the creamery to the rafters and walls. This had no effect. Parts of the milking machine continued to fly about. Heavy iron dog chains were twisted as though made of soft, copper wire. Not a single part of the machine escaped the strange force. Twelve of the moving parts were completely lost.

Agents for the milking machine, departmental experts and several other neighborhood farmers who used the same make of milking machine could offer no mechanical explanation for its singular antics. They pointed out, however, that the majority of the machine parts were of non-magnetic brass and several tests made for ground magnetism proved negative.

Robin Wilkinson, the adolescent son, was present during some of the manifestations, but was miles away when others took

place in the creamery. However he told the *SUNDAY HERALD* reporter, "Not much happens when I'm away."

Perhaps it is significant that the machine began its strange antics when the power was switched off and it had to be worked by hand. The phenomena lasted for eight consecutive days, stopped for an interval of several days, then resumed.

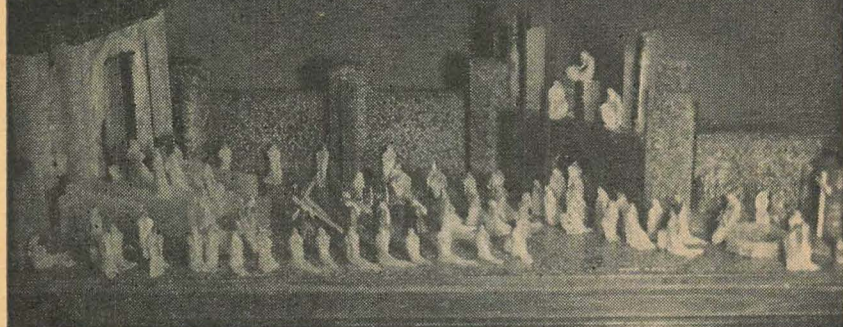
Psychical researchers believe that certain people, particularly adolescent boys and girls, either possess strange supernatural potentialities in themselves or are acted upon by disembodied entities who use their psychic energy or nerve force as a means to perform physical phenomena. Did Robin Wilkinson so wish to be relieved of the drudgery of farm chores, especially the milking, that he subconsciously caused the milking machine to "fly apart and never be found?"



FATE MAKES THE DECISION

AT Cleveland, O., the parents of eight-year-old Andy Stutz offered him his choice of a dog or a bicycle. Andy chose Snooky, a Boston terrier. Several months later a television station phoned Andy to tell him he had won a bicycle by correctly identifying a picture of Hopalong Cassidy. As Andy, stuttering in excitement, put down the receiver, his sister walked into the house to tell him Snooky had been killed by a car.

CANDLE GREASE SERMONS



Important spiritual truths are symbolized in dramatic wax tableaux.

These doll-like waxen figures are voiceless — yet they can make their inspiring messages known to all.

By F. Jerry Newman

FOR many years two Dutch brothers, J. and W. H. Gmelig Meijling, both powerful mediums, have been preaching sermons which are as unique as they are inspiring. Though their mission has been conducted quietly and unobtrusively among their own people they have succeeded in attracting ever-increasing audiences from all parts of the Netherlands and Europe.

The inspiring messages given by the brothers are unique in that they are not delivered orally but are conveyed solely by means

of doll-like, waxen figures arranged in tableaux. These wax figures are set against dramatic backgrounds which form part of a symbolic whole and the small figures, delicately colored and molded in lifelike postures, portray spiritual truths with unerring and dynamic clarity.

This unique branch of psychic art owes its origin to an unusual incident which occurred some 16 years ago.

The two brothers had completed an arduous day's work in their photographic studio. Vari-

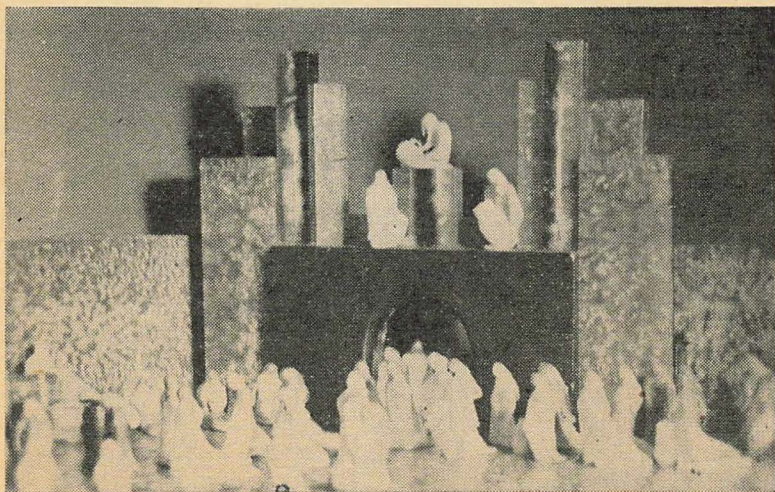
ous processing solutions had been poured into bottles and corked. A bowl had been filled with melted paraffin wax and they were using this to seal the bottles, the neck of each one being quickly submerged in the molten wax. As they dipped the corked necks of the bottles into the wax one bottle slipped, struck the edge of the bowl and overturned the contents. Hot wax streamed over the table and began to drip from the edges to the floor.

As the brothers commenced to harangue each other over the mishap the younger man sud-

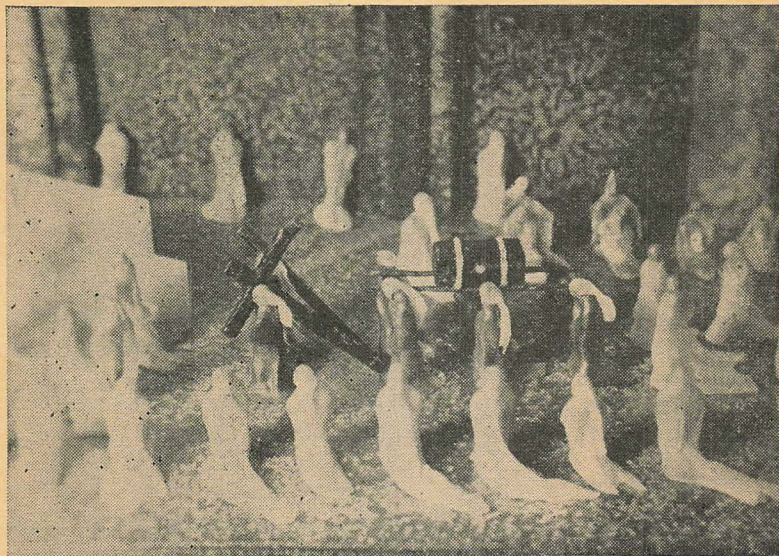
denly broke off. The muscles of his face worked and his breath became labored. The other brother, recognizing his symptoms, was not alarmed and watched him quickly pass into a condition of trance. A different voice, deeper, authoritative, spoke from his lips:

“Do not be angry. Look at what is hanging from the edge of that table. Look at it well, for it marks the beginning of a new kind of work which we wish to pass on.”

The voice ceased. The entranced brother’s breathing re-



Gateway through which man must pass to reach spiritual enlightenment.



Crosses and box represent the selfishness of the figures bearing them.

laxed, became normal. The two men looked at each other wonderingly, then turned their attention to the coagulated wax now fringing the sides of the table. It had dripped into an icicle-like tracery and at the center of this uneven pattern the wax appeared to have taken the shape of a small human figure. The head was clearly defined and the lines of the face remarkably life-like.

During another trance that evening the voice gave detailed instructions, outlined the methods

by which other and similar wax figures were to be produced. The trance voice stressed that the wax must be heated beyond melting point.

Normally it is impossible to handle material at such a high temperature — about 230° Fahrenheit — yet in trance the brothers manipulate the paraffin without any physical discomfort; their hands are not even reddened.

Further instructions for the creation of the figures, received orally, in trance, or by means of

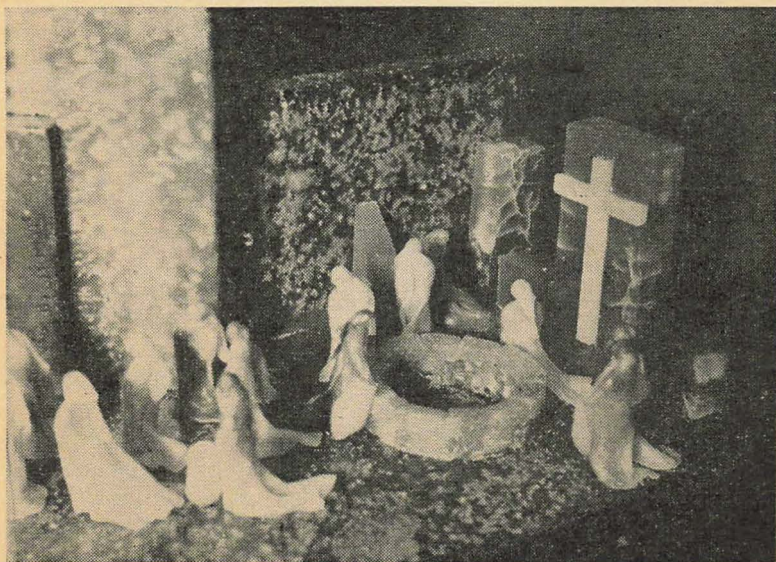
automatic writing, gave exact quantities of wax and coloring materials to be used. The tools required for modelling were only a slicer and the point of a potato peeler.

Onlookers to the process of modelling see only the fingers, in constant rapid motion, being dipped intermittently into the hot wax whilst one small figure after another takes shape. Most puzzling is the manner in which minute indentations and lace-like

filigree are executed by tools which are patently too crude for such a task.

Another remarkable aspect of their creation is that when using the slicer the tool is not employed over the figure but the figure over the slicer. The tool is held in one hand, edge uppermost, the figure in the other hand being moved adroitly over and around it.

In interpretation of the communicated messages the figures are arranged into dramatic tab-



Mask-bearing figures symbolize people with shallow, hypocritical minds.

leaux. The symbolic dramas far transcend the moral appeal of even the most inspiring sermons. They are an appeal to reason rather than to emotion and they tend to prove that great spiritual truths can be conveyed only by the media of symbolism.

The tableau in the picture on page 30 is 32 inches long, 16 inches wide and 14 inches high. It took the brothers, working in trance throughout, 13 hours and 20 minutes to complete. Following completion of the figures and background the significance of the scene was given in automatic writing. Condensed, its symbolic interpretation is as follows:

Right center, the gateway to the lower thoughts, yet also the thoroughfare through which man may pass from spiritual darkness to the plain of enlightenment. Experiences are waiting here which will help to mold lives.

The kneeling group in the foreground typifies those who remain only spectators of life rather than participants in the hurly-burly of earthly experience. Unable to accept this life as a period of test and training they cannot evolve.

The gate on the left symbolizes the way of enlightenment and spiritual understanding. It can be entered only by those who cross the plain of life and ascend the seven steps of spiritual development. Many on the plain of life

are burdened with heavy loads, with the cross of suffering.

The two small figures bearing the cross — symbol of their difficulties — are those who, in the sorrows and trials of their lives, desire to evoke pity and attention. The group which follows, the six bearers with the dark box, try to take their material properties with them to the higher levels.

The cross on the extreme right is the symbol of faith. The group of figures on the dark gate represent those who in pride and vanity have placed themselves on pedestals.

In the background, against the paraffin wax wall, a small group of figures stands, faces to the wall. They represent those people who, with rigid viewpoints and dogmatic opinions, have no outlook over life's plain. Self-centered and egotistical, they regard their own views as the only right ones.

On the right-hand side, near the dark gate, are the double statues, each carrying a mask. They are the shallow thinkers who, often without realizing it, are living lives of hypocrisy. They obey moral precepts only if they are enforced by law.

To understand all these groups of symbolic thoughts (each is a symbol of consciousness) is to learn to banish wrong thinking from our own lives, to tune in to spiritual understanding.

After traversing the plain of

life, accepting and learning from its trials, we can ascend the seven steps. Here, at the entrance to the temple called death, stands a white figure pointing upwards to a further sphere of life as yet invisible. It shows that the path of life does not end but leads into the realm of spirit.

Such messages as these are typical of the "sermons in candle-grease" depicted by the Dutch brothers' tableaux. As an example of psychic art they are unique; as divine invocations their eloquence is inspired.

The waxen figures are spirit creations.



CUSTER'S LAST STAND?

AT Fort Riley, Kans., the phantom of Gen. George Armstrong Custer — who died with his men in the massacre at Little Big Horn — is reported to be haunting the house he occupied with his wife after the Civil War. On dark, moonless nights, when the wind blows south across the parade ground, it is said that the clank of a saber and loud footsteps are heard in the gallery and the high-ceilinged library.

This is confirmed by occupants of the house, Maj. and Mrs. William A. Gribbons. "My husband has seen Custer standing beside the fireplace in the living room with his arm resting on the mantel," Mrs. Gribbons told a reporter. Strangely

enough, the paint is worn thin near the edge of the mantel where an elbow would rest. And below, on the tile hearth, is a chipped place which spurs might have made.

Major and Mrs. Gribbons have made friends with the ghost. The family that preceded them in the house asked to be moved because they "couldn't stand the noises at night, especially on the stairs."

Custer was a large man, six feet tall, and according to the couple the "ghost" does make a lot of noise on the stairs. Sometimes he is observed looking at a picture at the foot of the stairs hanging just inside the front door. It is the picture of "Custer's Last Stand."



MIDNIGHT ARGUMENT

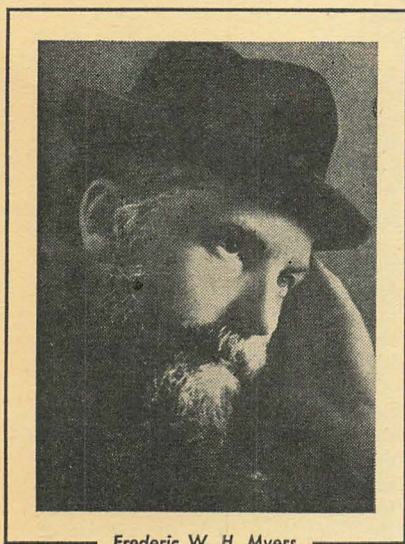
VISITORS from a number of surrounding towns recently joined local residents at Castle Caulfield in northern Ireland in standing around an abandoned farmhouse to hear recurrent eerie midnight sounds emerging. It sounded "like two men having an argument, ending with hysterical laughter." Witnesses said swans left the water of a nearby bog and wild ducks flew away in terror when the sounds began, lasting for about five minutes nightly.

FREDERIC MYERS . . .

FATHER OF PSYCHICAL RESEARCH

He was a small man, but the spirit burned within him, and he founded the Society for Psychical Research.

By H. Addington Bruce



Frederic W. H. Myers

PSYCHICAL research, the scientific study of occult phenomena, is commonly considered to have had its beginnings in 1882. That was the foundation year of the English *Society for Psychical Research*, the parent body and still the most important of the many similar societies in the civilized world. But the actual

start of psychical research was 13 years earlier, when a young man of 26 came to an older friend with a novel suggestion.

The young man was Frederic W. H. Myers and his friend was a professor of Cambridge University, the eminent Henry Sidgwick. Though neither he nor Sidgwick could foresee it, Myers was to become one of the greatest Englishmen of the 19th century — a man of genius not even yet rated at his true worth.

Myers was in great distress of mind that December evening in 1869. Darwin, Huxley, and their fellow evolutionists had been undermining faith, not only in the teachings of the Bible — but in the existence of a spiritual universe and man's fitness to persist beyond the grave. More and more the tendency was to lean to the materialistic view.

To Myers, a devout member of the Church of England and a mystic at heart, such an idea was profoundly shocking. Yet he was scientist enough to appreciate the

force of the findings on which it was based and to appreciate that if religious faith were to be kept alive these findings should in some way be offset by other scientific findings. Also he had a definite idea of the best way to obtain scientific proof of the validity of religious teachings.

Here is how he has reported his fateful talk with Henry Sidgwick:

"In a starlight walk which I shall not forget, I asked, almost with trembling, whether he thought that when tradition, intuition, metaphysics had failed to solve the riddle of the universe, there still was a chance of solving it by drawing from actual observable phenomena, ghosts, spirits, whatsoever it might be, valid knowledge as to a world unseen.

"Already, it seemed, he had thought that this was possible; steadily, though in no sanguine fashion, he indicated some last grounds of hope, and from that night onward, I resolved to pursue this quest — if it might be at his side."

Myers did not delay going into action. He knew he had Cambridge and London friends — chief among them Edmund Gurney, whose untimely death was a blow both to Myers and to psychical research — willing to assist him in the research. They sat with mediums, authenticated and gathered reports of apparitions,

hauntings, and the like. Again and again, as they had expected, they ran into trickery, fraud, illusion. Yet, little by little, they began to make findings significant enough to arouse widespread interest.

Then, logically, came the founding of the English Society for Psychical Research, with Henry Sidgwick as its first president and Frederic Myers its chief investigator. Professor Flournoy, the Swiss psychologist, did not exaggerate when, in his *Spiritism and Psychology* (translated by Hereward Carrington) he declared:

"In reading the works of Myers one is placed *au courant* with his career, and gains the impression that it is he himself who was the soul, the creator, the supreme motive force in this scientific movement, founded to investigate those debatable phenomena which lie on the border-line of science and which form the subject matter of the investigations of the Society for Psychical Research."

Of course, the common or garden variety of scientists proceeded to make merry at the Society's expense. But it had the support of some of England's ablest scientists, including Alfred R. Wallace, co-discoverer with Darwin of the facts at the basis of the evolutionary theory; William Crookes, Oliver Lodge, and W. F. Barrett. A future prime minister of England, Arthur J. Balfour, was on

its first Council. The then prime minister, William E. Gladstone, accepted election to honorary membership with the forthright assertion:

“Psychical research is the most important work which is being done in the world today — by far the most important.”

Among the subjects first listed by the society for special investigation, it seems strange today to find hypnotism included. But hypnotism even then was still regarded as something occult. Among the other subjects were thought transference, apparitions, and haunted houses. Of these, thought transference (for which Myers coined the name “telepathy,” now in everyday use) was the subject most intensively studied, as it earlier had been by Myers’ Cambridge group. Ample proof for telepathy soon was obtained, as indicated by the extraordinary book, *Phantasms of the Living*, written for the society by Myers himself, his close friend Edmund Gurney, and Frank Podmore. Myers, incidentally, always gave chief credit of authorship to Gurney.

Actually, there was no field of psychical research to which Myers did not apply himself with an enthusiasm exceeding that of any other founder of the Society. In every field he saw the possibility of gaining what he most longed to gain — proof of the spiritual na-

ture of man — and the fitness of man’s self, of human personality, to continue after death. To this end he even went outside the fields of psychical research to study such seemingly obvious disintegrations of the self as were found in the victims of functional nervous diseases, then for the first time being successfully treated by some French medical psychologists with hypnotism’s aid.

Here, to be sure, Myers did find true disintegration of personality. Also he found that, beneath the disintegration, something persisted which pointed to a sub-surface functioning of the self.

Memory, for one thing, persisted so surely that, when hypnotized, the poor hysterics, neurasthenes, and psychasthenes who, in the waking state were completely without remembrance of the early shocks responsible for their ills, could recall them in vivid detail when hypnotized. So constant was this recall of forgotten memories under hypnosis that the greatest of the French medical psychologists of that day, Pierre Janet, did not hesitate to affirm:

“Whatever has once gone into the mind can come out of it again.”

Myers himself had already discovered that from his studies of automatic writing and crystal gazing. Stranger still, his work with the French medical psychologists made plain to him

that, no matter how seemingly disintegrated they were, the victims of functional nervous disease retained a self responsive to telepathic influences.

Thus it was proved possible (by a Dr. Gibert, with Janet and Myers as corroborating witnesses) to hypnotize a patient of Dr. Janet's, a Madame B., by merely willing her to go into the hypnotic sleep at distances ranging from a quarter of a mile to a mile. Plainly, some sort of self still was functioning receptively in the sick Madame B. But, just as plainly, it was a subsurface self.

Little by little Myers was led to the belief that the self of which we are aware is only a partial self; that all of us have, beneath what he called our supraliminal (above the threshold) self, a subconscious (he called it subliminal) self with faculties transcending those of our upper self. Always, though, it is a self which functions psychically rather than physically. Hence it is, in truth, a spiritual self, capable of giving our supraliminal self knowledge it otherwise would not have — as in sleeping or waking premonitions, in apparitions, in the inspirations of genius. Also, through contact with a still greater Subliminal Self, a Cosmic Self, it is capable at times of giving us knowledge of past and future events and scenes.

In many articles in the Society's *Proceedings*, in his monumental

work *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, Myers worked out this concept of the Subliminal Self in detail and with abundant supporting evidence. To make it easier for his readers to grasp, he used an analogy with the solar spectrum:

“The limits of our spectrum do not inhere in the sun that shines, but in the eye that marks its shining. Beyond each end of that prismatic ribbon are ether waves of which our retina takes no cognizance. Beyond the red end come waves whose potency we still recognize — but as heat, not as light. Beyond the violet end are waves, still more mysterious, whose very existence man for ages never suspected — and whose intimate potencies still are obscurely known. Even thus, I venture to suggest, beyond each end of our conscious spectrum extends a range of faculty and perception exceeding the known range but as yet indistinctly guessed.” (*Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, I, page 18).

It is a mystery how Frederic Myers accomplished all that he did in the 32 years he lived after he became active in psychical research.

He was not a wealthy man. For nearly 30 years he held the post of inspector of schools in Cambridge. He was not a man of rugged physique. Graham Wallas, the English economist, described

Myers to me most affectionately as "that dear little gray mouse."

Undoubtedly he was a mere wisp of a man. But, especially when on some psychical quest, never was there a man more energetic, more resistant to fatigue. Many were his visits to the Continent, to all parts of England, on the trail of subliminal mental action.

William James told me after Myers' death:

"The longer he kept on his quest of proof of life after death, the more spiritual looking he became. Nobility was Myers."

And, from another friend of Myers:

"He was so sure of survival that the cancer that killed him (in January, 1901) seemed to mean little to him. He died serenely, his next to last words were, "I am looking forward to the holidays."

For all his activity in psychical research, Myers worked at his job as inspector of schools in Cambridge. Also, he clung to his first love, the classical languages. He also made himself a first-class writer, both in prose and verse.

I had always admired him as a writer. A good many years ago I had the good fortune to be associated with James Bryce, author of *The American Commonwealth*, in revising the abridged edition of that work. We discussed other things than the revision. Once it happened to say:

"To me Frederic Myers was the greatest stylist of the late Victorian era, what do you think?"

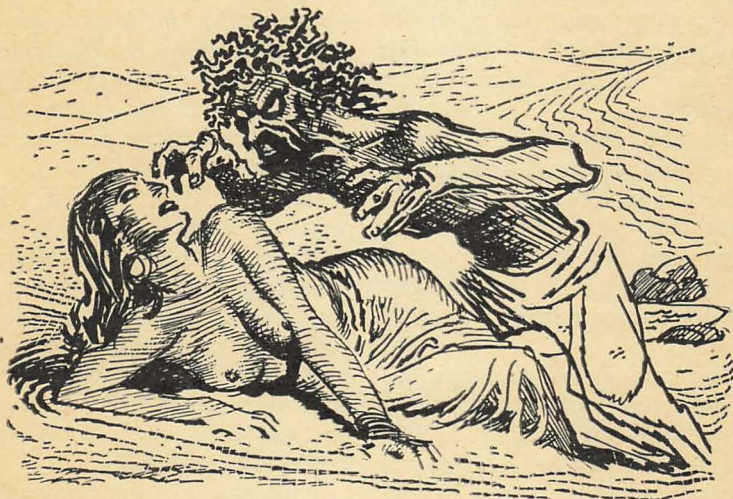
"In my opinion," answered the then Ambassador Bryce, "with the possible exception of Goldwin Smith, Frederic Myers was the greatest master of prose since John Ruskin."

But judge for yourself. If you can't obtain the two-volume edition of *Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, try to get hold of the one volume abridgment. His *Science and a Future Life* also will repay reading, as will his *Fragments of Prose and Verse*.

In support of my opinion I can quote one short poem. It brought me comfort in a time of great bereavement.

*"What matter if thou hold thy loved
ones prest
Still with close arms, upon thy
yearning breast,
Or, with purged eyes, behold them
hand in hand
Come in a vision from that lovely
land —
Or only, with great heart and spirit
sure,
Deserve them, and await them, and
endure;
Knowing well, no shocks that fall,
no years that flee,
Can sunder God from them or God
from thee;
Nowise so far thy love from theirs
can roam,
As past the mansions of His endless
home."*

THE
AFREET
OF THE WATER HOLE



By Maj. C. Court Treatt, FRGS.

As told to Jacques Coit

The girl acted strange, dazed, as though she were entranced. Was it the Ferogi's black magic at work?

MY DESTINATION was the Koreish country, a lush land of streams and green hills: The Koreish, the happiest and most prosperous tribe in Africa, inhabit the borderland of the Sudan and French Equatorial Africa, a remote section where Nature has bountifully provided an inex-

haustible supply of game.

This trip was prompted by an invitation from Tahir, the chief of the Koreish. He was known as "The Giant", and we had hunted together in the Bahr El Arab swamp, a vast marshland paradise of 9,200 square miles. Tahir was a physical giant, nearly six feet,

seven inches tall. His black smooth skin was as glossy as silk.

There was not an ounce of fat on his body. His muscles rippled like so many steel cables under his skin. His legs were powerful, thighs sturdy and curved almost like an elephant's tusks; knotty muscles swelled in his calves. His black hair fit his head like a skull-cap.

Like many tremendously strong men, Tahir was kind and gentle. He had a ready wit, laughed a lot and told tall tales to amuse his companions. But most important to me, Tahir was honest and dependable, a good man in a tight corner.

Tahir and I had planned this safari for more than a year and now we were on our way. So far, there had been no hitch. Plenty of game and water kept my 20 carriers in good spirits.

Before entering the Koreish country it would be necessary to make a rest stop for a few days. Ordinarily the carriers would not have objected but this time they did object for the stop would be made in the land of the Ferogis. They protested, demanded we keep going, suggested other routes. They lived in deadly fear of the Ferogis. Tahir's wisdom and strength saved the day. He was a good brush-country diplomat.

Tahir jollied them along; told them to place their confidence in the white hunter's guns. It was

with a sigh of relief that I finally heard them agree to go on.

For three or four days we went on through the verdant brush. The boys chattered and sang, making up verses as they went along. Occasionally the file halted for a breather and the boys chatted with passing native hunters, gossiping under the giant wild fig trees. In the evenings they bathed in the clear, rocky pools near the camp-sites.

The last tribe we had visited was the Baggara Arabs, friendly folk, keen hunters and fishermen. The halt had been made to replenish our supplies and we also had killed game for our hosts. My gun with its high-velocity ammunition could kill more game in a day than warriors with spears could kill in a week.

And befitting the occasion our labors were rewarded with a nightly *dilukka* (dance of rejoicing). Baggara girls are beautiful and with memory's eye I can still see them weaving rhythmic patterns against the background of a silvery pool ringed by flaming torches.

The eyes of the girls flashed and their teeth shone beautifully white in this firelight. Each girl wore a strand of ancient amber beads that clicked as she danced. Their small, slender feet traced intricate patterns in the sand. Then, with feet still, they swayed sensuously, dancing with their

bodies in slow undulating rhythm. Their golden torsos and their brilliantly striped, skirt-like *tan-nuriya* moved in and out, forward and backward.

Drums of all sizes beat out a complicated undertone, the tempo increasing to a crescendo at the climax as the dancers sank to the ground exhausted.

Then the leader of the "singing women" entered gracefully into the circle. She was called *hukuma*. First she sang in metric verse the sagas of the old days, of tribal heroes and the history of her people. Each night I was honored with a verse from the *hukuma* reciting my prowess and virtues. In these yarns she called me "Kaimakam El Fil," "The Colonel of the Elephants," with typical Arab exaggeration and courtesy.

This peaceful sojourn among the Baggara left me quite unprepared, emotionally at least, for the rigors ahead, particularly the dread Khalla, a desert of dehydrated forests where fantastic gnarled and twisted, grey sun-blighted trees grow in a nightmarish tangle. There was practically no animal life here.

Near by lies the equally awesome Mandalla Jebels, a mineralized range of barren, sun-baked conical mountain peaks and ridges that seems straight from the pits of Hell. I had visited the Mandalla Jebels before, during the rainy season. You don't easily forget the

rainy season in the Mandalla Jebels. The air is hot and steamy and the reddened sky presses down upon your head like a huge, molten weight. Toward evening the wind gradually increases until it screams like a thousand banshees. A sandstorm sweeps in from the Khalla, blacking out everything. There follows a lull, a deathly stillness, and then seemingly out of nowhere the rain falls — torrentially. The lightning is of terrifying brilliance, often igniting a rushing fiery stream of long pent-up gases escaping from the earth.

Despite these terrifying aspects of the Mandalla Jebels, my boys feared more that obscure primitive tribe — the Ferogis.

I had intended to recruit carriers in the Koreish country. But, in order to get there, I had to employ a scratch crew, natives I could hire en route. However, like most professional hunters, I kept a few experienced boys with me. One of these was Juma Harba, known as Juma of the Big Spear.

The term "boy" is loosely applied in Africa. In reality Juma Harba was a hard-bitten veteran about 50 years old. He was tall, slim, and moved with the fluid grace of a panther. His face was aristocratic; with piercing eyes under shaggy brows. A jutting, up-swept moustache gave him the dashing appearance of an Elizabethan freebooter. Across his naked

chest he wore, like an ambassador's ribbon, long scars of a lion's claws.

There was also Salani, a medium-sized Berber, who was a dark-skinned bundle of energy. He had been with me for perhaps 10 of his 25 years and it always gave me pleasure to see his beaming, cicatriced face (the tattoo marks of a good family). He was unexcelled as a tracker and could follow spoor through dry grass. He was also an interpreter.

Waraf, another important boy, was a Somali. He was a tall, slim brown man in his early thirties. I understand at one time he had been an *askari* or native soldier. His bearing was military and he carried a small leather shield and long sword constantly. Waraf was a man of unlimited courage with no fear of man, devil — or Ferogis.

The feared Ferogis are a wizened, hawk-nosed, slant-eyed, evil-appearing people who speak little, even among themselves. At night in their miserable villages there is never any of the joyous chanting of the women such as is heard in other native settlements.

They have a bad reputation, these forest pariahs, for it is said that they practice witchcraft. The Khalla was claimed by the Ferogis.

Perhaps my mind played tricks upon me, but it is possible that everything that happened in the Khalla was entirely logical.

We were in the middle of the

Khalla when we made the stunning discovery that we were nearly out of water. Yet, I swear by everything I deem holy that we had filled the water-bags before we entered that accursed land. There was no reason why this water should have evaporated; our consumption had been normal. I have no explanation. I checked all the bags and there were no leaks.

To turn back meant death. It was far back to the last water-hole and we continued onward in the hope of finding another.

My boys lost weight rapidly. Their skins became dry; their lips swelled and cracked open. For two days water had been rationed, a pint daily per man. Food likewise was falling dangerously low and we ate just enough to sustain us. The boys and I were at the end of our endurance. The trek through the tangle of twisted, fallen trees required an almost superhuman effort.

One late afternoon, when it seemed that soon we would leave our bones to bleach in the Khalla, we stopped to make a camp. The boys flung themselves upon the ground.

Juma Harba, like everybody else, had little strength left, but he urged me to hunt. I agreed, although for the past several days the only living creatures we had seen were vultures.

I took a rifle and a shotgun, put

a few cartridges in my pocket and we started out. We would have eaten anything, snakes, lizards or even grub worms.

We had not gone far, an eighth of a mile perhaps, when we saw a large flock of swamp finches, birds much smaller than sparrows. They darted down into the forest scrub. We were surprised to see swamp finches in a land of such desolation. My feelings were those of awe, like those of the Children of Israel when Yahveh sent the quail into the desert.

I chose the shotgun and crawled on my belly to a place where a single blast from both barrels would hit the biggest number of birds.

I was able to get quite close as they were settling down to roost. Squatting on my haunches behind a large boulder I took the point of my pocket knife and dug the wadding out of two shells, poured out the shot and filled the cases with fine sand, then replaced the wadding.

When I fired there was a cloud of feathers and I saw bits of tree bark fly from the force of the blast.

We hurried to the thicket and began picking up the birds. Juma Harba's game bag filled rapidly. The single blast had killed more than a hundred birds! — enough to make a fortifying broth for the boys and a little something to eat. Each bird was no more than a single bite of meat.

Juma Harba and I turned our steps away from the scene of carnage, picking our way carefully through the dead brush, climbing over the bleached trunks of trees, carefully avoiding huge tarantulas and scorpions, the scavengers of the desert.

There was nothing to indicate water. The terrain was rising and we climbed toward the top of a ridge. There the terrain changed abruptly and in the distance I saw something — a mirage perhaps — but it looked like water.

It was a glassy, utterly still sheet of unruffled water. I looked at Juma Harba in amazement. His face was split in a surprised grin. We set out at a trot toward the pool a scant 100 yards away.

When we reached the pool I noticed there were no green spearshafts of reeds surrounding it. Near the edge, leprous grey rocks, jagged and tumbled, sprawled as if ogres had thrown them. A little farther back were more rocks covered with lichens the color of death and corruption. Over all there was a mysterious watchful silence.

I hurried to the pool and tasted the water. It was sweet, not alkaline as I feared. As I leaned over the water, rubbing some of it on my face and neck, I felt uneasy. Taking my handkerchief and hurriedly wiping my face I turned around. Then I saw him — the Feroqi!

Beside him sat a native girl, naked to the waist. She was, I judged, about 17 years old, a lithe figure with a face absolutely composed, as if in trance. Her features were classic, her rich coffee and cream skin was smooth and satiny. She had, like other native girls, anointed herself with some kind of fragrant oil, and her body reflected the leaden sky.

I smiled and motioned for the Ferogi to come to me. He remained squatting on his heels beside the blind he had dug at the water's edge. It was evident that he had been hunting too. But the presence of the girl was an enigma.

Since he would not come to me, I went to him. As I approached he spat like a cat and raised a huge, broad-headed elephant spear. Just then I observed something moving in the brush behind him. It was the top of Salani's skull-cap. He had set out to find me. Perhaps the report of my shotgun had aroused his curiosity.

I averted my eyes and continued to approach the Ferogi. I had gotten within 20 feet of him when Salani's dark form hurtled through the air and landed squarely upon the Ferogi. The man sprawled helplessly on the ground shrieking imprecations in Arabic. The cunning Salani grinned up at me, and shifted his position until he was athwart the Ferogi's shoulders. While his vic-

tim thrashed helplessly, Salani calmly shoved his face into the slimy mud.

Before Salani smothered him I pulled him from the Ferogi. Juma Harba lifted our captive from his ignominious position and at the same time relieved him of a wicked knife worn in a lizard skin sheath strapped to his upper left arm.

The Ferogi wore unbelievably dirty clothing. His filthy neck was adorned by a string of *kigbat* and *tamina*, the amulets of his tribe. He stank with the odor of ancient sin, depravity and rot.

The girl continued to stare vacantly into space — probably hypnotized. To all appearances she was just a beautiful, tan statue. I took her by the arm and she offered no resistance.

We brought the Ferogi and the girl back to camp. The man, while closely guarded, was shunned and, I suspect, greatly feared by my carriers. When they fed him that evening they placed the *tauwa* (native bowl) on the ground and pushed it toward him with their toes. Though we had shared our salt with him, as they say in Africa, his sullen face never changed expression. I tried to explain we meant no harm to him and all that I wanted was meat for my boys.

"No meat!" he exclaimed arrogantly. "I will summon an *afreet* to make the water of the pool dry

up and drive the animals away!"

My boys shivered at this pronouncement for *afreets* are evil, cannibalistic spirits of Arabian mythology. Only Waraf felt no fear. He began to sharpen the edge of his knife on the sole of his sandal.

"Oh Hell!" I exploded, when Juma Harba had interpreted the Ferogi's words. "Ask him about the girl."

He turned to the Ferogi and began a harangue that sounded little like the liquid Arabic of most of the tribes in these parts.

The Ferogi sat listening and when Juma Harba had finished the Ferogi replied with a single word. Juma Harba turned to me with disgust and disbelief on his face.

"He says she is his daughter!" he exclaimed. The girl resembled him about as much as a fawn resembles a rhinoceros.

"*Sar'll Bey*," pleaded Juma Harba, using the extreme term of courtesy, "permit me to slit the throat of this offal!"

I shook my head and he lowered the poised spear. Say what you please, the Ferogi was a man of courage. He never exhibited the least sign of fear. With the point of Juma Harba's spear resting just under his Adam's apple, he even managed to sneer.

Tahir edged closer and peered over my shoulder. "*Sayid!* I think she is Koreish!" he whispered.

"The Ferogis often steal children from other tribes. Their women must be barren or conceive only the children of devils."

"Do you really think she's a Koreish?" I asked. He nodded.

I gave orders to prepare camp where we were. The boys were none too pleased to be in Ferogi country or to have one of the loathsome pariahs in camp. But they obeyed.

Early the next morning Salani, Tahir and I returned to the pool. We searched around its muddy edges but saw no sign of game.

I wondered why the Ferogi had stationed himself at the pool if not to kill game for himself and the girl. While the man was certainly emaciated, he wasn't by any means starving. The signs around his blind indicated he had been there for several days.

Puzzled, we returned to camp. The Ferogi was still morose. And the girl was in her trance, but not quite as deeply as before. Her features seemed slightly animated. As I passed the tree under which she and the Ferogi were squatting, I noticed something that previously had escaped my attention. She wore a silver medallion, the size of a silver dollar, around her neck and was turning it over and over in her long, tapering fingers. Her lips moved as if in prayer. The medallion was delicately engraved with Arabic characters.

I settled down in my tent to

await the sunset. Meanwhile, the Ferogi, visible through the open tent-flaps, was becoming abusive to my boys. Tahir came and sat down beside the girl, paying no attention to the Ferogi. His huge size probably intimidated the man.

Tahir spoke to the girl in soft sibilant Koreish, trying to pierce the fog which seemed to envelop her mind. I lay on my cot feigning sleep and watching Tahir. At times it appeared he had pierced the veil. Her dull eyes would become almost luminous and her shapely breasts would rise in a deep sigh. Then a word from the Ferogi and she would lapse into her stupor.

Suddenly the Ferogi rose, seized the girl by the wrists and tried to drag her out of the camp. This was too much for Tahir. He called to Juma Harba. With a single blow Tahir knocked down the Ferogi. The two men picked up his limp body and carried him to my tent. When they reached the flap they stopped and Juma Harba coughed politely to attract my attention.

I took my time waking for I did not wish them to know I had been spying. "Well, what do you want?" I demanded sleepily.

"Your permission, *Sayid*, to throw out this carrion," Tahir replied.

I scratched my chin thoughtfully. It was not wise to act hur-

riedly but my mind was made up concerning the Ferogi.

"All right," I agreed, "throw him out!"

They carried the Ferogi to the edge of the camp and swung him as far as they could. For a minute or two he lay stunned. Then, he picked himself up, shook his gnarled fist threateningly at Juma Harba and Tahir and hobbled away.

I believed the expulsion of the Ferogi would bring peace to the camp. Of course I realized he might return for the girl, so I placed a guard around her.

At sunset we again scouted the pool for signs of game. Again there were none. Nor did we see any signs of the Ferogi.

It was obvious that we must move on. That night we ate what little we had, thin broth of finches, and afterwards I stretched out on my cot and lit my ancient briar. A few minutes later Tahir appeared with the girl and asked that I permit them to remain overnight in my tent. I acceded with some misgivings.

In Africa there is no twilight. The sun sets suddenly and darkness descends like a purple curtain. That night the usual camp sounds, the chattering and singing of my boys, were missing. A sense of foreboding settled over me. But I was tired. I looked down from my cot at Tahir and the girl. They were already asleep, she

leaning against his shoulder and he with one arm wrapped protectively about her.

I finally sank into a troubled sleep in which the problem of the water hole had not entirely dissipated. I remembered the Feroqi's threat to bewitch the water hole. In Africa the logical reasoning of civilization does not always persist.

How long I slept, I do not know. Probably two or three hours. Suddenly I waked with a start and began fumbling for my flashlight. I found it under my pillow and turned the beam into the corner where I expected to see Tahir and the girl. I did see Tahir but the girl was gone!

The moon was shining brightly, streaming into my tent and flooding the compound. I could see the boys huddled around the fires — asleep. Sleeping sentries in a safari camp are almost as rare as those in a military camp and just as dangerous for there was always danger from leopards.

I shook Tahir and with animal quickness he was wide awake. Together we searched inside and outside the tent. Sometime during the night, apparently, the Feroqi had summoned the girl telepathically. We followed her prints for about 100 yards. They led toward the pool. She had been alone.

It was too dark to try tracking her even with the flashlight. When day came I would use Salani and

Juma Harba, and, if necessary, trail the Feroqi to the end of Africa.

Dawn was merely a hint of greenish blue and pink in the east when we began the search. Morning stars still twinkled and the moon hung low on the horizon.

At the edge of the camp Salani picked up her trail. It led all the way to the pool and I was jubilant. I thought the Feroqi was so certain of his magic that he was defying me to make another attack upon him.

The water hole was a scant quarter of a mile from camp and we raced over the ground, paying scant heed to the boulders and tearing through the patches of tangled undergrowth. We had covered all but the remaining 100 yards when we heard the sound of threshing branches, the crackling of dry wood, and above all this commotion the blood-curdling trumpeting of a rogue elephant — the *real afreet* of the water hole! There followed an ominous thumping noise, as if the beast were beating something, like a sack of grain, against the earth. A single piercing scream rose over the sound of the flailing. Then all was quiet.

We reached a rise and below us saw the scene of the rampage. We could not see the Feroqi. The elephant was gone. Nor could we see the girl.

Hurrying to the edge of the

pool we found the Ferogi. Or rather, we found what was left of him, a bloody pulp trodden into the soft mud and a reddened froth at the trampled edge of the pool.

Tahir began a frantic search for the girl. He looked behind the clumps of dead brush over the rise and finally he found her. She was crouched behind a pile of rocks just a few paces from where the Ferogi had died. She, poor girl, was holding the medallion up before her eyes, staring at it fixedly.

Around the girl we could see the spoor of the mad elephant, huge tracks that measured more than two feet in diameter. They had worn a deep depression in the ground where he had circled her many times. Some power had kept her safe. Never had the enraged brute come nearer than about 20 feet.

There should have been no elephant within 100 miles of that water hole. How did he get there? I said that Africa has many mysteries. This was one I do not hope to explain. Maybe the Ferogi's witchcraft backfired.

Salani and I followed the elephant's spoor for nearly 100

yards; then they disappeared, apparently into thin air.

We turned back and I saw Tahir speaking to the girl in his gentle manner. As we came closer I could see that she was trembling under his touch and was answering him in Arabic. Her face relaxed and two great tears ran down her cheeks. Obviously the Ferogi's spell was broken. For the first time she smiled and spoke directly to Tahir — in Koreish! He was elated.

She had become human again. She clung to his arm as if she feared the Ferogi even from beyond the grave. But Tahir reassured her and she returned with us to camp.

Later that same day the pagan gods of the forest led me to a hartebeeste, held my hand steady and the sight of my Rigsby .275 straight and true. Again we had food. And with the cooking pots boiling, we had a small *dilukka* of our own making.

The next day the trek to the Koreish country resumed. The air was scented with mimosa and a soft wind swept over the Khalla as my boys stretched their file behind Tahir, Juma Harba and me.

RUINS IN MEXICO

AMAZING new Indian ruins have been discovered deep in the Mexican jungle near the Temporal River, according to archeologist Robert Pavon. Some of the walls are still standing.



Dr. Maxwell is a practicing chiropractor in Oklahoma. He is a graduate of Kingfisher and Southeastern State Colleges, and has studied at the universities of Oklahoma and of Chicago. He has been a teacher, a principal, and a public school superintendent. A well-known Mason, he holds numerous Masonic posts and honors, and has authored a text on Masonic symbolism.

THE INDIAN MASTER

From the body of my hypnotized patient materialized the head and shoulders of an Indian. The apparition smiled.

By Dr. Harold K. Maxwell

IN THE summer of 1923 I delivered a series of three lectures before the Oklahoma City Practical Psychology Club, an organization which at that time had a membership of approximately 150 members, men and women of nearly every trade and profession. In my third and last lecture I mentioned hypnotism and afterwards a gentleman came to me,

introduced himself and asked if I had any experience in hypnotizing people.

I told him that I had and he asked for an appointment for the next day.

When he arrived at my office, at 521 N.W. 9th St., he told me the following story:

"My parents," he said, "were missionaries in central India and

they both died within a few days of each other, leaving me, the only child, when I was three years old. The day before my father died he called his very dear friend, a highly educated and cultured Indian, and asked him to be my foster father in case he died. In the years that followed my foster father was all any father could be. He taught me nearly everything I know and much that the Western mind does not comprehend. He insisted that I call him Master and this I have done through the years.

"I am here because apparently I have lost my ability to concentrate and your lecture last night gave me the idea that hypnotic suggestion might assist in bringing it back."

I agreed with him.

"For years," he continued, "whenever I wished to consult my Master all I did was concentrate for a minute or so and, wherever I might be, he would appear at my side and we would talk, sometimes for hours. I have failed to contact him for several months now and either I have lost my power of concentration or he is dead. I must know which."

"You mean to say," I asked, "that your foster father, who is in India, has been appearing in the body here in the United States whenever you called upon him? All you did was concentrate and he appeared?"

"Exactly, Doctor. It may sound impossible to you but it is a common occurrence in the East," my patient replied.

Mentally I made reservations and asked, "Just what do you want me to do?"

"Put me to sleep and give me some post-hypnotic suggestions about getting my power of concentration back."

I worked over half an hour on him and accomplished nothing. He did not go to sleep.

"That's all right, Doctor," he said, "I am not disappointed. We may have better luck tomorrow morning."

The next morning he returned exactly at the same hour. The sun shone brightly through the east windows and I placed his chair so that the sun would strike the back of his head and shoulders. This time he went to sleep quickly and fell into a deep trance. A sudden movement near his left shoulder caused me to turn my head and I received the greatest shock of my life.

There, apparently rising out of my patient's left shoulder, were the shoulders, neck and head of an East Indian man. It was not an apparition one could look through but a solid, living, breathing, human being. The Indian's eyes were alert and he smiled but did not speak. He wore a long, black, drooping mustache and resembled pictures I have seen of

Robert Louis Stevenson. Startled as I was, my first action was to awaken my patient and as he came out of his trance the mysterious stranger disappeared.

I did not tell him what had occurred but asked if he had dreamed while he was asleep. He said he had not so far as he remembered. I told him he had fallen asleep easily and I had waked him in order to try it again before starting the hypnotic suggestions.

Again he fell deeply asleep and now I asked him if he had thought of anyone in particular while he was sleeping the first time. He said he had not but that his Master had been present. Then I gave him the suggestions regarding his ability to concentrate.

All this time I watched his shoulder expecting to see the stranger but he didn't reappear.

I awakened my patient and told him what I had seen the first time and also what he told me while he was in trance the second time. He reached into his coat pocket, drew out a photograph and handed it to me. Here was the face of the stranger who had smiled at me from my patient's shoulder.

"That is the picture of my Master, and I know now that he is not dead," he said as he prepared to leave. He also said he would return in the morning but he did not come and I have not heard from him since.

I do not and cannot explain what occurred.



GHOST OF SHELLEY?

AT San Terenzo, Italy, it is reported that on stormy nights the phantom of Percy Bysshe Shelley returns to the house where he wrote his last poems. An elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. Antonio Ratti, now occupy the square seaside cottage where the poet lived with his wife, Mary Goodwin, and they say they have been awakened by the spectre at their bedside. Shelley was drowned when his small boat was capsized in a squall off the Ligurian coast not far

from the cottage in 1822.

Ratti, who is the father-in-law of the French vice consul at La Spezia, says he was awakened on a stormy night last October by an unusual sound. The bedroom door slowly opened and a tall, vague white figure entered. It walked to the foot of his bed, raised its hand — then vanished. His wife told the same story. She saw the same thing at the same hour exactly a year earlier.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



- A few hours after Dr. C. A. Thomas addressed a group in Lawrenceville, Ky., on safety in the handling of firearms, he accidentally shot himself in the thumb with an air rifle.
- When the case against Jesse Ruffin came up in city court in Buffalo, N. Y., Ruffin, charged with disorderly conduct, wasn't able to answer the call. He had passed away 10 days before. The defendant's lawyer wasn't able to answer for his client, either. He died the same day as his client. The case was dismissed.
- Near Troy, N. Y., Paul Wood, 16, jumped into the Hudson River when he saw a boy floundering in the water. As he pulled the boy to shore he discovered it was his brother George, 6.
- Station WOWO in Ft. Wayne, Ind., recently won its second award for excellence in public service programming on fire prevention. The day after the station began to publicize the award, a fire broke out in its new building and destroyed part of the electric system.
- Mrs. Johnnie Carter, of Oklahoma City, awakened her husband before dawn and sent him to check their cafe after dreaming it was burglarized. Carter found that thieves had taken \$75 and 200 packages of cigarettes.
- When a patient in a hospital in Blandford, England, who was suffering from loss of memory, was given a newspaper to read, he suddenly pointed to an item reporting the disappearance of Harold Jarvis, 48, and cried: "That's me!" Police checked and found he was right.
- Defying an ancient jinx, Mrs. William L. Bennet, of Hartford, Conn., collected 107 two-dollar bills. Then the jinx worked — a thief stole the collection.
- In Madison, Ind., Mrs. Bob Humphrey opened a can of "Golden Bantam" corn and found a golden wedding ring inside it.
- When Troy Garland's car was stalled on a grade crossing north of Griffin, Ga., it was knocked off the track by the southbound Flamingo express. The wreck was sold to a used-parts dealer, who was towing it to his yard two days later when the same train hit it again at the very same spot.

- While Clyde Pittman, a member of the Harrisburg, Pa., weather bureau staff, and his family were on a vacation trip through the midwest, they ran into hail, snow, a tornado, duststorms and two floods.

- In Toledo, a onetime Conscientious Objector, who had served two years in a Federal prison for refusing to carry a gun, was given a new one-to-three year jail term for carrying a concealed weapon.

- Wounded by a gunman in a holdup, Sam Klein was under treatment in a New York hospital. When a new patient was put to bed in his double room, he took one good look, then cried: "That's the guy who shot me!"

- Coming home on rotation from the front, Marine Sgt. Charles Graham, of St. Louis, was told to contact his replacement in the rear of the Korean front. He discovered that his replacement was his own brother, Cpl. William Graham.

- In Atlanta, Ga., J. E. Eden, who had a hunch that his salvage company would be broken into on a recent Monday, spent the night there armed with a shotgun. He woke up in the morning to find the shotgun missing.

- Mrs. Edith Harker, of Carnforth, Lancashire, England, occupied a donated bed in Lancaster Hospital when her son was born.

The donor's name on a plaque above the bed read "Edith Harker" (not a relative).

- Aptly named were the first three fishermen to arrive in Pictou, Nova Scotia, last season. They registered at a resort hotel as Mr. Hook, Mr. Fly and Mr. Fish.

- Jens Martinus Soerensen, of Grand Ronde, Ore., went to Denmark, his native land, after 64 years in the United States. After spending one day in the home of his sister in their home town, Terndrup, Jens decided he wanted to go back to Oregon. To his surprise, he was told he was still a Danish subject and would have to apply for a visa through the U. S. Embassy in Copenhagen. Mr. Soerensen waited four months — then died in the village where he was born. Doctors said the cause was heart trouble induced by homesickness for his adopted land.

- Alfred Jamiel had tickets on the Miami-bound plane but his baggage got misplaced and the plane took off without him. Two minutes later it crashed into an Elizabeth, N. J., apartment house.

- A fire turned in its own alarm in a Beloit, Wis., stationery shop. It burned a telephone, causing a light to blink at the central exchange. The operator summoned firemen.

— Paul Steiner.



THE WAIMEA FIREHOUSE GHOST

By Catherine Christopher

As he fumbled in the darkness for the light switch he saw the headless shape of a giant man. Then a violent blow stunned him . . .

THE village called Old Waimea, on the southwest coast of Hawaii's lush garden island of Kauai, is a tranquil community of lotus eaters who sturdily resist modernization. This hidden cove, which holds time at bay, has allowed only a few modern amenities to enter. Among these is a modern fire department.

The Waimea Firehouse became, in 1946, the home of an intangible but very muscular ghost. At least the evidence in-

dicates that the disturbances in the firehouse were supernatural. The spectral impressario put on a grisly show, keeping the Waimea firemen and the entire village in a state of suspended terror for more than a month.

The first supernatural manifestations began in the early morning hours of April Fool's Day. At intervals, between midnight and dawn, loud raps in series of three waked the firemen who were asleep in the dormitory.

Each time the men presumed themselves to be victims of early April Fool pranksters and went back to sleep.

After breakfast some of the firemen inspected the ground beneath their sleeping quarters. It had been thoroughly watered the night before to encourage the growth of newly planted shrubs. Despite the soft mud no footprints were visible. The men wondered how the mischief makers had accomplished their deviltry. Someone even suggested that a helicopter had been used!

Apprehension soon replaced wonder, however, as the nocturnal rappings became a regular occurrence. After several uneasy nights the firemen decided the matter had gone far enough and, no longer amused, they devised a trap for their nocturnal heckler.

They stationed themselves at intervals along the fence that separates the firehouse grounds from the Waimea Tennis Courts. This was at 3 a.m. Almost as soon as they had reached their stations every man heard rustling in the tennis court shrubbery. William Carreira, a practical man and head of his shift, called out:

"Come here! Here it is!"

His companions rushed to him. Carreira pointed in the direction of the tennis courts.

"There it is, plain as day!" he said.

But his friends saw nothing.

Carreira described a woman, luminous, tall, faceless.

The other firemen did not scoff at Carreira's story for they said that they felt — without seeing it — the presence of an eerie "something." They described identical physical sensations — crawling skin and tingling at the base of the neck.

During the next few days the phenomena increased. Sam Apo was plagued by whistling in his ear, but he could not find the whistler. The rappings continued.

On Saturday, May 3, 33 days after the first raps, John Kelekomo, a curious and skeptical villager, asked Carreira and Apo if he might be their overnight guest at the firehouse. Carreira and Apo were not on duty that night so the three men visited the West Kauai Lions' Club and returned to the firehouse shortly after midnight. Carreira had made coffee and the men took their first sips as a car drove up and stopped in front of the firehouse, its motor idling. Carreira excused himself to see what was wanted at this late hour. He returned to the kitchen in a few minutes to report that there was no car.

The three men became alarmed and Carreira decided it would be safer to wake the other men and keep the entire group together in the kitchen. As he slipped into the darkened bedroom and

groped for the light switch he saw the ghost for the second time. This time he said it was in the gigantic form of a man, seven feet tall and entirely without a head — instead of merely faceless as in the feminine variation on the tennis court.

Carreira stated later that he then felt a terrific blow on the back of his neck. "The rabbit punch of an expert," he described it.

The blow left him almost powerless to move and only by the most tremendous will power was he able to propel his limbs in nightmarish slow motion. He did not remember going out into the street where Apo and Kelekomo followed and found him dazed and shaken.

Apo and Kelekomo told Carreira that he had come back into the kitchen holding his neck as if in great pain. He had passed them apparently without seeing them, they said, and his curly hair had been standing erect.

On Monday morning the firemen reported the affair to the Waimea Police. The complaint was duly entered on the police blotter. After this climactic demonstration of physical violence the Waimea firehouse ghost walked no more. The manifestations ceased as abruptly as they had begun. The relieved firemen theorized that the ghost had become discouraged at its failure to evict them or perhaps the knowledge that the matter was in the hands of the law deterred the spectre.

The Kamaianas, "the children of the land," offer the only explanation to the strange affair. They point out that the building is situated directly on the pathway that once led from the old village to the ancient burial grounds at the mouth of the Waimea River. The ghosts of old chiefs are irked at the inconvenience of detouring from a trail that should be kept open for them. — So say the Kamaianas.



FLARING STAR

A FLASHING star that flares up brightly 18 times a day has been discovered by Dr. Olin J. Eggen, a University of California astronomer working in Australia. The star is rated as having the shortest period of variability ever observed. From its dimmest state it gains brilliancy for 40 minutes, then fades back to its original dim condition in another 40 minutes.

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.

KNIFE OF DESTINY

ONE EVENING in 1925, shortly before my husband and I were married, we were walking home from a movie in Wichita, Kan. As we started to cross the street in the middle of the block we were drawn up short by what can only be described as a sudden swish followed by a dull thud.

There at our feet, so close that another few inches would have meant serious injury or even death to one of us, and buried to the hilt in the solid-packed earth, was a knife. Its handle still vibrated in the moonlit night.

Our first impulse was to run, but we could neither move nor speak. When our faculties returned we instinctively searched the sky, thinking that the knife might have been dropped from an airplane. There were no buildings more than two stories high, and it could not have been thrown from a window or roof. The upright position of the handle and the depth the blade penetrated into the hard ground indicated

that it had been dropped from a great height. But the sky was clear of any moving lights which might betray an aircraft to our searching eyes. There was simply no explanation.

Pale and trembling, my fiancé stooped to pull the knife from the ground. It was a thing of beauty, silver plated and the handle ornately carved.

We kept the knife as a memento of a weird experience.

We had been married about nine years when one night my husband, apparently in the best of health, retired. At about one a.m. I awoke to hear him gasping for breath. By the time I got out of bed he was gone. As quickly as if by the slash of a knife, his life line had been severed by a sudden, unexpected heart attack.

Later, when I mustered enough courage to go through my husband's belongings, I found that the knife was missing from the locked chest where he had placed it years ago. When and how it disappeared I never knew. It was

never found. — *Mabel Kronke, Phoenix, Ariz.*

I WAS FATED TO LIVE

I'M A FARMER, 59 years old. In the summer of 1940 we were in the middle of sweet-corn marketing, my 18-year-old boy and I doing all the work. We were pretty hard up and couldn't afford hired help even if it was available, and in order to realize a good profit the crop had to be marketed in the prime of maturity, which lasts only about a week. I hauled capacity loads almost daily to the Buffalo market, going without sleep most of the time, feeling better each day the bankroll grew and hoping that at last my debts could be liquidated.

We were finishing a certain field, and to take all the corn the old jalopy was put into use, with the boy driving. Everything went fine, me behind the wheel of my ton stake, and Junior behind me with the old Ford. We didn't sell out until near noon, and when we did hit the homestretch the sun was red hot and I had all I could do to stay awake.

We were traveling at a 40-mile clip, Junior about 100 yards in the rear, when it happened. I was on a straight stretch of highway between Eden and North Collins, and the steady purr of the motor glued my eyes together. One moment I could see the curve far-off in the distance, and the next a

loud horn screeching made me open my eyes wondering who was in such an all-fired hurry to pass.

I noticed then in horror that though still on the right of way, the steep embankment and sharp curve was only a few yards ahead of me. Slamming on the brakes, I wondered how I could have steered the truck for such a dis-



Author Stanley M. Kenney

tance without going off the road and into the ditch.

Just then my boy came running and asked me what was wrong. When I told him, he shook his head emphatically, "You're dreaming, Dad," he said. "No car passed us in the last few minutes, and I didn't hear any horn." He looked at me as if wondering if I had gone nuts.

"This working day and night has been too much for you. You're hearing things."

"Of course I heard the horn," I said, angry at him because he wouldn't believe me. "If it weren't for hearing it, I'd been over the bank and asleep — for good."

I am certain that whatever Power awakened me knew the tool to use, for I always am very prompt to give others room to pass. — *Stanley M. Kenney, Cone-wango Valley, N. Y.*

MOTHER'S GREETING

MY HUSBAND was Horace B. Hills, in his youth an internationally known champion cyclist. After 12 years of marriage, I (an agnostic) was sitting by his bed in a New York hospital, while he was dying with pneumonia — a disease that takes strong men only after a frightful battle. As the end approached, a shadowy small boy seemed suddenly to slip out of his tortured body, jump off the bed, and run joyfully toward the corner of the room where, to my amazement, an old lady waited. She opened her arms and folded him to her breast. My husband was almost immediately dead.

Several months later I was hunting in his sister's attic for something when I came across an oval portrait of the old lady! Until that day I had believed my vision the result of overtaxed nerves. Now I ran downstairs with the

picture and asked my sister-in-law who it was. "Our grandmother," she replied.

She told me, before my husband's funeral, of an occurrence in her home that terrified her, though she was 250 miles from New York and had no idea my husband was ill. I catalogued it along with my own experience then.

She said her father was napping on the living-room sofa, a few hours previous to Horace's death, when he suddenly called upstairs to her, "Come down, Allie, Horace is here!" She hurried down to greet him, to find her father bewildered. "He's fooling us," he said, "he must be hiding." But searching the entire house, they did not find him.

My sister-in-law said she did not have to open my telegram of his death — she knew what it contained. My father-in-law described the clothes Horace was wearing when he "called"; they were new, never seen by any of his kin, and those in which he went to the hospital. — *Gertrude Hills, Newton, Mass.*

THE TRAIN THAT BURNED

ALWAYS a traveler, Ralph Bertolin, now of Seattle, once lived in Denver, Colo. He was obliged to take a sleeper one night on June 7, 1918 for hinterland destinations in Colorado, and appeared at the railroad sta-

tion to board the eight o'clock train, to which sleepers would be attached when the coaches reached Pueblo.

At the station he could not force himself to walk to the outside platform. He tried but he "just couldn't make it"; something restrained him. At 9:00, when another train departed — the one carrying the Pullman sleeper which hooked onto the holdover train waiting in Pueblo — he tried again and this time succeeded. Feeling very nervous and inexplicably upset, he immediately retired in his lower berth.

At Pueblo, other sleepers were hitched on including the one he would have been in originally. An hour after leaving Pueblo he was waked by the porter who told him to get out quickly without dressing. His car was on fire. Bertolin rushed out, clothes in hand, and sat on a bank alongside the tracks, watching the curtains in his bunk catch fire. The whole car was consumed, but everyone in it got out safely. However, the car he would have been in had he been able to board the 8:00 burned completely, and all passengers therein lost their lives.

At home his mother, often psychic, exclaimed to the family, "There's been a train wreck and Ralph has been saved." A telephone call from Ralph soon afterward confirmed her disturbing

news. — *C. T. Hubbard, West Hartford, Conn.*

A PRAYER FOR A BOY NAMED JIM

ONE NIGHT during the rage of battle on Bougainville someone from behind shouted, "Look out!" then knocked me to the ground. As he fell beside me, a Jap with a dagger in one hand stumbled over me. That dagger had been aimed at a spot between my shoulders and if it hadn't been for the quick thinking and action of my unknown friend I would be just another white cross on a Pacific island.

We made short work of the Jap but there wasn't time to get my savior's name — or even to thank him for saving my life. I never forgot his youthful face, though, even from that brief glimpse there in the tropic moonlight and glare of battle. For weeks I looked for him, then decided he had been wounded or killed.

I got mine in Manila and was sent home. After three years in hospitals I was finally pronounced well and given a discharge. Soon after, I married my nurse and we came to live in her home town in Oklahoma.

One night, two years ago, we went to the county fair. We had parked our car and were walking toward the fair grounds when someone behind us suddenly shouted, "Look out!"

Just as we were pulled to the ground a car tore past, exactly where we had been walking the moment before, and plowed with deafening impact into a parked truck beyond. When I raised my head I found myself lying between my wife and the man who had knocked us down. Finding my wife unhurt I turned to thank the

though, and a year ago he re-joined the army. Today he is fighting again somewhere in Korea.

May there now be a guardian at his shoulder in that far-off outpost to save his life — just as he has twice saved mine. — *E. A. Duncan, Duncan, Okla.*



Rescuer Jim Baker

man for saving our lives, and couldn't utter a word.

There beside me in the Oklahoma moonlight and the reflected glare from the fair grounds, was the face of the boy who had saved my life on Bougainville.

He was a boy who had grown up near my wife's home. Although much younger than I, Jim Baker and I became the closest friends. His war experiences had left him restless and unable to settle down,

THE MONDAY CLASS

SEPTEMBER'S rainy days vividly remind me of my first semester at the Eleventh Street School in Columbus, Ga., in the fall of 1929. I was in the same class as Judy Ann Eames, an exceptionally talented little girl who drew clever pictures, praised not only by our teacher, Mrs. Thomason, but by our Principal, E. E. Schaffer. Despite patient Mrs. Thomason's efforts to help me, it was Judy Ann who taught me to write.

After slightly more than a month of school, little Judy Ann was feverish and sick throughout one Monday's class. Tuesday she didn't appear, nor did we see her all the remaining week — she was desperately ill with a quick, virulent type of diphtheria.

During that damp, cloudy, chilly fall, we were allowed immediate admittance to our rooms. Monday, a week later, was just such a gray, electric-lit morning as we chattered in seats, waiting for the bell to signal school's start.

I hadn't been long in the room

before I noticed Judy Ann's return, and I watched her approach and address a group of laughing girls standing in an aisle. The group continued their animated conversation, ignoring her presence although she stood beside them for several minutes, vainly trying to join their chatter.

Failing to gain their attention, Judy Ann joined the children clustered around the teacher's desk. Mrs. Thomason mothered and loved us. At the moment she sat clasping two children against her from either side as Judy Ann walked up. I fully expected Mrs. Thomason to turn and hug my friend, as she did every convalescent child returning to school.

But — Judy Ann remained rudely ignored, not only by her companions but even by the teacher!

I resented the double insult to Judy Ann and determined to go and welcome her. As I turned, another girl addressed me, and while I replied the school bell summoned us to our seats.

During the next hour a wan sun crept out, sending a pale shaft of light over the spot where Judy Ann sat. My eyes watered from peering into the light, unusual in its misty intensity that morning. Because of the misty, luminous glow around her, I had difficulty in distinguishing Judy Ann clearly.

Despite the pleas of her upheld hand, not once that morning did

Mrs. Thomason call on Judy Ann to answer questions — our star pupil! At 10:30 we had a 15-minute recess. Dismissed to the school ground, I stood waiting for Judy Ann. When she didn't appear I searched the playground and finally accompanied the others to class without discovering her.

When class reassembled she was absent.

During mid-morning, in a voice determinedly steady, Mrs. Thomason quietly informed us:

"Judy Ann won't come back to school again. She has passed away."

Three or four girls began crying. I was too shocked by what seemed to be her sudden death to know what to do. I believed implicitly that Judy Ann had felt sick, gone home during recess, and suddenly dropped dead before the doctor arrived. Her people would have phoned the school, and now we had the news from our teacher. So much had happened during that 15-minute recess!

To my parents I mentioned Judy Ann's early Monday morning school attendance before her sudden passing.

Mother looked at me strangely. "But that's impossible!" she exclaimed, after reading the newspaper story of Judy Ann's death. "The child never returned to school. She was absent all week and died Friday night. She was

buried Sunday afternoon!" —
Eleanor Dayhoof, Columbus, Ga.

THE COMFORTING STRANGER

THE Bible tells us that "a comforter" will be sent to those who grieve. When I was a little girl, such a comforter appeared to me in the person of a stranger.

I was 10 years of age. My father, whom I worshipped, died very suddenly in North Carolina. My mother's home was in Maine, and immediately after Masonic funeral services in the South my mother and I accompanied my father's body north for burial in the family cemetery lot.

During this sad journey we changed trains at Norfolk, Va., in the small hours of the morning. At each change my mother had to recheck the coffin for a continuance of the trip.

She left me in the station waiting room with orders not to move from my seat until she returned. I sat crying for my daddy and prayed in my childish way that he knew I loved him and wanted him back.

Presently I turned around to look out of the station window, to where people paced back and forth on the platform as they waited for the late train. I noticed a tall man outside, who was watching me and smiling. My heart gave a queer jump — for he seemed to be the exact image of my daddy. And at that moment,

dazed by the startling resemblance, I felt utterly convinced that he was.

I ran outside, crying, "Daddy — daddy! I knew my prayer would be answered! You aren't dead, are you, daddy?"

The man lifted me in his arms and held me tightly. He kissed me and said, "No, I'm not dead. But I have to go away. Where is your mother?"

I explained that she had to check my father's coffin in the baggage room. Then he went on talking.

"That body in the coffin is not your daddy, but a worn-out body. Your daddy is still with you, never fear. Now go back and wait for your mother and be a good girl."

He put me down, and I clung to him, sobbing, "Daddy — daddy, don't leave me!" Just then my mother, who had been looking for me, came rushing up to us. When she looked at the stranger, she gasped in disbelief. Her voice shook. "Why, if I didn't know my husband's body was in that coffin out there, I'd swear you were the same man. You look like his exact twin!" She swayed, suddenly weak with shock.

The stranger led my mother and me back to the waiting room. We were both sobbing, and he tried to comfort us. We were so upset that we didn't notice he had left until we had quieted down.

Then my mother rushed outside to thank him, but though she searched the whole vicinity there was no trace of him.

Was the stranger my father's spirit, sent back to comfort me? Even after all the experience and knowledge that came to me in the following years, I am convinced that he was. — *Mrs. Ethel Davis, San Francisco, Calif.*

THE VANISHING DOVE

ONE beautiful day in June, 1880, when I was a boy of eight, Mother and I and my two younger sisters were sitting under an elm in the front yard of our home in Cleveland, Ohio, when a snow-white turtle dove settled down upon a limb right above our heads. Without showing a particle of fear, it sang its plaintive little song, "coo, coo."

"Well," Mother said, "I have seen lots of doves but never have I seen a pure white turtle dove before, or one as tame as this one. It surely must be someone's pet."

The bird made it a point to be with us every day as soon as we were comfortably seated in our outdoor pleasure spot. Its favorite place was upon the lower limbs of the tree, or upon the ground close to where we were seated. Mother, taller than we, tried time and again to get close enough to the dove to catch it but the bird would slip nimbly along the limb just short of her fingers, or fly over her

hand, coming to rest a short distance beyond.

It stayed with us for about two weeks. During that time we tried to find its owner but failed. The neighbors and others saw this bird and marvelled at its white color and its tameness. Outside of these two oddities there wasn't a thing to distinguish it from any other turtle dove.

Then came the day when the weather turned windy and bad. Ellie, my older sister, closed the windows and doors to keep the dust out of the house, then held back the screen door so we could carry our chairs and cushions into the house. We all ran with our burdens toward the open door and our little friend, the dove, darted into the room ahead of us.

"Close the door, quick. We have a pet this time!" we shouted in unison, but we were utterly dumbfounded to see the bird, now fluttering near the ceiling, become transparent, and vanish right before our eyes. That was the last time any of us saw the bird again. — *Wm. W. Bathlot, Albuquerque, New Mex.*

WHAT WE SAW IN THE SKY

A BLOOD-RED sign shaped like the drawing was seen in the heavens by myself and two sons from my boat, 40 miles out at sea in August, 1920. The sign appeared in a *clear sky* about an hour before sunset. The jug did not



Sunset Jug

change its shape but stayed with the sun, as pictured. The jug seemed to be about three times as large as the sun. The sun made a perfect fit in the top of the jug and both went below the horizon together as we watched the phenomenon for an hour. There were at least 20 other boats on the Banks that evening — *C. F. Aus, Tacoma, Wash.*

WARNING OF DEATH

BACK in December, 1945, I had a strange experience that puzzled me. I was lying across my bed resting, my eyes closed but definitely not asleep.

All at once it seemed to me that I was standing before a window looking out at the street in front of our home. I watched a long black car that I knew to be a hearse come down the street and turn into our driveway. Two men got out, went around to the back and took out a long box. I knew it was

a basket used for removing dead persons from a home. As they started toward the steps something roused me and the vision faded.

There had never been a death in this house in the 10 years we had lived here. No one near to me was ill that I knew of. Yet I felt this was a warning of an impending death and it bothered me. I made a note of it in my diary immediately, while it was still fresh in my mind.

I had almost forgotten it when in March we got a letter from my father-in-law who lived alone about 50 miles from us. Dad wrote that he was coming down to consult a doctor, as he had been having heart attacks since the previous November and his own doctor didn't seem to be helping him.

Dad came here and consulted our doctor, who seemed to help him. After three weeks he returned home, coming here once a week to see the doctor and then going back. By the first of May he was improved to the point that the doctor told him to come only every other week.

Dad skipped a week, and then drove in as usual Sunday morning. I realized at once that he was very ill and called the doctor. An hour and a half later Dad was dead. That morning I stood before the window and watched the hearse come down the street and turn into our drive. I watched the

men take the basket out and start for the house. — *Elinor M. Bragg, Muskegon, Mich.*

A NIGHT VISION AND A WARNING

ONE night, a few years ago, I awoke suddenly with the vision of a man's face before me. He was grinning and I heard a voice saying, "Don't, he is insane." This same vision and voice came to me three times during succeeding nights and each time I had great difficulty in getting back to sleep.

About six months later, when I was walking the two and a half miles from my home to town, a young man pulled up in his car and asked if I wanted a lift. Usually I don't ride with strangers but this time I nodded and got in. I hardly had seated myself when he started talking in an offensive manner. So I said in my most dignified voice, "If you will stop the car I will get out and walk."

He said, "No, you don't want to walk. You want to ride." Then I heard another voice saying, "Don't, he is insane." I looked around at him and he was grinning at me in much the same way that a cat grins at a mouse and his was the *same face that I had seen in my vision.*

I was terribly frightened for I knew this was no coincidence. I was in danger and had to think quickly. At first I thought of opening the car door and jumping but

I knew that in all probability I would be killed if I did, so I decided to humor him.

I smiled at him and said, "No, I don't want to walk. I want to ride because I am going for a doctor for my husband. (It was the first thing I could think of.) I continued, "I don't usually ride with strangers but I could see that you are a nice boy and want to help me. Young people are innocent and usually helpful to people in trouble. It's the older ones who have become hardened that you have to watch." He had slowed the car to a crawl and I kept talking about how nice he was. All this time I was scared half to death.

Finally he said, "Yes, you are right. I am nice and I always try to be helpful. I am glad I picked you up."

It wasn't long till we reached the bridge that crosses the river into town and he asked me if he could go straight through town and up the river that way. I assured him that he could as the highway ran that way. He stopped the car and looked toward the highway that by-passes the town and asked me if that road was open for traffic. I told him it was but it was rough for they were still working on it.

He said, "I think I'll go that way as I do not like to go through town. Would you like to ride up that way with me? I will let you

off at the upper end, and I like to talk to you."

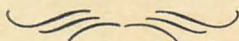
I told him that I was sorry, but I was in a great hurry for a doctor and he let me out. Even after I got out I did not want him to think I was frightened. I stood on the running board of the car a minute telling him good-bye. My knees were shaking so that I could hardly stand. As he drove off, I jotted down his license number. Then I went into town and found a policeman. I told him my story and gave him the license number of the car and begged him to follow the man and arrest him. The policeman looked at me as if I were crazy and asked, "What for?"

I pleaded with him. "The man is insane. Some other woman may not get out as I did."

The policeman just grinned and shrugged his shoulders. I turned away feeling slightly crazy myself.

Three weeks later I was looking through a True Detective Magazine when I came across the WANTED pictures. There, staring up at me, was the face of the boy who had given me a lift into town. He was listed as a rapist, a sex fiend who had assaulted several women, including a 60 year old lady. He had been tried, found insane and committed to an insane asylum, but he had escaped, stolen a car and got away. There was a reward for his arrest.

If it had not been for the warning I received in my dreams and again in the car, I shudder to think of what might have happened to me. — *Truda McCoy, Pikeville, Ky.*



ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE

THE fact that there are men who possess almost a psychic ability to open combination locks of all types is well-known to criminologists. Manufacturers of modern safes deny that the fall of tumblers in a combination lock can be "heard" by any instrument or "felt" by sandpapered fingers. Despite this fact there are honest safe experts who have an uncanny skill in opening locks in cases where the combination has been lost or the mechanism jammed.

Occasionally an individual of this

rare type turns to crime. Henry Morton Robinson, in his book *Science Catches the Criminal*, states that in June, 1921, three safes of a large oil company were found with the doors open and \$200,000 taken. The safes had been locked by triple combinations known only to three different company officials. All were above suspicion. There was not a mark of any kind on the safes. To reach the safes, the thief had picked the street-door lock and the locks on four office doors. The crime was never solved.

Fingers of **FATE**

A Philadelphia cab driver rushed up to Officer George Fencel and asked him to escort him to a hospital quick — a young woman in his cab was expecting a baby. Fencel took one glance in the cab, leaped on his motorcycle and led the cab to the hospital with siren wide open. The expectant mother was the patrolman's wife.

* * *

Marie McMillen, professional parachutist, who had made more than 100 jumps without accident, was injured strolling down a street in Dallas, Tex., when a sign fell on her. The sign read: "Walk Slowly, Drive Carefully, Live Longer."

* * *

Laura Scrivener, junior high school student of Ardmore, Okla., received a 4-year perfect attendance certificate — just in time. She was presented with the award at 10:30 a.m. — and sent home with the measles at 11:30 a.m.

* * *

The four children of Mr. and Mrs. Alex McDonald, Long Beach, Calif., all married McDonalds. None were related before marriage.

John Garfield, the actor, who was recently found dead in a blonde's apartment, was considering the dramatization of the novel, "Murder One," as a new play. The plot of the book concerns a blonde who discovers a dead man in her apartment.

* * *

In Enaville, Ida., a cow born on the seventh day of the seventh month of the year, had the figure seven on her forehead.

* * *

A west wind the other day saved Israel from locust swarms which crossed into the country from Jordan. The sudden wind pushed the insects back and Israel was practically free of them again — after a day of general prayer had been proclaimed to plead for "divine intercession" in the face of the locust invasion.

* * *

The 10 children of Mr. and Mrs. Josowska, Lynn, Mass., were all born on a holiday. Stephen was born on Christmas; Joseph, July the Fourth; Mary, Thanksgiving; Walter, April 1; Blanche, St. Patrick's Day; Michael, Halloween; Anthony, Armistice Day; Lottie, Columbus Day, Randolph, Liberty Day; Sally, Easter.

Peter and Anna Chase, a Weems, Va., couple who were born on the same day, died on the same day.

* * *

When a fire broke out in the Donald C. Devolld home, Zanesville, O., a short circuit resulted which rang the doorbell and aroused the family in time.

* * *

In Virginia, it was announced the other day that income tax refunds were being held for George Washington of Richmond and Martha Washington of Beach, Va.

* * *

Leo Gilmartin, of Passaic, N. J., lost his false teeth while fishing — then discovered them in the stomach of a fish he caught the same day.

* * *

Exasperated because his wife played the same phonograph record over and over again, a Kirkaldy, Scotland, man smashed the disc on her arm and gave her a black eye, it came to the attention of police. The offending record: "I apologize."

* * *

Louis Keppert of Winnebago, Wis., asked Kokomo, Ind., authorities to help him find a younger sister he hadn't seen or heard from in 10 years, enclosing a photograph with his letter of inquiry. One of the officers at Kokomo headquarters, James Paterson, recognized it as his wife.

Miss Christine Thompson, Boston, saw her brother off for a visit to their home town in County Galway, Ireland. Then she went to a fair — and found she'd won a prize: A round-trip plane ticket — to Ireland.

* * *

Lights went out in an Isle of Jersey church — just as the congregation started the hymn, "Lead Kindly Light."

* * *

At Northampton, Mass., Golfer Robert Walsh got himself a "birdie" and a hole-in-one on the same hole. His ball collided with a crow in the air. The bird dropped to the ground dead and the ball plopped into the cup.

* * *

At Albuquerque, New Mex., adjoining trailers were occupied by the Swans, Hawks and Drakes.

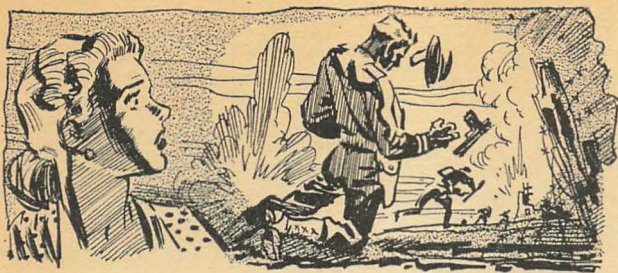
* * *

Marcelino Mareno, Saginaw, Mich., accidentally shot off a finger while showing an acquaintance how he had shot off the tip of the same finger 26 years before.

* * *

When 10-year-old Candida Alquero, playing in her backyard in Washington, D. C., saw what the spider had done on the fence she hurriedly called her mother. The mother gasped at the cobweb and, not trusting her eyes, called neighbors. The threads of the web spelled out the Alquero name.

— *Harold Helfer.*



Clairvoyance IN BATTLE

Lord Roberts predicted the time, the enemy, and
the ally of World War I, then named the general.

By James Leigh

(Reprinted from *Prediction*)

THE commander who is able to see round the corner of time, so to speak, and anticipate his opponent's next step, has a gift worth half the guns in his line. For he can deploy his forces in such a way as to checkmate the enemy, even before the latter makes his move.

The scene is Quebec. The date July 29, 1908. And the characters in our story are Lord Roberts, and the editors of the *Winnipeg Tribune*, *Chicago Daily News* and

the *Toronto Star*. In addition, there are five other newspapermen. Lord Roberts was the British military commander-in-chief, who said much of his success owed to the fact that he was psychic.

Lord Roberts has just arrived in Quebec and he is facing a barrage of questions from the curious pressmen, who write down every word he speaks.

First, he says that the goodwill between Canada and the United States will grow stronger. Then a grave note creeps into his voice.

"I wish," he says "I could say

as much for the continent of Europe. They refuse to believe me when I tell them in England that we are asleep under a false security.

"I want to tell you that in my opinion Europe is heading straight into the most terrific war in history. But no one that matters believes me."

The assembled editors and reporters are astounded by this dismal premonition. One of them asks *"Who will be Britain's opponents?"*

"Germany!" replies Lord Roberts, without a moment's hesitation. "And it will invoke the same unity of purpose between Britain and France as now exists between this province of Quebec and the rest of Canada."

So far we have three clear predictions. There will be the greatest war in history. Britain will fight Germany. France and Britain will be united as brothers.

The newspapermen scent a big story, and ply their guest with more and more questions.

"When will this war break out?" asks one. Again there is no hesitation on the part of Lord Roberts' reply.

"1914 at the latest," he says, *"and let me add that England and France will have the most trying experience of their existence. They will, in fact, come so near to defeat that they will be fortunate to maintain their democratic status."*

"You do not envisage defeat with yourself as Commander-in-Chief?" his hearers ask.

"I shall not be in it at all!" Lord Roberts replies. "I've had my day, but as a prophet I make one more prediction.

"There is to-day in the Ecole Militaire in Paris a professor who is destined for everlasting fame in military history. He is the man who will see us through to victory, what little victory there remains when it is all over. His name is Foch. He is a born leader, but he is years ahead of his time."

The lieutenant-governor of Quebec was announced at this stage, and the interview ended. But the written word remains to prove that Lord Roberts' uncanny clairvoyance had penetrated the future and foretold with striking accuracy the shape of things to come.

Had he not chosen soldiering as a career, he would have been a sensation as a spiritualist medium. His sixth sense never failed him. It even won him the Victoria Cross!

An Indian soldier had "killed" the Ensign and was making off with the regimental standard. Roberts challenged this man who aimed at him and fired at point blank range. But Roberts knew intuitively that he would not be hit. He wasn't.

Again and again he acted on intuition. He tells us in his auto-

biography of one instance when he allowed his inner voice to over-ride military judgment:

"My intention (he says) when I left Kabul was to ride as far as the Kyber Pass. But suddenly a presentiment made me retrace my steps and hurry back to Kabul — a presentiment of coming trouble which I can only characterize as instinctive.

"This feeling was justified when, about half way between Butkhak and Kabul I was met by Sir Donald Stewart and my Chief of Staff. They brought me the astounding news of the total defeat of Brigadier-General Burrow's brigade at Maiwand and of Lieut.-General Primrose, with the remainder of his force, being besieged at Kandahar."

Lord Roberts was able to go to the relief of the besieged troops and only arrived in the nick of time. Had he not experienced his "presentiment of coming trouble" and been influenced to retrace his steps, he would not have arrived at all. As it was, the besieging Afghans were taken by surprise and suffered an overwhelming defeat.

And what of Foch — the man whom Roberts had foreseen six years before the Great War, leading the Allies to victory?

Marshal Foch also had his intuitions, which enabled him to supplement military judgment with amazing flashes of insight.

During the Battle of the Marne, General Foch acted as one inspired. Reason and military precept were thrown to the winds as he followed an irresistible urge which drove against all logic and reason.

He said afterwards, "I advanced four miles. *Why? I don't know.* But I knew God was there. And I was filled with a wild obstinacy."

Strange words for a soldier upon whose leadership depended not only the lives of his men but the defense of his country.

His advisers urged him to turn back. Foch was deaf to all appeals. His position seemed madly precarious. But God was there, he was insensible to others' advice: he held on, *and to the amazement of Joffre, his commander-in-chief, he established his position and even drove the Germans back!*

Joffre described the maneuver as "a miracle." And Foch, when questioned afterwards about his hunches, contented himself with the laconic comment "It was given to me that I *knew* what steps to take!"

Kitchener, another of the great idols of World War I, had a clear premonition of his death at sea. Because of this, he allowed himself to be exposed considerably more than a commander-in-chief should be. It is on record that once, when he narrowly escaped death from enemy gunfire, he

told his aide-de-camp, "Don't you worry about me. I shall not die by shell-fire but by water." In fact, he often told his friends of his presentiment that he would die by drowning.

Even so he good-humoredly tolerated the presence of his bodyguard — Detective Inspector McLaughlan of New Scotland Yard. This man, too, was fated to have a fore-glimpse of the tragedy which was eventually to overtake them both.

Detective Edwin T. Woodhall, who was in the Secret Service on active service, has told of his last meeting with McLaughlan. The latter clasped his hand and said, "Goodbye, my boy. God bless you — I shall never see you again."

Shortly afterwards, Kitchener and his staff including McLaughlan, embarked on the ill-fated *Hampshire*, which struck a mine off the Orkney Islands and sank in a few minutes. There were only 11 survivors from the 800 men aboard her. They did not include Kitchener or McLaughlan.

Another series of remarkable clairvoyant predictions during World War I came from the wife of Lieut. Comdr. G. H. Pownall, R.N., who commanded the Submarine flotilla at Malta at the outbreak of the war. Commander Pownall had been in charge of the submarines there for three years when the war began. When

the news came, a member of Admiral Carden's staff said to Mrs. Pownall, "Anyway, we (the Admiral and his staff) shall not leave Malta, for the Admiral has just received an extension of his appointment."

A few mornings later Mrs. Pownall said she had dreamed that Admiral Carden was to have command of a fleet at sea but nowhere near England. Mrs. Pownall was noted for her clairvoyant powers so this prediction, and also the fact that it was regarded as "highly improbable," was written down and signed by witnesses at the time. Admiral Carden was then Superintendent of Malta Dockyard.

Five weeks later the Admiral was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean Fleet, then at the Dardanelles.

Early in September the possibility of sending submarines to the Dardanelles was discussed and the opinion of the naval officers concerned was decidedly that they would remain for the defense of Malta.

But Mrs. Pownall surprised them by declaring that the flotilla *would* be sent to the Dardanelles and that her husband would go with it. Again the prediction was written down and attested by witnesses, who added "we consider this most improbable."

But the naval officers were wrong and Mrs. Pownall right.

For, on September 7, Mrs. Pownall saw, as she had often seen, her husband pass across the harbor in a skiff. She said "I feel he is going to receive orders now for the dispatch of the submarines to the Dardanelles."

And it was so. The submarines left for their new base next day!

On saying goodbye to her husband, Mrs. Pownall was seized with a sudden conviction that she would never see him again, and from then on always felt peculiarly depressed on Sundays.

On Sunday, April 25, 1915, Captain L. T. Esmond personally delivered to Mrs. Pownall a letter written by her husband.

While she was reading it, she became suddenly convinced that a landing at Gallipoli had been made and that her husband had been killed in the course of the

action! She told Captain Esmond her conviction but he entirely discredited it. "Why," he said, "the landing won't take place for some days yet, and you know it is most unlikely that Commander Pownall will have anything to do with it."

But Mrs. Pownall was obdurate. And she was right. That very day the landing was accomplished. Her husband took part in it and was killed!

It was not until three days later that Captain Esmond received a telegram which broke the news of Lieut.-Comdr. Pownall's death. He was so impressed that he sat down and wrote a statement attesting to the facts of Mrs. Pownall's prophecy. These facts were later investigated and attested by a member of the Council of the Society for Psychical Research.



ASTRAL PROJECTION AND THE AFTER-LIFE

ERNEST BOZZANO, the celebrated Italian psychic researcher, has emphasized that the phenomena of bilocation experimentally solves the mystery of existence and after-life, needing only to "scientifically demonstrate the externizable etheric body within the somatic body."

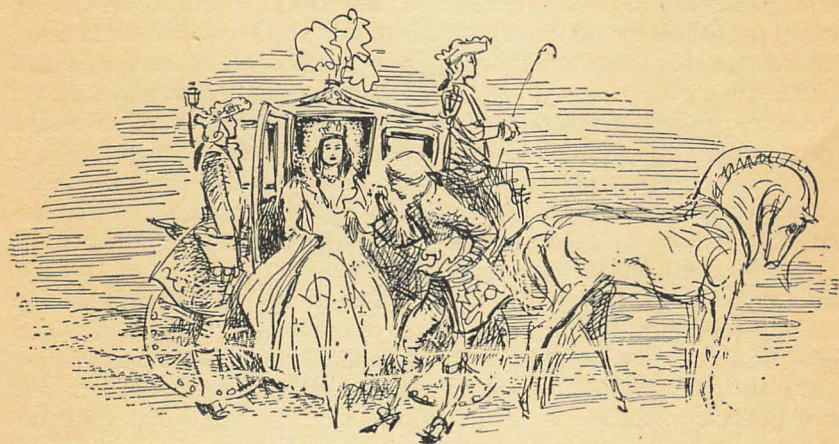


THIS IS IT

A SOLDIER from Scranton, Pa., fighting in Korea wrote his brother, "Well, Walt, this is it . . . I've gone my limit." On the following day Sgt. John Lenko was killed in action. Sergeant Lenko had volunteered for a mission behind enemy lines which he believed would be his last.

I huddled in my blankets, unable to sleep. The clock filled the room with its ominous ticking. It was that eerie night —

When My Aunt Came Visiting



By James W. Johnson

I TALKED with the spirit of a departed person — not in a dream or a nightmare, but when I was wide awake. We met face to face as two persons meet naturally on the street. And this happened without the aid of a seance or the services of a medium. At that time I had never heard of spiritualism nor could I have under-

stood it if I had — for I was only six years of age.

It was 60 years ago that I actually saw and talked with an aunt who had died before I was born. I called her the “beautiful lady.”

Yes, I know what skeptics will say. My father also said that it was only a dream. But later proof

materialized that forced him to admit that I had told the truth.

I now know that the incident shaped the whole course of my life. It led me to realize that there is a great spiritual force operating from an unseen world that can affect people on this earth.

I am thoroughly convinced that I was, even at that early age, being prepared for the spiritual experiences that were to follow in my life.

But let us slip back through the years to my early childhood in a little frontier town of the West where the pioneers were hewing out their homes in a country of shadscale and cacti on the slopes of the Rockies.

The social heart of town was the small log "meeting house." It was the community hall, served as a church, a school, a theater and a dance hall. It was also used for weddings and funerals, as well as for elections.

Two or three times a week dances were held at the meeting hall by the light of kerosene lamps. The orchestra had three members; my father playing the cornet.

In those days only the very old and the very young did not attend the dances. Grandma Catherine and I belonged to these classes. When father and mother went to a dance they would leave me with her to stay all night.

Grandma Catherine, father's

mother, lived in a two-room log house with a lean-to bedroom. She and I were great friends and for the most part I was glad that she lived just a short distance away. It was conveniently close when I wanted three eggs to take to the store for candy — but it was too close on dance nights.

An autumn chill was in the air when I was left with her as usual one memorable October night. Grandma Catherine had kindled a fire in the big fireplace and I remember feeling rebellious as I sat down by the hearth. Father had again refused to let me accompany him and mother to the dance.

Grandma was sympathetic. She gave me a glass of warm milk and a doughnut of her own making called a "twister." Then she brought some quilts and made me a bed on the floor in front of the fireplace.

Grandma habitually went to bed early, so I undressed and she carefully tucked the quilts around me. Then she took the lamp off the mantel and went into the bedroom. I lay there and watched the dancing shadows thrown on the wall by the flames in the grate.

Presently Grandma came in from the bedroom wearing a long white nightgown and with a close-fitting nightcap tied under her chin. She turned the log on the fire and said goodnight to me.

The flames danced with a faster rhythm. The clock on the wall ticked loudly and with disturbing regularity.

The flickering light and the intrusive sound somehow gave me an uneasy feeling. I wasn't exactly afraid, having slept there many times before, but I seemed to sense the unusual.

I raised up on my elbow and looked about the room. In another moment, without a sound, the east wall vanished and the landscape beyond was as bright as day.

As I stared, too stunned to speak or move, a white carriage drawn by four white horses stopped in front of the house. A lady stepped out. She picked up the train of her white dress and came toward me.

At the foot of my bed she stopped and smiled. The smile dissolved my fear. Her hair was black and curly and hung over one shoulder in ringlets. Her black eyes were warm with gentleness and understanding. Her voice, when she spoke, was very soft, yet clear.

"Don't be afraid, Jimmy. I am real — believe that. I came for Grandma. She will go away with me soon."

"But why?" I tried to ask. Before I could get the words out, however, she turned and went into the bedroom where Grandma was sleeping.

Immediately everything was as it had been. The shadows were still dancing on the wall. The clock ticked on.

I didn't dare to call Grandma and I didn't want to go into the bedroom. An eternity seemed to pass as I huddled without moving in my quilts. Then sometime in the early morning I must have cried, for Grandma came and bent over me.

"What is it? What's the matter, Jimmy?" she asked. "Wake up!"

"I'm awake, Grandma," I said. "I haven't been asleep."

Then I told her about the beautiful lady and what had happened. Grandma asked me what the lady had looked like and I described her carefully. I could never have forgotten that face and that voice.

I didn't tell Grandma that the lady had come after her — but Grandma knew for she said, "You didn't need to be afraid, Jimmy. This beautiful lady you saw was Anna, my daughter, who died before you were born. She is going to come and take me on a trip pretty soon."

"But how did you know?" I asked.

Grandma smiled. "She told me."

Later when father took me home I told him and mother what had happened during the night. Father frowned as he glanced at mother.

"Son," he said, "you had a bad dream. It was a nightmare, I guess. Did you tell Grandma?"

"Yes," I admitted. "But she knew!"

"I say it was a dream, Jimmy," father insisted.

Mother shook her head, her face a little pale. "I don't believe it was just a dream. Jimmy is too young to dream a story like that."

Father warned me not to tell anyone else the story — so people wouldn't think I was fibbing. "Now don't think about it any

more. Run along and play."

I tried to believe father's explanation that what I had seen was nothing more than a dream. And I never mentioned the incident again — until two weeks later when father came into the house and said to mother, "Well, Grandma Catherine just died. I guess Jimmy was right, after all."

Then I knew that the beautiful lady had taken Grandma on a trip, just as she had said. A long, long trip from which Grandma never returned.

MAC GOES HOME

WHEN Harold King died in Nashville, Tenn., several years ago, he left behind him a Scottie dog named "Mac." King was buried in a cemetery just outside the city. Mac was taken into the home of an old friend of King and seemed happy in his new surroundings.

Early in November, 1951, Mac became ill and was placed in the care of a veterinarian. One morning, however, he wandered out of the

house and disappeared. Two days later the caretaker of the cemetery discovered the body of Mac on top of the grave of his late master. He was dead.

As far as is known, the dog had never been near the cemetery before. By some strange instinct, however, Mac sensed the approach of death and succeeded in finding the grave of his master almost 10 miles from his new home



MIRACLE CURE

IN Liverpool, England, a man who often said "I'd give my right arm" to see his ailing daughter cured lost his arm in a highway accident — and the daughter was mysteriously healed. The case, with names withheld, was reported by Dr. J. M. H. Smellie in the *British Medical Journal*.

The girl was crippled by arthritis and disfigured by a skin disease. One

day the father set off on a motor trip with the girl and his wife. The car was wrecked in a collision and the father's right arm was torn off. Within a few weeks the daughter's arthritis and skin trouble vanished.

Dr. Smellie believes the cure may have been due to psychological factors or to cortisone produced from the girl's adrenal glands by the shock.



Science can't explain the bleeding stigmata of this humble priest. Medicines that heal average wounds produce no effect on his.

By G. A. Cevasco

The Miraculous Wounds of Padre Pio

HIGH on a hill overlooking the Adriatic Sea in southeast Italy stands the Capuchin Monastery of San Giovanni Rotondo. Within the monastery walls lives the Franciscan Friar Padre Pio — one of the most unusual men in the world.

Padre Pio is the first regularly ordained priest in history to bear all five of the wound marks of the stigmata. The stigmata is a phenomenon observed in a num-

ber of Christian saints and mystics — for which no satisfactory natural explanation has been offered as yet — in which wounds or scars corresponding to those of the crucified Christ appear on the body of a living person.

Padre Pio's wounds bleed constantly. A crust of coagulated blood is usually over the wounds in his hands, feet, and side. They bleed around the edges. And for some reason they neither fester nor

heal. The wound in his side, resembling an inverted cross about three inches long and two and one-half inches wide, saturates three to four handkerchiefs each day.

Doctors have swabbed his strange wounds with special salves and acids that would make the average wound dry up almost immediately. Nevertheless, in spite of all types of medication, the blood from his stigmata still flows freely and unrestrained. Little wonder Padre Pio has been referred to as "The Living Crucifix."

Francis Forgione, as Padre Pio was called before his entrance into the religious life, was born in the Italian province of Benevento in 1887. Here he lived the uneventful life of a common peasant boy. Since he was known for his extreme piety, no one in his small village of Pietrelcina was surprised when, at an early age, he joined the Franciscan Order of Friars to study for the priesthood.

Many years later, on the morning of September 20, 1918, he was praying in front of a large crucifix. A sudden weakness engulfed him and he fainted. When he recovered consciousness he bore the stigmata. At first, in deep humility, he tried to hide his mysterious wounds. He did not succeed for long. When his brother monks found him in the choir, the blood was rushing from

the wounds in his hands, his feet, and his side.

Because of their sensational character and continued presence, Padre Pio's wounds were from the first subjects of defense and attack. To the Church his stigmata was an old story. The first, and perhaps the most famous case, was the stigmatization of the seraphic St. Francis of Assisi.

The phenomenon of the stigmata is so well established historically that the occurrence cannot be disputed. Well over 300 stigmatized persons of all ages, from eight to 80 have been observed and investigated.

With some few exceptions the best known stigmatists were either friars or nuns. But the Church, which does not hold that the stigmata are necessarily caused by supernatural means, at first treated Padre Pio with cautious skepticism. Realizing that a premature and ill-grounded credulity cannot in the long run be advantageous, the Vatican decided to forbid Padre Pio to appear in public.

After two years of painstaking examinations by scientists and theologians, these investigators requested the Vatican to lift the ban of incommunicado on the grounds of: (1) "The unquestionable presence of the stigmata," (2) "Proof that miracles have happened in the presence of Padre Pio," and (3) "Padre Pio's humility and holy way of life."

Still, as a safeguard against the idle curious and the sensationalists, the Padre's superiors have placed him under the strictest obedience never to reveal his wounds unless special permission is granted. He is permitted, however, to reveal the wounds in his hands, normally protected by small brown gloves, when he says Mass. As he stands at the altar, his hands bleeding, he appears to be transformed into a celestial being. Whereas this act of worship usually requires but 30 minutes, Padre Pio takes about an hour and a half, often experiencing severe pain while in an ecstatic state.

Padre Pio is no stranger to hundreds of American G.I.s who visited him during the war in Italy. Their letters home were filled with glowing accounts of the powerful spiritual uplift they received at his monastery of San Giovanni Rotondo.

One G.I. once asked: "Do those wounds hurt you, Padre?" Padre Pio laughed and replied: "Do you think Our Lord gave them to me as a decoration?" He describes the pain as like that caused by boring nails.

There is no question about the wounds bringing him constant pain. "If the suffering were absent," stated one of his examiners, "the wounds would be empty symbols, theatrical representations conducing to pride." Padre

Pio admits that the wounds in his feet cause the greatest suffering since the weight of his entire body must rest upon them. As a result he is often forced to walk with a slight limp.

Those tending toward a belief in the supernatural character of stigmata explain Padre Pio's wounds in terms of expiation, since most stigmatists seek to share in the Passion of Christ. Others argue that the wounds might be produced in a purely natural manner, probably by auto-suggestion.

Science is not far enough advanced to permit a definite solution. Physiologists cannot explain, for example, why no physician has succeeded in curing the wounds with remedies, why unlike other wounds those of stigmatists invariably do not give forth a fetid odor after a certain duration, and a host of other questions.

Unlike Therese Newman, another living stigmatist, Padre Pio does take physical nourishment. Though he is a light eater, taking no meat, he partakes of a little bread, a few vegetables, and a sip of wine or lemonade. Yet when he fasted because of an ordinary operation he had to undergo, his physicians reported that instead of losing he gained weight.

The healing of the wounds from this operation, moreover, baffled his physicians. No change what-

soever took place in the bleeding from the stigmata, but to the surprise of the doctors the surgical wounds completely healed in four days — far faster than average. Why, they questioned, does the Padre's stigmata resist all curative measures and remain fresh after 34 years of exposure when other open wounds in his body heal completely?

Since so many doubts suggest themselves in connection with this phenomenon, the simple mind seeks for the simple explanation of fraud. It is possible, of course, that such fraud may be unconscious — during attacks of hysteria or somnambulism, for example. Yet investigators have always taken measures to avoid this source of error. Padre Pio was watched night and day for two full years by scrupulous examiners whose veracity is above suspicion

Physicians have gone as far as to bind the limbs of stigmatists in sealed bandages. Pierre Janet, a French physician, has written an interesting account about a stigmatist he investigated. On the foot of his particular patient he sealed a copper shoe. In the shoe

was a window through which the development of the wound could be watched. Such diligent investigations confirm the absence of fraud.

Those who have met Padre Pio admire his humility. From all over the world thousands of pilgrims flock to worship by his side, among them many sick and ailing. The Padre had long prayed for a hospital nearby to help take care of the many diseased and infirm seeking cures.

His prayers it seems were answered for next door to his monastery now stands a fully equipped hospital — one that his fame helped to build. It is named for the late mayor of New York City, the "Fiorello H. LaGuardia Hospital." It was paid for by donations from many countries, especially the United States. The hospital also serves the peasant population living within hundreds of square miles of his monastery.

Each day, his face shining with radiant love despite the pain of his stigmata, Padre Pio spends at this hospital comforting the sick. Truly he is one of the most unusual men in the world.

EXPANDING INSTEAD OF SHRINKING?

THE earth is growing two inches every year, according to Dr. Roger Revelle of the Scripps Institute of Oceanography. Dr. Revelle doubts the theory that the earth is shrinking, says that instead, heat from the world's molten core is pushing rocks upward through the floating mantle on which we live.

AN EXPERIMENT WITH TIME

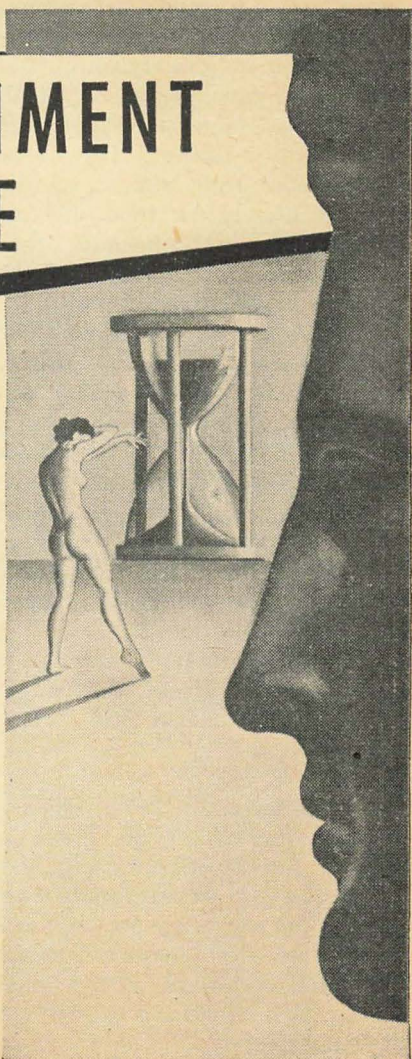
By J. W. DUNNE

In Two Parts

PART ONE

It began with a series of remarkable dreams — and it ended with evidence that time can be transposed!

J. W. Dunne was a pioneer British aeronautical engineer whose masterpiece, condensed here, began with a series of striking precognitive dreams. This condensation is from "An Experiment With Time," by J. W. Dunne, published by the Macmillan Co., New York, in 1927.



DREAMS CAN FORETELL THE FUTURE

IT WILL be noticed that the following incidents mimic to perfection many classical examples of alleged "clairvoyance," "astral-wandering," and "messages from the dead or dying." It will be understood that they are described merely for their illustrative worth, and because they form part of the "narrative of the actual proceedings involved." But, from one point of view, these occurrences had a value entirely unique. This was because I was not, as is usually the case in such matters, compelled to take them at second-hand from some "clairvoyant" or "medium" — with all the important points left out and a mass of misleading suggestion thrown in. For they happened, one and all, to myself.

The first incident provided a very fair example of what might easily have passed for "clairvoyance."

IT OCCURRED in 1898, when I was staying at an hotel in Sussex. I dreamed, one night, that I was having an argument with one of the waiters as to what was the correct time. I asserted that it was half-past four in the afternoon: he maintained that it was half-past four in the middle of the night. With the apparent illogical-

ity peculiar to all dreams, I concluded that my watch must have stopped; and, on extracting that instrument from my waistcoat pocket, I saw, looking down on it, that this was precisely the case. It had stopped — with the hands at half-past four. With that I awoke.

The dream had been a peculiar one (in ways which have nothing to do with this book), and the net result of it all was that I lit a match to see whether the watch had really stopped. To my surprise it was not, as it usually is, by my bedside. I got out of bed, hunted round, and found it lying on the chest of drawers. Sure enough, it *had* stopped, and the hands stood at half-past four.

The solution seemed perfectly obvious. The watch must have stopped during the previous afternoon. I must have noticed this, forgotten it, and remembered it in my dream. Satisfied on that point, I rewound the instrument, but, not knowing the real time, I left the hands as they were.

On coming downstairs next morning, I made straight for the nearest clock, with the object of setting the watch right. For if, as I supposed, it had stopped during the previous afternoon and had merely been rewound at some unknown hour of the night, it

was likely to be out by several hours.¹

To my absolute amazement I found that the hands had lost only some two or three minutes — *about the amount of time which had elapsed between my waking from the dream and rewinding the watch.*

This suggested, of course, that the watch had stopped at the actual moment of the dream.² The latter was probably brought about by my missing the accustomed ticking. But — how did I come to see, in that dream, that the hands stood, as they actually did, at half-past four?

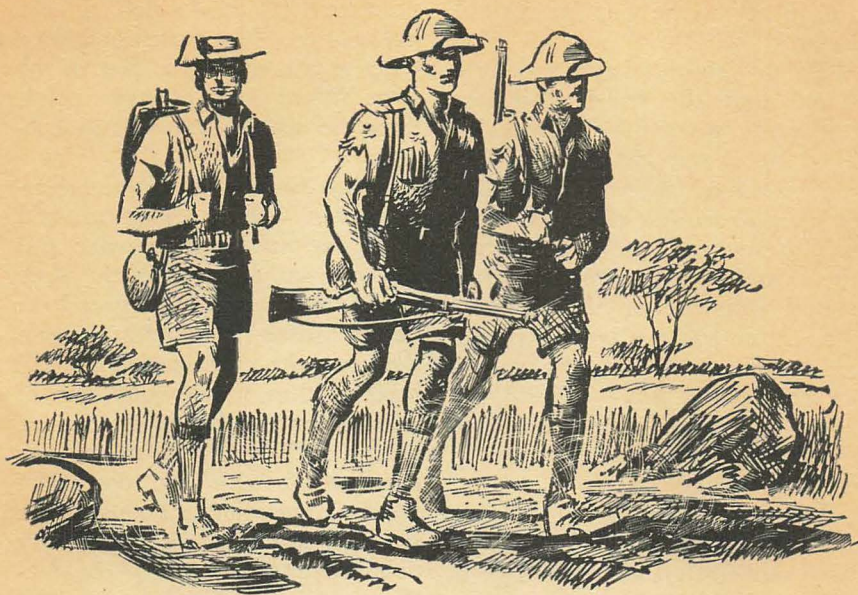
If anyone else had told me such a tale I should probably have replied that he had dreamed the whole episode, from beginning to end, including the getting up and re-winding. But that was an answer I could not give to myself. I *knew* that I had been awake when I had risen and looked at the watch lying on the chest of drawers. Yet, what was the alternative? “Clairvoyance” — seeing across space through darkness and closed eyelids? Even supposing that there existed unknown rays which could effect that sort of penetration, and then

produce vision — which I did not believe — the watch had been lying at a level above that of my eyes. What sort of rays could these be which bent round corners?

From Success, I went to Sorrento, in Italy. Lying in bed there one morning, I awoke and fell to wondering what the time might be. I lacked energy to look at my watch, which lay outside the mosquito curtains, on a small table within reach, but out of sight when my head was on the pillow. It occurred to me to experiment with the object of ascertaining whether I could again see that watch in the apparently “clairvoyant” fashion of the earlier experience. Closing my eyes, and concentrating my thoughts upon wondering what the time might be, I fell into one of those semi-dozes in which one is still aware of one’s situation. A moment later I found myself looking at the watch. The vision I saw was binocular, upright, poised in space about a foot from my nose, illumined by ordinary daylight, and encircled by a thick, whitish mist which filled the remainder of the field of sight. The hour hand stood at exactly eight o’clock; the minute hand was wavering between the twelve and the one; the second hand was a formless blur. To look more intently would, I felt, wake me completely, so I made up my mind to

¹ In other words, it was extremely unlikely that I should have dreamed of half-past four at precisely half-past four. . . .

² The improbability of my having dreamed of half-past four *at* half-past four must be multiplied by the improbability of my having been bothered by a stopped watch on the previous afternoon without retaining the faintest recollection of such a fact.



treat the minute hand as one treats the needle of a prismatic compass, and to divide the arc of its swing. This gave the time as two and a half minutes past eight. That decided, I opened my eyes, reached out under the mosquito curtains, grabbed the watch, pulled it in, and held it up before me. I was wide awake, and — the hands stood at two and a half minutes past eight.

This time there seemed to be no way out. I was driven to the conclusion that I possessed some funny faculty of *seeing* — seeing through obstacles, across space, and round corners.

But I was wrong.

Then came an incident of an entirely different character.

In January 1901, I was at Alassio, on the Italian Riviera, having been invalided home from the Boer War. I dreamed, one night, that I was at a place which I took to be Fashoda, a little way up the Nile from Khartoum. The dream was a perfectly ordinary one, and by no means vivid, except in one particular. This was the sudden appearance of three men coming from the South. They were marvelously ragged, dressed in khaki faded to the colour of sackcloth; and their faces under their dusty sun-helmets were burned almost

black. They looked, in fact, exactly like soldiers of the column with which I had lately been *trekking* in South Africa, and such I took them to be. I was puzzled as to why they should have travelled all the way from the country to the Sudan, and I questioned them on that point. They assured me, however, that this was precisely what they had done. "We have come right through the Cape," said one. Another added: "I've had an awful time. I nearly died of yellow fever."

The remainder of the dream was unimportant.

At that time we were receiving the *Daily Telegraph* regularly from England. On opening this paper at breakfast, the morning after the dream, my eye was caught by the following flaring headlines:

THE CAPE TO CAIRO
"DAILY TELEGRAPH"
EXPEDITION AT
KHARTOUM

The *Daily Telegraph* expedition has arrived at Khartoum after a magnificent journey, etc., etc.

A note in another part of the paper stated that the expedition was led by M. Lionel Declé.³ I

³ The reader should bear in mind that, in the era of which I write, African exploration was a subject of great interest to everyone. This was the first occasion on which the "Dark Continent" had been crossed in this direction, and the event was "news" of the first magnitude.

heard or read subsequently that one of the three white men of the party had died *en route*; not, however, of yellow fever, but of enteric. Whether this was true, or whether there were three white leaders, I do not know.

One or two remarks may be made here.

I had heard, some years previously, that M. Lionel Declé was contemplating some such transcontinental journey; but I did not know that anything had come of the scheme. Certainly I had no idea that the expedition had started.

The expedition arrived at Khartoum the day before the news was published in London, and thus long before I had the dream, as that issue of the paper had to get from London to Alas-sio, and the dream did not occur till the night before its arrival. This put any "astral-wandering" business completely out of the question.

I attempted no explanation.

THE next incident was as dramatic as any lover of the marvelous could desire.

In the spring of 1902 I was encamped with the 6th Mounted Infantry near the ruins of Lindley, in the (then) Orange Free State. We had just come off *trek*, and mails and newspapers arrived but rarely.

There, one night, I had an un-

usually vivid and rather unpleasant dream.

I seemed to be standing on high ground — the upper slopes of some spur of a hill or mountain. The ground was of a curious white formation. Here and there in this were little fissures, and from these jets of vapour were spouting upward. In my dream I recognized the place as an island of which I had dreamed before — an island which was in imminent peril from a volcano. And, when I saw the vapour spouting from the ground, I gasped: "It's the island! Good Lord, the whole thing is going to *blow up!*" For I had memories of reading about Krakatoa, where the sea, making its way into the heart of a volcano through a submarine crevice, flushed into steam, and blew the whole mountain to pieces. Forthwith I was seized with a frantic desire to save the four thousand (I knew the number) unsuspecting inhabitants. Obviously there was only one way of doing this, and that was to take them off in ships. There followed a most distressing nightmare, in which I was at a neighboring island, trying to get the incredulous *French* authorities to dispatch vessels of every and any description to remove the inhabitants of the threatened island. I was sent from one official to another; and finally woke myself by my own dream exertions, clinging to the

heads of a team of horses drawing the carriage of one *Monsieur le Maire*, who was going out to dine and wanted me to return when his office would be open next day. All through the dream the *number* of the people in danger obsessed my mind. I repeated it to everyone I met, and, at the moment of waking, I was shouting to the *Maire*, "Listen! Four thousand people will be killed unless —"

I am not certain now when we received our next batch of papers, but, when they did come, the *Daily Telegraph* was amongst them, and, on opening the center sheet, this is what met my eyes:

VOLCANO DISASTER
IN
MARTINIQUE
TOWN SWEEPED AWAY
AN AVALANCHE OF FLAME
PROBABLE LOSS OF OVER
40,000 LIVES
BRITISH STEAMER BURNT

One of the most terrible disasters in the annals of the world has befallen the once prosperous town of St. Pierre, the commercial capital of the French island of Martinique in the West Indies. At eight o'clock on Thursday morning the volcano Mont Pelée, which had been quiescent for a century, etc., etc.

But there is no need to go over the story of the most terrible vol-

canic eruption in modern history.

In another column of the same paper was the following, the headlines being somewhat smaller:

A MOUNTAIN EXPLODES

There followed the report of the schooner *Ocean Traveller*, which had been obliged to leave St. Vincent owing to a fall of sand from the volcano there, and had subsequently been unable to reach St. Lucia owing to adverse currents opposite the ill-fated St. Pierre. The paragraph contained these words: "When she was about a mile off, the volcano Mont Pelée exploded."

The narrator subsequently described how the mountain seemed to split open all down the side.

Needless to say, ships were busy for some time after, removing survivors to neighboring islands.

There is one remark to be made here.

The number of people declared to be killed was not, as I had maintained throughout the dream, 4,000, but 40,000. I was out by a nought. But, when I read the paper, I read, in my haste, that number as 4,000, and in telling the story subsequently, I always spoke of that printed figure as having been 4,000 until I copied out the paragraph fifteen years later.

Now, when the next batch of papers arrived, these gave more

exact estimates of what the actual loss of life had been; and I discovered that the true figure had nothing in common with the arrangement of fours and noughts I had both dreamed of, and gathered from the first report. So my wonderful "clairvoyant" vision had been wrong in its most insistent particular! But it was clear that its wrongness was likely to prove a matter just as important as its rightness. For *whence*, in the dream, had I got that idea of 4,000? Clearly it must have come into my mind *because of the newspaper paragraph*. This suggested the extremely unpleasant notion that the whole thing was what doctors call "Identifying Paramnesia"; that I had never really had any such dream at all; but that, on reading the newspaper report, a false idea had sprung up in my mind to the effect that I had previously dreamed a dream containing all the details given in that paragraph.

Moreover, reflection showed that the Cape to Cairo vision might very well have been of the same character.

Indeed, the more I thought of the two episodes the clearer it became that, in each case, the dream had been precisely the sort of thing I might have expected to have experienced *after* reading the printed report — a perfectly ordinary dream based upon the personal experience of

reading. How, then, could I be sure that those dreams had not been *false memories* engendered by the act of reading?

But there was the watch business to be taken into account. That, certainly, could not be made to fit in with the new theory, unless I were a great deal madder than I could bring myself to believe.

I was, however, absolutely satisfied that neither in the Cape to Cairo nor in the Mont Pelée dream had there been any "astral-wandering," or any direct vision across leagues of space, or any "messages" from the actors in the actual episodes represented. These dreams had been induced, either by the reading of the paragraphs, or else by telepathic communications from the journalist in the *Daily Telegraph* office who had written those accounts.

TO MY great relief, the next experience, which occurred some two years later, completely squashed the "Identifying Paramnesia" theory.

I dreamed that I was standing on a footway of some kind, consisting of transverse planks flanked on my left side by some sort of railing, beyond which was a deep gulf filled with thick fog. Overhead, I had an impression of an awning. But this last was not clearly seen, for the fog partly hid everything except three or

four yards of the planking ahead of me with its attendant portion of railing and gulf. Suddenly I noticed, projecting upwards from somewhere far down in the gulf, an immensely long, thin, shadowy thing like a gigantic lath. It reached above the plankway, and was slanted so that it would, had the upper end been visible through the fog, have impinged upon the awning. As I stared at it, it began to wave slowly up and down, brushing the railing. A moment later I realized what the object was. I had seen just such a thing once before in a cinema picture of a fire, in the early days of cinematography. Then, as now, I had undergone the same puzzlement as to what this sort of waving lath might be, until I had realized that it was the long water-jet from a fire-engine hose, as photographed through intervening smoke. Somewhere down in that gulf, then, there must be a fire-engine, and it was playing a stream of water upon the smoke-hidden, railed structure where I stood. As I perceived this, the dream became perfectly abominable. The wooden plankway became crowded with people, dimly visible through the smoke. They were dropping in heaps; and all the air was filled with horrible, choking, gasping ejaculations. Then the smoke, which had grown black and thick, rolled heavily over everything, hiding

the entire scene. But a dreadful, suffocated moaning continued — and I was entirely thankful when I awoke.

I was taking no chances with "Identifying Paramnesia" this time. I carefully recalled every detail of the dream after waking, and not till I had done this did I open the morning papers. There was nothing in these. But the evening editions brought the expected news.

There had been a big fire in a factory somewhere near Paris. I think it was a rubber factory, though I cannot be sure. At any rate it was a factory for some material which gave off vile fumes when burning. A large number of working girls had been cut off by the flames, and had made their way out on to a *balcony*. There, for the moment, they had been comparatively safe, but the ladders available had been too short to admit of any rescue. While longer ones were being obtained, the fire-engines had directed streams of water on to the balcony to keep that refuge from catching alight. And then there happened a thing which must, I imagine, have been unique in the history of fires. From the broken windows behind the balcony the smoke from the burning rubber or other material came rolling out in such dense volumes that, although the unfortunate girls were standing

actually in the open air, every one of them was suffocated before the new ladders could arrive.

This dream left the whole business more puzzling than ever. It seemed that nothing could explain it. For "clairvoyance" is not an explanation. It is a meaningless expression, a mere admission of inexplicability. And "telepathy" required an enormous amount of stretching before it could be made to fit the facts.

THEN came a dream which somewhat simplified matters. For it ruled out definitely: insanity, clairvoyance, astral-wandering, spirit-messages, and telepathy. But it left me face to face with something much more staggering than any of these.

In 1904, a few months after the fire dream, I was staying at the Hotel Scholastika, on the borders of the Aachensee, in Austria. I dreamed one night that I was walking down a sort of pathway between two fields, separated from the latter by high iron railings, eight or nine feet high, on each side of the path. My attention was suddenly attracted to a horse in the field on my *left*. It had apparently gone mad, and was tearing about, kicking and plunging in a most frenzied fashion. I cast a hasty glance backwards and forwards along the railings to see if there were any openings by which the

animal could get out. Satisfied that there was none, I continued on my way. A few moments later I heard hoofs thundering behind me. Glancing back I saw, to my dismay, that the brute *had* somehow got out after all, and was coming full tilt after me down the pathway. It was a full-fledged nightmare — and I ran like a hare. Ahead of me the path ended at the foot of a flight of wooden steps rising upward. I was striving frantically to reach these when I awoke.

Next day I went fishing with my brother down the little river which runs out of the Aachensee. It was wet-fly work, and I was industriously flogging the water when my brother called out: "Look at that horse!" Glancing across the river, I saw the scene of my dream. *But, though right in essentials, it was absolutely unlike in minor details.* The two fields with the fenced-off pathway running between them were there. The horse was there, behaving just as it had done in the dream. The wooden steps at the end of the pathway were there (they led up to a bridge crossing the river). But the fences were wooden and small — not more than four or five feet high — and the fields were ordinary small fields, whereas those in the dream had been park-like expanses. Moreover, the horse was a small beast, and not the rampaging great monster of

the dream — though its behaviour was equally alarming. Finally, it was in the wrong field, the field which would have been on my *right*, had I been walking, as in the dream, down the path towards the bridge. I began to tell my brother about the dream, but broke off because the beast was behaving so very oddly that I wanted to make sure that it could not escape. As in the dream, I ran my eye critically along the railings. As in the dream, I could see no gap, or even gate, in them anywhere. Satisfied, I said, "At any rate, *this* horse cannot get out," and recommenced fishing. But my brother interrupted me by calling, "Look out!" Glancing up again, I saw that there was no dodging fate. The beast *had*, inexplicably, just as in the dream, got out (probably it had jumped the fence), and, just as in the dream, it was thundering down the path towards the wooden steps. It swerved past these and plunged into the river, coming straight towards us. We both picked up stones, ran thirty yards or so back from the bank, and faced about. The end was tame, for, on emerging from the water on our side, the animal merely looked at us, snorted, and galloped off down a road.

Now, it seemed to me that from this incident one thing was abundantly clear. These dreams were not *percepts* (impressions) of

distant or future events. They were usual commonplace dreams composed of distorted *images* of waking experience, built together in the usual half-senseless fashion peculiar to dreams. That is to say, *if they had happened on the nights after the corresponding events, they would have exhibited nothing in the smallest degree unusual*, and would have yielded just as much true, and just as much false, information regarding the waking experiences which had given rise to them as does any ordinary dream — which is very little.

They were the ordinary, appropriate, expectable dreams; but they were occurring on the *wrong nights*.

Even the watch dreams were merely the dreams I ought to have had *after* seeing the watch. In the first of those incidents I had, when awake, seen the watch lying *face upwards* on the chest of drawers, with the hands stopped; and the corresponding dream image had been of a stopped watch, face upwards. In the second instance I had *held the watch up facing me about a foot from my nose, while lying with my head on my pillow*; and the reader will remember that the corresponding dozing image had been of a watch in precisely that position. The white mist had been the image of the mosquito curtains, out of focus, as these were, when I looked at the real watch.

No, there was nothing unusual in any of these dreams as dreams. They were merely *displaced in Time*.

That, of course, was staggering enough. But I felt, nevertheless, that it had been a great advance to resolve all these varied phenomena into one single class of incident — a simple, if mysterious, transposition of dates.

But in all this speculation I was still a long way from the truth.

In the last incident of this series, the chronological aberration was far more considerable.

The dream occurred in the autumn of 1913. The scene I saw was a high railway embankment. I knew in that dream — knew without questioning, as anyone acquainted with the locality would have known — that the place was *just north of the Firth of Forth Bridge*, in Scotland. The terrain below the embankment was open grassland, with people walking in small groups thereon. The scene came and went several times, but the last time I saw that a train going north had just fallen over the embankment. I saw several carriages lying towards the bottom of the slope, and I saw large blocks of stone rolling and sliding down. Realizing that this was probably one of those odd dreams of mine, I tried to ascertain if I could “get” the date of the real occurrence. All I could gather was that this date

was somewhere in the following spring. My own recollection is that I pitched finally upon the middle of April, but my sister thinks I mentioned March when I told her the dream next morning. We agreed, jokingly, that we must warn our friends against travelling north in Scotland at any time in the succeeding spring.

On April the 14th of that spring the "Flying Scotsman," one of the most famous mail trains of the period, jumped the parapet near Burntisland Station, about fifteen miles north of the Forth Bridge, and fell on to the golf links twenty feet below.

The above-described incidents have been selected from a group of about twenty, simply because they were closely studied and carefully memorized at the time of their occurrence. Most of the others were merely noted, so to say, *en passant*, and are now almost completely forgotten.

Curiously, I can remember no dreams of the coming Great War — except one. That one related to the bombardment of Lowestoft by the German fleet. I recognized the place as Lowestoft, but had no idea of the nationality of the bombarding vessels.

The Experiment

NO ONE, I imagine, can derive any considerable pleasure from the supposition that he is a

freak; and, personally, I would almost sooner have discovered myself to be a "medium." There might have been a chance of company there. Unfortunately it was abundantly clear that there was no "mediumship" in this matter, no "sensitiveness," no "clairvoyance." I was suffering, seemingly, from some extraordinary fault in my relation to reality, something so uniquely wrong that it compelled me to perceive, at rare intervals, large blocks of otherwise perfectly normal personal experience displaced from their proper positions in Time. That such things could occur at all was a most interesting piece of knowledge to only one person — myself.

There was, however, a very remote possibility that, by employing this piece of curiously acquired knowledge as a guide, I might be able to discover some hitherto overlooked peculiarity in the structure of Time; and to that task I applied myself.

Progress here was definite; but it was terribly slow. There was no help to be found in the conception of Time as a fourth dimension. For Time has always been treated by men of science as if it were a fourth dimension. What had to be shown was the possibility of *displacement* in that dimension. Nor did I gather much comfort from Bergson; for to tell a man who is confronted with parts

of Time clearly transposed that Time has no parts is distinctly futile. I cared not a whit whether Time were "a form of thought," or an aspect of reality, or (this was later) compoundable with Space. What I wanted to know was: How it got *mixed*?

For "mixed" was the right word. Between the dream and the corresponding waking experience came the memory of the dream, while the memory of the waking experience followed them all!

However, the coming of the first World War put a temporary stop to further investigation; and it was not until 1917 that any new developments occurred.

In January of that year I was in Guy's Hospital, recovering from an operation. There, one

morning, when reading a book, I came upon a reference to one of those "combination" locks which are released by the twisting of rings embossed with letters of the alphabet. As I read this, something seemed, for one fleeting instant, to be stirring, so to say, in my memory; but, whatever it was, it immediately subsided. I paused for a second, but nothing further developed, so I returned to my book. Then, luckily, I changed my mind, tossed the volume aside, and set myself determinedly to worry out exactly what it was that I had momentarily associated with the sentence read. In a little while it came back. I had dreamed, during the previous night, of precisely such a combination lock.



The chances of coincidence, where two such vague, commonplace events were concerned, needed no pointing out. But I could not remember having seen, heard, or thought of such a lock for a year or more. And, knowing from past happenings that my dreams did, sometimes, contain images of future experience, it seemed to me that the appearance of the lock image in the previous night's dream might have been another instance of my particular abnormality. Such a supposition might prove, at any rate, worth considering.

A few days later the great Silvertown explosion occurred, shaking the whole building, breaking windows, and causing the nurses to extinguish the lights on the supposition that Zeppelins were overhead. Such an experience was calculated to make one dream; and dream I did, but, as usual, on the wrong night — the night before the associated event. After the disaster I told a fellow-convalescent of this experience. He interrupted me, saying, "Wait!" and then: "Curious, that. Now that I come to think of it, I also dreamed of an explosion last night."

He could no longer, by then, recall any of the details of his dream, and, since big bangs of all sorts were fairly common during the war, coincidence might well have been responsible for the facts.

But — supposing this were not the case, and that the dream had been in the same class as mine? What followed?

There were thus two new suppositions to be examined. Viewed separately, each of these appeared wild in the extreme; but considered together they were sufficiently suggestive to justify a little closer attention.

The validity of the first of these would mean that my dream pre-images were connected, not only with highly exciting and dramatic events, but also with the veriest trivialities, such as this little matter of reading about a combination lock. Exactly, in fact, as dream images of past events are connected just as often with unimportant happenings as with experiences more striking. Again, it had been by the merest accident of fortune that I had set myself to recall that dream; and had I not done so I should never have been aware of the incident. According to this, then, I might, for all I could tell, have had these dreams with considerable frequency, and have either forgotten them at once, or else have *failed to notice their connection with the subsequent related events.*

But, if the supposition about my friend's dream were correct, *this failure to observe a connection was precisely what had happened in his case.* He had not completely forgotten the dream, but the occur-

rence of the actual explosion had not served to recall it.

I had got no further than this in my speculations when the friend in question came up in a state of some excitement. "You remember what we were saying about dreams?" he asked. "Well, I have been talking to So-and-So" (one of the hospital surgeons), "and he told me of a curious thing which had happened to him the other night. He had just got into bed and gone to sleep when he dreamed that he was aroused and compelled to go out to attend to a fractured leg. Almost immediately after his dream he *was* aroused owing to the arrival of an urgent message which necessitated his going out to attend to just such a case. And in telling me the story he pointed out that he had not had to deal with a fractured leg for over six weeks."

So here, possibly, was a third incident, involving a third person. What, I wondered, would become of the record of that event? The surgeon would tell it to a few friends, who would attribute the whole thing to coincidence and in course of time he would forget all about it himself. But —

And then, what about that curious feeling which almost everyone has now and then experienced — that sudden, fleeting, disturbing conviction that something which is happening at that moment *has happened before?*

What about those occasions when, receiving an unexpected letter from a friend who writes rarely, one recollects having dreamed of him during the previous night?

What about all those dreams which, after having been completely forgotten, are suddenly, for no apparent reason, recalled later in the day? *What is the association which recalls them?*

What about those puzzling dreams from which one is awakened by a noise or other sensory event — dreams in which the noise in question appears as the final dream incident? Why is it that this closing incident *is always logically led up to by the earlier part of the dream?*

What, finally, of all those cases, collected and tabulated by the Society for Psychical Research, where a dream of a friend's death has been followed by the receipt, next day, of the confirmatory news? Those dreams were, clearly, not "spirit messages," but instances of *my* "effect" — simple dreams associated merely with the coming personal experience of *reading the news.*

I had done nothing but suppose, in hopelessly unscientific fashion, for a week or more, and it seemed to me that I might as well complete my sinning. So I took a final wild leap to the wildest supposition of all.

Was it possible that these

phenomena were not abnormal, but *normal*?

That dreams — dreams in general, all dreams, everybody's dreams — were composed of *images of past experience and images of future experience blended together in approximately equal proportions?*

That the universe was, after all, really stretched out in Time, and that the lopsided view we had of it — a view with the "future" part unaccountably missing, cut off from the growing "past" part by a travelling "present moment" — was due to a purely mentally imposed barrier which existed only when we were awake? So that, in reality, the associational network stretched, not merely this way and that way in Space, but also backwards and forwards in Time; and the dreamer's attention, following in natural unhindered fashion the easiest pathway among the ramifications, would be continually crossing and recrossing that properly non-existent equator which we, waking, ruled quite arbitrarily athwart the whole.

The foregoing supposition was not, be it noted, perceived as a possible *explanation*. The mixture in the order of actual experience — viz., dream, memory of dream, corresponding waking impression, and memory thereof — would still have to be accounted for. But it would put the problem on an entirely different footing. There

would be no longer any question as to why a man should be able to observe his own future mental states; that would be normal and habitual. On the contrary, the initial puzzle would be: What was the *barrier* which, in certain circumstances, debarred him from the proper and comprehensive view?

All this was seen in, so to say, a single flash of thought, almost too rapid for analysis.

It was rejected with even greater swiftness. For it was absolutely inconceivable that a thing of this sort, if true, could have managed to escape, through all these centuries, universal perception and recognition.

A LITTLE later on, however, I saw that this abrupt recoil had been illogical. For the whole supposition had been based, of course, upon the earlier hypothesis that any general recollection of these images was rendered difficult by the species of inhibition which had prevented my friend from associating his waking experience of the explosion with his previous dream. No memory is ever aroused unless there is some associated idea which revives it, and if that association misses fire, there can be no recall.

Dreams, moreover, are mostly about trivial things — things which happen every day of one's life. Such a dream, even if it

were, in actual fact, related to tomorrow's event, would naturally be attributed to yesterday's similar incident. Then, again, nine-tenths of all dreams are completely forgotten within five seconds of waking, and the few which survive rarely outlast the operation of shaving. Even a dream which has been recalled and mentally noted is generally forgotten by the afternoon. Add to this the before-mentioned partial mental ban upon the requisite association; add to that an unconscious, matter-of-fact assumption of impossibility; and it becomes quite probable that it would be only a very few of the more striking, more detailed, and (possibly) more emotional incidents which would ever be noticed at all. These, moreover, would be attributed to telepathy or to "spirit messages," or even to anything which, though insane in other respects, could, at least, be expressed in the conventional terms of a single, absolute, one-dimensional Time.

It was true, of course, that the theory of normality would take a lot of threshing out. But the alternative was the hypothesis of abnormality; and that meant, not merely abnormality in the sense of excess of, or deficiency in, some common quality of mind, but abnormality in a sense which was itself senseless. It is difficult to believe in the utterly meaningless.

Finally (and this is what attracted me most), the supposition of normality — of something inherent, not in this or that individual, but in Time itself — would mean, if correct, that, if only one could devise an experiment which would overcome the *two initial difficulties of remembering and associating*, the thing might prove to be directly observable by a very large number of people, including the present reader.

The arrangement of that experiment was, clearly, the first step. Explanation could come (and, as will be seen, did come) later.*

It was not until the following winter that I could bring myself to take the normality hypothesis seriously enough to put it to the test. Then, with many misgivings, and practically no hope of success, I began the first essential experiment, upon myself. I knew, of course, that I had these dreams occasionally; but only at intervals of sometimes a year or more. According to the new theory, however, I should be having similar

* *Author's note.* The following instructions are, one and all, of extreme importance. Indeed, it may safely be said that, unless the reader follows them in every detail, he will be reducing his chances of getting results almost to vanishing point. He should bear in mind that while millions of persons remember some of their dreams, and hundreds have written them down, yet not one in a thousand through all the past centuries seems to have *noticed* that he dreams of the future. Obviously, then, it will be useless for him to experiment upon any old-fashioned lines — some entirely novel technique is required. That technique is explained here.

dreams throughout all these intervals, unknown to myself.

As a rule, on nine mornings out of ten, I have no recollection of having dreamed at all. That, however, did not greatly trouble me. Many people, I knew, were genuinely convinced that they never dreamed; but, from experiments I had made, I was satisfied that "dreamless sleep" is an illusion of memory. What happens is that one forgets the dreams at the very instant of waking. I myself have remembered, some days later, a dream which had occurred when I was under an anaesthetic, although, during the intervening interval, I had believed myself to have been, at the time, in a state of complete unconsciousness.

My starting-point, then, was a belief in the possibility of recalling a fraction of the lost dreams of these apparently blank nights of mine. Now, according to the new hypothesis, that fraction could contain images of both past and future events. *It was probable that the majority of such images would not be distinct and separate, but, on the contrary, so blended and intermingled that the components would not be distinguishable as belonging to any special waking event.* But just as one can, occasionally, clearly identify one part of such a blend of images as relating to a particular past event, so should one be able, on occasion, to identify an element

in the blend as pertaining to a particular future occurrence. The point was (and this is an important point) that one must not expect ever to come upon a complete idea or scene which related *wholly* to the future. As an example of what I mean, the reader may turn back to the dream of a horse. There, the greater part of the dream related to the future; but the general *appearance* of the horse, and that of the fields and railings, were, to the best of my belief, details collected from past experience.

The dream, if recalled, would preferably be written down so as to make the remainder of the experiment a matter of comparison between two hard, material facts — the record and the waking event. And, to facilitate subsequent analysis of the dream-images, these would best be described with as much detail as possible. A short record, full of detail, would be of more value than a long one drafted in vaguer terms.

But there was an even more cogent reason why amplitude of detail would be essential. A long dream contains a great many images, and a long day a great many impressions. By the ordinary laws of chance some of these would be bound to fit, if the experiment were sufficiently extended. Hence corroborative detail would have to be the crucial



test. For example, the dream of a pile of coins on a book, followed next day by the observation of a pile of coins in such a position, would be of the class of coincidence which would be bound to occur in any case. What would be required would be something more in the nature of a pile of *sixpences upsetting off a red book*, followed by such a waking experience. (The rest of the scene of such a dream — the table and the room and the cause of the mishap — would probably be entirely different; but that would not matter.) The point was that nothing should be accepted as relating clearly to the future which did not contain the ele-

ments of what a racing man would call a "double event."

The next thing to be considered was the necessity of a time limit. Obviously, even a dream of a pile of sixpences upsetting off a red book would be likely to be matched by a similar waking experience, if one allowed oneself the whole of one's life in which to look for the matching. A bank clerk might even find fulfilment in a fortnight. I decided that two days should be the accepted limit; *but that this might be extended in ratio to the oddity and unusualness of the incident*. That would be a matter for judgment. My dream of the bombardment of Lowestoft, for instance, occurred a year or so

before the event; and I have had one clear case — to be described later — of a dream-image relating beyond all possibility of doubt to an event which happened some twenty years later.

Since, then, the possibility of satisfactory identification would depend mainly upon unusualness in the incident, the worst time to choose for the experiment would be the period when one was leading a dull life with each day exactly like the last. But in such circumstances a visit to a theatre or to a cinema might well prove a useful auxiliary to the experiment. (That, I may say now, is an invaluable tip.) Also, one might expect to get dreams of novels one was going to read. (I may add here that one does, as a matter of fact, get some of one's best results that way.) But, speaking generally, it would be best to select nights preceding a journey or some other expected break in the monotony of circumstances.

Another factor would be evidently the *number* of the results achieved. Satisfaction might be obtained either from the previous dreaming of a single, very unusual incident; or equally well from the previous dreaming of several fairly unusual events, any one of which results, had it been the only one, might justly have been attributed to rather exceptional coincidence. So it was decided that all results of the singly decisive kind should

be marked with a+; and that results which, though nearly decisive, required the backing of other similar results, should be marked with a sort of hot-cross-bun, thus: ⊕

The foregoing describes the conditions I laid down for the test, and also the nature of the difficulties I was prepared to encounter. And encounter these I did, in abundance. But there were two which I did not foresee.

The dreaming mind is a master-hand at tacking false interpretations on to everything it perceives. For this reason, the record of the dream should describe as separate facts, (a) the actual appearance of what is seen and (b) the interpretation given to that appearance.

For example: during one of the days of the test I happened to be blowing a wood fire with a pair of bellows, and, in so doing, I brought the nozzle of the instrument into contact with the red-hot surface (facing me) of a large log. I do not know whether the reader has ever done this; but the effect is most startling, not to say alarming. A dense shower of very brilliant sparks — a regular Crystal Palace firework display — leaps from the fire straight into your face and goes streaming past your ears, causing you to jump back for fear of being blinded. But there appears to be no heat in these sparks — at any rate, no holes are burned in your clothes.

The experience is a most striking and unusual one; and, as it happened, precisely such a shower of sparks had flown past my ears in a dream during the previous night. But I had omitted to record the immediate dream-impression, which was simply that of a shower of little sparks, and had written down, instead, the explanation I had *subsequently* attached to that shower — viz., that a crowd of persons who happened to be present in the dream had been throwing cigarette ends. Both aspects of the dream-incident should have been recorded: first, the image seen, and then the interpretation attached thereto. This should be done throughout all the records.

The second difficulty is one which demands careful attention. For it was here, at last, that I found the thing I had been looking for — the reason why this curious feature in the character of temporal experience has managed, through all these centuries, to escape universal observation.

The waking mind refuses point-blank to accept the association between the dream and the subsequent event. For it, this association is the *wrong way round*, and no sooner does it make itself perceived than it is instantly rejected. The intellectual revolt is automatic and extremely powerful. Even when confronted with the indisputable evidence of the written record,

one jumps at any excuse to avoid recognition. One excuse which is nearly always seized is the dissimilarity of the adjacent parts of the scene, or the fact that there are parts in the “integration” which do *not* fit the incident; matters which do not, of course, in the least affect the fact that there are parts of the scene or integration which *do* fit with the required degree of exactitude.

The result is that on reading over the record at the end of the succeeding day (or two days), one is apt to read straight on through the very thing one is looking for, without even noticing its connection with the waking incident. The reading should therefore be done slowly, with frequent pauses for consideration and for comparison with the day’s events. In the cases of nearly all the results I am going to relate, the connection was, at first, only half glimpsed, *was then immediately rejected*, and was finally accepted only on account of the accumulating weight of the previously unnoticed points of corroborative detail.

The simplest way to avoid this initial failure to notice is to pretend to yourself that the records you are about to read are those of dreams which you are going to have during the coming night; and then to look for events in the past day which might legitimately be regarded as the causes of those dreams. This is not unfair. It is

only a device to enable you to notice; not a device to assist you to judge. That you do later, concerning yourself then solely with the corroborative details, and giving no thought to the Time order.

THE dodge for recalling the forgotten dreams is quite simple. A notebook and pencil are kept under the pillow, and, *immediately* on waking, before you even open your eyes, you set yourself to remember the rapidly vanishing dream. As a rule, a single incident is all that you can recall, and this appears so dim and small and isolated that you doubt the value of noting it down. Do not, however, attempt to remember anything more, but *fix your attention on that single incident, and try to remember its details*. Like a flash, a large section of the dream in which that incident occurred comes back. What is more important, however, is that, with that section, there usually comes into view an isolated incident from a previous dream. Get hold of as many of these isolated incidents as you can, neglecting temporarily the rest of the dreams of which they formed part. Then jot down these incidents in your notebook as shortly as possible; a word or two for each should suffice.

Now take incident number one. Concentrate upon it until you have recovered part of the dream

story associated therewith, and write down the briefest possible outline of that story. Do the same in turn with the other incidents you have noted. Finally, take the abbreviated record thus made and write it out in full. Note *details*, as many as possible. *Be specially careful to do this wherever the incident is one which, if it were to happen in real life, would seem unusual; for it is in connection with events of this kind that your evidence is most likely to be obtained.*

Until you have completed your record, do not allow yourself to think of anything else.

Do not attempt merely to remember. Write the dream down. Waking in the middle of the night, I have several times carefully memorized my preceding dreams. But, no matter how certain I have been that those memories were firmly fixed, I have never found one shred of them remaining in the morning. Even dreams which I have memorized just before getting up, and rememorized while dressing, have nearly always vanished by the end of breakfast.

It will be impossible, of course, for you to write down *all* the detail. To describe the appearance of a single dream-character completely would keep you busy for ten minutes. But write down the general detail, and *all uncommon detail*. Memorize the remainder by reading through your final

record and attentively revisualizing each picture described therein; so that, should one of these unwritten details subsequently prove important, you can be satisfied that you are not then recalling it for the first time.

If, on waking, you are convinced that you have not dreamed at all, and cannot recall a single detail, stop trying to recollect the dream, and concentrate, instead, on remembering what you were

thinking when you first awoke. On recalling that thought, you will find that it was consequent on a dream, and this dream will immediately begin to return.

Read your records over from their beginning at the end of each day of the experiment.

(In the concluding installment of Mr. Dunne's book, to be published next month, will be told the fantastic results of his "Experiment With Time." — Editor).



THE LOST PURSE

MRS. H. C. McCARTY would like to solve the mystery of her wandering purse. As she was leaving a church in Tulsa, Okla., one afternoon this past spring, after attending a funeral, she slipped the strap of her purse over her arm. She walked to her home a few blocks away but when she arrived at the house her purse was gone.

About three hours later a woman called Mrs. McCarty on the tele-

phone and told her that she had the purse. She had found it hanging by its strap on the license plate of her automobile. Inquiries revealed that at no time in her driving was the lady in the car within three blocks of the church or within one block of the path Mrs. McCarty took from the church to her home.

Everything in the purse — including some money — had been left undisturbed.



COINCIDENCE WAS THE CLIMAX

WHEN Rover, the pet dog of two-year-old Jackie Clegg, ran away from his home in Oldham, England, he was picked up by the dog-catcher. On the day he was headed for the gas chamber, the manager of a theatrical company called the pound and asked permission to borrow a dog for a few days. Rover got the job. Jackie's mother went to the last performance of the play, recognized Rover, and went backstage to claim him after the curtain went down on his brief theatrical career.

REPORT FROM THE READERS

More Saucers

At 1:30 a.m. on May 9, three British government scientists on the Malvern Hills, located in the western part of the Severn Valley, Eng., saw a bluish-green bubble-like sphere with a misty green halo sweep across the skies at a height of 2,500 feet and at an estimated 600 m.p.h. and vanish behind the hills toward central Wales. It was no aircraft, meteor, or skyhook. Its shape is said to have been circular, with an inner circle apparently seven yards in diameter and a halo 10 yards in diameter. Both circles emitted a phosphorescent glow.

The sphere moved parallel with the earth's surface, seemingly under some controlling force, but was noiseless. What it was no official scientist will hazard a guess. At least five other people saw it there.

This is the first saucer story reported *here* this year.

In the Ilha dos Amores region of Barra da Tijuca, in the same month of May, two Brazilian newspaper cameramen photographed a saucer with a cupola or dome at the center. About 15

months back a saucer was seen in the U.S.A. with a device like a ray projector on top of such a cupola. As usual it was soundless and traveled at very high speed. Apparently such craft possess some type of magnetic propulsion unknown to us. — *Harold T. Wilkins, Bexleyheath, Kent, Eng.*

On May 16, at about 3:30 p.m., standard time, I was starting out to go to the post office to get my mail when I heard the sound of an airplane. Looking up, I saw a strange-looking craft. It had no wings or tail, just the solid body part. It moved like an ordinary plane, in a straight line, not too fast, going north to south. It did not sound very loud.

I couldn't judge the height but it was a clear, sunny day and I had a good view of the object. It was not round but elliptical in shape. As to the color, I can only say that it was very bright.

It did not disappear behind the valley hills as the other planes I have seen but disappeared in or against the sky. — *Mrs. Ellen Beers, Remote, Ore.*

The Case of The Correctly Addressed Letter

While living in Walla Walla, Wash, a couple of years ago I had what I thought was a fairly good advertising idea which might be admirably suited for use by a luggage manufacturing firm in

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Racine, Wis. I then sat down at my typewriter and wrote a letter to my brother and his wife, in Des Moines, Wash.

After a few days, I talked with my mother from the office and she said my letter had been sent to Racine, Wis. Naturally, I supposed that I had mistakenly addressed it to that city. When I reached home, you may imagine my surprise to see that the envelope was correctly addressed (by typewriter) to Des Moines, Wash. Across one corner, rubber stamped, was the statement — "Missent to Racine, Wis.!" The power of thought? — *C. Moore, Eugene, Ore.*

I Know Because I Was There

C. W. Norver takes exception to your excerpt from Sherwood Eddy's book, "You Will Survive After Death." I read that book with great enjoyment as both Rev. Ford and Dr. MacBeth are my friends. Nothing Sherwood Eddy said was an exaggeration in any way. — *Mrs. Ivadale Brown Davis, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.*

Projection on the Platform

Someone may be able to explain the very odd experience I had one night in the spring of 1937. That evening I went from my home in Chicago to give a Baha'i talk in Milwaukee, Wis.

While I was on the dais speaking I suddenly felt very very

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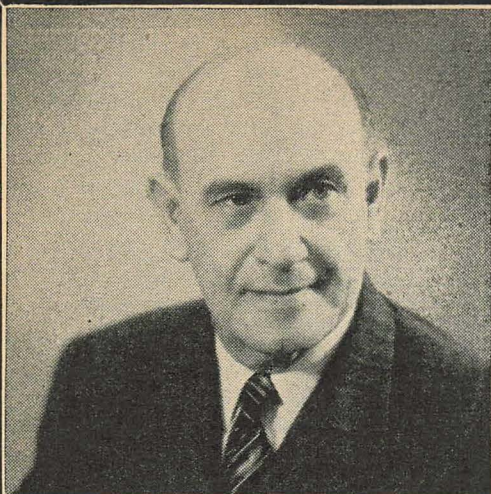
queer. Although I was perfectly conscious that I was addressing an audience and could feel, *physically* that my mouth was opening and closing, I could not for what seemed some minutes *hear* a word that I said nor could I comprehend it mentally. The audience gave no signs of noticing anything out of the ordinary. Then, just as suddenly, I found that I could again hear myself talking.

After the meeting I remarked to some friends taking me down to the interurban station that I had had an unusual experience that evening while speaking. Before I could explain what had happened to me one of them spoke up and said, "Yes, you left your body. I saw you suspended in mid-air and you were addressing us from up there for several minutes. Then you returned to your body. There was no break in your speech either when you left your body or when you returned to it."

She added that she was not given to psychic experiences of that nature—had never seen anything like that before. As for me, never before nor since have I undergone such a queer transformation. I can never forget it.
—Mrs. Dio L. Atkins, Omaha, Neb.

Sound of Rushing Water

While thumbing through the July-August issue of **FATE**, I came



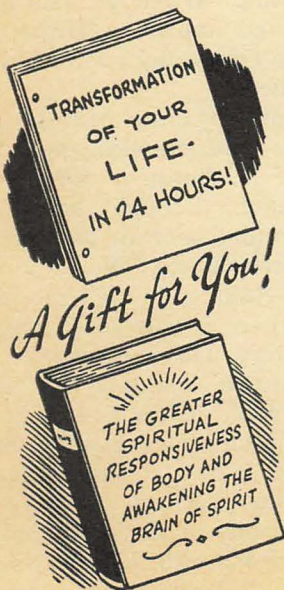
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across the report of running water in the home of Martin and Emma Lurtz. Perhaps the Lurtzes will be interested to know that someone else has the same problem.

The buildings here on the air base originally were barracks, but recently they were converted into apartment buildings to house families of men stationed here. In this one there are four apartments, three of which are occupied. One night Major Hanson, who lives in a downstairs apartment, came over to ask my father to help locate some running water. The three of us conducted a hasty tour through all four apartments, trying to find the water. When we failed, we searched more carefully but couldn't find any running water anywhere.

Finally my father pried up some boards and crawled under the house. A thorough search with the aid of a flashlight showed that the ground beneath the building was perfectly dry. We could hear water rushing through the pipes, but where it was going remains a mystery. There was water coming into the building, but as far as we could tell, none leaving it.

For 5 days the water continued to run. Where it was going, we don't know. There is no sign of a leak in any of the pipes and the ground beneath the building is still dry. Perhaps someone can solve the mystery for us — we cer-

tainly can't! — *Marian Cox, Sioux City, Iowa.*

Bloody Warning

I was startled to read the story of Mrs. J. K. Bolles of Mission, Kans., where she states three drops of blood are a warning in her family. I have often heard my mother tell how my grandmother, Rachael Hoke, was sewing on a quilt with several ladies when suddenly she saw three drops of blood on the back of her hand.

She turned white as a sheet and said, "My mother's dead!" A telegram later verified this. She was in Ohio and her mother in Pennsylvania when the warning came. — *Mrs. Rachael Walsh, Columbus, O.*

Cult of the White Goddess

In reference to Paul Vest's article in the July-August issue, titled "Ishtar, Goddess of Love," I feel I really must enter a small protest, although I generally enjoy FATE.

Most of the articles in FATE are well documented and accurate and to a certain extent, the article by Vest is also accurate. However, it is possible to create a false statement by telling only part of the truth. Mr. Vest's article is evidently culled from sources whose surface treatment of the myths of the White Goddess

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gives a false impression of the whole truth. One would not expect a person writing in a modern magazine to give an entirely favorable picture of the cult of the Goddess, for obvious reasons; but it would be better if a fair picture could be given.

One source to which your readers could refer would be Robert Graves' "White Goddess", a very much under-appreciated work. Other sources are not available to the general public, and have not been since the beginning of the Christian era. Nevertheless, such sources exist.

The cult of the Great Goddess is still very much alive in the world, and will doubtless always continue to be so, since it is not based on sex alone any more than Freud's work is. Yet the layman continues to believe that Freudian analysis is "just sex." On reading the article by Mr. Vest the average layman will doubtless say the same thing about the cult of the Goddess. — *David V. Stanley, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

The Other Side of The Bible

The Bible does not "prove spiritualism" as per Dr. Chesney's article in your July-August number. The Bible merely establishes the existence of spirits. In fact the book, together with the Roman Catholic Church, is deeply opposed to spiritualism.

Here are a few quotations that

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the "kindly old priest" overlooked:

"And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? For the living to the dead." Isaiah 8:19.

"For the living know that they shall die; but the dead know not anything. . . . neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun." Ecc. 9:5, 6.

"Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after the wizards to be defiled by them; I am the Lord your God." Lev. 19:31.

"And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go a whoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and cut him off from among his people." Lev. 20:6.

I know your space is limited and therefore refrain from adding more (although there is plenty more); but there is a vast difference between the "spontaneous manifestations" such as we find in certain "haunted spots" and the "mechanical manifestations" such as are produced at a seance. Some of the former are probably explainable by perfectly natural laws which we do not understand

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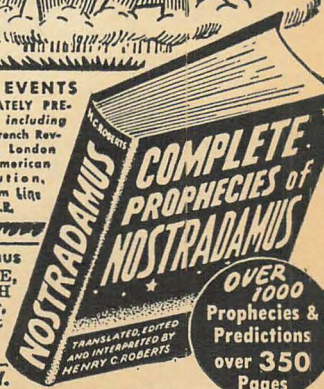
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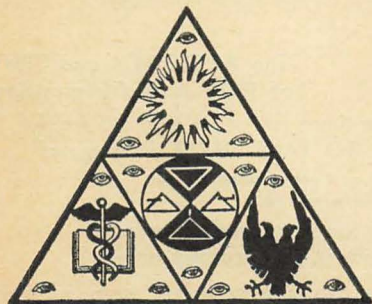
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as yet. The others are forbidden.

After a long life of psychological research I cannot but wonder why some of these theories are not advanced in a magazine such as yours. Certainly it would do well for the public to know the difference between what we call a "ghost" and a "spirit." —*Rev. Smith, D.D. Litt.D., Michigantown, Ind.*

Views on the Aura

In regard to the article "New Light on the Aura" in the February-March issue, I feel compelled to clarify the gropings of the poor professors who attempted to investigate the aura in the only manner they could conceive of — a scientific one.

As a student of Yoga philosophy, I have been taught that the aura is an egg-shaped cloud or mist extending two to three feet from the subject's body. It does not terminate abruptly but gradually fades. Neither is there any "inner" or "outer" aura as the good doctors allegedly discovered.

The auric colors express the person's thoughts or emotions at the moment. The developed psychic can read a person's thoughts at will once he understands the meaning of the auric colors. I fear that the investigators of the subject entered the psychic plane through the wrong door, as it were, and the aura appeared sil-

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ver-gray or bluish-gray to them because they relied on mechanical means instead of their latent psychic endowments, which we all possess but few have developed.

The aura's changing color at the will of the subject, a mistaken interpretation, was merely the changing of the individual's thoughts or emotions. The aura is more readily visible against a dark background in the presence of a diffused light, or in a dimly-lit room with the subject standing in front of a low wattage light near the floor. — *Bill Tuning, Santa Barbara, Calif.*

Wants Stories on Healing

May I compliment the staff of FATE for publishing a most interesting and very helpful magazine?

I am an active student in the field of metaphysics and so I am naturally interested in anything pertaining to truth. The fact that you keep the articles free from personal opinion, thus not influencing the reader, stimulates thinking on his part, which in itself is wholesome and commendable.

Despite the otherwise great variety of subjects, I have found myself wishing to be able to read some outstanding accounts of healings. In particular I was thinking of healings of cancer, the disease that seems to respond readily to prayer, while medical

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science seems to have a hard time.

Thus the very enlightening article by Paul Ellsworth in the June issue, "The Law of Miracles," was especially interesting to me. I hope it will encourage your contributors to send in experiences on other healings of this nature. In this way your wonderful magazine could serve many, who otherwise would be forced to give up in despair. — Oskar Mayr, Detroit, Mich.

Read the article on Edgar Cayce in December FATE — Ed.

Cover Controversy

It is quite true what readers say in reference to the covers of FATE Magazine. I read frequently on the busses and crowded streetcars but never again will I read FATE in public. One drunk leaned over a couple of passengers and whistled at "Ishtar — Goddess of Love." — Virginia Vasich, Baltimore, Md.

I have received the July-August issue. When I drew the magazine from its cover I exclaimed "Goodness Gracious! If I had known it was that type of publication I would never have allowed Penkaet to appear in it." I resolved to hide my indiscretion from the rest of the family.

I was agreeably surprised by the contents and I thought one of the articles would interest one of my sons who is a rather promi-

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ment scientist. However, I decided not to risk his scathing comments on the cover. One realizes that British taste is less daring than that of America. . . . Apart from the cover I enjoy your periodical. — *Mrs. C. S. Holbourn, Scotland.*

I do not like FATE covers. I, too, find myself hiding the cover of the magazine so others will not make disparaging remarks about my choice of reading material. I find the contents of the magazine as a whole very interesting. My feeling has always been that the people who would buy your magazine because of the cover wouldn't be the least bit interested in what is inside. — *Arline Sullivan, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Like many others, I think FATE's covers run a poor second to the contents of the magazine. — *Lee Morrow, San Diego, Calif.*

My husband and I heartily agree with readers who find the garish cover distasteful. FATE is too fine a magazine to have its contents misjudged, and interpreted as containing sexy trash because of such a cover. — *Trudy Wesley, Los Gatos, Calif.*

I frankly agree with the criticism. . . . The artistry, I admit, is fine — for some other type magazine. I am not a prude. I don't

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look for things to rant about, but I squirm when I go to buy FATE Magazine and hope and pray the newsstand man is looking the other way. I, like Walter Sobel of Los Angeles, quietly rip off the covers and destroy them. — *Gladys Mason Childes, Lincolnton, N. C.*

A word from the opposition

I have been reading FATE since it's been on the newsstands and can find nothing wrong with the covers. Thank you for reading this letter. It's my first to an editor. — *C. M. Parsell, Astoria, Ore.*

Although many people complain about the sometimes weird and loud covers I and my family read your book regularly. We do not think your covers are cheap but I have noticed in newsstands that your book is usually among the trash that different science fiction magazines sell. I wish there was a solution but I can't imagine one. — *A/SC Ronald J. Settle, Phoenix, Ariz.*

I think your covers are excellent.

Don't pay too much attention to the few critical puritans who can't appreciate your beautiful covers. Your artist is very good. You do have to have catchy covers to attract attention at the newsstands. These must be beautiful and flashy.

Why don't you have a beautiful Zodiac on your cover sometime? So what if the public thinks it is an astrology magazine. Maybe you will get some new readers. And once they read your little magazine, they will keep getting it. Like I did. — *Name withheld, Santa Monica, Calif.*

I get a charge out of the jokers writing to FATE and complaining that the magazine's covers are too flashy! I've been reading your magazine for a year now. FATE looks a bit different and it was thus I bought my first copy. You can't please everybody, you know! *S/Sgt. Arthur K. Kingston, Camp Carson, Colo.*

The first time that I read FATE I was attracted to it by a picture of a Buddha on the front cover. Have read every copy since. You have my vote to continue the same line of covers. — *A. L. Lloyd, Tulsa, Okla.*

All of which proves that tastes differ and it takes all kinds of people to make a world. In future covers we are going to try to please everybody, and if we fail, remember that we're still trying. To the hundreds who wrote us, thank you. And to those who suggested cover ideas that we may use in the future — if we do use them you'll be hearing from us. — R. N. W.

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