

TRUE STORIES OF THE STRANGE AND THE UNKNOWN

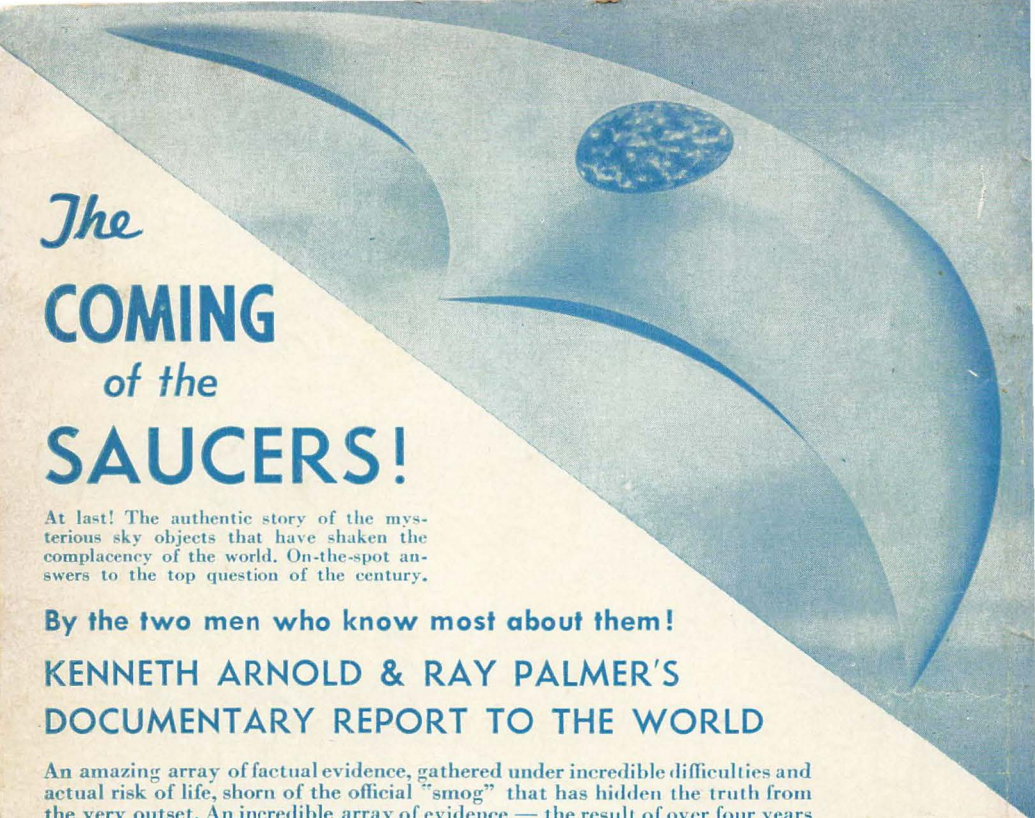
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I See by the Papers...

THIS is perhaps the most exciting column I have written, it seems to me, and I hope you will agree. I don't recall any previous period in which so many unusual stories were waiting to be told. In case you wonder where most of them come from, they are sent in by you readers, and though I can't always thank you in the column I want you to know how much I appreciate your thoughtfulness in mailing me your clippings. It helps much, of course, if you remember to include your name and address — and the name and date of the newspaper or magazine from which the clipping comes.



More Strange Cremations

YOU probably all remember Mary Fuller's sensational story about Mrs. Mary Hardy Reeser, who burned to death in a mysterious fire in St. Petersburg, Fla., July 2, 1951. The skull (which had shrunk to the size of a teacup), a small section of backbone and a piece of the left foot were all that remained of Mrs.



Reeser's body when it was found about nine hours after she had last been seen. Yet except for the chair on which Mrs. Reeser was sitting, a small burned spot on the rug, soot on the walls and melted plastic light switches, there was hardly any evidence of a fire in the apartment. Beyond the tiny burned spot, the rest of the rug was not even scorched. The FBI studied Mrs. Reeser's remains and found no trace of any chemical or fluid in the ashes. . . .

Exactly one year after Mrs. Reeser's death, a checkup revealed that the case was as baffling as ever.

But now we should like to tell you about two similar cases, equally strange, which occurred this past summer.

• In Wallace, Ida., in the early morning of June 30, an unidentified man was burned to death in a mysterious fire that gutted the interior of an automobile. The car bore Montana license plates and was found overturned. The gas tank did not explode or burn nor did the engine catch fire. Yet the interior of the car was destroyed and the man's body was burned almost beyond recognition. Police officers could not imagine how the fire had started — or how it could continue without burning engine or gasoline.

• In Ottawa, Ill., William Lambert, 77, died on Tuesday, July 15, of a heart ailment. His body was taken to an Ottawa funeral parlor and placed in a casket. The next day the casket was found aflame. Fire Chief Emmett Burke investigated and found no cause. There were no electrical wires or faulty equipment that could have started the fire, Burke said. Part of the casket was burned and Lamberts' body was destroyed.

Perhaps you have an answer?



Voice In The Chimney

DOWN in Morganton, N. C., according to the *Charlotte Observer*, scores of visitors flocked into the home of Pap Caldwell, a local colored man, to hear the famous "talking chimney".

Pap Caldwell's chimney is just an ordinary chimney which theoretically has the ability to pick up and amplify voices and other sounds from a mile away.

The chimney has repeated the angry voice of a man "raising heck" with his wife — from somewhere far away. A news reporter checked the chimney and heard, among other things, a traffic officer directing traffic in downtown Morganton, a mile away. Sound experts and radio men have examined the chimney and are baffled.

Last year Pap charged a fee for persons to listen to his chimney. This year there's no charge but Pap will accept a contribution if any one cares to make one.

Surprising thing to us is that despite all the "scientific investigations" which have produced no solution, no one has investigated Pap's house for poltergeist phenomena.



Profitable Hypnotism

FROM the Austria-Italy border via *Prediction* comes a strange tale of hypnotism. Officials have been concerned about increased smuggling activities. Searches and intelligence work produced nothing. At last a border inspector halted a prominent business man. He made no objection to being searched and seemed as amazed

as anyone when a packet of gold and dollars was found in his luggage.

By good fortune an American psychiatrist witnessed the search. He took the inspector to one side and told him that the industrialist appeared to be in an abnormal mental state. "He is certainly hypnotized," declared the physician.

The industrialist was allowed to go free. But he was followed. At midnight he left his hotel — still obviously hypnotized — and led his shadows to a secret hoard in an empty house. The police were able to track down the hypnotist who had used many respectable people as his dupes.



The Dancing Light

FOR the past half-century persons around Hebron, Md., have reported periodically seeing a weird ball of light that glows like an automobile headlight but dances about and vanishes before anyone can approach it. Hundreds of persons have seen it.

In July, Lieut. C. C. Serman, commander of the state police barracks at nearby Salisbury, saw the light when he was called to the scene on Church Street, about a mile west of Hebron near Route 50. With Serman was Trooper Robert W. Burkhardt who had

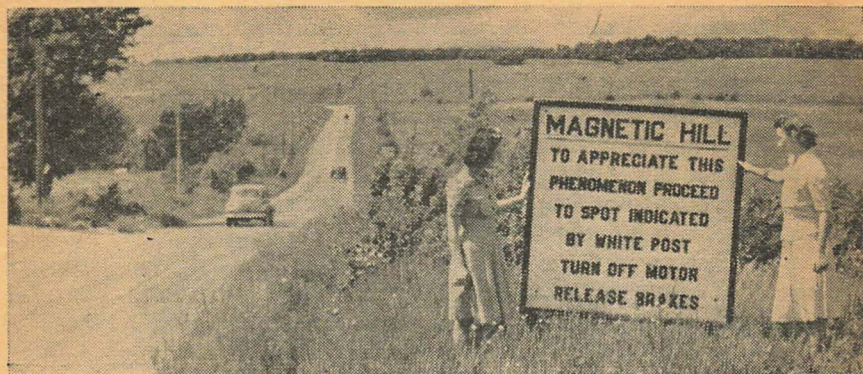
seen the light on several other occasions.

"It's about the size of a wash basin, the same height as an automobile headlamp and about the same intensity," Lieutenant Serman declared. The light danced around the wooded road, bounced into the wood on one side, and crossed into a nearby field. Troopers tried to converge on the light but it disappeared. Search of the woods reveals no evidence of pranksters.

Trooper Burkhardt says the light is yellow. When he was about 150 feet from it it began to fade. "It was just like a neon tube when you turn it out," he said. "It faded slowly into a reddish glow which finally went out."

Burkhardt had a shock while he was sitting in the dark trying to figure out the puzzle. He glanced into his rear view mirror and there was the light, coming up from behind him. He jumped out of the car and began walking rapidly toward it. Again it faded out.

A few days later Burkhardt and Trooper First Class Edward H. Bracey parked their car near the spot and waited. At 9:48 p.m. the light appeared. The two troopers pursued it over the sandy road for half a mile. Then it veered into an adjacent field, picked up speed and appeared to be moving as fast as 50 m.p.h. It did not bounce, but moved in a



Canadian National Railways

If you drive your car down this hill near Moncton, N. B., Canada, and stop to admire the scenery, you will quickly coast back to the top. Reason: the "hill" is an optical illusion and the true slope actually runs in the other direction.

straight line, always maintaining the same distance over the ground. Other troopers were called up by radio and they watched the light for two hours at various intervals. A storm came up but the light continued glowing throughout the storm.

"I only wish some scientist who understands such things would come out here and tell us what it is," Trooper Burkhardt said.



We Don't Believe It

WE RUN a risk in FATE in calling anything "silly" but here is a story that we must so classify. If I'm wrong I will gladly eat my words but in view of my own private researches into flying saucers I am bound to so consider

it. Yet, in the interests of trying to report anything that might be significant, I am also bound to give you the facts as they have come to me.

As far as I am concerned, it began early in July when an informant excitedly returned from a business trip to report that a young naval seaman of his acquaintance had definite information that a "little man" had been found alive in a flying saucer and was being kept in a pressure chamber (he did not say whether high or low pressure) by the Air Force. I promptly wrote the young man but had no answer.

Then on July 22, one of our loyal friends, E. R. Walker of Pueblo, Colo., dropped us a note to warn us to watch the papers for the same story. A few days later Mr. Walker sent us a startling

story from the *Pueblo Chieftain* and *Star-Journal*.

The story quoted a talk given by Joseph Rohrer, president of the Pikes Peak Broadcasting Co., to the same effect. Mr. Rohrer told the Pueblo Chamber of Commerce that a three-foot tall pilot of a flying saucer from another planet has been kept alive in an "incubator room" in California for two years and progress is being made in communicating with him. Dissection of two dead pilots from the craft, said Mr. Rohrer, discloses that the only basic difference in anatomy from humans is that their bone structure is heavier and their stomachs smaller.

The little man "has been shown pictures and has shown great interest in them and primary steps used in teaching a child to read and write are being employed," Rohrer declared. He also asserted he had himself been inside a flying saucer at a California Federal base in 1942, and that the mechanisms were giant flywheels covered with metal skins. He said the saucers are powered by electrostatic turbines and have cabins in the center. Through use of the flywheel, a magnetic field is created which permits the saucers to travel at tremendous speeds, Rohrer said.

We wonder why Mr. Rohrer alone has been privileged to give out this information. We remain

skeptical for a number of reasons but the most important single reason we have already mentioned in FATE and been criticized for by a number of readers.

That is that the chances are millions to one, in our opinion, that life does exist on other planets — but millions to one against it being a humanoid form. For other information about this subject, I refer you to my article on flying saucers in this same issue.



Pure Fiction

THIS reminds me of a fine science fiction story I recently read. The scene is laid on Earth millions of years in the future. As the story progresses it becomes obvious that a conversation is going on between scientists of the then dominant race on Earth, and that this race is a water-living fish-like race. They are excited because they have uncovered excavations of a previously dominant race upon Earth, whose writing they are unable to decipher. But it appears that this race did exist, was mammalian, and lived upon dry land. They have the strange hieroglyphics of this race to prove it. The name of the race is contained in these hieroglyphics — a short three-letter word. After a suitable build-up, the word is reproduced at the end of the story, though it still means nothing to

the fish who have made the discovery. The name is RAT!



Fourteen Years — Then Disaster?

PERHAPS you would like to mark this upon your calendar. It is the year 1966.

Thirteen years ago, on June 29, 1939, Halbert P. Gillette, a meteorologist, engineer and geologist, predicted that in that year the greatest drouth in 17 centuries would come. Gillette made his prediction before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and based it upon a study of varves — which are layers of sediment deposited in seas or lakes by the annual runoff of streams. His own computations go back to 2300 B.C. but he said they could be followed “for millions of years.”



The Story of Tomorrow

I WOULD like to call my readers' attention to a new magazine published quarterly in New York City. It is called *Tomorrow* and is published by Mrs. Eileen J. Garrett, one of the world's most famous mediums. In a sense *Tomorrow* is a continuation of the previous magazine of the same name also published by Mrs. Garrett. But the new *Tomorrow* is an “international digest of para-

psychology and occult science” whereas the old *Tomorrow* was essentially a general magazine of opinion.

I had lunch with Mrs. Garrett a few months ago in New York, before the magazine had appeared, and she is cooperating with FATE's editors in a psychometry experiment which you will read about when it is completed. Meanwhile, you can subscribe to *Tomorrow* by writing Mrs. Garrett care of Garrett Publications, 11 East 44th Street, New York 17, N. Y. Subscription rate is \$2 per year for four issues.



Poor Rooster

AN UNUSUAL poltergeist story comes to us from South Africa, whence a reader has sent us a clipping from the Johannesburg *Sunday Times*.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Groenewald and their 11-year-old son Pieter lived a life of terror between February and the middle of May, 1952. Reason was a “terrible thing” that tore the bedding off the beds, hurled cushions against the wall, moved the furniture and attacked Mrs. Groenewald. Unseen hands would slap her face, attempt to strangle her, and throw stones at her.

The Groenewalds called upon a Malay exorcist from Pretoria who had developed a reputation

as a "layer of ghosts". They returned to their house with the Malay, and when Mrs. Groenewald entered the house she was lifted bodily and hurled half way down the passage.

The Malay exorcist had her sit in a chair in the bedroom where the most violent manifestations had taken place, knelt beside her, lighted incense in a saucer, and muttered an incantation. When the room was heavy with smoke he called for a rooster, laid it at Mrs. Groenewald's feet, and muttered more incantations.

The rooster lay quiet on the

floor. Then it is reported to have given a convulsive jerk and crowed loudly.

"You are now free of your affliction," the Malay said. "The ghost is imprisoned in the rooster."

"We are a happy family once again," Mrs. Groenewald told the *Sunday Times* reporter.

Meanwhile, the rooster was penned in the chicken yard, its fate undecided.

We are curious to know what will happen if the Groenewald's decide to have it for Sunday dinner. — *Curtis Fuller*



THE SANDS RAN UP

Do you believe that the sands of life can turn and run back up when they have just about run down the hour glass? They can — or three-year-old Marilyn Yarnell would be dead.

The sands began to run down when Marilyn and her two-year-old brother Richard went to the cellar to play. Apparently she climbed on a chair to fasten a cowboy belt to a ceiling clothes line. She put her head in the noose and lost her balance.

Now the sands were running down very fast indeed. Then Richard, playing with a toy hammer, hit his finger. He screamed! His mother ran downstairs to find out why and found her daughter hanging.

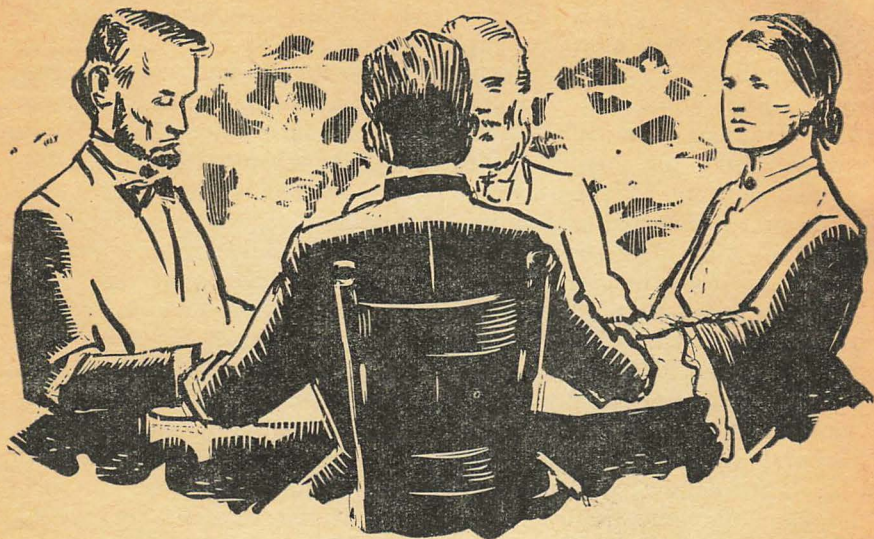
It took three tanks of oxygen and over an hour's work by firemen to

revive Marilyn. Something had made the sands start back up the hour glass again.

In Melbourne, Australia, an old Dutch chiming clock ticked away what might have been the last minutes in the lives of 19 people. Because the clock's ticking was 30 minutes fast the sands again ran back up.

John Noorbergen's mother called him at 5 o'clock to go to work instead of the usual 5:30. While he was eating his breakfast he saw flames coming from the laundry. He woke everyone in the apartment house.

Of course, it was the ticking of the clock that really saved the 19 lives — but what made it 30 minutes fast that particular morning? And what guided the hammer to Richard's finger? — *Sylvia Pridham*.



Spiritualism IN THE WHITE HOUSE



It was a critical time in the War Between the States. Abe Lincoln and Cabinet members gathered for an unusual seance . . .

Excerpted from an Old Book Called "Anecdotes, Poetry and Incidents."

A CORRESPONDENT in Washington, D. C., in the spring of 1863, told the following story:

"A few evenings since, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, was induced to give a spiritual soir ee in the crim-

son room at the White House, to test the wonderful, alleged supernatural powers of Mr. Charles E. Shockle. It was my good fortune, as a friend of the medium, to be present, the party consisting of the President, Mrs. Lincoln, Mr.

Welles, Mr. Stanton, Mr. L —, of New York, and Mr. F —, of Philadelphia. We took our seats in the circle about 8:00 p.m., but the President was called away shortly after the manifestations commenced and the spirits, which had apparently assembled to convince him of their power, gave visible tokens of their displeasure at the President's absence by pinching Mr. Stanton's ears and twitching Mr. Welles' beard.

"He soon returned but it was some time before harmony was restored, for the mishaps to the secretaries caused such bursts of laughter that the influence was very unpropitious. For some half hour the demonstrations were of a physical character — tables were moved and the picture of Henry Clay, which hangs on the wall, was swayed more than a foot, and two candelabras, presented by the Dey of Algiers to President Adams, were twice raised nearly to the ceiling.

"It was nearly 9:00 before Shackle was fully under spiritual influence; and so powerful were the subsequent manifestations that twice, during the evening, restoratives were applied, for he was much weakened; and though I took no notes I shall endeavor to give you as faithful an account as possible of what took place.

"Loud rappings, about 9:00, were heard directly beneath the President's feet and Mr. Shackle

stated that an Indian desired to communicate.

"'Well, sir,' said the President, 'I should be happy to hear what his Indian majesty has to say. We have recently had a visitation from our red brethren and it was the only delegation, black, white, or blue, which did not volunteer some advice about the war.'

"The medium then called for pencil and paper and they were laid upon the table in sight of all. A handkerchief was then taken from Mr. Stanton and the materials were carefully concealed from sight. In less space of time than it has required for me to write this, knocks were heard and the paper was uncovered. To the surprise of all present it read as follows:

"'Haste makes waste, but delays cause vexations. Give vitality by energy. Use every means to subdue. Proclamations are useless; make a bold front and fight the enemy; leave traitors at home to the care of loyal men. Less note of preparation, less parade and policy talk, and more action.

HENRY KNOX.'

"'That is not Indian talk, Mr. Shackle,' said the President. 'Who is Henry Knox?'

"I suggested to the medium to ask who General Knox was; and before the words were from my lips, the medium spoke in a strange voice, 'The first Secretary of War.'

“‘O, yes, General Knox,’ said the President who, turning to the Secretary, said: ‘Stanton, that message is for you; it is from your predecessor.’”

“Mr. Stanton made no reply.

“‘I should like to ask General Knox,’ said the President, ‘if it is within the scope of his ability, to tell us when this rebellion will be put down.’”

“In the same manner as before, this message was received:

“‘Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, Wilberforce, Napoleon, and myself have held frequent consultations on this point. There is something which our spiritual eyes cannot detect which appears well formed. Evil has come at times by removal of men from high positions, and there are those in retirement whose abilities should be made useful to hasten the end. Napoleon says, concentrate your forces upon one point; Lafayette thinks that the rebellion will die of exhaustion; Franklin sees the end approaching, as the South must give up for want of mechanical ability to compete against Northern mechanics. Wilberforce sees hope only in a Negro army. KNOX.’”

“‘Well,’ exclaimed the President, ‘opinions differ among the saints as well as among the sinners. They don’t seem to understand running the machines among the celestials much better than we do. Their talk and advice sound very

much like the talk of my cabinet — don’t you think so, Mr. Welles?’”

“‘Well, I don’t know — I will think the matter over, and see what conclusion to arrive at.’”

“Heavy raps were heard and the alphabet was called for, when, ‘That’s what’s the matter,’ was spelt out.

“There was a shout of laughter and Mr. Welles stroked his beard.

“‘That means, Mr. Welles,’ said the President, ‘that you are apt to be long-winded and think the nearest way home is the longest way round. Short cuts in war times. I wish the spirits could tell us how to catch the *Alabama*.’”

“The lights, which had been partially lowered, almost instantaneously became so dim that I could not see sufficiently to distinguish the features of any one in the room, and on the large mirror over the mantelpiece there appeared the most beautiful, though supernatural, picture ever beheld. It represented a sea view, the *Alabama* with all steam up, flying from the pursuit of another large steamer. Two merchantmen, in the distance, were seen, partially destroyed by fire. The picture changed and the *Alabama* was seen at anchor under the shadow of an English fort — from which an English flag was waving. The *Alabama* was floating idly, not a soul on board and no signs of life visible about her. The

picture vanished and in letters of purple appeared: 'The English people demanded this of England's aristocracy.'

"'So England is to seize the *Alabama*, finally,' said the President. 'It may be possible; but, Mr. Welles, don't let one gunboat or monitor less be built.'

"The spirits called for the alphabet, and again 'That's what's the matter,' was spelt out.

"'I see, I see,' said the President. 'Mother England thinks that what's sauce for the goose may be sauce for the gander. It may be tit-tat, too, hereafter. But it is not very complimentary to our navy, anyhow.'

"'We've done our best, Mr. President,' said Mr. Welles, 'I'm maturing a plan which, when perfected, I think, if it works well, will trap the *Alabama*.'

"'Well, Mr. Shockle,' remarked the President, 'I have seen strange things and heard rather odd remarks; but nothing which convinces me, except the pictures, that there is anything very heavenly about all this. I should like, if possible, to hear what Judge Douglas says about this war.'

"'I'll try to get his spirit,' said Mr. Shockle, 'but it sometimes happens, as it did tonight in the case of the Indian, that though first impressed by one spirit, I yield to another more powerful. If perfect silence is maintained I will see if we cannot

induce General Knox to send for Mr. Douglas.'

"Three raps were given, signifying assent to the proposition. Perfect silence was maintained and after an interval of perhaps three minutes Mr. Shockle rose quickly from his chair and stood up behind it, resting his left arm on the back, his right thrust into his bosom. In a voice, such as no one could mistake who had ever heard Mr. Douglas, he spoke.

"He urged the President to throw aside all advisers who hesitate about the policy to be pursued and to listen to the wishes of the people, who would sustain him at all points, if his aim was, as he believed it was, to restore the Union. He said there were Burrs and Blennerhassets living but that they would wither before the popular approval which would follow one or two victories such as he thought must take place ere long. The turning-point in this war will be the proper use of these victories. If wicked men, in the first hours of success, think it time to devote their attention to party the war will be prolonged; but if victory is followed up by energetic action all will be well.

"'I believe that,' said the President, 'whether it comes from spirit or human.'

"Mr. Shockle was much prostrated after this and at Mrs. Lincoln's request it was thought best to adjourn the seance."

THE ODYSSEY OF PATSY LI

By Rev. Frederic P. Gehring, C.M.



Patsy Li at Walsingham, with Rev. Gehring and Sister Constance, Principal.



What's in a name? To Patsy Li it meant being an orphan or not. Here is the amazing story of a modern miracle.



I LIKE TO THINK that God chose me as His instrument in performing a miraculous act of kindness, that night on bomb-torn Guadalcanal when I gave an unknown Chinese war-waif the name of Patsy Li.

A name is a simple and prosaic thing. Yet Patsy Li is living proof

that there are times when a name can be the most precious possession in the world. To Patsy a name meant all the difference between a South Pacific orphanage and a Virginia boarding school. I am humbly grateful for the part I was able to play in making this difference possible.

Henderson Field on Guadalcanal in January, 1943, was an unlikely place in which to encounter a little girl like Patsy Li. Japanese planes were making constant bombing raids and I seemed to spend as much time in a foxhole as I did in my tent. I was startled when, in the midst of battle one day, two Marines brought Patsy to me. It seemed that natives had found her back of the Japanese lines and had carried her in to our troops.

She was unconscious. There was a deep cut on her head, her arms and legs were slashed, and her olive skin was flushed with malarial fever. She appeared to be about six years old.

I placed her carefully on the cot in my tent and stood by as a Navy doctor and medical corpsman dressed and bandaged her wounds. Her eyes were open, yet she was not aware of us. What she must have gone through won our hearts, and that night we kept prayerful watch beside her as she twisted and turned with fever.

By morning her condition had improved. Her dark eyes cleared with returning consciousness, then grew wide at sight of our uniforms. Some association in her mind made her scream in terror and I felt certain that the Japanese were responsible for what had happened to her.

In the days that followed Patsy hovered between life and death.

She seemed more confident of us now, but she would tremble when I carried her into a foxhole during bombing raids. Her story — what there was of it then — had caught the sympathies of the soldiers on the field. Boys who had stood up under continuous air attacks with magnificent unconcern now became worried about Patsy. After each bomb burst they would hurl anxious questions at me about her safety.

While huddled in a foxhole one night a Marine told me: "She needs a name, Padre. What'll we call her?"

I had baptized a large number of orphans in China and after a moment I thought of a name that seemed to fit. "We'll call her Patsy Li," I said. "It means 'Little White Plum Blossom' and the Chinese go for a name like that."

I have wondered since why I chose that particular name. It may be that in Patsy's dark eyes God had written a message for me to read. And if so I am deeply thankful for having been able to glimpse that message and to act on it.

Patsy's wounds healed and her malaria diminished. She became my constant companion, skipping along beside me as I made my tours. She chattered tirelessly in what I learned later was Cantonese, a dialect which I, with a modest knowledge of different

forms of the Chinese tongue, did not understand. But this lack made no difference to us.

Patsy became the mascot of the Marines on Guadalcanal. She had gotten over her fear of their uniforms and was all smiles as the boys bounced her on their knees and patted her gleaming black hair. They made her little sarongs out of scraps of colored parachute silk and brought her gifts of fruit and flowers from the jungle. She picked up some of their slang, and "Hokay" became one of her favorite replies.

But war-periled Guadalcanal was no place for a little girl. I made arrangements for Patsy to stay with Pere Jean, a French missionary who ran a hospital on Espiritu Santo, an island 600 miles south. On the day we took off she went about with a grave face to make her farewells. The Marines were reluctant to see her go and delayed the moment of parting by stuffing presents of candy and cookies into her hands. I had to bundle her into the plane.

Patsy cried and clung to me when I left her with Pere Jean. I found parting no easier. With a lump in my throat, I kissed her and hurried back to the plane.

A few months later I saw Patsy again. She had been transferred to a Catholic orphanage on Efate in the New Hebrides. The sisters had won her affection and she was happy here. She hugged me hard

but did not cry when time came for me to leave.

Patsy's story does not end here but in a sense only begins. What followed verges on the incredible.

Foster Hailey, a war correspondent for the *New York Times*, wrote a piece about the unknown Chinese waif who had been adopted by the Marines on Guadalcanal. A New York cancer research worker named Katherine Li read the story and was struck by the name of the child. She could not overcome the feeling that Patsy Li was the daughter of her sister in Singapore, Mrs. Ruth Li — though there was every reason to believe that this Patsy Li of the same name had long since drowned.

Katherine Li wrote to her sister, who got in touch with Foster Hailey. He in turn wrote to me. I learned of one of those tragic little dramas that happen so often among the victims of war.

In February, 1942, Mrs. Ruth Li and her two daughters, Patsy, 6, and Lottie, 2, were among refugees on the *S. S. Kuala*. They were fleeing the Japanese advance on Singapore and were bound for Australia. Off the Netherlands East Indies the *S. S. Kuala* was bombed and sunk by Japanese planes. Mrs. Ruth Li, with her two daughters clutched in her arms, was among those who jumped overboard.

Mrs. Li could not retain her

hold on the two children and keep afloat. She managed to place Patsy on a piece of wreckage but before she could attend to Lottie's safety, she was drawn under by the waves and lost her grip on the child. When she came up and was pulled aboard a life raft, neither of the two children was to be seen. They had disappeared in the confusion. Picked up with other survivors by the Japanese, Mrs. Li was sent back to Singapore where she remained until the war ended, alone in her grief.

It was a fantastic idea that the Patsy Li of Guadalcanal and the Patsy Li who had vanished in the sinking of the *S. S. Kuala* could be one and the same. Guadalcanal was 3,000 miles from where the ship had gone down. And the name I had given the Guadalcanal Patsy Li was literally one that I had pulled out of the air.

I pointed out these facts in a letter to Mrs. Li and told her I simply could not see how Patsy could be her child. But the hope that burns in a mother's heart cannot be quenched by facts. Fighting her way through red tape, Mrs. Li journeyed to Efate. And here the wonderful climax took place. The Patsy who had been my chattering little companion on Guadalcanal and the Patsy who had been lost to Mrs. Li were the same person.

The sisters at the orphanage

related that mother and child recognized each other at once. They laughed and cried as they embraced. Patsy cupped her mother's face in her hands and squealed in sheer happiness.

How had Patsy managed to cross 3,000 miles of ocean to reach Guadalcanal? It seems that she was rescued by the Japanese and taken to the island by one of their camp women. But God had other plans for Patsy.

Patsy returned to Singapore with her mother, where she remained until December, 1950. Arrangements were then completed for her education in the United States, with Miss Eleanor Baumgardner of Washington, D. C., a Supreme Court secretary, acting as her legal guardian. Patsy made another long trip — this time one of 10,000 miles that ended at Walsingham Academy in Williamsburg, Va.

I was on hand to greet her and was proud to find that she had become quite a poised young lady. She had gained an excellent command of English while attending a Methodist school in Singapore. The eager grin she flashed me seemed to hold memories of the grim foxholes and the pleasant walks we had shared together in the difficult days on Guadalcanal.

Patsy adjusted herself remarkably to the life at Walsingham. And as time passed I had even

further reason to be proud of her. She averaged 95 in her marks and learned to play the piano very well. She was a great credit to the Academy and the work done by the sisters.

Patsy's ambition is to be a

research worker like her aunt, Katherine Li, and to "do good for people." Considering the kindly Providence that brought her safely through the dangers of oceans and bombs, there is every expectation that her hope will be fulfilled.



LAW AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

ONE of the most interesting court cases involving Christian Science was that of the Ft. Worth and Denver City Railway Co. vs. Travers, which was decided by the Texas Court of Civil Appeals in 1907. In this case the plaintiff brought suit to recover damages for his wife's personal injuries and mental suffering, caused by her expulsion from the defendant's train.

At the trial, the railway company's lawyer sought to cross-examine the plaintiff's wife to prove that she was a Christian Scientist and therefore was incapable of sustaining physical injury and mental suffering because of her belief. The trial judge sustained the objection of the plaintiff to this cross-examination, and awarded her a judgment of \$190.

Upon appeal, however, the judgment was reversed, the court ruling that the trial judge erred in treating the inquiry as an immaterial one,

since the testimony was pertinent to the main issue in the case. "If the plaintiff's wife had such control of her feelings, or thought she had, as to render her insensible to pain when she willed to be, we see no reason why that circumstance should not have been considered by the jury in determining the extent of her suffering and the compensation to be made on account of it", held the Appeals Court.

In substance, the holding in this case is that Christian Scientists can recover little or no damages for personal injuries, mental anguish, pain and suffering. This rule also is applicable to those cases in which a Christian Scientist brings suit for breach of promise, alienation of affections, seduction, slander, libel and other suits in which damages for mental suffering or mental anguish is the gist of the action. — *Alson J. Smith.*



Richard Thomas and Harry Barnes are CAA radar operators at Washington National Airport who saw unidentified flying objects on their radar scopes during July's "saucer" flurry.

When a man like Clyde Tombaugh, who discovered Planet Pluto, says he's seen something, better pay attention.

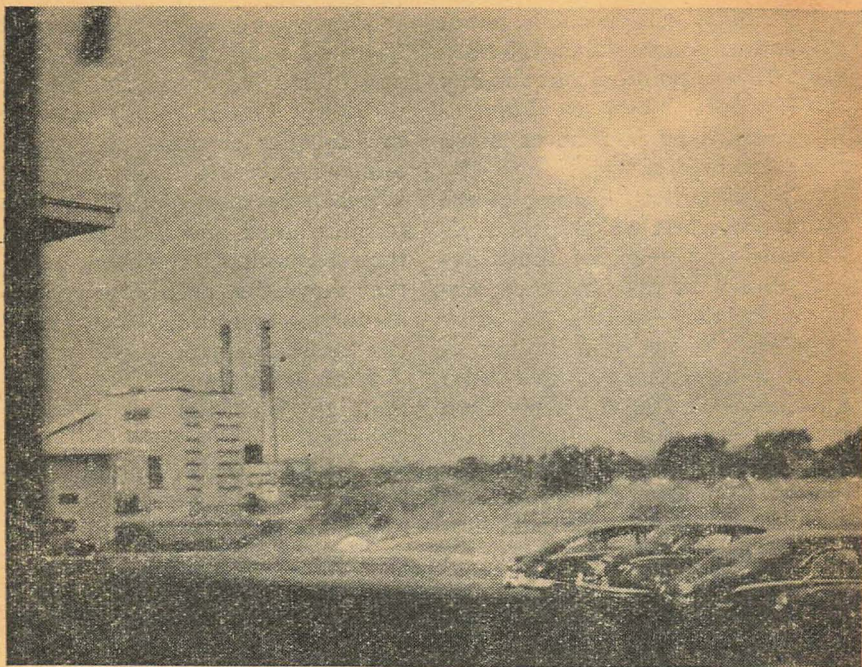
By Curtis Fuller

Let's Get Straight

Photographs by United Press

HISTORIANS may put down 1952 as "the year of the saucers." Although unidentified aerial phenomena have been widely reported for five years now, never before have there been as many reports as flooded in during the summer of 1952. A great deal more is known about "saucers"

today than was the case five years ago when Kenneth Arnold first reported seeing nine flying discs over Mt. Rainier. Yet, the years of investigation and the expenditures of tens of thousands of dollars in such investigations by the Air Force have not lightened the mystery. We know more about



FATE's cover was painted by Malcolm Smith from this U. S. Coast Guard photograph by Photographer-Seaman Shell R. Alpart at Salem, Mass., Air Station July 16. Alpart saw these flying lights about 9 a.m., seized his camera, and took this fantastic picture.

About the Saucers!

what the "saucers" are not. But it is doubtful indeed if we know what they are.

The most important recent sightings centered about Washington, D. C., and may be said to have begun on July 15 when two Pan American Airline pilots saw eight objects 100 feet in diameter

and "glowing like red hot coals" over Chesapeake Bay. First Officer W. B. Nash, 35, who has been flying with Pan American for 10 years, and First Officer W. H. Forstenberry, were flying a DC-4 from New York to Miami for overhaul with 10 company employees aboard.

"Visibility was excellent, about as good as you could find," Nash said. "I was pointing out the city of Newport News to Forsteberry, since he had never flown the route before.

"We were both looking to the southwest when we saw them simultaneously — six of them flying toward us in echelon formation. As they neared us, they appeared to be solid bodies of light, a little more amber than automobile tail lights. They were brilliant — far more intense than ground lights. They had definite outlines; nothing fuzzy about them. And they glowed like hot coals. They were about 10 to 15 feet thick."

These objects approached the Pan American plane from southeast of Newport News on a northeast heading. They were going fast. The pilots estimated them at 1,000 m.p.h.

"We were flying about 8,000 feet and the six things flew under us at about 2,000 feet — Forsteberry was looking directly down on them," Nash explained. "As they started to go away, two more of them joined the first six from somewhere behind our plane. Off west a bit the eight saucers blinked their lights. Then they started a steep climb and one by one disappeared in the distance." The fast sharp turn of the objects indicated they could not have been piloted by humans.

The objects were in view for 10 to 12 seconds. "We definitely saw them," Nash said. "There is no doubt in our minds that we saw missiles of some kind operating under intelligent control. We feel, because of the way the missiles acted and because of all the reports that have been heard, that they must be from some extra-terrestrial source. We watched the whole thing together."

Four days later, just before midnight on Saturday, July 19, the Air Traffic Control Center at Washington, D. C., National Airport witnessed a sensational phenomenon. Radar operators picked up eight slow-moving objects on their scopes. Ed Nugent, a radar operator, called Harry G. Barnes, senior air route traffic controller and reported the objects.

Barnes went over to the scope and saw seven pips clustered irregularly about one corner. The scope indicated that the objects were in an area nine miles in diameter about 15 miles south of Washington. They looked like aircraft on the scopes — but no aircraft were supposed to be in this area — and indeed could not be there and still be friendly. Present-day air traffic control clearances are too carefully controlled to allow for anything like that. The objects therefore had to be unexplained flying objects, or enemy aircraft — or there was something wrong with the radar.

The speed of the objects appeared to be 100 to 130 miles an hour. Their movements seemed to be random. They did not fly formation and they followed no set course. They would be tracked for two to three minutes at a time — then the blip on the scope would disappear.

Other radar operators confirmed these facts. Then Barnes called the airport control tower to see what their radar showed. It showed the same thing. So the radar was not out of order after all. Thereupon Barnes notified the Air Force.

Meanwhile the objects stayed under observation. During more than an hour they covered all sectors of the area. Jim Ritchey, one of the operators, contacted a veteran Capital Airlines pilot, Capt. S. C. Pierman, who has been flying for 17 years. Shortly after his plane took off, Ritchey asked Pierman to keep an eye out for the objects.

Suddenly, Ritchey heard Pierman say: "There's one and there she goes." He said it was a bright light, moving faster than a meteor at times. During the next 15 minutes Pierman saw six other lights. "Each sighting coincided with a pip we could see near his plane," Barnes said. After each sighting, the lights put on a burst of speed and disappeared from the scope. Barnes declared that this would normally happen if

the objects put on a high burst of speed.

"They were like falling stars without tails," Barnes declared.

At one time toward daybreak, Barnes declared they counted 10 objects over Andrews field just outside Washington. Most of the time eight were visible.

Barnes wrote for the NEA: "The only recognizable behavior pattern which occurred to me from watching the pips was that they acted like a bunch of youngsters out playing. It was helter skelter, as if directed by some innate curiosity. At times they moved as a group or cluster. Other times as individuals over widely scattered areas. . . . I can safely deduce that they performed gyrations which no known aircraft could perform. By this I mean that our scope showed that they made right angle turns and complete reversals in flight."

Ten days later the objects returned. CAA traffic control center reported that its radar had picked them up — and watched them for six straight hours early in the morning of July 29. An Eastern Airlines *Constellation* was directed to check on the objects but could not see them. The radar operators, however, watched them disappear when the plane came into their area, and then suddenly come back in behind the plane.

These reports, and especially the announcement that the ob-

jects had been picked up by radar, aroused widespread interest. It was implied that now, for the first time, the existence of flying saucers was proved since "radar does not lie." This was complete nonsense because it is not the first time that similar objects have been picked up by radar — Goose Bay, Labrador, and Oak Ridge, Tenn., are typical locations.

Rain, snow, some kinds of clouds, storms and meteors can be picked up by radar but skilled radar operators can distinguish these phenomena by their characteristic appearance. The objects in the Washington radar scopes, however, were sharp and distinct "blips" like those made by aircraft.

As publicity grew on these strange sightings, Capt. Paul L. Carpenter, an American Airlines captain for 24 years, reported that he had seen strange objects the previous Thursday, July 17. Carpenter was on a non-stop flight from Los Angeles to Chicago and over Denver at 3 a.m. when he first sighted four round lighted objects. He estimated they were over Colorado Springs, about 100 miles away from his plane, and speeding at 3,000 m.p.h. First Officer George Fell and Flight Engineer Lee Quilici also saw the objects.

It was time for the Air Force to act. It revealed that flying

saucer reports were being received at the rate of 100 per month. The concentration of the objects around Washington was taken most seriously. Jet pilots were put on a 24-hour national "alert" to chase the mysterious objects and "shoot them down" if they ignored orders to land — though it was not explained how such orders were to be carried out. Nor was it explained how the jets were to approach objects which, while appearing capable of flying as slow as 100 m.p.h., also could turn faster than a human pilot could withstand, and appeared able to outdistance them by a rate of 2,000 m.p.h.

But military action was not the only approach to the flying saucer "threat" — which, so far as is known, is not a "threat" to any human being. First, a new camera is on order, under development at the University of California at Los Angeles, which will photograph the light from strange aerial phenomena and break it down in a spectroscopic manner, so that by analysis it will be possible to learn what the saucers may be made of, and what makes their "lights" glow.

Still another development is that of a new-type theodolite with built-in motion picture camera. Equipment and personnel at existing guided missile stations were alerted to watch for unidentified aerial phenomena with

orders to track and photograph the exact locations of the objects and record their movement patterns.

It appeared that there might be other cause for alarm than the recent concentration of saucer sightings around Washington. Capt. Edward J. Ruppelt, Air Force project officer investigating unidentified aerial objects, prepared a special map of the 63 sightings (of more than 2,000) which he regarded as the most detailed and the most inexplicable. They had come from experienced pilots, scientists, weather observers, intelligence officers.

On the map it appeared that their pattern of concentration duplicated exactly the location of atomic energy plants!

All of this may help explain why the Air Force continues to investigate flying saucers. The inquiry began five years ago under the familiar "Project Saucer," which was reported in FATE. The true code name of Project Saucer at first was "Project Sign" afterwards "Project Grudge." It investigated saucer reports for two years and was closed down in August, 1949, after compiling detailed data on 375 sightings.

Saucer reports continued to come in, however, and Project Grudge was revised and its name was changed to Project Blue Book last March 25. Captain Ruppelt, who is in charge, is a

World War II pilot, and a graduate aeronautical engineer from Iowa State College.

In the past 60 days, this writer has received a tremendous mass of material on flying saucers — enough on sightings alone to write a book. Only a few of about 50 different reports can be described here.

One controversy began early in July when Scientist Arthur C. Clarke, head of the British Interplanetary Society (the British take these things much more seriously than we do), visited White Sands Proving Ground, where U. S. rockets are tested. Clarke later said he was "beginning to think there's more to the flying saucer mystery than just a mirage."

The basis of his statement was revealed by his remark that "a noted American scientist told me at White Sands that he is certain he has seen one (a flying saucer). It appeared to be going at a high rate of speed and was close enough for this scientist to see windows in it.

"You can't help but wonder at the number of supposed flying disks which have been reported in the vicinity of a secret military base like White Sands," Clarke said.

Who is this "noted American scientist"?

Revelation of his identity is a bombshell which has been inade-

quately reported and one whose significance is still not realized. The scientist is Dr. Clyde Tombaugh, one of the most famous astronomers in the world and discoverer of the Planet Pluto!

When Tombaugh was questioned he denied that he was "as certain" that he had seen a flying saucer as Clarke had stated. But this denial soon proved to be the over-caution of a scientist. What Tombaugh saw may not have been a "flying saucer," but this is what it was:

In the sky over Las Cruces, N. M., in the summer of 1948, whizzing silently overhead from south to north was an oval-shaped object. It had about a dozen "windows" which were clearly visible at the front and along the side. The rear trailed off into a "shapeless luminescence." It was traveling too fast for a plane and too slow for a meteor.

This sighting should quiet for good those astronomers and scientists who have stated publicly that no astronomer of repute has reported seeing "unidentified aerial phenomena."

We do not feel it disrespectful to Dr. Tombaugh to give it as our opinion that many more persons have seen with their own eyes "unidentified aerial objects" than have seen, through telescopes, the planet Pluto which Dr. Tombaugh discovered. It is a peculiarly blind spot of scientific orthodoxy to accept on faith the

findings and theories of their colleagues while rejecting out of hand witnessed events by non-professional people. How many astronomers have actually seen Pluto through a scope — yet none doubt its existence!

On July 5, Capt. John Baldwin and Capt. George Robertson were flying a Curtiss C-46 with 50 Korean war veterans to Columbia, S. C., where they were to be discharged. The C-46 was owned by Connor Air Lines, a non-scheduled line.

The plane was proceeding past the Hanford Atomic Plant at Richland, Wash., when Baldwin, Robertson, and their two copilots saw, according to Harold Foreman of the United Press, "a perfectly round disc, white in color and almost transparent, with small vapor trails off it like the tentacles of an octopus."

Pictures of "Skyhook balloons" look something like this verbal description, but Baldwin said, "All of us have been flying a number of years and we've seen all kinds of clouds and formations, but none of us had ever seen anything like that before.

"It was perfectly round and still at first. Then it seemed to back away from us and change shape. It became flat, gained speed, and then disappeared quickly."

Baldwin ran to the rear of the plane for his camera but by the

Scoutmaster J. D. Des Vergers claims (see story) that he was shot at and burned by an unidentified flying disc-shaped object at the edge of the Everglades. Des Vergers went to investigate an object which he and three boy scouts with him saw land from the sky. He left his car alone to investigate the object, and says he walked 10 feet under the "saucer," door opened, and he was "shot."



time he could get it the object had disappeared.

"This definitely wasn't a cloud formation nor a weather instrument. It was an object that none of us had ever seen before. We passed it as it stood suspended in space. We couldn't pick it up on our radar. We reversed our course and went back but we couldn't spot it again."

Spectators facing south at the stock car races at Arrowhead Park, Houston, Tex., on July 24, saw a strange object fly through the air.

"Hey, look!" yelled a man during a lull in the races about 9:30 p.m. And there it was, a shiny, metallic object, looking like the edge of a dish. It was on view for a few seconds, then suddenly it made a 20° or 30° turn. It made no sound. The sky was cloudless.

The most sensational single report of all comes to us from Richard P. Fox, manager of the West Palm Beach division of the American News Company, which distributes FATE Magazine. Fox sent us clippings from the Palm Beach Post Times which describe the "attack" of a flying saucer upon a scoutmaster on Tuesday, August 19. This is the story which seems almost incredible to us, but should be reported anyway.

Thirty-year-old Scoutmaster D. S. "Sonny" Des Vergers and three scouts were driving south on Military Trail about 11 p.m. when they noticed a lighted object appear to come from the sky and land in a clearing about a quarter mile south of Lantan Road. Des Vergers left the scouts in the car and told them to call for help if he did not return in

10 minutes. He entered the woods armed only with a machete.

As he reached the clearing several hundred feet from the road, Des Vergers saw "a dirty-gray-colored disc about 30 feet in diameter and about three feet thick hovering in the air, spewing a rapid exhaust." Des Vergers said he stood under it and could almost touch it when he heard hinges open and was shot in the face with a "fiery weapon."

When the scoutmaster did not show up, the scouts notified police. Deputy Sheriff Mott N. Partin, and Lake Worth Constable Lou Carroll found Des Vergers wandering about in the woods about a half hour later. He was incoherent. His face and arms were burned and his cap had three holes burned in it. Yet he seemed to suffer no permanent ill effects from the encounter. The scouts also reported seeing the object come down from the sky, and reported there were about six reddish lights in a circle about the object.

On August 2 the Air Force reported that the previous Tuesday, July 29, jet fighters had been sent aloft over the Los Alamos, N. M., atomic-energy installations. Ground watchers reported they saw something shiny and metallic in the sky. The jets found nothing. The ground watchers, meanwhile, were not surprised. One of the ground observers,

equipped with binoculars, said that the object had swung around in a complete circle and got behind the searchers. It travelled at "high but erratic" speed according to the Associated Press.

From Sydney, Australia, comes a report that a "cigar-shaped object larger than any plane" had been observed crossing south-east Australian skies just before dawn. Among the persons to see it were two airline pilots and a Royal Australia Air Force officer. All the sightings were within seven minutes of one another and ranged from Sydney to the south coast, 100 miles away and Parkes, 200 miles west of Sydney.

Dr. J. H. Piddington, principal research officer in the radio-physics division of the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization, had a characteristic solution: He suggested the watchers had seen light reflected from a cloud, possibly containing ice crystals.

And so the reports throng in, are read, and alas, because of lack of space must mostly go unpublished.

And what are we to say of them? What do they all mean?

I cannot begin to give you many answers, but I can give you, I believe, a few. I can discuss briefly some of the theories which have been advanced to explain these objects and give you my opinion of their validity.

• *The saucers are not hallucinations.* This was the common explanation when Kenneth Arnold first made his report. But the Air Force itself is convinced that the watchers are seeing *something*. Only a very small proportion of sightings are considered to be "hallucinatory phenomena."

• *The saucers are not hoaxes.* After investigating more than 1,000 reports, the Air Force has found only 2 per cent of all sightings to be hoaxes. And woe to the guy who dreams one up.

• *The saucers are not Venus.* You have only to read the few reports we have given here to know that none of them could be explained as being the planet Venus. Nevertheless, the Air Force believes that 38 per cent of the sightings might be classified as astronomical bodies of some kind — including meteors.

• *The saucers are not weather balloons or "Skyhooks."* The Air Force has found that only 13 per cent of all its reports could be so classed. So what happens to Dr. Urner Liddel's much touted theory? Listen to Charles B. Moore, Jr., an aeronautical engineer in charge of the balloon operations for General Mills — the Skyhook project itself. Moore says that aerial objects of "undetermined origin and terrific speed" have been sighted during the balloon operations. They have been seen at least 20 times. Ground crew-

men attempting to track them couldn't keep their theodolites going fast enough to keep them in the field of their instruments. J. J. C. Kaliszewski, supervisor of balloon manufacture, says: "They are strange, terrifically fast. They have a peculiar glow. One seemed to have a halo around it, with a dark under-surface. We see no vapor trail." He urges a 24-hour Government watch with radar, telescopes, sky cameras and other instruments.

• *The saucers are not mirages.* None of the objects described in this article could be considered a mirage, Dr. Donald Menzel to the contrary. Of course *some* of the objects being seen might be mirages but this interesting theory has a long way to go before it can be proved valid even for one sighting. In this connection we should note that on August 1, Wright-Patterson Air Force Base pilots pursued an object which they determined *not* to be a light reflection. Maj. James B. Smith and First Lieut. Donald J. Hemer of the 97th Fighter Wing went up to 17,000 feet and for about 10 seconds watched a white and red object that hovered about them. "We deliberately maneuvered to make sure it wasn't a light reflection," they said. "At first it appeared red and white, and then white only." It then disappeared at a "high rate of speed."

• *The saucers are not "cold air."*



Dr. Clyde Tombaugh, who discovered the Planet Pluto, does not claim that the object he saw was a "saucer." But it had lighted portholes, terrific speed.

In hot humid weather, layers of cold air can be sandwiched between layers of warm air. These layers produced a strong reaction on radar screens. Therefore, it is explained, this accounts for the radar blips seen at Washington National Airport. This explanation is much too pat. It accounts for none of the visual sightings and other evidence reported in this article.

- *The saucers are not meteors.* They do not often look like meteors. They are much too slow. At the time of the Washington saucer concentrations, southwestern skies were being "flooded" with luminous objects, according to Dr. Lincoln LaPaz, University of New Mexico fireball expert. From their

behavior, this expert thinks they are not shooting stars or meteorites, since meteorites glow for only short periods and invariably make loud noises, while the saucers are invariably silent. These objects, says the professor, can reverse direction and cruise back and forth, travel at high speeds in wide, sweeping circles, are spherical or disc-shaped, give off a steady yellow light for the most part, and travel at extremely high altitudes. They can be followed for as long as 3½ minutes, says Dr. LaPaz.

- *Are the objects space ships from another world?* This is one explanation that fits a great number of the legitimate reports. It is an attractive, reasonably logical, and exciting supposition. But there is not one shred of evidence to support it. Nearly all of the so-called "evidence" has proved to be misinterpretations, dreams, or hoaxes. The latest in this category is the exposure of Frank Scully's book, his Dr. "Gee" and his "little men" in the recent long article in *True Magazine*.

- *Are the flying saucers electro-magnetic atmospheric phenomena?* It appears to be a likely possibility that many of the objects being seen are manifestations of energy — perhaps electrical energy — of some sort, and of a type that our own science does not yet know about or understand. This would mean that they are not "material"

objects in the usual sense. This would explain why radar does not always pick up such objects when they are visible to the eye, and why they are always silent, since any aerodynamic object is noisy. On the other hand, there is no direct evidence to support this theory either. But it is worth noting that if it is correct, some of the apparently "guided" activity of the saucers could be explained as electrical energy being affected by an electrical field of some sort.

• *Are "flying saucers" all the same thing?* Apparently not. In this article I have used the term rather loosely for all unidentified aerial phenomena, preferring it because it is a common term. The Air Force has noted that about 24 per cent of its reports are on disc or spherical shapes, 8 per cent on cigar or rocket shapes, 2.55 per cent flying wings, and 0.6 per cent groups of lights. From my own

investigations I am inclined to believe that there may be only three general types of shapes — saucer shapes, cigar shapes, and globular shapes. I am inclined to think that the latter are not necessarily saucer shapes turned on edge, as the Air Force appears to believe.

Now what does all this prove? To me it proves that unknown aerial phenomena exist beyond any question of a doubt. But I do not know what they are and I do not know of anyone who has a completely acceptable theory of what they are. I believe that the Air Force does not, and they have investigated them more than all other agencies and individuals combined. But I also suspect one fact may be true. The "flying saucers" may turn out to be several as yet unknown things. And the mistake we may be making now is in assuming that one simple answer will explain them all!



THE 1,000TH GRAVE

MEN are driven by various ambitions. In Jugoslavia, Josef Stoklas, age 77, had an ambition to dig 1,000 graves in Heidenblut's graveyard and he did! But as he shoveled out the last spadeful of earth, he dropped dead, and was buried in his 1,000th grave.

ENIGMA OF TIAHUANACO

By John Brown

Leader of the 1950 Andes Expedition
(Reprinted from Prediction)

On an island in Lake Titicaca, high in the Andes and over
12,000 feet above sea level, are ancient docks
and basins big enough for ocean ships!

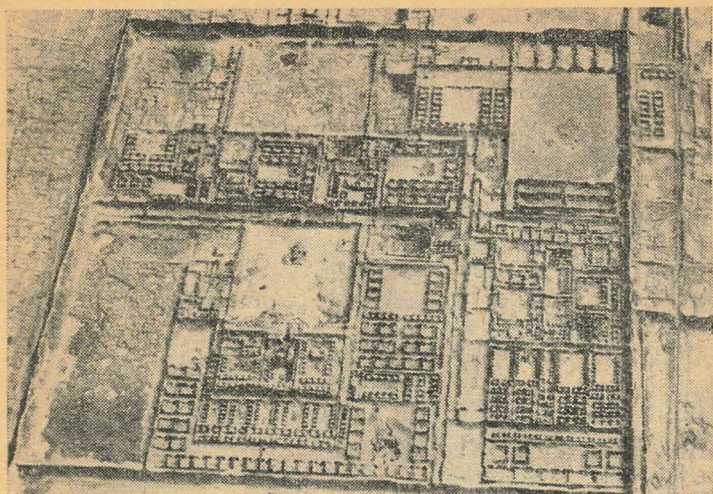


ON LAST year's expedition to the Andes, whose main purpose was a hydrological survey of the Amazon source rivers, we frequently came across Inca and pre-Inca ruins perched on the brink of sheer precipices. Such ruins would arouse great interest in Europe, but in the lonely sierras the locals are accustomed to them, and the difficulties of access from the cities are such that few archaeologists make the attempt.

To give an example, one of my friends, Emiliano Gonzalez, of Pomabamba in Peru, discovered a lost pre-Inca city on a crest near the upper Marañon river. A year has passed since he first visited the ruins, but as yet no scientist has been out there to see them, and all that has been published is a brief article in *El Comercio*, the chief Lima newspaper.

Macchu-Picchu, the fortress city, was only discovered in 1912, for the jungle had overgrown the great stone amphitheatres and plazas. White men had been within a few yards of the city without being aware of its existence, until Professor Hiram Bingham, ignoring the fer-de-lance snakes that infested the area, and cutting his way through tangled lianas, discovered what is now one of the wonders of the New World.

Why were these cities built at such great elevations? How did the ancient builders, working without steel tools or mortar, fit the colossal blocks of andesite, some weighing as much as 200 tons, together so perfectly that even today a thin blade cannot be inserted between the joints? There are dozens of such unsolved



United Press Photo

Aerial view of an ancient city in the Peruvian Andes shows the skillful planning found in the marvelous lost civilizations of South America.

problems in the Andes of Peru and Bolivia.

But the greatest riddle is that presented by Tiahuanaco, 13 miles from Lake Titicaca, which is over 12,000 feet above sea level, on the plateau between Peru and Bolivia.

Tiahuanaco itself is on the Bolivian side, is easy of access, and has been visited by many archaeologists from Europe and North America.

But despite a score of theories, no proper history of the site is known and it was the strange resemblance between the statues in the Sun Temple and those on Easter Island that fascinated the Kon-Tiki crew and inspired them to make the perilous balsa raft

voyage from Peru to Polynesia, 4,000 miles across the Pacific, to prove that the ancients could have made a similar voyage.

The scientists of Europe and the Americas ridiculed the possibility of such a voyage, and Herman Watzinger, one of the crew, told me in Peru that most people thought they were committing an elaborate form of suicide.

Nevertheless, the voyage was successfully accomplished, without the aid of metal or modern science, the raft being identical in design and construction with those used in the ancient representations.

This voyage showed that the journey from Mexico in Central America to southern Peru by

balsa was quite feasible, and strengthened the claims of those who identify the Mexican Aztlan with Tiahuanaco.

Professor Posnansky of La Paz thought that the existence of Atlantis was possible, but unproven. He said that there was ample evidence of a common origin for the Andean culture of South America; that of Easter Island; and that of the Mexican sierras.

All the Mexican ideographs, he points out, have a description of Aztlan as a far place, surrounded by water. This myth he describes as the ancient folklore memory of the original homeland or cultural origin.

It may be said: "If Aztlan is Tiahuanaco, why has the original name not survived?" But most South American place names in this area are of recent origin, and Tiahuanaco is obviously "the place of the guanaco" in the local Indian language. The guanaco is the name given to the llama in the southern half of the sub-continent.

Names like Lima and La Paz are all of recent origin. The names of many more ancient cities of the Andes are today unknown and even if they are still remembered by a few Indians, these people are unwilling to say anything to white men, believing that nature spirits inhabit the lonely places, and that misfortune will follow any disturbance.

It is absurd, for example, to think that the Quechua Indians living in the neighbourhood of Macchu-Picchu were unaware of the existence of the great city. Professor Bingham has described their attitude of non-cooperation in his book *Lost City of the Incas*, recently republished.

After a journey across the lake, which was enchantingly beautiful in the morning sun, which spanned the crystal waters with jewels, I came to Tiahuanaco for the first time.

A strange pyramid mound stands out from the plateau, obviously made by human hands. This hill is dotted with worked stones, the purpose of which is unknown.

Three stone enclosures stand at the foot of the hill, one much bigger than the others, a great quadrangle surrounded by huge blocks of sandstone. At the eastern end of this wall is the ruin of a great gateway, the steps being formed of large single blocks.

At the western end is a huge monolith statue, with thick lips, protruding eyes, and a flat nose. Facially, this statue has nothing in common with the sierra Indians of today.

Near the N.W. corner is a stone portal. This monolithic gateway is $13\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, nine feet high, and eighteen inches thick. It is cut from a single piece of andesite. Over the centre of the

gateway is carved a curious figure ascribed to Viracocha, the chief deity of the ancient Peruvians.

On either side of the central sculpture are three rows of strange figures, and under these a frieze of human faces. No one has satisfactorily explained the meaning of these carvings.

All the Inca legends deal with the origin of their kings in Lake Titicaca, and there are repeated stories of fair-skinned strangers from afar.

Some of the ruins are thickly coated with scale, showing that they have been under water for a long period, and a brief survey of the area shows that Tiahuanaco was once a great harbour, for there are ancient docks and basins that must have accommodated vessels as big as our modern deep-sea trawlers.

This is all the more strange, as the only boats used by the Indians today on the lake are fragile affairs made of woven reeds.

What kind of vessels carried the great 50-ton blocks of stone from the mountain site, many miles away, to Tiahuanaco island?

The ruins are on a great scale, several buildings being the size of our largest museums and palaces, and it is clear that the city was several square miles in extent.

Around on the lakeside there is ample evidence of a large population in ancient times and the

Indians still make annual pilgrimages to the Puma Rock and the islands of the Sun and Moon, although they are officially Christian.

I could not understand how the stone wheels came to be found under heaps of debris in the Puma Gate ruins. These wheels had axle holes. Yet all the Spanish chroniclers agree that the wheel was unknown in the Inca empire.

Is this a clue to the overland transport of the giant blocks?

Is the Tiahuanaco culture antecedent to the accepted pre-Inca period? And if so, is there a link that can be established between Tiahuanaco and Atlantis on the basis of existing records?

One of the earliest Inca histories was that written by de Gamboa in 1581. He describes the Inca myth of a race of giants, many of whom were drowned by a flood that lasted for two months.

As usual the story continues to the island of Tiahuanaco as an origin of the new civilization that followed.

Inca Garcillasso de la Vega, the historian born of an Inca princess and a Spanish *conquistador*, was in a good position to know the real Inca legends. He says that a man at Tiahuanaco divided the world among various rulers, and traces the Inca story from there.

What emerges from these records, and the recent "digs" in

Central and Southern America? The picture of a common culture of the high mountain areas of Central and South America. The probability that navigation and shipbuilding in this ancient world were far more advanced than was thought possible before 1947. The undoubted fact that there was a

great natural disaster, thousands of years before the known Inca civilization.

Future investigations of the Tiahuanaco ruins and carvings could provide the clue to a lost civilization that may have exceeded any of those we have explored in Asia and Africa.



THE TAMERLANE TOMB

THE tomb of Tamerlane was located until 1941 in Samarkand (Soviet Union) where this famous conqueror had his capital. On the spot where Tamerlane was buried stands a beautiful mosque although he was not a Mohammedan. This tomb has attracted many tourists to Samarkand and especially archeologists from all countries.

In 1912 the Imperial Academy of Sciences in St. Petersburg asked Tzar Nicholas II for a special permit to excavate the tomb of the great conqueror. They thought it probable that many articles of ancient Mongolian culture would be unearthed.

Among the Tadjicks a legend existed of a curse on anyone who touched the coffins where Tamerlane and his two sons rest in eternal sleep. Violators of the curse would be visited by trouble and disaster. Such a message was carved on one of the stones under which they believed lay the bodies of Tamerlane and his sons. That was enough reason for the

mystic Nicholas II to reject the request of the Academy, and Tamerlane's tomb stayed untouched.

After the Revolution the Academy tried again to get authorization to excavate the tomb. The Soviet Government did not grant this request of the Academy for a long time due to the partisan warfare going on in Middle Asia.

At last in 1941 the Academy of Sciences sent its expedition to Samarkand and in May 1941 they started the excavation of Tamerlane's Tomb. On the 21 of June *Pravda* informed the world that the main stone in the tomb was removed and the body of one of Tamerlane's sons was discovered. The next day information about Tamerlane's Tomb was on the last page of *Pravda* for the first one was occupied with the news that the German *Luftwaffe* in the night from 21 to 22 of June bombed Kiev, Odessa, and that the German-Russian War had started. — *N. Mamontoff.*

Fingers of FATE

Allan MacDonald, Saugus, Mass., waited nearly 20 years to marry his childhood sweetheart — then dropped dead three hours after their wedding.

* * *

Mrs. Christopher Horsdorf, Blanco, Tex., married three times, each time had three children and each time two boys and a girl, and each time the girl was in the middle.

* * *

Michael Tydd, of Sydney, Australia, ran out of gasoline, and had to take a long walk to a service station. There he saw his name listed on a bulletin board — as winner of 25,000 gallons of gas in a lottery.

* * *

Two ex-soldiers, discharged from the Army on Friday the 13th, were killed on the same day when their auto crashed into a bridge abutment near Nolensville, Tenn. Each man was found to have had exactly \$13 in his wallet.

* * *

Rev. Adiel J. Moncrief, St. Joseph, Mo., lost his watch while visiting with the congregation after preaching a sermon entitled, "What Time Is It?"

Because a market-bound signorina in Pescara, Italy, carried all her eggs in one basket her life was saved. She had this basket atop her head when a roof tile fell on her.

* * *

Harry C. Kinne, of Wilmette, Ill., and Harry C. Kinne, Watertown, N. Y., each was a city councilman and belonged to the same political party and the same church denomination, and each has a daughter Ruth, nicknamed Betty, and a son Harry C., Jr., who attended the same college and belonged to the same organizations — yet the families were not related in any way.

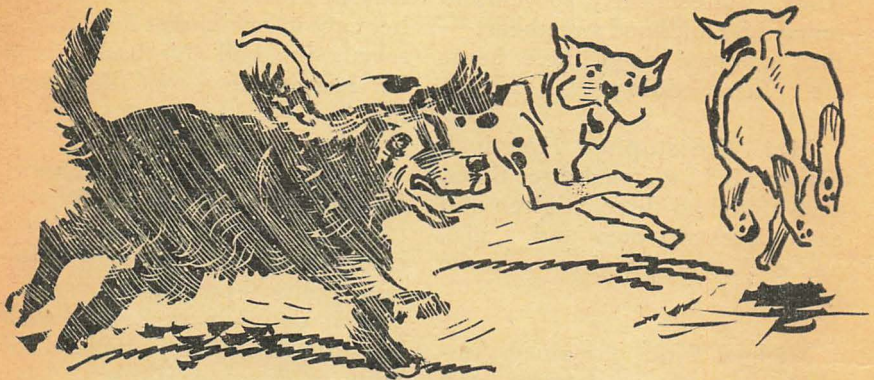
* * *

Fred Ristow and Loring Jenkins, of Plainview, Neb., enroute to a hospital to donate blood for an auto accident victim, wound up as patients in the same hospital. They were in an auto accident along the way.

* * *

The offer of radio announcer Jack Harris, Mandan, N. D., to do the laundry for the first person to identify a quotation he read on the air was won by Mrs. Kathryn Hoppe — a laundress. — *Harold Helfer.*

Limping Ghost of Ballechin



You needn't believe that the major came back as a dog; at least the dogs themselves came back.

By F. Jerry Newman

IN 1892 John, third Marquess of Bute, a member of the Society for Psychical Research, met a Jesuit priest from whom he heard a strange account of an allegedly haunted house in Scotland.

The priest, Father Hayden, S.J., confided that he had slept

only one night out of the nine he had spent as a visitor in Ballechin House, Perthshire, being disturbed by queer, inexplicable noises every night except the last.

He added that, of all the strange manifestations during his stay, the sound that alarmed him most was that resembling a large animal throwing itself against his bedroom door.

In August, 1896, Ballechin House was rented for a period of 12 months to a wealthy Spanish family. They left suddenly after a stay of only seven weeks, forfeiting more than 10 months rent rather than stay longer in the house.

In 1897, Lord Bute, together with a Colonel Taylor, Miss Goodrich-Freer and other members of the S.P.R., rented Ballechin House for the purpose of conducting a thorough investigation of the phenomena.

Guests who had stayed at Ballechin testified that they had been disturbed by groans, rappings, and other violent and unexplained noises. Often they were awakened by the sounds of dragging footsteps which traversed the passages and circled their beds. Sometimes, in the middle of the night, an unearthly shriek would ring through the house.

Ballechin House was owned by a Major Steuart who retired from military service in 1850, some 16 years after succeeding to the property. He was passionately fond of dogs and he kept 14. A life-long student of psychic matters, he was convinced that the spirits of the dead were able to return to earthly friends and surroundings.

A deep interest in werewolves and vampirism led him to assert that, far from being empty superstition as was popularly believed, lycanthropy (the changing of a man into an animal) was a fact.

He affirmed on many occasions his intention of returning after death in the form of his favorite spaniel.

The Major died in 1876 and so powerful had been his influence that immediately after his death all his dogs, including his favorite black spaniel, were shot. Shortly afterwards, phenomena of an unusual, often violent nature broke out.

The whole household would be roused by the manifestations and on one occasion five male guests, dressed only in their night shirts, met at the top of the stairs. They were armed with sticks and pokers and one of them carried a revolver.

Heavy footsteps and the pattering feet of invisible dogs were heard in empty rooms. Groans accompanied heavy knocking. Spectral figures were seen and on several occasions a colonel was awakened during the night by the bed clothes being lifted mysteriously from his bed.

A butler, Harold Sanders, who had been with the Spanish family that fled from Ballechin so abruptly, wrote a letter which was printed in *The Times* during the Ballechin House controversy which occupied the columns of that paper from June 8 to 24, 1897. Mr. Sanders wrote:

"I kept watch altogether about 12 times in various parts of the house. When watching I always

experienced a peculiar sensation a few minutes before hearing any noise. I can only describe it as like suddenly entering an ice house and feeling that someone was present and about to speak to me”

Of one experience he wrote: “I shall not forget it as long as I live. I had not been in bed three minutes before I experienced the sensation as before . . . my bed-clothes were lifted up, first at the foot of my bed but gradually coming towards my head. I held the clothes around my neck with my hands but they were gently lifted in spite of my efforts to hold them. I then reached around with my hand but could feel nothing.

“I could distinctly feel and hear something breathing over me. I then tried to reach some matches that were on a chair by my bedside but my hand was held back as if by some invisible power. Then the thing seemed to retire to the foot of my bed. I suddenly found the foot of my bed lifted up and carried around towards the window for about three or four feet, then replaced to its former position.”

These extracts from a rather lengthy letter serve to confirm what at first appeared no more than speculation — that the phenomena were directed with greater intensity against permanent residents than against visitors. The staff at Ballechin were contin-

ually dogged by noises and apparitions.

One of the maids, Elizabeth, slept in a room by herself while two others slept in an adjoining room. One night Elizabeth woke to see, hovering above her bed, a mist-like cloud which changed shape continuously as she watched. As it sank lower she felt her bed-clothes tugged.

Presently the coverlets were lifted clear of the bed. The maid was so frightened that she lay for a long while unable to move or utter a word. When she recovered, her screams were so frightening that the other maids were too scared to go to her room. From that time on the three girls slept in one room.

It was about this time that the “dog” phenomena reached its peak. Visitors who brought their own animals with them to Ballechin remarked on their strange behavior: Two guests saw their dogs romping with another dog, a black spaniel, which vanished as strangely as it had appeared.

A lady guest was awakened one night by the whining of her dog which was lying at the foot of her bed. She saw two black paws resting on a table at her bedside. No other portion of the strange dog was visible.

Another lady, like many others, had been repeatedly disturbed by the sounds of limping footsteps which circled her bed. Shortly

afterwards she heard stories about the former owner. She asked if he could be described.

"Well," said her informant, "the most striking thing I can remember about him is that he had a peculiar limp." And he gave an exhibition which tallied exactly with the limp she had heard around her bed.

During the investigation conducted by Miss Goodrich-Freer and Lord Bute, Miss Freer kept a journal in which she entered the details of all phenomena. Under the date February 16, 1897, she wrote:

"About 10 a.m. I was writing in the library and presently felt a distinct, but gentle, push against my chair. I thought it was my dog (Miss Freer owned a black pomeranian) and looked down but he was not there. I went on writing and in a few moments felt another push, firm and decided, against my chair. I looked backward with an exclamation — the room was empty."

February 21: "Heard noise of patterings . . . Scamp (Miss Freer's dog) got up and sat, apparently watching something invisible to us, turning his head slowly as if following movements across the room. The interest which our dogs took in these phenomena led us to the conclusion that the sounds were those of a dog gamboling."

Remarkable as were these phe-

nomena there were others during Colonel Taylor's tenancy which were witnessed by numerous members of the household. These include the apparition of a woman in grey, a spectral nun, the bent, white-haired figure of a limping man and a phantom crucifix which appeared momentarily to one of the guests and which was seen again, some time later, held by a materialized hand.

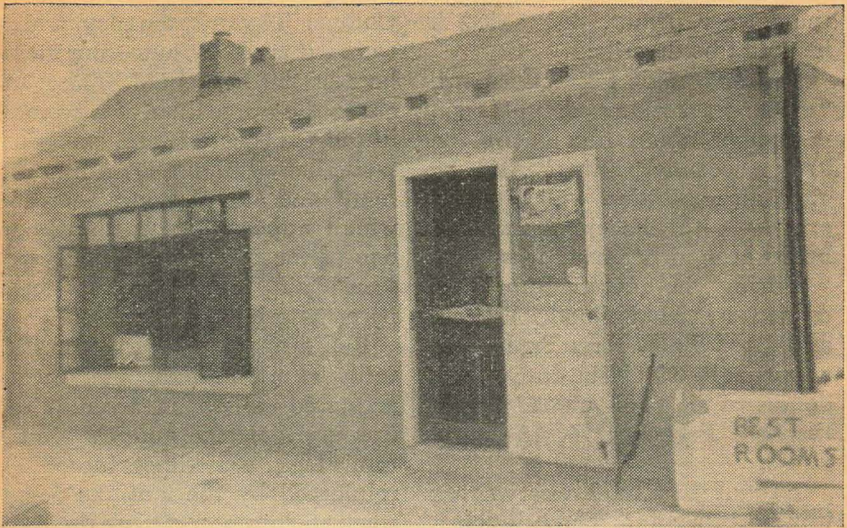
But through all these manifestations the dominant phenomena appeared to focus around the limping footsteps and the phantom dogs, sometimes incredibly reinforced by the familiar doggy smell so common during the days of the Major.

Visitors and servants heard, on many occasions, the quarreling voices of a man and woman, their tones loud and rough, their words indistinguishable. It seemed a repetition of the scene of the Major browbeating his housekeeper as he did in life.

For more than a decade dour parishioners and voluble village tradesmen gossiped about the "queer goings on up at the House." The Major's idiosyncracies appeared as lively a source of interest after his death as they had been during his life.

Incredible, perhaps. But all the evidence points to the fact that the Major kept his promise and on more than one occasion he returned — either with or as a dog!

The Rocks from



Chattin's filling station and restaurant was hangout for sightseers during rock falls. Some skeptics pointed out activity increased owner's business.

**Out of the night the limestone rocks came falling
with a dull plop onto the Chattin's garage roof.**

By Alson J. Smith



ON THE morning of Thursday, August 7, 1952, the Associated Press wire carried into the city rooms of its member newspapers an odd little story dated Evansville, Ind. It was headed: ROCKS FROM "NOWHERE" STILL FALLING, and was an account of a strange and apparently inexplicable shower of small rocks on a garage outside of Evansville. The rocks had been

falling for six nights and nobody could figure out where they were coming from. The AP gave the story the tongue-in-cheek treatment, coupling it with alleged sightings of flying saucers and other forms of "mid-summer madness". It was good hot-weather filler for the papers and apparently that was all the AP intended it to be.

When the editor of FATE saw

Nowhere

FATE INVESTIGATES A POLTERGEIST

Alson Jesse Smith, who investigated the Evansville case for FATE, is one of the best known authors in parapsychology. Among his recent books are "Brother Van" (1948, sold to Republic Pictures); "Faith to Live By" 1949; "Religion and the New Psychology" 1950; "The Psychic Sourcebook" (editor) 1951, and the forthcoming "The Prospect for Immortality" early 1953. He was born in Danbury, Conn., in 1908, attended Dickinson College and Carlisle, Pa. He obtained his divinity degree from Garrett Biblical Institute, and did graduate work at Yale and the University of Chicago. He is a member of the New York East Conference of the Methodist church and has served churches in Connecticut, Bayport, N.Y., and in Brooklyn.



the AP story in the Chicago papers he knew that it might or might not be mid-summer madness. At any rate it was the kind of thing that a magazine like FATE should investigate and report fairly. He called me — and that was how I found myself on a sweltering Friday morning, the next day, in the old railroad station at Evansville.

When the *Courier* office opened at nine o'clock, I interviewed the day city editor. The latter didn't think much of the story and was surprised that the AP had picked

it up. Just a lot of damfoolishness, he said. The "rocks" were limestone pebbles ranging from a half-inch to an inch and a half or two inches in diameter. They were of a type indigenous to the neighborhood; nothing unusual about them except that when they landed they were warm. They had been falling for a week on and about the garage of a family by the name of Chattin which lived seven miles north of Evansville, at the intersection of U. S. Route 41 and Old State Road.

They seemed to come right out

of the sky. Two deputy sheriffs had been stationed out there by Vanderburgh County authorities, but the thing had them baffled. A lot of people gathered around out there nights to see the stones fall but neither the deputies nor the Chattin family nor the onlookers had been able to figure out where the stones came from. It was an odd thing, but the editor had no doubt but what some boys had rigged up a sling-shot or something and were lobbing the pebbles from out in the woods.

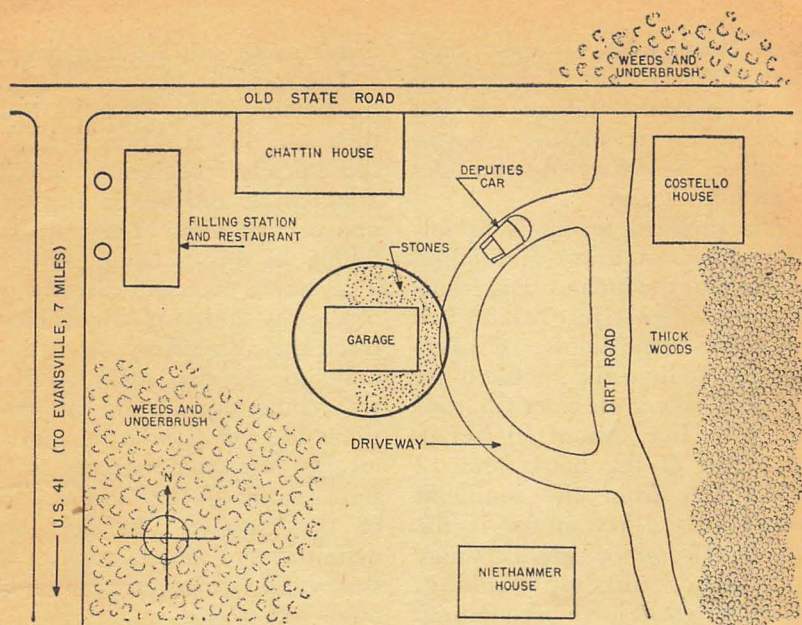
The editor wasn't very helpful. But a colored cab driver, whom the writer hired to take him out to the Chattin place, was able to provide some interesting background information. When told the nature of the errand, he nodded gravely.

"This heah's Dutch country," he said. "Anything can happen heah." He went on to say that several years ago an old woman in nearby Madisonville had died and that after her death a tree in the yard of her home twisted itself into a shape that reminded people very much of the deceased. Picture postcards had been made of the tree and thousands had been sold to the curious who came from miles around to see the "miracle". He himself was not at all surprised at the "rocks from nowhere" and had no doubt that the phenomenon had a supernatural explanation.

Dutch country. The writer recalled immediately the fat red barns with the curious anti-"hex" symbols of York and Lancaster counties, Pennsylvania, where he had gone to college. He recalled, too, the "hex" murders — one as recent as last year — in which Palatinate Germans had sought to evade a "spell" by killing the "hexer" and driving a stake through his heart. "Dutch country" was indeed an eerie land full of old-world superstitions and customs where anything could happen. "Poltergeist" would not be an unfamiliar word to the Pennsylvania Dutch. And Evansville, in Vanderburgh County, Indiana, was the westernmost outpost of the great Palatinate German migrations which had settled eastern and central Pennsylvania, and southern Ohio and Indiana.

At a little filling station and restaurant at the intersection of U. S. Route 41 and Old State Road, I found the Chattins. Or rather, I found Mrs. Chattin, who operated the restaurant and filling station, and her 17-year-old son, John, who helped her. Louis Chattin, the husband and father, was at work at the Schnacke Manufacturing Corporation in Evansville, where he was employed in the machine shop.

Mrs. Chattin was a rather shy, pleasant woman of 46 or 47 who was pretty much fed up with the "rocks from nowhere". Reporters



This is scene of the Evansville rock showers. The stones fell only upon the garage, shown in circle in center. Note that it is about mid-way between the three houses. Deputies searched the area, could find no evidence that human agencies were throwing the stones, which are ordinary limestone pebbles.

had been swarming around, she said, and photographers from *Life Magazine*. They had been taking pictures of the silly little stones. (She gave the writer one.) They (the family) had picked up several buckets of them and she guessed they could have sold them, if they'd been a-mind to. People were such fools. No, she wouldn't be photographed holding the stone and she didn't want to talk about the matter. However, she had no ob-

jections to my taking pictures and she asked her son John to show me around and answer questions.

John Chattin was a big 17-year-old boy, shy like his mother, but affable and willing to help. Most of the story of the "rocks from nowhere" came from John and his married sister, Betty Niethammer, who lives with her husband and two small sons, Kenneth Robert and Carl Louis,

in a little white frame house about 100 feet south of the garage which was the target for the rocks. There is another Chattin daughter, also married, who lives away from home.

The physical set-up is as follows: The restaurant and filling station is at the intersection, fronting on Route 41. Just behind it is the white frame house, considerably larger than the Niethammer dwelling, where the elder Chattins and John live. About 30 feet to the south of the house and 12 or 15 feet from the southeast corner of the restaurant is the square, stucco-block garage, dingy and rather unkempt-looking, where the rocks have been falling. Several windows in the garage have been broken by the falling stones. A hundred feet due south of the house is the Niethammer house. A small dirt road, plentifully sprinkled with limestone rocks, runs from Old State Road down past the Chattin house, the garage, and the Niethammer house. Due east and slightly north of the Chattin house, across the dirt road, is a white frame dwelling occupied by a family named Costello. These are the only people living in the immediate vicinity — the Chattins, the Niethammers, and the Costellos. The Chattins and the Niethammers are of Pennsylvania German extraction, and the Costellos are of Irish ancestry. All are pleasant,

unassuming, middle-class people.

The rocks first began falling on the evening of July 30, 1952. From then on they continued to fall sporadically, beginning usually about dusk and continuing until one or two a.m. (They are still falling as this is being written.) They seem to come directly out of the sky and it is impossible to trace their trajectory. Sometimes only one or two rocks an hour will come down, and at other times the fall is large enough to awaken the Niethammers as the stones rattle off the sides and roof of the garage. The garage is definitely the target, none of the stones fall outside an area within a few feet of it.

For the first couple of evenings, only the Chattins and the Niethammers witnessed the fall of the rocks. By the third evening, however, word had gotten around and a crowd of about 50 persons gathered about the garage. When windows were broken and the stones kept coming down, the Vanderburgh County Sheriff's office was notified and two deputies, Raymond Umfried and Leonard Denton, were assigned to the case. Their job was to apprehend the culprits and protect the Chattin's property. From the third night on the deputies stationed themselves before the Chattin garage.

At first the deputies were sure that mischievous boys were responsible. With Mr. Chattin,

Mr. Niethammer, Mr. Costello, and John Chattin cooperating, plus several volunteers from the crowd, they scouted the neighboring woods, hid in the high weeds near the garage, fired into the tree-tops, and tried in various other ways to capture or frighten the "vandals" who were responsible for the rock-fall. They found no trace of any human agency, although they and their volunteer posse searched diligently both night and day over an area a half-mile in diameter. The woods to the east of the Chattin residence and parallel to U. S. 41 were the most likely site for some sort of a home-made bazooka or sling-shot capable of hurling the stones, and these were scoured without success. The deputies agreed that it was almost inconceivable that boys or even men with some ulterior motive could rig up a device capable of shooting the stones over such a long distance with the accuracy that the "rocks from nowhere" displayed. They fell into such a small area that it would almost require a Norden bomb-sight to pin-point the target so accurately.

From about the fourth night on the rocks began coming in at different speeds, sometimes smashing against the stucco bricks of the garage like fired missiles and at other times dropping limply and rattling down the roof. At first they had come at about 15-

minute intervals but as time went on they spaced out to half-hour intervals, coming either singly or in showers. On the fifth night the deputies' car was included in the target area, and the stones began banging down on its steel top. They (the deputies) jumped out and blazed away at the tree-tops, with no effect other than riddled branches.

Meanwhile, Mr. Chattin and the neighbors were secreting themselves throughout the woods and weeds in an attempt to trap the miscreants. Neither they nor the deputies were able to uncover the smallest clue that might indicate a human agency.

Although the rocks did not usually begin coming in until dusk, the crowd began gathering about 8 p.m., the night I visited the house. The restaurant and filling station both did a flourishing business, with Mr. Chattin manning the gas pump and Mrs. Chattin frying hamburgers and pouring coffee. By eight o'clock there were already some 10 cars parked around the filling station and along the dirt road that led down past the Niethammer place. About 8:10 the deputy sheriffs, Denton and Umfried, drove up and parked their car in the garage drive-way. They came into the restaurant and I sat down at a table with them. Other people in the restaurant gazed at us curiously. We ordered coffee.

I said: "What do you boys make of this?"

Denton didn't say anything but Umfried said: "I can't see how it can be anything but kids. But then again, I don't see how it can be kids, either. We've gone over the woods with a fine tooth comb."

A tanned old farmer in well-worn overalls, who was sitting on a stool at the counter, horned in on the conversation.

"Chattin there (nodding towards Louis Chattin, busy at the gas pump) thinks them rocks comes right out of the sky. He b'lieves ghost'r throwin' 'em."

Umfried laughed. "Do you believe in ghosts, Fred?"

"Hell, yes," said the farmer. "I seen too many not to b'lieve in 'em."

Everybody laughed. Umfried looked at the clock. "Let's go, Len". He and Denton went out to their car. The crowd followed them. It was 8:20 now and beginning to get quite dark. Mrs. Chattin stayed in the restaurant but Mr. Chattin, a middle-aged, well-built, weather-beaten man with bright blue eyes left the gas pump and went over to the deputies' car for a conference. Young John Chattin joined them. Soon Louis Chattin called to some other men and they all clustered around the car. About 8:30 the whole group, led by Umfried, fanned out across the dirt road

and disappeared into the woods.

By now about 30 cars were parked along the dirt road and around the filling station. Some of them had turned their headlights on the garage. Thirty or 40 persons, men, women, and children, had gotten out of the cars and were standing or sitting in a semicircle about 35 feet back from the garage. I was leaning against the door of the police car when the first rock came in, at about 8:40. It dropped with a soft 'plink' on the roof of the garage and bounced off into the driveway. Nobody made a move to get it. Umfried said: "Go pick it up. It'll be warm."

The rock had rolled to within four feet of the front bumper of the car. I walked over and picked it up. It was a small white limestone rock, little larger than a pebble, easily distinguished from the other limestones in the driveway by its lighter color. It was quite warm, about as warm as the bowl of a pipe gets after a few minutes puffing.

Seconds later another rock fell. This one came in out of the dark with more velocity; it cracked sharply against the stucco brick of the garage and rolled out towards the crowd. A little girl darted out, picked it up, and ran back. Almost immediately another stone came down, hitting the top of the deputies' car. Denton said: "We've been in the

target area for three nights now. At first every stone hit the garage."

From the woods there was the sound of a pistol-shot. The crowd turned in the direction of the shot and a buzz of conversation ensued. I looked inquiringly at Denton. He shook his head. "Just Ray, shooting up into the tree-tops," he said. "We do that every once in awhile, just to scare 'em. Only they don't seem to scare."

For a half hour no more stones fell. Some of the crowd got restless and left. As one car drove off the driver leaned out and hollered, "the goblins will get you if you don't watch out!" People smiled but nobody laughed.

I talked with a young couple by the name of Gerhardt who had driven out from Evansville. They belonged to the Church of the Brethren and were very serious. The rocks were a sign, Gerhardt said. Of what? He didn't know. But he was sure the rocks came from heaven and were a sign. Only God knew what they were a sign of.

The Evansville *Courier*, which hadn't taken much notice of the story, had finally come to life after the AP dispatch had gone out and the paper had a photographer out at the Chattin place taking flash pictures. He shot everything — the garage, the deputies' car, the Chattin house, the rocks. He was a young fellow

whose name I didn't bother to ascertain, completely cynical. "Some clever kid has rigged up a mortar or something out of an old stovepipe and is making asses out of all of you," he said, generously including me among the asses. He stayed about 15 minutes and then hopped back to town.

Umfried, Chattin, and the group which had been searching the woods came back for coffee before crossing U.S. 41 and beginning the search among the weeds and brush over there. They hadn't found anything. As they sat in the restaurant drinking coffee the rocks began coming in again, in little showers this time. Smaller in size than the first rocks, they rained softly down on the roof of the garage and bounced or rolled off into the driveway or the grass. I noted that every man who had gone out had come back, including the two Chattins, Louis and John. They finished their coffee and went across the road, fanning out again to take in as much territory as possible. Back at the deputies' car Denton was talking with Evansville police headquarters on his two-way radio.

"Nope, nothing. Rocks are still coming in. Ray has just left the woods and is going through the weeds across 41 now."

I looked at my watch, 9:47. My train left at 10:40, and Evansville was seven miles away. Regretfully

I left. My friend, the colored taxi-driver, shook his head. "Well," he said, "I seen it. I seen it with my own eyes." He took a little limestone rock out of his pocket. "Rock," he said, "if I knowed where you come from, I'd know everything there is to know."

Previous to my arrival on the scene "experts" were called in and gave varying opinions. David M. Bigelow, Director of Education at the Evansville Public Museum, announced that the limestone layers under incinerators often explode when the heat expands the air pockets in the stones, and that the "rocks from nowhere" were probably the result of such an explosion. This explanation had to be discarded when it was pointed out that the Chattins, the Niethammers, and the Costellos did not have one incinerator among them, although the fact that the rocks were warm when first picked up seemed to lend credence to this explanation.

Another "expert" opined that the rocks were meteorites, but Evansville's leading astronomer, Circuit Court Judge Ollie Reeves, examined the stones and stated that they could not possibly be meteorites. Besides, he said, the rotation of the earth would make it impossible for meteorites to hit the same target night after night. Evansville weatherman Stanley Rampy agreed with the judge. Most non-experts agreed with

Deputy Umfried who said: "There's probably a simple explanation to it, but we haven't found it yet."

Both deputies were very sure that the most obvious explanation — mischievous small boys — could not possibly hold water. "We were expecting to find someone in the shadows throwing the rocks when we first went out there," said Deputy Umfried, "but we searched for two nights and it would have been impossible for anyone to be out there at those times."

What children were in the vicinity? John Chattin was an observer of the phenomenon and an eager assistant to the deputies in their attempts to uncover a human agency. The two Niethammer boys were little more than infants and both were securely in bed from 7 p.m. on. The Costellos had a teen-age boy, Fred, but he was sick in bed and had been for a week. The Costellos also had a girl, Frankie, but she, like John Chattin, had been a wide-eyed observer of the happenings and could not possibly have thrown the stones. There were no other near neighbors and the Chattins had no enemies that they knew of. If boys or men were throwing the stones they would have had to come from a distance of several miles to do it and it was inconceivable that anyone would be concerned enough with pelting

the Chattin's garage to make a trip of several miles each night and staying up until the small hours of the morning to do it.

Of all the people whom the writer interviewed, only the cab driver and Louis Chattin himself considered the possibility that the stones were the product of a poltergeist. Mr. Chattin insisted that the stones were coming "out of the sky" and that the whole thing smacked of the supernatural. He had received several crank letters, he said, telling him that the stones were divine retribution for his family's not attending church regularly. Besides the writer, only one other person had mentioned the word "poltergeist". That had been a reporter for the *Indianapolis Star*, who had phoned in for information and have given his opinion that here was a clear case of telekinesis caused by a poltergeist. The Chattins had not been sure just what he was talking about.

After a considerable amount of digging, the writer unearthed a fact which had not hitherto been disclosed and which other reporters had not considered significant. The Costello girl, Frankie,

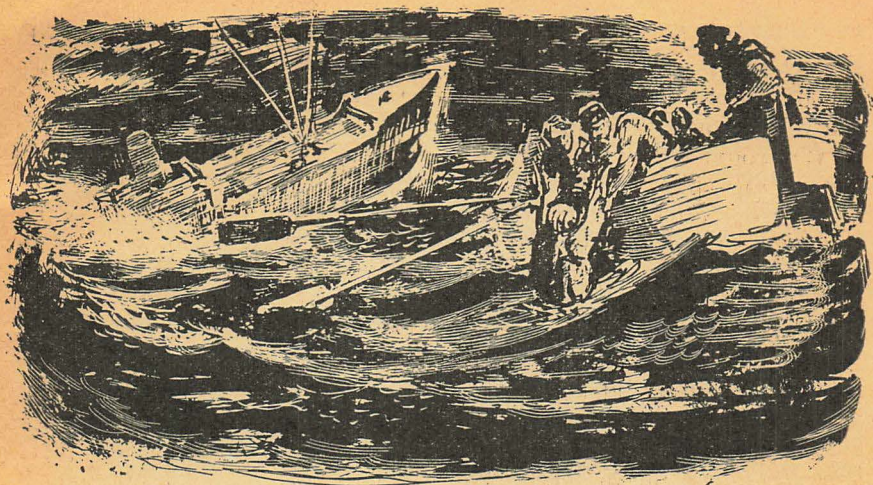
was 14 years old. As every student of psychical phenomena knows, the presence of a girl just entered upon puberty is one common condition for the activity of a genuine poltergeist, or mischievous spirit. In some mysterious way, an adolescent child becomes a catalyst for poltergeist phenomena.

Carl Carmer, a student of psychics, once wrote a book called "Stars Fell On Alabama." Perhaps someday someone will write one titled "Stones Fell on Indiana." What are they and where are they coming from? It is hard to say, and since they are still falling as these words are written, it is dangerous to hazard an opinion. But at the risk of being made a fool of by tomorrow's papers, this writer, having examined all the evidence and being of sound mind (he thinks), would be inclined to state that here is another classic case of poltergeist activity.

They are still prowling the woods back of U.S. 41 for a human agency down in Vanderburgh County, Indiana, but the bet here is that they will never find one because there never was one.

CANINE METHUSELAH

FANNY, a mongrel dog, recently died in Charlton, Mass., at the remarkable old age of 20 years. This is the dogdom equivalent of 140 years in a human being.



Ghost at Sea ~

The seaman slipped, pitched off into the ocean and was lost. The bad part is, he blamed me for not stopping

~ By Capt. Frank H. Shaw

Reprinted from Prediction

I SAW a ghost. It may have been hallucination, or the work of a too-vivid imagination.

In a sailing ship, running the Easting down before a heavens-hard gale of wind, one of the crew fell overboard — being literally blown off the lower topsail yard where he was trying to lash the head of the sail to the jackstay.

The ship gave a furious lurch, he lost handgrip on the slippery jackstay, I suppose, and pitched head foremost over the yard. He

struck the bellied canvas, glanced off, vanished upside into boiling froth. I was a youngster, at the kicking wheel at the time.

I yelled to the mate, who had the watch, snugged under a wind-break in the mizzen rigging: "Man overboard!"

I jerked a lifebuoy from its becket and pitched it over the stern. I had all my work cut out in handling the steering after that; the ship ran wild. The wind force was 70 miles an hour.

The mate stamped on the deck over the captain's head; the captain came up, blear-eyed from sleep in a stuffy atmosphere.

We could do nothing: 2,000 miles from port. True, an odd grating was pitched over the side; but, I heard the mate growl: "Poor devil, it's only prolonging the agony!"

Thus we left the man to drown. It is doubtful if anything could have been done. Plenty of seamen have perished that way. It was a pity.

Sadness fell on the ship. The foremast hands agreed that the position had been hopeless. There was no rancor against the after-guard; it was the kind of thing seamen had to face.

At midnight I relieved the wheel for a two-hour trick. The weather was still tempestuous; the ship demanded a great deal of handling. I had a man at the lee wheel to halve the strain. There was scant chance of thinking, even — concentrated attention on the wheel was absolutely necessary if the ship were to live.

I was just heaving up the spokes to keep the ship's head off, when I heard the drowned man's voice at my ear. "Why didn't you stop and pick me up?" it asked. He owned a husky, individual voice in life; this was unquestionably his voice.

"Watch your luff!" bellowed the mate, hurrying aft. I was so

flabbergasted that I released the spokes and the ship ran up into the wind. She almost broached-to. When she was steady, I asked the man at the lee wheel: "Hear anything?"

"Sure I did," he said across the spokes. "It was Snowball." He emptied his mouth of tobacco-juice and added: "There he is, at your shoulder!"

I cannot describe what it was — there was certainly nothing visible; but there was, as certainly, a feeling that something was there, standing behind me on the wheel-grating. I swung an arm behind me — nothing resisted it.

"What's biting you?" growled the mate, seeing my antics.

"Snowball was speaking, sir," said I.

"Oh, they often do," he said casually, as if it were an everyday occurrence. "Sometimes they take quite a while to settle."

Twice more during that trick did Snowball — a mulatto — speak his condemnation. His voice was as authentic as his real voice.

I wasn't to blame; I was simply a nonentity under orders. The captain was the man to say if an attempt at rescue should be made. Why should I be the recipient of that accusation from the Other Side?

Now, I am not of the stamp of man who believes in ghosts. I have visited allegedly haunted houses without hearing or seeing a single

manifestation. Even when companions have sworn to certain happenings, I've been unaware of them.

And yet — I saw another ghost; rather, I heard it. It was a long time after that fateful Easting voyage.

Can I be clairaudient on infrequent occasions? Heaven knows! But I heard the voice of Captain Lockyer say: "Steer East by South!" as plainly as if he'd been on the steamer's bridge alongside me.

It was during the middle watch of a foggy night, the fog having succeeded a formidable gale. Naturally, as captain, I was on the bridge.

I felt uncomfortable — Captain Lockyer had been dead for many years. And as surely as I heard that crisp order, so surely did I hear the helmsman say: "East by South, sir!" as if acknowledging a change of course.

I went to the wheel-house to demand: "Who told you to alter course?"

"Why, sir, you did — you said East by South, plain as day!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Go your course." He did that. I crossed to where the watchkeeper was snugged under shelter of the dodger.

"Did you tell him to alter course?" I asked.

"I, sir? No, sir," he replied, surprised. It couldn't have been

hallucination, though I was worn out, first with seeing my ship through the storm, now with the fog.

I hadn't thought of old Sam Lockyer for donkey's years. East by South was the last course I had in mind. Then I heard the helmsman say:

"Ay, ay, sir. East by South!" I went to the wheel-house door. I was annoyed, being a matter-of-fact man.

"You talking to yourself?" I asked. He denied the imputation; he was answering my new order.

"I never gave one," said I. "Keep your ears skinned. Go your proper course."

A glance into the binnacle showed me the lubber's line was swaying on East by South.

"Someone's balmy!" I heard the quartermaster mutter. I stood by the standard compass and watched the ship's head swing back to the lawful compass point.

"Steady as you go!" said I; and told the watchkeeper to keep an eye on the steering. I heard him say, after a while:

"Watch your helm, there; you're two points off course."

"Ship isn't answering, sir," came back from the wheel-house. I told the second mate to take the wheel himself for a spell. He reported that she was dragging at the wheel, simply wouldn't steady on the right course.

Now, I had no particular cause

to remember old Lockyer, except that once I'd been enabled to do him a good turn, which needn't be elaborated here.

But, with the eerie fog everywhere around, and my thoughts straying this way and that, I began to wonder if it were permitted occasionally — very occasionally — for messages to be transmitted from one dimension to another!

I remembered the case of the man overboard down the Easting.

Laughing at myself for my folly, I ordered the watchkeeper to steer East by South for a while, and see how the ship behaved. He reported in five minutes that she steered like a yacht.

We were steaming at half-speed, as dictated by the rule of the road at sea, which ordains that in thick weather all ships must go warily. I rang the telegraph to full speed. The quartermaster had taken the wheel again. I asked how the ship steered; he replied: "Like a charm, sir."

"Then go your course," I instructed. After a minute or two he called:

"She won't come up, sir!" It was all very puzzling. We had plenty of sea-room.

I stood in the wheel-house, watching the quartermaster. He did his best, but the ship fought the helm consistently.

And, standing there, among the steam and grease-smells, I got a weird impression that some-

one else was present. It was exactly as it was on the poop of my old sailing ship.

"Let her go East by South for a bit," I said. She behaved docilely as soon as her bow was notched on that point. I slowed again.

This was in the days before wireless was in general use aboard ordinary freighters. A few Transatlantic liners carried it, yes; but the *Titanic* wasn't yet sunk, and the need for urgent calls didn't seem so insistent.

At change of watch I told the new hand at the wheel to revert to the original course. He couldn't get the ship steady, he said. And that feeling of companionship persisted. I asked the mate, now keeping watch, if he noticed anything odd.

"Ship seems uneasy, sir," he agreed. He was superstitious: a Highlander from Inverness. I told him of the eerie voice.

"Take my word for it, sir, it's a message from the Unseen," he said with the utmost conviction. I laughed, not very convincingly, perhaps. And as I did so, I distinctly heard Lockyer's voice say: "Keep going as you are." The mate heard it.

"It's a message," he said. I agreed to let the mystery have its own way. A few miles off-course wouldn't make much difference. With daylight and a possible clearance, matters would right themselves.

But when day broke and the worst of the fog lifted, the lookout shouted: "Ship right ahead, sir!"

The steamer was in dire distress, seemed about to sink, as a result of the recent furious gale. She signalled for urgent assistance. We gave it, saving twenty-seven men.

The report was that the ship's boilers had broken adrift, leaving the sea-connections broken, and that water raced through the holes. The stoke-hold was flooded; and the donkey-boiler couldn't be used to work the pumps.

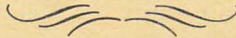
We stood by for a while after recovering the crew of the *Stornoway*; the ship settled steadily, and dived under within an hour

of our boat returning from its second trip.

And there was no further difficulty with my own ship's steering; she behaved like a lamb.

I am convinced that for a brief space the Veil was lifted. The captain of the *Stornoway* — Mackenzie — admitted that he had called the crew to prayers when the position became impossible, since his boats were all badly damaged by the storm. Mackenzie himself had prayed with sincere fervor.

I have often wondered why old Lockyer should have been chosen to deliver that message. He wasn't a particularly pious man — rather the reverse, indeed. Maybe he was too restless!



"20 MINUTES TO EIGHT"

DR. WILLIAM BROWN, F.R.C.P., was skeptical of psychic phenomena until an event occurred in his own life that convinced him that there was "something to this psychic business".

The first death to occur in Dr. Brown's family in many years was that of a little boy, two and a half years old. The child died in a nursing home. On the morning of his death, Dr. Brown happened to be looking at a clock on the mantelpiece in a room a considerable distance from the nursing home. Suddenly he heard a loud noise behind him, a sudden *bang*, and the little boy's portrait shot off the edge of the piano and flew across the room. Dr. Brown noticed that the clock showed twenty minutes to eight.

Shortly thereafter, Dr. Brown received a telephone message advising him that the child had died. He told his wife of this circumstance on the way to the nursing home, and when they reached the home Dr. Brown asked the nurse in charge at what time the death took place. She said "Twenty minutes to eight". — *Alson J. Smith.*

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.

THE BLACK CAT

MY UNSELFISH, loving wife, who came from Riga, Latvia, and was for 40 years a R.N. hospital nurse, died of cancer on Christmas, 1951. She was co-founder of a spiritualistic church in Holly-



Bishop Von Seebeck

wood and believed in reincarnation. She adored cats.

The second night after she died a large, beautiful, completely unknown black Persian cat visited me. The cat sprang to my shoulder and licked away the tears on

my face. She refused cream and fish, slept until sun-up on my late wife's bed, and walked away from our bungalow. She came only once and never again. Nobody knew her — but I know who she was. — *Rt. Rev. Maurice Von Seebeck, Los Angeles, Calif.*

WAS IT SECOND SIGHT ?

LIVING near me in Eureka Springs, Ark., was a dear little pioneer lady, Mrs. Dora Brown, with whom I often stopped for a cup of coffee during the early morning walks I loved to take. In November, 1945, as I started out on one of these walks, I saw that her lights were on brightly. So I walked across the tiny bridge in front of her home.

Looking through her living room window, I saw a man sitting with his hands folded across his stomach, looking upward at something on the ceiling. "Why, that is Bill Pyatt!" I thought. He was one of her twin sons by a previous marriage who lived in Santa Ana, Calif.

I watched Mrs. Brown for a few seconds as she prepared breakfast in her brightly lighted kitchen, and I thought how I would love to be preparing breakfast for my own son, who at that time was a Marine fighting in World War II.

I decided not to break in on Bill and his mother and continued my walk. After I returned home and made breakfast, I told my husband and family that Bill Pyatt was at his mother's. "He must have taken her by surprise," I said, "for I am sure that she didn't know he was coming."

While shopping that afternoon, I met Mrs. Brown. "My, weren't you glad when Bill came?" I asked.

She looked at me blankly and said, "What do you mean?"

I explained, but she said, "There was no man at my house this morning. Certainly not Bill. Bill is in California. You were seeing things."

A cold chill ran up my spine as I said, "Yes, I guess I was seeing things." I said no more, but I knew then that something was going to happen to Bill.

One week from that day Mrs. Brown's niece rushed into my home and said, "Mrs. Call, Aunt Dora got a telegram from California that Bill is dead."

A letter followed saying that Bill had been taken to the hospital at Santa Ana early the Saturday before the morning that I had

seen him, and that he had said he wanted to see his mother. But because of her age he had felt it best not to let her know until everything was over.

I have known other things that were going to happen. I heard my son, who at that time was going through the battle of Tarawa, call me. He called twice. I rose up in bed and answered. Then I got out and began to pray. I knew that something had happened, or had almost happened, to my son. I walked the remainder of the night, praying.

I wrote my son a letter and the date that I heard him call me and asked him what had happened. He answered, "Mom, I had the pack shot off my back as I went ashore on Tarawa." He had turned just in time, or the bullet would have plowed through him.

I believe in a guardian angel, as it says in *Psalms* 91:11, "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." — *Cora Pinkley-Call, Eureka Springs, Ark.*

THE PHANTOM CHURCH

DURING the year 1919 we lived in the small village of Miraflores, in the District of Chalco, Mexico, where Father was employed in a large cotton spinning mill. A few months after our arrival we were forced to flee from our home due to a bandit uprising. We went into the mountains,

along with several other members of our family who owned three farms in the neighborhood.

The bandits used to loot the houses and then burn them, and if anyone tried to oppose them they would hang them to the nearest telegraph pole! We hid by day and traveled by night in an endeavor to reach the City of Puebla.

After the third night out we were seized by an advance guard which stripped us of the few things we had been able to rescue, money, overcoats, blankets, food and some donkeys we had taken to ride, thus forcing us to proceed on foot. As it was the middle of winter and rained every day, the going was very difficult, added to which we managed to save only one old battered lantern and a small tin of petrol to light the way.

One night my brother and I were so tired that we lagged behind the rest and before long lost sight of the man with the lantern. We wandered about for some time, slipping and falling in the darkness, when suddenly we beheld, on our left, the outlines of an old Catholic church. We were greatly cheered by this sight, as we thought we could go in and rest there while the rain abated. So we shouted to the others to come and find shelter with us.

As we turned towards the church, we heard the voices of several members of the party call-

ing our names, and then the man with the lantern arrived. We saw, to our astonishment, that we had been walking along the edge of a deep and rocky precipice! Had we not been attracted by the church and turned to our left, we would surely have perished! Great was the joy of all at finding us safe — but though we looked all around carefully for the church, it had vanished! — *Beatrice Richards, Mexico City, Mexico*

HAROLD IS COMING HOME

AT ABOUT 3 a.m. on February 10, 1944, I was awakened from a sound sleep and heard the voice of my daughter, Irene, who had passed into spirit on June 7, 1942. This is what I heard her say: "Mother, Harold is coming home today."

The message frightened me. I knew that only an emergency would bring my son home. At that time Harold lived in South Bend, Ind., and was a Boy Scout executive with a huge program ahead of him, as it was National Boy Scout Week.

My daughter Irene's two children, Beverly, 14, and Bobbie, 11, were staying with me, and my first thoughts were of them. I was laid up with a dislocated shoulder and a broken collar bone. My arm was in a cast and it was very difficult for me to do any work. It was Bobbie's birthday, but I was not able to bake

him a birthday cake or to prepare a birthday dinner. However, a close friend of Irene's had called and invited us all to her home for dinner that night.

As Beverly was combing my hair and helping me to dress, I said to her, "Let us put a note on the table, so if Uncle Harold comes he will know where we are." (He had a key to our home.)

Beverly said, "Grandma, you know Uncle Harold can't come home now."

When we arrived at the home of our friend, who lived in the country, I told her of the message I had received. She was a firm believer in spirit return but she did not want me to worry and said, "Grandma, this is Bobbie's birthday, and we are just going to have a good time."

We had a delightful dinner and spent the evening in playing games with the children. After much coaxing we were persuaded to spend the night at our friend's home but it was a restless night for me. I felt I was needed at home and was anxious to get there.

After breakfast we left for home, and as we stepped upon the porch my son opened the door to greet us. I said, "Harold, I knew you were coming home, but what brought you?"

He exclaimed, "Why, Mother, haven't you heard? Dad passed away yesterday."

My husband, from whom I had separated several years before, had died early on February 10, and Harold had left South Bend as soon as he received word of his father's death, arriving in Madison before midnight. He had come home as Irene said he would. — *Rev. Amelia Pope, Madison, Wis.*

A HUNCH

HAVE you ever had a feeling of future disaster — a feeling that you, alone, could prevent it? That very thing happened to Charles Colombo early one morning. Due to his father's intuition, Clement Colombo is still alive to tell this story.

At 1:30 a.m. a hunch prompted Mr. Colombo to telephone his son, a dairy rancher, from Bodega Bay, Calif., and warn him not to put the cows in the barn for their 2 a.m. feeding. Because he couldn't get the call through, he asked the Santa Rosa, Calif., long-distance operator, Betty Butchart, to continue trying and to deliver the message.

It was almost 2 a.m. when Miss Butchart succeeded in getting the message through. The cows were left outdoors.

Clement Colombo's huge barn collapsed with a roar 90 minutes later when a storm with high winds struck at Bodega — at the exact hour of milking time when he, his assistant, and the 60 cows would ordinarily have been in the

barn. — *Gladys Sergent, Eugene, Ore.*

STRONGER THAN DEATH

AFTER a series of dreams which indicated to me that my father was not long for this world, I crossed over to Ireland in order to be with him when he died, as he had always been a wonderful father to me. I doubted if any of my sisters would bother leaving their homes and families to care for him.

Although still a wealthy man, in my dreams he looked neglected and to my anger I did find him neglected, although there were five servants and one of his sisters in the house.

Now my father liked to have me sit by him in front of the fire. He had a favorite easy chair before the fireplaces in the drawing room, his study, the dining room and his bedroom. I used to sit holding his hand, as it comforted him.

One day, however, I entered the drawing room and to my utter amazement I saw my mother sitting beside him, holding his hand. My mother had died 10 years earlier. She was wearing one of her favorite black corded silk dresses. She always had them made with extra full skirts and she always wore a large cameo brooch surrounded with diamonds, a long gold watchchain and earrings to match the brooch. My mother

looked up at me as I entered and then vanished.

I was afraid to sit down in the chair she had occupied and so I slid it away and brought forward another. My father looked up at me and said, "That was my dear Jenny!" Then he began to tell me stories of mother and himself when they were young and how they had fallen in love the first time they saw each other.

Later I told my sister and the housekeeper what I had seen. My sister was terrified. I thought this strange as this sister was Mother's favorite.

After that every time I entered the room where my father was sitting I would find Mother beside him, holding his hand. She would always look up at me and then vanish. My father would always say, "That was dear Jenny."

Father was only confined to bed for three days before he passed on and I think Mother was there all the time. I saw her often sitting by his bedside with one arm leaning along the top of the pillow. We had three gardeners and when we had to change the bed or lift Father out, two of these men would scrub up and come up to the bedroom. One saw my mother and he would not come into the house again.

My father had always hated and distrusted nurses, and with help from the housekeeper I man-

aged to nurse him myself. Several times each night I would get up and go to his door. If he held his hand up I knew he was awake and wanted me to sit by him. My mother was always there, but when I came in she would vanish. Love is stronger than death and she had come back for Father. — *Mrs. Dorothea J. Snyder, Pelham, N. Y.*

WHAT FRIGHTENED LUCKY?

IN 1917 my husband was manager of the Dunwoodie Country Club, about 45 minutes from Broadway, on the outskirts of Yonkers, N. Y. During the winter months, when only a few straggling members spent the weekend at the club for ice hockey, I was permitted to live there.

One of the most popular and self-important members was Lucky, a shaggy black and white dog, probably an English setter. Lucky was an all-knowing high-brow and if he didn't take a fancy to you he'd shun you disdainfully. He adored my husband, followed him everywhere, and lived under his roll-top desk at other times.

Coming Spring and expecting the stork, we decided to find living quarters as near the club as possible. Houses were scarce in Dunwoodie. Someone told us of a place in Bryn Maur, on the other side of the golf links.

The apartment was downstairs in a two-family house, five rooms

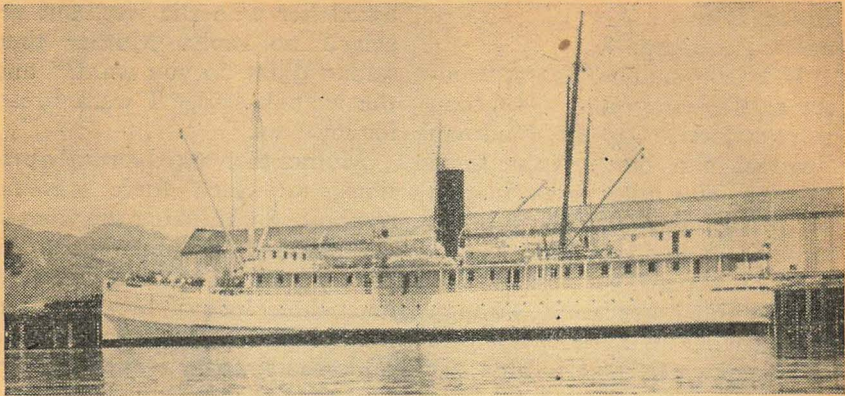
with a glass-enclosed porch in the rear. We thought the porch would be ideal for sunning our expected baby.

Before leaving the club for good, we decided to sleep in the apartment a couple of nights. As soon as Lucky sniffed the new rooms, he acted strangely. The glass porch was his undoing. He moaned dismally and shook in fear. Coaxing and fondling in assurance that all was well had no effect on Lucky.

The next night I too felt a strange foreboding — as if some evil thing hung over our heads. Lucky stayed, trembling, under our bed. The following day I went over to put some finishing touches on the apartment. Becoming tired, I laid down for a few minutes. I must have dozed, for suddenly I was awakened by the terrifying sound of piercing screams and breaking glass.

When I reached the back porch several neighbors had gathered. There on my porch steps was a dying young woman, a bottle of carbolic acid by her side. Her hand had smashed the glass as she fell.

The son of the folks upstairs had promised to wed the girl. He did not return from overseas or write to her, and his people were unsympathetic. The girl committed suicide, intending to do so by their door rather than mine.



S.S. Humboldt wandered out of harbor the day her master died

Was *that* what Lucky had sensed? Do dogs see such events in advance? At any rate, we moved next day. — *Lila M. Rich, Hollywood, Calif.*

THE LAST VOYAGE

THERE are strange things done in the midnight sun . . .”

How often have I heard jovial old Capt. E. G. Baufman recite these lines from Robert Service to the passengers on his ship the *Humboldt*. Little did I dream then of the strange thing that was to mark the closing chapter of the skipper's life.

The *Humboldt* began her career as a passenger and freight carrier during the '98 gold rush to Alaska. Captain Baufman took command of her then and was her only master for 37 years. He loved his ship like a member of his family. Nothing was too good for her. I remember seeing him put a

\$20 gold piece under a mast that was being installed “just for good luck.”

When she brought in a record cargo of gold or went to the rescue of a vessel in distress, the Captain would act as a proud father does over the accomplishments of a favorite child. And well he might have been proud of his sturdy craft for she not only brought over \$100 million worth of gold bullion out of Alaska, but went to the rescue of more than a thousand shipwrecked persons.

Many times Captain Baufman was offered the command of a big ocean liner but he always found some excuse for refusing. We knew that nothing on earth could tear him away from “the little girl” as he fondly called her.

So, as the years passed, seafaring people began to speculate as to who would go first, the Captain or his craft. And at last the

Humboldt made her last voyage and was tied up.

In San Francisco, just at "sunset and evening star," less than a year later, Captain Baufman "crossed the bar." That same evening, 500 miles away in San Pedro harbor, the *Humboldt* broke loose from her moorings. Not a soul was aboard, yet some unseen hand guided her safely through the treacherous harbor, out past the breakwater, and headed her on her course up towards San Francisco. The stern light was the only light burning on the entire vessel. This was sighted by the Coast Guard cutter which followed her and towed her back to the harbor. She did not get a chance to join her master on his last voyage. — *Claire Spofford, San Francisco, Calif.*

BREAD FOR HER BOYS

MY PARENTS had been married for just four months back in July, 1888, when one morning my mother entered the bedroom to make the bed. She left the kitchen door open, as it was a warm day with a breeze coming in from the hall. At the foot of the stairway, the lady downstairs' sat on the doorstep, sewing. No one could enter or leave without her seeing them.

Mother finished her work and upon returning to the kitchen saw a woman in a blue house dress seated at the table. Mother

asked her who she was, but received no reply. Mother then said, "What do you want?" and the woman said, "I want bread for my boys."

Mother then asked several questions, to which there was no response. So, thinking the woman was abashed, mother went to the pantry and sliced and buttered one whole loaf of bread. When mother placed the bread on the table the stranger was still there, but when she went to get a paper bag to put the bread in, the woman was gone. She never made a sound, nor did the lady on the doorstep see her leave.

When my father returned home, Mother told him about the stranger. His face blanched. The description fitted his mother, who when she was dying of cancer told him to make bread for the boys. He was only 16 then, the eldest of five boys. — *Mrs. Marion Stewart, Halifax, N. S., Canada*

IS DEATH A DREAM?

ONE DAY several years ago, when I was swimming in the Pacific Ocean near Seal Beach, I suddenly found myself in difficulties. Although the sea did not appear exceptionally rough, I discovered when well out from shore that a terrific rip-tide was running. Knowing that rip-tides can be very treacherous, I immediately headed back for shore. But try as I might I couldn't make any

headway, for the current was too strong.

I began to grow alarmed and shouted for help, but the wind was blowing and I was so far out that I doubted if my voice could be heard. Again I tried with all my strength to fight the pull of the undertow. But it seemed useless and I was becoming exhausted. Then a huge wave came thundering toward me and I went under. I came up gasping and fighting for breath. Sudden, awful panic struck me as I realized I was close to death by drowning.

But in that instant a strange, incredible thing happened — I was suddenly no longer in my drowning body. As swift as a flash my consciousness, or self, had withdrawn to a distance 10 or 12 feet above and was looking down at my body floundering in the sea.

The "body" had not entirely lost consciousness yet, but beat its arms spasmodically, kicked and fought for breath. The "I" consciousness, serene and calm above the body, watched its clumsy writhings and contortions with impersonal disinterest, not caring, actually, whether the body perished or survived. "I", or the self watching the body, knew with absolute certainty that the "I" consciousness was timeless, ageless and eternal. Thus it watched the drowning body dispassionately as you might watch an old

coat being discarded — not really caring in the least what happened to it.

With equal disinterest I watched swimmers rescue my body and haul it unconscious to shore. I saw them apply artificial respiration and listened to every word they said. Then finally when the body began to respond I found "I" was being drawn back to it by an irresistible force. Half regretfully I realized that I would "have to put on that cumbersome thing again". A few moments later I regained consciousness in my body.

Since that day I no longer think of my body as "I" any more than I would think of one of my garments as "I". — *Paul M. Vest, Santa Monica, Calif.*

TELEPATHIC BOND

WHEN I got home from my office on March 20, 1952, my wife told me of the following strange experience with our daughter of almost two years: "I was feeling a little dizzy this morning and was thinking about it, when suddenly daughter said, 'Yes, Mother, dizzy, dizzy!' She was playing with dolls and toys in the room and said it while still playing. I did not say a word about my dizziness to her, nor had she ever heard the word before that moment."

Another similar case happened some weeks before this one. My

wife was thinking about a girl friend whose name is Joukje, when our daughter said, "Yes, Joukje, Joukje!" My wife did not mention the friend's name aloud but only thought about it.

I've heard much about telepathy, but not in children of such an early age. My opinion is that our daughter must have received my wife's thoughts. There must be a closer connection between the minds of young children and their mothers than we realize. — *T. Van Ingen, Groningen, Netherlands.*

EXPERIENCES OF AN AUTOMATIST

I HAVE been able to do automatic writing for several years and have had a number of amazing experiences. The questions which have been put to me by people have been many and varied, but the times I have been able to locate lost objects are perhaps the most interesting.

A friend's husband put some money away in the back of their cafe one day and then left town without remembering to tell her where he had put it. She came to me.

"Where is the money I want to find?" she asked. She handed me a large piece of white paper and a pencil. "It is quite important that I find it. Will you please write for me?"

Of course I obliged. Placing the paper in front of me and holding

the pencil relaxed in my right hand, I let my subconscious take hold. My hand moved and my pencil wrote:

Look in a drawer, in back of cafe. Look in something blue — under some papers. There is the money.

My friend went to the back of the cafe. In a few moments she returned with a blue can which she had taken from a drawer. Inside were some small papers and under the papers lay \$17.



Author Teeters

In the cafe of this same friend a woman stopped a few days later. My friend heard her say she had lost her watch, and she called me to come over. When I reached the cafe my friend introduced me to the agitated woman.

"Mrs. S. tells me you can find things which are lost," she said. "Please find my watch."

I smiled. "I am not infallible," I said. "But I shall try."

The pencil in my hand, I wrote:

Watch is in a house three blocks away — not stolen but found and placed on a narrow wooden place behind an object which hides it from view.

“Why,” said the woman, “that’s in my own house.” And after thanking me she left.

The next day I learned she had found the watch on a window ledge, behind a clock. Her son found it when it had dropped off her arm, and he had placed it there.

More detailed instructions were given to my daughter one day when she and some other children lost their ball. I was washing dishes when the door burst open and the youngsters came rushing into our trailer.

“Mother,” my daughter said breathlessly, “we’ve lost our ball and we want you to find it.”

As always, I answered, “I’ll try.” And wiping my hands, I sat down with my paper and pencil.

Go to the trailer with a tree by the window. Take 20 steps straight west from the tree. Turn right and take five steps. Your ball is under a clump of grass which is in line with a tree with a vine.

The youngsters disappeared even faster than they had come. When my daughter came back some time later, she said noncha-

lantly, “Oh, we found our ball, Mother, right where you said.” And when I followed her out to see, it was true. They had.

Often I can find things which I have myself misplaced. The directions come to me as if I were another person.

Once it was imperative that I find the children’s shoe stamps (when that was necessary for buying shoes), and I knew that I had put them some place but for the life of me couldn’t find them. Finally my husband suggested that I “write.” And so I took up my pencil and paper.

The answer was quite curt!

The shoe stamps are in the left hand side of the place you just looked.

My daughter, who was standing nearby, went over to the wastepaper basket (into which I had just looked) and upright against the left hand side of the basket stood the envelope with the shoe stamps.

I don’t know if I can clarify this ability of mine. Even the automatist can seldom interpret the results of the writings which are produced. But extra-sensory perception, combined with some sort of subconscious muscular control, seems the most logical explanation. — *Leone Marlatt Teeters, Tacoma, Wash.*



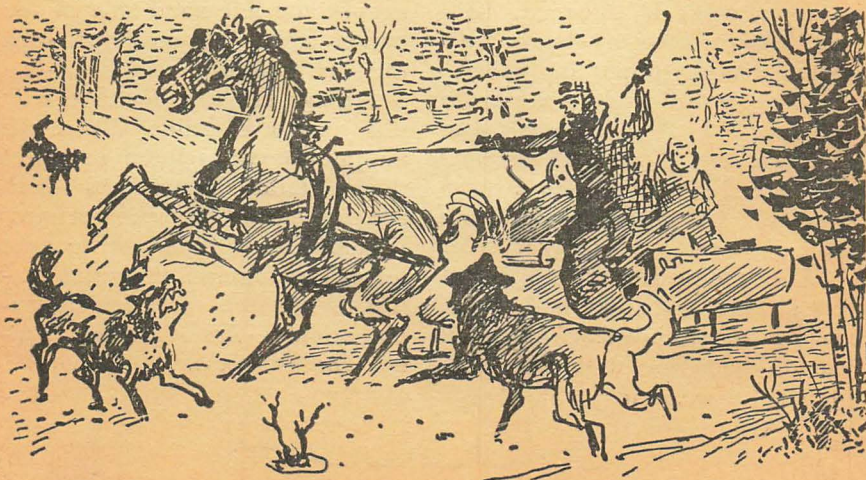
When icy winds blow and Christmas
draws near, the Macedonians gather about the fire
to hear how St. Nicholas caused a

Miracle in the forest

By Julian Hammer

THE WINTER OF 1840 was long and severe in the little village of Djerdjelija on the southeast border of what was then the kingdom of Macedonia (now one of the six federated republics of Yugoslavia). Toward the end of

December, with snow falling continually and the cold wind piling it into mountainous drifts, the residents of the village found themselves faced with a danger even greater than the weather. The wolves which normally kept



This portrait of Nikolai Choodovoritz is the same one Djivan claimed as showing his mysterious rescuer in the forest. Made from an icon, it shows the actual man from whom arose our present Santa Claus tradition.



to the distant mountains had descended in great packs into the forest that bordered the village and in which lived many woodcutters and their families. Emboldened by hunger, the wolves became such a menace that it was extremely dangerous to venture into the forest alone or unarmed.

It was a custom of long standing among the people of Djevdjelija to exchange invitations with friends for Sunday dinner, a family being host one week and guests the next. So ingrained was this pleasant practice that even the frightening prospect of travelling through the forest at night could not break it.

And so it was that one Sunday evening in December, close to Christmas, Hassan Malich thanked his host, a woodcutter who lived deep within the forest, for the hospitality and excellence of his dinner table and announced that

it was time to return to his own home in the village. Uneasy as he was about the wolves and the long ride through the dark forest that lay ahead, Hassan would not impose upon the woodcutter who had offered to put him and his family up for the night. So, after the customary farewells and return invitation, Hassan, his wife Aishma, their year-old daughter Salima, and their three-year-old son Djivan, set out through the forest.

Hassan's sleigh, or *rozvalni* as that type of conveyance was called, was typical of the period. It consisted essentially of a straw-filled wooden bed which curved upwards at the front and was open

at the sides and back. It was pulled along on its iron runners by a horse attached to it with leather traces. The entire affair, closely resembling a crude toboggan, was about 10 feet long and so low that no part of it was higher than a foot off the ground, thus lessening the danger of injury if one were to fall out.

To drive, Hassan had to kneel behind the curved front and peer between the horse's legs at the road ahead. Every so often he would take his eyes off the road to smile at his wife who sat next to him, holding the little girl in her arms. From her, Hassan would look back over his shoulder at the tiny, sleeping figure of Djivan, lying comfortably in the straw of the sleigh bed, only his face visible through the blankets that covered him.

Except for the pale light of the moon that filtered down through the trees and glistened off the falling snow, there was no light and Hassan was thankful that his horse knew the way. And so they rode for almost an hour: the old mare pulling the sleigh along at a slow trot, the tiny brass bells on her collar jingling merrily. Hassan gradually lost his earlier fears about the wolves since not a distant howl had broken the stillness of the night.

They were some three-quarters of the way through the forest when it happened. Rounding a

turn in the road, Hassan felt a sudden panic as he saw, in the dim moonlight not a dozen yards ahead, several lithe, grey shadows come bounding out of the trees.

"Wolves!" Aishma screamed, but her voice was lost in the snort and frightened whinny of the mare as she reared up on her hind legs and then, with a sudden, jarring lunge, broke into a gallop. Off-balance and half out of the sleigh, Hassan fought vainly with the reins as horse, sleigh and passengers thundered down the road. The wolves, momentarily frightened by the sudden charge, jumped out of the way as the sleigh flew past, their vicious snarls fading in Hassan's ears as snow and trees flashed by him. So intent was he on trying to slow the horse before it overturned the sleigh that he did not even pause to quiet his wife's hysterical screams as she huddled in the straw at his side, clutching the baby beneath her.

Somehow the sleigh remained upright, but not until they had emerged from the forest did Hassan manage to halt the panic-stricken horse. Then, as he clambered unsteadily to his feet and leaned over to help his wife, he gave a cry of horror. Except for Aishma and the baby girl, the sleigh was empty! Little Djivan had fallen out on the road behind them, probably thrown out by the horse's sudden lunge.

After recovering from his shock, Hassan realized that there was nothing he could do. To go back into the woods now would serve no purpose because it was a certainty that by this time the wolves had killed and eaten the boy. Besides, going back there now without a light or a weapon would be suicide. And so, numbed by sorrow, Hassan and Aishma went on to the village and there, among sympathetic friends, awaited morning.

At daybreak a large search party, led by Hassan, set out into the forest to find what remains there might be of Djivan Malich. Reaching the spot where the horse had reared, the men spread out into the woods on either side of the road and for over an hour searched carefully. No trace of the boy could be found. They were almost ready to give up and return to the village when one of the men shouted to the others.

He had come upon an oblong mound of snow in the center of a little clearing and, upon approaching it, had detected a slight movement within it. The rest of the men were there in an instant and when they had cleared the snow away they fell back in amazement.

For there, lying in the snow and smiling up at them, apparently none the worse for his ordeal, was Djivan!

There was great rejoicing in Djevdjelija that day for what was

obviously a miracle. A three-year-old boy, wrapped only in three blankets, had been spared by the wolves and the sub-zero weather in which he had spent the night.

And yet, with all his great joy, Hassan found two things to be distressed about. In the first place, both he and Aishma distinctly remembered that the boy had been wrapped only in *two* blankets, both of them white. Yet, when he had been found, Djivan was swaddled in *three* blankets, the third one *red* and of a weave and material alien to Djevdjelija! The second thing, and by far the more perplexing, was the strange story Djivan told when asked what had happened.

When he had fallen out of the sleigh, Djivan explained, the wolves had come charging down on him. But at the last minute an old man with a long white beard had come and had driven the wolves off. Then he had picked Djivan up and carried him into a little clearing in the woods and, wrapping him in a red blanket which he took from his shoulders, had sat up with the boy and kept him warm all night. In the morning the old man had said to Djivan that the men from the village would soon find him and so he was leaving. He was gone as suddenly as he had appeared. Reassured, Djivan had fallen asleep and the falling snow had built a mound over him.

The tale of the strange old man with the white beard spread far and wide and was for some time the subject of much idle discussion. Most people did not believe that he had existed, attributing the story to a hallucination which the child had doubtless suffered as a result of shock. But Djivan stuck to his story, insisting that the kind old man had spent the night with him and protected him from the wolves and cold; and nothing that Hassan or anyone else could say would shake the little boy from his conviction.

By the time winter gave way to spring the incident had been all but forgotten by the village. Even Hassan was inclined to agree with the rest of the villagers who were certain that Djivan's old man had been a dream, even though the boy's survival had been some sort of a miracle. But there was something about that red blanket, carefully folded away in a wooden chest in Hassan's house which, to him at least, was a mystery that couldn't be explained away as a dream.

One day, two years later in the summer of 1842, a group of Russians on their way to Greece stopped overnight at the little inn in Djevdjelija and the next morning, after they had left, the innkeeper found a book which they had forgotten to take with them. As the book was in Russian, a language few understood and none

read in Djevdjelija, and what pictures it contained the innkeeper found uninteresting, he gave it to his friend, Hassan Malich who, stopping in the next day for a chat, had noticed the book and expressed an interest in it.

Books, even in the Serbian language, were something of a rarity in the village and Hassan accepted the volume with thanks, although he had no idea what it was about or what he would do with it. At home that evening he showed it to his wife and together they looked at the pictures of men and scenes it contained, none of which they recognized. While they were looking at the pictures, Djivan (now five years old), who had been sleeping in his bedroom, awoke and came into the living room, rubbing the sleep out of his eyes. "I'm thirsty," he explained to his mother who went in to the kitchen and brought him a cup of water from the big earthenware jug. As he was drinking it he glanced at the book on his father's lap, open to a full-page illustration.

Coming up to his father, Djivan studied the picture for a moment. "What funny clothes," he said finally. "Why, he wasn't dressed like that when I saw him."

Hassan looked at his son absent-mindedly. "Who wasn't dressed like what?" he asked.

"Why, the old man with the beard," Djivan said, pointing at

the illustration. "The one who came to me that night in the woods. That's his picture, didn't you know?"

"What are you saying, Djivan? That this man looks like the one who came to you in the dream?"

Djivan looked up at his father and said, with calm patience, "No, Father, I've told you before that it wasn't a dream and this picture — it doesn't *look* like the man, it *is* the man!"

Hassan's eyes dropped back to the picture, regarding it carefully, almost with awe. It depicted a man dressed in a strange robe on which were embroidered cross-like designs. In his left hand the man held a book of some sort while the fingers of his right hand were formed into what appeared to be a symbolic sign. The man's face was long and sensitive: steady, piercing eyes, a slender nose under which flowed a full moustache and a long, white beard. It was a kind face, Hassan reflected, and it seemed to be smiling.

No, it was preposterous, he told himself. Even if there had been someone with Djivan in the forest that night two years ago, how could a picture of that person come to be in a book from distant Russia?

Some time later, when Djivan went back to bed still uncertain what all the fuss was about, Hassan was so excited that he could scarcely contain himself until

morning. He had questioned the boy, argued with him, cajoled, pleaded, even threatened, but Djivan had steadfastly insisted that the picture in the book was that of the man who had kept him company in the forest. Normally a practical and logical man, Hassan found the boy's sincerity compelling and he knew that he would not rest until he learned who the man in the picture was.

Early the next morning Hassan set out for the neighboring village of Eidomene where lived a scholar who had travelled to Russia and could read the Russian language. He took the book with him, resolved not to return until he knew the identity of the man in the picture.

And what Hassan Malich learned in Eidomene not only changed the course of his life but that of his entire family. For the picture Djivan had recognized of his companion in the forest was that of Nicholas, Bishop of Myra, and patron saint of Russia, known to that country as *Nikolai Choodotvoritz*, Nicholas The Miracle-Maker!

It is a matter of record that shortly thereafter Hassan Malich and his family, in a step that was without precedent in Djevdjelija, perhaps even in the whole of Macedonia, renounced the Mohammedan faith and adopted the Greek Orthodox religion. To do this Hassan crossed the border into

Greece and there, in a formal church ceremony, had his son, Djivan, christened under the name Nicholas. And since then all Malich males of succeeding generations have been christened Nicholas — a Christian name unknown in Mohammedan Macedonia.

This story naturally received much publicity. Hassan was regarded by some as a heretic and by others as a chosen man who had seen the true light. Even today the story of Nicholas, nee Djivan, Malich is known in Europe and the Balkans; yet it is only one of many substantiated by fact and attributed to the man whose legend has evolved into that of Santa Claus.

Not too much is known of Saint Nicholas himself other than the fact that he was a Christian prelate who lived in the Fourth Century A. D. and was the bishop of Myra, a city in the ancient country of Lycia on the south coast of Asia Minor of which there now remain only ruins and rock tombs. He is believed to have died in the year 345, although this is not certain. His remains were brought to Bari, a port on the Adriatic Sea in Italy, on May 9, 1087, and in the Russian Orthodox Church the anniversary was made a festival. Not only is he the patron saint of Russia but of children, mariners, and merchants as well. December 6 is officially set aside as his day.

Represented as the bearer of presents to children on the eve of Christmas in his capacity as their patron saint, Saint Nicholas soon came to represent the spirit of giving that is associated with the Christmas holidays. The literal translation of his name into Dutch is *Sankt Nikolaas*, but in the idiom of that language he is commonly known as *Sankt Klaus*. Thus the early Dutch settlers of New York kept a *Sankt Klaus* holiday, the nearness of which to Christmas Day led to a confusion of the two. Our American Santa Claus is a corruption of the Dutch *Sankt Klaus*.

The story of Djivan Malich is amazing enough as it stands, and yet it becomes even more so when a fact, not commonly known but nonetheless true, is added to it. That fact is that the picture of Saint Nicholas in Hassan's book was reproduced from an icon, millions of copies of which were and are in existence, as is the case with pictures of many other saints and holy figures. The difference is, however, that while the likenesses of most of the early saints were painted not from life but from the artists' imaginations many years later, the likeness of Saint Nicholas, as depicted on his icon, was painted from life. It was done by a contemporary artist and shows Nicholas just as he was: dressed as a bishop, holding the Bible in one hand and giving the

Orthodox blessing with the other. The only differences between the original painting and the icon are the halo around his head (signifying sainthood) and the words in old Russian, *Cv.* (for *Cvetoï*) *Nikolai Choodotvoritz* — St. Nicholas The Miracle-Maker.

That Djivan, or anyone else in the Malich family for that matter, had seen a copy of the icon before the incident in the woods is hardly possible because Macedonia was almost completely Mohammedan, holding Christian saints as false prophets. Furthermore, not one of the many people in Djevdjelija to whom Hassan showed the picture recognized it or could remember ever having seen it before.

Since the red blanket had become Hassan's most prized possession, he told none of the Christians whom he met about it for fear it might be taken away from him and placed in some church to be displayed as a holy object. What became of the blanket is not definitely known but it is said that upon his death Hassan left it to his son who, when he in turn died, was buried with it in a Christian cemetery.

If we were allowed to draw but one conclusion from this story it would doubtless be that there lived at least *one* boy — Djivan Malich — whom all our modern cynics and skeptics could not have dissuaded from believing in Santa Claus.



GREAT LAKES MYSTERY

OLD-TIME sailors on the Great Lakes will never forget the year 1913 when a terrible hurricane, sweeping out of the west, sank ten ships and drowned 275 men. It also produced one of the greatest mysteries of the Lakes.

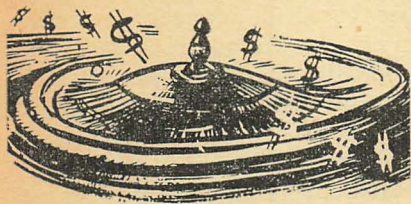
The hurricane capsized the *Charles S. Price* at the entrance of the St. Clair River, 12 miles north of Port Huron. Only six of her crew of 30 were able to reach shore. Meanwhile another victim of the storm, the

Regina, foundered six miles away.

When the storm cleared, the bodies of crewmen of both vessels were washed to shore. And during the process of identification it was discovered that some sailors from the *Price* wore life belts bearing the name of the *Regina*, while some of the men from the *Regina* wore life belts from the *Price*.

Divers who investigated the hulks could find no evidence that the two ships had collided.

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE



- In Bismarck, N. D., a flood-battered householder notified the public library that he could not return a book he had borrowed because it had been lost in a recent flood. The book's title: "The Dammed Missouri Valley."

- Stopped for speeding near Spokane, Wash., an indignant motorist, told a motorcycle cop: "I'll get this ticket fixed in no time — I know an officer on the motorcycle patrol." "What's his name?" asked the officer as he wrote out the speeding citation. "Orville Gray," crowed the driver. The cop handed him the ticket — it was signed by Orville Gray.

- A native of Sidney, Australia, having in his time been bitten 12 times by poisonous snakes, run over seven times by bicycles, four times by cars, and nine times married, was finally done to

death by the sting of a wasp in his 100th year.

- Shortly after a drive-in movie theatre in Savannah, Ga., changed its billing to "The Flaming Feather" its screen was destroyed by fire.

- A motorist in Ottawa, Canada, had a custom-built radio stolen from his car, so he put a "want ad" for one in a local newspaper. The first man who answered turned out to be the thief.

- Pfc. Joseph E. Bartle wrote home from Korea that his scheduled return on rotation was being delayed because of a mixup. "Two weeks more won't matter," he told his wife in Muncie, Ind. But it did matter. His wife was notified that her husband was killed in Korea a few days after writing.

- Mrs. Zella McHargue, of Brazil, Ind., drew a lucky breath of air. She turned on her kerosene stove to do some baking, stepped outside for fresh air, and closed the door. The stove exploded and set fire to her kitchen.

- A Tulsa, Okla., man, jailed for drunkenness, was released in time to help his wife move to their new home — the unused jail in suburban Garden City, which he had bought from the city for \$500.

- Thomas Magruder, 27, wanted on charges of passing worthless checks, was arrested when he ap-

plied for a job on the Hempstead, L. I., police force.

- Five years ago, Mrs. Ida Swanson, of Newington, Conn., fell from a second-floor window and was uninjured. The other day she tripped over a twig, fell, and broke her hip.

- Garrett A. Walsh, of the Kansas City Crime Commission, didn't have time to attend the commission's annual banquet. He was too busy checking up on the jewels, valued at \$10,000 to \$12,000, stolen from his home.

- A Colby, Kan., chicken hatchery operator, R. W. Pritchard, recently went to a clinic for a check-up complaining of ill health. His illness was diagnosed as an allergy — to chickens.

- After Gordon Edwards of Milwaukee recovered his stolen car, he discovered that the engine had been damaged. He went to get a mechanic. When he returned the car had been stolen again.

- Paul Hanna and Swan Burnett, two half-brothers, from Baton Rouge, Louisiana, who had been out of touch with each other for four years, were reunited at Fort Ord, California, when both became ill and were placed in the pneumonia ward.

- While playing softball, Bob Akers misjudged a ground ball and suffered a broken nose. He

retired to the bench. A few minutes later a bat broke and a piece struck his aching nose. At a Cincinnati hospital he found the second blow had knocked his nose back into shape. He went on home while he was ahead.

- Mrs. William Sanford, Moline, Ill., went to the basement during a storm when the emergency bell on her electric freezer signalled the machine was not working properly. She picked up a loose cord and got a severe shock, but at the same instant a bolt of lightning struck nearby, knocking out all the electricity around it. The force of the bolt knocked Mrs. Sanford down but saved her by rendering the deadly cord harmless.

- Adolph Lindahl, Chicago garageman, wrecked two tow cars on the same curve while answering a smash-up call for an auto which had been wrecked on the same curve.

- Joseph A. Williams, of Oakdale, Mass., a Canadian-born barber, had appealed a recent deportation order but the whole thing had made him feel despondent. He disappeared and a few days later his body was found by some railroad tracks, run over by a train. Some hours after he left his place there had been a phone call from Washington. His appeal had been granted. — *Paul Steiner*



Did My Soul

Was it a dream or did my conscious self actually travel through the air to the bedside of my mother?

By Beeda Brown

I HAVE had several unusual experiences and quite a few dreams that really came true, but I believe that the most unusual dream of all happened while my husband, small daughter and I were staying with my husband's sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Friend at Weeksbury, Ky.

I shall never forget the date, Valentine Day, 1927. It was on Monday. My sister-in-law and I did the family wash that day and when night arrived we were very tired and decided to retire instead of going to a movie with my husband and her young son.

I awoke when my husband and his nephew returned. I could hear the youngster in the adjoining room telling his parents about the movie that he'd seen. I asked my husband the time. He answered that it was exactly 10:25. I turned my face to the wall and went back to sleep — I think.

It seemed as if I'd just turned



The Author

over when I saw an old, old man with a long white beard and dressed in a dark robe standing by my bedside. There didn't seem to be any wall there, just the great outdoors. He looked down at me a moment, then he reached out his hand to me saying, "Come."

Leave My Body?

Cinderella, N. Va.

January 11, 1952.

FATE MAGAZINE,

Dear Mr. Webster:

I am the husband of Beeda Brown, author of the experience story, "DID MY SOUL LEAVE MY BODY." I really should know she had this amazing "Spell", as I was right there with her at the time. The story is absolutely true, word for word exactly as she narrated it. It has been thoroughly explained to me over and over innumerable times by a wife who never forgats anything which clings to her memory with such startling clarity. Yes, I was there----and I helped to restore her circulation and gradually bring her out of it. It isn't likely that I will ever forget it myself.

If I can enlighten you further in regard to this matter, don't hesitate to call on me. I swear that my wife's story is true.

*Signed + sworn to this 11th day
of Jan. 1952, before the under-
signed Notary Public for Meigs
County, N. Va.*

*Edward M. Mottenhead
My commission expires Oct. 1, 1952.*

Sincerely Yours,
Beedar A. Brown.



Men of science may regard the amazing story told here as impossible. But could it have been circumstantial? Could anyone have dreamed with the wealth of true detail, later verified, which is described here? Author's husband swears not.



I never spoke but placed my hand in his, rose from the bed and went with him. I noticed that I had on a flowing white robe instead of my own night gown. I felt the cool night air but wasn't cold, and I looked up and saw that the sky was full of stars.

Then we were floating just above the tree tops. I could see lights and often a winding stream below us.

We floated this way for some time, then suddenly we were near the ground, just skimming along above the sidewalk of some town.

I looked about and saw a large plate glass window with the word "Fordson" on it in large red letters. I recognized the building and town. It was the mining company's store at Hardy, Ky. We passed a few houses and then turned in at the gate of one and went up the steps. I knew that this was where my brother, George Brewington, lived.

The porch was small and as we passed the swing it struck the wall as we brushed it. The old man turned the knob on the door and it swung open slightly. "Enter," he said, and disappeared. I went into the room. I saw my father, brother and sister-in-law. I saw my sister standing near the stairway at the back side of the room and my brother's five-year-old son sitting on the second step of the stair in his nightie. I saw several neighbors whom I knew and a few people who were strangers to me.

I was standing at the foot of a bed that stood in a corner by the front window. The figure in the bed was my mother. She opened her eyes and smiled at me.

"Thank God," she said, "I knew that you'd come."

I wanted to talk to her but I couldn't say a word although I could see and hear everything that was going on in the room. No one seemed to see me except my mother.

"Beeda," mother said, "I

wanted to see you so bad, that I asked God to send you before I die. Don't grieve, I'm going to rest. I'll be waiting for you." She raised to a sitting position in the bed and said, "I'm so happy to see you. Always remember to ask God when you need help. He'll never fail you. Now I can die happy." With these words she fell back on the bed.

A man dressed in a brown overcoat with a brown hat on his head stood by the bedside. A doctor's case rested on the floor near his feet. He was a stranger to me. He felt for Mother's pulse and then pulled the sheet up over her face. Looking at the clock, he said in a low voice, "She's dead." I looked up at the clock, too; it was exactly 10:30.

My brother then passed so near me as he went to close the door, I could have touched him. My folks were crying. My sister fainted and some of the neighbors took her from the room after they'd revived her.

Then suddenly my mother's body was lying on something that resembled an ironing board and two men were bending over it. I couldn't see what they were doing but whatever it was I wanted to stop them. I walked over to the board and placed my hand on one of the men's arm. He didn't seem to know that I was there. I couldn't make a sound. I took hold of the other man's arm but

he, too, didn't pay any attention. My heart was heavy because I could not stop them.

Then I was back in bed at Weeksbury, Ky. My husband's sister was washing my face and my husband had my head and shoulders in his arms. My night gown was wet with sweat and my hair was damp with it. I was very cold and weak. First thing I asked was the time. It was 10:35.

I told them that my Mother was dead, that I'd seen her die at 10:30.

They just pooked the idea. They told me that I'd just had a bad nightmare. My husband said that he was sitting on the edge of the bed, smoking, when I began to moan and he saw that large drops of sweat covered my face. Then I struggled as if I were dying. My husband had tried to arouse me and my sister-in-law heard me and came with a pan of water and a wash cloth.

The days passed slowly and I still felt that Mother was dead although I'd had no word from any of my folks to confirm my idea. Thursday morning I went to the post office and received a letter from my brother. I opened it at once. It said, "We tried to get you, Sis, before Mom died. She died Monday night at 10:30 and we kept her as long as possible. We buried her this evening." That was Wednesday, just the day before.

Next morning as I was getting ready to go to Hardy, I received a telegram from the post office. It had been sent the Sunday before. It read, "Mom got pneumonia, not expected to live. Come at once." There was no telegraph office at Weeksbury and the telegram had been sent from Williamson, W. Va., to Pikeville, where for some reason it was delayed in mailing and arrived too late for me to see Mom alive.

I went on to Hardy to visit my folks. When I arrived I found that my brother's wife had cleaned the room thoroughly, taking the bed completely out and the clock from the mantel and had rearranged the rest of the furniture. Before I would let them tell me a thing, I had them call the next door neighbor whom I knew well and who had been present in my dream. I then related to them my complete experience. I showed them where the bed was and the position of the clock on the mantel. I showed where each had sat. And I was right. Things were just as I had seen them. Later my brother's wife showed me two boards that were lying under the floor. They were nailed together, to some extent, resembling an ironing board. Mom was made ready for burial at the house and these were the boards on which the undertakers had placed her body while embalming it. So that was why I had tried so hard to

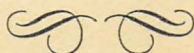
stop them. Mom had a horror of being embalmed and once she'd made me promise that if I was present when she died not to let her body be embalmed.

Mother had told my folks that if she could only see me that she could die perfectly happy. All were present except me. She'd prayed all day that I'd come. My folks said that just before Mother had died the swing had hit the wall hard and the door had opened slightly, although it was a clear frosty night and not even a breeze stirring. My brother had closed the door just after Mom had died. They told me, too, that

mother had died sitting up in bed smiling and talking while looking straight at the foot of the bed. They could catch a word here and there but thought her delirious.

The next day while at the post office with my sister, I saw the man in the brown overcoat and the brown hat. My sister said that he was Doctor Cox: the doctor who was present when Mom died.

Did my Mother really see me in answer to her prayers? Did my soul leave my body to go out to meet the one that was ready to take flight so that she could die happy? I think so.



DREAM KILLER

A 50-YEAR-OLD farmer at Henderson, Tex., has successfully tested a home-made boll weevil exterminator that he designed during a dream. He is E. E. Perry, who drove his tractor with the machine attached across a field of cotton with some 50 skeptical farmers and civic leaders as witnesses. Since the demonstration the machine has been termed "revolutionary and history making."

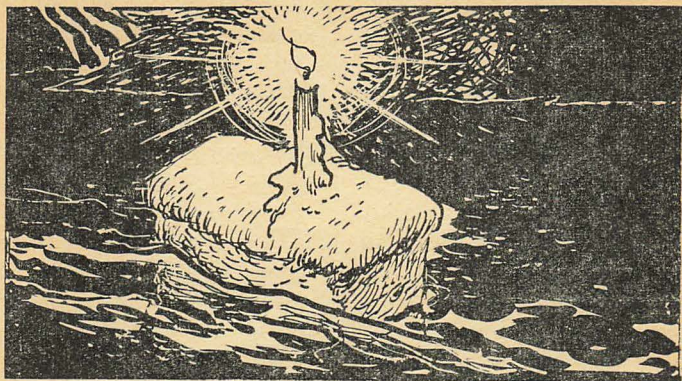
Perry, a tenant farmer with eleven children, experienced his dream after a futile struggle with cotton-destroying weevils on his 30-acre farm. "I went to sleep one night," he told his

friends, "and then I saw this machine. It was plain in every detail."

The machine has a tank of strong insecticide on the hood of the tractor. This fluid, also concocted by the farmer, flows down a pair of tunnels to a point near the tractor's exhaust pipe. The hot exhaust vaporizes the fluid, which is then sprayed onto the cotton. A large metal tray under the tunnels is designed to catch the dead insects.

After the demonstration the tray was found filled with dead weevils, larvae and eggs. Perry's dream had come true.

A Ritual that Worked



By Dr. W. E. Farbstein



They lighted a candle in a loaf of bread floating on the water. Where it overturned they found the drowned body.



ONE OF THE WORST river accidents in the history of the stretch of the Allegheny east of Pittsburgh occurred on Sunday, May 4, 1952. A party of six persons, four women and two men, had gaily left the dock of the Brilliant Boating Club in Penn Township, not far from Pittsburgh, in the early afternoon, in their 112-h.p. speedboat, *We Three*. A short time later, at about three p.m., when they were near Blawnox, Pa., the boat suddenly capsized in the choppy waters, throwing

all the passengers into the river.

The operator of the boat, Robert Jonnet, was a fair swimmer. He held up Mrs. Sylvia Long, urging her to keep calm and assuring her that help was coming. Help did come, but a minute or two earlier Jonnet weakened and sank beneath the water. Mrs. Long, a novice swimmer, was barely able to keep afloat until a boat pulled her from the river.

Meanwhile, the riderless *We Three* righted itself and went berserk, describing huge circles in the

river at a 35 m.p.h. speed that hampered the boats of the rescuers. As a result, Mrs. Long was the only one of the six passengers who was saved. The *We Three* was not beached until it rammed itself into the north bank of the river near the County Workhouse.

Within the next 24 hours, searchers recovered the bodies of Janice Colombo, Mary Ann Brose and Thomas Sweeney, but not those of Mary Margaret O'Malley and Robert Jonnet.

On May 6, an uncle of Miss O'Malley, Peter Fitzpatrick of 414 Evaline Street, Pittsburgh, asked permission to employ the ancient, traditional bread and candle ritual for recovering the bodies of the drowned. It was granted. He at once prepared the loaf and candle and brought it to the river bank at the scene of the accident, where he knelt in brief prayer.

As scores of interested persons looked on, he handed the loaf and

candle to the volunteer searchers, instructing them to set it afloat on the river at about where the boat had capsized. They did so, and the loaf floated perhaps 15 or 20 yards, when the candle suddenly overturned. At this spot the searchers put down their grappling irons and began to drag. Within a few minutes they brought the body of Miss O'Malley up out of the river mud. The ancient candle ritual had worked! The people who had assembled on the river bank were awed and many knelt to pray.

When asked how he had known where to set down the loaf, Mr. Fitzpatrick explained, "I just pointed out the place where the boat had tipped over. But I think I was guided by God when I did so. I watched the loaf circle about for a while and then start to float down the river. As it came near the south bank the candle tipped over and I knew that was the place to drop the grappling hooks."



WIRE RECORDERS FOR SPIRITS

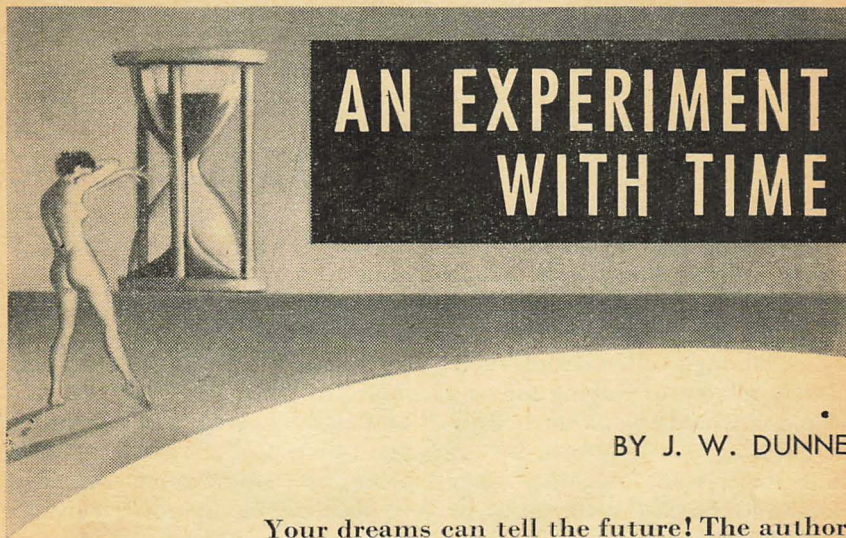
THE Spiritualist Church of South Africa reports to the Webster-Chicago Corporation, makers of wire-recording equipment, that its "Circle of Service" has been making wire recordings of conversations between departed spirits and living persons.

According to Mr. L. Lloyd, an electrical engineer active in the church, one of the main problems in connection with this work is that the spirits want to talk at the same time as the living persons who are trying to make contact with them, which makes for jumbled recordings.

Lloyd adds that the use of the recording equipment allows the spirit-voices to "considerably conserve their psychic powers". — *Alson J. Smith.*

FATE

SPECIAL BOOK CONDENSATION FEATURE



BY J. W. DUNNE

Your dreams can tell the future! The author worked out a technique that proved it, and here are instructions for conducting your own tests.

PART II

This is the second installment of a condensation of J. W. Dunne's An Experiment With Time, copyright 1927 by the Macmillan Co., New York. The first installment, published last month, reported on a series of dreams about events that later happened just as the author dreamed them. These dreams were so startling that Mr. Dunne, an aeronautical engineer, concluded that they were truly pre-

cognitive and that they indicated a displacement of time. He decided to experiment scientifically to see what proof he could bring to his theory. This concluding installment gives the startling results of his experiments.

IN THE EXPERIMENTS to be narrated it was found, to begin with, that the great bulk of the dreams exhibited no resemblances

to any chronologically definite incident of waking life — past or future. This was entirely contrary to the popular supposition. The very small residue consisted of resemblances to incidents which were distinctively past only or distinctively future only; but these resemblances were mostly too slight to be evidential. However, a closer study of some of these apparently trivial coincidences would bring to light *previously unnoticed corroborative details* which rendered the dream evidential of retrospection or of precognition. Thus, though all dreams were clearly related to waking life as a whole, it would be extremely difficult for anyone to prove, by actual experiment, whether they related to the past or the future or both. Evidence, in either direction, was about equally rare.

But that evidence was not equally difficult to notice. Attention would be arrested at once by the most trivial resemblances to the past, while passing over similar resemblances to the future with scarcely a pause. And the reason was obvious. In the case of a resemblance to the past, a *causal connection* is presupposed; so that the feeble character of the resemblance is ignored, and the dream record is regarded as meriting further examination. But in the case of a resemblance to the future, the degree of resemblance is the *only* evidence of a causal

connection hostile to common sense, so that the judgment demands a far higher degree of resemblance before it will regard the incident as worth considering. Now, this would not matter if the resemblances of dreams to waking events leapt to the eye all complete, with every detail in full view and readily estimable at its proper value. But that, practically, never happens. The resemblance dawns on one piecemeal; one very trivial similarity is noticed first, and, if the judgment is arrested by this, the dream is reread and the corroborative details come slowly and singly to light. And, for the reasons already given, this all-important, first, feeble resemblance is promptly — almost unconsciously — dismissed as too far-fetched to merit further consideration, if it relates to the future.

This psychological trap is essentially a trap for the expert, the man who realizes how very feeble that first trivial resemblance is. The neophyte is apt to escape it by giving the resemblance a greater value than it possesses.

In short, to notice that a resemblance between a waking event and a past dream is worth following up, is like trying to read a book while looking out for words which might mean something spelled backwards. The mind cannot keep that up for long. One must divide the task — see, first, how the book reads in the ordi-

nary way, and then — *hold it up to a mirror*. Consequently, in the instructions to experimenters given in this book, it is laid down that the subject will have little chance of noticing the results he has actually obtained, unless he tries this “mirror” device, i.e. pretends to himself that the dreams which he has recorded are those which he is going to have on the following night, and then examines the day’s events for anything which might be regarded as the cause of those dreams. He is carefully warned, of course, that this is not a device to enable him to judge the value of the evidence: it is a trick to enable him to notice that there is any evidence to be judged.

In a recent article, Sir Herbert Barker referred to this as the most important of all the rules in experiments of this description, and I entirely agree with his finding.

I must re-emphasize here the importance of the advice regarding the choice of nights upon which to experiment, *viz.*, that these should precede some coming break in the monotony of your everyday life. In the experiments to be narrated, Miss B., Miss C., Major B. and myself were holiday making in entirely new scenes, and obtained dreams resembling events which were distinctively past or future within the allotted period. Mrs. L., on the other hand, was living her normal life

in her home. Her records were longer than those of all the other experimenters added together, yet she had only one dream resembling a chronologically definite incident of the future, and only one resembling a similarly definite incident of the past.

IT MAY SIMPLIFY matters for the reader if I explain in more detail what it was that, at this stage, I was trying to ascertain.

The picture of the universe which, towards the end of the last century, was accepted by almost every class of thinker, was painted in terms of the conventional “elementary indefinables,” “Space” and “Time.” Physics had added a third term, “Matter,” and was suffering considerable perplexity as to how, with these three alone, it was going to absorb “Radiation.” Biology had elected, rather meekly, to consider itself a branch of this particular physics. *Sense data* were regarded as improprieties. The actual result was very much like the patchwork which an ingenious person might construct after mixing together the pieces of several jigsaw puzzles and dropping half upon the floor. It was extraordinarily good in parts, but the parts did not fit.

We know now that the discordances in, at any rate, the physical section were due to our imperfect manner of employing the indefinables of Space and

Time. But the hallmark of that period was an impatience, incapable of considering the possibility of errors of so fundamental a character. And it must be remembered that Planck's voice had only just been raised and that Einstein had not yet spoken.

Supposing, now, that a man of that time had experienced a series of dreams similar to those narrated in the earlier part of this book; he would have discovered something flatly opposed to the conventional view of Time. And that view was sacrosanct; the whole supposedly unassailable structure of physics bore witness to its accuracy. In these circumstances, our hypothetical dreamer would have been compelled to take refuge in Mysticism. He would have had to accept the existence of two disconnected worlds, the one rational, the other irrational.

But by 1917 the situation had changed entirely. The one thing that I did *not* need to worry about was the classical theory of Time. That, already, was in the melting-pot. Modern science had put it there — and was wondering what to do next.

Now, the probabilities that the whole series of dreams already described had been due to pure coincidence were so excessively minute that, taking into account the partial collapse of the classical theory of Time, I was bound to

postulate precognition as a working hypothesis. Then, as a disciple of science, I must assume, pending absolute proof to the contrary, that precognition was scientifically possible, i.e., that the nature of Time allowed the observer a four-dimensional outlook on the universe. That was eminently reasonable; for, if modern science insisted upon the reality of its four-dimension "space-time" it could not dispute that observers in that world must be similarly four-dimensional. But that would involve that everyone possessed precognitive faculties. Unfortunately, it did not follow that he would employ them. It was possible to enumerate many personal factors which might make retrospection more attractive to the dreamer. And here was the difficulty. To establish my case I should have to overcome the objections of those who would urge as a matter of common knowledge, that dreams which offered a resemblance to the future strong enough to arouse a suspicion of precognition were *not* vouchsafed to the multitude, but were, on the contrary, the prerogative of a few rare individuals.

I should like the reader to be quite clear about the nature of this obstacle. In science, one uses the word "effect" when one wishes to consider a phenomenon apart from any presumptions as to its possible cause. The strong "ef-

fects" to which I have just referred might or might not be due to coincidence, but that was not the difficulty. The objection which I should have to meet was not that the strong "effects" were inconclusive evidence of precognition; it was the far more formidable assertion that only an abnormal few could observe any such effects at all!

Now, if I were right, and there remained a still unsuspected logical fallacy in our notions of Time, that fallacy would prove, of course, self-evident — once it was discovered. Moreover, the discovery could hardly fail to affect every branch of science and to reap its quota of confirmation from each. The inexact evidence of dreams could provide no part of the essential basis of a serious scientific theory, and to attempt to make it such would be the worst possible policy. But I could not *ignore* that evidence. My opponents would be able to point out that the existence of universal faculties for dream precognition was a necessary *corollary* of my proposition, and they would demand to know why it was that not one person in a thousand utilized these supposed opportunities. "The evidence of dreams," they would say, "is extremely relevant to your theory. And that evidence is flatly against you."

In these circumstances, it seemed inadvisable to expend fur-

ther energy upon the extremely difficult Time problem until I had satisfied myself that the striking effects in question were far more widely distributed *among individuals* than the popular view supposed.

Closely allied to that popular view were the opinions of those who believed that precognition was possible, but held that it must involve the employment of an extra, "super-normal" faculty. This notion was cherished by mystics of every class; and these were likely to raise considerable outcry at the suggestion that their stronghold, sacred for centuries, was open to invasion by mundane science. Unfortunately, they received strong support from some of the people who had devoted most time to the investigation of previsionial phenomena, *viz.*, members of the various groups engaged in what is called "psychical research."

It is interesting to note the curious consequences of this creed. The supernormalist sets himself a certain standard (varying according to taste) beyond which he would rule out coincidence as too improbable. Suppose that one of Jones' dreams attains to this standard — he is credited with having exercised his "supernormal" faculty. Suppose that Smith has a dream which is very nearly, but not quite, up to that standard — Smith's dream is adjudged to be

due to the exercise of the normal dream faculties. *But now suppose that Jones has a dream similar to Smith's.* There is nothing for it but to say that, on this occasion, Jones neglected to exercise the superior faculty. So the change-over from one faculty to the other occurs when there is a shade of difference in the odds against coincidence!

Nonsense! did you say? Of course it is. Then how do the supernormalists get over the difficulty? I do not know. They do not appear to notice it. When one of them settles down to the practical work of studying such dreams as he may have collected from the community at large, he grades all resemblances to the future as good, fair, moderate or indifferent. The indifferent he judges to be due to the usual, normal faculty; the good (those upon which he has based his belief) he regards as probably produced by the other and supernormal faculty; the intermediates he sets aside as doubtful. But he forgets entirely that the existence of these intermediate effects compels him to consider that *the supposed change of faculty occurs at some particular point in the scale* — a point between two dreams of nearly similar evidential value.

In short, the only consistent supernormalists — the only ones who avoid the above absurdity — are those who adhere to the popu-

lar view that there are *no* intermediates in the scale, that the effects upon which they have based their belief are in a class by themselves, isolated by a wide gap from such inferior effects as can be observed. These persons usually accept the further popular supposition that the effects which are worth counting pertain to rare and specially favored individuals.

I trust I have made it clear that the object of the projected experiments was to see whether the evidence of dreams in general was really for or against the theory that the faculty of precognition, if it existed, was a normal characteristic of man's general relation to Time. I hoped, in other words, to be able to turn the tables upon objectors of the classes cited above, and to show that effects suggesting precognition were observed by far too many people to allow us to entertain the supposition that these persons differed from their fellows in some supernormal fashion.

IT IS OBVIOUS that all such effects as might be discovered would have a certain value as evidence of the *fact* of precognition — an aspect to be distinguished from that of their evidence as to the *distribution* of a precognition assumed to exist. It was with the latter aspect that I was concerned; but the former may be of interest to the reader, and he may, indeed,

consider that I ought to make some statement concerning my attitude towards such evidence. Very well, I will do my best.

In the first place, of course, we have to recognize that there are no limits to the possibilities of coincidence; consequently, evidence of precognition is of a purely statistical character — a matter of balancing probabilities. We are not dealing with an exact science but with a method which approximates steadily towards exact science as the probabilities grow higher.

Now, the chances against a series of effects being coincidences depend upon two factors, *viz.*,

1. The oddity of the individual effects.
2. The frequency of their occurrence.

The *dilettante*, as a rule, overlooks this second factor entirely. Yet the evidence of seven dreams in a given period, with the probability of coincidence in each case as high as one in ten, is actually ten times as strong as the evidence of a single dream with chances of coincidence as low as one in a million.

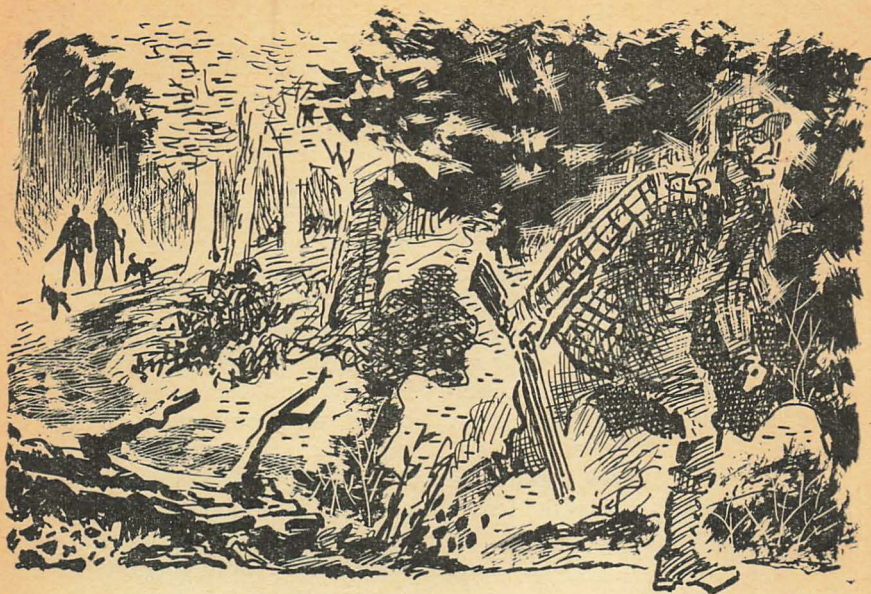
Let us consider the first of the above factors. If the supernormalists are right — if precognitive dreams are the products of a faculty superior to that employed in retrospective dreams — we might hope to discover, some day, effects so abnormal in 'wealth of

clear-cut detail that a single dream would have very high evidential value. But, if the theory of normality is right — if the faculty which dreams of the future is the *same* as the faculty which dreams of the past — we cannot expect the resemblances to the future to be any more striking than the resemblances to the past. And the latter are much less detailed than the majority of people imagine.

On the other hand, the normalist view would *allow* of the effects being far commoner than the supernormalist could permit. And it would lay down that such effects as may be observed should exhibit all grades of evidential value — from the best possible in the circumstances to the worst.

In brief, the normalist would prefer that a given value of evidence should be compounded of moderate quality and moderate frequency: the supernormalist would wish the quality to be higher and the frequency less.

What meaning, the reader may ask, do I attach to "moderate frequency?" The answer is that it depends upon the individual. People differ enormously in the *clarity* of their dreams. A man who, in the records of 14 nights' dreams, cannot trace more than three moderate resemblances to chronologically definite incidents of the past can hardly be expected to discover more similarly definite resemblances to the future. A man



whose dreams are clearer would, presumably, discover more resemblances each way.

Judged by these normalist standards, the evidence produced in the series of experiments next to be described appears to me to vary from very good to moderate.

The experiments described here were directed to ascertaining the following point:

Would the results of individual experiments, properly conducted, be likely to favor or disfavor the popular view that the faculty for precognition, assuming this to exist, is possessed by only a few abnormal individuals?

(The experiment upon myself was a preliminary investigation

to ascertain whether the frequency of the effect suggested normality and was high enough to render experiments on others worth making.)

The account of the following experiments, once again, is not scientific evidence, nor is it intended to be regarded as such. It is evidence for me, and part of my excuse for publication; but it is not, of course, evidence for the reader. Conviction, for him, must depend either on the convincingness of the arguments advanced, or else on the results which, according to the theory, he is likely to obtain if he makes the experiment himself — or upon both.

Personally, I found this image-

hunting a fascinating and even exciting business. But it was a new kind of sport, and I made every possible blunder open to a raw beginner. Not only did I delay the attempt to recall the dream until I had been awake for half a minute or more; but I also failed to appreciate sufficiently the importance of detail in the written accounts. Incidents which should have been described in fifty words were recorded in three. The result was that, although the dreams yielded much that was suggestive of future experience, I could find little that was *identifiable* as belonging to either half of Time. There was the shower-of-sparks dream recounted in the last chapter, and five slightly more doubtful results. There was one fully described image, the original of which was seen four years later; but that was outside the prescribed limits of the test. It was not, in fact, until the eleventh day that I got the clear, conclusive result I had expected.

On the afternoon of that day I was out shooting over some rough country. I was a little uncertain regarding the boundaries covered by the permission which I had obtained, and presently found myself on land where, I realized, I might have no right to be. As I crossed this, I heard two men shouting at me from different directions. They seemed, moreover to be urging on a furiously

barking dog. I made tracks for the nearest gate in the boundary wall, trying to look as if unaware of anything unusual. The shouting and barking came nearer and nearer. I walked a trifle faster, and managed to slip through the gate before the pursuers came into view. Altogether a most unpleasant episode for a sensitive individual, and one quite likely to make him dream thereof.

On reading over my records that evening I, at first, noticed nothing; and was just going to close the book, when my eye caught, written rather more faintly at the end: "Hunted by two men and a dog." And the amazing thing about it was that I had completely forgotten having had any such dream. I could not even recall having written it down.

There was nothing identifiable on the twelfth day; but the thirteenth gave another result.

During the day I read a novel in which one of the characters hid in a large secret loft in the roof of an old house. Later on in the story he had to fly from the house, and escaped from the loft by way of a chimney.

The previous night's dream was about a large, mysterious, secret loft, which I discovered, and explored with great interest. A little later in the dream it became advisable for me to escape from the house and I decided to do this by way of the loft.

On the fourteenth night I had four "hot-cross-bun" results.

The net result of the experiment was that in the course of a fortnight I had been able to identify two conclusive instances of the "effect," and six which, though not conclusive when regarded singly, could scarcely be attributed to coincidence when their number was taken into account. But the most important point was this: Not one of those instances would ever have been observed at all had not the dreams been memorized and written down, and the records reinspected after the waking events.¹

So far, then, the theory that the effect was merely a normal characteristic of man's general relationship to Time — but one so constituted as to elude casual observation — had been partly borne out by experiment. But, on that theory, the effect in question should be just as experimentally observable to everyone else as it was to myself. This meant that I must persuade another person to make a similar trial.

A young woman, whom I will call Miss B., good-naturedly agreed to undertake the task. I selected her mainly because she was an extremely normal individual, who had never had any sort of "psychical" experience, and who (this

was the great thing) believed that she practically never dreamed at all. Indeed, she assured me that it would be useless for her to experiment, as she had only had some six or seven dreams in the whole course of her life.

The morning after the first night she came to me and told me that it was quite hopeless. She had tried to remember her dreams the very instant she woke; but there had been nothing to remember. So I told her not to bother about looking for memories of dreams, but to endeavor instead to recollect what she had been *thinking* at the moment of waking, and, after she had got that, to try to recall *why* she had been thinking it. That worked, as I had known it would; and on each of the next six mornings she was able to remember that she had had one short dream.

Counting the experiment as starting from the first dream, she obtained, on the sixth day, the following result.

Waiting at Plymouth Station for a train, she walked up to one end of a platform and came upon a five- or six-barred gate leading on to a road. As she reached the gate a man passed on the other side, driving three brown cows. He was holding the stick out over the cows in a peculiar fashion — as if it were a fishing-rod.

In the dream, she walked up a path she knew, and found, to her

¹ The number of dreams evidential of precognition was approximately equal to that of those similarly evidential of retrospection.

great surprise, that it ended in a five- or six-barred gate which had no business to be there. The gate was just like the one at the station, and, as she reached it, the man and the three brown cows passed on the other side, exactly as in the waking experience, the man holding out the stick fishing-rod fashion over the cows, and the whole group being arranged just like the group she saw.

The dream occurred the morning before the waking experience.

The blending of the "past" image of the path with the "future" image of the gate provided an excellent specimen of integration.²

I THEN ASKED my cousin, Miss C., to try. She was positive that she had never had any experience of this kind and was sure that, as a general rule, she dreamed very little. She proved excellent at recovering the lost dreams and good at noting detail. But at first she was very weak at perceiving connections, even with past events. She could not, for example, understand how a dream of walking on roofs could be connected with the experience of climbing about the roof of a bungalow with me on the previous day, though she had not been on a roof of any sort

² Miss B. had only one dream resembling a distinctive waking incident of the past within the preceding fortnight and this dream she failed to spot until I pointed it out to her.

for years. She obtained, however, on the eighth day, the following first-class result:

Immediately upon her arrival at a certain country hotel she was told of a curious person staying there whom all the guests suspected, having made up their minds that she was a German. (This was during the last stages of the war.) Shortly afterwards she met this person — for the first time — in the hotel grounds. These are rather uncommon. They extend a long way, contain numbers of large, rare trees, and would certainly be taken for public gardens by anyone who did not know that they belonged to the hotel. The supposed German was dressed in a black skirt with a black-and-white striped blouse, and had her hair scraped back in a "bun" on the top of her head.

My cousin's dream was that a German woman, dressed in a black skirt, with a black-and-white striped blouse, and having her hair scraped back in a "bun" on the top of her head, met her in a public garden. My cousin suspected her of being a spy.

The dream occurred about two days before the event. (The record is undated, but was in my hand when the confirmatory event took place.)

She had already had one almost, but not quite, conclusive result earlier in the experiment — a dream connected with some

news in a letter she subsequently received from a friend.

Mrs. L., the next person to try, got an excellent result on the very first night. It related, however, to two separate experiences which occurred during the following week. The two-day limit was here exceeded; but the correspondence was so clear that the result came under the rule permitting an extension of the limit in exceptional cases.

The waking experience concerned two public meetings at Corwen. Mrs. L. went to one of these, and, in describing it to me afterwards, told me she was surprised at the large number of clergymen who seemed to have arrived out of the void to fill the building; for it did not seem to her that there was anything in the business before the meeting which could be of special interest to the Church.

She was not present at the other meeting. But my sister was there, and she *told Mrs. L. of her experiences*. On putting her head in at the door she found a regular pandemonium in progress. She was about to withdraw discreetly, when the chairman, catching sight of her, called out: "*Come in, Miss Dunne, and see how we Welsh fight!*"

In Mrs. L.'s dream she was at a public meeting and was greatly annoyed by the interruptions of a clergyman in the audience, who,

instead of allowing the business to proceed, insisted on preaching a sort of sermon ending in a prayer. She expostulated. The clergyman leaned so far back that he touched her. Another man in the audience pushed against her arm. She rose, and thumping a table, cried: "Who is responsible for the behaviour of the audience? I know *the Welsh are notorious for bad behaviour in public*, but I will not have it here."

Mrs. L. forgot all about this dream after writing it down. Its record was not reread by her after the second day, and so she missed it when the two meetings occurred later in the week. It was only by chance that I happened to look back through the notes and discover it.³

Major F., the next person approached, entered upon the experiment with considerable interest. He pointed out that, if there were anything in this business it might mean the spotting of a Derby winner. He finished satisfied that I was perfectly right but also satisfied, I am afraid, that the dreaming mind did not properly understand its business.

He happens to be a marine artist of considerable reputation and on the second day of the test

³ As I have said earlier, Mrs. L. had only one dream resembling any chronologically distinctive incident in the past. I questioned her on this point repeatedly during the test, as her records were voluminous, and I was puzzled by her apparent failure to get results.

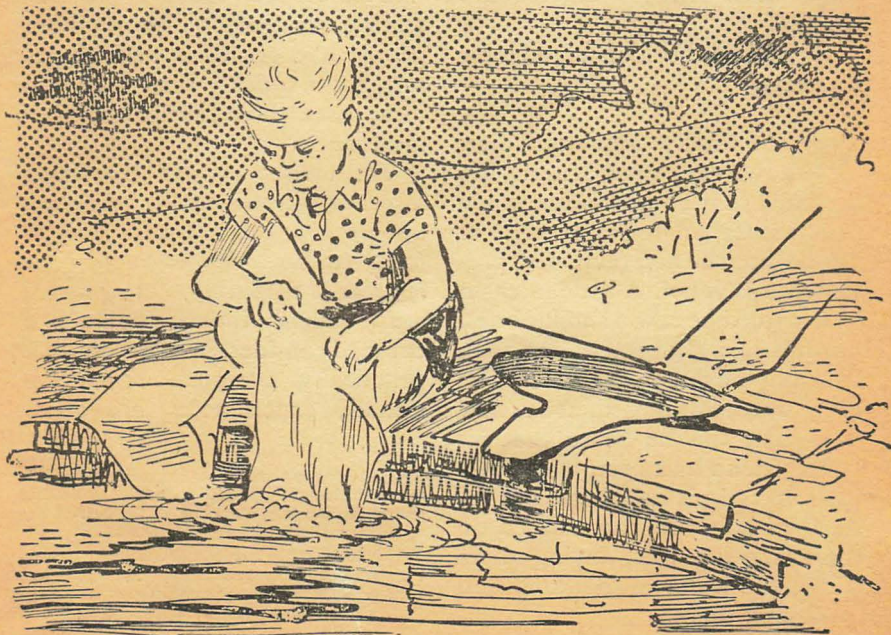
he set forth to paint a couple of boats which he had previously seen lying on the beach. But he found that one boat, *which was pointed at both bow and stern*, had been painted since his last visit, in staring lifeboat (red and blue) colours. However, he made his sketch — a process necessitating, of course, long and close attention to the boat and its colours. The vessel stood on *short, green turf*. Some distance away, on a pier which came into the picture, was another long, red, somewhat boat-like object with *something draped across its middle*. Major F. took

field glasses to ascertain what this stuff was, and discovered it to be a *net*.

The associated dream-image was that of a red-and-blue lifeboat standing on green turf with a net draped over its middle.

This dream had occurred during the previous night.

Major F., at first, could not see the connection. He thought that the similarity ought to have extended to everything else in the dream scene, and was disappointed that this had not been the case. However, he continued the trial.



On the next day it rained heavily, and we both set out to look for a sheltered place from which to paint pictures. We entered a small house which was in course of construction, and, finding the view from the lower windows too restricted, erected a ladder against the cross-beams of the unfinished upper story, and climbed up onto these. The ladder was a rather unusual one, in that it had square rungs.

One of Major F.'s dreams on the preceding night had been that he was climbing a ladder which did not appear to be set against any wall. It went up, so to say, into space. And it had square rungs.

He had not been up a ladder for six years.

WHAT finally convinced him, however, was this: He dreamed that he was sailing a toy boat with a small boy protégé of his to whom he had (actually) presented this vessel. A little later on he dreamed he saw a similar boat, but full size, dismasted, and with its sails lying flat on the water. The crew were washing them. A few days after this he heard that his young friend had been taken to a pond to sail his new boat, but instead of doing so had insisted on removing the sails, laying them flat in the water of the pond and scrubbing them.

He agreed that these three re-

sults, taken together, were conclusive.⁴

The situation was now a little clearer. It had been discovered that the effect was one which was apparent only to definitely directed observation, and its failure to attract general attention was, thus, sufficiently explained. But the rough-and-ready method which had been devised for the purpose of rendering it perceptible seemed to work quite well. The original hypothesis of solitary abnormality had been completely killed and, moreover, in the light of the experiment, I did not appear to possess even a specially well-developed faculty for observing the effect. Those other people had got their decisive results more quickly than I and, in most cases, those results had been clearer.⁵

The outcome of the experiments suggested that the number of persons who would be able to perceive the effect for themselves would be, at least, so large as to render any idea of abnormality absurd. Indeed, when one came to consider, in addition, that practically everyone has occasionally experienced that queer

⁴ I omitted to record how many of Major F.'s dream incidents appeared to relate to waking events distinctively past, but to the best of my recollection there was only one of these.

⁵ My less striking results had been more numerous than those of my assistants; but, then, so had been my results similarly evidential of retrospection. There was nothing to show that I differed from the other experimenters except in a superior aptitude for "spotting" results — both ways.

sense of events having "happened before," and that most people are apt to recall suddenly an apparently forgotten dream because (there can be no other reason) something occurs which reminds them of (i.e., is associated with) that dream, it became fairly clear that, if there were abnormality anywhere, it would probably pertain to those, if such there should prove to be, who were mentally debarred from observing the effect. Statistics in that respect, however, could be collected only from experiments conducted on a widespread scale consequent upon the publication of a book.

Meanwhile, the explanation seemed as far away as ever.

The trouble was that the effect was so extremely definite in its aspects. It was no broad, vague affair such as might be covered by some sweeping generalization (Relativity, for example, or a two-dimensional theory of Time); it bristled with peculiarities; it presented clues which pointed like signposts to half a dozen solutions — mostly contradictory. And, though it was easy to devise explanations which should cover some of the facts, it was difficult to find anything which could fit them all.

In the hope of obtaining additional data, I recommenced experimenting upon myself, the immediate object being to ascertain whether there were any observa-

ble differences between the images which related to the future and those which related to the past. As it turned out, the most careful observation failed to bring to view any such distinguishing features.

In the course of these further experiments, however, I came upon three dreams of a specially illuminative kind, and these, perhaps, had best briefly be described.

The first afforded a fairly clear example of an associational chain running from "past" to "future." The connecting link was the idea of *spilled ink*, which idea entered into both the related waking experiences.

Waking experience (1): before the dream. Watched a friend seated at a table filling a fountain-pen, and thought he was going to spill the ink.

Waking experience (2): after the dream. Read a French detective story. The detective seemed to be unusually incompetent, and, towards the end of the book, I began to wonder when he was going to exhibit some sign of the skill with which the reader had been asked to credit him.

In the *dénouement* he pretended to stumble, and, in so doing, upset some ink over a table at which the villain was seated. The latter, to save his clothes, threw himself back in his chair, raising his hands above the flood. Whereupon, the detective seized one hand and slapped it down first

into the ink and then on to a piece of blotting-paper, thus obtaining a set of fingerprints. He then triumphantly denounced the criminal.

Dream: between the two waking experiences. A famous detective was going to give us an exhibition of his skill. We waited a long time, but he seemed quite incompetent. Finally, he pretended to stumble, and, in so doing, spilled ink *from a fountain-pen* over the criminal, whom he then triumphantly denounced.

The second dream exhibited a similar associational chain, but in this case the link — shooting dangerous game with a revolver — was much clearer.

Waking experience (1): before the dream. Saw pictures of a lion-shooting expedition. My brother was thinking, at the time, of joining such an expedition, and I began to wonder what guns he ought to take. While considering the merits and demerits of various weapons, I was reminded of an enormous seven-chambered revolver I had seen in a Paris gun shop, which apparatus was supposed to be part of the equipment of any up-to-date hunter of lions. I wondered, with some amusement, what lion-shooting with a revolver would be like.

Waking experience (2): after the dream. Read Ethel Sidgwick's *Hatchways*. Two chapters are devoted to the episode of a leopard,

which has *escaped from a menagerie*. It has appeared near a country house where a sort of children's school treat is in progress, and *has killed a goat*. Later on, the hero is saved from the animal by a retired explorer, who arrives in the nick of time and kills the beast with two shots from a borrowed revolver.

Dream: between the two waking experiences. Looking from the windows of a country house, saw the head and shoulders of a *lion* moving through a cornfield. It was known in the neighborhood that this lion had *escaped from a menagerie*, and that it *had killed a goat*. Wondered if I could hit it from the window with my revolver, but decided that the range was too great. Decided to lie up alongside the track in the cornfield, and to wait till the beast repassed. Felt, however, that I should prefer to be armed with something better than a revolver. Went out to try to get a rifle.

The third dream provided an example of a perfect integration, the component parts of which were related to impressions received before and after the dream.

Waking experience (1): before the dream. Saw in the garden of a hotel where I was staying the bottom, *minus* the sides, of an old, small flat-bottomed boat.

Waking experience (2): after the dream. My sister persuaded me to go with her to one of the Olympia

motorcycle shows, as she wanted my opinion on a small "scooter" which had caught her fancy. It was a neat-looking little thing called the "Unibus" and it was entirely different from the other scooters in the show, inasmuch as it was built on motorcar principles, with shaft, gear-box, etc. It was equipped with a little seat of curious shape (on all scooters that we had seen hitherto, one stood on the baseboard). Also, it was fitted with a shield for the protection of ladies' dresses. I pointed out the advantages of this last feature, and added that in ordinary scooters she would get her feet horribly wet and muddy. As I said that, there flashed through my mind the old curious conviction: This has happened before. Knowing what that meant, I set to work and presently revived the lost memory. It belonged to a dream, and what was more, a dream which I had recorded. On my return home I looked up the notes, and found that they had been made *two years before*.

Dream: between the two waking experiences. Saw my sister coming down a street, sitting in an extremely curious little motorcar. (I had made a sketch of this machine, which was simply the "Unibus" without its shield.) Called out to her something about getting her feet wet. Saw water in the roadway up to the level of the low, oval platform.

The notes stated that the platform of this tiny car was *the piece of a flat-bottomed boat* I had seen nine or ten days before.

Since we have got on to the subject of long-range association with a dream in the middle, I may as well describe the most perfect example of the kind I have ever experienced. The gap between dream and future event was about twenty years.

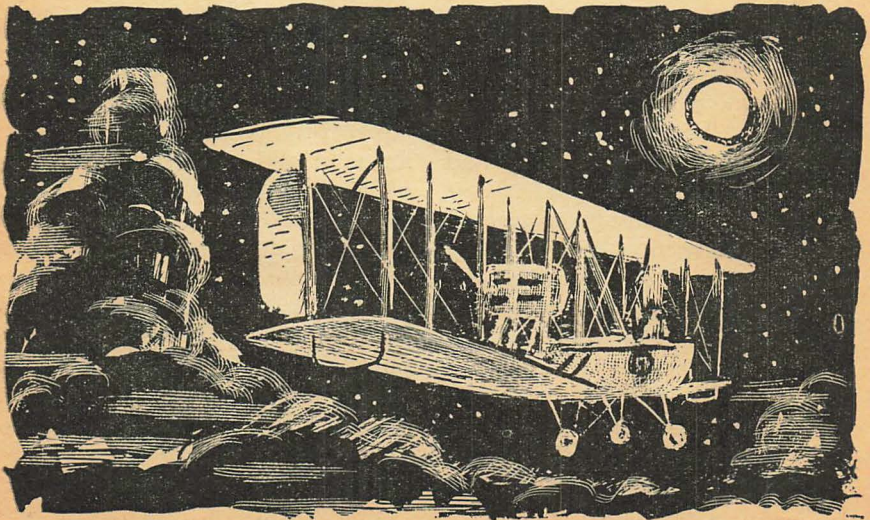
Waking experience (1): before the dream. When a small boy, between twelve and fourteen, I read with enormous interest Jules Verne's *Clipper of the Clouds*. Readers of that book will probably remember the illustrations of the author's idea of a flying machine. These showed a long, dark hull of about the size and shape of a modern destroyer, except that it had a ram bow. This thing, which looked as if it had got off the sea and into the air by mistake, was supported solely by a cloud of tiny screw propellers mounted on a forest of thin metal masts. There were no wings or anything of that sort.

Waking experience (2): after the dream. Some twenty years later, in 1910, I made the first decisive flight in the first aeroplane which possessed complete inherent stability. It was a rather exciting episode. The thing got off too soon, bounced — and, when I recovered my scattered wits, I found it roaring away over the

aerodrome boundary, climbing evenly, and steady as a rock. So I left well enough alone, and allowed it to look after itself. This it did till the engine gave out (usually a matter of three minutes in those days). The sensation was most extraordinary. The machine, like all those of my design, was tailless, and shaped, as viewed from below, like a broad arrow-head *minus* the shaft. It travelled point foremost, and, at that point, there was fitted a structure like an open (undecked) canoe, made of white canvas stretched over a light wooden framework. Seated idly in this, and looking down over the cattle scampering wildly around three hundred feet below,

the whole of the main structure of the aeroplane was away back behind the field of vision, and the effect produced was that one was travelling through the void in a simple open canoe.

Dream: between the two waking experiences. A few days after I had read, as a small boy, Jules Verne's book, I dreamed that I had invented a flying machine and was travelling through space therein. It must be borne in mind that I had never heard of, or conceived the possibility of, any flying machine different from the great metallic, screw-supported "clipper of the clouds." Yet in my dream I was seated in a *tiny open boat constructed of some whitish ma-*



terial on a wooden framework. I was doing no steering. And there was no sign of anything supporting the boat.

I may add here that the boat-like nacelle of the Dunne biplane had not been added on account of any lingering, unrecognized memory of the dream. The earlier machines had no such feature. This had been attached as an afterthought, simply in order to reduce the "head-resistance" of the pilot, which resistance, at that particular place, was believed to exercise a detrimental effect upon the stability of the apparatus.

I never forgot that dream, and recalled it with amusement when, in 1901, being on sick leave from the Boer War, I set to work in earnest to devise some "heavier-than-air" contrivance, which should solve the great military problem of reconnaissance. But it seemed to me a dream natural enough for a boy, and I did not then perceive the significance of the appearance of the dream-machine — indeed, I could not do so, for the related constructional development did not come till ten years later. By then I had dismissed the dream as of no importance, and it was only recently that I realized that the corroborative detail of the little, white, open boat classified the whole as an anticipation of future experience.

Granted that the dreaming attention ranges about the associa-

tional network without paying heed to any particular "present," there is nothing astonishing in its lighting on an image many years "ahead." This, in fact, is exactly what we should expect, for in its "backward" travel it often lights on images many years "behind."

But, when it comes to computing the proportion which the images of the past bear to the images of the future, in a given series of dreams, one is apt to be misled. For the images which relate to events a long way behind can be recognized and counted; but those which relate to events similar distances ahead cannot be identified. Hence, the only way to strike a balance is to confine the statistics to the range of a few days either way. Images which relate equally well to either past or future — such as those of friends, and of everyday scenes — should not be counted. Images which are apparently of the past should be submitted to the same severe scrutiny as are those which are apparently of the future, for coincidence will operate just as effectively in either direction.⁶

⁶Note to third edition. The paragraph italicized above was written seven years ago, and I marvel that I did not realize then that I had sketched the outlines of a statistical experiment far more convincing and immensely simpler than the one previously described. It would require to be conducted on a far larger scale; but, that done, it would provide much better evidence of the probable distribution among individuals of any precognitive faculty that might be presumed to exist. Moreover, if the scale were sufficiently large, it might even produce irrefutable scientific proof of the fact of precognition. It was not, however, until 1932 that all this dawned upon me. Then I conducted promptly a small-scale experiment along these lines. The results were overwhelmingly in favor of the new dream theory.

Why only in dreams? That was the question which blocked all progress. Every solution which could reduce Time to something wholly present ruled that the pre-images should be just as observable when one was awake as they were when one slept. So, why only in dreams?

I should be ashamed to confess how long a period elapsed before I saw that, in framing the question, I was *begging the question*. The moment, however, that I did realize this, I proceeded to put the matter to the test.

A little consideration suggested that the simplest way to set about a waking experiment would be to take a book which one intended to read within the next few minutes, think determinedly of the title — so as to begin with an idea which should have associational links with whatever one might come upon in that future reading — and then wait for odds and ends of images to come into the mind by simple association.

Obviously, one could save a lot of time by rejecting at once all images recognized as pertaining to the past. Also, since the images would be perceived while awake and with one's wits about one, one might rely more upon one's memories of them than one could when the memories were formed sleeping, and thus save a vast amount of writing. A brief note of each image should suffice.

The first experiment was a gorgeous success — until I discovered that I had read the book before.

It was interesting, however, as showing the tremendous difficulty the waking mind experiences in freeing itself from its memories. I spent by far the greater part of the time in rejecting images of the past and starting afresh with a mind comparatively blank.

Apart from the items which related to the book (already read) I got only a few ideas, mostly concerning London and the exterior and interior of clubs. The only exception was the single word "woodknife," which drifted into my mind, seemingly, from nowhere. A little reflection satisfied me that I had never in my life come upon such a word, so I jotted it down.

Two or three days after this I moved, quite unexpectedly, to London. On my arrival, I went to my club and, having for the moment nothing better to do, proceeded to the library, picked out a newly published novel, and tried a second experiment. Result — nil. In fifteen minutes I got only eight images, which did not clearly belong to the "past" half of the associational network. One of these eight related to a *kangaroo hunt* in Australia — riders and hounds chasing pell-mell after the leaping animal. Another comprised the single word "narwhal." There was nothing in the book

that fitted, and presently I threw it aside.

I then drifted into a little inner library, which is an excellent place for a nap. I chose a comfortable armchair and, for appearances' sake, equipped myself with another volume — R. F. Burton's *Book of the Sword*, opening this in the middle.

Immediately my eyes fell upon a little picture of an ancient dagger, underneath which was inscribed "Knife(wood)." I sat up at that, and began to dip into the book, turning back after a moment to page 11. There I came upon a reference to the horn of a narwhal. Reading on, I found on the succeeding page the words, "The 'old man' kangaroo, with the long nail of the powerful hind leg, has opened the stomach of many a staunch hound."

Now, there was nothing conclusive here but it was just the sort of suggestive but uncertain thing one keeps on getting through-out the dream experiment while one is waiting for one's decisive result. I was, therefore, encouraged to proceed.

I tried next with Baroness von Hutten's book, *Julia*. Result — a quarter of a sheet of notepaper of material, the only thing that fitted being "pink house," there being a reference in the book to "pink houses." (Not good enough.)

Arnold Bennett's *Riceyman Steps* served for the next experiment. I

got only three lines of material, but these contained the words, "I am entitled to say." On opening the book I found in the first paragraph the words, "The man himself was clearly entitled to say."

Then I tried with Mason's *House of the Arrow*. Here I altered the procedure. I opened the book at the beginning, and found the name of one of the characters, being careful not to glance at any other page. It seemed to me that a name which would be likely to occur in close connection with many of the incidents of the story would provide a better associational link than does the mere idea of the book's title.

I do not know if the present reader is acquainted with the *House of the Arrow* and, if he is not, I am most unwilling to spoil for him, even in the interests of science, the enjoyment of a first-class detective story. So I will merely say that the center knot of the whole tangle — the thing upon which everything in the plot hangs — is a clock pointing to half-past ten. This feature, however, does not come into the story till halfway through the book.

The character I had chosen from the opening pages as an associational link accompanied the detective throughout the latter's investigation. Concentrating on that character, the first image I saw and noted was that of a clock pointing to half-past ten.

With Lord Dunsany's book, *The King of Elfland's Daughter*, I got "Long cliffs of crystal looking over dark sea. Fireflies dancing over this sea." Not a bad description of the night scene pictured in the book, where the long crystal cliffs look down upon a mist-covered plain over which the lights of Elfland are dancing, advancing and receding.

I then tried a book of Snaith's, taking the heroine's name as an associational link. Here I failed completely. But, in the middle of this experiment, I got one very curious image.

It was that of an umbrella with a perfectly plain straight handle, a mere thin extension of the main stick, and of much the same appearance and dimensions as the portions which projected at the ferrule end. This umbrella, folded, was standing unsupported, *upside down, handle on the pavement*, just outside the Piccadilly Hotel.

I happened to pass that way in a bus next day. Shortly before we got to the hotel I caught sight of a most eccentric-looking figure walking along the pavement in the same direction, and on the hotel side of the street. It was an old lady, dressed in a freakish, very early-Victorian, black costume, poke bonnet and all. She carried an umbrella in which the handle was merely a plain, thin, unpolished extension of the main stick, of much the same appearance



and dimensions as the portion which projected at the ferrule end. She was using this umbrella — closed, of course — as a walking-stick, grasping it pilgrim's-staff fashion. But she had it *upside down*. She was holding it by the ferrule end, and was pounding along towards the hotel with *the handle on the pavement*.

I need hardly say that I had never before in all my life seen anyone use an umbrella that way.

THESE EXPERIMENTS showed me that, provided one was able to steady one's attention to the task, one could observe the "effect" just as readily when awake as when sleeping. But that steadying of attention is no easy matter. It is true that it makes no call upon any special faculty, but it does demand a great deal of practice in controlling the imagination. Hence, to anyone who is desirous merely of satisfying himself as to the existence of the "effect," I should recommend the dream-recording in preference to the waking attempt.

But, for studying the problem, the waking experiment is of distinct value because one can follow a great deal of what one's mind is doing. Also, there is no dream-story to complicate matters.

In my own case, I employed this experiment mainly in order to seek for the *barrier*, if any, which divides our knowledge of the past from our knowledge of the future. *And the odd thing was that there did not seem to be any such barrier at all.* One had merely to arrest all obvious thinking of the past, and the future would become apparent in disconnected flashes. (For, however difficult and troublesome the process, that was what, ultimately, it resolved itself into.) Yet, if one tried to follow up the "memory train" from past to future, one came, not so much to a resisting barrier, but to an absolute blank.

Moreover (and this I discovered by separate experiment), if one allowed the attention to pass from the image under consideration to another which was *manifestly* associated therewith, one remained, so to say, in the "past" part of the network. There, attention was completely at home. The associated images followed one another in swift, easy succession; attention ran on and on without noticeable effort or fatigue.

It was only by rejecting manifest associations with the last image, and waiting till something apparently *disconnected* took its place, that attention was enabled to slip over the dividing line.

THERE remains one more dream to be described. While not, perhaps, completely conclusive, it was so nearly so that it had to be taken into serious account. And since, if it really did relate to the future, it could not possibly fit in with the solution I happened to be favoring at the time, it caused me to abandon work on those particular lines, and to hark back to an earlier theory. And this, as it turned out, was wholly fortunate.

On the morning after the dream, I was, while dressing, engaged in following up a long train of reminiscences of my school days — a train which led, in perfectly logical sequence, to the memory of an adventure with a

wasp. As a boy I was terrified of these insects and could hardly bring myself to remain in the same room with one. Imagine my horror, then, when, during a meal in a room with an open window, a large wasp entered, flew to me, settled on my neck and proceeded to crawl round deep down inside my Eton collar. I sat there, white as the tablecloth, while a master adjured me, quite unnecessarily, not to move. To this day I can remember the horrid sensation of the insect's soft, faintly felt perambulations. And so, 44 years later, on this particular morning, when my train of thought had brought me to that early memory, I tried to recall the feel of those crawling feet. As I did so I happened to be combing my hair; the comb caught at a particular place on the crown of my head, and instantly there came back to my

mind a dream of the previous night. I had dreamed of that feeling of something catching in my hair at that precise point of my scalp, had been convinced that *a wasp was crawling there*, and had called a companion to take it off.

Now, assuming that this was an anticipatory dream — an instance of the "effect" — we have the following facts to consider.

The simultaneous presentation to consciousness of the sensory impression of the comb in the scalp and the memory image of the feel of the wasp's feet, was a straightforward enough example of the process of forming an association by "contiguity." And, before that association had been formed, it was presented in the dream in the shape of an integration.

A very pretty mixture of experience.



AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH —

FOR 44 years Charles E. Hilkey cared for the big clock in the tower of a downtown office building in Long Beach, Calif. He kept it running so accurately that fellow townsmen regulated their watches by it. One night a little piece of metal jammed the works and stopped the clock. At almost the same hour and minute, Hilkey was taken ill and died. . . .

old mysteriously struck 72 times at the exact moment of the death of the owner, A. L. Fouche, of Atlanta, Ga. The clock had not been running for years. . . .

The big outdoor clock in front of Jessop's Store in San Diego, Calif., stopped when C. D. Ledger — the man who built it — died. The clock had been running continuously since it was installed in 1907 — more than 45 years ago.

A wooden clock nearly 150 years

REPORT FROM THE READERS

Ross Answers on Mother Shipton

Since my short article "Amazing Prophecy" appeared in the February-March issue of FATE, the editors have had many letters from readers trying to point out that the prediction given on a tombstone dated 1440 in the church yard in Essex, England, was from Mother Shipton's so-called prophecy. The verse was:

When pictures look alive with movement free

When ships, like fishes, swim beneath the sea

When men outstripping birds shall scan the sky,

Then half the world deep drenched in blood shall lie.

This Mother Shipton was said to be born in 1486, died in 1561. The tombstone is dated 1440. Now the Encyclopaedia Britannica, Volume 20, says of Mother Shipton: "There is no really trustworthy evidence of her (Shipton) existence, but tradition has it that her maiden-name was Ursula Southill, Sawthiel or Souhill . . ."

In 1862 a Charles Hindly reprinted what was said to be the true life story of Mother Shipton

which was originally published by Richard Heady, London, England, in 1684. Hindly wasn't exactly pleased with the claimed predictions of Mother Shipton, so he sat down and wrote a few of his own, passing them off as Shipton's, including the verse where it is stated the world was to end in 1881.

In 1873 Hindly confessed, saying that most of his Shipton verses and story "were a hoax." This fact is to be found in Volume 21, of the New International Encyclopaedia by Funk and Wagnall's.

It would be true ignorance to reject prophecy — yet plagiarism of the mind rides high, wide and

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plenty. How many of Bacon's prophecies are his? How many of Bob Hope's sayings were heard back in the days of the court jesters? Where too is the evidence to actually prove there was a Mother Shipton?

Let's suppose Old Man Martin, in my article, heard from some person of vision the verse on the tombstone and liked it. What was to stop him from placing it on his tombstone? But surely he could not have stolen it from this Shipton seeress *before* she was born (if she ever was).

Now where in the Shipton prophecy is the verse I claim is on the old man's tombstone?

I'm still trying to find it in the Shipton prophecy. I would appreciate hearing from any FATE reader who wishes to contact me further on this Shipton prophecy flare-up. Feel free to write me at 163 Elm Street, Bridgeport, Conn. All letters will be answered as time permits. — *Raymond J. Ross.*

Saucer Reports

Have been reading quite a bit in your magazine about the so-called "saucers" and thought readers might be interested in the phenomenon that my family witnessed somewhere around May 5, this year (I don't recall the exact date).

The sun had set about an hour and the only visible object in the

sky other than this thing was the moon, which was not very bright. We sighted it about mid-south-west, and when it disappeared over the horizon it was about mid-northwest.

A lapse of 20 minutes occurred between sighting it and the disappearance. It was golden in color and traveled at an even speed. No vapor was visible behind it.

There was not a cloud in the sky, and I must say that I have never witnessed anything like it before or after. I would like to hear from any readers who might have witnessed this phenomenon or whatever you call it, in order to find out if it was seen in any other states outside of Ohio. — *Lloyd S. Lora, Lima, O.*

Two years ago I was visiting my parents who live one mile west of Conyers, Ga. It was about one o'clock in the afternoon that Sunday, when all of a sudden I heard planes roaring as if in a dive. My dad ran out into the yard and yelled for me. I rushed out, and he was pointing skyward and talking about planes crashing in mid-air. We saw the planes falling and also parachutes with men open and start down.

It didn't take the planes long to hit the ground, but the 'chutes and their anchors came down more slowly. Two Navy fighter or trainer planes had collided in

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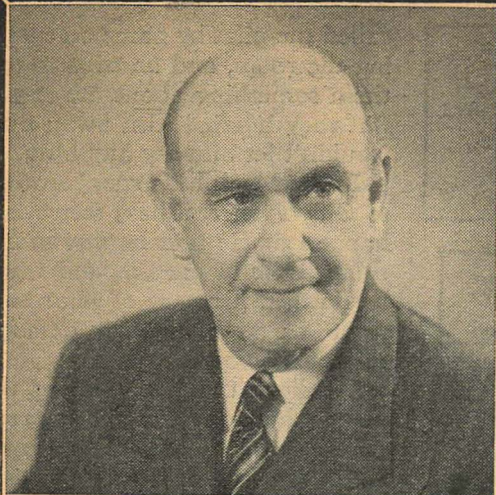
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mid-air and the two pilots had bailed out. As I watched the two pilots drift down, I saw what I thought was another parachute somewhat higher and slightly to the left of the others. It was about the same size as the parachutes, white, and reflected the sun's rays at times, but I noticed it was stationary in the sky. My dad and mother saw it, and I became astonished that it didn't descend. Then I noted also that it had no man or anything else attached to it.

The two parachutes landed, and we were still watching the strange white object in the sky, which didn't move for at least 10 minutes. Then it very slowly moved up and away from us, towards Atlanta, Ga. At first it moved slowly, and we watched it as it gained speed and disappeared into the high sky.

All this happened one mile or less from where we stood watching. About that time my brother and a friend came driving up and I jumped into the car, and we were very shortly at the scene of the crash. I learned one of the pilots had been taken into Guy Turner's house, and I hurried inside. The pilot was lying on a bed, moaning and apparently suffering from shock. He was bleeding from a deep gash on his forehead.

In a short time Naval officers from Atlanta were there. They



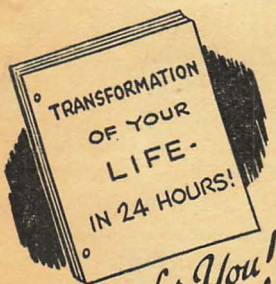
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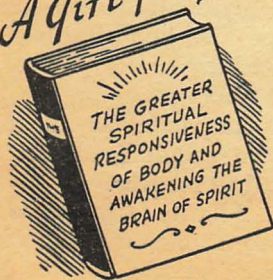
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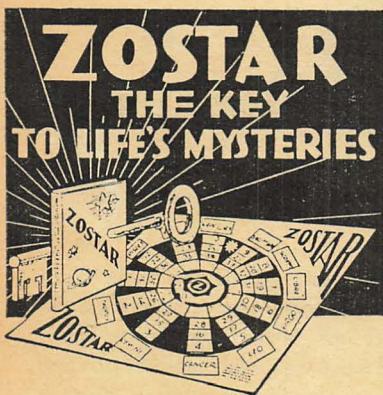
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called the pilot by name on entering the room, and he tried to tell them something about the crash. But they hurried him away and wouldn't let him say anything.

I asked Ralph Turner, brother to Guy Turner, if he'd seen what happened. He said he saw something white in the sky, and when he finished his story of what he'd seen, it agreed with my description of the object.

I believe that the pilot of the plane which crashed into the rear of the other plane might have seen the white object, which was to the left of him, and had been trying to get a better look and had crashed into the other plane as a result.

Shortly afterward, I called the Naval Air Station at Chamblee where the planes came from. I reported my story to the commander. He said they were still trying to find the reason for the crash. He asked me several questions, and then he asked me to make a written report in full and send it to him. I did and he promised to personally let me know if at all possible just what had happened. I have heard nothing from him. A short report of the crash was in the papers, saying the pilots were hospitalized but were expected to recover.

The Atlanta *Constitution* featured an article on flying saucers last week and said that the Naval Air Station at Chamblee had

never received a single report of a flying saucer or anything unusual in the sky. — *Jack R. Aiken, Conyers, Ga.*

At about 9 p.m. on July 12, 1952 I was in upper Alton, Ill., standing next to a building facing northwest, when I noticed a light out of the corner of my right eye. I looked up and was startled to see a silvery white, flaming object cutting through the sky. The sun had set, but the sky was still light enough so that an airplane would have shown up easily, and there were no stars.

My first impression was that the object was a flaming airliner, but it made no sound. I then had the impression that it was a meteor, when it had traveled quite a distance and then vanished. But then I realized that this meteor was traveling parallel to the ground, with no sign of downward movement. If I had seen an airliner in the same position in the sky, it would have compared in size with this object.

The object was traveling about 250 m.p.h. to 400 m.p.h. It cast off an eerie white flame and was shaped like a ball of fire, having a column of flame shooting out from the top and also from the bottom. There was a slight nose-like bump in front, while at the rear was a long brilliant tail, about four times the length of the

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object. This tail tapered, bulged, and then tapered again. It was outlined by brilliant sparks.

It came out of the southwest, heading northwest. After about two-thirds of its course was spent it rapidly turned into a ball (from my viewpoint), receded to a dot, and vanished. I later questioned several persons who had seen the object, and all described it differently. — *William H. Scott, Alton, Ill.*

Fated Time

Recently I was meandering through the September edition of

FATE while on duty one night and came across the article on page 25, "The Stopped Watch." Sir, if you will look on this page you will find a sketch of a pocket watch, and the hands read 03:10. By coincidence I looked at my wrist watch, and the time read 03:10. Maybe you can call that Fate — who knows? — *Sgt. Michael H. Holland, Ft. Eustis, Va.*

Spider Webs in Medicine

Regarding "Spider Web Mystery" in the September, 1952 number, will say that Tele Aranea (spider's web) has been used for

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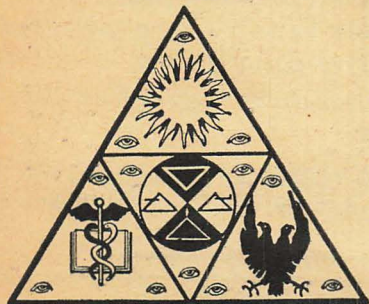
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many, many years in some forms of medical practice as a curative agent.

The Eclectic School of Medicine (Thompsonian) uses this in tincture form, an infusion of spider's web in alcohol. Dosage: 5-10 drops in a little water three times a day. Indications: In intermittent fever, and in diseases of sudden appearance, where there is a tendency to congestion, with cool, clammy skin, cool extremities and cold perspiration.

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are some products formed during combustion which are different from the normal products or factors in solution.

Spider's web applied to bleeding wounds as a styptic is an old-established remedy in rural districts in this country. — *Dr. Addison O'Neill, Daytona Beach, Fla.*

Grandfather's Gold

Before my grandfather died he gave my mother a gold watch of his which contained a \$5 gold piece. My mother passed this to me when I was 15 years old. I lost this in the house somewhere and could not find it. One night while walking in the graveyard with some friends I tripped over a coffin which was coming out of the ground due to muddy conditions. This fall knocked me unconscious for seven hours. When I regained consciousness my friends told me that I kept repeating the phrase: "Gold, seven steps up."

When I got home I looked under the carpet of the seventh step leading to my grandfather's bedroom. There I found the watch and \$5 gold piece. If you think this fact astounding, hear this. The next night I returned to the graveyard and the spot where I had fallen. It was the grave of my grandfather! Here is a mystery that defies the usual "scientific" explanation.

— *Bill Goldstein, Cheyenne, Wyo.*

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Just to tell you how much we appreciate your magazine, **FATE**. My mother and I are very ardent readers and we talk about the different articles for many days afterwards. We especially like the ones about crystal gazing, mental telepathy and any that give instructions on how to do some of these many things that are mentioned in **FATE**. But we understand that it is difficult to please everybody, so we are satisfied. Just don't discontinue **FATE**! — *Joanna Smith, Rock Island, Ill.*

A Talk With Ame Jo

Several evenings ago I was reading the Philosophy of Santayana before retiring for the night. The parallel between his beliefs and those of one of my close friends was so pertinent that I continued in this vein of thought after going to bed. The last thing I remember before falling asleep was saying to myself, "I am going to have a talk with Ame Jo." Although it was nearing one o'clock when I retired, I did not hear the clock strike the hour.

The next day I received a frantic call from my friend asking if I was all right. I assured her that I was, and she proceeded to tell me the following: The night before she awoke out of a sound sleep at one o'clock and saw me standing by her bed. I said, "Get

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The peculiar aspect of this incident is the fact that at the time she told me of her experience I didn't actually remember my last thoughts and had to retrace the evening before to remember just what I had on my mind before falling asleep. — *Margaret Treff, St. Clair Shores, Mich.*

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