

Flint branch of the Ternstedt plant and they moved to Flint.

During all this time Pat Stanley had given no thought to the odd science experiment and her husband and their four growing sons had no idea that she possessed this unusual ability. She had never even mentioned it.

At Dr. Youtz's request Professor Gillin immediately set about tracing Patricia. She contacted Miss Barrett, now retired, and she in turn got Pat's Flint address from her mother who still lives in the vicinity of Owensboro.

Dr. Youtz went to Flint in April, 1963.

At first Mrs. Stanley was reticent about exploring with him the fantastic mystery of her tactile color sense. She felt she might not be able to duplicate her unlikely feat. But finally she gave in to Dr. Youtz's urging.

"I didn't want to do anything noteworthy just for myself," she told John David, reporter for the *Flint Journal*, whose story appeared December 5, 1963. "I really didn't want to go through all this. But Dr. Youtz convinced me that we were working in the sincere interest of science and education."

Another thought influenced Patricia Stanley. If the causes of her remarkable ability were determined it might eventually be used to help the blind to "see."

FATE

Dr. Youtz has made a number of visits to Flint, staying variously for a few days to two or three weeks. The experiments have been conducted at the Stanley home, some of them in the presence of Dr. Donald DeGraf, professor of physics at Flint College, of the University of Michigan. Dr. Youtz brought special equipment with him. He used a light-tight plywood box painted black inside and out. Leading out of the front panel of the box are two black velveteen arm-holes, of double thickness, with elastic at the wrists. Mrs. Stanley's arms fit into these sleeves during the tests.

Three specially designed cards were inserted into the box through a door in the back for one test. A red square was pictured on one of the cards, while the other two had blue squares. Transparent plastic covered the cards to keep their texture uniform and the edges were securely bound with heavy black tape. Dr. Youtz instructed Mrs. Stanley to select two cards of identical color and name that color. She picked the cards, fingered the surfaces, and said that the two she indicated were blue. This was by no means happenstance, for Mrs. Stanley accomplished this feat five consecutive times. At no time did she see the cards and she was not informed as to the correctness of her identifications.

THE FINGER TIP VISION OF PAT STANLEY

To pick the colors accurately Dr. Youtz calculates the odds. There is a chance of one in three. To do this five times in a row denotes a chance of one in 243. Patricia Stanley has done the series of five over and over again, with many different colors. *The odds for this are less than one in 10,000.*

Dr. Youtz has described the experiment which he considers most impressive. He states that he does not believe in extrasensory perception or telepathy or clairvoyance. Nevertheless, he has taken great care to be sure that he is not unconsciously telling Mrs. Stanley how to identify colors by any of these means.

Two specimens each of red, yellow, green, blue, purple, black and white cloth, 14 pieces in all, were jumbled together on the floor of the light-proof box. Mrs. Stanley put her arms through the black sleeves, mixed the cloth squares again and went on to identify them. Dr. Youtz said that this test, which was run three times, was conducted in a double-blind manner so that neither Dr. Youtz nor Mrs. Stanley could see the squares before the identification was made. She was not told the results of her identifications. However, in the first test she called correctly 11 out of 14 of the cloth squares, in the second run she got 13 of 14 correct, and in the third try she identified 12 out of 14 correctly.

Dr. Youtz calculates the odds against such a score to be seven million to one. Mrs. Stanley's mistakes were made in distinguishing between yellow and white.

Although these tests were designed to shed some light on the physical or physiological nature of Mrs. Stanley's ability, so far Dr. Youtz has no explanation to offer. He considers that it may be some chemical or electrostatic or photoelectric phenomenon but so far the evidence suggests that it is not chemical and there is nothing to support the other two theories either. He believes that her mysterious ability has not yet been explained by any known physical or physiological mechanism.

Mrs. Stanley says she has to run the colors with her fingertips for 3 seconds or more to identify them. In some tests she handles the colored cloths directly, at a distance she rubs her fingers over plastic or glass coverings placed over colored paper. This rules out any identification to be made from difference in texture. She herself does not know how she makes the identifications.

She further reports, "The high colors are smoother or thinner or lighter in weight. The dark color are thicker or rougher or heavier. Red, blue and green just feel like red, blue and green."

Mrs. Stanley's ability diminishes

if the glass covering the colors is too thick. When the glass is three thousandths of an inch thick she can call the color correctly, but she cannot do this when the glass is as much as a 16th of an inch thick.

Temperature apparently plays an important part in Mrs. Stanley's ability. When it falls below 75 degrees Fahrenheit her ability to identify colors drops to no better than chance. Likewise, when her fingers and the color samples were put into warm water (91 degrees F.) her ability disappears.

Dr. Youitz and his colleagues are fascinated by the possibility that Pat's ability may exist in, or be taught to, others. Dr. Youitz has now extended his research to testing 125 Barnard psychology students to see if they can distinguish colors to any degree with their fingertips. Preliminary tests suggest that some five to 15 per cent of these students can do so. In these tests, being done in January, 1964, the girls are given three plastic-covered color samples. Their hands are inside the light-proof experimental box. Two of the cards are the same color and the third is different. They are asked to pick the different color. Some girls have demonstrated some ability during the preliminary tests, Dr. Youitz said. Girls with ability are encouraged to practice. This further work is being sponsored by the National Institute of

Mental Health, Bethesda, Md., in an effort to find whether devices can be developed to help the blind. It is essential to learn if this mysterious ability is common throughout the population.

The Russians also are conducting tests with students to determine what percentage have some ability to see with their fingertips. Their ratios as known to date are about the same as those given by Dr. Youitz. They have stated that they feel that anyone with any small ability in this direction can be taught to "see" better.

There are some striking differences in the abilities of the two women, Flint's Patricia Stanley and Russia's Rosa Kuleshova. Pat distinguishes colors in the dark and cannot read printed words at all. Rosa reads printed texts, art work, photographs and music but must have light even to distinguish colors. Rosa has some "sight" in other parts of her body but Dr. Youitz has not yet tested Mrs. Stanley's skin, other than the skin of her hands for the ability. She does touch the color samples with her fingers, thumb and both hands.

THINGS DID NOT go so well when Dr. Youitz, and John Lentz of Columbia University, again tested Mrs. Stanley in January, 1964, when she performed only occasionally better than chance allows.

"I just don't feel right. I'm not doing it right and I know it," Mrs. Stanley said after a two-hour session at the testing box. She volunteered this opinion before her failures were reported to her.

Dr. Youitz confirmed her fears, but had no explanation for her inability to repeat her successes of last summer. He did say that psychological tests often encounter unforeseen difficulties.

At one point during the tests in January Mrs. Stanley discriminated among colors in a way that made the odds as high as one to 243 again, but Dr. Youitz described her over-all performance as inconsistent.

One theory advanced by Dr. Youitz to explain this ability to "see" with the fingertips is that heat waves from the fingers might be reflected by different colors in different ways. Perhaps those who detect colors in this manner do so by sensing this difference. This idea was considered, tested and then rejected by the Russian scientists.

It was warm in Flint last summer and, of course, it was warm in June in Owensboro, Ky., in 1939, when Mrs. Stanley first exhibited her strange ability. It was cold in Flint in January during the unsatisfactory tests. Although Dr. Youitz warned the experimental box and even warned Mrs. Stanley's hands in warm water, since he had found

earlier that temperature does have an effect, Mrs. Stanley still could not perform above chance consistently.

The Russians also report that temperature has a marked effect upon the ability to "see" with fingertips. And, further, they report that the fingertips must be absolutely dry.

At the end of a long unsuccessful session Dr. Youitz said, "Well, we have an idea that it might be the cold and an idea that she might have stage fright—attempting to do this in front of strangers. It is only by eliminating the things that have a negative effect on her ability that we can come around to finding out how it happens."

Dr. Youitz had hoped to use color samples that had been kept in the dark for a month or more before Mrs. Stanley touched them during the January, 1964, experiment. This is not known whether he did this. This experiment was designed to explore the possibility of a photoelectric effect.

Dr. DeGraaf was not present at the tests in January because of a death in his family. But on the telephone he expressed surprise that Mrs. Stanley did not perform as well as she had last summer. "Her performance certainly seemed convincing at that time," Dr. DeGraaf said. And so it is hoped that the tests

will go on. Cooperation with the Russian scientists could be most helpful it would seem.

DATRCIA AINSWORTH Stan-

ley is friendly and eager to help humanity with her gift. She does not take her responsibilities lightly. As well as being public spirited she is a dedicated homemaker, doing a great deal of sewing and gardening. One source of great pride to her is the Stanley garden which supplies the family with a great many fresh vegetables. Last year it also yielded a cash crop of three and one-half acres of corn. Mrs. Stanley drives a school bus for the Kearsley system.

When I talked with Pat Stanley, at FARR's suggestion, I found her to be charming and outgoing, a woman I felt I had known a long time. Her voice is warm and friendly, with a rich Southern accent. She is modest and not eager for publicity. She told me she does not enjoy this sudden national recognition. It struck me that she is a little bewildered at being plumed in to the world limelight. Most of all, she doesn't wish to be thought of as a curiosity.

I asked Mrs. Stanley if, in her opinion, some facet of extrasensory perception could have some bearing on her ability. She did not seem to understand my meaning and I had to rephrase my question. While

she has no idea as to how she "reads" with her fingertips, she told me that Dr. Youz believes there is a genuinely scientific basis for it all. At any rate, Mrs. Stanley is anything but a mystic or visionary.

Pat, who was born in Lindsay, Okla., is 42 years old and the mother of four lively sons, Jeff, 17; Ralph, 15; David, 14; and Charles, nine. The Stanleys live a 10-acre homestead.

THE ABILITIES of Mrs. Stanley are similar to, though not as developed as, those of Rosa Kuleshova, the young Russian woman whose abilities were described in detail in the July, 1963, issue of FARR.

Rosa Kuleshova not only can detect colors with her finger tips but actually can read ordinary type and view photographs. In addition, Soviet researchers have found that other areas of her skin are light sensitive and that she can "see" even with a portion of her tongue. For skeptical American researchers the significance of the several on Rosa Kuleshova is that several scientific disciplines collaborated on it. These included psychologists, neurologists, cyberneticists, physiologists, biophysicists and oculists.

Their research involved theories she had an extraordinarily developed and refined touch, that

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she might be differentiating the colors by their heat (infra-red) radiations, and even that telepathy was involved.

The conclusion of the USSR Academy of Sciences is that Rosa has genuine light receptors—organs of vision—in her skin. It has been established that she has about 10 light sensory elements in each square millimeter of her fingertips.

It has been established further that she has in the light sensitive areas of her skin receptors similar to the cones of the human retina that differentiate colors. Man's color vision is three-dimensional. Each cone has three light receptors, one of which reacts to blue, one to red and one to green.

Rosa Kuleshova's fingers have the three types of light receptors for red, blue and green. Studies show that their sensitivity corresponds exactly to the cones of the human eye. Experiments with Rosa showed they work in the same way.

If the eye shifts rapidly from red to gray, for example, it sees blue. Rosa perceives the same color changes with her fingers.

The phenomenon called light inertia, which explains why we do

not notice the fluctuations on a movie or TV screen, also operates with Rosa. The eye, although we are not aware of it, is in constant motion—if the motion stops we stop seeing. Similarly, Rosa Kuleshova must keep her fingertips moving for them to see.

Also, when Kuleshova's fingers were flooded with an excess of light, it took some time for them to read-just so they could "see" again.

Meanwhile the Russians are going ahead with this research and conclude that many persons have similar abilities, some of it latent. It is virtually certain, moreover, that persons with the ability can learn to improve it.

Russian scientists now are convinced that all this points to a "tactile-optical" sense that we did not know man possessed. This sense is similar to vision and is connected with the visual centers of the brain. It differs, however, in that it is more tactile than visual. Eye vision takes in the whole object at once but the fingers unfold the image. The scientists believe this new "sixth" sense is certain to enrich optics, physiology of the sense organs, psychology, teaching methods and the theory of cognition.



Russians Investigate Fingertip Vision

New Russian tests show subjects can learn to identify colors
and even simple figures with their fingertips

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DOCENT ABRAM NOVOMEISKY, head of the psychology laboratory of the Nizhni Tagil Teachers Training School, visited our editorial offices to tell us about the conclusions reached by the Ural scientists who studied "the Tagil phenomenon."

When he concluded his story, he suggested to those assembled that they try to see whether they too could learn to differentiate color with their fingers. Boris Malyshev, an artist, volunteered for the test. Docent Novomeisky blindfolded him with a dark cloth which let no light through. "I do this not so much to prevent you from taking a

peek," the scientist explained, "to switch off your instrument of sight and force you to concentrate on tactile sensation."

A carefully wiped glass was placed on the desk, and on it were sheets of colored paper: yellow and red. "At first the colors have to be pure, not mixed, and the surface of the paper must be uniform," Novomeisky explained. "It is important that the fingers of the subject be dry."

Novomeisky first tried to get the subject to relate the tactile sensation to the color. He put Malyshev's hand on the yellow sheet and told him to rub the surface lightly with

three fingers—the index, third and fourth—while Novomeisky said several times in succession, "This is yellow." The procedure was repeated with the second color.

Then Novomeisky fixed in the subject's mind the difference in the sensations that the yellow and red colors gave him. He suggested that Boris touch the sheets alternately and try to determine the difference in his perceptions. While Malyshev did this, Novomeisky told him the color of the sheet he was touching.

In about five minutes Malyshev had begun to feel something of the difference between the colors. He said: "The yellow paper seems to be more porous and smooth, and the red sticky."

"All right," Novomeisky said. "What we have done is establish a reflex action in a rough way. Now let us get on to the tests."

He changed the places of the two sheets on the glass and asked the artist to say which color was which. In seconds Malyshev accurately called the colors.

Then the scientist made the test more difficult. He slipped a third sheet on the glass, mixed them all up and asked Boris what the colors were. Malyshev rubbed the sheets alternately and then said: "This one is yellow, this one is red, and this is also red." All correct.

"Now try to determine the color of the paper without the help of comparisons," the docent suggested. He placed a single sheet on the glass. Boris rubbed it, thought for a second, rubbed it again and called the right color.

"Very good," the scientist said obviously pleased. "You see, this test means that you are beginning to fix the colors in your mind not by the difference in sensations but by associating a definite sensation with a definite color. Now I'll give you a more complicated task."

He covered the colored sheets lying on the glass with transparent tracing paper, rough side up. "The tracing paper will make it a bit more difficult to perceive the colors," he explained, "but we want to make the test more rigorous by excluding any influence the structure of the colored surfaces themselves might have on your perception."

And this time Malyshev did have to take a much longer time figuring out the difference in his sensations before he called, correctly again, the colors of the sheets under the tracing paper.

Then another artist sat down to do the tests. He passed all of them and did better than his predecessor by this additional test.

"If we place two sheets of colored paper on top of each other,"

the docent told his audience, "for some strange reason the dominant sensation will be produced by the color on the bottom sheet."

He placed two sheets, yellow and red, in front of the subject and asked him to identify the colors. The answers were correct. Then Novomeisky mixed the sheets, slipped a red sheet under the yellow, and under the red another yellow sheet. The subject felt the top sheets and without hesitation named the colors of the two lower sheets.

"So you see," Novomeisky summed up, "the fingers of your artist are not inferior to Kulshova's."

"Can Rosa distinguish the form of the image in addition to the

colors?" someone asked him.

"That can be learned too," the docent replied. "I did some experimenting with my students. After some training they were able to determine the limits of two colors and then the shape of the image."

"Here is how it was done. We placed sheets of black and white paper on a glass. The subject tested learned how to differentiate one color from another. After he had mastered that, he was asked to determine the limits of the image of a simple black figure (but one he did not know) on a white background. After repeating experiments with various simple figures, we went on to large black letters on a white background."

THE GHOST OF SANDRINGHAM

THE SERVANT'S quarters at Sandringham, the great country house of England's royal family, reportedly is haunted by a prank-playing ghost. Some of the alarming happenings described by staff members are hollow footsteps along corridors when no walker is visible, doors opening to reveal nothing or no one entering or leaving, and lights turning on and off without human hands touching the switches.

The mysterious disturbances at Sandringham appear to be in on Christmas Eve and to continue for six to eight weeks. The most frequently haunted

area appears to be the sergeant footman's corridor on the second floor. Housemaids, the reports state, refuse to go there alone to clean and dust.

One footman refused to sleep in the room assigned to him, explaining that he had seen as well as heard a large paper sack "breathe in and out" like a Proteusque lung. Other servants have reported such manifestations as Christmas cards being moved from one wall to another and freshly made beds being stripped. In each case, it is said, the occupant of the room had locked the door and taken the key.

True MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay \$5 for each True 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 FATE Editor, FATE Magazine, 845 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Ill. They must be signed by author and the author's address must be given. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope.

THE WEIRD COFFIN

By Clarence E. Drumheller

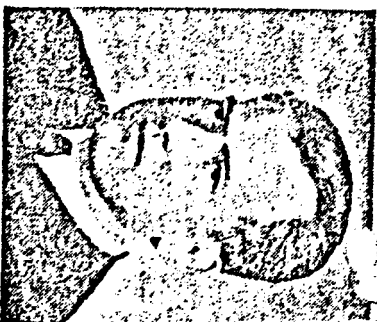
DURING THE early years of our marriage, my wife sometimes alluded to a mystical experience which happened from time to time to her mother, Mrs. Martin Weiss. The circumstances were always the same. Mrs. Weiss would see a coffin rise up from the floor and immediately she would know that someone in the family had died. It was several years after our marriage, while we lived in Denver, that the following incident took place.

In March, 1948, my wife and I were living in a house on Tejon Street with her father and mother. All of us had just moved there from El Paso, Tex. My father-in-law is by nature slow to let people know when he changes his address, and he had not done so this time. After we had been in Denver about one month his wife announced tearfully at breakfast that some member of the family had died "last night." She didn't know who it was that

died, but she was sure it was someone in the family.

Looking as though she had a ghost, she told of seeing the coffin rise up out of the floor the morning about 6:00 A. M. when she had begun to fix breakfast.

"It came up right over there," she said, pointing to a rather large spot at the far side of the kitchen. All members of "the family" lived across the country in Ohio.



CLARENCE E. DRUMHELLER

I was more concerned about my mother-in-law's frightful condition, I took the report she gave rather casually and with much skepticism.

Not so, my father-in-law! He wrote immediately to the family giving them his address. He received in return a telegram reporting the death of his sister's husband. He had died only an hour or so before my mother-in-law saw the rising coffin.

Since that time I have been a confirmed believer. I was there and I know this happened.

My mother-in-law always has seen the coffin when a close relative in either her family or her husband's has died. She never has seen it when no one has died. — *Westhampton Beach, L. I., N. Y.*

GOD HAS BEEN WITH ME

By Reuben Keshibian

I WAS BORN October 14, 1892.

When I was four years old, Sultan Hamid of Turkey ordered the massacre of all Christian Armenians. About 200,000 men, women and children were slain. I witnessed the killing and abduction of some of my own family.

In 1899 I started to pray and go to church every morning. Many times I fasted as penance for God's favors.

In August, 1906, while I was praying the Holy Ghost appeared

heavenly. This was in the daytime. The next night an angel appeared to me in my dream, took me to our farm 20 miles away, and said, "Son, go out and hide under the weeds. Seven storms are coming." While I was under the weeds seven storms passed and destroyed everything in sight.

When I awoke in the morning I told my mother of my dream. She said we would have seven years of war and the entire family would be killed, except me.

I came to the United States in 1908. In the fall of 1911 the Balkan War against Turkey began. Following this came World War I. It took exactly seven years for the fighting to end. All my people were killed except my twin brother.

In 1912 a medical examiner for an insurance company refused to issue a policy because I had a bad heart. I prayed to God that night. Suddenly I had a severe pain around my heart, and the Holy Ghost appeared and passed through my body. The next day I was in perfect health. The same doctor examined me for army service and said so.

In 1913 I had pain near my appendix. The doctor advised me to undergo an immediate operation. I prayed to God, and the pain stopped right away. I never was operated on.

On Memorial Day in 1921 my

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brother was married and in July of that year an angel appeared to me in my sleep. He asked if I had any money for the poor. I said I had only two pennies in my pocket, an old one and a new one. I gave them to him but as he was leaving asked for one back. He returned the old penny. I asked, "what does this mean? He said my brother's wife was going to have a baby and the baby was going to die. The mother will be very sick but will live, he said.

I called by brother and told him about my dream. He did not believe it. He said there was not going to be a baby. A week later he came to me and told me his wife was going to have a baby. I told him to get a doctor to care for her, as she was going to have trouble and lose her baby. The doctor did not believe it, said it was humbug.

On March 29, 1922, the doctor predicted the baby would be born about noon that day. It was not. The next day a specialist from Jefferson Hospital performed a Caesarian operation on her, but the baby died. The mother was very ill. The doctor looked at me peculiarly.

The doctor looked at me peculiarly, thinking of my prediction. For four months the mother was ill and could not walk. Then her fever hit 104 degrees. The doctor said he was going to stay around, as the girl was very sick. I told him she would be better the next day, but he gave

me a sly look. That day the fever left her, and the next day she started to walk. The doctor and his brother were surprised.

In 1918, I saw in *True Mystic Magazine* a picture of a beautiful girl named Mary. I prayed to God and said, "Heavenly Father, if you are going to give me a wife, give me one just like that."

The day after her recovery, my brother's wife said to me, "How about marrying my sister? She is pretty and educated." I told her I would ask my guardian angel. That night I dreamt I was locked in a basement, but my angel came and put me on a road and said, "The road is clear for you."

On August 7, 1922, this girl came to America. Her name is Mary and she is beautiful and prayed every night. We were married.

In 1928 my daughter was very sick with measles. One night I saw an angel praying for her. I said my wife if she had seen the angel but she had not. The next day daughter was better and out of the hospital. All through my life God has been with me, and he has shown me the most important thing in the world is to love one another.—*Philadelphia, Pa.*

GOOSE WITH ESP

By Lew R. Merrill

LAST WEEK while visiting my grandchildren, I was quite

prised to find that they have a duck as a pet. They let him out of his pen and he follows them around like a dog. By now he is large and well filled-out, and I inquired as to what they eventually will do with him. I soon learned that he has become such a pet that no-one in the family relished the thought of eating him.

During our discussion of the duck someone brought up the question of whether a pet bird or animal has an extra-sensory perception when and if the moment comes to prepare it for the table.

This reminded me of the time I won a live goose at the Elk's Club raffle on November 15, 1922. I was living in Evanston, Ill., then, in a 10-room house. My parents already had a turkey for Thanksgiving, so we put this large goose in a wire pen in the yard to keep him for the next holiday dinner which would be Christmas.

He readily became a neighborhood pet and the children for blocks around took delight in bringing him all kinds of food. Whenever anyone came out of the back door to feed him, the goose would race around the pen and flap his wings in anticipation.

Christmas time came, and I thought it would be easy to shoot him with a .22 rifle, which I kept in the house. As I approached his pen on this occasion the gander

took one look at me and quickly thrust his head underneath his wing. What a shocking change! Whereas he had always welcomed my visits, he now tried to hide in the corner. I immediately knew in my heart that I could not shoot him.

We finally gave him to a local janitor, who took care of several apartments, and who no doubt took care of the goose, too.—Chicago Ill.

SWEET BABY OF BREAD

By Vera Parsons

WHILE VACATIONING in Ecuador in 1962 I purchased a *gnagua de pan* from a jungle Indian. In *Quechua*, an Indian language, *gnagua* means "baby" and *de pan*, "of bread."

Someone later told me it was a talisman with great power, that it was employed daily by most Indians, and that it was used in secret witchcraft rites and religious festivities. Only if I bought one at Easter would it not be ill-omened.

My *gnagua de pan* looked like a painted red devil with no tail. It was approximately 12 inches long and five inches wide, with white flowers painted on its body and two wavy yellow and light blue lines down each side. A small nude white bread baby sat on its left shoulder. Horns about two inches high projected from its skull. It

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cost me about \$3.00 and I treasured it. The day after I purchased it I broke my expensive camera. The next day I was bitten in the thigh by two wild Indian dogs.

When I reached my home in Miami, Fla., I carefully hung the *gnagua de pan* on the wall for everyone to see. When I explained its use to a friend with spiritualist leanings, she cautioned, "Get rid of that jinx now."

I did not. The following week I was rushed to the hospital with pneumonia, and when I returned to my law office I found that I had been replaced. Thus, when the "baby" dropped to the floor breaking all its "bones," I was not averse to getting rid of it.

Mrs. Cohen, my dentist's wife and assistant, offered to take it as a conversation piece for her office. "I've got a good feeling about it," she said. "I'm also a registered nurse, and we're not a superstitious lot."

It was my roommate who had to turn the "baby" over to Mrs. Colton the next day, for I was in the hospital again, having broken some ribs, teeth and my left wrist after slipping on the bedroom rug. Thirteen days after she received the "baby" Mrs. Colton phoned me overnight she had developed a cyst on her left wrist. She called later that same month

to inform me that all her affairs were topsy-turvy and that the dentist was in the hospital with a nervous breakdown. I swallowed hard. A few days later she contacted me again. Her assistant had been raped.

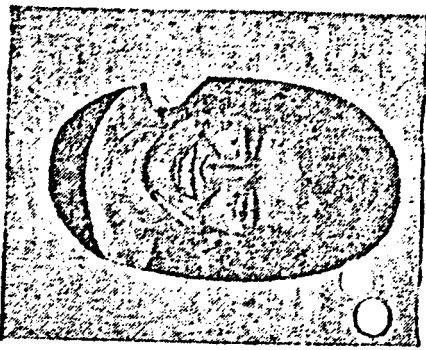
She was sure the "baby" had nothing to do with any of these happenings, but she decided she no longer needed such a "conversation piece," and so she threw it in the trash can.

I cannot help but wonder what happened to the trash collector.—Brooklyn, N.Y.

PROPHETIC DREAM

By Brenda Kelley

ONE NIGHT in the spring of 1951 I was dreaming in the



BRENDA KELLEY

somewhat jumbled, apparently meaningless ordinary way of dreams, when suddenly this haphazard dream was overlaid by another, entirely different theme: the log I had painted for decoration and had placed in the wood-burning fireplace was exploding with a loud crack, and hundreds of dangerously burning sparks were flying about the living room!

This second dream, so detailed as to seem real, terrified me so much that I awoke and sat up in bed, relieved to discover it was only a dream.

The next morning I was so busy dressing and feeding the family, I forgot the dream. I did not recall it later even when I lighted the gas jet behind the decorated log. I often did this on cool spring mornings, as we were past the winter time need to burn wood in the fireplace, and the small flame warmed the room sufficiently. There was a distance of many safe inches between the flame and the painted log. After an hour, when the room was comfortable, I turned off the flame. Hours later, about 11:00 A. M.,

FATE

I was ready to leave my Fort Worth, Tex., home for a trip to Dallas. After putting my baby in the car I made a final check of the house. Everything was fine; no fire or lights had been left burning. As I pulled the door closed behind me, in the moment before the automatic lock clicked, I suddenly was unnerved by the recall of my brief, vivid nightmare.

I re-entered the house, feeling very foolish, for I already had double-checked the fireplace. But as I approached it, there was a loud cracking sound—a small explosion in some inexplicable way the log had been smoldering in its dry recesses, and pressure had built up until the log actually exploded.

The explosion threw sparks and smoldering bits of wood out onto many vulnerable places. But, because I was right there, the damage was very slight. The miraculous thing about this incident was that my being there was the direct result of a dream that was an exact replica of an event yet to come! — Fort Worth, Tex.

FINDING BY FORGETTING

UNHAPPY after her car was stolen in Kerrville, Tex., Mrs. Joel Ayala took a trip to Boerne, Tex., to visit her sister-in-law in order to "forget" about her loss. While walking in Boerne, she discovered her car, which was in fine shape except for an empty gas tank.

Gingers of FATE

By Harold Helfer

Two old friends who had not seen each other in 30 years met with a thud at Fairfield, Iowa. Carl Martin's car rammed into the rear of one driven by his old acquaintance, Rudolph Parker, of Grinnell, Iowa.

As editor of the town newspaper, Richard Shelton launched a physical fitness campaign in Shelby, N. C. After participating in a one-mile run down the main street he dropped dead.

As therapy for a broken right leg, Peter Jantzen, of Vancouver, Canada, pedaled the equivalent of five miles a day on a stationary bicycle. The other day he finally got back on the real thing, collided with another bicycle ridden by a nephew, and broke his leg again.

For three consecutive nights Mrs. Bendis Cook dreamed that the safe in the Hattiesburg, Miss., drug store where she works had been robbed. The morning after the third night, when she arrived at the store, she

discovered that the safe was ripped open and \$1000 cash been stolen.

Max and Rex DeShon of Joseph, Mo., are identical twins. They hold identical jobs; both are county judges in adjoining 2 sour counties.

Vernon Mitchell of Barboro, E. land, lost his speech 16 years when he fractured his skull in fall from a tree while playing Tzan as a boy. The other day was knocked unconscious by speeding car—and regained speech.

A year after losing her wedding band while baiting a fish-hook, Carl Costello of Plaquemine, La. caught a fish in that stream. With her husband cleared it, he found the ring inside.

Shortly after lecturing fall workers on safety rules, Ross Gland, foreman of a Falls Church, Va., construction project was struck by a steel beam and killed.

Whistling

SPIRITS OF AROPAE

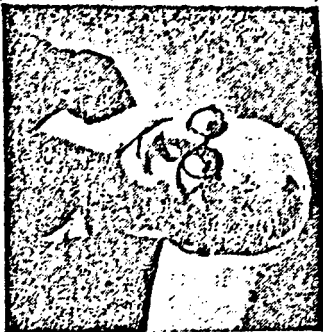
The villagers said Tabanea had died on his distant island—for ghosts had whistled this news to them.

By Sir Arthur Grimble

THE WORK OF THE council of advice was hardly well finished when a ship of the Japanese trading company in the Marshall Islands brought unexpected news to Tarawa. The company had decided to send no more of its vessels to pick up copra in the Gilbert group south of Butaritari. What worried me about this ultimatum was that a number of the longshore traders down south were in the habit of holding their copra for the Japanese concern, which paid better prices than others. They had to be warned at once that their only buyers from that time on would be the rare British ships that came their way, and I was the only person there to do it. It was lucky,

in the circumstances, that the 35-ton ketch *Chaiseul* had come up from Abemama on her own business some days before and was waiting to take me back to the Central Gilberts. I chartered her that day for a quick run to the Southern Gilberts instead and went on board the same evening so as to be sure of an early start next morning. Thus it was that I fared forth to meet the whistling ghosts.

Our first landfall was Onotora Island, 270 miles from Tarawa. There was no ship's passage into the lagoon in those days, and only one canoe—the native magistrate's—was waiting for us outside the reef. A steep westerly swell was running; the reef was a-lee; it was



Sir Arthur Grimble has been Resident Commissioner of the Gilbert and Ellice Islands and Governor of the Windward group.

tricky work maneuvering my trans-fer with a suitcase and a steel despatch box from the ketch to the canoe. I mention these points to leave it clear that no conversation passed between the ship and the orders and responses about my transshipment. Certainly nobody in the ship's crew shouted anything by way of gossip from the northern islands. I could not possibly have missed hearing it if they had.

There was no talk in the canoe until we had shot the big surf in the boat passage, but when we had made the water the native magistrate said suddenly, apropos of nothing, "Ye hear Tabanea is dead!"

The Tabanea he meant was my old friend the professional sorcerer

of Tarawa. The death of a man like that could not fail to set the whole group talking, for there was not an island where he had not a crowd of customers for his peerless love potions and amulets. But he wasn't dead, I told the magistrate: I had seen him *ouy* the week before, heartily enjoying the great song and dance at Tarawa. It did not seem to impress him, though; he chatted on as if I had not spoken. "They say he died the day before yesterday, in the evening, of *te bo matoana* (a blow from above him)."

"What's a blow from above him? Who says? What ship brought the news? Certainly not ours," I countered irritably.

It appeared that "a blow from above him" meant what we might call a seizure or stroke. He did not state who had spread the report, but said no ship had brought the news. He was bound to say that; ours was, in fact, the only deep-sea craft in the Gilberts at the moment; the other was down in the Ellice group.

"So there you are," I wound up rather pompously, "it's just another silly bit of village tittle-tattle."

"*Tao eng* (Perhaps yes)," he murmured, "*tao eng*"—meaning roughly, "Oh, well, let it go at that," and changed the subject.

The whole thing had slipped out of my mind by the time we landed. I was so used to village rumors

of that sort. Nobody else mentioned Tabanea to me for the 48 hours I stayed on Onotoa; probably the magistrate had warned everybody that the subject irritated me; in any case, it was not until I got to Aorae, the last island of the Southern Gilberts, that the next thing happened. It never would have happened if I had spent only a day or two there, as elsewhere. But I found trouble in the place—the nature of it does not matter here; the point is, it forced me to stay. The ketch left with a promise to be back in a month or so.

Aorae lies out in the blue, 100 miles from Onotoa. It is a lagoonless wisp of coral sand and coconuts, open on every side to the towering Pacific swells. When West-erly gales sweep up at it, the huge surf bellows week-long on the weather reef like a million driven bulls raging at the thresholds of the villages. The westerlies blew hard for most of my stay. I couldn't get away from that tortured roar, or the yelling of the coconut crests in the wind. The ceaseless, smothering din did something to my relations with the people; somehow, it seemed to be always between us. I felt very lonely among them. Perhaps that made me a good subject for a game of brown man's bluff. Bluff or not, it began when I had endured nearly a week of the place. My one familiar friend on

Aorae, a retired Tarawa policeman, married to a local woman and on a visit to his in-laws, came to look me up. Tarawa men adore a comfortable chin-wag, especially in their own dialect when they are among strangers. I fancy that was what tempted him to be so extra-communicative that evening. As soon as he was well seated on the guest mat, he began nervously, "So Tabanea is dead."

I smiled. "Now, now . . . you got that bit of gossip from Onotoa—by our ship."

He denied this blankly. He said he had heard it the Sunday before last. I pointed out that his timing made nonsense for me: our ship had not even arrived at Onotoa by his date. But he persisted that our ship had nothing to do with the case. He had heard about Tabanea's death the Sunday before last from his wife's very aged and absolutely infallible kinswoman, Nei Waita.

"Nei Waita has another name as a baptized Christian, but, for this kind of thing, one must always call her Waita," he explained.

"What kind of thing?" I naturally asked.

He was too wrapped up in his main theme to answer that at once. The old woman, he drove on, had mentioned two important details: Tabanea had died just before sunset, of a blow from above, him.

I rubbed it in that the phrase was precisely the one that the native magistrate of Onotoa had used, but he overrode the irony. "Naturally the words are the same," he said; "the newsmongers do not speak with two voices. What they reported in Onotoa they reported to Nei Waita also, here in Aorae."

This was at least good entertainment, so I asked for more about Nei Waita's exceedingly single-related newsmongers.

It appeared they were alternately called *Taani-kami-momoi*—Whiskers. He said the Whiskers were the ghosts of dead relations—not the very long-dead ones—the more recently dead. These made a constant habit of returning to the Gilberts. Their domain was the air (he called it "the byer of wind"—as it were, the invisible plane) just above the level of the coconut crests. At that height, they flew up and down the islands seeing and hearing everything that happened. They came lower from time to time and passed the news on to anyone alive who understood their speech. Not many people did understand it, because they spoke in whistles; but Waita was an adept; she had power; she could actually order her particular ghost to come along and answer questions whenever she wanted.

I took his talk for a big boast. It was only by way of calling his

bluff that I asked whether his infallible relation-in-law would undertake to ask her ghost a question for me. But, far from piping down, he put me on the spot instead. "Longkoe (of course)!" he replied at once. "Is it indeed your wish that I should ask her?"

I found it was not particularly my wish, but I could not withdraw. The upshot was that he came back the next night with an invitation for me to go with him at once to Nei Waita.

I followed him through the hush to a stony, treeless space above the weather beach. It was a wild night; the place was shuddering and thundering with the fury of the surf; but the moonlight flooded it starkly between racing cloud shadows. A solitary screened shack stood out in the open, 50 paces away. The glimmer of a faint light through the plaited screens. He pointed: "There is Nei Waita," he said. "I cannot go in with you," and left me standing there. I watched him plunge back into the blackness of the bush.

The thatch was so low that I could not stand upright inside. A hurricane lamp was burning on the floor. An incredibly aged face was glaring up at me around the light, almost from floor level. It had a cutty pipe in its mouth; its lips were moving, but I heard no words. I stood there mute until a

skeleton hand flailing above the face ordered me to be seated. I squatted, cross-legged as she was, on my side of the lamp, fascinated by this ruinous, wild-haired mask. The lips moved again, but the roaring of the night drowned her voice. I craned an ear forward. Then with atrocious suddenness the mask was convulsed and lunged up at me. She tore the pipe from her gums and shrieked into my face, "*Tabanea is dead!*" Nothing but that. I had not recovered from the shock of it when the whistling began.

A single note, strident, like a cricket's, sounded from behind my left ear. I whipped my head around. Nobody was there. A second chirrup fell from the roof. I sprang to my feet; my head struck the ridge pole; the witch screamed with laughter; but I hardly noticed it, for the whistling was at once all around me. It wasn't harsh now, but multitudinous. It crowded in on my ears wherever I turned, as if a host of tiny invisible birds were twittering up there in the shadows of the roof.

I dived out into the moonlight and peiled around the shed. In that white glare everything was visible. There was nobody on the roof, no tree, no sizable rock within 50 yards where anyone could be hiding. Back under the thatch, I fell on hands and knees to stare into the crone's face. Her gums were

clenched, but still the twittering went on over head. There was no break in it even when she showed at me, "The Ancestor waits. What is your question?"

The Ancestor might have been her father, for all I knew. I did not ask, but shouted back at once sprawling there on my knees. "When will the Japanese ship be returning to Aroae?"

She stared at me for a long moment. "You have told us the ship will not return," she said at last.

"Yes, yes, Grandmother," I replied, "but perhaps I was wrong. What does the Ancestor say?"

Her answer was to twist her face over her huddled shoulder and howl at the roof, "The Man of Many asks when the ship of the Japan men will return."

The twittering ceased. For half a minute I heard nothing but the noises of the night. Then there came a Morse-like succession of strident chirrups, followed by a dozen phrases of something like bird song that faded gradually back into the clamor of wind and sea.

"The Ancestor has spoken," muttered the witch. "Count 23 days from tonight, and the ship will arrive." That ended the session.

"Well—so much for the whistling ghosts and their news!" I said to myself outside. "A mere trick of ventriloquism." Just how she could have whistled and talked at

FATE OF WHISTLING SPIRITS OF AROAE

the same time, or thrown a chirrup with her mouth shut, I couldn't imagine; and I was puzzled to think why she should have said the ship would come when I had said it wouldn't. "What an old hoax—she and her precious Ancestor!" I thought, clinging to the hoax idea rather desperately as I groped my way home through the screaming darkness of the bush.

But the fact is, Tabanea was dead, and he had died in the evening, and the cause of his death was a blow from above him—an accident, the doctor called it. He was found lying in his dwelling house at just about the time I went on board the ketch at Tarawa. The

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ketch lay anchored 11 miles down-lagoon from his village. Obviously, the crew could have heard the news before we left next morning. But, knowing how fond I was of him they wouldn't—they couldn't—sincerely—have kept the news from themselves on our southward run, had they heard it. It was the very first news they rushed to tell me when they came back to pick me up.

Also, the Japanese ship did return. The prediction was a little out in point of time—she arrived on the 22nd day, not the 23rd. She came to pick up two copra lighters which she had left at Aroae.

WEATHERMAN'S WOE

FORECASTERS at the Muskogon, Mich. Weather Bureau consulted their instruments and charts one Monday and confidently predicted a mild day with sunny skies. The prediction was somewhat short of being 100% correct. A sudden, small storm drenched the weather bureau and little else in Muskogon with a half-inch of rain.

IN DEATH'S DIRECTION

THE INGERSOLL School in Washburn, N. Dak., named for Robert Ingersoll, the well-known American lecturer, was built so that it faced north. On March 21, 1909, the day on which Ingersoll died, a sudden windstorm shifted the building around on its foundation so that it now faced east—the direction of Dobb's Ferry, N.Y., where Ingersoll's death occurred.

Diving for lost

UFO

Efforts are being made to salvage a disc which seems to be in mechanical trouble when it sank in a river in Brazil.

By Carol Lorransen

FOR ALMOST 18 years serious UFO researchers have looked forward to the day when a UFO or flying saucer would crash or land in a non-military area so that it could be examined by civilians. It appears that this has happened. However, the big problem now is the method by which the crashed object can be retrieved—for it fell into the Rio Peropava, near Iguape, in Brazil.

On December 12, 1963, Mr. Lorenzen and I met Dr. Olavo Fontes, APPO's Brazilian representative, and his wife and two of their children at Tucson's International Airport. After the usual words of greeting the doctor said to me, "How would you like to see and touch a flying saucer?" Although Dr. Fontes has a sense of humor, never in the seven years

of our association and friendships have I known him to joke about UFOs. To him as to me, they are serious subject to study. Nevertheless, I said, "Now you're teasing me, Olavo."

He replied, "If you come to Brazil you may have the opportunity to examine a UFO," and he pulled a sheaf of clippings from his pocket and handed them to me.

They were from Brazilian newspapers and therefore in Portuguese. But I was able to make out the headlines and subheads with my limited knowledge of the language. They read: *Flying Disc Disappears in Water of Peropava, in Sao Paulo. Mystery Continues, Mine Detectors Used in Search for Flying Disc. Mind Impedes Search for Flying Disc, etc.* These stories had appeared in the following newspapers: *Di-*

ario da Noite, Sao Paulo, A Nacao, Sao Paulo, Diario Parana, Curitiba, and Noticias Populares, Sao Paulo.

The details given in the news items left little to be asked and the treatment by all the papers was entirely serious. I was and am curious, however, as to why this information was not sent out of Brazil by the world news agencies.

On October 31, 1963, at 2:30 P. M. several people on the banks of the Peropava River, in Sao Paulo Province, Brazil, heard a loud roar.

Looking up they were startled to see a shiny disc-shaped object. It was coming in at a very low altitude, just above the house of Mrs. Elidia Alves de Souza. At the side of this house, near the river, stands a palm tree. As the object passed the tree it gouged the side of it near the top. Then the disc began some erratic maneuvers which suggested that it was having difficulty regarding its flight attitude after the collision. Suddenly, it plunged into the river near the shore, opposite the de Souza house.

Witnesses said later that when the object came into contact with the water it was as if a hot iron had fallen into cold water. The water began to bubble and surged up at that spot. Then the water became exceedingly muddy and continued to "boil." The Peropava River at that point is about 12 feet deep

with about 15 feet of clay and mud at the bottom.

The witness closest to the object was nine-year-old Rute (Ruth) de Souza, daughter of Elidia. The object flew directly over her head. She looked up when she first heard the loud roar and thus witnessed the collision of the object with the palm tree and its subsequent submersion. Frightened, she started toward the house to get her mother who, in the meantime, also had heard the roar and left her work to come outside.

At the same time Raul Alves de Souza, Rute's uncle, who was working about 100 yards away, heard the roar and came toward the house at a dead run. He and Mrs. de Souza were in time to witness the bubbling of the river in the spot where the disc had submerged.

On the opposite bank fishermen, including Japanese Teisuo Toshigawa, also heard the roar and witnessed the whole episode.

Questioning of the witnesses by police from Iguape later yielded the following information: The disc was small, about one meter (40 inches) in thickness, five meters (16 feet) in diameter, and resembled an "aluminum basin". It was very bright, almost luminous. It was travelling at a slow speed even when first sighted.

Police investigating at the scene found where something had scraped

a notch out of the palm tree near its top. It was estimated that the UFO was at about 15 feet altitude when it struck the tree; thereafter it began its thrashing and writhing maneuvers. All witnesses agreed that it seemed to be having trouble just before it dropped into the river.

In the days that followed, reporters and photographers from Iguape and Sao Paulo came to interview and photograph the witnesses and the scene of the crash. With them came professional divers who attempted to find the disc on the river bottom.

Diario da Noite for November 7, Sao Paulo, carried an article summing up the high points of the sighting and subsequent crash of the disc and describing the efforts of diving instructor Caelano Germano Iovanne and his companions, Peter Runger and Manoel Batista Andrade. After several attempts and four hours of unsuccessful labor they said they were hampered by thick mud at the bottom of the Peropava River.

On December 3 *Diario da Noite* carried another article about attempts to recover the disc. They stated that another team of divers, directed by Gigi del Maschio, had spent two weeks probing for the disc. Special diving equipment and an air compressor to provide air for the breathing apparatuses was

brought in by Maschio and he said he intended to probe and slowly search the bottom for any sign of the object.

Jose Carlos Ariovaldo de Carvalho, of the Iguape Police, told reporters he did not believe the object was a part of a meteorological probe or balloon as had been suggested by some persons. The shape, size, and sound of the object suggested a self-propelled, possibly remote-controlled aircraft of unknown nature.

Mine detectors, probes, and divers were used in the search for the disc as early as November 7, and attempts to locate the object were still being made as late as December 3. Most persons involved in the search, however, felt that the 15 feet of mud at the bottom of the river might be an insurmountable obstacle even for the use of metal detectors.

It is necessary, also, to consider the possibility that the disc may have washed downstream, or been retrieved some way during the nights before the search started. Inasmuch as the area is populated, however, the latter is doubtful for any unusual activity at night probably would have been noticed.

It is apparent that the disc was heavy for it apparently sank immediately to a depth which produced a muddy upheaval within seconds after its submersion. Thus it seems possible that the object re-

mains imbedded in the river mud or the river bottom. In case it may be only a matter of time until it is salvaged.

It obviously was some kind of mechanical device when it first flew into the river. It is the opinion of investigators that UFO's are in close range, characterized by a rattling noise and certainly by a roar. Further, the collision with the tree suggests that something was

wrong with the guidance mechanism. Also, the discs are seldom observed at low altitude in populated areas.

Two other witnesses, Antonio de Sousa, 26, and Justine Nunes Veiga, 40, expressed what seems to be the opinion of all who saw the UFO when, on November 7, they told Iguape newspaper that the object they had seen was so strange they were inclined to think it was "from another world."

GROWING GERANIUMS WITH MUSIC

AN EXPERIMENT in connection with the effect of music on plants produced remarkable results for Mrs. Clemens A. Clements of Houston, Tex. Mrs. Clements told Pat Hyatt, who reported on it in the *Houston Chronicle*, that she decided to experiment after reading that an Illinois farmer had harvested a fantastically large crop as a result of playing music over loudspeakers to his growing corn.

Mrs. Clements said she used geraniums in her experiment as she had just joined the Houston Geranium Society. A close friend helped her to select two closely similar, peach-colored plants. Mrs. Clements placed them in pots of the same size, and gave them the same amount of fertilizer and water. She

placed one geranium on a sun porch and the other inside the house under approximately equal conditions of temperature and light. The plant inside the house, however, was kept tuned up to a small FM radio, which Mrs. Clements left turned on day and night.

Both plants soon blossomed. Mrs. Clements said, but the seedling plant began leading with another bloom. After 30 days its stalks were straighter and its leaves were crisper and greener. In the same period the geranium which had been confined to silence looked wilted. Its bloom had withered and its stalks drooped. A *Chronicle* photo of the two plants, side by side, showed a distinct and noticeable difference in their appearance.

My Father's Promise

He warned me of bad news and he showed me what was going to happen. But why believe a dead man — seen in a dream?

By Ted Series

IN 1947 I WAS living on the first floor of a building run by a lady named Mrs. Meardo in Chicago.

My father had died in 1939 and one night I dreamed that he came to me and sat at the foot of my bed and talked with me. He looked exactly as he had looked in life and was of the same age as when I had last seen him — in his early fifties. He was dressed as he used to dress and I can shut my eyes and see him today, looking exactly as he used to look.

He was wearing a big white panama hat with a black band, the wide brim turned down. He had on dark brown trousers, white and brown sport shoes, a light tan jacket, white shirt and I believe, although I am not sure of this, that

he was wearing a green necktie.

I suppose it is a common enough thing to dream of one's dead father but this dream was something special. My father sat on the bed and talked with me. He told me many things that since have come true. I believe that the things my father told me that night saved my life.

The dream is still as vivid as if it had happened yesterday. I dreamed that I waked up and was surprised to see my father there. I said, "What are you doing here, Dad? You're dead?" Those are the exact words I said to him.

He replied, "Son, I have come to tell you something. You are going to have very bad news but everything is going to work out all right. I would like to show you



Ted Series, who is in his early 40's, is a resident of Chicago. An article dealing with the remarkable psychic photographs produced by him with a Polaroid camera appeared in the December, 1962, issue of FATE. He states he discovered this ability about 1953, when he allowed himself to be hypnotized by a friend.

THE AUTHOR

with wrapped pipes. I can shut my eyes today and see those beds, and count them one by one up to 12, and see the pipes as well.

I had no sensation of traveling during the dream. Suddenly we were just there. I looked about the ward and then I woke up. I... all there was to the dream.

I told my mother about the dream

where you're going to go and what is going to happen."

I told him "okay." It was as simple as that, except that throughout the dream I also realized that this wasn't really happening. I was dreaming and I knew it was just a dream.

The next thing that happened was that my father and I were standing in what I felt was a hospital ward. I knew it was a ward because of the rows of empty beds. But the thing that stood out most, even in the dream, was that the ceiling of the room was covered

and she said that she often dreamed of Dad. This surprised me because it was the first time I could remember dreaming of him. I told my brother about it too, and I told the girl I was engaged to, Mary Landers. My family did not think it was anything more than a kind of nightmare and we all forgot about it.

Meanwhile my health had been fairly good. About two months before I had had a few heart palpitations but the doctor told me it was just due to nervousness because of getting out of the service. I had a

pretty complete physical examination at the time, and even had an X-ray, which showed negative.

A month after the dream, which would be about three months after my physical exam, I got very sick. I thought I had a cold. I coughed and coughed, and coughed up a nasty-looking slug. My mother began to get worried about me and called in a doctor.

He came over and examined me, listening carefully to my chest. He just shook his head and said, "I'm writing a special notice to have you admitted to a hospital immediately. I believe you have tuberculosis."

He arranged for me to have an immediate X-ray, and I went to the lab with my mother. The doctor looked at the film and he said "There did you get this, Son?"

"Get what?" I asked him.

"You've got a very bad case of TB," he said.

I told him I had no idea where I had got TB, but I said: "If it's that bad just level with me. How bad is it?"

He looked at my mother and me and hesitated. Finally he told me, "You seem like a person who can take this so I will tell you the truth. You can't expect more than two weeks."

The doctor was right to this extent. This news didn't bother me. I could only think of one thing and that was "God forgive me for all sins I ever committed."

The doctor told me he would try to get me into a hospital immediately because it was an emergency. Since I was a veteran I would get emergency attention, he said, and it was a question whether he could get me in at Walter Hines Veterans Hospital or the Chicago Municipal Tuberculosis Sanitarium.

MITS came up first and I was admitted there in a week and a half, although in theory I had only a half week to live. I have since seen my X-ray and I had a lung cavity as big as a grapefruit and the reason the medics thought I would die so soon was because they had checked it against the negative X-ray taken only three months before. It had developed with unbelievable rapidity.

Meanwhile, during all this time, even when the doctor had told me I was dying I hadn't remembered a thing about my dream. I hadn't remembered my father's warning about bad news, or about his telling me that things would turn out all right.

When I was taken to the administration building at MITS I was terribly depressed, as you can imagine, and I could only think "Well, I'm dying." You can imagine how you'd feel if someone told you you were going to die.

I was in the admitting or receiving section for about two weeks

MY FATHER'S PROMISE

and I had a second X-ray. Then the doctor came to me and said, "Despite the fact that you're in critical condition, the X-ray looks like it's standing still. You're not getting worse and we have decided to put you in the Men's Sun Ward."

This was the first encouraging word I'd had from anyone in nearly a month and unless you've been in a TB sanitarium you can't know what his words, and being moved to the Men's Sun Ward, meant to me. Most important it meant that I wasn't going to a private room, because when they put you in a private room it usually means you're gone.

So they moved me into the Men's Sun Ward even though I was the only man in Ward 5 that was running a high temperature. As they wheeled me down there I passed through two wards, then passed by the office, then passed by two more wards. Still nothing dawned on me. Then the nurse opened the swinging doors and there was a small hallway on the right and she opened the last door and said, "This is your ward."

The minute she wheeled me in to that ward I knew. I knew it was the place I had visited with my dad in my dream. There were the beds—12 of them. And there was the ceiling laced with covered pipes—because this was a basement ward. I knew every inch of

that ward. Instantly, there was no doubt about it. The memory of that whole dream came flooding back.

And I knew something else, too. I knew that I was going to get well. I knew that everything was going to be all right and that I was going to beat this rap.

The only thing different between my dream and what I saw as I entered the Men's Sun Ward was that the beds were occupied when I was wheeled into it, whereas they had been empty in my dream.

I was in Municipal Sanitarium for 18 months. My treatment consisted of bedrest, pneumothorax and streptomycin. My sputum was negative when I left and I never have had a recurrence.

All these facts can be checked. I was admitted to the hospital under my mother's maiden name of McNeil. All the records and the X-rays are still there under the name of Ted McNeil. Anyone who wants to check them probably wouldn't have to do what I did one day when I staggered out of bed, sneaked into the office when the nurse was out and used a knife to unlatch the file cabinet lock. I looked at my chart under McNeil and have never forgotten what I read there: "Prognosis—doubtful."

I did not believe that then because I had already found my father's room—the Men's Sun Ward.

After I became interested in psychic matters, however, I was struck by one thing—how easy it is to forget even when you “dream true.” In this case, I did not re-



ARE EARTH'S CONTINENTS FROM THE MOON?

THE STARTLING theory that the earth's continents fell from the moon was advanced recently by Dr. Hannes Alfvén of the Royal Institute of Technology in Stockholm, Sweden. Dr. Alfvén believes that the moon once was a planet of the sun. Captured by the earth and subjected to tremendous gravitational stresses, it broke up, spilling much of its matter on the earth to form the continents. Prior to its disintegration, the moon may have been twice as large as it is now, filling more of the sky.

Dr. Alfvén estimates that this cataclysmic event occurred about three and a half billion years ago. This date fits that for the formation of the earliest layers of the earth as determined by geology and radioactivity. Dr. Alfvén asserts that the crust of the earth, less dense than its core, is similar in den-



member the dream even though I now realize that my life depended on it. If this was the case with me, how much more often this must happen when lives are not at stake!

Whether a considerable difference in density exists between the exterior and the interior of the earth may be determined by the Moho Project, which is being conducted by the United States to bore into the interior of the earth through the crust. If the interior is found to be more solid than the crust, indicating we now live on the same type of matter as will be found on the moon, Alfvén's hypothesis will have further support.

In the violent disintegration of the moon, not all the material released fell to earth. Much of it returned to the moon, forming the present crust. Other fragments, hurled out into space, are arriving on earth as meteors now.

COTTON MATHER'S GHOST STORY

The gentleman in England visited his brother in Boston. He had urgent news—about having been murdered.

By Robert & Pile

COTTON MATHER, New England's most famous Divine, and son of the President of Harvard College, wrote the following interesting account of an apparition on p. 468, Vol. 2 of his *Magnolia Christi* (1702):

"It was on the second of May, in the year 1687, that a most ingenious, accomplish'd, and well-disposed young gentleman, Mr. Joseph Beacon by name, about 5 a'clock in the morning as he lay, whether sleeping or waking he could not say (but he judg'd the latter of them), had a view of his brother, then at London, although he was now him-

and inhumanely murder'd by a de-
bauch'd fellow, to whom I never
did any wrong in my life.' Where-
upon he gave a particular descrip-
tion of the murderer; adding,
'Brother, this fellow, changing his
name, is attempting to come over
unto New-England, in Fay or
Widd: I would pray you, on the
first arrival of either of these, to
get an order from the governour to
seize the person whom I have now
describ'd; and then do you indict
him for the murder of me your
brother. I'll stand by you, and
prove the indictment.' And so he
vanish'd.

"Mr. Beacon was extremely as-
tonish'd at what he had seen and
heard: and the people of the family
not only observ'd an extraordinary
alteration upon him for the week
following, but have also given me
under their hands a full testimony
that he then gave them an account
of this apparition. All this while,
Mr. Beacon had no advice of any
thing amiss attending his brother
then in England: but about the lat-
ter end of June following, he under-
stood, by the common ways of com-
munication, that the April before,
his brother, going in haste by night

to call a coach for a lady, met a
fellow then in drink with his doxy
in his hand.

"Some way or other the fellow
thought himself affronted in the
hasty passage of this Beacon, and
immediately ran in to the fire side
of a neighbouring tavern, from
whence he fetch'd out a fire-fork,
wherewith he grievously wounded
Beacon on the skull, even in that
very part where the apparition
shew'd his wound. Of this wound he
languish'd until he dy'd, on the 2d
of May, about 5 of the clock in the
morning, at London.

"The murderer, it seems, was en-
deavoring to escape, as the appar-
ition affirm'd; but the friends of the
decess'd Beacon seiz'd him; and,
prosecuting him at law, he found
the help of such friends as brought
him off without the loss of his life:
since which, there has no more
been heard of the business.

"This history I receiv'd of Mr.
Joseph Beacon himself, who, a little
before his own pious and hopeful
death, which follow'd not long af-
ter, gave me the story, written and
sign'd with his own hand, and at-
test'd with his circumstances I
have already mention'd."

ACCORDING to the London Daily Mail of December 15, 1903, a
heavy fall of black snow occurred in Jura, Finland, it brought
crowds of curiosity-seekers to the village, and those who sampled
the weird "negative snow" said it tasted very much like amog.

BLACK SNOW

How to Laugh last

By Robert C. O'Brien

What people are laughing at today could
make you rich tomorrow. Here are new
ideas people laughed at — to find later the
joke was on them.

MARK TWAIN laughed mil-
lions of dollars right out of
his life while standing on a railroad
platform of a small upstate New
York town. He had lectured the
night before and now was surround-
ed by prominent citizens as he wait-
ed for the train.

A tall man in a Prince Albert
coat came up. The stranger took
off his hat and said, "Mr. Clemens,
I presume."

Mark Twain acknowledged the
greeting. The tall man continued,
"Mr. Clemens I would like to
speak a few words with you in pri-
vate."

Mark Twain said he was among
friends and anything the stranger
had to say could be said there. The
man held out a small black box he
had carried under his arm, saying,
"Mr. Clemens, I have here in this

box an instrument which will re-
volutionize human communication.
I have been granted a patent on
this device. It enables people to
talk with each other over a wire,
although they are several miles
apart. I have called it the tele-
phone."

Mark Twain said this was
interesting.

The stranger continued, "Now,
Mr. Clemens, I need a small amount
of capital to develop my invention
and I will sell you a quarter inter-
est for 1000 dollars."

Clemens said he was not inter-
ested.

The man said, "I confess I need
money; I will sell you a quarter
interest for 500 dollars."

Mark Twain refused, saying he
was besieged by every inventor and
crackpot in the country.

The man then offered a half interest for 1000 dollars. When this was refused he offered a half interest for 500 dollars.

Mark Twain refused this, so the man said, "I will admit that I am desperate for money; I will sell you a three-quarter interest in my invention for 500 dollars."

Mark Twain refused again. The tall stranger thanked him for his time, apologized to the local citizens for intruding, put on his hat and turned away.

As he left Mark Twain called to him, "Say, what's your name?"

The man paused and said, "Alexander Graham Bell. Why do you ask?"

"So I can use this story to get laughs. It's the damndest joke I've met in 10 years."

And the crowd of local citizens, as reported by the banker's son in later years, doubled up with roars of laughter at Mark Twain's newest joke.

There is nothing new in the story except the incident itself. Every new idea, every invention, every social and scientific change, every discovery has had to run the gamut of ridicule and laughter. Poking fun at any departure from the conventional ideas and customary methods of doing things is standard entertainment.

If you wish to know the direction humanity will take in the

next generation, just find out who the people of this generation are laughing at. The butt of the humor will constitute the discoveries and inventions of tomorrow. Any fact that is strange and unusual almost invariably causes the average human to announce loudly that it is not true, and to ridicule and denounce those who support it. There is nothing mankind hates as much as to have its accepted theories, either social or scientific, altered.

Nor is the social, political, financial, or scientific position of those holding the new theory a barrier to ridicule. Men laugh at high and low alike if they hold to any belief that is considered "queer."

Napoleon I, commonly called The Great, left as his greatest contribution to civilization the sugar beet industry. Actually, Napoleon was the father of this agricultural and scientific development. The British fleet, during his wars with England, had cut off all importation of sugar from the West Indies where sugar cane furnished the sole known source of sugar. This blockade was so effective that people in France and other countries conquered by Napoleon grew restless and demanded sugar. Honey and other substitutes did not meet their demand.

In this emergency Napoleon be-

HOW TO LAUGH LAST

German chemist had extracted beet sugar. The trouble was that the sugar was black and bitter, but chemically it was sugar. Napoleon was so convinced of the possibility of extracting sugar from sugar beets that he offered 25,000 francs as a prize for a method that would yield white, sweet sugar from sugar beets; and he offered another 25,000 francs for the development of a beet that would give the highest yield in sugar. Eventually these two prizes resulted in the development of the sugar beet industry as it exists today.

But at the time Napoleon was ridiculed and laughed at. Even his imperial office did not exempt him from the jibes, many of them published in the current newspapers.

An example is the cartoon now preserved in Paris. This shows the young King of Naples, sticking the root of a beet into the child's mouth, saying, "Suck, Baby, suck! Your daddy says it's sugar."

Faraday had finished a lecture in which he demonstrated his new invention, the electric dynamo and motor, when one member of parliament came up to him and said with a sneer, "What good is it?"

Faraday laughed and replied, "Maybe some day you fellows will find a way to tax it."

It would be interesting to find the total taxes paid into the treasury of the world today by the electrical industries and utilities companies.

It seems that any fact or theory that conflicts with the humdrum existence of conventional people is an invitation to sneer, to insults, or worse. Jests and laughter are the barricades that petty people raise to prevent social or scientific changes that will force them to think, force them to learn, their lessons all over again.

During the last century and for the first 10 years of this one a standard comic strip showed a funny clown trying to use, in every weekly edition, a prop which was supposed to be a replica of Langley's aeroplane. No school or church social was complete without the recitation of Holmes' *Devils Green And His Flying Machines*. This bit of poetry which ridiculed the notion that man could fly a heavier-than-air machine was brought down the house. Even after the Wright brothers had flown at Kitty Hawk and had demonstrated their aeroplane for more than three years just outside of Dayton, Ohio, the local newspaper carried only a brief paragraph stating that it was rumored that such flights were being made. Anyone could have gone out and watched them fly! But the facts were too hard to accept, they clashed with conventional beliefs. One elderly loafer in Dayton spoke

for the multitude when he said, "There ain't ever be anyone going to fly, and leastwise if there is, it ain't going to be anybody from Dayton."

This ridicule of the new, the strange, and the unusual has led to tragedy for many of those who see the possibilities, who try to develop new inventions, new methods, and to present new scientific knowledge. Some of these practical visionaries simply have not had the stamina to endure the ridicule and the jibes.

Diesel leaped from an airplane into the English Channel. His last note stated that he did not mind the impending bankruptcy that he faced but he could not endure the taunts and laughter any longer. Yet the Diesel engine is probably the only invention that ever went directly from the drawing board into production.

Langley's aeroplane actually was taken from the Smithsonian Institute and flown with a gasoline engine years after Langley's death. Possibly Langley did not take his own life but every biographer agrees that ridicule killed him.

Few have the stamina to endure the persecution that Robert H. Goddard received from his fellow faculty members who accused him of bringing the name of their university into disrepute by his experiments with the liquid-fueled rocket.

He was arrested and threatened with jail in his native state for disturbing the peace by setting off his rockets. Finally he fled with his drawings to the Southwest where in that sparsely settled part of the United States he found people who, if they did not agree with him, did not laugh.

The sheer persistence of men like Gail Borden, father of the evaporated milk industry is amazing. When he tried to find a method of preserving meat the United States Government threatened prosecution, claiming some soldiers had been made ill by the concoction. His "preserved soup" was alleged to have killed two babies enroute on a ship from Europe. He was booted out of Texas as a common nuisance. In Upper New York state he experimented with evaporated milk, using a canning device borrowed from a Shaker colony. When no one would buy canned milk he was reduced to peddling the evaporated milk in pails from door to door. Housewives finally bought when they found it would not sour as quickly as fresh milk. When the Civil War broke out the Quartermaster General sent a representative to call on Gail Borden. One can of the condensed milk was still on the shelves. It was more than a year old but it was all right, it had kept. Borden was in business!

Some innovators are just lucky.

HOW TO LAUGH LAST

Pfizer had to borrow money to finance his crop of hybrid corn. When his banker saw the small size of the corn stalks and the tiny nubbins of corn he assembled the Pfizer family. Only Pfizer's pleas prevented his being sent to an institution for the mentally disordered. And, of course, the next year's crop proved his views correct.

It is not hard to understand why people felt that Goodyear was insane. He tore up the boards in the kitchen floor of his rented house, broke up his furniture to get fuel to fire his furnace for his retort. He sold his children's shoes and school books to buy rubber. Yet he persisted to success in spite of the ridicule and mutterings of his neighbors.

Social changes, such as the demand of women for the right to vote, always are greeted with ribald jokes.

New ideas are strictly for laughs. When Von Braun was asked if he

resented the treatment he and his fellow German rocketeers had received when the Allies attempted to "de-Nazify" them he answered he did not. Actually, he said, "I was about what they expected."

In Germany he and his fellow rocket pioneers had received the same sort of treatment. When priorities were announced for the first time under Hitler rockets were given a priority just above bathtubs for private homes.

If the history of ridicule is any criterion for success, and it would seem to be, investors would do well to abandon financial advisors and find out what people are laughing at today and put their money in that. For what men sneer at today, they buy, manufacture, and use tomorrow.

The raucous cries of "G. G. horse" that greeted the early automobile industry, announced the coming of the automobile industry.

BOUNTY OF BEANS

DISGUSTED by frequent meals of beans, soldiers at an army barracks near Nice, France, employed their commando raiding skill to steal dozens of cans of food from the barracks store. Because they operated in darkness, however, their loot proved to be the very food that had driven them to theft—beans.

The black car hurtled at us out of the darkness. A fatal crash would occur in less than a second unless I could cause —

THROUGH THE operation of a certain immutable but paradoxically elastic universal law, one may control the spectre of death.

On Easter-even, 1961, my wife Ella and I were on our way to a birthday party. It was dark and some rain was falling. We drove our yellow hardtop across town uneventfully. But as we neared the long, dangerous hill Ella said, "I wish you would get on the outside lane. I can't see how close you're driving to the cement divider and it makes me nervous."

I said, "Just as soon as it's clear, I'll swing over."

My own persistent unease had something to do with the dream our daughter Bettyjane had had a week ago. She had dreamt of an automobile accident. But her dream was not one of those frightening, night-marish affairs. This was odd because car accidents nearly always are shocking, one way or another.

The posted speed limit at this particular point in the four-lane highway (two lanes going in opposite directions and separated by a two-foot wide, foot-high concrete divider) called "Canyon Road" is 35 miles an hour. As the road starts to climb there is a sharp, blind curve. It is a fast curve, and

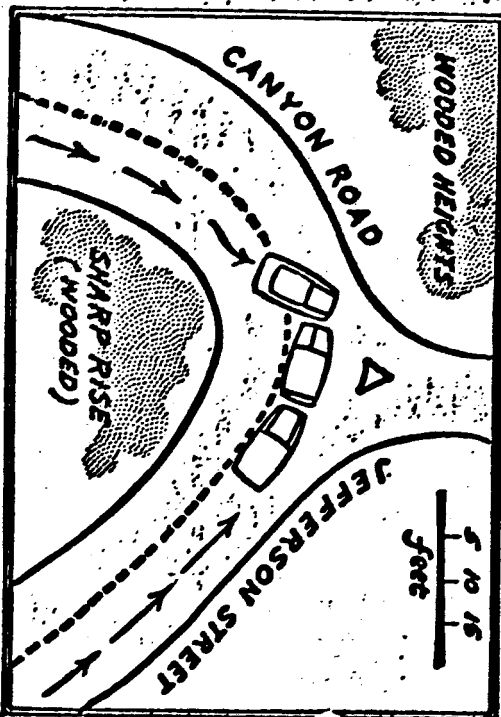
A CONTROLLED BRUSH WITH DEATH

By Rex Elson

the posted speed, downhill, is 30 miles per hour. This is just about the maximum speed for any degree of safety.

We had just swept under *Suicide Bridge*, approaching this curve, and I automatically reduced speed to 30. I recall glancing in the rear-view mirror and seeing no one close behind. There were still several cars close in the outside lane. I started into the turn with my usual caution, resolved to swing to the outer lane of traffic at the first opportunity.

As we swung into the curve, a slight mist met my eyes which I shall never forget. It was death in the form of a car which hurtled out of the darkness of the far side of the blind curve, broadside in our path —not 15 feet away. As it leaped the concrete barrier, it was a stark, materialized ghost—the Grim Reaper, personified!



Sketch shows how author's car (center) was demolished in three-car collision.

In our closed hardtop there was a split second of grave-silence. During this interval I was dimly aware of my wife's cry: "My God! We're going to hit!"

But in that second (or less) time telescoped and vision sharpened to a remarkable degree. For years I have been a student of the time-space principle, but only on a theoretical basis. But here was an actual test! And I suddenly found that time is a relative thing, that it can be wrenched free of physical space, at least momentarily.

For many months I had been experimenting, with some success, on altering certain physical actions (changing the expected results through mental control. One instance (actually a repeat performance, which makes the odds in favor of coincidence practically nonexistent), of this experimentation is outstanding. In September, 1960, I went on a trip into the wilds of the Olympic Peninsula in search of prehistoric rock carvings. As I neared travel alone, I found a serious young college student to accompany me. The boy wanted to bring along