



Beyond Space and Time: *an ESP casebook*

EDITED BY MARTIN EBON

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Actual records indicate that many trains, ships and airplanes involved in serious accidents carried fewer passengers than usual. Could this mean that some people "heard" warnings, and listened?

Every day, the validity of telepathy and prophecy is attested to by science and scientific method. The cases presented in these pages testify further to the variety and lasting impact that extrasensory experiences have in modern life.

Beyond Space and Time:

An ESP Casebook

*(True Experiences in Prophecy and
True Experiences in Telepathy)*

Edited by Martin Ebon

Messages *can* be transmitted, without words, from one person to another by the mind alone... and, when conditions are precisely correct, certain individuals *can* actually "see" specific future events before they happen!

These are the only conclusions that can be drawn from the thousands of recorded cases involving prophecy and telepathy of

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True Experiences in Prophecy

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TRUE EXPERIENCES IN PROPHECY

Introduction

Prophecy In Our Lives

Twentieth-century America lives determinedly in the present. Our everyday existence is so demanding and shrill that we have little time to reflect on the past; often we seem to be moving headlong, with hardly any choice, toward oncoming events. But we are deeply concerned about the future; it is the object of our fears and hopes; we often wish for a glimpse of the occurrences that fate has in store for us. Yet most of us tend to be of two minds about prophecy—it doesn't seem possible, from the known laws of nature, but it is fascinating; and while it is somehow threatening, it can also be reassuring.

And then there are times when hope or fear about prophecy is irrelevant. These are the times when some of us experience moments when the future seems to invade the present. As the accounts of the following pages testify, in such instances there appears to be no escape from the future: it is with us, right now. If there are two elements in life which are emphatically mysterious and elusive for the sensitive person, they are prophecy and dreams. Yet sta-

tistical evidence shows that these two elements combine more frequently in extrasensory experiences than any others.

At the well-known Institute for Parapsychology (Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man), directed by Dr. J. B. Rhine, some fourteen thousand so-called spontaneous cases in ESP have been collected. These are reports that men and women throughout the United States, and from many foreign countries, have sent in for classification and analysis. International standards for the evaluation of precognitive and other psychic experiences were established in 1955, when the Conference on Spontaneous Phenomena met at Cambridge, England. As a result, the American Society for Psychical Research, New York, and its British counterpart, the Society for Psychical Research, London, have collected and reported on several thousand cases of precognitive and telepathic experiences.

The cases collected at the Institute, at Durham, North Carolina, fall into the major categories of telepathy, clairvoyance, and precognition, experienced in waking and sleeping states, and in some instances, in a state of half-sleep. But the most frequent extrasensory experience of the spontaneous type—which means of the sort outside laboratory controls—is the precognitive, or prophetic one. In this prophetic category, the dream is the most frequent state of such transmission.

And if we want to narrow this type of experience down even more, we come up with the category of crisis precognition. The cases reported in this volume show that anticipation, in striking detail, of disaster or death is of deep concern to those who experience prophecy. It may come to people who have had similar ESP experiences, but it also strikes out of the blue, and maybe only once in a lifetime. The forthcoming death of a loved person is often observed in frightening detail, with apparently trivial aspects

of the setting envisioned days, weeks, or months in advance. The prophetic dream of such a crisis occurs too frequently in the lives of ordinary people to be disregarded; but just exactly how such a communication from the future takes place, no one can really say.

Prophetic experiences are common to all civilizations. They are recorded in every part of the world. Biblical prophecy preceded the centuries of prophetic utterances by the Oracles of Ancient Greece, when rulers would not act without consulting the Delphic and other oracles. In the history of Western civilization, the name of the prophetic sixteenth-century French seer, Nostradamus, is only one which stands out prominently. Each age had its oracles. In our time, a prominent Washington figure, Mrs. Jeane Dixon, gained nationwide attention, because she had repeatedly forecast the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Others in various parts of the country—astrologists and just plain people, including children, without a professional link to precognition—also foresaw the President's death.

In ancient Babylon, prophetic utterances were made by priests who were "reading the future" from the entrails of animals. Other symbols, tools, or omens have been used since then. Best known is the crystal ball, which has its origin in the "scrying" practices of forgotten civilizations that sought to forecast future events from the quiet surface of a lake, from the sound of a waterfall, from the rustle of leaves in a holy oak, from the sands of deserts or the sound of thunder. Cards and tea leaves are well-known devices for reading the future, as are the lines in the palm of the hand. Omens of various types are known in different cultural settings, including such common superstitions as that of a black cat crossing one's path or a broken mirror, both regarded as omens of future ill fortune.

There is no doubt that fear and hope are often deeply embedded in all that concerns prophecy. Nothing could

be more symbolic of the twentieth century than the economy generally and the action of the stock market in particular. And nothing is more characteristic of prophecy in our lives today than the question, "What is the market going to do?" Some Wall Street forecasts, with all their charts and statistics, are quite reminiscent of the oracles of old. This simply emphasizes how all-encompassing the need for prophecy is in our day, as in all the ages past. What you will find on the following pages are direct examples of prophetic experiences; most of them are narrated by those who have actually experienced these prophecies themselves, while others are reported by researchers specializing in collecting precognitive cases.

In her recent book, *ESP in Life and Lab: Tracing Hidden Channels* (1967), Dr. Louisa E. Rhine of the Institute for Parapsychology states that "precognitive experiences are probably nearly as common as acorns under oak trees." But, one wonders, with what are they concerned? And Mrs. Rhine answers: "Bits and snatches from an individual's daily life. Whether it be a looming crisis, or a casual roadside view, they are not connected, comprehensive wholes or major sections of an individual's life, although occasionally a person claims he has had revealed to him broad areas of his future life and its activities."

According to Mrs. Rhine, the thread of similarity, which runs through all the experiences related to true precognition, is that these are all "personalized" items. She feels that in forecasting sweeping national or international events, just plain guessing cannot be ruled out; but when it comes to the intimate personal experience, evidence for precognition is often overwhelming. The scientific principles that have been applied to prophetic experiences are, naturally, quite rigid and demanding. They are designed to rule out self-delusion, fraud, coincidence, good guessing, and a number of other factors that make an experience "look"

as if it were precognitive, whereas, in the strict sense of the word, it isn't at all. Efforts to define precognition correctly, so as to fit it properly into overall human experience and our concepts of the universe, have come from philosophers, first of all.

Professor C. D. Broad, a now retired member of the philosophy department of the University of Cambridge, England, has examined what he calls the "limiting principles" of precognition. In his book *The Mind and Its Place in Nature*, Professor Broad shows that ingrained preconceptions against prophecy cannot stand up to unprejudiced philosophic thought. He phrased the first such limiting idea as follows: "It is self-evidently impossible that any event should begin to have any effects before it has happened." Next, he lists this idea:

"It is impossible that an event which ends at a certain date should contribute to cause an event which begins at a later date, unless the period between the two dates is occupied in one or other of the following ways: (i) The earlier event initiates a process of change, which continues throughout the period and at the end of it contributes to initiate the later event. Or (ii) the earlier event initiates some kind of structural modification which persists through the period," and which "begins to cooperate at the end of the period with some change which is then taking place," so as to cause the later event.

And as a third anti-precognition principle, he lists: "It is impossible that an event, happening at a certain date and place, should produce an effect at a remote place, unless a finite period elapses between the two events, and unless that period is occupied by a causal chain of events occurring successively at a series of points forming a continuous path between the two places."

Professor Broad lists additional principles and then, in considerable detail and with great analytical skill, explains

how they depend, in one way or another, on assumptions which are based on the limited sensory and experiential impressions of man, quite independent of laws at present outside our capacity to observe or even comprehend.

In December 1959, a conference on "The Study of Precognition: Evidence and Method" was held in New York. It was sponsored by the Parapsychology Foundation, Incorporated, on which I served for close to twelve years as Administrative Secretary and at various times as editor of its *International Journal of Parapsychology* and of the quarterly magazine *Tomorrow*. It is from the pages of *Tomorrow* that the majority of contributions to this volume have been taken. They have been selected for variety of experience and viewpoint.

At the 1959 Conference, Professor Broad's views were presented by another distinguished philosopher, C. J. Ducasse, Professor Emeritus of Brown University, Providence, Rhode Island. Professor Ducasse observed that "precognition is only one of the several kinds of paradoxical phenomena to the study of which psychical research is dedicated," and noted that "crucial questions—concerning causality, time perception, events, substances, and other basic philosophical concepts—are involved in any attempt to render intelligible the fact that some well-attested cases of precognition occur which cannot plausibly be accounted for either as chance coincidences, or as due to inference or to habits of expectation."

A distinguished figure in American psychology, Dr. Gardner Murphy, Research Director of the Menninger Foundation, Topeka, Kansas, was chairman of this unique New York conference on precognition. In a paper presented by Dr. Murphy, future research in precognition was outlined, with emphasis on psychological and clinical aspects. He stressed the need for control of methods, the employment of skilled researchers, and the utilization of scholarly insights

gathered by psychologists, philosophers, ethnologists, physicists, and other scientists. He specifically referred to the need for new approaches to the crucial concept of Time—perhaps the most difficult element in the prophetic experience, as we are geared to seeing it move forward, like a river, and cannot, therefore, easily accept a picture of the present and the future intermingling.

Gardner Murphy stated specifically: "I would say that only under very special conditions would precognition become a common event: such conditions as the internal organization of the person, a highly gifted person, or the internal organization of the event structure itself." Preliminary experiments with successful businessmen, who must constantly anticipate future events, have been made by the Psi Communication Project of the Newark College of Engineering, directed by Douglas Dean. Employing IBM punch cards to record guesses, Mr. Dean has run a series of precognition tests, which indicate that business success and precognitive capacities show a degree of correlation. Perhaps top executives fall into the category mentioned by Dr. Murphy, that of the "highly gifted" individual who has more than his share of prophetic talent.

Along similar lines were the observations, at the New York conference, by Dr. Ian Stevenson, chairman of the Department of Psychiatry, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, who expressed himself as "convinced" that some persons have precognitive ability, and that this is particularly notable in dreams. Speaking from the psychologist's viewpoint, Dr. Stevenson added that "we need to study unconscious precognition much more and also the factors involved in whether persons having precognitive experiences act on their experiences or not."

One statistical evaluation on people's actions in response to their prophetic impressions has been made by Mr. W. E. Cox, a collaborator of Dr. J. B. Rhine of Durham. These

findings were published in the *Journal* of the American Society for Psychical Research (July 1956). Mr. Cox had compiled statistics to see whether or not persons actually refrain from boarding trains that later suffer accidents. He noted that in the case of eleven trains involved in accidents, seven carried fewer passengers than on the previous day, six carried fewer passengers than on the same day in the preceding week, and four carried the lowest number of passengers within an eight-day period. Mr. Cox's findings indicate the direction which research can take, combining human reaction with statistical exactitude.

The margin between hope and fear, as expressed in a vision or image of the future, and a scientifically observable prophetic experience, remains wide. But the emotional reality of the experience is not to be denied. Anyone who has ever been struck by a prophetic incident so unique that it simply cannot be written off as a mere coincidence, as by a premonitory dream eventually borne out by events in striking detail, can testify to the powerful psychological effect of such an experience.

The validity of prophecy, then, is currently being substantiated by science. The cases presented on the following pages testify further to the variety and lasting impact that prophetic experiences have in modern life.

New York, 1967

MARTIN EBON

A Superintendent of the San Diego, California, Police Department (Retired) relates details of a theater manager's murder and of a slain criminal, which had been forecast during a tea-leaf reading. Superintendent Macy told his story to Edward A. Dieckman, a free-lance writer who served as a lieutenant on the San Diego police's homicide squad.

Tempest from a Teacup

Walter J. Macy

"WALTER, would you like me to tell you what I see in your teacup?"

I grinned across the table at the woman. I took no stock in such stuff—reading tea leaves, spirit consultations, or fortune-telling in any form. In fact I felt that people who performed such "services" were fakes pure and simple. But this woman wasn't the usual run-of-the-mill type. For one thing, she was a close friend of my wife's. For another, she was a pleasant person—full of fun. One of those people you like to be around. On this particular evening, May 4, 1928, I'd dropped in at Mrs. Myrtle Hoffmann's home on Marlborough Avenue, in San Diego, on my way home from Police Headquarters, to pick up my wife who'd spent the afternoon with Mrs. Hoffmann. She had invited me to have a cup of tea.

"Sure," I said with a laugh. "Go right ahead. But watch it—I just might arrest you, Myrtle. Do you want to chance it?"

She laughed. "Oh, you!" she said. "I know what a skeptic you are about these things, Walter. Let's just call it a game. Okay?"

I finished my tea and passed my cup to her.

"No," she said. "Place the cup on its side in the saucer. That's right. Now let me have it."

I'd been a police officer for over sixteen years at that time. It was my business to read all I could from facial expressions, and I was pretty good at it. As I watched Mrs. Hoffmann's face, I saw fear appear in her eyes. She gasped, her face paled, her lips parted slightly, and she gripped the table edge with force enough to whiten her knuckles.

She glanced up at me. "I see death in these tea leaves," she said. "This is hard for me to believe even though I've been doing this for many years. Two deaths." She moved the cup slightly. "One man—a civilian—is shot literally full of holes. Like a sieve. Another man—a businessman—is also dead, and a man in uniform—he wears black boots—is hurt very badly. Wait—this will happen Sunday night, Walter, but I can't tell you where."

"My God!" my wife exclaimed. "Is it—"

"It's not Walter, Maude. Now listen. Here's what I see."

What she said—and the manner of the telling—was very much like the description an observant person would give of a motion picture. That's how the story unfolded. I don't hesitate to admit that the narration sent an icy chill along my policeman's spine. I didn't believe it. It couldn't be true, but it held me tense and a bit breathless nevertheless. Such stuff was for those—I considered them deluded—who went in for spirit consultations in darkened rooms, with table rappings, trances, and table liftings by gaunt women who called themselves high priestesses of the occult.

Myrtle Hoffmann was not such a woman. She was calm-faced, trim of build, with dark brown hair neatly arranged—a woman who under ordinary circumstances had laughing

eyes and a down-to-earth sense of humor. She sat there now, in the breakfast nook of her attractive home, and told me a thing that I shouldn't even consider. But I did.

At any rate she'd impressed me enough to send me to the door of Chief of Police Joe Doran's office the next morning. I lifted my fist to knock—but I couldn't face the hard-boiled man in there with the story I had to tell. Not at the moment. At the same time, I knew I'd have to do it. There was a compulsion—a force.

It took courage. Perhaps this sounds silly. But there it is. I'd faced gunfire. Without second thought I'd walked into a tong war episode where meat cleavers, knives, and a pitchfork were being used with murderous intent. But now—well, all I had to do was go and talk with a close friend. Yet I hesitated half of a long day. It was the fear of ridicule—fear of the look on Chief Doran's grim Irish face when I'd told him what I had to say. Would he think I'd gone stark raving mad—me, the man who scoffed at anything "supernatural"?

It was midafternoon when I finally walked into the Chief's office. He glanced up at me.

"Hi, Walt. What's on your mind?" he greeted me. "Get a load off your feet. I'll be with you in a minute. Gotta finish checking this budget report—Hey, what the hell's the matter with you? You look like you'd seen a spook!"

"Spook?" I croaked. "No—not a spook. Look, Joe. I know damn well what you think of fortune-tellers. But I've simply got to tell you this. You can do as you please afterwards—except don't tell a soul about it. I've been trying all day to get myself in here. It hasn't been easy. Now listen:

"There's going to be an armed robbery Sunday night. Two men will be killed. One of our officers will be shot—a motorcycle man, I think. It's a stickup of a business place. But I don't know whether or not the officer will die and I

don't know where the stickup will be. I had to tell you." I gripped the arms of my chair waiting for the storm.

Joe Doran looked at me, his eyebrows lifted, the hint of a smile hovering on his lips. He leaned back in his swivel chair, rested his elbows on the arms, and clasped his hands.

"Just how did you come by this information, Walt?" he asked. "You mentioned fortune-tellers. Don't tell me that—"

"Yes," I cut in. "That's it." I told him about Myrtle Hoffmann. "It wasn't a reading appointment, Joe. I'm positive it all started as a joke on the lady's part. It certainly was on mine. But—damn it—you'd have to have seen her to understand why I'm in here telling you this. How intense she was. Her eyes—her face. That woman was telling me what she believed to be the truth. I'm convinced of that."

Joe stared at me, biting a corner of his lower lip.

"Do *you* think it was the truth, Walt?"

I shrugged. "I'm simply passing it along to you," I replied. "That's the way it affected me—I *had* to tell you. What do you think of it?"

"Well, I'll be damned!" Joe Doran let his chair come forward with a crash. "I never thought I'd live to see the day a cop like you—a skeptic, a guy who deals in nothing but such facts as fingerprints and eyewitness testimony—would come into my office and seriously tell a story like this. When are you due for your vacation, Walt? Maybe we better step it up a bit."

I stood up. I felt like an utter fool. I probably looked like one. "Maybe I've pulled a boner," I stammered. My voice was shrill, I remember. "But I'm positive that Mrs. Hoffmann was telling what she considered the truth. The manner in which she described it. It—"

"And all from tea leaves, eh?" Joe cut me off short. He rose, came around the desk, and placed a big hand on my shoulder, squeezing it a little.

"Take it easy, Walt. We'll just forget the whole thing, huh? What's been said is between you and me." He escorted me to the door.

Back in the Identification Bureau, I slumped at my desk. Had I been a fool? I could imagine what would happen if Chief Doran even whispered a word about the story. The ribbing I'd get would be cruel. The newspapers might even get their hooks into it. It is difficult, even now, to describe my feelings that afternoon. I remember one thing—I felt that I'd rather be dead than have this story get around.

I carried those thoughts home with me that night, took them to church with me the next day, and went to sleep with them Sunday night. I was pretty difficult to get along with that weekend, grim-faced, harassed in my mind, and dreading the thought of going to work Monday morning and having to face the gang.

I arrived at Police Headquarters at 7:30 A.M. As I started up the steps to the headquarters office, I saw Chief Doran standing at the head of the stairs. He had his fists on his hips, he was unshaven, and his bright-colored tie was askew.

"I've been waiting for you," he snapped. "Come into my office."

As I followed him down the hallway, I noted that there was unusual activity in the Detective Bureau for that time of morning. The feeling of apprehension that had been building up inside me mounted.

"Sit down." Joe jerked out a chair. "Now who the hell is this woman you talked to? How well do you know her?"

"I told you her name," I snapped back at him. "She's a family friend. We've known her fifteen years or more. A fine person. Why—"

"She was right!" Joe interrupted. "The California Theatre was stuck up at eleven forty-five P.M. last night. The manager was killed, and a policeman was wounded. Two men

pulled the job. James F. Malloy, the theater manager, was shot and killed. Two young fellows in the foyer saw the killer run out and got the license number of the getaway car. It was broadcast. Two of the motorcycle officers—Archie Comstock and Tom Remington—spotted the car a bit later. Comstock tried to run them in to the curb but they shot him—knocked him off his motorcycle. He managed to get off a few shots at them. Tom Remington emptied his gun. He stopped long enough to learn the extent of Comstock's injuries—he's badly hurt but not fatally. The car was found abandoned on a side street near the edge of the First Avenue Canyon."

Joe was pacing back and forth now, words tumbling forth. There was blood on the car seat, he continued. Officers converged on the deep, brush-covered canyon. Sheriff's deputies had joined in the search. They picked up a bloody trail that led to the cellar door of a house on the canyon rim. One panel of the closed door was marked with fluid blood.

Inside the building, unless the officers' calculations were altogether wrong, lurked two desperate men, armed and ready to kill. They wouldn't hesitate to shoot. They'd already killed a civilian and seriously wounded a police officer.

But the officers didn't hesitate. Deputy Sheriff Blake Mason flung the door open.

"Come out of there," he ordered.

Not a sound came from the cellar depths.

Detective Sergeant Hugh Rochefort shot the beam of his flashlight into the darkness as he spoke.

"We've got you surrounded. Come out with your hands up or we'll come in shooting."

Still no response from within.

Rochefort hitched up his trousers grimly, and glanced at Mason.

Mason nodded.

Side by side, the two officers stepped into the cellar. Mason moved to the right of the door, Rochefort to the left. Each held his sawed-off shotgun thrust before him, the flashlight lying along the barrel.

Directly ahead of him, Rochefort saw a pile of discarded window frames. On the topmost one he saw a spatter of fresh blood. He swung his light beam to the left and slowly swept the wall of the cellar. Nothing but a set of laundry trays came into view. Next in the beam of the flashlight came a pile of boxes. Directly to the right of the pile the officer saw a brick chimney. Behind the chimney the ground rose abruptly.

Meanwhile Mason was sweeping his end of the cellar with a probing beam of light.

"See anything, Hugh?" he asked.

"No," Rochefort grunted.

The two officers started toward the south end of the cellar. Suddenly there came a slight noise behind them.

The officers whirled, their flashlights focused on the chimney. There—barely visible—was the foot and lower leg of a man extending from behind the tower of bricks.

"Come out of there, you!" barked Mason.

The leg and foot drew back. There was no further movement.

Mason stepped forward and fired.

There came the blast of another shot as Rochefort swung into action. Into the beams of the flashlights stepped a dim figure behind the chimney.

Both officers fired again—and again. The figure crashed to the dirt floor. Now the cellar was swarming with police. Officer Frank Beatty dragged the figure into the center of the room. He was dead—killed instantly.

Chief Doran paused and nodded.

"Your tea-leaves lady told you, Walt, that there'd be two deaths—that a man in uniform would be wounded. She said

one of the dead men would be so full of holes he'd look like a sieve. All right—the man in the cellar, Otto Andrew Morrissery, an ex-convict, caught four blasts from automatic shot-guns loaded with buckshot. A sieve describes the situation very well. But he's not the man who killed Malloy—that fellow had tattooed hands. He was with him all right. The body's been identified. How the hell could Mrs. Hoffmann know? How, for God's sake?"

Joe Doran briefed me on what happened in the theater.

Miss Eula H. Schneider, in charge of the California Theatre courtesy staff, was the first to see the killer. The slim man accosted her in the lobby.

"Where's the guy in charge?" he demanded. His breath reeked of whiskey, and he spoke with a menacing snarl.

"You mean the manager?"

"I mean the guy in the tux—the guy that runs the joint."

"He's busy at the moment," Miss Schneider replied.

"I got a message for him," the man said.

"I'll tell him." Miss Schneider ran up the padded stairway to the balcony where the manager's office was located. She told Malloy about the man.

"Send him up," Malloy instructed her.

With Malloy were Henry Peterson, manager of the Cabrillo Theatre, and West Gregg, a friend of Malloy's.

There was a quick rap on the door. Peterson flung it open.

"Stick 'em up, you guys," came the barked command. The man, his hat pulled low over his eyes, covered the three with a black revolver.

Peterson and Gregg, who were standing, elevated their hands. Malloy, seated at his desk, spread his hands, palms down upon the polished surface.

"Now open the safe," was the order. Malloy started to obey and reached for a slip of paper in his vest pocket on

which he'd written the numbers of the newly changed safe combination.

Misinterpreting the movement as a sign of resistance, the bandit fired. Malloy's body jerked with the impact and he slumped across the desk with blood spurting from a wound at the base of his neck. The bandit fled.

Miss Schneider heard the shot. She saw the armed robber run down the stairs and out of the theater. He leaped into a parked car, which roared away at once.

"There was another man in the car," she reported to detectives. "He was parked in front. The motor was running."

Both Gregg and Peterson furnished excellent descriptions of the murderer. They insisted that they'd be able to recognize him under any circumstances. He had one identifying feature that stood out beyond all others. The backs of his fingers, on both hands, were tattooed with letters or figures.

The dead stickup man, Otto Andrew Morrissery, had a residence of sorts in Long Beach, California. Through friends of the man, we identified his companion on the night of the murder as James Durant, alias Ralph Hill, and discovered an excellent picture of the fellow and his description on a merchant seaman's certificate of American citizenship. He, too, had a police record. From this I obtained his fingerprint classification. The tattooing on his fingers were the words "True Love."

He led the police of the nation a long chase. It wasn't until March 1, 1933, five years after the murder, that he was arrested in Logan, Utah. He stole two pairs of silk socks in a store in that city. He was identified by his fingerprints—and there's a story in that, too.

The sheriff at Logan had installed his fingerprint system only two days prior to Durant's arrest. Durant was the first prisoner he printed!

James Durant was returned to San Diego on March 8, 1933. On March 10, he entered a plea of guilty to murder

and attempted armed robbery and was sentenced to a life term in Folsom Prison.

And Mrs. Myrtle Hoffmann?

On the day following the murder, Chief Joe Doran released the whole story to the press. It created a sensation for a while—long enough for Mrs. Hoffmann to be hounded to within an inch of her life by people who wanted to learn what the future held for them. So far as I know, she never made another prediction like the one she made to me.

The carriage, a coach-and-four, was a death symbol of precognitive accuracy, proved by repeated disasters. Documentary evidence, supporting her case material, has been deposited by the author with the editor of this volume.

Four Black Horses

Sybil Devon

IN irregular sequence, I experienced a series of precognitive dreams involving a black coach-and-four that fell into a pattern of deadly precision. Strangely enough, these forewarnings never included members of my own family, but involved members of households where I was either staying temporarily or visiting. Sometimes, predictions regarding remote acquaintances were experienced; at other times, they referred to complete strangers. But in each case, the procedure was the same: I received a warning of death—the factual proof came later.

The first time this dream appeared to me, I was a young girl. In the dream, I was riding toward a house that I had never seen before, in a black coach drawn by four black horses.

As we rode along, I seemed to be depressed at the news I was bearing to the house. Some unseen occupant within the coach was giving me instructions which I was reluctant to carry out.

When we reached the house, I stepped out of the coach, a ten-year-old girl, wearing a dark convent uniform. There

was a jingle of metal as the horses tossed back their heads restlessly, the sharp, hollow clop-clop of their hooves upon the empty street. And the coach was gone.

I seemed to float through the back door of the house and through the walls of tiny rooms, into a bedroom where a middle-aged man lay gasping. Even in the dimness of the room, I could see his face, the brightly colored patchwork quilt that covered him, and a blue arabesque pattern on the linoleumed floor. The room was full of his labored breathing. I was so unhappy about his condition that I cried, but he didn't seem to notice me.

I came back through the house, seeing crowds of women in the kitchen arranging cakes and sandwiches and speaking in low tones. A short middle-aged woman in black was crying. She was surrounded by friends and relatives who were consoling her.

At the time of the dream, I was attending a convent in Toronto. The very next day my roommate, Yolanda Gervais, from Quebec City, was called home due to her father's sudden illness. Tragically, her father died from that illness a short time later.

I visited her home in July that year, and suddenly I began to recognize places and persons I had never seen before. The bedroom where I slept had a blue linoleum floor; the patchwork quilt that I had seen in my dream was thrown over a chair. Yolanda's mother was the woman in black I had seen in the kitchen, and from a picture in the house, I recognized her late father as the man I had visualized in bed.

At that time, I didn't know what to make of such an experience. When it happened again, at a later date, I began to make inquiries about it. I discovered that the dream—with its foreboding symbol of the coach drawn by four black horses—had occurred among my relatives and ancestors many times before.

Its origin dates back in the Sept of O'Connell history to the period of Cromwell in Ireland and the martyring of Bishop Rickart O'Connell of Kerry while he was trying to escape in a black closed coach in 1652. In 1653, the aged head of the clan, Maurice O'Connell, brother of the martyred bishop, was transplanted from his lands in Limerick by Cromwell. He died en route to Brentree in County Clare, and was conveyed by the rest of the family and fifty retainers in a funeral coach to the destination. It is claimed that in their various locations, other members of the Sept were aware of this procession.

The family line was traced after 1740 to Daniel J. O'Connell of Darrynane in County Kerry, whose wife, Mary O'Connell, or Mary of the dark folk, was a seer, clairvoyant, and poetess.

On several occasions, she dreamed of the black coach drawn by four black horses, the connotation of this phenomenon being, for her, the certain portent of death to some member of the family. The most noteworthy occurrence of the dream was that preceding the death of John O'Connell, her eldest son and heir to Darrynane.

Another apparition she experienced was that of a wailing banshee. At that time, she saw the heavily draped figure of a woman disappear into the oratory of the church. The death of a near relative followed.

To my knowledge, the black-coach portent was experienced only once by my grandfather, Daniel J. O'Connell of Darrynane. Having married against his family's wishes, in 1893, he was disinherited, left Ireland for America, and settled on Long Island, New York. In 1911, unknown to him, his mother visited relatives in Boston.

During this time, he dreamed of a black coach-and-four drawn up before his cousin's home in New England. He seemed to leave the coach, receive instructions from someone within, float into the house to a bedside where his

mother lay very ill. He was shocked and surprised to see her there but she took no notice of him. He awoke in a state of agitation, with my grandmother shaking him.

"Dan! Dan! Wake up! The telephone."

At the other end of the line, his Boston cousin related what the dream had already informed him: that his mother had unexpectedly turned up for a visit, had taken ill suddenly, and had died in their home. He was heartbroken to think that she would visit America without contacting him and had died without forgiving him for marrying against her wishes.

Through the centuries, there have been numerous instances recorded of recurring dreams in the history of families or clans. In general, they are classified as family ghosts, which appear to members of the old clans as a prophecy of death. Sometimes, the recurring symbol can be traced to a tragic origin, some ancient event of disaster or bloodshed within a family.

But I knew nothing of this when I first dreamed of the funeral coach in 1946; I wasn't aware of its full significance until years later.

My second dream of the coach-and-four took place in San Francisco in 1952. I had rented an apartment in Pacific Heights, owned by a certain Dr. Spierel and his wife. They occupied the ground-floor apartment.

I had lived there about two weeks, had not become too well acquainted with Mrs. Spierel, and hadn't met Dr. Spierel at all, when once again, the black coach-and-four came into my dreams. As before, an unseen instructor in the coach directed me. I left the coach and it drove away.

Following directions, I seemed to melt through the walls of the building until I was standing at the side of a bed. In the semidarkness, the pale face of the man lying there was clear in every detail. On my way back through the living room, I could distinctly see the arrangement of the furni-

ture and my attention was drawn to the unusual design of the wallpaper. It was a beige Aeolian harp.

During the week, I expected a P.T.&T. man to install my telephone and since I would be at the office, I hoped Mrs. Spierel would admit him to the apartment in my absence. Within the week, I had the opportunity to talk to her.

As soon as I stepped into her living room, I realized I had been there before. The wallpaper was as I remembered it, with the beige Aeolian design. Dr. Spierel arrived while we were conversing and immediately I recognized him from my dream.

But the portent aspect of the dream, the prophetic significance, didn't strike me until I heard the news the next day.

Dr. Spierel had dropped dead with a heart attack while boarding a bus.

I was married in December of 1952. The two years following passed without a recurrence of the dream.

In 1954, I experienced the same dream and this time, the forewarning involved a friend of my husband's. The black coach was drawn up before a ranch-style bungalow situated out in the country in an area unknown to me. In the front room of the house, against the picture window, was an incredibly long redwood coffee table, almost banquet size. The opposite wall was covered with an enormous old-fashioned fireplace.

I floated through the rooms until I was in a child's nursery where there was a tall young woman bent over a baby's empty crib, crying her heart out. I was just as grief-stricken but she didn't seem to hear or see me.

I had never been through the San Joaquin Valley but one Sunday in June, shortly after my dream, my husband and I drove down to Modesto with friends. Out in the country, we pulled up in front of a ranch-style bungalow. The married couple they had decided to visit were a young and striking

pair, both tall, both utterly devoted to their little three-year-old girl Sharon.

It was a blistering day but I was suddenly freezing. It was as if a cold breeze completely enveloped me; I had recognized Marg Johnson immediately as the woman bending over the baby's crib in my dream. Then, as if all of them read my thoughts, they began to discuss Mel's hobby of furniture making. The superlength redwood coffee table in front of the picture window was one of his masterpieces. The opposite wall was taken up by the huge fireplace.

Suddenly, I was trying to hold back tears that threatened, to no avail; finally I gave vent to them, but I couldn't tell anyone why. The explanation would sound ridiculous to strangers; the story was long and it went back too far.

Someone gave me an aspirin and took me along the hall toward the bedroom where I could lie down.

"No, not in there! This way!" I had stepped into the door of the nursery instead.

I only met Marg and Mel Johnson once and that's why I felt so terribly embarrassed at my uncontrolled outburst in their home.

In December of the same year, my husband and I heard news that was shattering. Marg had lost her new baby, and they had nearly lost Sharon with an attack of rheumatic fever which had left her heart weak. The black coach had once again predicted a tragedy.

The next visitation of this ominous dream took place in Las Vegas, Nevada, April 1955, when my husband and I stayed at a motel during a month's vacation.

All day the heat had been so oppressive that it was like swallowing flames to breathe, and a hot, sand-laden wind made every movement an effort. To make matters worse, all the motels were jammed. We looked for a long time before we found a vacancy on the outskirts of town.

When we drove in, the motel owner, "Doc" Campbell,

was lifting an air cooler to a window with obvious effort. We were hardly inside the door of the room before the feeling of unrest and depression that usually preceded the black-coach dreams settled over me.

It was the wee hours before I fell asleep and with sleep came the black coach-and-four drawn up before the Campbell house. Again, I followed the same procedure as on the previous occasions, moving in a state that penetrated all material barriers, until I stood before Doc Campbell's bed.

The next evening, I went to their door to ask for fresh towels and when they invited me in to chat, a wave of cold perspiration broke over me. Temporary amnesia caused my every remark to end in air and I couldn't even remember my maiden name; the dream of the black coach and the sequels of the previous cases haunted me.

I got out of there somehow, having told Doc to take it easy lifting refrigeration units in the intense heat of the day.

I was really terrified as I spoke to Doc, but, tell me, what can you do when you know the person you are chatting with is going to die in the next couple of days? How can the course of events be forestalled?

At 9 A.M. the following morning he dropped dead due to a heart attack while attempting to lift an air cooler. This was the last dream up to this time, and I sincerely hope it will never recur.

But how can we explain such amazing predictions of the future? I believe, when we have objective consciousness of events in dreams of forecast, hunches, flashes of insight, a greater process than we realize is in operation. The pictures we receive are a language that is trying to communicate knowledge to us, knowledge of a type that can most effectively be transferred into our hodgepodge of idea patterns by means of symbols.

The language of the subconscious is universal and sym-

bolic. Sometimes the pictures are objectified for us as if projected upon a flat surface, or the scene of prophetic warning is acted out before our eyes, as in the case of the wailing banshee and other specters; at other times, we partake of the action, as in the case of the black-coach dreams.

Greater still, there are symbols whose deciphering could open doors of awareness to a more complete and extensive way of life; this would involve comprehension on levels where we are dormant at present or only receive vague luminosity.

This, in my estimation, was the process at work in the black-coach-and-four series of dreams—they were brief symbolic flashes from the vast flowing stream of knowledge where past, present, and future are one.

The President, in the dream that foretold his assassination, saw his own body in the East Room of the White House. The author of this report, a close student of Abraham Lincoln's life, lives in Tucson, Arizona.

Lincoln's Double Vision

Pringle Fitzhugh

ELECTION night, 1860. Abraham Lincoln was the new President of the United States. Elated but tired, he lay down to rest on a horsehair sofa in his room. He did not close his eyes. Suddenly, in the mirror opposite where he lay, he saw two images of himself—one glowing in health and vigor, the other ghastly pale, as if in death.

"I got up," said Lincoln, "and the thing melted away; and I went off and in the excitement of the hour forgot all about it, nearly, but not quite, for the thing would once in a while come up, and give me a little pang, as though something uncomfortable had happened."

The "thing" disquieted Lincoln so much that several days later he tried to make it reappear. Again he saw the two faces, again one pale as death. He thought he knew their meaning. He would be successful in his first term of office, but in his second meet disaster.

Even before his election, when conversing with his law partner, William Herndon, in their Illinois office, Lincoln sometimes talked about his conviction that he was to fall from a lofty place, and in the performance of a great work.

According to Ward Hill Lamon, U.S. marshal and intimate friend of Lincoln's, he believed that "the star under which he was born was at once brilliant and malignant: the horoscope was cast, fixed, irreversible and he had no more power to alter or defeat it in the minutest particular than he had to reverse the law of gravitation."

This is not to say that Lincoln was a dabbler in superstition or in divination; that he refused to walk under a ladder, or swore death was near when he heard a dog howl. Dreams and visions, to him, were not supernatural occurrences, but came from the Almighty Intelligence that governs the universe, and conformed to natural laws. Since they proceeded from nature, Lincoln thought their best interpreters were the common people, or "children of nature," as he called them. Dreams were in code, waiting to be understood, and Lincoln thought he shared with the common people the art of understanding them.

His interpretation of the double image seemed to Lincoln to be confirmed the day he was nominated for a second term. He spent the day at the War Office in constant telegraphic communication with General Grant, who was then at Richmond. At noon, he hurried to the White House for lunch, and without entering his private office where news of his renomination had been sent, returned to the War Department. There he was greeted by news of Andrew Johnson's nomination for Vice-President.

"That is strange," he remarked thoughtfully. "I thought it was usual to nominate the candidate for President first."

"Mr. President," said his surprised informant, "have you not received news of your renomination? It was telegraphed to you at the White House two hours ago!"

The reverse order in which he had received the news sent his mind back to the ghostly double image in the mirror, and Lincoln became surer than ever that he would be elected to a second term, but would die before it had run its

course. He once told Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, "Whichever way the war ends, I have the impression I shall not last long after it is over." (He was shot five days after the surrender at Appomattox.)

After his reelection, Lincoln believed he had reached the time when his destiny would be fulfilled. He considered all attempts to prevent his assassination useless, and complained of the bodyguard put around him. When he was reminded of the value of his life to the country and the necessity to protect it, he replied, "What is the use of putting up the *gap* when the fence is down all around?"

The most startling of Lincoln's prophetic dreams occurred about a month before his assassination. He kept silent about it for some time, but at last could not help mentioning it to a few friends. "Somehow," he confessed, "the thing has got possession of me, and like Banquo's ghost, it will not down."

These are his own words.

About ten days ago, I retired very late. I had been waiting for important dispatches from the front. I could not have been long in bed when I fell into a slumber, for I was weary. I soon began to dream.

There seemed to be a deathlike stillness about me. Then I heard subdued sobs, as if a number of people were weeping. I thought I left my bed and wandered downstairs. There the silence was broken by the same pitiful sobbing, but the mourners were invisible. I went from room to room; no living person was in sight but the same mournful sounds of distress met me as I passed along.

It was light in all the rooms; every object was familiar to me; but where were all the people who were grieving as if their hearts would break? I was puzzled and alarmed. What could be the meaning of all this? Determined to find the cause of things so mysterious and so shocking, I kept on until I arrived at the East Room, which I entered. There I met with a sickening surprise. Before me was a catafalque, on which rested a corpse wrapped in funeral vestments. Around it

were stationed soldiers who were acting as guards; and there was a throng of people, some gazing upon the corpse, whose face was covered, others weeping pitifully.

"Who is dead in the White House?" I demanded of one of the soldiers.

"The President," was his answer. "He was killed by an assassin."

Then came a loud burst of grief from the crowd, which awoke me from my dream. I slept no more that night, and although it was only a dream, I have been strangely annoyed by it ever since.

Later, in conversations with his friend Lamon, Lincoln referred to the dream about assassination, closing one discussion of it with the melancholy quotation from *Hamlet*, "To sleep! perchance to dream! ay, there's the rub," with strong emphasis on the last three words. We do not know what else Lincoln confided to Lamon about the solitary worries of his personal life, but Lamon says Lincoln "always believed he would fall by the hand of an assassin; and yet with that appalling doom clouding his life, a doom fixed and irreversible, as he was firmly convinced, his courage never for a moment forsook him."

Lincoln's nature, intuitive as well as intelligent, seemed on the day he was shot to be prodding him constantly into a dim awareness of what was to take place that evening.

He called a cabinet meeting to discuss the reconstruction of the South. All present were waiting for news from General Sherman, who was then engaged with the last of the Southern armies. Lincoln said he had no news as yet, but he had had a dream the previous night that had always before presaged some great event.

"I seemed to be in some indescribable vessel and I was moving with great rapidity toward an indefinite shore. I had this dream preceding Sumter, Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, Stone River, and Wilmington."

"Stone River was certainly no victory," objected General Grant, "nor can I think of any great results following it."

Lincoln agreed, but maintained that the dream usually preceded good news. "I think it must be from Sherman. My thoughts are in that direction," he added.

Though this account of the dream lays emphasis on good news, young Seward, also present at the cabinet meeting, puts a more ominous light on the story.

"Mr. Lincoln remarked that a peculiar dream of the previous night was one that had occurred several times in his life—a vague sense of floating—floating away on some vast and indistinct expanse toward an unknown shore. The dream itself was not so strange as the coincidence that each of its previous occurrences had been followed by some important event or *disaster* [emphasis mine] which he mentioned."

Perhaps Lincoln's sixth sense told him disaster was fast approaching, for immediately after the cabinet meeting he saw the Vice-President, Andrew Johnson, for the first time since Inauguration Day. This would not seem unusual, except Johnson had been drunk on Inauguration Day, misconduct that had irritated Lincoln so much he had pointedly avoided the Vice-President since then. Though Johnson had remained in Washington, waiting for an interview, Lincoln did not send for him until the unique day when he would be needed: April 14, 1865, the day Lincoln was shot. Neither told what the conference was about, though we may guess they discussed the cabinet meeting.

Though apparently convinced of the fact he was to be assassinated, Lincoln never brought the subject up directly until the afternoon before he met his destiny at Ford's Theater. In a conversation with his day guard, William H. Crook, on that fateful afternoon, he said:

"Crook, do you know, I believe there are men who want to take my life. And I have no doubt they will do it."

"Why do you think so, Mr. President?" Crook asked.

"Other men have been assassinated . . ." and his voice trailed off.

"I hope you are mistaken, Mr. President."

"I have perfect confidence in those around me, in every one of you men," the President replied firmly. "I know no one could do it and escape alive. But," he continued with conviction, "if it is to be done, it is impossible to prevent it."

At 7 P.M., going off duty, Crook said good night to the President. Lincoln replied "Goodbye, Crook." On the way home, Crook puzzled over this, for Lincoln before had always said to him, "Good night, Crook."

At 10:15 P.M., three hours later, the Chief Executive was shot.

The nation mourned. Its people came—little people, the voiceless ones, from villages and farms and from the obscurities of the city—to stand silently beside the train as it carried Lincoln's body home to the quiet prairies of Illinois. There was one lonely woman, close to the common folk and to this man who loved them. She had shared his intuition of disaster.

When they went to tell her, she greeted them with composure, prepared for her grief. On receiving the news, Sarah Bush Lincoln, his stepmother, said quietly, "I knowed when he went away he'd never come back alive."

Her own unconscious prediction, an accidental drowning, and an unsympathetic public nearly brought disaster to Ingeborg Koeber. The author, Physics Professor Emeritus of the University of Oslo, is President of the Norwegian Society for Psychic Research.

Medium or Murderess?

Thorstein Wereide

IN October of 1934 in Oslo, Norway, Mrs. Ingeborg Koeber went on trial for murder. She was accused of drowning her father on August 8, 1934, as he swam in the sea at Hanko, south of Oslo.

I knew Mrs. Koeber. She had come to my attention as a result of her work as a medium, and of my own interest in psychic research. One of four children of a man named Dahl, a highly respected judge who lived at Fredrikstand, near Oslo, Ingeborg had developed mediumistic talents shortly after the death of her eldest brother, Ludvig, in 1919.

Unfortunately, it was Mrs. Koeber's mediumship which led indirectly to the murder charge against her. Directly, however, the cause of the trial lay with those who stubbornly refused to believe in the possibility of psychic phenomena. For she had predicted her father's death several months before it happened, and on several occasions—although she herself was unaware of her own predictions.

The story begins in 1919, after the death of Ludvig. It was then that the Dahl family discovered that Ingeborg, in both

sleeping and waking trance, seemed to be able to communicate with her brother.

The Dahls began to hold séances. These took place very informally, and consisted only of the family's assembling in their sitting room in full daylight or in the evening under normal electric lighting. Shortly, Ingeborg would enter either a sleeping trance, during which she used a psychograph, or planchette, a simple instrument with a vertically attached pencil; or a waking trance, in which her eyes were wide open, and during which she conversed with her "control," Ludvig, and at times with those attending the séance. Usually the séance began with Ingeborg in sleeping trance, from which she progressed to a waking-trance state.

Gradually, Ingeborg's reputation as a medium spread. I feel that the phenomena with which she was concerned in these early years should be reported here. I believe this for two reasons. First, of themselves these phenomena are of interest to those concerned with psychic research; and second, I believe the facts of the phenomena are important background when one considers the dramatic consequences of Ingeborg's mediumship.

To psychic researchers, Ingeborg reported that there seemed to be a "string" between her and Ludvig during the waking-trance state. Ludvig, as control, stated that the medium was "dissociated," one person being in the physical body of Ingeborg, the other "over on his side" and controlled by him. Another clairvoyant, who attended a Dahl séance without knowing of this dissociation, supported the theory nevertheless, by reporting that she could see the medium "in two places"—where Ingeborg sat physically, and where Ingeborg seemed to see her control.

Several occurrences of "cross-correspondence" took place during Ingeborg's career as a medium. On one occasion in 1926, Judge Dahl went to London, declaring that

he would attend no séances while he was there. Ludvig, however, appeared to his father in London, and communicated the appearance to his medium sister in Norway. In October of 1927, a similar event took place when the judge attended a séance while on a visit to Denmark.

A good many "book tests" were also held with Ingeborg and her control. In 1928, Ludvig read word for word from a book unknown to the medium. In a later experiment, it was arranged that Ludvig should read from a book pointed out by sitters at one séance. This was done successfully. Ludvig (through Ingeborg as medium) read several lines from Wordsworth's *Poetical Works*, pointed out by a guest who was not a member of the family. Another sitter at the same séance, still skeptical, mentioned another book, and the experiment was repeated with the same success.

In 1932, the research officer of the Society of Psychical Research, London, visited Mrs. Koeber. He reported on a similar book test with her in the *S. P. R. Journal* (Vol. XXVII, p. 343), leaving it to the reader to judge of its accuracy and adding that he regarded the test as definitely successful.

As Ingeborg's mediumship became more widely known, other experiments were undertaken. Frequently persons outside Norway would send sealed letters to Judge Dahl. During a séance, such a letter would be placed on the table around which the sitters and medium were gathered. As the séance progressed, Ludvig, through the medium, would present a series of numbers, which were written down. The numbers, along with the unopened letter, would then be returned to the sender. On substituting letters of the alphabet for the numbers given, an intelligent answer to the sealed letter would emerge.

In another type of experiment, Ingeborg was able to write letters from deceased persons in their own handwriting. In one of the first cases of this type, and a remarkable one (which took place December 19, 1926), Ingeborg wrote

simultaneously two letters, one with the left hand and one with the right. She did not look at the paper as she wrote, but conversed in a lively manner with Ludvig as control. The two letters were in different handwriting and to different addresses.

Cases of apports also occurred. On one occasion, a piece of paper appeared in the open and until then empty hand of the medium. Examination of the paper showed notes in Ludvig's handwriting. Ludvig, as a university student, had studied English literature. According to Ludvig, speaking through his sister, the notes were some he had taken during those studies.

At Christmastime, 1929, five members of the family, including the judge, were gathered in the Dahl home. They were told, through Ingeborg in a sleeping trance, that they should get a "piece of silver paper" for an experiment. When Ingeborg entered the state of waking trance, she and the judge were instructed by the control to take the paper and hold it stretched out between them, one hand holding each of the four corners. They did so, and after a time the judge reported a feeling similar to that of an electric current running down from his shoulders through his hands. At the same moment, there appeared in the middle of the paper a lock of thick brown hair. The witnesses standing around were advised not to touch it at first, but to wait a few moments, else it would disappear. Later, the lock was removed by an aunt of Mrs. Ingeborg.

As these phenomena continued to take place, there were certain changes in the life of the Dahls and of Ingeborg. In 1924, five years after the death of Ludvig, his brother Ragnar also died. Ragnar subsequently made his presence known as another control of Ingeborg's. Still later, Ingeborg and her husband, Mr. Koeber, decided to separate. Following this separation, Ingeborg became engaged to marry a lawyer, a

Mr. Segelcke. Through all these changes, Ingeborg's development as a medium continued.

In the autumn of 1934 I returned to Oslo from a trip abroad. I was informed then of the tragic death of Judge Dahl, who had drowned at Hanko on the eighth of August. At the same time, I learned from a number of friends, interested, as I was, in psychic research, that the judge's death had been predicted on several occasions by his daughter Ingeborg. These predictions, however, were unknown to Ingeborg until after her father's death. They had been made by her in sleeping trance, in the number code which she had used for answering sealed letters, and were decoded by her father and others who attended the séances at which the predictions occurred. They were not reported to the medium.

Carl Vett of Copenhagen, Denmark, secretary of the International Organization for Psychic Research Congresses, had also heard of the death of Judge Dahl, and of its prediction by the judge's daughter. Mr. Vett wrote to me, asking that I investigate the circumstances so that I could make a complete report on the case. This I did, and I felt the report showed the prediction to have been clearly made, in the presence of various persons whose substantiation was beyond question.

I read my report at the meeting of the Norwegian Society for Psychic Research on October 4, 1934. Newspaper reporters were present at the meeting, and—unfortunately, as we shall see—much attention was given to the case by the journals they represented.

For then it was that the storm broke. As soon as the fact of the prediction was made known by the newspapers, it created a tremendous sensation. There were two reasons for its having such impact: first, there was much very clear testimony by respectable witnesses that the prediction had

been made; second, the fulfillment of the prediction was quite exact.

These are the facts of the drowning, as they occurred and, in large measure, as they had been predicted by Ingeborg.

Judge Dahl and his daughter had gone for a walk along the beach at Hanko on August 8, 1934, a warm summer day. The judge decided he would bathe in the sea, but Ingeborg decided that she would not but would wait for him on the shore. The judge made his preparations and went into the surf, remaining for a long while and swimming a great deal. Then, apparently, he was stricken by cramps. For, as his horrified daughter watched, he appeared to be struggling to keep afloat. Ingeborg rushed into the water and swam to his side, succeeded in getting hold of her father, and swam with him back to shore. But when she pulled him from the water, life seemed gone. She tried vainly to resuscitate him, but the effort seemed fruitless. She hurried away to get help, and when she returned with others, resuscitation efforts were renewed. But the judge was dead.

When these facts appeared in the newspapers, along with the fact that a similar prediction had been made, there was an overwhelming reaction. All kinds of opinions, from editors and readers, began to appear daily. There were opinions for and against Ingeborg, for and against studies of psychic phenomena. There was agreement only on the fact that two explanations seemed possible: first, that the drowning of Judge Dahl was murder, and that the prediction of it as an accident was made only so that it might occur without suspicion; second, that the prediction was a supernatural phenomenon.

The result of all this publicity came rapidly. A judge of the high court filled out an accusation of murder, specifying no person, and sent it to the official prosecutor. In Norway,

when a person is publicly accused, a straightforward way of countering the accusation is to demand to be treated as a suspect. Thus, when Ingeborg received a copy of this document, she demanded to be considered suspect and treated so by the authorities. She was convinced that only in this way would she be able to clear herself of all suspicion. She felt that any investigation would show that her relations with her father were of the best, that her love for him could not be doubted.

In the meantime, the company with which Judge Dahl had insured his life had demanded a medical examination to determine cause of death. Medical experts stated the cause to be drowning, and reported that visible indications of violence were not found.

A small mark was found on the judge's neck, but this was explained as having been caused either when he was dragged from the water or in the resuscitation attempts. Medical experts declared they believed the mark had been made while the judge still lived, but added they considered it of no importance.

As a result of this investigation, during which a series of witnesses were called, the insurance company declared itself satisfied and the insurance money—Kr. 60,000—was paid.

This conclusion, however, did not satisfy the critics of Ingeborg and of psychic research. An antagonistic group still maintained that the medium must have known of the prediction she had made (although all who had been present at the séances in question declared that the medium made the prediction by means of the planchette in sleeping trance, and that, to prevent concern or disturbance on her part, she was not informed of it). These critics insisted, in fact, that she had not only known of the prediction, but had caused it to come true by murdering her father. They

produced new charges against Ingeborg, demanding a new investigation of a much broader character than the first.

Here it must be mentioned that Mrs. Dagny Dahl, mother of the medium, held the position of community treasurer in Fredrikstand. Now the rumor was being spread that there had been irregularities in connection with the money of which she was in charge.

On October 12, 1935, the same day that the new charge against Ingeborg was to be published in the newspapers, Mrs. Dahl was found dead in her bed. She left the following letter, dated the night of October 11-12:

To cover all eventualities, I feel it my duty to leave a communication from my own hand concerning the circumstances which have forced me to cut short my life on earth.

My life has always, in the most intimate way, been concerned with that of my husband. After our son Ludvig died and communication with him was established through Ingeborg, and this communication seemed an evidential fact to us, my husband the judge felt that it was now his lifework to bring this message to mankind. In doing so, he took a great and unselfish task on his shoulders. From all sides, letters streamed to him. Our home became a gathering place for many people. Paps, who was quite innocent of the great demands of daily living, did not realize that our family economy was threatened, and I felt that these things must be kept from him if he were to be able to carry on his chosen work.

As I have already said in my first report to the financial department, I had first in 1921 an underbalance of Kr. 3,000—and next of Kr. 6,000. Then I decided to have a reserve fund as a security arrangement in case something happened in the family. When our family expenses began to surpass our income, I gave in to the temptation of drawing from this reserve.

This was the beginning—and then the avalanche continued to roll down on me. But here I must insert that we had well-situated friends who had told me that they were always ready to help us, when or if we needed it.

During the examinations and now in this last situation I have found that I must hew to the line—I could not expect that people would understand my motives. And I also did it because of my daughter. She is the purest and truest person I know, and she has had suffering enough.

Here I must, as seriously and as forcibly as possible, declare that neither my husband, my children, nor anyone from the judicial bureau have had the slightest suspicion about these things. Nor did I at any time speak about them to my dead sons.

I know that by cutting short my own life I must take punishment on the other side, but I find there is no way to avoid it.

Finally, I will state that neither Ingeborg nor Frithjof knew about the insurance policy of my husband until after his death.

This is the whole and full truth, so help me God Almighty.
Dagny Dahl

After this letter had been made public, the trial of Ingeborg was renewed on a broader and more thoroughgoing basis than before. Witnesses were examined and re-examined, physical, chemical, medical, and psychiatric investigations were conducted. The Norwegian Society for Psychic Research offered at an early stage of the trial to pay the expenses of an expert in psychic phenomena if the court would allow one to participate, but the proposal was denied.

This trial and concomitant investigations were long and complicated. But I would like to mention in particular two pieces of evidence which were considered.

After separation from her husband, Mr. Koeber, Ingeborg was betrothed, as I have reported, to a lawyer, a Mr. Segelcke. Between Ingeborg and her fiancé there were letters practically every day. In the period between the prediction of her father's death by Ingeborg and the drowning of the judge, about eighty letters were exchanged by the two engaged people. Since the prosecution refused to drop

its accusation, Ingeborg gave all these letters to the jury. In these eighty or more letters, not one syllable was found to indicate that the medium knew anything of the prediction of her father's death.

That is one circumstance. The other that I would like to mention is this. Experts agreed that the central point in the prediction was the problem of the planchette phenomenon, by which the death prediction was made on all occasions. As the medium was always in a sleeping trance when she made the death prediction, and since she was the only person who moved the planchette, the phenomenon, it was fairly obvious, could not be explained by natural means.

It was finally decided that to resolve the question—How was the planchette moved?—two medical experts would examine Ingeborg using the planchette in a special laboratory. The experiment took place with only these two experts and the medium's personal physician present. But no report of the outcome of this experiment was published.

What would have happened if the report on this experiment had been published? Perhaps I may answer this question by quoting the answer to another question which I myself propounded on a far different occasion. I was attending the first international congress of psychic research in Copenhagen in 1923, and in conversing with Baron Albert von Schrenck-Notzing, the noted German psychic researcher, I asked him:

"Do you sincerely believe that all these phenomena, which you declare to be of purely subconscious origin, are without any influence from discarnate intelligences?" Von Schrenck-Notzing's answer was this:

"Of course not. But what do you think would happen if I mentioned such a possibility in my official publications? I would be declared to be a spiritist and my scientific reputation would be ruined."

On the fifth of October, 1936—two years almost to the day from the time the storm broke around her—Ingeborg was released from prison. On July 7, 1937, the final judgment was published. It was definitely proved, according to this judgment, that the medium could not in her waking consciousness have known of the prediction of her father's death, which she had made in trance state and which appeared in number code.

The fulfillment of the prediction was explained by natural causes "as reciprocal suggestive influences, [which occurred in such a way] that the death-ideas and the death-presentiments which the judge himself may have had come back to him through his daughter in trance, and that this had influenced the judge not only to be prepared, but even, as it were, to put himself in disposition for an eventual transition (for instance, by swimming too long)."

The final judgment as to the moral qualities of the medium was extremely favorable, and was in full accord with her characteristics, as described by her mother in her final letter.

However, as a result of the trial and the seemingly negative result concerning the reality of psychic phenomena, the Norwegian Society for Psychic Research was forced to suspend its meetings for several years. But this unpleasant consequence was balanced by a very valuable lesson which the leaders of the Society, and especially myself, had learned regarding the methods and procedures of psychical research:

The most extraordinary phenomena in psychical research ought not to be published. They should be reported and discussed only within small circles of those men and women with the mental equilibrium and the philosophical and moral maturity necessary for considering them intelligently. If this

principle had been observed in the seventy or so years in which psychical research has been developing, I believe there is no doubt that progress would have been more satisfying than it actually has been to the present.

A storm was raging and the waves were tremendous; nevertheless, one fisherman felt compelled to go out into the bay. The author of this case history, which may be based on telepathic as well as precognitive impressions, is a professional writer.

“Landed Two!”

Harold Gluck

For the past three months my wife had been busy preparing for the big event to take place that weekend. From a man's point of view it was all so simple. You have a son who is about to be confirmed and it takes place. But to a woman it is also a tremendous social occasion. To what extent the caterers of this country have played a part in this social aspect of a religious custom I leave to others to study. One thing at the moment seemed certain. Relatives we had not seen over a period of years were coming to the city for this happy day.

The year was 1950 and the month was November. My friend Jack had a four-day vacation, from Thanksgiving through the following weekend. His wife had made one thing very clear to him:

“You don't go fishing on Friday. Saturday we go to the confirmation.”

And my wife also made the same situation clear to me when she pointed out:

“There will be so many last-minute things to do on Friday I just need you around.”

The weather forecast made it almost certain that it would be impossible to fish. It looked like the fringe part of an angry hurricane had hit the city and the outlying suburban areas. I did not sleep at all on that Wednesday night. Something was bothering me. But I just could not figure out the cause of it.

I found myself wide awake. I touched my forehead and felt beads of perspiration. I was conscious of a definite quickening of my heartbeat. Yet I knew I was not ill. I remained awake until morning. At breakfast I made an announcement.

"I am going to call up Jack and tell him that I want to go fishing."

My wife tried to think of a suitable answer, one that would not upset the harmony of our home.

"If Jack is crazy enough to call for you in his car and take you, then go."

As she later told me, when she made that statement she was certain that Jack would refuse to go with me. I went to the phone and called Jack. I told him I wanted to go fishing. Would he call for me at seven tomorrow morning? There was a pause: Jack turned to his wife and told her what I wanted. She figured that if my wife was going to let me go fishing she could do the same.

For more than thirty years Jack and I had engaged in a variety of sports together. From fishing to tennis and from skiing to skating. And from swimming to just picnicking.

Jack called for me promptly the next morning. There was a terrible howling wind outside. From the radio I had learned about fallen trees in the suburbs.

"If it's too rough, please don't go out" was the last-minute plea of my wife. "Just eat your lunch in the car and call it a day."

I made no promise and soon Jack and I were headed in

his car for Port Washington. There must have been a very peculiar look on my face as we drove to Long Island.

"Anything wrong?" Jack wanted to know as we stopped for a traffic light.

"I didn't sleep at all Wednesday night. But I don't feel the slightest bit tired. Yes, there is something . . . but I just don't know what. Except that I must go fishing."

Our destination was Louie's place in Port Washington. This was a combination first-rate seafood-eating-place and fishing station. In back of the restaurant was the walk to the dock where Louie kept his rowboats tied up waiting for his fishing clientele.

We parked our car and met two other fishermen. One of them spoke his mind.

"They say you don't have to be crazy to be a fisherman. But it helps. However, in this weather you got to be plain nuts to go out there in the bay. Those waves would swamp any boat."

Jack took the outboard motor from the back of his car and the accessories needed to operate it. I spoke to Louie about getting a boat.

"Stay ashore in this weather," he suggested.

When a man who makes money renting boats won't rent them, then you can be certain the weather is terrible. But Louie knew we could handle any boat. And we were good swimmers. Finally, I assured him that we would hug the shore. So we got our boat and Jack attached the motor to it, started it, and soon we moved along the shoreline. However, those big breaking waves were threatening. I started with a four-ounce sinker, then made it six, next ten, and kept adding lead to my line. But I just couldn't hold bottom.

"Suppose we go across to the other shore," I suggested. "Maybe the fish can be caught there."

"You serious?" demanded Jack. "I don't think I could get

across. Look at those waves. And it's getting dark. Who knows what's going to hit next?"

"We can cut those waves like the day we did out in Rockaways" was my reply. "If it's too rough and we ship water, then back we go."

Up came the anchor and Jack started the motor. It coughed once or twice and soon we were on our way. We actually were crawling. Jack looked at me. My face was intense and my eyes were riveted on the inlet of the bay.

"Something's eating you," he shot at me. "Are you in a trance? Come on out of it, boy. Never saw waves as rough as these. I don't think we'll get past midway."

"Midway is fine," I replied. "Just get me there."

We got there but it was evident we could never make the other shore. Jack was about to turn the boat back.

"Did you hear it?" I suddenly said.

"Hear what?" he asked. "All I can hear is the howling of the wind. Like a lot of wolves. I want to get back to Louie's."

"Be quiet and just listen," I pleaded. "You'll hear it."

In order to humor me, Jack strained his ears. But all he could hear was that same moaning of the wind.

"If you could tell me what it is, then maybe I might know what I'm supposed to find." He grinned. "I'm getting wet. This spray is hitting me all over."

I hardly heard what he said. I was straining my eyes, looking in the direction from which those sounds had come to me. There was a small object on the water.

"See that football out there!" I shouted. "Look at it!"

"So if I saw a football on the water what would it mean?" Jack said with a bit of anger in his voice. "A kid lost his football. It's floating on the water."

"But it's not a football," I insisted. "It's a man's head. He's out there in the water with his friend. They're drowning."

I said those words as though someone else spoke them

through the medium of my vocal cords. But when they had come out of my mouth, at that very moment, I knew the answer. I suddenly understood what had been bothering me, why I had to come here.

Two men in a fishing boat. Boat overturned. We were their only hope. And they had to be rescued quickly or they would go under.

"Listen, Jack," I persisted. "Out there are two men drowning. They're calling for help. We must go and save them."

"I can't get my boat through those waves and there aren't any men drowning," he snapped back at me. "You got an overworked imagination."

In life we often need the right answer. Too often it comes too late. And sometimes it never comes. I needed the answer now. The one which would convince Jack that I was right.

"So maybe I'm wrong. But suppose I'm right? Suppose there are two men about to go under out there? How would you feel if tomorrow we learned of their deaths, when we could have saved them?"

Jack later said that there was something about the way I answered him which made him willing to take a chance. And it was a slim chance. We went up and down with those waves, and began to ship some water.

"Hear it now?" I demanded. "The voice is clearer. Yet it's weaker. Right there where you see the football."

There were times when it seemed the boat went ahead slightly and got shoved back more. We kept our course and arrived at the spot where the football was floating. But the football was the head of one man. On an overturned boat was another man, doing his best to hold on to the boat. I don't know just what kept the man in the water afloat. We went for him first.

Soon his hands were holding the edge of the boat. But how to get him into the boat was a problem. The two of us

tugged. And our boat almost turned over. I shifted over to the other side of the boat to try to balance it.

"You must make an effort to climb in," I shouted.

Finally, with his effort and Jack's pulling, we got him into the boat. Then came the task of getting our second man into the boat. He almost slid into the boat from where he was resting. His hands were numb with cold. A few more minutes in the water and he would have gone under.

Getting back to land with the overloaded boat was an ordeal in itself. At times part of the boat was flush with the water level. The waves seemed larger and larger. But I have a distinct recollection of not having any worry or fear on that portion of the trip back. It was as though I was telling myself that the mission was accomplished. If I came out here to find two men and rescue them we would all get back safely.

We finally reached Louie's and willing hands took the men from our boat. They went inside to the kitchen. Soon the police came and also a physician. I made the report on what had happened. In all this near tragedy there were bits of humor.

The two men had hired the boat from another boating place. As someone slyly pointed out to me: "You could have taken them back to their own place." As soon as the two men were comfortable and could do something akin to clear thinking, one of them jumped up from his chair.

"My motor! Where is it? It's a brand-new motor."

I informed him that it probably was someplace out in the bay resting on the bottom. Also the only thing I had been able to think of was how to save the two of them.

"Sorry," he apologized.

The other man soon had a thought to bother him. It was about his wife.

"She'll give me hell when I get home. She told me not to

come out here and that I would be asking for trouble. How will I ever live this down?"

I was tempted to ask him whether the alternative of not coming back alive was a better solution. But I didn't and just smiled. As a married man I well understood all the philosophy involved in the situation when your wife remarks, "I told you so."

When the men left we all shook hands and they thanked us for what we had done.

"I figured we were goners," one told us. "Couldn't hardly yell anymore for help."

Then Jack and I went out to the car. I sat down in the back and felt completely exhausted physically. We drove home and my wife greeted me with half a smile.

"Well, what did you catch?"

"Landed two" was my reply.

"Big or small?"

"Biggest catch in my life. I guess one weighed about two hundred pounds. The other, maybe a hundred and fifty."

I then explained what had happened to my wife. She kissed me.

"So you and Jack are heroes."

And then, as an afterthought, she added:

"A good thing for those two men you went fishing."

How can I analyze these events? The only conclusion I can come to is that this definitely was a case of precognition. I knew somehow that an event was to take place. I was not conscious when I had that feeling of what the event was. Yet against my better judgment there was the impulse to go to that place. Even if danger were involved to the extent that I could have lost my life.

While I like and engage in all the sports, I sensibly weigh the risk element. I do not court danger for danger's sake or for the thrill involved. If the ski slope is too icy I will stay

off it. If it is a rough day at the beach I need not go swimming. This was the first and only time in my life I had gone ahead in a sport activity knowing of the tremendous peril involved.

Suppose I hadn't gone? Then those two men would have drowned. I didn't know the men. Nor have I ever had any contact with them since the day of the rescue. Here are two men about to die. This is not unusual. But what is unusual is the fact that I did get this precognition of what was to happen. As a result the two men did not die.

This was not a miracle. For I believe that I know very well the nature of what is termed a miracle. For more than a decade I have been a staff writer on a religious publication dedicated to bringing to the members of one faith a miracle that took place. Yet in the years that have passed I have never received another precognition. Should I ever get one in the future—I will follow it.

Unsought messages, foretelling happy as well as tragic events, have frequently appeared to this housewife, who has submitted documentary material that substantiates her report.

I Have No Choice . . .

Nadean Dorris

Why am I "psychic"? I am not schooled in mystic disciplines; nor have I ever tried to develop powers of extrasensory perception and clairvoyance. I can best be described as a happily married housewife whose outer life has been fairly typical of that of most American women today. My personal life, however, has been marked by unexplained experiences which have convinced me of the reality of a psychic gift which I possess without ever having desired it.

I have thus experienced trivial, tragic, eerie, and gratifying events which fall within the realm of psychic experience. These events do not occur with any predictable regularity; rather, the periods between them have been so long that I have often forgotten the strange powers which I apparently possess. But without choosing to have new psychic experiences, I have found them thrust upon me.

Recently I have tried to review the course of these events. I am now placing them on record, hoping that someone, somewhere, will be able to explain them.

I was first made conscious of my "powers" by a trivial event. The details have remained fixed in my mind, since it was my first psychic experience. Later I was to have other

experiences that were far more significant in their messages.

One forenoon, just ten minutes before lunch on a hot-sticky summer day in Chicago, I was sitting at my office desk rather listlessly adding a column of figures. Perhaps the heat and my hunger conspired, and I dozed. The actual feeling, however, was one of leaving myself entirely and returning moments later. In this state, I saw a medium-sized red light, brilliant in its intensity and then fading in light and color very quickly; it repeated this brilliance and fading several times. Then I heard my name spoken, a girl's voice exclaimed how glad she was to see me after all these years, and asked, "What's new, anyway?"

The presence I felt was a girl from my high school graduating class of five years before. But we had shared very few school activities and I had not known her well at all.

My coworker, returning from lunch, banged the office door shut and startled me awake. She stared at me and asked if I were ill, adding that I looked as if I "had seen a ghost." I remember answering that I was only very hungry and glad she was back so that I was free to leave.

An errand took me to Michigan Boulevard. While walking past a famous jewelry house, I was fascinated by an exotic window display of rubies. One large one in particular caught my eye, drawing me closer to the window. I watched the noon sun catch the sparkling highlights of the gem. It danced vividly red in the sunlight and then faded to pale pink.

Just then, a voice spoke my name. I turned and saw my former schoolmate Lucille S— standing next to me. Somehow I managed to talk with her awhile—but I was stunned. The scene was repeating itself exactly as it had happened only ten minutes before as I dozed—or dreamed—in my office. I know I must have sounded rather vague, if not downright silly, to my friend.

I reported this lunch-hour experience at dinner at home that evening, but no one took particular notice and the conversation turned to other things. I have never received a full explanation of it.

Some four years passed before the next occurrence. I had just broken my engagement to be married. Quite naturally, I was feeling depressed. I was reading a magazine one evening and the radio was turned low. A girl singer was torching out a popular ballad. I put the magazine aside, leaned back, closed my eyes, and just listened.

Once again I had the sensation that I had somehow left my body, and a scene began to unfold.

I appeared to be in a room with another woman and two young men. One of the young men had just proposed to me and I had accepted him. We were joyously telling the other couple of our plans and asking them to be our attendants at the wedding. My brand-new fiancé was, again, a person I had not seen in some five years, when he had gone to another city. According to my "dream," he had heard of my broken engagement, had returned to town, and had telephoned me.

Emerging from my dream state, I laughed ruefully at myself. I credited the whole episode to the romantic music, wishful thinking, and, perhaps, my depression.

I suppose it is almost needless to say that in exactly twenty-four hours the young man of my dream did phone. Seven months later he proposed to me at our friends' home, and just as in the dream, the couple came into the room and we asked them to be our wedding attendants.

No detail had been out of place, or forgotten. Later that evening I described to my fiancé the scene as I had seen it seven months ago. I told my family as well, but they refused to be impressed. Such things, they said, were always happening to people. Maybe, they said, I was "psychic, or something."

We had been married a year when World War II erupted. My husband was drafted. As so many other wives did, I joined him at an Army post in the South. It was here I was to know the most tragic of these psychic phenomena.

Among the personnel in the captain's office where I worked was a young and pretty girl from New York City. She and her soldier husband were very popular at the fort. We usually had our coffee breaks together. One afternoon, when we were in the dressing room of the women's quarters, I noticed Ethel was smiling to herself, and I teased her into telling me the reason.

Shyly she told me there was to be a baby, and how happy she and David were over the news. Instead of hugging her, as I normally would have done, a very strange thing happened. Again I was off into space and a vision appeared before my eyes—this lovely creature, dressed in white, was lying in a coffin. It was so real and so clear that I stood rooted to the spot, horrified at what I was seeing. Almost instantly the scene faded, but I could feel pinpricks all over my skin, and the hair on the back of my neck literally stood straight up.

Only a few seconds had passed, but when I turned to face Ethel and throw my arms around her, she was staring at me in wonder, and instinctively backed away from me.

I didn't know what to do or what to say. Nothing short of sheer torture would have made me reveal my vision to her. Yet I felt I had to explain my lapse somehow. From her behavior, I knew my expression must have been strange—even horror-stricken. I stammered that for a moment I had felt faint, and laughing as naturally as I could, said that possibly I was joining her in expectant motherhood.

She seemed to accept this at first. Then she almost whispered, "I saw such a look of terror come into your eyes! You were staring straight ahead, as if you saw something

awful. Your hand holding your comb was rigid above your head—and for seconds you didn't move or speak."

If I had involuntarily frightened her, she couldn't guess how badly I scared myself. This time, I reported the occurrence only to my husband, who was by now, I am sure, convinced I was losing my mind.

When the men got their orders to move, and we said our goodbyes, Ethel promised to write from New York as soon as the baby was born. My husband and I had joyously accepted the role of godparents.

Some months later, back in my hometown, I returned from work one evening to find in the mail a card announcing the birth of a daughter to Ethel and David. Early the next morning I hurried downtown to send off a present. I was greatly excited to be a godmother for the first time.

Time went by, but no word came from Ethel. I couldn't believe she would neglect to acknowledge the gift or give me news of the baby. Finally I gathered up my courage and wrote her a letter, saying I knew that probably she was busy with a brand-new baby in the house, but that I was eager for news of them all.

This I dread to recall. An answer eventually came back from David, with the sorrowful news that Ethel had died the day after giving birth to their daughter. As the proud father of his first child, he had sent out the announcements the day of the infant's birth. Ethel had had them addressed and stamped, with only the name and weight missing, which David had filled in with the help of his mother-in-law.

Reading this letter, tears streaming down my face, I remembered that terrible vision. It was weeks before I could reply to the heartbroken husband. I did not, of course, tell him of my scene with his wife in the Army barracks, but only of my sadness and sympathy. It was the most difficult letter I have ever been called upon to write.

I actually prayed that never again would I have these psychic experiences, but it seems you do not turn them off and on at will.

The latest one occurred during campaigning for the past Presidential election, when I acted as a precinct worker for my party.

One day, in door-to-door canvassing, I was about to knock on an apartment door when I seemed to be able to see into the closed room.

A woman was sitting in a chair, crying. On hearing my cheerful "Precinct captain calling," she—according to the scene unrolling before my eyes—answered the door, hoping that I could help her. She apologized for her tears and said her husband had left her. She was dazed, and for the last three days and two nights she had huddled in the apartment alone with her problem. He had taken all the money in the house, she added, as well as the deposits in their joint bank account. She was penniless, with nothing in the house to eat.

I jerked myself back to reality with the closed door still facing me. Deliberately I knocked on the door loudly so I would be heard. I was, of course, met by a woman in tears. She asked if I would come in, and slowly, through her sobs, she told me about her husband leaving her.

I was able to help in this case. Today we are the best of friends. She has remarried, she has a good job—and she constantly reminds me how happy she is that I canvassed would-be voters that afternoon.

How does one respond to these psychic experiences? This is a question that has long troubled me. I have attempted to accept their unheralded occurrence cheerfully, hoping to attain the composure one needs to face the unknown. I am afraid, however, that I have often failed to remain calm when confronted by such psychic events. It may take more than an act of will.

I have looked inside myself for some answer, and none appears. Therefore I submit this record of my psychic experiences to modern researchers, hoping that they may find a meaningful reason for the gift I did not request.

Julia Gardiner, who became the wife of President John Tyler, was a woman of notable psychic gifts. Her premonitory visions are notable for their dramatic accuracy.

The First Lady's Prophetic Dream

Joan Wallace

AN event of great importance was to take place on February 28, 1844. A reception and cruise was to be given by Captain Robert Field Stockton aboard the U.S.S. *Princeton*, the nation's newest and finest warship. This cruise was to be highlighted by a demonstration of the two big guns which the ship carried, the "Peacemaker" and the "Oregon."

Leading Washington social figures had been invited, as well as diplomats, congressmen, and high-ranking Army and Navy personnel.

Among those who were to attend were Colonel David Gardiner, a former New York State senator, and his lovely daughter Julia, who was being courted by the widowed President Tyler. Other important guests were to be the newly appointed Secretary of the Navy, Thomas W. Gilmer, and his wife Anne.

Strangely, to both of these ladies came a premonition of evil—which, had it been heeded, might have saved a number of lives. During the night of the twenty-seventh, Julia Gardiner was awakened by a terrifying dream. In the morning she rushed to her father and tearfully told him about it.

She had dreamed, she said, that she was aboard a warship. Her description was that of the *Princeton* in every detail, although she had never seen the ship. And as she stood on the deck, in her dream, two white horses galloped toward her. Their riders were skeletons. As she watched, one turned his head toward her. The skull wore her father's face.

"Please, please don't go!" she begged over and over. "It's meant to warn you!"

But Colonel Gardiner laughed. "Would you give up the President's reception for that?" he chided. "Nothing but the excitement, my dear. Dreams often come from overwrought nerves."

Anne Gilmer also had a dream, a dream of death and disaster. She, too, had made every effort to persuade her husband that it was a warning. Even after they went aboard the *Princeton*, she begged him to leave the ship.

But Secretary Gilmer was only embarrassed by his wife's plea and ignored her repeated entreaties.

What happened is history. The "Peacemaker" exploded as it was fired at sea. Both Colonel Gardiner and Thomas Gilmer were crushed to death by a two-thousand-pound chunk of the great gun.

Anne Gilmer was unharmed. But during the sad return voyage all she could say was, "Why would no one listen to me?"

Julia Gardiner had been below deck when the explosion occurred and she dashed wildly for the companionway, crying, "Let me find my father!"

When told he was dead she screamed, "My dream—it was true!" and fainted.

Although Julia Gardiner later became First Lady as the wife of President Tyler, it was some time before she was spoken of other than as one of the two women who had a

premonition of the great tragedy that struck that fateful February day in 1844.

* * *

As related by Robert Payne in The Island (1958), Julia insisted on telling her friends after her marriage to President John Tyler that "a mystical bond" had been created between them. Mr. Payne relates the following incident of Julia's prophetic experience of her husband's death:

Even when he was a hundred miles away from her, she knew what he was doing and thinking. They had no need to correspond with one another because they were in some way always connected with one another. In January 1862, her husband was attending a state secession convention in Richmond. Julia was making preparations to visit some friends when she dreamed the President came to her, deathly pale, holding his collar and tie in his hand, and saying: "Are you awake, darling? Come and hold my head!" She slept uneasily during the rest of the night. When morning came, she decided to go to him.

In those days there was no telegraph or railroad junction near Sherwood Forest [the President's Virginia estate]. The mail came by boat only every other day. She gathered up her youngest child, Pearl, and the child's nurse, and boarded the river boat for Richmond, where she went straight to the Exchange Hotel. She had expected to find her husband terribly ill. She found him in good health.

Puzzled and deliriously pleased, she decided to remain at the hotel and listen to the speeches at the convention. Tyler was in his usual good humor, and chided her for making the journey on an impulse. There was only one vacant room in the hotel, immediately above the big dining room. She slept there that night, with the nurse and the baby. The next morning Tyler went downstairs for breakfast. Suddenly there was the sound of chairs being overturned. A few moments later the door opened, and Tyler stood facing her, deathly calm, very pale, with his collar and tie in his hand. He murmured something, and then fell to the floor. He lingered through the day, and died shortly after midnight. Julia survived her husband by more than a quarter of a century.

Symbolic presentiments of tragic events are related here by a distinguished American psychic researcher and writer; the late Mr. Bruce was research director of the Boston Society for Psychic Research.

Twelve Hours Ahead

H. Addington Bruce

ALL this began a long time ago—while I was still in my teens. I was visiting my Grandfather Bruce's farm in Thorah township. I had been reading, but I remember putting my book down and listening intently to a weird tale being told to my Grandmother Bruce by a farmer's wife. It dealt with an odd happening of the previous evening.

"John and I had been to Beaverton," the woman said, "and were driving home in the gloaming. After we turned your corner, I saw something queer on the spoke of the wheel nearest me. It looked like a strip of black crepe, fluttering with every turn of the wheel. It made me uneasy like.

"I asked John to take it off. Grumbling, he got down, walked around, said, 'There's nothing here.' Nor did I then see it. I told John to search back a bit along the road. He found nothing. Then I noticed we had stopped exactly in front of the Campbell driveway. Kate Campbell is ill. Kate Campbell is going to die."

"I hear she is only a little ill," said my grandmother.

"It's her last illness," said the farmer's wife. "She is going to die."

Die Kate Campbell did, that same night.

The tale I overheard that lovely June morning was perhaps a bit more weird than others I heard as a boy in that Highland Scots settlement on Lake Simcoe, where "second sight" was a familiar topic of conversation. The tales did not frighten me. They *did* whet my curiosity more and more as to the nature and powers of the human mind.

From early boyhood to my graduation from college, I spent nearly all my vacations on Grandfather Bruce's farm. There I got the shaping of the chief intellectual interests of my life—philosophy, psychology, and the allied science of psychical research, or parapsychology.

Frankly, though, my interest in the psychical might not have remained so persistent had I not had, from time to time, psychical experiences of my own.

These I had both during sleep, in dreams, and during waking moments, in visual or auditory hallucinations. Mostly they had to do with accident or tragedy befalling one close to me by ties of blood, love, or friendship. Sometimes, though, they related to events of no special significance to me personally.

Most bizarre of all, there sometimes was in them an element of precognition, of foreknowledge of a coming event. Among these, three stand out because of one common feature. In each I was given my psychic intimation exactly or roughly twelve hours ahead of the event.

In all these instances, curiously, my intimations differed strikingly. The first involved my seeing, for the only time in my life, a so-called ghost, not of one already dead, but of a living person soon to be numbered among the dead. This "ghost" I saw nearly forty years ago, of a Sunday night in February.

I was reading in an armchair facing a squarish upper hall, well lighted. Across the hall were two rooms, doors from each into the hall, a connecting door between each.

One of these hall doors was open, the other closed. Glancing up from my book, I saw my wife's aunt, Mrs. Katherine F. Bowes, pass across the open door and go into the adjoining room—a room we called Aunt Kate's room, since she always occupied it when staying with us.

I was amazed. I had every reason to believe that Aunt Kate was in her West Roxbury home, probably asleep. But I had seen her so plainly that I went into both rooms. Nobody in either room. I looked at the telephone in the hall, at my watch. It was between eleven and twelve o'clock. I said to myself:

"Pretty late to phone. Everything must be all right, or we would have heard. I'll tell Laurie in the morning, and she can go over to West Roxbury to make sure."

Morning brought the thought that I must have dozed and imagined I saw Aunt Kate. The going between Cambridge and West Roxbury was then pretty rough, so I decided not to mention it to my wife.

That afternoon we had a phone call to come right over to West Roxbury. We found Aunt Kate unconscious. She had written a letter to my wife, a letter she would not have written had I spoken to my wife and had my wife then gone to West Roxbury. Between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning Aunt Kate had gone out to mail her letter. A slip on the ice, a fall, a fractured skull, a cerebral hemorrhage. She remained unconscious until her death some days later.

My wife herself died in August 1941 of cancer. In her case, not twelve hours ahead, but repeatedly, I had dreams warning me that all was not well with her. My dreams led to medical examinations, X-ray examinations. Nothing radically wrong, it seemed, until her cancer symptoms suddenly developed—then it was too late.

Another Sunday night came—this time in January 1942, less than six months after my wife's death. I now slept in

what had been Aunt Kate's room. My wife had died in the next room, and I kept the connecting door closed. My own door into the hall I had closed for the night.

It was, again, sometime between eleven and twelve o'clock when I pulled out my light. The next instant I heard two dull thuds, sounding as if they came from my wife's room or from the hall just outside her room. I turned on my light, the light in my wife's room, the upper hall light, a light in my study. Nothing had fallen. I went back to bed and to sleep.

Around nine next morning I chanced to see a friend—Mrs. Eugene Kendall. I told her of what I had heard, and added, "I'm going to get bad news, and get it soon."

Not surprisingly, Mrs. Kendall was a bit skeptical.

That afternoon a police car drove to my house. Two officers came in. One handed me a sheet of paper, and said:

"We knew Mrs. Bruce was dead. So we've brought this to you. We got it by teletype from New York. Her brother dropped dead there this morning. His office had to wire to Washington for the name of the next of kin. That's why we're late."

It was my wife's only brother, Nathaniel W. Bowes. I had received a letter from him only about ten days earlier. I had no reason to think him in poor health, yet he had collapsed from a heart attack at his desk in the Federal Shipping Office in New York.

Again it had been an intimation twelve hours ahead. I was curious about these thuds. The morning of the funeral I asked the undertaker, "Was Mr. Bowes marked in any way?"

The undertaker looked at me and said, "Queer you ask that. He must have bumped his head on his desk once or twice when he collapsed. His forehead was somewhat marked."

I remembered the story I had heard the farmer's wife

tell my Grandmother Bruce. My symbolic intimation hadn't been a strip of crepe, but in its way it had been even more symbolic of what actually happened—though I was left in the dark as to the identity of the one to whom it referred.

My third psychic intimation came to me on March 24, 1947, late at night. A niece from Oakville, Canada, Miss Winifred T. Pemberton, was visiting me at that time. She had gone to her room, I to mine. As I pulled off the light at the head of my bed, I heard a queer tinkling sound. It was precisely the sound a delicate wineglass might make, falling on a hardwood floor and breaking.

My immediate thought was that for some reason the bulb of my bed light had broken. I pulled the chain and the light went on. I was astounded. I called to my niece. At my request she searched under my bed with a flashlight. No broken glass of any sort.

"I fear somebody of whom I am fond has gone or is about to go," I told her. "I'll have to wait to hear."

I heard nothing for a while. Winifred went back to Canada. About a month later, glancing through the local weekly, my eye was caught by a legal notice pertaining to the will of one Isabel R. Gardner.

Miss Gardner had been a Boston schoolteacher and a dear friend of my wife's. For several years she had lived with my wife's mother. She had written to me upon entering the hospital, requesting that I visit her, but I was ill myself. Miss Gardner and I had exchanged several letters, but I never did get to see her. Now I telephoned the hospital and received the information I expected.

She had been well enough to be up and around her room every day. Her death was unexpected. She had eaten her noon meal in a chair. Yes, it was March 25 she died. A nurse found her dead when going for the tray. She simply seemed to have gone to sleep.

A delicate wineglass breaking! The symbolism seemed

to me most apt. But in this case the death might have been nearer thirteen than twelve hours after I got my intimation. Nobody knows for sure.

How account for these three intimations, exactly or approximately twelve hours ahead?

I have my own explanation. As I see it, in all three cases the person concerned knew subconsciously that the end of life on earth was near.

Out went psychic waves of the knowledge, to be subconsciously received perhaps by a good many people. But that knowledge would necessarily stay in the subconscious of all except those properly attuned at the moment to allow the knowledge to emerge from the subconscious region of the mind.

In the case of Aunt Kate, for all my grief over her tragic state, the scientific curiosity born of my Highland Scots upbringing ruled strong. In desperation to save her, I called in two of Boston's leading neurologists. We hoped an operation might help. But I said to them, "Look close. Could she have had that fall because she *had* to fall?"

Later they reported to me:

"You are a good guesser. Mrs. Bowes has advanced arteriosclerosis. We cannot help her. The ice probably had nothing to do with it. A cerebral hemorrhage was due."

The neurologists' verdict brings Aunt Kate's case into line with the explanation I have just offered.

Only I am not so sure it is the right explanation. I appreciate that my "twelve hours ahead" precognitions possibly do fall into that larger class of precognitive intimations coming simply and directly from a "second sight," or extrasensory perception, capable of surmounting time and space if the receiving apparatus chances to be tuned right.

There's the problem. There's the difficulty.

The subconscious of all of us is overloaded, as it were,

with our personal concerns, hopes, aspirations, and fears. Hence our personal radio receivers, to turn mechanical for a moment, ordinarily are not tuned to allow entry of subconscious waves from other senders. We dream, mostly, of what concerns us.

Some day experiments at Duke University or elsewhere may disclose the psychic factor that pushes through all obstacles to make extrasensory knowledge as common as the knowledge gained by conscious observation, study, and reflection. From my own experiences of many years I doubt this.

But I don't doubt that extrasensory perception, the good old Highland Scot second sight, for all its oddities and its limitations, is an actuality. How can I doubt?

A wedding in a baroque church, a meeting on the shore, and an assassination in a dressing room were all foreseen by the author, widow of the world-famous dancer Vaslav Nijinsky; she has published two books about her late husband: Nijinsky (1934) and The Last Years of Nijinsky (1952).

I Saw the Future in My Dreams

Romula Nijinsky

As a child, I used to have very vivid dreams. Many of them were prophetic or telepathic dreams, foretelling events which later actually happened. Some were dreams of ominous warning and others predicted happy events. One interesting aspect of these dreams, which I did not begin to notice until later years, was the fact that sometimes the dreams were in color and sometimes in black and white. Recalling some of the strikingly prophetic dreams I had had, I began to wonder whether there was any significance in the fact that some dreams are in color.

To satisfy my curiosity, I asked friends, acquaintances, and even strangers how they dreamed. This developed into an intensive study of the problem, and for years I investigated and gathered statistics on how people dream. These preliminary studies led me to two general conclusions: (1) Ordinarily most people dream in black and white; (2) On rare occasions they might dream in color. In comparing these facts with my own experiences, I wondered whether

or not there is a deeper significance in a dream in color than in one in black and white.

When I began to have dreams as a child, it was considered a serious problem in our family. My mother hastily took me to one of the foremost neurologists of my native Hungary, Professor Dr. Ranschburg. "The child is full of imagination, highly strung," was the diagnosis. I was given a bromide and forbidden to read before going to bed at night. I was not allowed to go to the theater too often, and a lot of fresh air, long walks in the country, skating, and swimming were prescribed for me. But in spite of everything that was done, I continued to dream.

One of these dreams, which was in color, proved to be premonitory of a great tragedy in my life. I dreamed that my mother, who was Hungary's greatest actress of the time, was dressing, and combing her long blond hair. Suddenly her dressing gown was pierced through by a bullet, the shot fired by a small, stout woman. My mother, in this dream, fell forward into my arms. I felt the weight of her body, and it seemed as though she were dead and alive at the same time. I awoke, and ran frightened to my mother's bedroom. Trembling, I told her and my stepfather the strange dream. It was five o'clock in the morning. They quieted me, and my mother took me into her bed, where I fell asleep.

About eight o'clock that morning, my mother went to her dressing room, to dress to go to a rehearsal at the National Theatre. My stepfather remained in the bedroom, reading the morning paper. Suddenly we heard a scream. With my stepfather, I ran into the dressing room. My mother had fallen across her dressing table with her arms outstretched, her long blond hair cascading over her. The dressing gown was pierced through and a stout, small woman stood there with a pistol in her hands. The next moment she turned the pistol and shot herself.

The murderer was my mother's dresser at the theater. A few days previously she had been discharged by the administrator of the theater for being an alcoholic. As we found out later, she thought my mother had requested her dismissal, and the assassination was her form of revenge.

The prophetic aspects of the dream are remarkable enough considered alone. But the part that color plays in the dream assumed more importance to me as I thought about it in later years. I asked for an explanation from many physicians and psychiatrists over a period of years, as I pursued this problem. The most eminent physicians and psychiatrists were baffled and could not give me a satisfactory answer. However, some months ago, I came across Aldous Huxley's book *Heaven and Hell* (1955), in which he discusses the same subject. Mr. Huxley says:

There is a marked difference between these visionary experiences and ordinary dreams. Most dreams are without color or else are only partially or feebly colored. On the other hand the visions met with under the influence of mescaline or hypnosis are always intensely and, one might say, preternaturally brilliant in color. Professor Calvin Hall, who has collected records of many thousands of dreams, tells us that "about two-thirds of all dreams are in black and white. Only one dream in three is colored or has some color in it. A few people dream entirely in color; a few never experience color in their dreams; the majority sometimes dream in color, but more often do not. We have come to the conclusion," writes Dr. Hall, "that color in dreams yields no information about the personality of the dreamer."

I agree with this conclusion. Color in dreams and visions tells us no more about the personality of the beholder than does color in the external world. A garden in July is perceived as brightly colored. The perception tells us something about sunshine, flowers and butterflies, but little or nothing about our own selves. In the same way, the fact that we see brilliant colors in our visions and some of our dreams tells us some-

thing about fauna of the mind's antipodes, but nothing whatever about the personality that inhabits what I have called the Other World of the mind.

I have pondered the conclusions of Aldous Huxley and Professor Hall, but my own experiences have led me to a different viewpoint. The colored dreams I have experienced have had remarkable qualities of reality and prediction of future events.

When I was seventeen, I had three dreams on three successive nights, which made a great impression on me—and subsequently proved to contain premonitions of some of the most important events in my life.

The first night I dreamed I was backstage in the Opera House at Budapest. I walked through many passages and went up to the third-floor rehearsal rooms and the studio for the ballet dancers. As I wandered along, hesitating as to which room I should enter, the door of the ballet practice room was suddenly thrown open. A lithe, slender young man appeared. He was clad in a strange costume which seemed to me like pink and deep red petals of roses. The figure looked like the Greek statue of Mercury. Suddenly the dancer rose in the air, made a sign to follow him, and vanished.

The next night my dream was the following: I was in a small boat on the English Channel. The boat landed at a place that resembled Dover, with its white chalk cliffs. The scene was typically English—red brick houses covered with deep green ivy. The fields were bright green. A group of three men met me there, dressed in cutaways. One of them was a large stout man with an enormous head. He had a commanding manner and wore an overcoat with a large fur collar turned up about the face. Another was tall and thin, very distinguished looking, with graying hair. This one smiled at me. The third was the same lithe, slender

young man I had seen in my dream the night before clad in rose petals. Now he stood motionless, stretching his arms toward me, his expression very tender and solemn.

The third night I dreamed that I was in a strange country which I had never seen before. I stood in a baroque-style church, filled with people. The candles on the altar were lighted, the clergy in very ornate vestments stood waiting. The young man of my two previous dreams was standing at the altar, smiling at me. I was dressed in white, carrying a bouquet of lilies of the valley, walking toward the altar.

A year later, the Russian Ballet gave performances in Budapest. The instant I saw the features of Nijinsky, I recognized him as the young man who had appeared in my dreams. Six months later I followed the Russian Ballet to England and there joined the company. The tall, thin man of my second dream was very much like Baron Gunsbourg, the sponsor of the Russian Ballet. The third man, the stout, commanding one, was the image of Sergei Pavlovitch Diaghilev, the manager of the Russian Ballet. In the following autumn, I was married to Nijinsky in Buenos Aires, in a baroque-style church, wearing a white dress, just as I had seen it in my dreams of prophecy.

I am aware that others have had similar premonitory dreams. The things that made the strongest impression on me were the extraordinary clarity of detail and the great part that color played, both in the dreams and in the events that occurred later. Could this clarity of detail, afterwards remembered so well, and the strong, lifelike color of my dreams be an indication that a signal was sent from some deeper part of the mind than the place of origination of ordinary dreams? I have pondered this problem for many years without being able to reach a definite conclusion based on my personal experiences alone.

During the long years of my husband's mental illness, I was placed in contact with the eminent psychiatrists of

Europe. I became interested in psychiatry and studied this subject myself. Therefore, in pursuing the subject of color in dreams, I decided to submit the problem to Dr. Carl Gustav Jung, the world-famous psychiatrist, whom I had had the privilege of knowing personally since 1919. In his letter to me he very kindly answered my questions, and gave a rather full explanation of his position on the subject. Needless to say, receiving this letter was a reassuring experience for me. I will quote it in a translation:

ZURICH, May 24, 1956

DEAR MADAME NIJINSKY:

Many thanks for your letter of the 15th of this month. It has interested me to hear of your manifold activities.

Regarding your question about colors or colorlessness of dreams, this depends on the momentary relation between the conscious and the subconscious. If there exists a condition in which an approach of the subconscious is required, or vice versa, the former will receive a specific emphasis which can be noticed for instance in the coloration of its pictures (dreams, visions, etc.) or in other impressionable qualities (beauty, deep significance, intensity).

If, on the other hand, the conscious is more or less uninterested in or afraid of the subconscious, no explicit necessity exists that the conscious produce a contact with the subconscious and so the dreams will be rather colorless.

If Huxley says that a symbol is without color, I consider this an error. In the highly symbolic language of the Alchemists "yellowish, reddish, whitishness, the happy green, etc." play an important role. In quite another sphere, viz. the Christian Liturgy, you can gain much information about the symbology of colors. You have only to regard the importance of various chasubles.

That in the mescaline experiment colors are frequently experienced so vividly has its explanation in the fact that the conscious, in a state of diminution through the drug, is unable to offer any opposition to the subconscious.

With friendly greetings,
 PROF. DR. GUSTAV JUNG

I personally accept Professor Jung's statement as true, since it coincides with my own experiences. Other scientists and psychiatrists may feel differently about it. It may be that more research can be done on this subject. If so, I will follow it with a great deal of interest. It may be found that color in dreams has a deeper meaning than generally recognized.

Two dreams of prophecy: danger on a bomb-weakened London rooftop and the winner of a horse race. The author, a British businessman, lives in Brighton.

A Horse Named "Twenty-Twenty"

A. S. Jarman

TOWARD the end of World War II, I became aware that at night I was experiencing wild and profuse dreams. Perhaps it was caused by five years of close quarters with violence, or perhaps by an uncoiling tension as the war seemed to be nearing its end. Whatever caused the condition, as I dozed in the darkness to the harsh lullaby of bombs and gunfire I found myself passing from one fantastic world to another, sleeping dream and waking nightmare closely intermingled.

Having become interested in Dunne's *An Experiment with Time*, I decided to keep a written record of such dreams as I could recapture and to seek the link between dream and reality. Generally it seemed that my night wanderings had little basis in past actuality, although sometimes they were peopled by the shadow-forms of friends or associates. But some dreams, to my wonderment, proved to be of events yet to come, and whether I liked it or not, I traveled forward through the time barrier as well as backward. Of two such journeys I give the following account:

On the night of March 5, 1945, sleeping at my small flat in Kensington, London, I dreamed that I was climbing over

some lower roofs to a loftier one. First I mounted onto a low flat roof a few feet from the ground; then onto a higher one; then onto a higher one still; the object being the top-most roof of all, which was silhouetted darkly against the sky. On either side of the roofs, which rose like giant steps, were tall tiers of shuttered windows. The dream was colored, and the roofs were a light coral-pink, the window shutters a deep grass-green.

The earnest purpose of my climb was to see what lay upon the highest roof of all. Nearing the summit of this roof pyramid, I grasped a horizontal wooden rail with which to pull myself to the last roof but one. The rail broke under my weight and I fell back a few feet to my previous position. Trying again, I pulled myself up by the brickwork and finally was able to see over the top parapet. There lay a wide flat roof. On it were pitched two triangular tents made of a black glistening material.

Having gained my object, I began my downward climb. Suddenly one of the shuttered windows opened and a blue-helmeted policeman leaned out. Solemnly he said, "Careful! You'll fall!" Then he faded back into the darkness behind. Descending to one of the lower roofs, I entered the building by an open door and walked through the interior. In the dream this seemed to be a "Government Store." It was packed high with shining new buckets, spades, tin boxes, and bright yellow waterproof clothing, all bearing Government markings. I emerged through another door and found myself standing on the ground. Here a hatless man waited. He told me with some urgency to hurry home for my tea.

That was the end of the dream. Immediately on waking I scribbled it in pencil for typescript later and over breakfast discussed it with my wife. We decided that the origin of the dream was not hard to find. London at that time was much concerned with rooftops. In the great Nazi air raids, incen-

diary bombs by the thousand were showered over the city, many lodging on and in the roofs. Unless they were promptly dealt with, the building was rapidly burned down. In consequence, many householders had erected permanent ladders to lofts and roof-valleys, and by this swift access and with a pair of tongs, the fire bombs could sometimes be picked off and the homes saved. The black tents on the roof were unexpected, but at that time one often saw troops, British or American, in tented camps. The other details were more difficult to explain, but did not seem to be important.

A few days later, however, I was in fact called upon to do a little roof-climbing. In my capacity as adviser to a real estate company, I was asked to inspect certain roofs which were suspected to have been damaged by falling shrapnel. One of these was a property known as 39 The Quadrant, Richmond, in the county of Surrey and on the fringe of London.

An old three-story building in a fairly busy street, it was a shop with storerooms above. At that time it was vacant, as was then much property in the London area, but even so it was a place of some quaintness and interest. For one hundred and fifty years it had been occupied by a family of tobacconists named Clouting, and in its murky oak-beamed interior, they had run the business just as their forebears had done in 1800. Tobacco was kept loose in great jars and was blended by hand to the order of the customer; it was then weighed out by the ounce in ancient brass scales before being twisted in paper and handed over. No packaged cigarettes were sold but only those rolled on the premises, kept loose and also weighed out in the scales.

On the old wooden counters lay piles of clay pipes and small sandalwood boxes of snuff. In winter a single gas jet burned in each window and electric light might never have been invented. This retention of antique ways was not a

deliberate cult for publicity's sake; it was rather an expression of the inherited resentment for change and modern methods held by generations of Cloutings. But between the wars the last of them had died, and the shop was now empty.

I should mention that when I approached these premises I had entirely forgotten my dream. Even after writing them down, these illusory adventures lacked the hard quality of reality and seemed to be tucked away in a separate pocket of the mind.

Hidden by a high parapet, the roof was invisible from the ground, and a ladder had been sent to the rear for my ascent. I studied the layout and calculated the best method of reaching the main roof. First I trod over two low sprawling roofs to outbuildings and gained a higher asphalted level. Then, standing upon a dwarf wall, I grasped a wooden rail just over my head in order to pull myself to the next roof. The rotted rail broke away under the pressure and I fell back a few inches to the dwarf wall. Immediately the dream came flooding back into my memory. The ladder had been conveniently placed for the ascent to the final parapet, and I mounted and peered over the top coping. It was with astonishment that I saw the "two black tents" on this top-most flat roof. Almost identical with those in my dream, they were two triangular gables in black slate, glistening in the wet afternoon. As I perched there, I felt a curious certainty that the remainder of the dream would be fulfilled.

I descended the ladder, and as I dropped back to the lower roof felt with my foot for the dwarf wall. Suddenly an adjacent window was flung open and a sharp-faced woman, wearing a blue head-scarf, called, "Carefull You'll fall!" It had been, in fact, easier to climb than to descend and I rested briefly, looking through a dusty window into the empty storeroom. Finally I dropped to the ground and found a clerk from my office waiting with a message. It was to the effect that a certain lady wished to see me with

regard to another property and would I hasten to her home at the Old Palace on Richmond Green where she awaited me for tea.

I should add that I had met this person on only one previous occasion and that tea is a meal I take perhaps only once a year.

So almost all the points of the dream were fulfilled and there was only one that did not find a correspondence in reality. In my dream the upper storerooms had been filled with Government stores but, in reality, my peering through the window had shown them to be empty. That was not quite the end of it, however. Six years later, when I had occasion to enter the same storerooms, they were filled with ex-Government buckets, spades, and yellow rubberized clothing. The shop had since been rented (and still is) to a multiple firm named Millett who specialize in Government surplus.

A dream that stays vividly in my mind is one I dreamed on the night of November 9, 1947. I believe that it was precognitive because I cannot believe that the long arm of coincidence is long enough to explain the dream and its sequel. I have the exact date because I was still keeping a written record and because I still have a newspaper which carries the report of the sequel to the dream. A third document is a testimony to its occurrence, written at the time by a person to whom the dream was related a few hours before reality caught up with its precognitive content. (This certificate, from a Mr. M. B. Campbell, a director of several companies, is appended.) It is also the only dream I recall which, had I acted on it, might have made me a good deal richer. It was concerned with horse racing, a subject in which I have never had the slightest interest other than to believe that its associated gambling was a rapid road to ruin.

In the dream I was on a flat moorland which stretched before me infinitely to the horizon. To my right was the

sea, its frothy edge nibbling the sandy shore and receding in a straight line to the remote distance. To my left, and running parallel to the seashore, was a grassy racetrack, or rather a green road of grass, which also fled away into infinity.

I myself stood between the sea and the racetrack. The latter was bordered down one side by white railings, and on the side nearer to the sea, by a straight line of upturned barrels. Scattered over the yellow beach and the grass track was a great crowd of people, all gazing intently down the track. Everyone was quite motionless, and apart from the crawling white edge of the sea, the scene resembled a huge painted picture. I could see no grandstands but, like the other spectators, I was staring down the grass road and could not see behind me.

After a time, tiny dark pinpoints appeared on the distant track. They slowly increased in size and I realized that these were horses approaching in a race. I was worried about the spectators who stood on the track, since it seemed that the horses would dash into them. Everyone remained in frozen immobility, however, gazing at the approaching runners.

Soon the horses were near enough for me to distinguish the colored silks and their jerking heads. But, as they neared the crowds on the track, all except one wheeled to their left and galloped toward the sea. This horse, however, maintained its course and dashed through the standing spectators, miraculously not touching one. It was ridden by a man wearing a dark business suit, and as it passed, the on-lookers came to life and cheered wildly. Everyone turned to watch its progress and then I saw great grandstands full of people who also were waving with enthusiasm.

Facing the stands was an enormous long white board supported on posts and on this appeared, one after the other, the figures 2-0-2-0. The horse and horseman had disappeared but they had evidently won the race and it was a

popular victory. I felt a sense of elation and shared in the excited talk among the racegoers. That was the end of the dream and I awoke, remembering the whole dream quite clearly.

During the morning the vision of this seaside racetrack constantly rose before my eyes and I could not fail to wonder if it held any significance. Toward lunchtime I called on the director of a building firm and during our conversation told him of my dream. I asked him whether the figures 2020 could be statistics relating to a horse. He thought it improbable. But in his office was the London *Daily Telegraph* and together we looked at the day's racing program which that day took place at Leicester. I suggested that the figures might connote the recent placings of a horse but only three placings were given and not four. On inspection there was not even a placing of 202.

I then suggested that 2020 might refer to age (in years) and weight (in English stones) which I knew were also printed upon a program. But my friend kindly pointed out that even if an elderly horse of 20 years was running, it was hardly likely to carry 20 stone (280 pounds)! So we abandoned the quest and I decided that it was one of those many dreams which are meaningless.

By the early evening I had forgotten the incident in the problems of the day's work. On my way home, however, I bought an *Evening News* and, as is my custom, glanced first at the headlines and then at the "Late News" to see if anything startling had occurred. In a way, it had. Nothing very much to surprise the ordinary reader—but at the top of the "Late" column was printed the result of the 3:45 P.M. race at Leicester. It had been won by a horse with the improbable name of Twenty-Twenty, of which, of course, I had never heard. It was a flat race named the Stoughton Plate, the jockey being Gordon Richards. Twenty-Twenty was a bay gelding by Rosewell out of Thirteen and this was

only the second race it had won in its career. Why the sea appeared in the dream I do not know; Leicester is as far from the coast as is possible in England.

During our inspection of the racing program in the morning, we had not given attention to the horses' names but only to figures. I confess I felt a sense of frustration on seeing the race result in cold print. I admit that, had I seen that name among the runners, I should have risked a handsome stake in spite of my disapproval of betting. I have since had no similar dream and perhaps it happens only once in a lifetime.

* * *

Appended to this article is the letter I asked Mr. Campbell to prepare, in order that the recounting of the dream may be verified.

17th November 1947

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I certify that during the morning of 10th November 1947, Mr. A. S. Jarman called at this office and told me of a dream he had had the previous night relating to a horse winning a race and the figures 2020. We looked together through the morning paper to see if these figures could be relevant to the statistical figures of a horse running at Leicester that day but could find nothing apt. The following morning Mr. Jarman showed me a morning paper which reported that a horse named Twenty-Twenty had won the 3:45 P.M. race at Leicester the previous day. We had not considered the names of the runners when trying to allocate the figures 2020 the previous day.

M. B. CAMPBELL, *Director*
Campbell & Co.
Builders & Contractors
Richmond, Surrey

For personal reasons, the young lady who underwent these prophetic experiences is using a pseudonym here. The dream she describes might have a startling example of telepathy instead of prophecy, but the tea-leaf readings indeed belong among prophetic case histories. She is a career girl in New York City.

I Knew It the Night Before

Karen Crowley

THOUGH I have since been to college elsewhere, and now live in New York City, I spent my childhood and high school years entirely in a small town in upper New York State. If I possess any psychic power at all, it comes to me naturally, I suspect, from my mother, who used to dabble in reading tea leaves, mostly for fun, but with occasional surprising results.

The most startling experience, because of the accuracy of its prophetic detail, that I have had in this psychic area occurred when I was fourteen. My older sister had just married a young man from our hometown, of whom I was fond, as I was of her. (In fact, she and I had always been extremely close.) They had been married only four months, and had come home for the Christmas and New Year's holidays that year, the end of 1954 and the beginning of 1955. There had been parties and much gaiety; my mother had outdone herself in baking and preparing specialties for everyone. On the evening of January 3, my sister and

brother-in-law left to return to Cherry Point, North Carolina, where he was stationed in the Marines. They planned to drive most of the night, and it was on that night that I had a very disturbing dream.

I dreamt that they were driving, then, along a winding highway at night. At a bad curve, in my dream, blinding headlights loomed up suddenly in their path, and they collided head on with the oncoming car. The other car was in the wrong; it had been too far over on the left side of the road. In my dream, my sister was very badly hurt and my brother-in-law killed. I woke up, quite shaken by this—it had been extremely vivid.

In the morning, still upset, I told my mother about the dream. She tried to reassure me, insisting that it was simply a nightmare.

Late that same afternoon, though, I was coming home from a school function and happened to pass the store run by the father of my brother-in-law. I saw my own father inside the store talking intently with him and was somehow certain that my dream had been prophetic.

Inside the store, my father told me that my sister and her husband had indeed been in a bad accident in North Carolina, in the early hours of that morning, when it was still dark, and that they were both still alive. My mother and I, with my brother-in-law's parents, immediately drove to the hospital where they were being treated. My sister was in very poor shape (she had to undergo a series of operations later), and within two days my brother-in-law died of a blood clot on his brain.

They had been driving along a winding road at night, had reached a bad curve, and had crashed head on into another car which had been too far over on the left-hand side of the road.

For a long time, perhaps understandably, I shied away from psychic phenomena. Recently, and mostly for amusement, I have read tea leaves for friends. With two of them, to my surprise, I have had enough success to warrant mention here.

I read leaves for one friend, a girl in book publishing, in New York in January 1967. The leaves seemed to indicate to me that she would be going to a large party—where she would be unhappy, because the person she most wanted to be with was not there.

Unknown to her and me at the time, an invitation was en route to her. Without thinking of my prediction, she accepted, and found herself at the party a week and a half later. She was unhappy there, and wished that the person she most wanted to see had come; it was some time before she remembered my "reading."

Encouraged by this relatively slight instance of tea-leaf reading, I tried it again with this friend, and with another, a self-employed girl, one night in February 1967. For the first girl, I predicted from the leaves that she would find herself at a beach, in winter, with a male friend, and that there would be seagulls circling overhead.

A week later, my first friend was asked to spend a day on Long Island Sound with a man she dated. There were seagulls around and she was rather excited later, to recall my second prophecy for her—from tea leaves, of all things.

At the "sitting" in February, I had predicted for my second friend that she would go sledding, and further, have a snowball fight. There was no snow at the time of this "reading," and my friend was not much given to winter sports generally, to say the least.

However, a blizzard descended on New York shortly afterwards, and four days after this February "reading" she found herself in Central Park, walking about in the recent snow. At one juncture, completely unmindful of what I had

said, she found a garbage can top and slid down a hill on it. A snowball fight was going on at the bottom among a number of small children. Still unwittingly, she joined in. And then she remembered my little prediction.

I must say, I myself am far from ready to open a "tea shoppe" and serve up predictions, with authentic claims, but I am a bit taken aback, on the other hand, by these three hits. Let me admit that I've had misses, too, and that I only do this very occasionally and just as an entertainment—for myself, as much as for anyone. In short, I'm skeptical about tea-leaf "reading" and not ready to proclaim that these instances are much more than coincidence. The dream falls into another category, though, I'd say. It was so specifically accurate, and it shook me so profoundly when it occurred, the very night before I learned its truth, that I think I'm ready to say that extrasensory perception was at work in that case.

An English officer's capture and execution, after receiving Benedict Arnold's plans, had been foreseen in a dream years before. Dr. Harlow, on the faculty of Smith College for thirty years, wrote Thoughts for Times Like These (1957).

Betrayal at West Point

S. Ralph Harlow

A REMARKABLE precognition experience involving the tragic Major John André, the British officer to whom Benedict Arnold betrayed West Point in 1780, makes a fascinating story out of Colonial America and the American Revolution. Several years before André was seized by three militiamen who found the West Point plans in his boots, a Mr. Cunningham in Lichfield, Derbyshire, England, told a friend of a dream in which three soldiers had captured a man who was later hanged after some papers in his boots proved him a spy.

Cunningham and his friend, a Mr. Newton, were then visiting the Reverend John Seward and his daughter Anna Seward, in whose home the beautiful Honora Sneyd had once lived as if she were an adopted daughter. André, who held a commission with the Seventh Royal Fusiliers and was soon to sail for service in Canada, was to be the guest of the Sewards that day. He had for years been deeply in love with Honora, who had refused him despite the urgings of Anna Seward that she marry the young officer.

This, then, was André's farewell visit to the town of the girl whose memory he still revered even if she would never be his wife. Cunningham had just finished telling about his dream when Major André came into the room. The startled Cunningham told Newton at the first opportunity that the man who had just entered was the same man who had been hanged in his dream, for he clearly remembered his features.

Some of the details of André's life merit more attention for a better understanding of this macabre incident. John André was born in London of Swiss parents who had lived in Geneva before coming to England to improve the family fortunes. In 1769, when he happened to be in Lichfield on a minor errand, he met Honora Sneyd at the Seward home, where Anna Seward enjoyed a measure of fame as the leader of a small but spirited literary group. André was not only a young soldier of distinction, but a man of poetic, artistic, and musical talents.

Honora did not return his love. Some authorities have implied that she did, but that her parents disapproved of a marriage with the young officer.

In any event, in 1773 she married R. L. Edgeworth, the once-famous author of *Castle Rackrent*, *Belinda*, *The Absentee*, *Ormond*, *Harry and Lucy*, and other novels about Irish life. The apparently glamorous Honora's other disappointed suitors included Thomas Day, best known for a quaint book of manners for the young, *Sandford and Merton*, for his antislavery poem, "The Dying Negro," and for such works as *The Devoted Legions*, published in 1776, and *The Desolation of America*, 1777, in which he, a loyal Englishman, nevertheless revealed he sympathized fervently with the American colonies in their struggle for independence from the mother country.

When André was first taken prisoner after the capture of Fort George in St. John's, South Québec, in 1775 by the American general Richard Montgomery, he was stripped of almost every personal possession by some soldiers who were as harsh and inhuman as their chief, Montgomery, was humane and magnanimous.

André described his capture in a letter as follows: "I have been taken prisoner by the Americans and robbed of everything save the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I think myself happy." The picture was probably a miniature porcelain, and thus has Honora been further immortalized in America by the man she spurned at Lichfield.

After many months as a weary prisoner in Pennsylvania, André was finally exchanged. He immediately became a favorite of Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander in New York, who appointed him Adjutant General (with the rank of Major) and made him a member of his personal staff. During his service with Clinton, the brilliant American general Benedict Arnold approached Sir Henry with an offer to betray the secrets and other details of the important American fortress at West Point overlooking the Hudson River. Clinton, first taken aback by this treasonable offer from a man second only to Washington in military stature, accepted it as an opportunity to end the American rebellion in swift and dramatic fashion. He chose his favorite, Major André, to negotiate with Arnold.

Arnold had the complete confidence of General Washington. Arnold had led the victory at Saratoga, the battle which made France the ally of the new nation and had suffered a leg wound as he led a valiant charge in this fight.

Following this battle, other officers were promoted despite lesser service than the man who had led them in this crucial battle. Arnold brooded over what he considered

these unjust slights by Congress, but he was also worried about heavy gambling debts he was unable to meet. These and other factors caused him to deliberately plot the destruction of Washington's reputation, a venture for which he was richly paid in cash and with a high command in the British Army. The enormity of this betrayal is unparalleled in American history.

This was the man with whom John André negotiated for the plans of West Point. A British vessel landed him at a prearranged spot where he met Arnold, discussed details, and received the plans of the fortress which the British were to attack within a few days, with the aid of Arnold. During these negotiations, the vessel which had landed André was fired on by American guns and had to depart hastily without taking André on.

And now André made the mistake which cost him his life: he exchanged his uniform for civilian clothes, put the West Point plans in his boots, and started out the next day on a horse for New York, seemingly safe because he had a safe-conduct pass furnished by no less a commander than General Benedict Arnold. As André rode on, his mission all but accomplished, three soldiers who belonged to a scouting party operating between the lines of the British and American forces, sprang from a covert of trees and seized the bridle of his horse.

With the momentary loss of his usual self-possession, André asked the men where they belonged, instead of producing at once the pass Arnold had given him. The soldiers replied, "To below," a term indicating that despite their uniforms they were a scouting party from the British lines.

"And so do I," replied André, not suspecting the deception of the soldiers. He then identified himself as a British officer on an urgent mission and ordered that he be detained no longer. Suddenly he discovered his mistake, but it was

too late. He offered various bribes to gain his freedom, but the soldiers rejected these offers without hesitation. Instead, they searched his boots and found exact descriptions, in Arnold's handwriting, of the state of the forces at West Point, along with many comments on the defense works of the fortress. They then took him to the headquarters of Lieutenant Colonel Jamieson, the officer in command of the scouting parties on the Hudson. Word of André's capture reached Arnold in the meantime, and he escaped on horseback and was later picked up by a British ship and taken to New York.

André was court-martialed, found guilty as a spy, and sentenced to be hanged. He claimed he was merely a prisoner of war, acting under higher orders. This defense was rejected chiefly because he had discarded his British uniform and was seized wearing civilian clothes within the American lines. But experts consider this a technicality, for Washington had no choice, under the rules of war, in not sparing the life of a man he himself admitted "was more unfortunate than criminal."

André was hanged at Tappan, New York, on October 2, 1780. George Washington marked the event in his journal with these words:

André met his fate with that fortitude which was to be expected of a gallant officer: but I am mistaken if at this time Arnold is undergoing the torments of a mental hell. He lacks feeling. From some traits of his character which have lately come to my attention, he seems to have lost all sense of honor and shame. While his faculties still enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse.

And John Marshall in his biography of Washington writes of the André tragedy:

The general officers lamented the sentence, which the usages of war compelled them to pronounce; and perhaps on no occasion of his life did Washington obey with more reluctance the stern mandates of duty and policy. The sympathy excited among American officers by his fate was as universal as it is unusual on such occasions; and proclaims the merit of him who suffered, and the humanity of those who inflicted the punishment.

André was buried at the foot of the tree on the banks of the Hudson where he met his death. Later his body was exhumed and taken back to England on a British warship for reburial in Westminster Abbey.

With some of these events in mind, the dream which was related earlier by Mr. Cunningham takes on more meaning. He related how he found himself alone on a forest road. Soon a rider appeared and he saw plainly the rider's face, a face of unusual character and courage, he remarked to Newton. Suddenly, from the side of the road, three men sprang out and stopped the rider, seizing the bridle and hauling the rider from his horse. He saw them take off the rider's boots and remove some papers from them.

Then the dream changed—and it can indeed be called a second dream—and Cunningham found himself in a town in another country, far from England. A crowd was present in a square and, continued Cunningham, he saw the horseman of his vision led down the street by soldiers. A gallows was in the square and he, Cunningham, witnessed the hanging of the horseman.

That man in Lichfield, so many years before the death of André, remembered very clearly the facial features of the captive. And then André entered the room, and Cunningham saw the same man with those features he could not forget.

The English have buried André with their heroes in their greatest cathedral. But the Americans have taken André to their hearts also, and his tragic story remains a rich piece of Americana that excites and saddens succeeding generations of children and men.

The author, who believes that her "hunch" came from "an unseen power," has contributed to Science of Mind, Daily Meditations, and other religious periodicals.

Did My Hunch Save Her Life?

Ona Lacy Hunter

I WAS living and teaching school in a town about thirty miles from the place where my mother lived alone. One day I had a strong feeling that my mother was ill and needed me. We were very close, and she always turned to me in sickness or trouble.

I tried all day to fight off my premonition, but instead of diminishing, it grew stronger. I'd tell myself: "It's just your imagination. Mother's all right." But deep inside, I knew she wasn't.

On that particular day, I had an adult class scheduled for the evening at the schoolhouse.

Reluctantly, I went to meet the class, but my mind was not on my work. I kept seeing my mother in bed, helpless and alone.

Finally this vision became so compelling that I dismissed the class, pleading a headache which I really had developed in my anxiety. For a moment after my students were gone, I held my head, trying to map out a plan of action. It was long after bus time, and I had no way of getting to my mother's home except by automobile. I had no car.

I got up and went into the office to the telephone. I called up my son-in-law and asked him to take me in his car.

He seemed astonished at my request. "Haven't you noticed the dark clouds? There's a storm coming for sure. I don't like to start now," he said. "You know how bad that road can be when there's a washing rain. I doubt if we could get there tonight."

Desperately I pleaded: "I've got to get there. I know Mother is sick and needs me terribly."

"You must be out of your head, Mom," he told me. "How would you know she's sick? You didn't hear from her."

"I just *know*," I said. "Please, try to get me there, for I feel it's a matter of death for Mother if I don't get there."

At last my sincerity impressed him, and he agreed to go. He picked me up at the schoolhouse and we started, even though thunder growled its warning.

We were more than halfway to Mother's when the storm hit us. I had been in storms before, but never in one as bad as this—blinding flashes of lightning were followed by crashing thunder that seemed to shake the earth. Then the rain came in torrents. It was hard for Bob, my son-in-law, to keep the car on the road with the strong wind and the tides of water sweeping against its sides.

The farther we went, the worse grew the storm. The road wound through a valley and hugged the bluffs on one side. The water washed down from the bluffs with such force it carried away everything in its path. Rock and saplings soon blocked the road.

I was stiff with fear, but I knew we could not turn back. We had to go on some way. At intervals Bob would stop the car, get out, and clear the road ahead the best he could. Thus we crept along, expecting to be swept from the road into a ditch at any moment.

I prayed silently as we plowed slowly through the debris.

Once we were beyond the overhanging cliffs the road was open except for the river of water that poured across it.

We reached my mother's at last, and I found her ill indeed. She had been in bed all day in great pain. No one had come in to do a thing for her. Bob went at once to bring her doctor. The doctor said Mother was having heart spells and probably would have died before morning had she not gotten medical assistance.

It seems to me that my hunch that day was from some unseen power. If not, what caused me to know and to go when I did?

Paranormal phenomena in wartime Germany reflected widespread fears and tensions. Professor Bender is Director of the Institute for Border Areas of Psychology and Mental Hygiene, University of Freiburg, Germany.

Previsions of Disaster

Hans Bender

EXPERIENCE shows that most cases of spontaneous parapsychological, or "psi," phenomena relate to events and experiences of a threatening character. The preponderance of "death messages" in this field is eloquent evidence of that fact. Misfortune, separation, sickness, danger to life and limb, loss of property—these too motivate telepathic, clairvoyant, and precognitive impressions far more frequently than do feelings of joy or indifference. The field in which spontaneous phenomena develop apparently maintains its strongest tension through anxiety.

Since war represents the supreme threat to existence and the maximum heightening of human distress, it is logical for us to study spontaneous experiences in the framework of war. Indeed, we hope that enough material is collected on a broad international basis to make possible a study in comparative statistics. Such a study would deal with the frequency and, if possible, the special features of spontaneous cases related to the war situation, in contrast to reports made in normal peacetime conditions.

The Freiburg Institute for Border Areas of Psychology and Mental Hygiene has collected and analyzed reports on paranormal phenomena in wartime Germany. Many of our informants we interviewed personally. Wherever possible, we obtained additional confirmation and tried to make a thorough examination of the informant's credibility.

We found a surprisingly high percentage of ostensibly precognitive experiences: about two-thirds of all cases reported were prevision experiences, occurring mostly in the form of realistic truth dreams. Remembering as we do the terrible disaster which ended twenty-two years ago, we ask how long before then it may have cast its shadow.

Thus, in 1919, a mother had an unusually vivid dream, two weeks after the birth of her youngest son. She was standing in a completely strange place not far from the sea and knew that her youngest son lay buried there. In utter anguish she looked for him, running her hands through the loose sand in many parts of the beach. She awoke with a scream and, still under the spell of the dream, implored her husband, who had also awakened: "You must help me look for our Hans! He's lying by the sea under the sand."

During all this, the infant slept calmly and peacefully in his crib.

But the same dream kept coming back to her years after that. Twenty-seven years later, in the autumn of 1946, the Red Cross sent her word that her son had died in a French prison camp. After endless searching, she finally got in touch with two of her son's comrades, who had witnessed his death. They sent her a sketch of Fort Mahon, between Abbéville and Boulogne on France's northern coast, and wrote: "Hans's grave lies in the dunes near Fort Mahon 800 meters from the sea."

Ever since 1928, a Mrs. S—, living on the outskirts of Danzig, had a recurring dream: She was in Danzig. Caught up in a crowd of people, she found herself being dragged toward

a large red-brick building with barred windows. Mutely and in profound despair she stared up at the windows. Behind one of them she saw the face of her husband, with an unfamiliar military cap on his head. He was motioning to her as if saying goodbye.

She writes: "Because of the barred windows, and not because of the cap, I finally came to the conclusion that this was a prison. But it was insane to imagine that my husband would ever be found there. Strengthening my conviction was the fact that in the dream thousands of people were with me in front of the building and had the same feeling I did."

Eleven years later, on the day of general mobilization, Mrs. S—'s dream became reality. Her husband had long since been drafted into a Danzig police regiment. Shortly before the regiment was suddenly moved out, she saw him in the precise situation described in the dream. And he was wearing a military cap—the like of which she had never before seen him wear.

The stereotyped recurrence of this dream had convinced my informant that it had a special meaning. Yet its meaning remained obscure until the moment the dream-scene actually occurred in real life.

Trifling details of the great film of the future, always relating to one's personal fate, seem to foreshadow a great collective sweep of events. I know an actress who has kept a dream diary ever since childhood, when she first began to get truth dreams. She showed me an entry for 1935:

"I heard a cry, as if coming from a gramophone record being played somewhere: 'Down with Hitler! Down with Hitler!' As a huge crowd shouted these words from a distance, I was sitting at a table and drinking wine with my father. He drank to me and said: 'I get along very well with your husband.'"

This was seven years before her marriage. At that time, she had the feeling she would never marry, so she found the dream quite odd. Nine years later, on July 20, 1944, the day of the abortive underground coup against Hitler, she sat with her father and husband over a bottle of wine, in exactly the same situation she had experienced in her dream.

Up to then, the father had never become reconciled to her husband. Now for the first time the two men drew close to each other in the common hope that at last something decisive might happen. My informant felt she knew what would take place the minute after. Her father raised his glass, drank to her, and said: "I get along very well with your husband."

In our data, dreams of the future that occurred a few weeks or months before the outbreak of war are even richer in detail. A level-headed man, today a school principal, was in 1939 a student in Prague. He dreamt that he was marching in uniform with other soldiers behind a crudely fashioned wooden coffin. The procession moved through a city whose houses were built in a style unfamiliar to him; the place smelled of fish and stagnant water.

In the dream he peered at the windows of the shops and wondered why the faces of the inhabitants of the little town were so hostile. Six years later the dream came true: In May 1945, as a prisoner of war of the Canadians in Holland, he was assigned to a unit that had to dig up land mines. When the unit suffered its first casualty, they bore their dead comrade to his grave in a crudely built coffin.

Everything went off exactly as in his dream. As they walked through the little town of Dubbeldam, where neither he nor his comrades had ever been before, he could tell in advance what shop windows and little street scenes they would encounter. All the others were flabbergasted by his foreknowledge.

Visions in the waking state—"second sight"—constitute another form in which prophetic experiences are manifested. To those involved, such visions are usually much more convincing than dreams. This may be bound up with the fact that modern man views the "night sides of the life of the soul" as an arena for nothing but fantasies. What occurs during the waking hours seems to bear a stronger accent of reality. Hence visions in the waking state are more frequently interpreted as warnings.

In the first years of World War II, hardly anyone in Germany realized the terrible danger of air raids, later destined to reduce entire cities to rubble and ash. Goering had arrogantly boasted that not a single enemy plane would manage to get through and bomb German soil. Before the war, even the most confirmed pessimists considered such destruction impossible.

"Second sight" rejected this complacent assumption. An informant tells us of an incident in the spring of 1939: He was hastening by full moon through the main business streets of Freiburg, trying to catch the last streetcar. Suddenly the scene seemed to change. All around him was a vast expanse of ruins. Only the cathedral remained unharmed. He broke out in a cold sweat. He knew one thing: I must write this down at once and tell it to witnesses. In the streetcar he must have seemed totally distraught; the conductor asked one of the other passengers to get up and give him his seat. This vision made him move away from Freiburg—in July 1939. On November 27, 1944, the heart of the city of Freiburg was completely destroyed, with only the cathedral left standing as if by a miracle.

This informant was dogged by ill luck all his life. What he interpreted as a warning later turned out to be an instrument of his ill luck. He moved to Hamburg, where he lost all he possessed in an air raid. His former house in Freiburg remained untouched.

Another category of dreams seems to mirror the future plight of refugees. As early as 1930, a lady from East Prussia dreamt at recurring intervals that she was being hounded and pursued. A feeling of anxiety gripped her but it was then softened by the image of an unfamiliar house with old furniture, where she received shelter. In her dream she felt that the house belonged to an elderly relative of hers whom she did not know personally and who had just died. She could not understand why she should be happy to inherit old furniture and feel good in the home of a dead person.

Fifteen years later, she joined in the great trek of hundreds of thousands of East Prussians, fleeing before the advancing Russians. In direct distress, she finally came to the house of an old and very distant relative. The excitement of events had been too much for him. He had died of shock. She was allowed to remain in the house.

It is idle to speculate whether, by systematically collecting and analyzing the striking dreams and visions in the prewar period, we might have gained clues to the threatening calamity and the forms it would take. Many of our present informants, had they been questioned then, would probably have informed us of their experiences. Testimony from witnesses and written documents show how much they were struck by such phenomena.

Analyzing the data in retrospect, we may have some reservations concerning the conclusive proof of spontaneous experiences; yet we cannot forego the impression that, fragmentarily at least, the catastrophe cast its coming shadow before. My Dutch colleague, Professor W. H. C. Tenhaeff, has also come to this conclusion in his book *Orlogvoorspellingen (War Prophecies)*, published in 1948.

After World War I, the Belgian writer Maurice Maeterlinck, published in 1918 his *Les Débris de la Guerre (The*

Debris of War), in which he reported on a study of eighty-three prophecies of World War I. His conclusion was negative and he wrote, almost completely baffled, that now

It is surer than ever that there is no connection between us and the vast reservoir of events which have not yet occurred and yet which seems to exist somewhere, only waiting for the hour to pour over us; or more accurately expressed, waiting for the moment in which we go past them. Indeed it is well-nigh inconceivable that this catastrophe, as it drew near bringing untold misery in its wake, did not more clearly cast its menacing shadow over us. A secret of this gravity should have weighed on every human being, producing premonitions and revelations. Nothing of the sort. Nonchalantly we came and went in the face of the impending tragedy which, from year to year, from day to day, and finally from hour to hour, drew closer and closer; nor did we see it until it was already touching our heads.

The contradiction arises from the diversity of his study data. Maeterlinck analyzed general, oracle-like prophecies of war. These, with the exception of two based on spontaneous experiences, proved illusory. Only when it is related to one's personal destiny does the collective fate of mankind seem involuntarily now and then to light up in mysterious fragments.

On August 31, 1939, Hitler ordered a general mobilization in Germany; on September 3, Great Britain and France declared war on the German Reich. After the swift conquest of Poland, most Germans were confident of victory. Yet at the end of September in that year the thirteen-year-old Marie-Luise Debus dreamt of military operations near her parents' house—some thirty miles from Munich. The next morning she told of having had the feeling that the war would end there but that their house would remain undamaged.

Her parents were of course concerned about the future; but they could not even conceive of military operations so deep inside their own country. On April 29, 1945, American units occupied the village where the house was located. For a day there was a lively artillery duel with the remnants of retreating German troops trying to protect Munich. A German battery hurled its last shells over the roof of the house. The shells kept exploding ever closer and closer. Then suddenly the battery ceased firing. A few days later the war ended.

From the five and a half years of relentless combat have come numerous accounts of premonitions of death. All forms of consciousness appear—I hope to present them elsewhere in a statistical breakdown.

For instance, there are voices. At the moment her youngest son, a flyer, dies in action, a mother hears a voice cry out her pet name three times in a tone of mortal anguish. Later when she is told that her boy was wounded, she shakes her head: "I know better. He is dead."

A woman hears her husband cry out seven times in pain. In the middle of the night she rushes to her neighbors' to find out whether they too had heard his voice. At that very hour, she later learned, her husband died.

Another category: death messages in strange baffling dreams. On December 27, 1941, a woman informant jots down on awakening the following words: "Warm regards to all of you, but henceforth we can no longer return by the same roads over which we came. Hilmar." She had dreamt that her sister, all excited, had come to her to buy cigarettes for their brother Hilmar stationed on the Russian front. The sister gave our informant a slip of paper on which were typed the curious words she had written down when she awoke. In the dream she replied to her sister: "You won't need any more cigarettes. He'll never come back again."

From that day on she knew her brother was dead, and could scarcely bear to see how unconcerned her family appeared to be. Not until February of the next year did the news come that Hilmar had died in action in the morning hours of December 27, 1941.

In "death messages," it is open to question whether telepathy is always sufficient as a category of classification. A teacher who lost his three sons in the war reports:

On the night of January 16-17, 1942, I started up dazed in a military hospital, dreaming I had received a blow on the head. That same instant I knew: Kurt, my oldest son, had fallen. Subsequent news of his death confirmed the details of my dream. On July 29, 1943, I was taking a midday nap after lunch. In a state of dozing I saw a plane crash headlong to earth. Then it exploded, showering dirt, stones, and debris about. The spot was soon a mass of flames and smoke. Later I received a message dated July 30, 1943, from my son Egbert's commanding officer, notifying me of the boy's death on the afternoon of July 29 when his plane exploded.

It is impossible to decide whether such "death messages" are signs—in the sense of intentional manifestations. Frequently the telepathic contact occurs without any conscious intentions; in other cases, however, the desire for a connection seems to favor the transference. Aside from that, we must ask whether the dozing teacher's experience can really be called telepathic. The event appears to the "perceptant," not in the sight of the "agent." The pilot as he crashed can scarcely have been aware of the ensuing explosion and fire. The father saw the event from his standpoint, that is, from the outside, as a vision across space.

Perhaps what happens in such cases is that a kind of telepathic S.O.S. cry emanates from human beings in their moment of death-agony. In some inexplicable way—the problem of "singularization"—this then reaches the receiver

for whom it is meant. Whether the latter, in turn, unconsciously sees the event clairvoyantly is a question we cannot answer. We are investigating spontaneous experiences so as to get hints as to what questions to ask. Perhaps one day these will lead to experiments which alone can furnish reliable scientific proof.

From 1942 on, Germany became a theater of war. The dreadful fate of Coventry was repeated in intensified form in the cities of Germany. Many informants were impelled by dreams to haul their household belongings to safety at the very last moment; a few others, filled with a sense of security as a result of dreams or intuitions, remained quietly in their homes. In the last year of the war, in many parts of Germany there was an ever-present danger of being machine-gunned by low-flying fighter planes. Related to such a situation is a complicated psi experience of a mother sent to a concentration camp on account of her political outlook. At the end of January 1945, she dreamt that her daughter was caught in a railroad train in the midst of a heavy air raid. She saw how her daughter wanted to leave the coach and sprawl on the ground at the edge of the railway embankment. In the dream she begged her daughter to go back, aware that death was lurking for her there.

The daughter later confirmed the incident: On the night of January 30, 1945, she sought frantically to get out of a railway train then under a dive-bombing attack. All at once she felt herself drawn back into the coach. Another woman passenger, seeking refuge in the same spot on the embankment, was killed outright. Here, as a result of deep emotional anxiety, a reciprocal telepathic connection seems to have come about, by which the mother's warning premonition was conveyed to the daughter and made the latter feel she was being drawn back into the train.

This same lady, shortly after her removal to the concentration camp, had a frightful dream: She saw a huge moun-

tain of human bones, with the figure "530" written across it in digits about the size of a man. With this vision came the distinct feeling that she would be freed from the concentration camp after 530 days. Bolstered by this foreknowledge, she was a tower of strength to her fellow-inmates. Few of them survived. She went free—after exactly 530 days!

Our data shows that, during wartime, experiences in precognition were more frequent than telepathic experiences. Thus, an officer, returning home for a short leave, is taking a bath. His wife, a doctor, "sees" a bullet wound on his back. Discreetly she tells him about it and gives him good advice which he shrugs off as nonsense. A year later on the Russian front he is shot in the back and killed while riding in a motorcycle sidecar.

Another informant, who claims to have had "second sight" from childhood, dreams repeatedly: Her son kneels on a fallow field lit up by searchlight beams, his shoulder straps torn off, his sword belt gone, and his eyes turned toward her as if seeking help in his mortal agony. On his neck he has a sizable dark gray mark that resembles a bullet wound.

She narrates the incident to her father confessor. He calms her, saying it may not be a case of "second sight" at all, and urges her to pray for mercy. All the years her son fights in Russia she suffers terribly, especially in late winter, the season in which she saw the fallow field of her dream.

On February 8, 1945, an inner voice tells her that now the fateful day has come. That whole evening and night the family prays for divine aid. Toward morning she grows calm, as with a very ill person who has just surmounted a crisis. She knows that the crisis is over for her son, too: He is either dead or a prisoner of war.

In 1948, he returned from Russia. He remembered how on the evening of February 8, 1945, Soviet tanks had broken

through the German lines and were rounding up all retreating wounded Germans, sending them to a central dressing station. There on a fallow field, with searchlight beams playing over them, they were shot. He too was ordered to get down on his knees to receive the fatal shot. At the last moment an order was issued to bring in this one prisoner for questioning. When dawn came, the Russian colonel placed him in a tank turret. He was the only man in his unit saved.

I have described this incident in such detail because it shows how intensively, in rare cases, psi phenomena can be integrated with personality behavior. Our goal should be to determine the universal validity of the structure of such sensitives, in whom psi experiences are a decisive reality in character formation.

Among the reports there are also tales of apparitions. Here is one such incident, reported by the person to whom it happened. In the final days of the war, shortly after Hitler committed suicide in the underground shelter of his Chancellery, a man was trimming his hedges in a little community in Upper Bavaria. The peaceful, sunny May morning contrasted sharply with events in the larger world, where Germany's fate was about to be sealed.

Aroused by the behavior of his sheep dog, who had got up and was growling, the narrator glanced through the trees and saw his old friend Peter Weber, dressed in full officer's uniform, slowly coming toward him. The unexpected visitor seemed calm and joyful, yet a slight twitching beneath his eyes betrayed inner excitement.

Our informant waved to him and called out in joyous amazement. But when he tried to shake the other man's hand, he clutched at air. Deeply disturbed, he noted the day and hour. Later he learned that at that very time his friend Peter Weber had lost his life.

Germany's surrender occurred on May 7, 1945, at General

Eisenhower's headquarters. On May 8, at the insistence of the Russians, it was reenacted in Berlin. A woman from Bremen, evacuated to a tiny place in Hanover, had been praying daily for peace for afflicted mankind. Early in 1945 she "saw" on the wooden frame of her bed the Roman numerals VII/V, together with a death symbol. (In Europe, it is the custom to write dates by placing the number of the day first, then the number of the month—the reverse of the way it is done in the United States.) She wrote immediately to her father in Bremen and related the incident. He answered: "Let's hope it means the end of the war."

A short time later, as she awoke one morning, she heard her father's voice utter in a Bremen dialect: "Nay, my dear, peace will come, not on seven five but on eight five." Anxiously she and all the other occupants of the house awaited that date. From May 6 on, one rumor followed another: peace, no peace, peace. . . . Finally peace did come. She had been right.

Weeks later, when she returned to Bremen, she was astounded to find in the garden of her father's house a small upright slab. On it were the numerals she had seen; beneath it the words, "Here lies our faithful Bobby." It was her dog Bobby, of whom she had been very fond. The animal had been shot by an English soldier when, barking fiercely, it had sought to prevent the soldier from entering the house.

In the chaotic postwar period, the fate of prisoners, homecomers, and refugees became the main themes for psi experiences. These spontaneous cases, as they were reported to us by many persons, have arisen from the catastrophe of war. All of them reflect, in their mysterious patterns, the history of our time and the story of human hearts.

The wiseacres of a western saloon row derided a prospector for taking directions from a clairvoyant, who was either precognitive or telepathic. But when her visions proved to be accurate, it was too late for him.

Gold Dust in the Crystal Ball

Rick Krepela

HE was a peppery little man with all the earmarks of an eastern dude. His high beaver hat, wing collar, and immaculate frock coat indicated wealth. So too did the burro train of supplies he had brought across the mountains into Silverton, Colorado. Everyone listened when he began throwing money around.

"I want to buy all the claims in Cunningham Gulch and hire all the miners I can," he said.

He was throwing money around all right. The area, tucked in the convulsive folds of southwest Colorado's San Juan Mountains, had played out two years before. Any sensible miner knew there wasn't any silver around—much less a lake of liquid gold!

"Tell us how you got the map again," shouted a grizzled old-timer who could scarcely conceal his contempt.

So Edward Ennis (sometimes spelled Innis) went over it once more. He had inherited money from the family estate in Scotland, and wanted to increase his wealth by finding gold. He had a truthful map to show him where to dig.

"The best clairvoyant in New York gave it to me. Cost

me fifty thousand dollars," he told the miners around the bar.

The men looked at one another and snickered.

That was a lot of silver to cross the palm for a rough map that showed only a dotted line from the railhead at Pueblo to a tiny X near Silverton.

"Here is where you will find a lake of liquid gold," she had announced—presumably with a certain amount of hocus-pocus befitting a free-spending client.

Newspapers like the *Denver Daily News* and the *Silverton Nugget* (1878–1880), Colorado mining records, and personal accounts document the story. But there are gaps. No one bothered to record the name of the clairvoyant and now her identity is lost. Ennis, on the other hand, is a part of bonanza history, a tragic figure who never saw the promise fulfilled.

But he believed. From the beginning he tackled the task of building his mine with the conviction of a man certain of results. It was an all-out gamble.

Although the miners thought he was crazy, they worked for Ennis. One argument always brought the men around.

"Me money's hard, now ain't it?" Ennis would shout.

It certainly was.

He remembered his Scotch ancestry by naming the mine the Highland Mary. She was to prove an elusive, teasing lass located in Cunningham Gulch, seven miles from Silverton.

All accounts agree in saying that the medium, soothsayer, clairvoyant, or whatever, was a woman. Ennis was careful to keep her identity a secret. Her letters—which continued to offer advice over the years—arrived in plain envelopes. Her frequent wires were unsigned. Nobody ever found out if she used a crystal ball or a Ouija board.

That she was an outright fraud was a foregone conclusion to the people of Silverton. Ennis had been taken—but good!

"Lake O' Gold Ennis" became a derisive title along saloon row. The dapper little man was always worth a laugh or two between shifts at the mine.

Traces of ore at the Highland Mary showed up almost immediately. Ennis was delighted—but puzzled. They were finding silver and not gold.

Ennis ordered the men to push on instead of following the silver vein. When the foreman questioned this, Ennis had only one comment.

"Me money's hard."

They dug where he told them to.

Meanwhile, back at the crystal ball, so to speak, the clairvoyant kept up a running commentary on the work. Her instructions how to proceed were definite.

"Go left ten degrees," a letter would command and the whole work force would veer left.

"Too high, angle down," another note would advise. The men in the tunnel would burrow deeper.

The town was laughing openly. This was the craziest tunnel ever; zigging and zagging without reason, it bypassed two more promising silver veins as it bore into the mountain.

Ennis might have had trouble finding help if work in the district had not been scarce. One wag suggested that the miners take up a collection for the far-off "spirit woman."

"Were not for her there wouldn't be none of us working," he said.

Ennis made frequent trips back east. The *Denver Daily News* of September 6, 1879, reported: "Edward Ennis, Esquire, the well-known proprietor of the famous Highland Mary mine, arrived from the East last night and registered at Charpiot's." Ennis was well-known and the mine was famous all right—even though the Highland Mary, located in 1874, hadn't produced a dime.

Ridicule continued until two things happened to blunt

the laughter. The first was small enough and might even have been a coincidence.

Ennis was back in New York for a visit when he wired his men to turn and follow the crevice. Sure enough, that very day the miners had blasted the tunnel into a crevice. There were discussions as to which direction to take. Straight ahead or follow the fault in the rocks? Ennis's wire settled the question.

The town was puzzled. How could Ennis, two thousand miles away in New York, have known about the crevice? The foreman checked the office. No wire had been sent to Ennis telling him of the problem.

Ennis was in New York one other time when he again sent an urgent wire.

"Beware of water. Move equipment to safety and make certain men can escape quickly," the wire said.

"Old 'Lake O' Gold' must have paid that woman some more money," the foreman said. He was probably right.

Fortunately they obeyed orders, even though the tunnel was dry and there was not even a trace of water. It took a full day to move gear to the outside. The men didn't mind—it was easier work than digging.

An eyewitness reminiscent account published in the *Denver Times* (July 10, 1901) explains what happened.

We took Ennis' warning lightly. Within a day the sounds from the drill told us we were approaching a cave. The next shots broke into it and out rushed a stream of water that filled the tunnel. . . . It put a current of air behind us and we jumped on the car quickly. The air forced the car on like a whirlwind and saved us from being drowned. . . . All the men concluded after this that there was something to Ennis' spirit directions and we had more respect for them.

And well they might! Now when people laughed, it was with a touch of nervousness. A vague suspicion of the super-

natural settled on the Highland Mary. Some of the more superstitious miners shied away from the "spooked hole." But Ennis jingled his money and had no real trouble getting men down the tunnel.

"A lot of small things happened that made us all a bit leery," said an ancient ex-miner who had worked the Highland Mary. Struggling with details, he pinpointed one incident. "I recollect one time Ennis wanted all the particulars about a man's kinfolks. He wanted their names, addresses, and everything. He'd never asked that of anyone before. That afternoon the man was killed in an accident at the mine. We had a good many accidents but the pay was good."

An old mining report backs up the charge that the Highland Mary claimed more than her share of victims: "Established rules of mining were violated in following the [clairvoyant's] instructions. . . . many men were killed as the work progressed—victims of accidents that other and more regular procedures might have avoided."

"By 1885 Ennis had spent at least \$750,000. All he had in return was a tunnel more than a mile long. The silver veins were untapped and he had yet to find any gold.

Shenanigans in the world of high finance, plus his own stubbornness, brought a swift end to the dream. The collapse of an eastern banking firm that was handling his funds left Ennis insolvent overnight.

Creditors swooped in from every side. They pushed hard when Ennis was unable to raise even token loans. Former associates—held together by cash—fought each other for the nearest exit.

At stake was a mere \$25,000 worth of back-ordered labor and materials. Ennis tried to raise money on his name. They laughed. He tried to use the mine as collateral. It was bogged down in legal tangles and no one wanted a mine

that had never produced. He tried to raise money to ship silver ore. No dice. The creditors held their distance, waiting for the inevitable.

True, one or two offered help if they could control the mine. None of this nonsense about a clairvoyant, however. Ennis refused.

He took to circulating around the saloons, asking his former men to help. "Lake O' Gold" was still worth a laugh and the men would buy him a drink just to hear him tell his story. The men listened with mock awe as he told them of his latest message from the east.

"Just a short distance—straight ahead," it said.

Pathetically, Ennis would finish by saying, "Please help me—in just a few months I can pay everybody."

Wild cheers, another round of drinks, and profuse promises would rain down on poor Ennis.

"Be at the mine in the morning," they would promise.

But not one ever showed. Ennis lost control of the Highland Mary. He was a broken man, tottering on the border of insanity, when he took the train for his last trip east. He was still mumbling about a "short way to go." This was in 1886. Cryptic accounts hint that Ennis died a pauper in New York around the turn of the century, hopelessly insane, still believing the lake of gold was within his grasp.

About the time Ennis died another dynamic personality came onto the scene. Ironically, it was a woman, a Mrs. Mary Murrel, who began buying up the Highland Mary for a group of financiers. It took strength and determination to fight through the maze of creditors, tax collectors, assorted heirs. She finally broke through the tangle of red tape in 1901 and the Highland Mary opened for the first time in sixteen years.

Rusting machinery was replaced. Regular shipments of silver ore put the mine on a paying basis. Work began on a new shaft to drain the main tunnel. Water had plagued

operations ever since the miners had blasted into the underground cave. The new owners did not intend to waste money pumping.

Naturally they cursed the zigzag path with the erratic twists and dips that made hauling difficult. They were stuck with the main tunnel but wanted nothing else from the Highland Mary. Its past history was almost forgotten.

Geologists were called in to draw up a rock profile of the mountain. They made test drillings, came up with a verdict. Straight ahead—six hundred feet. Ennis had driven the tunnel more than six thousand feet when he was forced to quit. Now the scientists said that a tenth of that distance ahead lay the payoff. A few people remembered uneasily that the clairvoyant had said the same thing. "A short distance more."

During the next few months they blasted through the six hundred feet into what mining engineers call a "blowout." Rich veins of ore traced through the exposed rock and the new owners came to stare.

In a prehistoric past the interior of the mountain had bubbled in a volcanic state. Ransom-sized deposits of gold, silver, copper, and zinc mixed with ashes and volcanic debris in the fiery caldron. The blowout—when it came—thrust these molten ores into channels and fissures through the surrounding rock. The once-liquid mass cooled, solidified so that only the fabulously rich metals marked the old volcanic duct.

Mining records tell the rest. The Highland Mary produced several million dollars' worth of precious metals. The entire mining district prospered as a result of the new finds. Full-scale mining continued well into the thirties, and as late as 1957 a man leased the Highland Mary. He picked his way through the winding tunnel, and chipping away at played-out veins, came out a few thousand dollars richer.

The clairvoyant had spoken true. She had marked the blowout—her lake of gold—almost exactly on the map. What is more, she had done it twenty-five years before the miners were even close.

Who was she? What methods did she use? Apparently no one at the time thought enough of her directions to really press for answers. And now it is too late. By the time the wealth began to pour from the Highland Mary, Edward Ennis was dead. The secret of who guided him—and how—died with him.

Silverton today is a popular "semi-ghost" town in the summer, a favorite spot for the making of western movies. It is a relic of the past, carefully preserved from those far-off boom days when Ennis walked the streets, clanking his "hard money" to get miners to carry out the mysterious instructions he received from the East.

Prophetic experiences have been recorded by this author from all over the world. He was one of the founders of the "Subud" movement, based on the teachings of the Indonesian teacher Pak Subuh, and is the author of Reflections on Subud (1960).

From London to Hong Kong

Husein Rofé

IT appears to me that we must define precognition as conscious or unconscious apprehension of the future, whether intentional or involuntary. Unconscious apprehension is a factor which we share with the animal world, though it is easier to study the behavior of birds as an independent observer than to analyze our own unconscious promptings. The instincts which warn animals of approaching disasters such as earthquakes, and guide them in their daily lives, frequently seem to play a less effective part in human existence. This difference derives from our self-consciousness and the reasoning faculty. Hence precognition in human beings is most often noted among those who reason little, or in moments of deliberate or fortuitous mental quiescence.

The ability willfully to still the mind is a difficult and acquired art, particularly for those burdened with innumerable unrealized desires; and yet its very real value in moments of crisis is obvious even from a study of the protective role of instinct in the animal kingdom. I am referring rather to intuitive awareness than to clairvoyant perception; for,

while those gifted with the latter faculty may find it extremely interesting, it seems to offer them less scope for direct intervention. Visual glimpses are rarely of practical avail.

My views on this subject have been influenced more by what I have experienced than by reading the opinions of others. I feel, therefore, that it may be best to describe events in my own life in which precognition of some kind has played a role, and to give my interpretation of the facts. This will enable the reader to draw conclusions different from my own (which may well be erroneous in some cases); but, if he is prepared to take on trust my claim to have reported my experiences truthfully, he should feel that some explanation is in order: whether my own or that of another.

As a sixteen-year-old schoolboy, lying relaxed in bed one night on the eve of a cross-country run, I suddenly announced to my dormitory mates that a boy would have an accident and cut his leg the following day. They asked me to whom this remark applied; and I, just as perplexed as they, questioned myself. Immediately, "in my mind's eye," I saw a particular boy falling forward and cutting his knee. I gave them his name, but I was as surprised as they when my "vision" came true quite accurately. At this particular age, I was becoming very interested in different techniques of prognostication, although I had never experimented with any psychic techniques except hypnotism. Here the results were so good that the science master received a report of my experiments, and exacted from me a promise to suspend them. They were never resumed.

If the above almost entirely isolated example requires any explanation beyond the suggestion of "mere coincidence," it may indicate subconscious awareness of impending danger to an associate, whose identity was realized only when a direct question was asked by the conscious mind. This idea

of "asking in order to receive" is a principle which I have observed very frequently operating much later in my own life. I would often ask others how many children they had, and then, before giving them time to answer, interrupt them with, for example: "I know, five! Three sons and two daughters, isn't it?" This correct demonstration did not make them feel any easier when, in answer to their "How do you know?" I could only stammer: "But I don't!" These two types of precognition indicate a prompting by oneself or others to ask a question. Once it is asked, one discovers that the answer is already known within.

As to the prompting, this too may not be coincidental. How many dozens of times have I begun to think of a long-forgotten friend, while resting relaxed on a couch, only to get up and find a letter from him or her in my letter box a few minutes later! This was not telepathy, for how could the letter itself speak to me? *Its arrival* evoked the thought, though.

Response to a telepathic plea for assistance may be a form of precognition, though it is customary to see in such cases the intervention of superhuman agencies. I shall cite four instances where I have apparently been led to the aid of distressed persons:

The first occurred in London in 1945. I ran into J.B. in Charing Cross Road *by accident*. I had not met him for a long time, and offered him lodging, as he seemed to be in difficulties. Only later did I learn that he had run into me five minutes after having left a druggist's where he had purchased the poison with which he intended to end his life that day.

The second incident took place in 1947, in Tangier. I felt restlessly impelled to leave my house, and wander aimlessly in the town to seek a young Frenchman, the Vicomte de P—, whom I had met for the first time hours before. After a quarter of an hour, I saw him walking down the road

toward me, and told him that we must go and sit down for a chat in a café. He soon confessed that he was in dire straits and was about to abandon his plan to make a future for himself in North Africa, where he had arrived only a few days before. Again, I was able to offer some constructive assistance.

Another event took place in Tangier, a year later. My action this time was a more conscious one, since I heard that R.T. had just tried to commit suicide. I knew only that he, though a European, was living in a house in the native quarter. Again, I walked almost somnambulistically until I came to a certain street, when my intuition told me that he lived there. I looked up at a house at the end of the street, but then told myself I was being a fool, and walked off. Five minutes later, I passed an unknown European woman, walking in the opposite direction. Again the inner voice spoke, and told me to follow her, which I did, discreetly and at a distance. She led me back to the same house, and entered it. Reason asserted itself, and I decided I was being too imaginative. Nevertheless, I observed the street, its name, and the café a few doors away. That night, I ran into an Algerian resident of the town, Boussif, who said: "I know where the house is, and I can take you there tomorrow." He did not know the name of the street, but did think there was a café near the house. The next day, he took me back to the selfsame building. Eventually, I took R.T. across to Spain and put him on a train back home.

A further event occurred in Bali in 1950. In his preface to my book *Reflections on Subud* (1960), the Frisian painter Auke Sonnega describes how I appeared "miraculously" at his isolated inn amid the mountains in the center of this tropical isle, when he was the only resident, and at a time when he was convinced that he was bewitched, a victim of the reputed forces of black magic traditionally associated

with the beautiful island. He relates how, as a result of my arrival, he was able to free himself from the nightly visitations of "dangerous elementals."

For those who are familiar with the "Subud" movement, and my connection with it, it is important to stress that all these four experiences occurred before I had ever heard of this discipline or of its founder, Pak Subuh. When, however, I did meet him, I saw how he trained people to do precisely what I had described: to go off on their bicycles, using their "mental radar" to guide them directly to a friend living in the same town, whose whereabouts were unknown at the time. These experiments were often successful. In two of the four cases I have cited above, my action was entirely unconscious, and in only one of them had I a conscious reason for seeking out the person in trouble. Why was I used as an agent when help was desperately needed? And if sensitives are used as radio receivers by cosmic transmitters to perform such missions, may not all precognition be attributable to similar causes?

I have indicated that subconscious precognition may take the form of an inner prompting to do the right thing at the right time, although it may not be clear to the conscious mind that one is subject to such deeper stimuli. To support the contention, I shall relate three examples of awareness of death at a distance. These cases all involved members of the Subud movement, with whom I had a psychic link. It is perhaps all the stranger that I received no such warning of the death of my own father, at a later date.

It was eight months since I had left Indonesia and I was living in Hong Kong, in early 1955. During that time I had never heard the Palembang radio station, particularly as I was always at a considerable distance and this shortwave transmitter was not very powerful. At the time in question, I had recently bought a powerful receiver, and one afternoon I went to considerable pains to erect an efficient

aerial on the roof of the building where I lived. *That same evening*, I picked up Palembang radio for the first time, and decided to remain listening in case I should hear anything further of interest to me from the small town where I had made many friends.

It is the custom in Indonesia to send S.O.S. messages before the news bulletins, and these messages are called "radiograms" locally. One was now broadcast, to inform the public that Wahab ib. Abdulkadir, of the Indonesian police force, had died that afternoon. Readers of my book *The Path of Subud* will know how, two years earlier, I had been instrumental in getting this paralytic on his feet, when doctors stressed that he could only live a matter of days. On this particular afternoon, as I later learned from his brother Abdullah, head of Palembang town police intelligence, Wahab fell off his bicycle and was killed in a matter of minutes. If you say that this was coincidence, how do you account for the following almost identical experience which occurred six months later?

There was a solar eclipse on June 22, 1955, the birthday of the Indonesian mystic Pak Subuh. I considered this particular eclipse dangerous to his health but he asserted: "I am no longer affected by astrological influences, though they do work out in my environment instead."

About a week or two after the eclipse, I was again listening to my radio in Hong Kong. The time was midnight, and the Macao dance-music program had just come to an end with the Portuguese national anthem. Instead of going to sleep, I suddenly thought: "It is now ten thirty in Java, so I shall switch over to the news program just beginning, and hear it before going to bed." Just as I got on to Radio Djakarta, I heard another S.O.S., originating from Pak Subuh and intended for his family in central Java, informing them that his son had died suddenly that day, although appar-

ently in perfect health at the time. Fortunately the entire message was read twice, or I might not have trusted my own ears!

I sent off a telegram over the phone at well after midnight, and it was delivered in Djakarta the next morning, before many of the local people knew of the death. By noon that day, I received a telegram from the family, advising me of the death, but my cable had by then already reached them. There was much extravagant speculation on the nature of my awareness of the death at such a distance, and nobody thought of the simple explanation.

In Malta, December 1958, I had a vivid dream that I saw Pak Subuh beside me, lying on the ground in pain, his chest heaving. I bent close to him and he whispered that he had just had a heart attack. On waking up, I felt inexplicably depressed, and concluded that some close Subud associate might have had a heart attack at the time, though I did not believe it was in fact Pak Subuh himself. Within thirty-six hours, I received a telegram from London advising me that one of his assistants had suddenly succumbed to coronary thrombosis in Singapore, within hours of the time when I had the dream.

It would appear that the dream can be a source of information, especially when the conscious mind is too preoccupied to receive a direct contact. As to the origin of the transmitter, I share the view that a strong concentration of thought can generate impulses which may be received at a distance, particularly by those who have an emotional or spiritual link with the subject. Hence, close relatives are very often instantly aware of the deaths of those who pass away suddenly at a distance, and every war has brought abundant evidence of such phenomena.

An investigation of the problem of precognition cannot therefore dispense with an examination of the question of the origin of the ideas which suddenly assert themselves

in every one of us. Few people ever seek such origins outside themselves. It would, however, appear that they can be occasioned by discarnate sources, or even by human agencies capable of great concentration of thought. Every magical ritual is, in fact, based on punctilious attention to innumerable minutiae, usually involving instructions difficult to carry out, and requiring the clairvoyant to await favorable moments.

Such practices seem to be of value chiefly insofar as they stimulate the mind to great and sustained concentration on the desired objective, and thus evoke great assertion of the individual will. It will readily be seen that such faculties can have serious consequences when misused. In the long run, it is, of course, those addicted to such rituals who are the chief sufferers if they use them to further personal ends.

Conscious attempts at precognition may involve the use of external media, such as coffee grounds, playing cards, geomantic symbols. But, as a remarkable clairvoyant once said to me: "I can get an answer out of that ashtray if I wish!"

The mechanical focus seems to play the same role as the magic spell, being useless except to those who have developed the necessary faculties, in the same manner that a car requires a proficient driver. The best crystal ball in the world will reveal nothing to the insensitive. To the experienced prognosticator, objects may respond in the same way that a hazel sprig will twitch in the hands of a water-diviner. The conclusions drawn by an expert are usually a combination of external pointers and individual intuition. But then this is perhaps the basis of all diagnosis, for what skilled physician relies on the textbook alone?

Personally I am inclined to value more the precognition that comes unsought than the results of strivings to elicit a response from the subconscious. In the latter case, the

prominence of personal desire so frequently adulterates the message obtained, if any. I have known Pak Subuh to recommend to his pupils that, when in difficulties, they should observe whether a reflex motion of the hand impelled it to the right or left, and judge accordingly. Such advice was only meant for those who could not sufficiently still the mind to listen for an inner answer. Yet, in practice, the results were frequently mere wishful thinking, a reflection of subconscious hopes or fears, and in no way related to true precognition.

A professional clairvoyant in Casablanca caused me serious inconvenience many years ago because she read my unvoiced wishes as facts about to materialize. I had just come from a consulate where I had sent off a telegram to apply for a visa to Egypt, and entered her room with a friend. As she opened the door she inquired: "Which of you two is going to Egypt?" In actual fact, I did not go, but initially I placed so much faith in her that I felt certain my plans would work out. This, of course, was because she told me what I wanted to hear. Astute mind readers (who do possess an uncommon faculty quite independent of precognition) make their money by sensing the client's unvoiced desires and asserting that they will come about. Since so many desires carry the seed of their own realization, the fortune-teller may often rapidly acquire quite a reputation for exact prediction. The inability of the public to discriminate between the various forms of psychic phenomena aids such professional seers.

An astrologer is in a different position, since he relies chiefly on mathematical calculations and stellar configurations. Although, like a doctor, his analysis is aided by the client's cooperation in supplying some sort of a case history, he may often predict trends quite accurately. These trends have been described as a map of the unexplored country ahead, rather than as categorical prognostication. The

astrologer, as has been indicated by such as Shakespeare, warns that a ditch lies ahead. If he warns us that we shall probably fall into it, he is then making use of his individual opinion of the client's character and inability to heed warnings.

The degree of willfulness in an individual does have a considerable influence on the extent to which his life is fated. Although this is not the place to discuss fate and free will, one may mention the teleological significance of the individual's capacity to accept the unpleasant. It is those who insist on pushing ahead with their own wishes at all costs whose lives are the most subject to fate, most conditioned by external influences of the material plane.

When reposing in a relaxed condition, most often just before dropping off to sleep, I have often had visions ("stills" rather than "motion pictures") of places or people I was to come across for the first time shortly afterward. Since these phenomena can occur just before falling asleep, I would suggest that they take place perhaps more often than is generally credited, but are not always remembered on awakening. Nevertheless, when the subject is later confronted with the relevant object, a feeling of uneasiness arises; there is a sense of familiarity. Theories of reincarnation may develop in consequence.

I have touched briefly here on many of the sources which can indicate the shape of things to come. I hope I have shown that it is not easy to draw conclusions, inasmuch as numerous factors may be involved. Until more is known about the role of the dream consciousness, we are bound to grope, to form and to discard theories.

Basically, it is only greater familiarity of the individual with his own nature and greater awareness of the various inner and external stimuli constantly interacting in his consciousness that can help him to know himself and aid him to assess correctly the operation of precognition in his own

particular life. He would be wise not to apply identical conclusions to similar phenomena manifesting in others, since the qualities in their psyches may be so radically different from his own that perhaps different laws are operating.

A young girl writes in her Journal of a death prophecy seen in her mirror on New Year's Eve. The author, who has published widely on historic psychic phenomena, is a radio script writer who lives in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Diary of the Future

Pauline Saltzman

NICE, France, January 11, 1874. A blond fourteen-year-old Russian girl with a complexion of cream and roses is writing late into the night. For two years she has kept a diary, or rather, a journal, in which she records in French her innermost thoughts about daily happenings. Marie Bashkirtseff is precocious and probing. She tingles with excitement as she writes these words:

Tomorrow, the twelfth of January, is New Year's eve in Russia, and I am burning with impatience to tell my fortune before a mirror. Aunt Marie, who has tried it, tells of some astonishing revelations. She saw her husband and many other things not yet come to pass. She also claims to have seen many frightful and horrible things. Having resolved to try my fortune, I am so excited that I cannot eat as the time draws near.

Later she wrote in her *Journal*:

At half-past eleven that eventful night, I locked myself in my room, arranged the mirror, and behold!—at last I shall peep into the future. For a long time I saw nothing,

but little by little, I began to distinguish small figures, not larger than ten or twelve centimeters. I saw a multitude of heads covered in the most fantastic manner imaginable: toques, wigs, bonnets of all sizes, all turning and swirling. Then I distinguished a woman in white, bearing a striking resemblance to myself. She wore a lace scarf over her head; her arms were resting on a table, one hand lightly supporting her chin. Her eyes turned upward and she disappeared. Then I saw the interior of a church, the floor of black and white marble. In the center was a group in costume, several sitting or standing. . . . On the left, as if in a mist, were several men. One of these was in evening dress and beside him stood a bride, but their faces were invisible.

Another man stood in the center, but his face was also invisible. Covered heads predominated, and I believe, all sorts of costumes changing very rapidly. The scenes were very brilliant. Suddenly the frame of the mirror, reflected again and again, without end, seemed to assume the shape of a coffin, but I soon saw my error. You must understand that I was greatly agitated, expecting every moment to see something frightful. . . . I might, no doubt, have seen more, but I moved my eyes from the mirror. Thus I have begun the year by meeting these costumes and headcoverings, which are inexpressibly strange and fantastic.

A strange, macabre, and altogether prophetic experience for a beautiful young girl, poised on the threshold of adult life! But Marie Bashkirtseff, French-educated child of the Russian aristocracy, was already no stranger to death. For the remainder of her brief life, and even prior to the contraction of the disease which was to kill her, she knew that she would die young. Because she was richly talented in music, art, and literature, Marie became possessed by the desire to excel in such a way that her name would be immortal.

She had been born November 11, 1860, as Marya Konstantinovna Bashkirtseff, the daughter of a provincial Russian nobleman, General Paul Gregorievitch Bashkirtseff.

Her mother, born a Babanine, was of equally distinguished lineage. Unfortunately, the marriage was unhappy, and the couple separated. General Bashkirtseff remained on the family estate near Poltava, while Marie and Paul, the two children, were taken on an extended tour of the Continent in 1870. "The party comprised grandpapa, mama, Aunt Romanoff, and Dina [Marie's first cousin], Paul, and me," wrote Marie.

Marie's life was tragically short (she died at twenty-four), but it was lived with passionate intensity and was marked by the strong desire to probe the mystery of death.

In the preface to her *Journal* she wrote:

What if I should die suddenly, carried away by some swift disease? Probably I should not know that I was in danger; they would conceal it from me, and after my death they would search among my papers. My journal would be found, and after reading it, my family would destroy it, and in a short time there would remain nothing of me—nothing, nothing! This is the thought that has always terrified me.

Marie's beauty was remarkable, as was her mezzo-soprano voice. The family gravitated between Nice and Paris, with stays in Rome and Naples. She was privately educated in art and showed unusual ability and perception. But always Marie knew that death was not far off. Marie Bashkirtseff was a sensitive, psychic person.

At fifteen, her love affair with death was well advanced, for she confided in her *Journal*:

I have had such a queer dream. I was flying high above the earth, a lyre in my hand, the cords of which were constantly loosening, and I could not draw one sound from it. It kept going higher and higher. I could see immense horizons, clouds—blue, yellow, red, mixed, golden, silvery; torn, strange clouds—then all became gray. Then new arrangements. I continued going upward, until at last I reached such

a great elevation that it was frightful. Still I felt no fear. The clouds appeared to be frozen, grayish, and shining as lead. All became vague. I still held my lyre, with its loosened cords, in my hand. And far beneath my feet was a reddish ball—the earth.

She awoke with a start. At three o'clock in the morning, she continued to confide in her *Journal*:

Ah, I am impatient! My time will come. [She is referring to her artistic career.] I like to think so, but something tells me it will never come. . . . I am angry and I do not weep. I do not throw myself on the ground. I am calm. It is a bad sign; it is better to be furious.

The family party went to Rome when Marie was sixteen. Here she studied painting with Katorbinski, a young Polish professor of art. She also studied voice with Facciotti and wrote triumphantly in her *Journal*: "I have a compass of three octaves, less two notes."

It was about this time that she fell in love with a young Roman aristocrat, designated as "Pietro A—," nephew of the famous reactionary Cardinal Antonelli. Pietro wanted to marry her, but his family feared, and rightly, that the dictatorial Cardinal Antonelli would make trouble, since Marie was a Greek Orthodox. Pietro's family persuaded him to go into retreat in a monastery where he could meditate on the situation. When he failed to return after a few days, Marie began to worry. Was he being false to her? Didn't he intend to marry her according to his promises? Was his dictatorial uncle ruining all possibilities of their marriage?

All was revealed to her in a strange dream. "All night long I saw him in my dream. He assured me that he had really been in the monastery." The dream proved telepathically true, for Pietro later told Marie that actually he had wanted to remain in retreat for four days, but this

short stay had burgeoned into seventeen days. He was kept there, forcibly detained, by his family. He could have written, but he was a truthful young man and admitted that this was too embarrassing; he couldn't even bring himself to tell his friends.

The romantic ups and downs of Marie Bashkirtseff's romance gave way to a graver exigency. She became ill with spells of fever and coughing. She was sixteen, in love, and spitting blood.

In sun-drenched Nice, Marie's chest pains and coughing spells were temporarily forgotten, although she now knew that her ambition to become a concert singer would never be realized. Her erstwhile fiancé remained in Rome. The romance was obviously at a standstill. Marie made preparations to visit her father in Poltava.

En route to Russia, she stopped in Paris. Here, she and a friend, whom she designated as "Madame de M—," visited a celebrated clairvoyant. "Alexis gives but few consultations other than those for the health." With her she took two sealed envelopes. The larger contained a photograph of Cardinal Antonelli, the smaller a recent letter from Pietro.

"We entered the room in semidarkness, and as Madame de M— had said, 'We are not here for health,' the doctor went out, leaving us with the sleeping man, who made me incredulous, and especially because of the absence of all exterior charlatanism." Marie meant that Alexis was entranced.

Madame de M— placed Marie's hand in that of the clairvoyant. "'This does not concern health,' she said in a low voice.

"'Ah,' was all he said; Alexis's eyes were half-closed and glassy as those of a corpse. 'All the same, Madame, your little friend is very ill.'"

Marie was frightened. She was about to tell Alexis to avoid reference to her illness, for she feared to hear the worst. But

before she had the chance to do so, he described to the letter all the details of her illness. Alexis told Marie that she was suffering from laryngitis and that it was chronic. "The voice organ is superb," was his diagnosis under trance, "but it is worn out. You must be treated." He went into technical medical detail, but she was impatient.

"I have come, Monsieur," she reminded him, "to consult you about this person." She handed him the large sealed envelope bearing the Cardinal's photograph. Alexis put his hand to his forehead; he seemed lost in thought. Finally he said, "I see him."

"Where is he?"

The medium spoke firmly, confidently. "He is in a large Italian city. I see him in a palace surrounded by many people. He has gray hair and is past sixty years of age. He wears a uniform."

"A uniform?" Marie's voice betrayed her amazement.

"Yes, I said uniform," Alexis said. "But this man is not a military personality." He hesitated. "It's an ecclesiastical habit. Wait! . . . This man occupies a very high position. He is a Cardinal."

Marie was so excited that she kicked off her slippers, flinging them across the room. Madame de M— tried to stifle her laughter when she saw the girl's ill-repressed excitement. "A Cardinal?" Marie repeated. "What is he thinking of, then?"

"He is thinking of a very grave matter which preoccupies him." Alexis seemed to have difficulty in pronouncing the words, and his slowness made Marie nervous. "Go on, see whom he's with; what is he saying?" she prompted eagerly.

"He is with two young men—officers—two young men he sees frequently. They belong to the palace."

Marie reminded herself how she always saw two young officers in the Pope's suite when she attended the Satur-

day receptions at the Vatican. But Alexis went on. "He is speaking to them. He speaks to them in Italian. Those who surrounded him are also ecclesiastics. One of them is very tall and thin. He wears glasses. He is nearsighted, and obliged to bring the object close to his eyes. His voice is low."

This was indeed fantastic, for Marie recognized a young officer who had spoken to her at a dinner they had attended at Villa Mattei.

"What is the Cardinal doing?" she asked impetuously. "What has he just done? Whom has he seen lately?"

Alexis had a faraway look on his face. "Yesterday he held a large reception at his home. People of the Church—ah, yes . . . they discussed an important matter. He is greatly disturbed, since it is a question of—" He hesitated. "They talk, they argue, they want to make him Pope."

Marie Bashkirtseff's words continue.

The tone in which this was said, the astonishment of the clairvoyant, and the words themselves gave me something of an electrical shock. I could scarcely contain myself.

"Pope!" I exclaimed.

"Yes—Pope," repeated Alexis, "but there are obstacles. He is not one with the most chance."

"But who will be Pope?"

"I cannot read the future."

"But who is the Cardinal? What is his name? Can you not see by his surroundings, by what is being said to him?"

In spite of his entrancement, Alexis began to show marked impatience. "This photograph that I hold in my hand is devoid of vitality. Besides, you yourself are so excited that you tire me horribly. Your nerves impart shocks to my system. Do be calmer, mademoiselle."

"Yes," Marie said, "but you tell me things that make me jump. Tell me the name of this Cardinal."

Alexis pressed his head between his two hands. He seemed to sniff the gray, double-thick envelope. Suddenly he gave the name of the Cardinal—"Antonelli. He thinks badly of you, mademoiselle. I do not know why this dissatisfaction should exist, but it has to do with political motives." Telepathically, Alexis continued to project his mind. He gave Marie a picture of papal intrigue, and this picture proved true with the passage of time. "The French party will be destroyed; that is to say, the French papists have but little chance. Oh, but they have scarcely anything. But even so, Antonelli won't live much longer. He is a very sick man with a blood disease."

Marie saw that the medium's hand was trembling. Gently she replaced the Cardinal's sealed portrait with the other envelope containing Pietro's recent letter. This he pressed against his heart, then his brow.

"Ah," said Alexis, "this one is younger; he is, in fact, very young. The letter was written some time ago—in Rome. Since then this person has moved, though he is still in Italy. I see this young man in the open country. He is allied with the Pope. I see him standing behind His Holiness. He is a strange young man—retiring, ambitious, gloomy. All he thinks of is realizing his ambitions."

"Does he love me?" Marie asked as young girls have asked psychics from the dawn of time.

"Very much, mademoiselle, but he is a strange, morose person. He does love you, but he is ambitious. With him, love and ambition go hand-in-hand. He needs you."

"Does he see the Cardinal?"

"No, they do not agree. The Cardinal has long opposed him for political reasons." This was incredible, for Pietro was a member of the liberal Caccia Club; he was also a *Volontariat*. The psychic continued to say that Pietro's uncle was displeased with him.

"Have they met lately?"

Now Alexis was impatient. "Wait, mademoiselle, you think of too many things, and your questions are very difficult. I am confusing one man with the other. Were they both in the same envelope?"

Marie thought for a moment. With a shock she realized that Alexis had discerned the fact that only yesterday the Cardinal's photograph and Pietro's letter had been in the same envelope. "Monsieur," she begged, "please try to see!"

"I do see. The two men met two days ago. They were not alone. I see your young man with a lady. She is middle-aged, his mother. They said a few vague words, almost nothing, about his marriage to you."

"Who spoke of it?"

"They," replied Alexis. "Cardinal Antonelli, however, does not speak. He only lets the others do so. He has been against this marriage from the very first. The young man wants to marry you, but Antonelli does not wish it." In short, Pietro wanted to marry Marie, but the Cardinal was hostile because Roman politics and the Russian girl's Orthodox faith could not mix.

Because it later developed that everything Alexis had said was true, Marie asked her diary: "Well, what do you say to that, you who call such things charlatanism? I have transcribed it all minutely. I may have omitted something, but I have added nothing. Is it not most surprising? Is it not strange?"

The journey to Russia was resumed. At her father's opulent estate, Marie learned from General Bashkirtseff that, according to the grapevine, Pietro had just been married to a girl of whom Antonelli approved. The uncle had just died, exactly as Alexis predicted.

Marie's illness progressed. She could have prolonged her life, but she drove herself without mercy. After losing her

voice, she enrolled in the studio of Julian, the only atelier in Paris giving instruction to women. She worked from eight in the morning until five in the evening in spite of her failing health. Tony Robert-Fleury and Jules Bastien-Lepage, the most celebrated painters in Paris, became her close friends and mentors.

There were times when the desperately ill girl heard a mysterious voice as it spoke to her in the dead of night. "You will feel neither time, nor difficulties, and you will succeed without suspecting it." She believed in that voice. "It has never deceived me, and it has announced to me too many misfortunes to mislead me now. I believe in it and I feel that I have cause to believe in it."

Her doctors were highly distinguished medical men. Her tuberculosis was called by many names—pharyngitis, laryngitis, catarrh. She took the usual cures, but her arduous work in painting and sculpture actually shortened her life.

Marie's canvases became celebrated, although they never took first place in Salon showings. At this time, one part of the vision she had had in the mirror when seeing the new year in as a fourteen-year-old girl came startlingly true. A procession of models posed for her, and they were all attired in the costumes and hats she had seen in the vision.

Marie did not sleep well; she was too tired for sleep. At times she would hear "beautiful music in my head." There were other occasions when she saw her own likeness, stretched out upon a bier, a tall white taper beside her. But she was not one to be dominated by superstitious fear. This is proved by a confidence she expressed to her *Journal*, contrasting her beliefs with those of her devout mother. "Mama believes in images and relics; in fact, her religion is paganism, like that of most people who are pious and—not very intelligent."

The last few years of her life were hard. She worked ten hours a day. On April 5, 1884, she wrote in her *Journal*:

I will first finish my Sèvres picture. Then I will apply myself seriously to sculpture in the morning—and to the study of the nude in the afternoon. That will take me into July. Then I will begin "The Evening," which is a long, treeless road, stretching across a plain, and fading in the distance into a sunset sky.

Marie died October 31, 1884. She had been greatly talented, but always there had been painters who were better. At best, her canvases had attracted Honorable Mention. Today, some of these may be seen in the Musée de Luxembourg.

The strangest note of prophecy in Marie Bashkirtseff's brief, burned-out life was the prediction at the age of fourteen when she foretold her own funeral at the point where her wedding should have been presaged. "Covered heads predominated . . . Suddenly the frame of the mirror, reflected again and again, without end, seemed to assume the shape of a coffin . . ."

Marie's name is world-renowned, but her fame was not achieved through her mezzo-soprano voice, her painting, or her sculpture. It lies solely in her *Journal*, the diary to which she confided her ambitions, hopes, fears, and unshaken belief in an unseen world. Marie Bashkirtseff's masterpiece, her inimitable *Journal*, filled with beauty, mystery, and extreme honesty, will live in the annals of literature.

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TRUE EXPERIENCES IN TELEPATHY

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Introduction

The Case for Telepathy

Some people have called it thought transference, others think of it as mind reading, but most of us refer to it as telepathy. What exactly is it? No one really knows. However, there is now very little doubt that it does occur, and virtually all the time. Yet, like so much else about the human personality and the human mind, scientific investigation still has not shown how telepathy works, what stimulates or retards it. The science of parapsychology, which investigates telepathy and other unusual phenomena, is relatively young. There is much, therefore, in telepathic events that we do not quite understand.

But we do know, from a great number of case histories, as well as from scientific experimentation, that telepathy functions in many ways: from mind to mind, from mind to event or object. The stories in this volume concern different settings and personalities. They are broadly representative of the experiences that many people encounter in their daily life, although they often do not notice them, or they forget them, or they just don't care to talk about them. In

our supposedly ordered society, a telepathic experience, when it is brought out in conversation, only too often is met by embarrassed smiles. Still, most people either have had telepathic experiences or know someone who has them, perhaps frequently.

The scientific vocabulary that has developed around these phenomena allows for making certain distinctions. *Telepathy*, strictly speaking, is the perceiving of an impression at the same time that someone else perceives it. *Clairvoyance*, a variant of this experience, is the apparent "seeing" of a distant event or object itself, rather than the observing of it through the senses, or mind of another person. It is not always possible to tell the two apart. When a mother has a sudden flash of fear that her child is drowning, then runs out of the cottage and finds that her daughter is actually struggling with the undertow—has she, as it were, tuned in on her child's panic? Did the girl's fear become a call of anguish that the mother heard extrasensorially? Or did she, in her mind's eye, perceive the actual waves breaking over the child? It may have been one or the other, or a mixture of both. Parapsychologists cover a variety of such elements in the catch-all category of GESP (General Extra-Sensory Perception).

The one category of telepathy that is most common—and the case just cited represents it—is *crisis telepathy*. Disasters, accidents, or death are frequent subjects of crisis telepathy. Another common category is telepathy in *dreams*. As you will see in the following accounts, many instances of telepathy occur in the waking stage. Still, telepathic dreams are among the most frequent psychic phenomena reported, in individual cases and in the literature of parapsychology. The editor of this volume discussed the frequency of such cases in a paper, "Parapsychological Dream Studies," at the international conference on "The Dream and Human Societies," which took place in France in June, 1962, stating

that "Parapsychological dream studies call for unusual qualities of research: detached, scientific, cerebral preparation and execution of investigation or experiment; sensitive understanding of the delicate, the deeply emotion-laden, traditionally magical that may lie at the root of not yet understood phenomena. To strike a balance between detachment and understanding, between the scholar's role as an outsider and as participant—that is the challenge that gives this work its unique demanding quality."

Scientific investigation of telepathy must always be aware that laboratory techniques designed to control experimentation in this field may endanger the spontaneity of the experience. That is why case histories, such as those that follow, provide the basic material on which key studies have to be based. When we speak of case histories, we mean the kind of human experience in telepathy that has been recorded since biblical times and can be found in records unearthed by archaeologists that go back even further, to the Babylonian and Etruscan periods. In religious traditions of all faiths, thought transference plays a role; indeed, some modern theologians familiar with parapsychological research regard prayer as a form of telepathy, between man and God.

Not only scholarly literature, but fiction as well, has taken cognizance of telepathy. Lovers separated by geography have often been pictured as communicating with each other by thought. Almost everyone can cite instances when he was about to pick up the telephone to call another person, just as the phone rang; the expression, "Oh, I was just about to call you!" is almost as common as a greeting in everyday life. In recent years, research has pointed to particularly strong telepathic links between mother and child, notably during the first few months of a baby's life; this has been documented by electroencephalographic patterns of

the dreams of mothers and their children, where similarities point to an extrasensory relationship.

No one knows whether emotional empathy or hostility are at the bottom of certain telepathic experiences. Perhaps both are, because they can express ambivalent but strong interpersonal relations. Experiments with close relatives or persons otherwise emotionally and environmentally attached to each other have yielded positive results in this field. Scientific controversy grows especially lively when it comes to the experiences of, and experiments with, twins, notably identical twins. Case histories showing a telepathic link between such twins are striking, but laboratory experiments have failed to bear out these claims. Nevertheless, it is obviously too early to define all the factors that permit telepathy to operate.

There is general agreement, however, that emotional elements are involved whenever thought transference seems to occur. The collection of extrasensory phenomena of all types, including telepathic experiences, was given new impetus at the international Conference on Spontaneous Phenomena, in Cambridge, England, in 1956. The meeting, sponsored by the Society of Psychical Research (London) and the Parapsychology Foundation (New York) was under the chairmanship of Dr. Gardner Murphy, Director of Research at the Menninger Clinic (Topeka, Kansas). The participants worked out international standards for the collection, investigation, and documentation of telepathic cases and other phenomena. Efforts were also made to introduce psychological techniques into study methods. Pioneer work in this particular area has been done by Dr. Emilio Servadio (Rome), President of the Italian Society of Psycho-Analysis. The following summary of a case he recorded involving a telepathic dream illustrates Dr. Servadio's psychological form of approach.

Dr. Servadio reported that, on the night of April 23, a

sixteen-year-old girl whom he called Luisa dreamt that the mother of her fiancé, Guido, was wearing an unusual, silver ring on her finger. Engravings on the ring's surface resembled hieroglyphics. The ring could be opened, and Luisa thought that it contained perfume. When she woke up, she told her mother about the dream. Meanwhile, her fiancé had returned from a trip to the International Fair at Milan. When Luisa telephoned and started to tell him about her dream, a few hours later, Guido interrupted her and told her excitedly that he had brought just such a ring with him to Rome. He had bought it at the Somali Pavilion of the Fair and had given it to his mother. When she heard this, Luisa dropped the phone and put her mother on to confirm the dream as she had related it to her. Dr. Servadio vouches for all these details, which he noted down shortly after they occurred. He describes the psychological setting within which this telepathic dream occurred—and which apparently made it possible—as follows:

Luisa and Guido were engaged to be married and very much in love. Their engagement was still unofficial, but Luisa was eager to become formally and publicly engaged to Guido. She looked forward to the day when he would present her with an engagement ring. Luisa's father had died when she was still an infant. She was brought up by her mother and also cared for by her mother's three sisters. No male figure played any prominent role in her childhood. Her mother was remarried in 1951, when Luisa was eleven years old.

According to Dr. Servadio, the Oedipus complex—a daughter's attraction to her father and resentment of her mother—was "quite notable" in Luisa's life situation, and she showed strong enthusiasms about prominent men and an unfriendly attitude toward her mother and "maternal figures" generally. He adds:

Luisa was aware of Guido's attachment to, and respect for, his mother. She also knew that he would visit the Milan Fair. Possibly, she expected Guido to bring her a present, which he actually did—although it was not a ring for her finger, but a pair of earrings. Probably because of oedipal attachment of his own, he selected a ring for his mother and not for Luisa. One might say that, being emotionally attached to two women at the same time, Guido showed a preference for his mother, by bringing her a ring, while selecting for Luisa a nice but much less significant present. He probably had no intention of concealing from Luisa the fact that he had bought a ring for his mother.

The ring, as Dr. Servadio sees it, had become a focus of the "ambiguous ethical situation" between the two young people and Guido's mother, symbolizing the "psychological obstacles" which delayed the official engagement. Dr. Servadio concludes:

Luisa broke through this obstacle by means of telepathy. She was able to establish a temporary symbolism between Guido and herself and to merge in an unconscious psychic world, which comprised them both. She was thus able to express, in her dream, her insurmountable rivalry toward the mother figure, including her hostility based on the fact that her own mother, and not she, had been subject to an experience involving engagement and marriage. Through her dream, she could tell her own mother of Guido's preference for his mother, and of the wrong he had thus done his sweetheart.

It is interesting to note that the Italian psychoanalyst said that Luisa "broke through" an obstacle when she had the telepathic dream. Such a breaking-through seems to occur in virtually every example of thought transference. Sigmund Freud, founder of psychoanalysis, thought that telepathy might be an archaic factor, something that man has retained imperfectly from his animal ancestors; other scholars

hold similar views, but telepathy may also involve extrasensory qualities that are gaining in strength in man's evolution, or that can be learned and perfected.

Based on observations of case histories, laboratory experiments in telepathy have provided statistical documentation. This work was begun by Dr. J. B. Rhine and his associates at the Parapsychology Laboratory of Duke University in the 1930's. Their study, now in its fourth decade, has produced a large body of research data on every aspect of quantitative study in telepathy. Dr. Rhine, speaking at London's Guildhall in October, 1965, illustrated the link between case histories in telepathy and laboratory experiment. Speaking at the invitation of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, he cited the dream of an American scholar working in China, a "Dr. C." This woman was awakened one night when she heard her name called by the voice of her mother, who was then in Vermont. Dr. C. was sufficiently awake to note the time of this deeply disturbing experience. In due course, Dr. Rhine said, "she learned that her mother, who was dying at the time of this happening, had been asking for her."

When it came to translating this type of experience into a laboratory experiment, Dr. Rhine found that the clairvoyance type—in which the subject somehow "sees" one of the ESP cards himself, rather than through the eyes of another person—was easier to handle than the telepathic type. (ESP cards have five symbols: cross, square, circle, wavy lines, and triangle.) Nevertheless, telepathy has played a major part in these experiments, as one category of extrasensory perception overlaps another. An extensive literature in this field exists, and any reader interested in it can obtain background pamphlets and bibliographical information by writing either to Dr. Rhine's Foundation for Research on the Nature of Man, College Station, Durham,

North Carolina 27708, or to the Parapsychology Foundation, 29 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019.

Current information on telepathy experiments is contained in the *Journal of Parapsychology*, Durham; the *International Journal of Parapsychology*, New York; and in the *Journals of the American and British Societies for Psychical Research*, in New York and London respectively. Libraries list books in this field under "Parapsychology" or "Psychical Research," as well as under "Telepathy."

The periodicals in this field have, in recent years, carried a number of reports of apparently strikingly successful telepathy experiments carried out by Dr. Milan Ryzl, a research worker in Prague, Czechoslovakia. His laboratory work is of particular interest, as he combines hypnosis with telepathy: his subject, Pavel Stepanek, built up an excellent record in telepathic experiments while in a hypnotic trance. This is not the only example of increasing attention paid to telepathy research in eastern European countries. Throughout the 1960's, Russian researchers have shown consistent interest in telepathy experiments. The dean of modern Russian parapsychology, Dr. Leonid L. Vasiliev, died in 1966 at the age of seventy-four. He had set up a laboratory at the University of Leningrad, where physiological aspects of parapsychology are still being examined today. A new center of research in this area was established in Moscow in 1966 in the A. S. Popov Scientific-Technological Society of Radiotechnology and Electrocommunication.

One interesting theoretical aspect of Soviet studies in parapsychology is the effort to relate it to the question of religion. Briefly put, the researchers seek to use material proof of psychic phenomena as an antireligious argument: if such events can be proved to happen, they maintain, they are part of everyday science, and not religious or miraculous. The type of telepathic experience recorded in Russia shows how universal these events are. A case recorded in

the Moscow magazine *Science and Religion*, reported by a member of a Soviet submarine crew, describes an impression of fear and drowning, at the very moment that one of his crew mates had drowned; the drowned seaman had been working on top of the submarine as it submerged and it had sucked him under.

The arguments for and against telepathy, as the ones for and against other aspects of parapsychological research, are about the same in the Soviet Union and other east European countries as they are in the West. Put simply, skeptics maintain that people are merely dramatizing events that are pure coincidence, or that laboratory techniques are imperfect. Letters-to-the-editor of Soviet magazines dealing with this subject read very much like those published in periodicals in the United States or Europe. Those who argue in favor of research in telepathy and related phenomena often say simply that criticism is welcome; that all scientific investigation has to go through a period of questioning and self-questioning; and that it is better to record, experiment, and analyze, than it is to scorn what you know nothing about, what apparently simply doesn't interest you—or that of which you are afraid.

To the average person, the most telling argument is a personal experience or that of a close friend or relative. Even researchers working with statistical material are often most deeply impressed by a telepathic experience of their own—one so striking and personal that it simply can't be argued away.

Telepathic experiences, such as those included in this volume, have been observed here in the United States as well as abroad, by prominent persons and people in every walk of life, by men and women, in the present and the past. There is a striking sameness about these experiences. Surveys made in the United States, Great Britain, Holland, Scandinavia, Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere have

shown a close correlation between the categories of experiences recorded. Just about anyone, anywhere is likely to have a telepathic experience. Those who say that they have more than the average may be more alert, more telepathically "gifted," or simply more inclined to talk about their experiences than others.

Pioneer work has also been done in telepathy among animals. The Rhine laboratory has, for several years, kept records on cases called "psi trailing" (the Greek letter "psi" is used to identify a parapsychological experience). There are numerous cases documenting, say, a dog trailing his owner from a far distance, in the manner of a carrier pigeon returning to its roost. Typical, too, is a dog's apparent awareness of his owner's fate—it howls or whimpers when some misfortune befalls its master; this is "crisis telepathy" in another form.

What are the frontiers of telepathy today?

The relationship between telepathy and hypnosis has been pushed into the foreground by Dr. Ryzl's successful experiments in Czechoslovakia. Actually, other hypnosis research has lagged, been limited either to stage magic or become a substitute for anesthesia in dentistry or childbirth. Now, telepathy has placed hypnosis in a new and prominent light. Russian experimenters have sought to use telepathy in developing hypnosis-at-a-distance. In these experiments, the subject is given the telepathic command to go into a hypnotic trance while the hypnotist is in another part of a building, or even farther away.

Telepathy, as you can see, is thus moving in many directions. Modern scientific methods are being brought to bear on an ancient experience. In New York, for instance, Dr. Gertrude Schmeidler, of the Department of Psychology at City College, is utilizing a computer to record and calculate telepathic results. A psychiatrist, Dr. Montague Ullman of Maimonides Hospital in Brooklyn, is engaged in a series of

experiments designed to induce telepathy in dreams. This is being done by exposing a target picture, such as a painting, to a participant or agent in the experiment, while the subject is asleep in another room. The dreams of the subject are recorded to see whether they correspond with the target picture on which the agent has been concentrating. This research is carefully controlled, extends over several years, and provides well-documented results.

With all these experiments going on, one might ask, Just what good is it to examine telepathy? Or, as Dr. Rhine asked in his London lecture, "ESP—What Can We Make of It?" He replied that science must take "from the shelf of the supernatural" events that can be subjected to scholarly examination, in order to gain greater insight into the nature of man himself. And while the Russians may want to prove the physical reality of telepathy in order to disprove religious concepts, is it not possible that proof of the so-called miraculous may actually provide scientific arguments in support of the very phenomena on which major religions are based? Rhine recalls that "all the natural phenomena known to ancient man were wrapped in the same fog of religious mystery that encompassed his life." Gradually, the sciences have emerged to penetrate the mysteries of lightning, volcano, earthquake, sunrise, birth and death. As Rhine says, they have "developed such control over life and health as completely to overshadow the powers the ancients conceded to their all-powerful deities; and now we turn the exploring skills of scholarship upon the remaining zone of the mysteries of man's own hidden nature. . . ."

But must we? Must we really know more? Have we not discovered enough? These are questions everyone must answer for himself, the scientist most of all. Is there a danger, perhaps, that a force such as telepathy may be manipulated, focused, directed for ill as well as good? Could it be an instrument of warfare? Might it be used to communicate with

submarines or astronauts? These questions have been asked, and partial answers can be recorded. Although governments may enter the research field of telepathy—as a form of communication, “mind reading,” or intelligence—the nature of these phenomena makes them too elusive for such exploitation. That is probably just as well. In this age of brainwashing and of invasion of privacy through electronic eavesdropping devices, the last thing we’d want would be mind invasion by telepathy. Being spontaneous, elusive, and difficult to control renders telepathy a particularly challenging subject of research—but it also keeps us safe from telepathic intrusion.

Telepathy is of inherent interest to all of us—whether we admit it or not. It stands in the fascinating no-man’s-land of human knowledge, offering the promise of new and significant insight into ourselves.

New York, August 1967

MARTIN EBON

A baffled police force in Edmonton, Alberta, Canada, with four murders and no clues, sat up in amazement when the little doctor began reading the suspect's thoughts.

A Murder Case

Police Chief Michael Gier (Retired)

As told to

Kurt Singer

I was wallowing in the depths of frustration and despair. As police chief, I stood at the top of our organization, making a perfect target for hot criticism. And at that phase of the Booher case, I was hearing such scathing adjectives as “inefficient,” “sluggish,” and “incompetent” from the public, and “zany,” “crazy,” and “nuts” from my own colleagues.

I admit, in retrospect, that my methods were unorthodox, to say the least. I can understand the white and silent rage with which Detective Jim Leslie accepted my assignment to meet the train at the Edmonton railway station and bring Dr. Maximilian Langsner of Vienna back to my office.

Leslie was a successful detective with numerous kudos to his account, much praise for his careful and painstaking methods, and a clear record of past successes. The fact remained, however, that he had not found one clue, one motive or one bit of evidence that would help unravel the mass murder at the Booher farm.

Dr. Langsner was either a marvel or a hoax. I will leave

it to the reader to judge. I will simply tell the tale as it happened.

The Viennese doctor had first come to my attention as a result of his unaccountable activities in Vancouver, British Columbia. He had walked into police headquarters there and announced without so much as a hesitating blink of his sharp black eyes that he could solve a jewel robbery that was baffling the authorities. He said he would lead the police to the jewels.

The Vancouver police, as skeptical as Detective Leslie was now, nevertheless granted Langsner's request to be placed in the cell with the robbery suspect.

Dr. Langsner stood stiffly in one corner of the small room. Never did he ask a question or make an overture to the suspected thief. After thirty minutes of silence, the doctor left the cell and announced to the incredulous group of police officers, "The stolen jewels are hidden behind a picture in a room with yellow walls."

The Vancouver police muttered among themselves, for they had searched and re-searched the room of the suspect's girl friend—which had, incidentally, yellow walls.

"Musta read it in the papers," was their opinion. But they took a third look, and found the missing jewels secreted under the wallpaper behind the picture.

This was the first of three cases that the strange little mop-headed man had solved in Canada.

The cases seem to have been solved by a kind of telepathy, an inner receptivity that seemed to give Dr. Langsner the weird and unbelievable ability to read another's thoughts. When I finally asked him how he did it, he shrugged and said, "I do not know. Some have the power, others do not. I call it brain waves."

Detective Leslie was less impressed than he was angry when he saw the quaint stooped figure of the Viennese doctor totter from the train, carrying an umbrella and a

small piece of scarred luggage, and looking around with the eyes of a frightened mouse. "So this is the great man, the mental marvell" thought Leslie. "Well, let us see for ourselves."

Taking a firm grip on his emotions, Leslie strode forward and greeted the visitor with a great smile and warm handshake.

"Welcome to Edmonton. I'm happy to greet you and we are all looking forward to your help."

The shriveled little doctor doffed his Homburg, whereupon his flowing hair popped up like that on a Japanese doll. He stepped back a pace, folded his hands over the handle of his umbrella and was silent for one split second before he smiled and said, "I doubt what you have just said, but I hope you will like me better by the time I leave, and I trust I will be able to help you."

Leslie told me later that he felt mentally naked, and hated me even more for foisting this introduction upon him.

On their way to the office where I was to meet Dr. Langsner, Leslie outlined our problem. Then, when the doctor indicated his awareness of our multiple murders, the detective began to question him.

"You seem to know about the crime," he admitted. "Please tell me about yourself."

Dr. Langsner looked straight ahead. Even when the police car swerved around corners, his gaze was fixed as if he were in a trance. In an accent that sounded more English than Austrian, he replied:

"I was born in Vienna in 1893. Vienna was very lovely and very gay. The university there was full of vibrant thinkers and it was my good fortune to study under the great Freud. I was there during World War I and watched the horrors of the 'shell-shocked' men. I became extremely interested in the mind and its functioning.

"Research took me to Sweden, but the pattern of study there was similar to that in Austria. So I went to India, where I found so much inexplicable intuitive control of the mind that I stayed until I had earned a very satisfactory degree as Doctor of Philosophy. That was back in 1926.

"Since then I have found that my knowledge is helpful in solving crimes. I don't use it very much because people are skeptical . . . just as you are. It is also not my desire to be a bloodhound; so I go only when I am invited or when I have a strong pull toward a case, as I did in Vancouver. But I guess you know about that."

Detective Leslie nodded a miserable yes. "What are you doing in our country?"

Dr. Langsner put his Homburg back on his head, leaving a lock of frantic hair dangling between his eyes. Still he looked straight ahead, like a gyroscope that requires the entire world to revolve on its focus.

"My research here is a fascinating one," he said. "The minds of the Eskimos have been less touched, less indoctrinated, than those of any other group of people. The tribes of the Pacific Basin, the Micronesian and the Polynesian, have been corrupted by the white man. The natives of South America and Africa are difficult to reach for an old man such as I. So I have come here to study intuitive abilities of the Eskimo people. They sense weather changes; they recognize oncoming dangers; they use their minds with the same acuity I saw among the East Indians. I want to live with them and communicate with them through thought-channels. That is why I am here."

The wind was slack in Detective Leslie's sails. When the two men arrived at my office, Detective Leslie was walking respectfully behind the small figure of the doctor. It was a great sight to behold: Detective Leslie appearing like a shadow thrown up by a candle.

After cursory amenities, I gathered my sheaf of reports and set about to review the case in detail although I had the strange feeling that my conversation was extraneous.

"On July ninth of this year," I began, "the police station at Maxwell, some eighty miles from here, was notified by Dr. Heaslip that 'half the people at the Booher Ranch' had been murdered.

"Although it was 9:30, the summer night in the Arctic region was bright and glowing. Constable Olson drove the distance over the dusty bumpy roads from Maxwell to the Booher ranch house where Dr. Heaslip was waiting with Henry Booher, his younger son, Vernon, and a neighbor, Charles Stevenson.

"Henry Booher, a middle-aged man, led the way. It was as if a communion of silence had overcome them all, including Dr. Heaslip, the good country doctor who was accustomed to bringing life into the world and seeing it depart in a natural way. The four had been made speechless by the sights in the rooms ahead.

"In the dining room was Mrs. Booher with her head on the table as if asleep, but a second look showed the ugly neat holes of three bullets in her neck.

"You said 'half the family!'" said Constable Olson.

"Without a word, Mr. Booher led the way to the kitchen and pointed to another body—that of his older son, Fred. The corpse lay across the floor face up, having been thrown backward by the impact of a bullet through the mouth.

"Mr. Booher was obviously suffering from shock. He motioned Olson on and took him to the bunkhouse of the hired hand. He pointed once again—this time to the dead body of Gabriel Cromby, Austrian immigrant, who bore the unmistakable wounds of two shots in the head and one in the chest.

"Constable Olson was flabbergasted, and I am sure any of us would be, too. He was accustomed to such ordinary crimes as petty pilfering, stolen cattle and drunken brawls. Maxwell is a law-abiding community, by and large.

"But he did a good piece of work. He gathered everyone on the front porch for questioning.

"Who discovered the bodies?"

"I did,' Vernon said.

"What time was that?"

"About eight o'clock. I had been working in the fields for a couple of hours when I heard a sound like rifle shots. They seemed to come from the house. I came in to find out . . . and found mother!' His voice faded into a whisper . . . 'Then I saw Fred. When I ran to the bunkhouse for help I found Gabriel dead, too. It was awful . . . awful.'

"Then what did you do?"

"We have no phone so I ran to a neighbor and called Dr. Heaslip for help.'

"Is there any money missing?" asked the constable.

"No,' said Mr. Booher, 'nothing is missing. My wife's diamond ring was not even touched.'

"Suddenly, Vernon came to life. 'Where is Rosyk? It's strange we haven't seen him. Could he have done this thing?'

"Who is Rosyk?" asked the constable.

"Our other cowhand.'

"Immediately the anxious party set out for the barn behind which stood the small original bunkhouse of the Booher farm. Rosyk was there all right . . . with two bullet holes in his head.

"And now there are four,' summarized Constable Olson. 'Two members of the family and two workers.' And turning to Henry Booher, he continued his questioning. 'Where were you at the time of all these shots? Seems to me you must have heard them.'

"Mr. Booher turned from the doorway where he had been staring out across his vast acreage. 'No,' he said, 'I wish to God I had heard them, but I was working up on the north part of the east section of our land. The sounds didn't carry that far.'

"And what about you, Mr. Stevenson? How did you happen to be here?"

"Henry stopped by and asked me to come over to see a new farm equipment catalogue. We have been thinking of purchasing a harvester together.'

"Mr. Booher nodded his agreement.

"Mr. Booher, do you have any idea who might be responsible for these murders?"

"No,' replied the farmer, 'we have no enemies that I know of. Rose, my wife, was beloved in our community for her good deeds. She has never failed to be there if there was illness or death.' His voice broke and he wiped his eyes with the roughened back of his hand.

"Constable Olson made the usual request that nothing be touched and instructed Dr. Heaslip to take Vernon and Mr. Booher to the Stevenson home. He then called our Edmonston office, and I sent Detective Leslie and Inspector Malcolm Longacre out to the farm. Want to take the story from there, Jim?"

Detective Leslie looked briefly uncomfortable and cast a nervous glance at the doctor, who was sitting stiffly in his chair with his hands still clasped over the gold knob of his umbrella.

"Inspector Longacre and I went through the routine steps," he began. "We took fingerprints all over the house and found later that they belonged to the Booher family and their farmhands. The murder weapon was a .303 rifle, but we could not find it. There was a .22 rifle and an old shotgun in the house, but neither had been fired for some time. One thing that interested us was the absence of rifle

shells. The murderer or murderers had evidently carefully picked them up, with the exception of one that we found in a dishpan of water. That one shell, however, was of no value to us, since the soapy water had obliterated any fingerprint that might have been on it.

"The neighbors formed a posse and spread over the countryside in an attempt to find the man, or men, or at least the rifle, but to this date we are just as far from the solution of the crimes as we were when Constable Olson first called us."

I felt sorry for Leslie. He was obviously upset at having to make such an admission of defeat.

Dr. Langsner smiled sympathetically and leaned over his cane. "That is all right," he said. "Perhaps I can help in some small measure." Leslie smiled back. It looked to me as if a friendship between the two men was beginning.

That afternoon Dr. Langsner sat in on the inquest. We placed him at the press table and gave him the title of foreign correspondent. But trying to divert attention from the little Viennese with his wild white hair was a little like trying to hide Marilyn Monroe on Waikiki Beach. All eyes turned in his direction, but he slumped down in his chair and focused his eyes on the witness chair. He reminded me of a photographer adjusting his lens and getting his angle.

Later one of the pressmen confided that he had stolen a glimpse at Dr. Langsner's notes as testimony was given, and found, to his surprise, that the writing was not in English or German, but in an unfamiliar language that looked Oriental, perhaps Sanskrit.

By and large, testimony consisted of the facts I have already outlined, with a few new bits of information. One was the coroner's statement that Mrs. Booher was the first victim as she sat at the table cleaning strawberries. Fred was second and was probably killed when he startled the killer by entering the kitchen after he had heard the shots.

It was some thirty minutes later that Rosyk was killed in the bunkhouse, and a full two hours more before Cromby met his death.

Various neighbors and passersby corroborated the time factor. The first three volleys had been heard around 6 P.M., the second after 6:30, and the third around eight. Since this is hunting country, no one had given the sounds a second thought.

A surprise witness, Councilman Robert Scott, introduced a new element when he claimed he had driven down the farm road around 6:30 and had stopped to talk with Vernon Booher. During their conversation, Rosyk had interrupted them by asking Vernon what chores were still to be done. Vernon instructed him to go to the barn and feed the pigs.

When Vernon was put on the stand, he was sharply questioned as to why he had not heard the shots. "As I have thought about that evening," he said, "it does seem to me that I heard shots earlier than eight o'clock, but paid no attention. I thought possibly they were a tractor backfiring, or someone taking shots at a killer fox that's been in our area. Stevenson, for instance, has sworn to get that animal." His testimony was concise and convincing.

When Mr. Stevenson was put on the stand, he seemed visibly nervous. When the question came, "Do you own a gun?" Stevenson fidgeted in his chair.

"Yes," he said, "but I don't have it now. And that's something that has bothered me, and I think I ought to tell you about it. My gun was a .303, just like the one that killed all those people. It was in my closet, but it isn't there now. Someone must have stolen it."

This statement caused a murmur in the courtroom, and the newspapermen wrote frantically. Dr. Langsner sat with his eyes focused through narrow slits.

"Do you have any idea when the gun was stolen?" was the next question.

"Yes," responded Mr. Stevenson. "The rifle was taken last Sunday while I was in church. It was there when I put on my meeting clothes and gone when I came home and took them off again."

"Why didn't you report the theft?"

"You know how it is in our country. Neighbors just come over and borrow things. We never lock our houses or bolt the barn doors. We don't think of things like city people do. If I needed a gun, I wouldn't think twice about borrowing Booher's, for instance."

Mr. Booher and Vernon nodded in assent. On cross examination, they both testified they were at church on the Sunday in question and knew nothing of the missing rifle.

At the end of the inquest, there was a gloomy meeting in my office. It appeared to Detective Leslie, Inspector Longacre and me that the questioning had brought out little new evidence.

"Seems to me," I said, "that three people could be guilty . . . Henry Booher, Vernon Booher, or Mr. Stevenson. No one of these appears to have any motive; so I am inclined to look for a madman, a psychoneurotic, bent on murder. I feel that our next move should be to search the countryside again for the rifle. There's been no rain, and fingerprints might still be visible. If we find the gun, we can check the files of criminals and people with mental records—and perhaps track down the killer. You note I said 'perhaps.'"

Turning to Dr. Langsner, I half-jokingly posed the question, "And who, in your mind, sir, is guilty?"

Dr. Langsner shook himself as if in a sort of waking sleep. With precise diction and clear voice, he sounded like an oracle:

"The rifle is unimportant. And there are not three suspects, but only one. The man who murdered all four persons is Vernon Booher."

Detective Leslie leaned forward. I tried to maintain my calm, but I confess I was a trifle excited.

"How can you be so sure?" I queried.

"And what proof do you have?" asked the legally minded Inspector Longacre.

Dr. Langsner looked at us helplessly. "Of course, I have no proof. I am sure, but I cannot tell you how I am sure. As I have told your distinguished police officials before, my conclusions are the results of electrical changes that take place in the brain. Some people, in fact most people, are not capable of this, but I am able to catch the brain waves. I was reading the thoughts of those who were on the stand today. Also yours, Detective Leslie," and he smiled a warm, friendly smile.

Jim Leslie looked embarrassed.

"Now wait a minute," interrupted Inspector Longacre. "Do you mean to sit there and tell us that you could read the minds of the witnesses while they were on the stand?"

"I do not know if I was 'reading their minds,' but I know what they were thinking about.

"When a man commits a violent and terrible crime, he overrides his instinct for decency and, at the same time, he is caught by the drive for survival. The criminal goes over the details time after time; he plans his excuses and develops his alibi. This is the reason for confessions. The persistence of thought drives him to vocalize his maldoings.

"The facts I learned from Vernon today are perhaps sketchy, but I can assure you, he is worried that you will come across a clue . . ."

"And that clue would be the rifle," I said triumphantly, still bent on finding the murder weapon. I was painfully aware that Dr. Langsner's suspicions, arrived at by telepathic means, would not hold up in any court, much less the punctilious Canadian ones.

"Why don't you tell us where to find the rifle?" I urged.

Dr. Langsner gave a little sigh. "Yes," he said, "I know where it is. While Mr. Stevenson was telling of its removal from his home, Vernon was, of course, thinking very intently about the weapon. I could see where he put it."

Dr. Langsner closed his eyes. "It is in a clump of prairie grass some two hundred yards back of the house. It is to the west because I can see the sun in that direction."

Inspector Longacre gasped and then, I feel sure, assured himself that the doctor had previously gained information as to the geographical site of the Booher home.

"If you take me to the farm, I think I can find it for you," continued Dr. Langsner. "But let us go tomorrow. I am very tired now."

Detective Leslie was on his feet the next moment and hustled his charge out of the room with the care and alacrity of a mother hen.

Noon the next day found the four of us together again on the Booher farm. It was clearly a large landholding. The house was a comfortable two-story wood building. The large veranda was dotted with rocking chairs, and I could envision the Boohers as they entertained the neighbors on warm summer evenings. The equipment was modern, the barn newly painted, and the various farm buildings clustered under huge spreading linden trees.

I glanced at Dr. Langsner and inwardly chuckled at the sight. The mysterious little doctor was still carrying his umbrella in spite of the heat-filled blue sky. He was again wearing his black suit, and while his bangs of white hair were secured under his black hat, an unruly fringe curled coyly on the nape of his neck. Certainly the Booher farm had never before been graced by such a figure!

But if Dr. Langsner was uncomfortable because of the heat or aware that he was not dressed for the occasion, he gave no outward sign.

Instead he wandered aimlessly toward the back of the house. In my youth I remember seeing men with water witches, the twisted branches of willow which were held over the ground and which, they declared, pointed toward the best place to dig a well. Dr. Langsner, without the wand in hand, was behaving in somewhat the same manner.

We stood on the sidelines and watched.

After some twenty minutes of trancelike crisscrossing of steps, he returned to us, motioned to Leslie to follow, and took off like a greyhound after a rabbit. It was a sight to behold—the tall Leslie almost stepping on the heels of the little man in the Homburg.

The professor stopped suddenly between a linden tree on the left and a bunkhouse on the right. Leslie almost ran him down. The doctor's eyes were closed and he put his hand like a visor over them.

"*Ja, ja! Ach Gott,*" he exclaimed, "I have it now. If you will walk straight ahead about ten large steps . . ."

Leslie began pacing off. On the ninth step he stumbled and almost fell. As he regained his balance, he fumbled and picked up a rifle with the satisfied and triumphant statement, "Here it is!"

"Oh, no," breathed Inspector Longacre, and it was hard to tell whether he was impressed or astonished. Likely it was both.

Detective Leslie carefully wrapped the rifle and we headed back to Edmonton's crime laboratory where the gun would be checked for fingerprints.

"You will not find any prints," warned Dr. Langsner. "Vernon wiped them off. He kept thinking how glad he was that he had taken that precaution."

At this point, then, none of us was surprised when the gun was found free of fingerprints.

Sufficiently impressed with the validity of Dr. Langsner's predictions, we did not want to take chances. I booked

Vernon, not on suspicion of murder but as a material witness, and had him placed in one of the cells in the Edmonton jail "for his own protection."

"Let me tell you what we should do next," suggested Dr. Langsner.

We were more than ready to hear his opinion. Assuming Vernon was guilty, we had not one whit of proof, and no jury in the world would take "brain waves" as evidence. We were remembering the professor's demonstration on the Booher farm as well as his past record in the solution of crimes.

Following the doctor's suggestions, we placed a chair for him in front of Vernon's cell and issued orders that there was to be no unnecessary noise and no interruptions.

Dr. Langsner seated himself and leaned forward, staring at Vernon through the bars. Vernon's reactions vacillated from an attempt to be conversational to angry profanity until, at last, he sat on his cot with his back toward the doctor and maintained a stolid, defiant silence. And Dr. Langsner just sat and stared.

The entire episode required some sixty minutes. At the end of that time, Dr. Langsner smiled at Vernon's back and said a gay "Goodbye." We all went into the office.

"Vernon is definitely guilty. He killed his mother because he hated her, for some reason that I cannot quite get. He has no regret for shooting her, but he is sorry he killed his brother. When he went into the dining room to kill his mother, she spoke to him without turning around. It startled him, for he expected her to look at him. He fired, and then from fury he fired twice again.

"Fred heard the shots and came into the kitchen. Vernon knew he had to be killed.

"When he ran out to hide the gun, he saw Rosyk and Cromby in the fields. He was trying to get rid of the gun, but when he feared Rosyk had seen him, he killed him, too.

"Two hours later he decided Cromby must also go. The weight of his crimes was heavy on his shoulders, and, although he really liked Cromby, he felt he should be safe and eliminate all possible witnesses."

"Dr. Langsner!" I interjected. "At this point, I have no doubt that the things you are saying are true. But how can we prove it?"

"Find the woman he fears," was his quick reply.

Woman? There had been no woman in this case.

"I do not know her name. But Vernon stole the gun on Sunday from Mr. Stevenson. He sneaked out of church, took it and returned before the sermon was over. The woman who saw him leave was wearing a poke-bonnet. She has small, pixie-dark eyes and a heavy lantern-jaw. She sat in the pew next to the last and to the left of the center aisle. She glanced around and saw him leave and watched to see if he would return."

"Find that woman," I said to Leslie, who was on his feet and out the door before I had finished.

By noon the following day Leslie was back with the woman, Erma Higgins. She *was* a pixie-eyed, lantern-jawed female, the sort of spinster who knows everything that is going on at every church service, including the mild flirtations between the young men and women. Yes, she had seen Vernon leave and yes, she had seen him return.

By putting our heads together, we set up a scene for Vernon that would, I modestly say, challenge a London theatrical. I placed Erma Higgins in the center of the room, facing the door, with Dr. Langsner near her and also facing the door. I remained at my desk in the hope that my position would give an awesome authority to the meeting. Detective Leslie and Inspector Longacre took posts on either side of the door, and Vernon's chair was placed so as to face the professor and Miss Higgins.

Even the lines were rehearsed. When Vernon was shown

in and seated, Miss Higgins said, "Vernon, I saw you leave the church the day Charlie's rifle was stolen."

Vernon looked at her and then stared at Dr. Langsner. The doctor stared him down.

"I know you did," he admitted miserably. "I know you did."

For a minute that seemed like an hour, the only sound in the room came from an old-fashioned wall clock with a thin brass pendulum. Then Vernon turned to me in desperation and fairly pleaded, "Let me confess. I killed them. Let me confess to you."

He broke into great sobs, sobs that seemed to come from somewhere in the region of his spinal column.

His confession need not be told here, for Dr. Langsner was correct in every detail. The only new thing we learned was the motive for the first murder, which ignited the following chain of killings.

Rose Booher, though deeply loved in the community, was, at the same time, a dominant person who held selfishly and tightly to her family of men. Vernon, the younger of the boys, had been her particular attachment.

When Vernon, young and romantic and emotional, had threatened to elope with an attractive blond daughter of an itinerant farm worker, Mrs. Booher had been stern in her "No," while Henry had laughed off the crisis as a teenage whim that would rapidly die. In her passionate effort to keep her son by her side, Rose Booher had had the poor judgment to apply some unattractive adjectives to the girl and to order her to leave the farm one Sunday afternoon when Vernon had brought her to visit.

Vernon's resentment kindled, burned and became the explosion that took four lives.

On April 26 of the following year Vernon Booher walked his last mile to the scaffold.

Months before, however, Detective Leslie and I took Dr.

Langsner to the train leaving Edmonton. Our words of thanks were inadequate to express our appreciation. The small check we put in his pocket, against his wishes, was trivial in comparison to the job he had done for us.

As he stepped on board, his parting words to us were, "Gentlemen, no man can escape from his own thoughts. . . . And now, off to the Eskimos!"

Some time went by before Leslie placed a small news clipping on my desk. His face showed the mournful expression of one who has lost a hero. The clipping read, in part:

Maximilian Langsner, Ph. D., University of Calcutta, was found dead today in a small hut on the outskirts of Fairbanks, Alaska. Dr. Langsner was known for his theory of brainwaves and was doing research on the subject at the time of his death.

To his credit he had solved mysteries for the Shah of Persia, the King of Egypt and the British Government in Asia. His unusual capabilities had also led him to aid various police departments in the solution of difficult cases.

When I looked up from reading the article, I found that Detective Leslie had already left the room.

These identical twins on the West Coast have remarkable telepathic rapport; they suffer the same illnesses, though living 150 miles apart, and one "knows things"—without any explainable way of doing so.

Was It Coincidence?

Vera Randall

I do not know precisely when I first became aware of a sixth sense but I'm sure it was when I was quite young. It is well-known that children have the capacity to accept the strange and unusual. My unusual experiences stem from the fact, or at least are connected with the fact, that I am an identical twin.

My twin sister and I have many times started to speak and say the same words. And many times we have said nothing and yet had thoughts pass between us that needed no words. When we told our parents about this, they gave us a simple explanation. "Two peas from a pod are bound to *think alike*," they said. But it was more than just *thinking alike*!

There seemed to be a physical relationship that was more difficult to explain. Often my sister would have a headache at the same time I had one. After many attempts at trying to convince our parents of the reality of such simultaneous phenomena, we simply gave up.

After I was married, I related some of these experiences to my husband. "I don't believe a word of it," he said. He is

a teacher and considers himself a scientific thinker. "Pure coincidence," he said when my twin and I went shopping in cities miles apart and bought dresses or shoes alike. "Pure coincidence," he insisted.

My sister also married. For many years she lived 150 miles distant from us. It was extraordinary how many times we telephoned each other at exactly the same moment. Was it coincidence?

Was it coincidence that when I was in labor with each of my three children she telephoned me and said that she was having stomach pains at regular intervals, even before she knew I was in labor? She has never had a baby. That raises the question: how could she describe labor pains so accurately? Must there not have been some secret communication?

My husband said that it is quite common for men to have pains when their wives are in labor. Thus it is conceivable, he said, that twins could have sympathetic pains. But could my sister have had sympathetic pains *when she did not know I was in labor*?

Unable to convince my husband, I gave up. Then a strange thing happened.

On a cold February night I dreamed my husband and I were at the beach. I do not swim, and my husband, who loves to ride the waves, had given me his ring to hold. It was much too large for me, so I put it on my middle finger. In my dream I was sitting on a blanket on the sand and touched my finger to check on the ring. The ring was gone! I began searching around the blanket. Unable to find the ring, I began to cry. Startled, I sat up in bed.

Moonlight fell across our pillows and I could see John sleeping soundly. About three minutes passed. Then I saw him touch his finger. He jumped right out of bed.

"My ring," he yelled. "It's gone."

It was gone!

I told him what I had dreamed. Frantically he searched the covers and there lay the ring between the blankets!

"Explain that as a coincidence," I challenged him.

"Maybe I rubbed my finger and you were conscious of it," he said.

"No, dear. I was awake. And you had not moved at all."

My husband was still not quite willing to believe in a sixth sense. But gradually he came to believe that I was "sensitive." We went to parties where there were many people I had never seen before. Yet I would know every person in the room. That, he said, was because I have a vivid imagination. But could imagination enable one to know exactly what someone says about him? It has happened that I have been reading or watching TV and suddenly become aware that someone is talking about me. Moreover, I know exactly what they say. To prove it to myself, I have telephoned the person and had the words verified which I had "imagined." This has happened again and again. I am convinced that this is something more than coincidence.

A few weeks ago my husband took our son, who is four years old, to Los Angeles for the weekend. It was Saturday night, and I went to bed early and read. At nine o'clock I thought I heard my son cry. His voice was clear and the cry was as if he were beside me. When they returned home, I asked my little boy if he had been a good boy and if he had cried. He said, "I was good and I didn't cry at all."

I thought no more about it until several days later when we were taking a drive. My husband remarked, "Johnny sure was a good boy. He cried only one time."

I asked when and what time. He said, "Saturday night about nine o'clock when I had given him a bath."

My husband had an explanation for that one. He said that I had asked him to bathe Johnny Saturday night. And in my unconscious mind I was aware that he was bathing

him about that time. It was easy, he said, for me to think of him crying.

Well, how about the following?

Recently, I consulted my doctor about a large lump that had popped up on my right wrist. "Ganglion," he said, and telephoned a surgeon to make arrangements for me to have it removed.

At this time my twin and her husband were living in Los Angeles and I had not seen them for several months. I was washing dishes when suddenly I had the feeling that they were coming to visit us.

I said to my husband, "I had better go to the store and get a ham for Willie and Ray. They're coming, you know."

Within five minutes we heard their car turn in the driveway.

My husband laughed and said he wished I knew which horses were coming in at the races.

They put their suitcases away and returned to the kitchen. I had just dried my hands and glanced at the growth on my wrist.

"Look at this," I said. At the same instant my sister held out her right hand. In the same location on her right wrist she had a ganglion. She had also been to her doctor the same day I had.

"Well, I'll be—" my husband said. "I just can't believe it."

"Explain it scientifically," I urged him.

He rubbed his chin as if a solution were forthcoming. "I don't know. I just don't know," he confessed. "But it *does* seem like more than just coincidence!"

Here is a "to whom it may concern" letter from Dale E. Hoyt, M.D., of National City, California, headed "Re: Vera Randall and Willie Hemphill."

"The above named is a pair of identical twins. Each of these ladies has a ganglion on the distal end of the radius,

on her right hand. In each case, the ganglion is approximately the same size, in exactly the same location, and has been noted for approximately the same duration."

"Coincidence or — ?" I said to my husband.

A father lost in the North Woods, a son's desperate search, and a famous sensitive who "read" exactly what had happened to the father from a phone call during which none of the pertinent facts were given. The author has written and lectured widely on extrasensory perception; among his current books is How to Make ESP Work for You.

Once Again, Thoughts Through Space

Harold Sherman

It was the early spring of 1939 when the events related here took place. At that time I was attempting to recover my health from the emotional and physical strain of experiments in long distance telepathy with Sir Hubert Wilkins, which were reported in my book, *Thoughts Through Space* (New York, 1942). As an aftermath, I had developed stomach ulcers, causing hemorrhages which might easily have taken my life.

Under these circumstances, I refrained from any protracted attempts at experimentation in extrasensory perception. Even so, for some months following the conclusion of the telepathic experiments with Wilkins (from the fall of 1937 to the spring of 1938), I found myself in such a sensitized condition that if I permitted myself to become too sympathetically interested in any person, friend or stranger, I suddenly became attuned to his subconscious. I felt, momentarily, as though I was that person, while a pano-

ramic series of mental pictures, feelings and impressions rushed through my mind—apparently from his memory stream.

Those unbidden experiences were frightening. I doubt if I would have had the temerity to undertake those regularly scheduled tests, had I known the toll they would take and the emotional and physical aftereffects that would result.

It has been my practice to proceed as knowingly as possible into the unknown, and to adhere strictly to conscious development of extrasensory powers. I have wanted to be aware, at all times, of what was taking place in consciousness, and to avoid any influences which might lead to trance or semiconscious states, where forces beyond my control might move in and take over. I have seen too many men and women who have trustfully or unwisely submitted to "psychic domination," and who have had great difficulty thereafter determining the verity of any impressions, let alone maintaining control and direction of their own minds.

The subconscious, once permitted to act on its own, is highly suggestive. It can be activated by imagination, fear, desire, lust for power, or ego satisfaction—and can reproduce all manner of seemingly evidential, inspirational material which can only be fabrication of one's own mind, partially drawn from the memory stream and fused with flashes of intuitive perception.

To get through into higher levels of consciousness where it is possible to make contact with intelligence and even entities outside one's own mental field requires the concentrative ability to penetrate the resistance of the lower centers of consciousness directly related to one's body and one's present external environment.

The March, 1939, issue of *Cosmopolitan* magazine carried the first mention of my experiments in long distance telepathy with Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Arctic explorer, in an

article which provoked great interest throughout the world. It was written by Inez Haynes Irwin and entitled "Some Call It Extra-Sensory Perception." This article antedated by some three years the publication of the book, *Thoughts Through Space*, in which Wilkins and I told our stories, as sender and receiver. The book included my recorded impressions together with the check report from Sir Hubert's diary and the log of events that had occurred to him or members of his crew on the dates which coincided with my "extrasensory pick-ups."

But it was the publication of the *Cosmopolitan* article which was responsible for my unusual experience in March of 1939. At that time I was employed as editor of the *Savings Bank Journal*, with offices on East 42nd Street, New York. This particular day, I was reading page proofs and getting ready to send the magazine to press. My mind was intently focused on my editorial duties when the phone rang. I answered it in a routine manner still penciling in corrections on the printed matter before me.

The caller, to my surprise, was Thomas Garrett, well-known hypnotist, who had served the Air Force in helping relieve the emotional and mental blocks of fliers who had crash-landed or had other harrowing experiences in the air.

Mr. Garrett explained that he was phoning on behalf of a young man in his office, a Mr. Yellen, who had just learned that his father was lost in the Canadian North Woods. Mr. Yellen was leaving that afternoon by train to join a searching party.

"Mr. Yellen has read the article in *Cosmopolitan* about your telepathic experiments with Wilkins," Mr. Garrett said. "When he learned that I knew you, he asked me to get in touch to see if you might get some impressions as to what has happened to his father."

The suggestion was instantly repellent to me. I had already received a flood of mail from well-meaning men and

women, requesting that I use such powers as I had developed for the purpose of locating lost relatives or lost valuables, or securing other information. Many believed I was a fortune teller, able to disclose the future, and still others begged me to contact their dear ones in the after life.

"Please tell Mr. Yellen that he doesn't realize what he is requesting," I said to Mr. Garrett. "Telepathy would not necessarily be involved in such an undertaking. It would be more like what is called clairvoyance, and I make no claim to be able to sense what is happening or has happened at a distance. Besides, Tom, I am not in the physical or mental mood to attempt any extrasensory assignment at present. I am still under par and nerve-exhausted from my previous experience. I appreciate Mr. Yellen's confidence in my being able to help him—but please tell him this is not possible. If I *should* try and fail, I would get no thanks for it."

Instead of relaying these comments to Mr. Yellen, Mr. Garrett said, "Harold, I understand how you feel, but my friend is very upset at the news of his father's disappearance. I'm sure it would make him feel better if he could at least talk to you. Would you let me put him on the phone, and explain to him yourself?"

More to save time than for any other reason, I said, "All right—put him on!"

Mr. Yellen, a man I had never seen, nor had even known existed until a few moments before, came on the phone. He was sincerely apologetic, said he hadn't meant to request anything that would be an imposition, that he didn't have any comprehension of what was involved in the getting of extrasensory impressions, but he was reaching out for help in my direction because of what he had read about me.

As I listened to his voice, I became sympathetically interested despite myself. I thought, "What if my own father were lost in the North Woods, as his father is? Wouldn't I

be just as anxious to learn what had happened to him, through any source that might be helpful or worth investigating?"

The moment I let my mental guard down—it happened! In a way it is impossible to describe, the inner centers of my mind became activated. I began to see vivid mental pictures and to get strong, unmistakable feelings, just as I had when I had communicated with Wilkins. As these impressions came, I began talking.

"Just a minute," I broke in over the phone. "I am with your father now. I see him stagger out of the underbrush onto what looks like an abandoned Indian trail. He is in a nearly exhausted physical condition. He has not fallen into a lake or stream and been drowned, as some of the searching party think—but he is lost. I am following him, mentally, as he walks unsteadily along the trail. He goes about a mile and comes to a fork where the trail splits and goes off at right angles. I see him hesitate, undecided which fork to take. Then he starts off to the right and I get a good feeling in my solar plexus because I can see that, if he continues for about half a mile, he will come to a clearing where there is an old lumber camp, and there are two men there in charge of it, who can give him his bearings and help him get out of the forest.

"But now, I can see him stop, about halfway there, and turn back. I go with him as he retraces his steps to the fork, and now I get a terrible feeling in my solar plexus because I seem to sense that this fork is leading him farther and farther into the woods and that he has no hope of rescue there.

"I go along with your father for perhaps half a mile when he comes up against a great tree trunk which has fallen across the trail. It is so big and your father is so exhausted that he doesn't have the strength to climb over it, and the underbrush appears to be too thick to go around it. I see

your father try again and again—and finally, I see him drop dead beside this tree trunk. . . .”

The moment I gave this impression, Mr. Yellen, whom I had all but forgotten, cried into the phone: “No, Mr. Sherman—don’t tell me my father is *dead!*”

His voice broke whatever connection I had had and brought me back to a conscious recollection of what I had been recounting.

“Please disregard everything I have said,” I urged Mr. Yellen. “I shouldn’t have told you of my impressions, but they came to me so unexpectedly and so strongly that I felt impelled to speak them out. However, this could just be my imagination. There is no way of proving that your father is dead. Don’t take my impression as evidence. I just permitted myself to get deeply interested in what may have happened to your father and this is what has come to my mind. However, it is probably all wrong and I would appreciate it if you keep these impressions to yourself. I don’t want to get the reputation of giving out ‘psychic readings’ like this.”

“I understand,” Mr. Yellen replied, still considerably overwrought. He made an effort to calm himself, and then continued. “While you were talking, I made notes on the back of an envelope. If your impressions should be true, I’ll let you know about them. Whether they are true or not—and I certainly hope my father isn’t dead—I want to thank you for giving these impressions to me, for whatever they may be worth.”

That night I told Mrs. Sherman of this experience.

“This mustn’t happen again,” I said to her. “I’ve got to find some way to protect myself. Imagine my giving a total stranger impressions over a telephone, just because I was suddenly gripped by strong feelings and saw certain scenes in my mind’s eye! If these impressions are wrong and word gets around that I am attempting such psychic feats, it

may well reflect upon the experimentation I have already done under scientifically observed conditions.”

As the weeks passed and I had no word from Mr. Yellen, my conscious mind plagued me with the growing suspicion that the impressions I had given him might have been entirely wrong. I rebuked myself again and again for having expressed them to the very anxious young man.

The spring passed into summer and summer into fall. One evening, after I had given a talk on extrasensory perception at the Psychic Research Forum at the Hotel McAlpin in New York, two young men approached me. One of them, extending his hand, said: “Mr. Sherman, do you remember me?”

I meet many people in the course of a year, and I have an unusual memory for faces, but as I looked at this dark-haired, dark-eyed young man, I said, “I don’t believe that I have ever met you before.”

“That’s right,” he recalled. “But I have felt as though we have met—even though I only talked with you on the phone from Mr. Thomas Garrett’s office. My name is Yellen.”

Then, of course, the entire incident returned to my mind.

“Oh, yes,” I said. “You are the man to whom I related an impression about his father, lost in the North Woods of Canada. I have always regretted doing that. . . . What *really* happened?”

“That’s what I’ve come to tell you,” said Mr. Yellen. “I took the train for Canada that afternoon after I talked with you, and joined the searching party. We roamed the woods for ten days and could not find a trace of my father, so I returned to the States and my job in New Jersey. There had been new snows and it was impossible to get through in some places. This summer, I got a wire that my father’s body had been found. I returned to Canada and went to the spot. Mr. Sherman, I walked along the abandoned Indian trail you told me about. I stood at the fork in the trail.

I went up to the clearing and saw the old lumber camp where the two men had been, just as you described. And then I retraced my steps and went up to the other fork and stood beside the great fallen tree trunk, at the place where my father's body had been discovered. I came back to the States, intent on getting in touch with you, and telling you that your impressions had been correct. I went to see Mr. Garrett, only to find that his office was closed and he had gone South. Not knowing how to reach you, I decided to wait until either Mr. Garrett returned, or I ran into someone who knew where you were. The other night, this friend of mine"—and he introduced me to the young man accompanying him—"told me he was going into New York, to the Psychic Research Forum, to hear a talk by Harold Sherman. I said to him, 'That's the man I've been wanting to see for some months. I'm going with you' . . . and here I am!"

It is impossible to convey the mental and emotional relief that came over me when I received this confirmation of the information I had passed along. This had also been true during my experiments in long distance telepathy with Sir Hubert Wilkins. Since the receiving of impressions is a function of the subconscious mind, and since the conscious mind has nothing directly to do with reception, it will always put up an argument, after receiving in turn the impressions from the subconscious—insisting that they could not be genuine—that they have simply been figments of the imagination, products of wishful thinking, or of fear or worry thoughts.

Once the *feeling* of conviction that accompanies the receiving of a genuine impression has departed, one is left with the "doubting Thomas" of the conscious mind to plague himself. Personally, I have never been certain of an impression unless it has been "grounded" in my solar plexus. I apparently perceive it in the area of the brain or mind, but

unless I get a positive "feeling reaction" at the same time, in my "second brain" or solar plexus region, the impression lacks conviction and may well be an intrusion of my imagination.

Control of the imaginative faculty is imperative to anyone who would develop his extrasensory perceptive powers. Because my profession has been that of writing, I am well acquainted with the feeling in consciousness when I am using my imagination. The feeling in the mind when exercising extrasensory faculties is distinctly different and can be isolated.

Even so, at any moment, unless control is maintained, the imagination or your fear, or worry, or wishful-thinking urges may enter in—and change or distort the mental pictures you may be receiving from the mind of another, or clairvoyantly sensing.

In the case of Mr. Yellen and his missing father, I cannot explain how my mind, once centered upon this situation, brought me the knowledge of what had happened. Nevertheless, I have found that, if one has a strong desire to ascertain some information about a person, whether that person is present or at a distance, the mind has ways of putting you in touch with many of the facts you are seeking.

It may be possible that my mind first attuned itself to Mr. Yellen's mind. Could he have telepathically received, through his subconscious, the record of what had happened to his father, direct from his parent, even though he did not possess the ability to pull this knowledge through into his conscious mind? Could I, then, simply have taken this information from his subconscious?

Or could my mind, in some electromagnetic manner still not understood, have used his mind as a trunk line, and made contact with the thoughts his father had left behind? Certainly I had to get this information from some source! Had his father been dead before these impressions had

come to me? I had no inner feeling that I was in touch with a discarnate entity—even though I had a sense of being with the father as he was going through his last tortured experience on earth.

We have the evidence that my mind picked up these impressions. I have in my files a letter from Mr. Garrett, who was told these impressions by Mr. Yellen at the time, testifying to their authenticity.

Since the time that this experience occurred, I have done more private testing along similar lines, and have been astounded at some of the results achieved. I have come to the conclusion that, when you have learned to make your body completely relaxed, your mind receptive, and have been able to turn the attention of your conscious mind inward to focus upon what you may have chosen for a point of concentration—such as a visualized blank, white, motion picture screen—and when you suggest to your extrasensory faculties that they determine for you what has happened to such and such a person in such and such a place—if you can hold yourself in a state of absolute receptivity, maintaining an inner feeling of high expectancy, without forcing—*then*, in some indefinable but demonstrable way, attunement with some source of knowledge is made, and flashing mental pictures and strong feelings occur, bringing you the facts you seek, in whole or fragmentary form!

It is my conviction that we will, one day, discover that we are all connected, in an electromagnetic way, with the subconscious minds of all human creatures; that we all exist in what might be termed, for want of a better expression, a “mental ether”; that we are ordinarily insulated from the direct influence or trespassing of any minds upon our own; but that, under sufficiently emotionally charged conditions, we are sending and receiving mental impressions which may or may not get through to the attention and recognition of our conscious minds.

At present, all investigators are but “pin-prickers” on the surface of a vast mental field awaiting exploration. At present we are dealing with rather insignificant experiences of man—for instance, the plight of one man who became lost in the woods. However, this is a case of a man who left a record of everything he did behind, and a person who has developed higher powers of sensitivity may occasionally sense such happenings and reliably report them.

This is astonishing enough in itself, but I am far more interested in finding the meaning and in developing the control and direction of our minds which would enable us to realize our oneness and mutual interdependence, without which knowledge the great powers we possess within us may never be put to use on this earth.

A wife dreams the precise circumstances of her husband's death in Augusta, Georgia, when several hundred miles away, not in touch with him, and consciously believing him to be in good health.

"I Dreamt My Husband's Death"

Benita Rivers

IN the first week of May, 1931, my husband Wilson Rivers went on a business trip to Augusta, Georgia, several hundred miles away from our home. While he was away, my mother and I were staying with my brother, Lyman Rhodes, and his wife at their home in Spartanburg, North Carolina.

Early on the morning of May 3, I was awakened when I heard my brother getting up and preparing to leave for his office. I lay awake for a while, thinking of my husband and wondering why I hadn't heard from him the day before, for it was his custom to write to me every day while he was away. I went back to sleep after a few minutes and had a most amazing dream.

In this dream I saw my husband lying unconscious in a hospital, bloody fluid pouring from his mouth. Five doctors were standing around him, expressions of concern and perplexity on their faces. They were discussing my husband. One of them said, "We have done all we can for him. Since we do not know what his trouble is, we know nothing else to do for him."

I awoke with a start, alarmed and frightened. I told my

mother of my dream, and she tried to comfort me by saying that dreams "come by contraries," and that my husband had been too busy to write.

Later, while we were at the breakfast table, I received a telegram from the doctor in charge of the Veterans Hospital in Augusta. It read:

YOUR HUSBAND VERY ILL. ADVISE YOU COME AT ONCE.

I thought of the dream I had had just an hour or so before, and I wondered with apprehension what was its significance. My brother was called home from his office, and as he and I were leaving for Augusta I told my mother I was convinced I would never see my husband alive again.

When we arrived at the hospital and I asked to see my husband I was directed to the office of the doctor who had wired me. I went to his office, and this is what he told me:

"I am sorry to have to tell you that your husband died about twenty minutes ago. I want you to know that everything possible was done for him. We did everything we knew to do. He was brought to us unconscious, a bloody fluid coming from his mouth. He never regained consciousness. Five doctors, including myself, tried to save his life—but we could not diagnose his case correctly. We want your permission to hold an autopsy to determine the cause of his death. Perhaps this will enable us to save other lives."

This time I was awake. But the scene the doctor described to me and the words he was saying were the same I had seen and heard in my true clairvoyant dream.

I add here two statements testifying to the truth of the events I have related: one from my sister-in-law, Mrs. Jennie Rhodes Godfrey of Charleston, South Carolina, and one from my husband's sister, Mrs. Willie Rivers Young of Fairfax, South Carolina.

September 7, 1955

This is to state that my sister-in-law, Benita Rivers, told me of her dream as she related it in her notes, "A Clairvoyant Dream," before going to the hospital where she found her husband, Wilson Rivers, dead. According to the doctor in charge of the Veterans Hospital where he had been admitted, he had died under conditions almost identical to the dream she had had the night before.

(Mrs.) Jennie Rhodes Godfrey
Charleston, S.C.

September 9, 1955

I am the sister of Wilson Rivers, deceased, whose wife was Benita Rivers. I do declare that Benita Rivers told me of her dream before going to the Veterans Hospital in Augusta, Georgia, where my brother died. She said she dreamed of seeing my brother on an operating table, that bloody water was pouring out of his mouth, and five doctors were standing beside him and one had said they did not know what was the matter with her husband and that they had done all they knew to do for him.

I know that he had died as she had seen him in her dream, because my husband, George Young, also reached the hospital after he died, and with Benita Rivers gave consent to the autopsy that the doctors wished to make to determine what he died of.

The doctor told my husband of his condition and treatment before he died, which were the same as Benita Rivers' dream as related to me.

(Mrs.) Willie Rivers Young
Fairfax, S.C.

Mark Twain feared they would call his discovery of "mental telegraphy" a joke and waited many years to tell of his belief in the phenomenon, and of his own personal experiences with it. Mr. Munson is a member of the faculty of the Wesleyan Center for Advanced Studies.

Mark Twain's Discovery of Telepathy

Gorham Munson

"ALL his life," wrote Van Wyck Brooks in his influential *Ordeal of Mark Twain*, "Mark Twain was attended by what Mr. [Albert Bigelow] Paine calls 'psychic evidence'; he never fails to note the marvellous coincidences of which he is the subject; he is always being struck by some manifestation of 'mental telegraphy'—he invented the phrase; strange phenomena of nature rise up in his path." And what did Mr. Brooks make of Mark Twain's interest in telepathy and psychical research? He did not take it seriously, which is what Mark Twain expected would happen if he declared himself on such subjects. Brooks disposed of these interests by finding them examples of "that boundless comic impudence of Mark Twain"; he accused Mark Twain of "childlike self-magnification, combined with an instinctive trust in luck."

Mark Twain had written about "mental telegraphy" as early as 1878. He had intended to publish the piece in *A Tramp Abroad* but removed it from the manuscript, "for I

feared that the public would treat the thing as a joke and throw it aside, whereas I was in earnest." In 1920 Mr. Brooks threw it aside not as a joke but as a symptom of "essential self-ignorance."

I suggest that it is time—eighty-three years after Mark Twain penned his thoughts on "mental telegraphy"—that the biographers and critics of this great author do him the courtesy of meeting his simple, modest desire about this early essay; all he asked was that "the public should receive the thing seriously, and be willing to stop and give it some fair degree of attention." That's all—"give it some fair degree of attention."

By the time he got around to actually publishing his "mental telegraphy" papers, Mark Twain felt that he had received convincing corroboration of his discovery. Mental telegraphy, he said, "is the same thing around the outer edges of which the Psychical Society of England began to group (and play with) four or five years ago, and which they named 'Telepathy.' Within the last two or three years they have penetrated toward the heart of the matter, however, and have found out that mind can act upon mind in a quite detailed and elaborate way over vast stretches of land and water. And they have succeeded in doing, by their great credit and influence, what I could never have done—they have convinced the world that mental telegraphy is not a jest, but a fact, and it is a thing not rare, but exceedingly common. They have done our age a service—and a very great service, I think."

It is exceedingly interesting to know something about Mark Twain that is not generally known, and that is that he was a member of the Society for Psychical Research from 1885 to 1903. This society had been formed in London in 1882, after William F. Barrett, professor of physics in the Royal College of Science, Dublin, had called a conference to consider the application of more scientific methods to

the study of all types of psychical phenomena. Mark Twain was thus an early member, for he wrote from Hartford, Connecticut, in October, 1884, to accept membership in the pioneering society. His letter of acceptance was published in the *Journal of the Society for Psychical Research*, Vol. 1, 1884-1885, and is here reproduced in full.

Mark Twain On Thought-Transference

The following characteristic letter from Mr. S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain) will, doubtless, entertain many of our readers.—Ed.

Hartford, Conn., *October 4th*, 1884.

DEAR SIR—I should be very glad indeed to be made a Member of the Society for Psychical Research; for Thought-transference, as you call it, or mental telegraphy as I have been in habit of calling it, has been a very strong interest with me for the past nine or ten years. I have grown so accustomed to considering that all my powerful impulses come to me from somebody else, that I often feel like a mere amanuensis when I sit down to write a letter under the coercion of a strong impulse: I consider that that other person is supplying the thoughts to me, and that I am merely writing from dictation. And I consider that when that other person does not supply me with the thoughts, he has supplied me with the impulse, anyway: I never seem to have any impulses of my own. Still, maybe I get even by unconsciously furnishing other people with impulses.

I have reaped an advantage from these years of constant observation. For instance, when I am suddenly and strongly moved to write it—because I know that that other person is at that moment writing to tell me the thing I wanted to know,—I have moved him or he has moved me, I don't know which,—but anyway I don't need to write, and so I save my labour. Of course I sometimes act upon my impulse without stopping to think. My cigars come to me from 1,200 miles away. A few days ago,—September 30th,—it suddenly, and very warmly occurred to me that an order made three

weeks ago for cigars had as yet, for some unaccountable reason, received no attention. I immediately telegraphed to inquire what the matter was. At least I wrote the telegram and was about to send it down town, when the thought occurred to me, "This isn't necessary, they are doing something about the cigars now—this impulse has travelled to me 1,200 miles in half a second."

As I finished writing the above sentence a servant intruded here to say, "The cigars have arrived, and we haven't any money downstairs to pay the expressage." This is October 4th,—you see how serene my confidence was. The bill for the cigars arrived October 2nd, dated *September 30th*—I knew perfectly well they were doing something about the cigars that day, or I shouldn't have had that strong impulse to wire an inquiry.

So, by depending upon the trustworthiness of the *mental* telegraph, and refraining from using the electric one, I saved 50 cents—for the poor. [I am the poor.]

Companion instances to this have happened in my experience so frequently in the past nine years, that I could pour them out upon you to utter weariness. I have been saved the writing of many and many a letter by refusing to obey these strong impulses. I always knew the other fellow was sitting down to write when I got the impulse—so what could be the sense in both of us writing the same thing? People are always marvelling because their letters "cross" each other. If they would but squelch the impulse to write, there would not be any crossing, because only the other fellow would write. I am politely making an exception in your case; you have mentally telegraphed me to write, possibly, and I sit down at once and do it, without any shirking.

I began a chapter upon "Mental Telegraphy" in May, 1878, and added a paragraph to it now and then during two or three years; but I have never published it, because I judged that people would only laugh at it and think I was joking. I long ago decided to not publish it at all; but I have the old MS. by me yet, and I notice one thought in it which may be worth mentioning—to this effect: In my own case it has often been demonstrated that people can have crystal-clear mental communication with each other over vast distances. Doubtless to be able to do this the two minds have to be in

a peculiarly favourable condition for the moment. Very well, then, why shouldn't some scientist find it possible to invent a way to *create* this condition of *rapport* between two minds, at will? Then we should drop the slow and cumbersome telephone and say, "Connect me with the brain of the chief of police at Peking." We shouldn't need to know the man's language; we should communicate by thought only, and say in a couple of minutes what couldn't be inflated into words in an hour and a half. Telephones, telegraphs and words are too slow for this age; we must get something that is faster.
—Truly yours,

S. L. CLEMENS

P.S.—I do not mark this "private," there being nothing furtive about it or any misstatements in it. I wish you could have given me a call. It would have been a most welcome pleasure to me.

This letter is entertaining, as the Editor of the *Journal* says. Mark Twain evidently felt that he could take a light tone with a sympathetic audience, but he wrote earnestly to the unconverted, as we shall see. In volume two of the posthumously published *Mark Twain's Autobiography*, he made an entry, dated March 21, 1906, that "certainly mental telegraphy is an industry which is always silently at work—oftener than otherwise, perhaps, when we are not suspecting that it is affecting our thought." He goes on to tell how he had been planning an article about Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh and had begun it the day before. "To-day comes a letter from his son Jock, from whom I had not previously heard for a good many years." He gave his reasons for thinking that Jock's mind had telegraphed his thoughts across the Atlantic to him, and concludes as he had often done before, "I imagine that we get most of our thoughts out of somebody else's head, by mental telegraphy—and not always out of the heads of the acquaintances, but, in the majority of cases, out of the heads of strangers; strangers far removed—Chinamen, Hindus, and

all manner of remote foreigners whose language we should not be able to understand, but whose thoughts we can read without difficulty."

This, so far as I know, was Mark Twain's final word on telepathy. His official biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, had noted that "psychic theories and phenomena always attracted Mark Twain. In thought transference, especially, he had a frank interest—an interest awakened and kept alive by certain phenomena—psychic manifestations we call them now. In his association with Mrs. Clemens it not infrequently happened that one spoke the other's thought, or perhaps a long, procrastinated letter to a friend would bring an answer as quickly as mailed; but these are things familiar to us all."

There was one time, though, when Mark Twain mentally telegraphed an error to his wife Livy. He told about it in a chapter entitled "I Send an Error by Telepathy" in *Following the Equator* (1899).

Mark, Livy, their daughter, and Mark's manager were lunching at Waitukurau in Australia. "I sat at the head of the table," Mark Twain wrote, "and could see the right-hand wall; the others had their backs to it. On that wall, at a good distance away, were a couple of framed pictures. I could not see them clearly, but from the groupings of the figures I fancied that they represented the killing of Napoleon III's son by the Zulus in South Africa. I broke into the conversation, which was about poetry and cabbage and art, and said to my wife:

"Do you remember when the news came to Paris—"

"Of the killing of the Prince?"

"(Those were the very words I had in my mind.)"

"Yes, but what Prince?"

"Napoleon. Lulu."

"What made you think of that?"

"I don't know."

"There was no collusion. She had not seen the pictures, and they had not been mentioned. She ought to have thought of some *recent* news that came to Paris, for we were but seven months from there and had been living there a couple of years when we started on this trip; but instead of that she thought of an incident of our brief sojourn in Paris of sixteen years before.

"Here," Mark Twain concludes, "was a clear case of mental telegraphy; of mind transference. How do I know? Because I telegraphed an *error*. For it turned out that the pictures did not represent the killing of Lulu at all, nor anything connected with Lulu. She had to get the error from my head—it existed nowhere else."

Mark Twain tells the foregoing incident in a by-the-way manner in the course of a potboiling travelogue. But in two papers, "Mental Telegraphy," and "Mental Telegraphy Again" (written seventeen years after the first paper), which were collected in the volume entitled *Literary Essays* of the Author's Edition of Mark Twain's works, Mark Twain makes an impressive marshaling of the evidence supporting the case for telepathy. Remember that in this he was a pioneer; his notes on telepathy go back to 1878. He begins by saying that "another of those apparently trifling things has happened to me which puzzle all men every now and then, keep them thinking an hour or two, and leave their minds barren of explanation or solution at last." He was referring to the phenomenon of "crossed letters." "A few days ago I said: 'It must be that Frank Millet doesn't know we are in Germany, or he would have written long before this. I have been on the point of dropping him a line at least a dozen times during the last six weeks . . . But now I will write.' And so I did. I directed the letter to Paris, and thought, 'Now we shall hear from him before this letter is fifty miles from Heidelberg—it always happens so . . .'

"Yes, as I was saying, I had waited five or six weeks; then I wrote but three lines, because I felt and seemed to know that a letter from Millet would cross mine. And so it did. He wrote the same day that I wrote . . . In this letter Millet said he had been trying for six weeks to stumble upon somebody who knew my German address, and at last the idea had occurred to him that a letter sent to care of the embassy at Berlin might possibly find me. Maybe it was an 'accident' that he finally determined to write me at the same moment that I finally determined to write him but I think not."

Here is Mark Twain's commentary on "crossing letters." "We are always talking about letters 'crossing' each other, for that is one of the very commonest accidents of this life. We call it 'accident,' but perhaps we misname it. We have the instinct a dozen times a year that the letter we are writing is going to 'cross' the other person's letter; and if the reader will rack his memory a little he will recall the fact that this presentiment had strength enough to it to make him cut his letter down to a decided briefness, because it would be a waste of time to write a letter which was going to 'cross,' and hence be a useless letter. I think that in my experience this instinct has generally come to me in cases where I had put off my letter a good while in the hope that the other person would write."

In further commentary, Mark Twain said:

"With me the most irritating thing has been to wait a tedious time in a purely business matter, hoping that the other party will do the writing, and then sit down and do it myself, perfectly satisfied that that other man is sitting down at the same moment to write a letter which will 'cross' mine. And yet one must go on writing, just the same; because if you get up from your table and postpone, that other man will do the same thing, exactly as if you two were harnessed together like the Siamese twins, and must duplicate each other's movements."

Mark Twain then cited the case of the electrical repair man. A firm had done some work about his Hartford home but did not do it satisfactorily. When the bill arrived Mark Twain wrote back stating that he wanted the work perfected before he paid the bill. The firm pled that they were extremely busy but would send a man when able. More than two months passed. Then Twain sat down and wrote a letter of a page or so. At this point—it was in the evening—he had the feeling that the firm had begun to act. He cut his letter short, sealed it, and left it downstairs for the postman. When he came down to breakfast, however, he found that the postman had not yet called but the electrical repair man had been there, had done his work, and had left. It seems that he had received his orders the previous evening and had come up on the night train. "If that was an 'accident,'" Mark Twain remarked, "it took about three months to get it up in good shape."

The next example cited occurred when Mark Twain arrived in Washington, D.C., registered at the Arlington Hotel, and decided about ten o'clock in the evening to take a stroll. He knew that a friend, Mr. O., was in town and wished to find him but did not know where he was stopping. Toward midnight, Twain stepped into a cigar store, listened to drummers' talk for about fifteen minutes, and then made a prophecy to himself: he would go out the door, turn to the left, walk ten steps, and meet his friend. He did this and met his friend exactly as he had prophesied.

"That I should step out there and stumble upon Mr. O.—was nothing," Mark Twain commented, "but that I should know beforehand that I was going to do it was a good deal. It is a very curious thing when you come to look at it. I stood far within the cigar shop when I delivered my prophecy; I walked about five steps to the door, opened it, closed it after me, walked down a flight of three steps to the side-

walk, then turned to the left and walked four or five more, and found my man. I repeat that in itself the thing was nothing; but to know it would happen so *beforehand*, wasn't that really curious?"

Mark Twain passed on to matters of minor curiosity. "I have criticized absent people so often, and then discovered, to my humiliation, that I was talking with their relatives, that I have grown superstitious about that sort of thing and dropped it . . .

"We are always mentioning people, and in that very instant they appear before us. We laugh, and say, 'Speak of the devil,' and so forth, and there we drop it, considering it an 'accident.' It is a cheap and convenient way of disposing of a grave and very puzzling mystery. The fact is, it does seem to happen too often to be an accident."

The next example of thought-communication Mark Twain cited was probably the most startling to him. Paine wrote that it raised to a fever-point whatever interest in mental telegraphy Mark Twain may have had before. It was the case of William H. Wright, a journalist of Virginia City, Nevada, who wrote under the name of Dan de Quille. It suddenly occurred to Mark Twain that the time was ripe and the public ready for a book about the Nevada silver mines. The "Great Bonanza" was in the news. Casting about for an author for this timely book, Twain thought of William H. Wright, with whom he had worked as a reporter a dozen years previously. He drafted a letter to Wright on March 2, urging the project upon him and even outlining a book. Then the thought occurred to Twain that he would be in an uncomfortable position if Wright wrote the book at his suggestion and no publisher wanted it. He pigeonholed his letter and instead sent a note to Bliss, his own publisher, asking him to name a time for a business consultation, intending to press the project. But Bliss was out of town, the note re-

mained unanswered, and the matter passed out of Twain's mind.

On the 9th of March, three or four letters arrived, and Twain noticed that one was from Wright. He said to a visiting relative: "Now I will do a miracle. I will tell you everything this letter contains—date, signature, and all—without breaking the seal. It is from a Mr. Wright, of Virginia City, Nevada, and is dated the second of March—seven days ago. Mr. Wright proposes to make a book about the silver mines and the 'Great Bonanza,' and asks what I, as a friend, think of the idea. He says his subjects are to be so and so, their order and sequence so and so, and he will close with a history of the chief feature of the book, the 'Great Bonanza'."

Mark Twain then opened the letter and showed that he had stated the date and the contents correctly. The letter contained what Twain's own unsent letter contained.

This was not clairvoyance, Twain remarked, inasmuch as he did not actually see the writing paranormally. Instead he seemed to know absolutely the contents of the letter in correct order and detail, but he had to word them himself. "I translated them, so to speak, out of Wright's language into my own. Wright's letter and the one which I had written to him and never sent were in substance the same."

Twain said that he could not doubt "that Mr. Wright's mind and mine had been in close and crystal-clear communication with each other across three thousand miles of mountain and desert on the morning of the 2nd of March. I did not consider that both minds *originated* that succession of ideas, but that one mind originated it, and simply telegraphed it to the other. I was curious to know which brain was the telegrapher and which the receiver, so I wrote and asked for particulars. Mr. Wright's reply showed that his mind had done the originating and telegraphing, and mine the receiving."

The incident had a happy sequel. William Wright (Dau de Quille) came to Hartford for an extended visit with Twain. He wrote *The Big Bonanza* there, and Bliss successfully published it a year later.

"Last spring," Mark Twain continued, "a literary friend of mine [William Dean Howells], who lived a hundred miles away, paid me a visit, and in the course of our talk he said he had made a discovery—conceived an entirely new idea—one which certainly had never been used in literature. He told me what it was. I handed him a manuscript, and said he would find substantially the same idea in that—a manuscript which I had written a week before. The idea had been in my mind since the previous November; it had only entered his while I was putting it on paper, a week gone by. He had not yet written his; so he left it unwritten, and gracefully made over all his right and title in the idea to me."

Mark Twain bolstered his case by introducing two newspaper clippings of literary coincidences, one relating to Howell's *Atlantic Monthly* story, "Dr. Breen's Practice," the other relating to Miss Alcott's novel, *Moods*. He recalled several poems whose authorship had been claimed by two or three at the same time, and said, somewhat rashly, "These were all blameless cases of unintentional and unwitting mental telegraphy, I judge." He capped his literary coincidences with a quotation from Boswell's *Johnson*: "Voltaire's *Candide* is wonderfully similar in its plan and conduct to Johnson's *Rasselas*; insomuch that I have heard Johnson say that if they had not been published so closely one after the other that there was no time for imitation, it would have been in vain to deny that the scheme of that which came latest was taken from the other."

Mark Twain stoutly declared his conclusion from the evidence he had presented. "I am forced to believe," he said firmly, "that one human mind (still inhabiting the flesh)

can communicate with another, over any sort of a distance, and without any artificial preparation of 'sympathetic conditions' to act as a transmitting agent. I suppose that when the sympathetic conditions happen to exist the two minds communicate with each other, and that otherwise they don't; and I suppose that if the sympathetic conditions could be kept up right along, the two minds would continue to correspond without limit as to time.

"Now there is that curious thing which happens to everybody: suddenly a succession of thoughts or sensations flocks in upon you, which startles you with the weird idea that you have ages ago experienced just this succession of thoughts or sensations in a previous existence. The previous existence is possible, no doubt, but I am persuaded that the solution of this hoary mystery lies not there, but in the fact that some faroff stranger has been telegraphing his thoughts and sensations into your consciousness, and that he stopped because some countercurrent or other obstruction intruded and broke the line of communication. Perhaps they seem repetitious to you because they *are* repetitious, got at second hand from the other man. Possibly Mr. Brown, the 'mind-reader,' reads other people's minds, possibly he does not; but I know of a surety that I have read another man's mind, and therefore I do not see why Mr. Brown shouldn't do the like also."

Twain's brushing aside of Plato's doctrine of reminiscence is certainly the weakest paragraph in his paper on "Mental Telegraphy," but he recovers to the resounding affirmation: "I know of a surety that I have read another man's mind."

Three years after writing the first draft of this paper, Twain began tacking on additional thoughts and evidences to it. He claimed that "when I get tired of waiting upon a man whom I very much wish to hear from, I sit down and

compel him to write, whether he wants to or not; that is to say, I sit down and write him, and then tear my letter up, satisfied that my act has forced him to write me at the same moment. I do not need to mail my letter—the writing it is the essential thing.”

A second time Mark Twain performed for a visitor the miracle of correctly describing a letter's contents without opening the envelope. “It is from Mrs.—, and she says she was in New York last Saturday, and was proposing to run up here in the afternoon train and surprise us, but at the last minute, changed her mind and returned westward to her home.”

Twain then opened the letter and the details were found exactly correct. He remarked that he had no suspicion that this lady was coming to New York, or that she had even a remote intention of visiting them.

The members of Mark's family, especially his wife Livy, as already illustrated in the extract from *Following the Equator*, often finished sentences or thoughts which Mark had begun to speak aloud. This family facility at completing his half-spoken thoughts was another reason why Mark Twain declared that “I think I *know* now that mind can communicate accurately with mind without the aid of the slow and clumsy vehicle of speech.”

Why not an invention then to facilitate mental telegraphy? Mark called for the invention of the *phrenophone*: “a method whereby the communicating of mind with mind may be brought under command and reduced to certainty and system . . . Doubtless the something which conveys our thoughts through the air from brain to brain is a finer and subtler form of electricity, and all we need do is to find out how to capture it and how to force it to do its work, as we have had to do in the case of the electric currents.”

Mark Twain had difficulty stopping once he was on the subject of mental telegraphy. He added a postscript to his paper in which he quoted what John Fiske, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, 1882, had had to say about the Darwin and Wallace “coincidence” in a theory of evolution. He introduced another newspaper clipping which told a highly amusing story about coincidences in the discovery of a greatly needed roll of wallpaper, and finally he wondered if, during your waking hours, “you can be asleep—at least, wholly unconscious—for a time, and not suspect that it has happened, and not have any way to prove that it *has* happened.”

It's a good story as he tells it. He prefaces by saying that “ever since the English Society for Psychical Research began its investigations of ghost stories, haunted houses, and apparitions of the living and the dead, I have read their pamphlets with avidity as fast as they arrived.”

Mark Twain saw a man coming up the walk to his house. He wished to avoid him—Twain was standing on his porch at the time—and he tried to look like a stranger himself. The man disappeared about twenty-five feet away and Twain was positive that he had seen an apparition. However, when he entered his house a few minutes later he was astounded to find the man waiting in the hallway. He had rung the bell and the colored servant had admitted him. What had happened? “During at least sixty seconds that day,” Twain decided, “I was asleep, or at least totally unconscious, without suspecting it.” This led him to conclude his postscript to his first paper on “Mental Telegraphy” with these searching questions: “Now how are you to tell when you are awake? What have you to go by?”

Seventeen years later Mark Twain returned to the subject of “mental telegraphy” in a second paper, and he started it with an even better story of an apparition than the one just

cited. He and George W. Cable were sharing the lecture platform on a Canadian tour, and in Montreal they were given a reception in the Windsor Hotel. They were stationed at one end of a long drawing room and greeted a throng of admirers who came in the opposite end, moved up in a line, shook hands and said a few words, and passed on. Mark Twain suddenly recognized a familiar face in the crowd and said to himself, "That is Mrs. R.; I had forgotten that she was a Canadian." He had known Mrs. R. in Carson City, Nevada, but he had not seen nor heard of her for twenty years. Nor had he been thinking about her and there had been nothing to suggest her to him. Nevertheless Twain knew her instantly and he noted some particulars of her dress. People continued to shake his hand but he managed to catch glimpses of Mrs. R. as she progressed with the slow-moving crowd across the room. He saw her start up the left-hand side and was able to take a full front view of her face. She came within twenty feet of him. But she never reached him. Twain, thinking that Mrs. R. must still be in the room and would finally come, was disappointed when the reception was over.

When Mark Twain arrived at the lecture hall that evening, he was told that there was somebody in the waiting room to see him. Mark Twain walked in and instantly recognized Mrs. R. in a group of about ten ladies. She was dressed exactly as she was when Twain had seen her at the reception. "I knew you the moment you appeared at the reception," he said to her, "and you were dressed precisely as you are now. When they told me a moment ago that I should find a friend in this room, your image rose before me, dress and all, just as I had seen you at the reception." But Mrs. R. had not attended the reception! At the time of the reception she had been on a train approaching Montreal. Mark Twain thought that she must have been thinking of him as she traveled toward him.

But Mark Twain's experience with the apparition of Mrs. R. is, as Raymond Bayless has observed in *The Journal of the American Society for Psychological Research* (April, 1960), "plainly far more complicated than the usual explanation of telepathy will cover. If it were not for the coincidence of the appearance of Mrs. R. and her subsequent arrival at the lecture hall, the entire matter could have been merely a matter of false recognition. However, the coincidence of the 'apparition' and the arrival of the actual person plus the fact that Mark Twain states that both were dressed identically, clearly indicates paranormality (especially when his additional examples are remembered) and point particularly to a form of 'astral' or ESP projection."

The rest of "Mental Telegraphy Again" is less impressive. Twain tells of a "letter crossing" incident in which he received a letter from an Australian lecture manager answering "the single essential detail of my letter [posted in Europe] three days after I had mailed my inquiry." Then there was the matter of his being made an honorary member of the Lotos Club about the time that he was lunching at the Century Club with an editor who told him he would suggest honorary membership at the Lotos Club. And finally Mark Twain tells an anecdote to his friend, the Reverend Joseph H. Twichell, as they are riding on the trolley car out to Farmington, near Hartford. Out there one of the young ladies of Miss Porter's school stepped forth from a party of school companions and said to Twain, "You don't remember me but you were introduced to me in the arcade in Milan two years and a half ago by Lieutenant H." The lieutenant had figured in the anecdote Mark Twain had been relating to Twichell.

"What had put that story into my head after all that stretch of time?" Twain wondered. "Was it just the proximity of that young girl, or was it merely an odd accident?"

Mark Twain had great confidence in his discovery of men-

tal telegraphy. When at last he published his first paper on the subject, he crowed a little. "Now see how the world has moved since then. These small experiences of mine, which were too formidable at that time for admission to a grave magazine—if the magazine must allow them to appear as something above and beyond 'accidents' and 'coincidences'—are trifling and commonplace now, since the flood of light recently cast upon mental telegraphy by the intelligent labors of the Psychical Society [London]. But I think they are worth publishing, just to show what harmless and ordinary matters were considered dangerous and incredible eight or ten years ago."

And now see how the world has moved since Mark Twain penned the lines above. Today Mark Twain's observations and investigations into the paranormal are definitely rated as one of his many remarkable achievements. He is at last honored as a true pioneer in telepathy.

Awakened at night by a woman's voice, a Utah housewife did not at first suspect that it might be a cry from her mother—it did not come by phone—fifteen miles away.

Call in the Night

Velma Dorrity Cloward

IN the winter of 1924, my husband and I and our three children were living on a ranch in Greenwood, Utah. On Christmas Day, we planned to visit my mother, who was ill and in the hospital at Fillmore, a small town fifteen miles away. But it was almost noon on that icy Christmas morning before I had milked the cows, cleaned the separator, and had the children dressed for their holiday visit. Finally, when we were ready to leave, we discovered that our Hereford bull was caught in a barbed-wire fence. My husband would have to attend to the animal—and I would have to drive the children to Fillmore in our horsedrawn sleigh over the snow-covered roads.

My husband suggested that he should remove our temperamental horse, Old Cal, from the harness, and put Blacky, a tamer creature, in his place.

"I hate to have you drive Old Cal," he said. "He'd kick your head off if anything went wrong and you got near his heels."

I protested that I was not afraid of Old Cal. After all, I had been around horses all my life, and had even broken them to saddle and harness. I knew that Cal was a beautiful

creature with a treacherous kick. We had all learned to pass his stall on the run, for even in the stable he would pound the back of his stall with sharp, hard kicks. Nevertheless, I loved spirited animals and I respected this horse for his surefootedness on ice-slick roads.

Promising my husband that I would be careful, I seated the children in the sleigh and drove toward Fillmore. The day was heavily overcast and cold, but the drive was uneventful. I was pleased and surprised to find my mother so much better when we arrived at the hospital. Although she was suffering from an incurable illness, she sat up in bed to enjoy our company and the gifts we had brought her.

I had tried to keep my mother from learning that our excitable Cal was hitched to our sleigh. But my son blurted it out. "I think we had better go, Mommy," he said. "Daddy will be worried because you're driving Old Cal." After that, I had a difficult time convincing her I could handle the horse on the trip home.

"Supposing the doubletrees come loose?" she asked.

"They would just have to stay loose," I answered. "I promise you, no matter what happens, I won't get near Old Cal's heels."

"I'll worry all night," she said, "until I'm sure you're home safe." We kissed her good-bye, and I promised to visit her with my husband the following day. It was now almost dark as we started for home, and it had begun to snow again.

It was dark when we arrived home, and my husband had finished the chores. A neighbor from an adjoining ranch was there. He said that several of the men were going to play poker at Joe's—a bachelor who owned a ranch a quarter of a mile up the valley. The ranch men often spent an evening there.

I was very tired by now and wanted to go to bed early, so I told my husband to join the men at the card game. I

was so relieved by my mother's improved condition that I was sure that I could sleep without worry. Although we knew that she could never recover, we had prayed that she would be comfortable and that the terrible pain would be eased. Today she had seemed like her old, happy self—at least until she had learned about my driving Old Cal.

I went to bed. From a deep sleep, I was awakened by the sound of the wind. Then I heard a horse's hoofs loping up and stopping outside the ranch-house door. Someone called to me, "Velma, oh Velma!"

My eldest son shouted from his room, "There's Daddy!"

The call came again.

I thought I knew what had happened. Joe, who was a fine cook, often sent me a dish he had prepared. As I rose to answer the door, I was irritated that my husband had disturbed me to show me the food. I was almost at the door when I heard a third call. This time the voice was high and impatient, calling my name three times.

"Well, for gosh sakes, hold your horses," I said as I struck a match, lighting my lamp. I opened the door and looked outside. There was no one there. I saw nothing but the whirling snow.

"That's nice!" I said to my son, who was standing beside me. I looked at the clock. It was just 1:05 A.M. "Getting a person out of bed at this hour," I grumbled.

I left the light on and put some coal on the fire. But when I went back to bed, I could not sleep. I was waiting for my husband to come in from the barn, where I believed he had gone to bed down the horse for the night. Fifteen minutes passed, and my husband did not appear. Instead, my son came into my room to tell me that the call outside "didn't really sound like Daddy."

"It sounded like a woman. It was so high, like," he commented.

"He was just impatient," I replied.

I rose from bed again and sat with my son by the fire. We talked as we waited for my husband's return. But as another quarter-hour passed, I began to worry. My son expressed my own fear when he said, "I'm afraid Old Cal might have kicked him."

We dressed and went to the barn. An awful sense of foreboding had come over me. I was actually surprised to discover everything in order in the barn, and to see that Old Cal was eating contentedly. But my husband's horse was not there.

"He must have gone back to Joe's," I assured my son, but I could not explain why he would do so.

When we returned to the house, we discovered that my husband had come home. Although I was relieved to see him safe, I was angry at his inconsiderate calling and disappearance.

"Where did you go?" I demanded.

"What do you mean?" he replied. "You know I went over to Joe's place. What are you doing up at this time of night? Is something wrong?"

We told him about the calls we had heard and the sound of the horse's hoofs. He was as much confused as I. Adding to our confusion was my son's insistence that the calls we heard were a woman's.

We were still discussing this when we saw the headlights of a car coming down our driveway—one very bright and one very dim light. This was the distinguishing mark of my brother's car.

"It's Bill," I said. I suddenly added, "Mother is dead."

I knew it just as if I had been there at her bedside. And I realized that my mother had been worrying about me and our dangerous horse when she died. Even before my brother told me, I knew that she had called me from her deathbed.

She had whispered my name only once, he said, but across the miles I had heard it six times, following the sound of horse's hoofs, at one in the morning. I could no longer doubt this when Bill told us that Mother had died suddenly, at 1:02 A.M.

Who would think of the caustic George Bernard Shaw as experiencing telepathic suggestion? Yet he wrote that such a "curse" had "damaged" him and a prominent New York psychoanalyst herein describes it. Among Dr. Ehrenwald's books is Telepathy and Medical Psychology.

G. B. S. on Telepathy

Jan Ehrenwald

To an exile from Nazi-occupied Europe, England during the first years of World War II was more than a refuge. It was the experience of a people, sober and unemotional in ordinary circumstances, growing increasingly alarmed by the evil things closing in on them from the East. It was the sight of a nation which, to her own amazement, found herself fighting for her life with a furor not customarily attributed to the Anglo-Saxon temper.

But it also was the spectacle of men of science, of the arts, and of the medical profession, weary from a day's work in the laboratory, hospital or lecture room, snatching a few hours from extra duties with the Home Guard or Civil Defense so as to go on with their business of remaining rational human beings "as usual"—despite the cultural and intellectual blackout which had gradually been descending upon Western Man.

If the exile happened to be a psychiatrist he found a new and fascinating world of its own in the quiet premises of the Society for Psychological Research at 31 Tavistock Square,

London. It was a time when the howling of sirens and the crashing of bombs had already broken the silence of the SPR Reading Room—"For members only." But it also was the time when Dr. S. G. Soal of the University of London and his associate, Mrs. K. M. Goldney, steadfastly refused to break off their card calling experiments with the champion sensitive Basil Shackleton.

It was a time when, regardless of blockbusters and Molotov cocktails, the soft-spoken Mr. Kenneth Richmond still seemed to have both patience and peace of mind to initiate a new comer in the accomplishments of the SPR since the days of Frederick Myers, Edmond Guernsey and Frank Podmore.

This is how I resolved to embark on a study of the principal data of psychical research from the psychiatric point of view. I did so even at the risk of my growing isolation from the ideas then prevailing among my more orthodox psychiatric confrères. A first step on this way was a chapter on *Telepathy and Primitive Mentality*, later included in my book *Telepathy and Medical Psychology* (Allen and Unwin, London, 1947). In it I tried to show that the concepts of magic and animism as described by Sir James Frazer were at bottom crude, prescientific attempts at coming to grips with a type of phenomena which since time immemorial seemed to defy the laws of nature as they were laid down by the protagonists of the scientific method.

To whom should an author, brought up in the austere discipline of modern neuropathology, turn for guidance in what was bound to become a conflict between his own scientific background and a vaguely perceived new science of the mind? His friends and associates had been scattered in all directions of the compass; his father had been dead for many years; a cruel turn of events had broken the bonds between his teachers in Prague and Vienna. Ties to new

friends or figures in authority had not as yet been established. Whom could he ask for advice about the publication of his proposed book? For some inscrutable personal reasons George Bernard Shaw, the inveterate rebel, the sage and philosopher in a jester's disguise, seemed to be the logical answer. And so the first draft of a chapter on *Telepathy and Primitive Mentality*, accompanied by an appropriate covering letter, was sent by registered mail to Ayot St. Lawrence.

A week or so later the following letter, apparently typed by G. B. S. himself, was delivered to my house:

24th October 1941

DEAR DR. EHRENWALD,

I know of no way in which I can be of any service to you in the matter of your book. I am not a publisher; and it is waste of time to send MSS to anyone but a publisher. When publishers come to me they come for my own books, and to get nothing from me but a recommendation of someone else's books would infuriate them.

I have read the chapter you sent me. Nothing would induce me to read the rest because, being a very old man, and a contemporary of Fraser, I am completely tired of travellers' tales which are heaped up with the entirely unscientific object of smashing the Bible and getting rid of Jehovah. For me that sort of thing is out of date and unreadable. Your object is to establish a science of telepathy; but you have tried to do so by the Fraserian method, which has really nothing to do with it. The day before yestersay I suddenly asked my secretary, *a propos des bottes*, what had become of Maurice Baring and whether he was alive or dead. Nothing had occurred to remind me of him for years. Yesterday I received a letter from him. Apparently he, by writing a letter to me, reminded me of him before the letter arrived. This occurs so often that it may be worth enquiring whether there is not more in it than coincidence, though the number of coincidences must be enormous and the cases few.

Another experience of mine is more interesting. I spoke at a meeting in King's College in London. I was in perfect health and at the top of my form. I sat down amid hearty

applause, very well satisfied with myself. Presently the meeting ended and I rose to go. To my amazement and consternation I found that something had happened to my spine—something blasting and blighting. I managed to conceal my condition and get home, but with great difficulty; and I remained in this state for a month, at the end of which, at the same hour, the blight ceased as suddenly as it had begun and left me again in perfect health.

There was only one way of accounting for this. I learnt that a lady who very strongly disapproved of me and who was intensely angered by certain personal references in my speech, had been sitting behind me on the platform. My spine was within point blank range of her face, which expressed concentrated hatred. Her curse damaged me as the curse of the Bishop of Rheims damaged the jackdaw who stole his ring. And possibly my recovery may have been due to the prayers of some of my friends. Anyhow it was a clear case of a telepathic curse.

I tell you all this because for me such cases are alive and interesting; but attempts to correlate them with Fraserian legends are intolerable. I can read Malinowski because he describes contemporary facts which sometimes suggest that Polynesians have more *savoir faire* than we have, and never bores me by hanging his facts on to worn-out fables.

That is why, I repeat, nothing can induce me to read any more of your book. And it does not matter a scrap, as my reading would not get you a step farther. I can only advise you to forget Fraser and write the book over again in the form of clinical lectures.

Faithfully
(signed: G. Bernard Shaw)

I have not been able to find a copy of my answer to Shaw's letter and I know of no reason to bemoan its loss. Yet there is one passage which deserves being brought back from oblivion because it had in turn elicited a reply from G. B. S. My letter acknowledged with due respect his advice and concluded with what I thought to be a perfectly legitimate inquiry as to whether or not there had been a *draft* in the

lecture hall at Kings College where Shaw had suddenly been stricken by an attack of lumbago. A draft, I ventured to say, may have been a more plausible explanation of his affliction than black magic wrought by the lady with the evil eye. By return of mail the postman brought a postcard containing the following blast of four irate Shavian monosyllables:

There was no draft.

I can still see the irregular scrawl of his handwriting on the yellow paper—duplicating as it were, the sardonic wrinkles that mark the face of his portrait bust, sculptured by Lawrence Tompkins a few years back. Unfortunately, this precious card, too, has been lost in the course of my wanderings from country to country, from continent to continent, in the postwar years. But I have taken heed of G. B. S.'s advice—at least partly so.

Although failing to scrap the chapter which in 1947 appeared in my book *Telepathy and Medical Psychology*, I made a point of assembling my data in the form of clinical lectures as suggested by Shaw. The result is a second book devoted to the same subject, recently published under the title *New Dimensions of Deep Analysis* (Grune and Stratton, New York, 1955). It is, among other things, an account of how I sought to solve a Doctor's Dilemma according to the prescription spelled out by G. B. S. more than ten years before the plan for such a book was conceived.

The story of a psychic from Edgewater, New Jersey, whose gifts have aided many actual police investigations and who overcame the prejudice of the Telephone Company against her ESP powers.

The Woman Who Solved Crimes

Mabel Love

THE taxi driver, becalmed in a New York traffic jam, fell to thinking about his own personal problems: should he sell his house in Bellerose, take that job in Detroit—things like that.

"Don't give up your job son, your wife would not be happy out there," a hearty voice boomed from the back seat of his cab.

"What the—what goes on here?" Shaken, the driver turned to size up the smiling middleaged woman who seemed to have read his thoughts so accurately.

"You a mind reader, lady?"

"Something like that, only my gift is called extrasensory perception."

"Sounds like double talk to me," said the driver, wagging his head, "and if it's all the same to you, lady, I'll let you out at the next corner and you won't have to pay me a cent, either."

"Well, thanks for the ride, anyway," said his passenger as she backed out of the cab, more amused than chagrined by the ungallant dismissal.

The lady with the mental Geiger counter built in her

skull was Florence Sternfels, nationally famous sensitive, whose powers have been recognized by a number of scientific bodies engaged in the study of psychic phenomena.

"I'm not a fortune teller, as some people seem to think," insisted Florence, as she was known professionally. "And I'm not a spiritualist medium, either; in fact, if I ever saw a real ghost I think I'd faint from sheer fright."

Certainly there was no suggestion of the mystic about this comfortable, motherly woman. She was held in high esteem by Chief of Police Edward Pickering and Mayor Henry Wissell of Edgewater, New Jersey, where she lived in a kind of storybook house overlooking the Hudson River. Her kindly deeds and rich chuckling laughter were familiar to almost everyone in the friendly little town.

The gift that Florence exercised was rare. She did not contact the spirits of the dead, nor did she predict the future by looking at cards or a crystal ball. What she did was called *psychometry*, and consisted of receiving impressions or messages from small inanimate objects. A pen, a piece of jewelry, a pocket knife, or any such object that belonged to the person in question, seems, with a few gifted persons, to arouse thoughts and knowledge about the owner of that object. Miraculous? Yes, it was. But did it work? A list of the problems she solved by this method will speak for itself.

Florence had been called in by police of other cities to assist in certain baffling investigations. Refusing to accept a fee, she explained, "As a good citizen I am glad to cooperate with these men who constantly risk their own lives to protect the public."

"It isn't always that the police are stumped when they call on me," said Florence. "Sometimes they just want to save the time that would be involved in a long drawn out investigation."

That's not the way grateful officials of York, Pennsylvania

tell it in describing the assistance Florence once gave them in connection with a difficult murder case.

The crumpled body of an elderly woman had been discovered under a bridge, where it had been hidden after the victim had been strangled and robbed.

Identified by the police as Mary Jenkins, a person of orderly habits employed as a housekeeper, the victim had made it a rule on her day off to visit the bank where she deposited most of her weekly wages. Suspects in the case were Bingo Kane and his girl friend Sadie Tole. Kane, an unsavory character, spent much of his time hanging around a tap room where Sadie was employed as a barmaid. Sadie was known to be acquainted with the victim and familiar with her thrifty habits.

Their watertight alibi, accounting for their movements on the day of the murder, had made it impossible for the police to make an arrest.

Felix S. Bentzel, at that time Mayor of York, being familiar with her work, decided to send for Florence.

"First of all, I'm going to have a nice little chat with Sadie," Florence announced on arriving.

Detectives Farrell and Pinkerton, assigned to the case, agreed to wait outside while Florence confronted the glowering barmaid, whom the police had described as being "hard as flint."

"It will be a miracle if you get anything out of that tough baby," Florence was warned.

"Honest to God, I don't know a thing about it," Sadie protested at first, beginning to crack, however, as Florence, exerting the full force of her psychic powers, described every detail of the murder including a description of a third character who had not been previously linked with the crime.

"All right," Sadie finally admitted, "I went with two guys. It wasn't worth it, either, having to split \$35 three ways."

With the guilty trio behind bars one hour later, Florence

made her departure in the grand manner, after receiving a citation from Mayor Bentzel and a note of thanks from the entire police department.

Nor did the matter rest there. Mayor Bentzel wrote a warm letter of appreciation to Henry Wissell, Mayor of Edgewater, thanking him for recommending Florence and telling of her successful efforts in obtaining the confessions of the three.

Another police official who ranked high in Florence's regard was the chivalrous Captain George F. Richardson, former assistant chief of police of Philadelphia.

Requested by the police of a city in Pennsylvania to aid them in locating two missing boys who had run away from home, Florence had informed them that the boys could be found in Philadelphia, even naming the street.

With their faith in her prophetic powers dimmed by the discovery that no such street existed in the city, the weary police with good reason gave up their search and returned home in disgust.

Nettled by what she regarded as a challenge to her ability, Florence made a trip to Philadelphia at her own expense.

Arriving at City Hall she happened to run into Captain Richardson, to whom she related her tale of woe.

"That street name sounds familiar to me, may have been changed," remarked Captain Richardson. And so it had been, as a study of an earlier map revealed.

A car and police escort were placed at her disposal and Florence rode off in fine style in quest of the missing boys.

They were there, all right, and in a mood to return home, having all but exhausted their funds in a riotous round of movies, ice cream, hot dogs, and soda pop.

Florence's first psychic experience occurred when she was a child of eight years, living in Winston, New York.

On her way home from school, she liked to wander

through an old cemetery, where she often copied names engraved on the tombstones in an effort to improve her writing.

One day, standing beside an unmarked grave, she wrote down the name Thomas Burns. Just then the old caretaker came hobbling down the path. "What are you doing, little girl?" he wanted to know.

"Practicing writing names," she told him.

"But there's no name on that grave."

"I know," faltered the frightened child, "it just came like a flash, Thomas Burns."

"That's the name, all right," grumbled the startled caretaker, "and now you get out of here and don't ever come back again."

As time went on Florence learned to keep silent about her psychic abilities.

At home it was different, with her understanding family of English stock who trace their ancestry back to Admiral Horatio Lord Nelson, Great Britain's outstanding war hero of all time.

Incidentally, early records show that Lord Nelson's intellectual curiosity once led him to consult a West Indies seer who predicted accurately along with other pertinent information that he would reach the peak of his career at the age of forty.

If there had been any doubt in the minds of her parents it would have been dispelled by an incident which took place when Florence, as a teen-ager, foretold the loss of an uncle who lived in far off South Dakota.

"Your uncle is coming to visit us next week," her mother had said at the dinner table, but Florence's short-lived delight died as she suddenly stiffened in her chair, her eyes glazed as she stared into space.

"Uncle Ed is not coming," she pronounced her words in a dull, measured fashion. "He will never come here again."

Her words proved true with the arrival of a message announcing the death of her favorite uncle.

An early marriage and devotion to home and family did nothing to lessen the psychic experiences she made futile efforts to suppress.

Her flashes of thought from other people's minds continued to perplex her until she learned that this was nothing to fear.

The part Florence played in solving the mystery of the murder of the seven-year-old daughter of a Marine officer stationed at the United States Marine Base, Parris Island, South Carolina, was never officially recorded at the time it occurred during World War II.

Now it can be told as Colonel Arthur Burks, retired Marine, reveals the events connected with the kidnapping and brutal slaying of little Dolly Miller.

"Dolly was a great favorite with everyone," recalls Colonel Burks (then Major). She had the run of the barracks and it was unthinkable that any of the 17,000 men on the island would molest this little girl.

Word of her abduction was made known by an excited group of Dolly's playmates, who told of a strange man who had induced her to follow him into the woods with the promise of toys and a real live pony.

A searching party was immediately organized by Burks and the men were flung out in a skirmish line, covering a tortuous trail of copperhead-infested underbrush until ordered back to the barracks at 2 A.M. in order to get a few hours' sleep.

Burks, who was a close friend of the distraught father of the child, remained with him and a few civilian friends who continued the search all through the night. Among the most active of Miller's civilian friends was young Joe Keller who although just about exhausted, refused to rest or eat as he pushed on, shouting Dolly's name.

Standing in the eerie half-light of early morning beside the turgid swampland which surrounded most of the west side of the island, Burks suddenly recalled the suggestion he had received before starting out on the fruitless search.

"Get in touch with Florence," someone said. "Send some of the child's clothing to her so she may become in rapport with the situation, and since Florence has an affinity for metal be sure to include some thing, such as jewelry Dolly has worn, or if not available, then send in an old shoe with metal eyelets."

Burks, to whom the name Florence had no real meaning, was willing enough to grasp at any straw. Besides, his mind was receptive to the experiment since as a hobby on his own time he had been making a study of psychic research in his home.

Fearing the ridicule of his fellow officers he made quiet contact with Florence who agreed to cooperate provided she was requested to do so by some qualified official.

"I told her that I felt qualified to make the official request," Burks relates.

So, within a few minutes after receiving the air mailed package containing little Dolly's garments, Florence had made a map of the area where she said the body would be found, giving directions by air mail letter.

"I am certain," says Burks, "that Florence had never been there, yet we found Dolly's pitiful little body floating face down in the swamp, just where she said it would be."

Fearing his fellow officers would regard him as a crackpot, Burks had not mentioned his contacts with Florence, but now he felt forced to do so and to his surprise and relief learned that the Post Intelligence Officer and several others connected with the investigation were also interested in the study of paranormal psychology.

Weeks of intensive investigation followed with no clue to the identity of the murderer established. Burks, who is

acclaimed as a brilliant writer of novels of adventure, science fiction, and factual accounts of travel adventure, admits that nothing he has ever written or known can parallel the mystery which continued to protect the fiend who had caused little Dolly's death.

"Once again I felt impelled to call on Florence for assistance," he recalls.

In the message he received from Florence shortly after the contact he had made by telephone, Burks learned to his great relief that the killer was not a Marine but a civilian who turned out in the best tradition to be Joe Keller, the active young man who had never ceased calling Dolly's name during the night of the hunt.

Florence's description of the murderer and his actions was so complete in every detail that he readily confessed and is now serving a sentence of life imprisonment.

A recent flash of the mind sent Florence on a trip outside the state, after a frantic husband enlisted her aid in an attempt to locate his missing wife.

"The police have been working on the case for over a week, and they finally suggested you might be able to help," the man told Florence. He said that the only thing to mar their happiness had been the agonizing pain of migraine headaches from which his wife suffered.

"She did say on the morning she disappeared that she was afraid that if she did not find relief she would have to end her life, but I did not really take it seriously," said the worried husband, "I was advised to bring some of her jewelry with me to help you establish rapport with her movements," he sheepishly said. "It sounds odd to me but see what you can do."

As Florence related it, she was seized with such a blinding headache she was almost unable to project her mind in the direction the woman had taken, as, crazed with pain, she had for three days wandered about.

"I get the name of a town," Florence said, naming a town that was miles away from the girl's home.

It was there they found her in the city morgue, where her body had been taken by police after it had been recovered from the river. They had been unable to contact her family since she wore no identification of any kind.

"Tragedies such as this sometimes make me wish I had never been born with this strange gift," said Florence, who regarded her clairvoyant power as a mixed blessing which set her apart in a skeptical, sometimes even hostile world since childhood.

However, the late Dr. Hereward Carrington, director of the American Psychical Institute, who was engaged with other distinguished authorities in research on psychic phenomena, learned of her ability and contacted her with a request for permission to test her powers of precognition.

Dr. Carrington, an experienced psychic researcher with an impeccable reputation for integrity, had never been afraid to expose fraudulent practices in paranormal psychology.

However, he recognized and showed respect for Florence's psychic abilities after an extensive study over a period of several years. In his conclusions (reduced here to brief form) he said, "I am convinced that Florence is possessed of remarkable psychic abilities and of her complete honesty and sincerity."

The head of Metropolitan Detective Agency, Harry Levin, made an appointment with Florence for a client he described as a key witness involved in a pending murder trial.

Arriving that evening with his client and a couple of friends, Levin was gratified by Florence's success in supplying the needed information.

Just as they were about to leave Florence gave a cry of dismay.

"I see an accident. Please return to the city on a bus," she entreated the lawyer, but the men laughed uneasily and then were off, with Florence calling to them to be careful when they came to the bend near Fort Lee.

Minutes later their car collided with another. The lawyer was killed instantly as he attempted to jump from the car, although the others escaped unhurt.

On two occasions, following her appearance as a guest on Jack Paar's and Long John's radio program featured on WOR, Florence was overwhelmed with visitors, who swarmed all over her lawn, telephoning and ringing her doorbell at all hours of the day and night until it got so she was unable even to eat a meal without being interrupted.

Mail arrived in enormous sacks; many of the letters requesting information also contained checks, money orders, and bills of varying denomination.

Living alone after the loss of her husband and only son and the marriage of her daughter, Florence sent for her brother Nelson, a retired businessman who cheerfully interrupted his travels to make his home with her as he took over the task of bringing order out of chaos, first of all returning all mail containing money.

His help was a godsend to Florence, who seemed to be as poor a businesswoman as she was a good psychic. Then anyone who wished to consult his sister on minor matters was obliged to make an appointment. Exceptions were allowed to attend an open meeting, where Florence served refreshments and attempted to solve the problems presented to her.

"She was never happier than when helping others," says Nelson, so they considered it well worth the trouble.

As an example of what sometimes occurred at these sessions, a young woman recently told of her father's loss of a

thousand dollars he claimed had been taken from his bureau drawer that morning.

"Go home and tell your father to take his money to the bank first thing in the morning," she was advised. "Remind him he changed his hiding place yesterday."

"Human squirrels, that's what half the people are who come here with complaints of being robbed," laughed Florence.

About an hour later the daughter telephoned to say the money had been found in her father's tool box; he remembered having put it there because it had a stronger lock.

Of course, Florence could not solve every problem that was brought to her. Often her guests were forced to go away shaking their heads, as her hints shed no light on their particular dilemma. However, in the cases when she did hit the mark, the results were sometimes amazing. In one remarkable case she found some lost documents and incidentally earned kudos from one of the nation's largest business organizations, the Bell Telephone Company.

The telephone company, in an effort to protect their subscribers against any kind of fraudulent practice, does not permit listings of so-called psychics, and when Florence applied for such a listing in the New York and New Jersey directories her application was rejected.

Some time later, however, a worried official was advised to consult Florence with regard to a set of valuable documents which had disappeared from the files of the business office.

Although apparently skeptical, he agreed to contact Florence.

"I'll be at the office in less than an hour's time," she offered, and ten minutes after exploring the file cabinet which had contained the papers she succeeded in locating and restoring the folder.

As it turned out, they had not been stolen as had been

thought, but had been placed by mistake in a collection of papers which had been stored in another building.

The payoff came when Florence reminded the grateful officials that the company had once refused to list her name with the designation of "psychic" in their directory. Convinced of her ability, they agreed to comply with this modest request, so she was finally listed in the Manhattan and North Jersey directories as "Florence, psychic," followed by her telephone number.

Attuned to a life full of magic meanings and messages, are the Australian aborigines very different from civilized man? This expert in ESP is convinced that psychic phenomena occur naturally and far more often among primitives. Mr. Rose is the author of Living Magic.

Crisis Telepathy in Australia

Ronald Rose

IN our inquiries into psychic phenomena underlying the magic of Australian aborigines, my wife and I have been impressed particularly by one feature. It is that the spontaneous experiences of ordinary aborigines (as distinct from witch doctors or "clever men") so closely resemble those of white people.

This, of course, is to be expected if the reported experiences of white people are genuine, and it is, indeed, collateral evidence for them. The aboriginal case material shows, too, that psi experience is modified or conditioned by culture, but that a basic pattern is apparent. In no aspect is the pattern clearer than in instances of crisis telepathy—where there is a paranormal knowledge of the sickness or death of a distant relative or friend.

The cases were collected in two main ways. At first, they were incidental to an experimental program of standardized ESP (extrasensory perception) and PK (psychokinesis; mind-over-matter) tests. Discussion of them with the aborigines concerned helped them to understand the nature

of the tests and convinced them of our understanding of experiences which many of them believed to be peculiar to aborigines and never experienced by whites. In the aspect of the work with the aborigines, cases were specially collected. Natives were given a psi questionnaire. The first two questions of this were:

(1) Would you know if a relative some distance away died, had an accident, or was seriously ill?

(2) Has this ever happened to you?

The first question, it may be noted, asks for an expression of opinion or belief. Together with other questions of the same sort, it was used to give a rough measure of the degree of a subject's belief in psi phenomena.

Of all the subjects questioned, ranging from full-bloods to very light castes, from those who had at one time lived in a tribal state to those who did not even speak the native dialect, only three answered the first question in the negative! It was from the second question, of course, that accounts of crisis telepathy arose.

Almost every native at Woodenbong (New South Wales), where the bulk of the work was carried out, had himself had such an experience or, if he had not, could cite several who had. It was our very distinct impression that the experience is a rather more common one with aborigines than it is with white people.

What are some of the conditions likely to influence this uneven distribution favoring aborigines? The conditions favoring psi awareness are probably optimum in the case of the aborigines. Certainly they do not inhibit such experiences. The natives have a social inheritance of belief in magic—their search for casual explanation has, indeed, barely progressed beyond recourse to mysticism and magic. They are not merely ready to take note of and act on "psychic hunches," but, indeed, seek them. On the other hand, white people do not live in a psychic atmosphere so highly

charged. Their outlook is rationalistic and, unless a psychic impulse is of an impelling character, they tend to push it aside as irrational. Frequently, perhaps, it never comes to consciousness, or is lost in the welter of sensory experiences impinging on the individual.

In some instances with white people the "psychic hunch" comes to the surface in crisis cases and it is in these that the elements common between the two cultures are clearly seen. First, there is an emotional link between the people concerned. This has long been recognized as a typical, but not essential, ingredient. The paranormal event manifests itself through what the British psychologist G. N. M. Tyrell has described as a "mediating vehicle," often an apparition. Less usually, a vague "feeling" is experienced. In the case of aborigines the system of totemic beliefs, which is part of their living mythology, is brought into play to mediate the information.

The mediating function of the totem is more pronounced in the case of natives who have once been tribal than with others. The native belief is that each is magically related to his totemic animal ("djurabels" or "barmyunbaie" in the Woodenbong district) and that members of the same totemic group have spiritual contact with each other through the totem.

Incidents concerning the death of one particular man, Billie Combo, who died last year, illustrate reasonably well the impact of the experience on differently related persons. That three natives had experiences concerned with the death of one man is itself interesting. Possibly there were others that we did not come across.

Billie Combo was a Gidabul (or Witherabul) native of about fifty who had been in a hospital at Kyogle (about fifty miles from Woodenbong) but who had left the hospital a few days prior to his death. As far as natives at Woodenbong knew he was in reasonably good health. He

died suddenly following a heart attack. The three natives who stated that they had had some paranormal knowledge of Combo's death were all interviewed about a week after the event.

(a) Walter Page, a native of unusual intelligence, who has represented his people on the Aborigines Welfare Board, said that he was walking about the station at Wood-bong when he suddenly felt "dopey." He said that he had to go to his residence and rest and it was more than an hour before the feeling wore off. Page told his wife that something serious was wrong. He knew it was not to do with a close tribal relative or he would have seen in a vision his totemic rooster as he invariably does in such circumstances. His wife later went into the township where she learned of Combo's death the previous night. Although Combo was Page's first cousin he was not totemically related to him.

(b) Rene Robinson, an aged half-caste, said she was working in her cottage when she felt a "great sorrow" come over her. She knew that a member of her tribe had died, since this feeling invariably overcame her on such occasions, but she did not associate the feeling specifically with Billie Combo.

(c) Danny Sambo, a full-blood, alleged by other natives to be "clever" (i.e., a witch doctor) said that on the night of Combo's death, he heard a crow singing. This was the totem of both Combo and himself (and others, of course) and he immediately knew that Combo had died. He said there was no doubt about his feeling that it was Combo who had died and not another native. He had, as far as could be ascertained no other means of knowing of his relative's death.

These three cases range roughly from a vague feeling to complete conviction and in general this range of assurance coincides with tribal and totemic relationship. Where there is a totem manifestation, as an auditory or visual hallucina-

tion, the paranormal knowledge is most complete and the details of the experience most reliable—probably because the native is less psychically inhibited than others.

A number of natives have shown that they understand the hallucinatory nature of the totem manifestation. Walter Page, in discussing a number of experiences in which a totemic rooster had conveyed information to him of the death or illness of relatives, acknowledged that the bird heard on these occasions was not "real."

Bert Mercy and his wife Beatrice said they saw plovers circling over their hut during one night. Bert realized, he said, that there was something wrong. After a time he said to his wife, "I suppose old uncle's dead." His uncle had in fact died in Coff's Harbour (two hundred miles distant) that night, as they later learned. Plovers were his uncle's totem, Bert explained. He knew the plovers he and Beatrice had seen were not real but were "mind" birds. On the other hand, other natives have on several occasions claimed such animals or birds to be real.

Apparitions sometimes take the place of the totemic vision or are associated with it. For example, Alec Vesper, a Bundulung native from Pretty Gully, was sitting one night with some friends in his hut. During the evening, which was still, they heard a stone fall on the roof. Vesper took this to be a sign of misfortune, since this type of warning had occurred with him before. He could not tell precisely what the incident meant until later that night when he saw a vision of his sister, who worked in a nearby township. The apparition stood in the doorway of his hut, but did not speak. He said he immediately recognized that it was an apparition (he called it a "wogai," i.e., spirit) and knew his sister had died. She did in fact die that night, as he learned by telegram the next day.

Often to aborigines the conviction associated with a crisis case is so profound that it moves them to action. In

his book *The Australian Aborigines*, Professor A. P. Elkin testifies to the assurance of aborigines following the receipt of apparently telepathic information.

"Many white folk, who have known their native employees well, give remarkable examples of the aborigines' power for knowing what is happening at a distance, even hundreds of miles away," writes Professor Elkin. "A man may be away with his employer on a big stock trip, and will suddenly announce one day that his father is dead, that his wife has given birth to a child, or that there is some trouble in his own country. He is so sure of his facts that he would return at once if he could, and the strange thing is, as these employers ascertained later, the aborigine was quite correct; but how he could have known they do not understand, for there was no means of communication whatever, and he had been away from his own people for weeks and even months."

The certainty that may move a man to action occurs not only with tribal people but is relatively common in areas where the tribe has long since broken down.

A Minyung (Queensland) fullblood, Frank Mitchell, for example, in the space of a couple of weeks, had two such experiences. On the first occasion he and his wife heard the faltering footsteps of his deceased mother on the veranda of their residence one night. Frank interpreted this visitation as a sign of death and on the following morning told the station manager at Woodenbong that his son, Billie, who was in Kyogle Hospital (forty miles distant), had died during the night. A telephone call confirmed his fears.

This case in itself is not particularly convincing since the son was in hospital, but it was followed shortly afterwards by another. Frank one evening called at the manager's residence for permission to leave the settlement. When asked to give the reason he said that his brother in Brisbane (one hundred miles north) was seriously ill and would not last

the night out. There was no normal means by which he could have acquired such information, nor did he know that his brother was ill. He left the station that evening by bus and arrived in Brisbane shortly after his brother died.

As with white people, aborigines also have paranormal information mediated through dreams. Often the dream symbolism involves totemic or pseudo-totemic significance. Such dreams also are remarkable for their clarity and vividness of detail. The two cases following illustrate the form these experiences sometimes take.

In each case the informant was Owen Anderson, an intelligent caste native living on his own property at Ipswich (Queensland). Anderson said that a few years ago he was working on a dairy near Beaudesert (Queensland). His eldest sister lived in the township. One night he dreamed he was standing by a deep pool of water and an airplane flying overhead suddenly nose-dived into the pool and disappeared without leaving a ripple. He dreamed then that the springs about Beaudesert began to flow unceasingly and he and a dream companion were soon in water up to their chests. He remarked to his companion, "I think our time's up."

He remembered the dream clearly on waking. He said the recollection of it was like the memory of a real experience. Due to the personal significance to him of dreaming of water, the dream caused him some concern and he said to a friend, "I think there's something wrong with my sister. She's pretty sick."

During that morning a police officer from Beaudesert drove out to the dairy and told Anderson that his sister had died at six o'clock that morning. She had been well the last time he had heard of her.

On a more recent occasion (August, 1953) when Anderson was working at Glenell Grove, some miles from Ipswich, he had a vivid dream of a great, raging flood, muddy

and with a number of logs floating in it. He interpreted this dream as meaning that something was amiss with his family at Ipswich. During the morning a telegram arrived saying that his father was seriously ill in Ipswich Hospital.

Anderson then went to Ipswich and visited his father, taking it in turns with his brother to watch at his father's bedside. One night shortly afterward he again dreamed that he was standing by a pool. He dived in. The water seemed endlessly deep and he failed to reach the bottom. When he returned to the surface he saw his father standing on the bank of the pool. On waking he interpreted the dream as a death sign. His father did, in fact, die during the day.

Such experiences as those quoted may be viewed from the aboriginal point of view in this way: as their acculturation proceeds and they adopt Western ways of life and outlook, their psychic experiences diminish little and are not much reduced in intensity, but change in nature, losing tribal and magical significance and taking on those characteristics which are typical of the white pattern.

Immediately the question must come to mind as to whether, with their assimilation into the white community, the aborigines' sophistication will lead to an inhibition of psychic awareness. Magic has impressed my wife and me as being that aspect of aboriginal culture which will survive when others die out. We think that, while the aborigines retain racial identity, their psychical experiences will be more frequent, more profound, and in general more reliable than ours.

A New York nurse, plagued and gifted with psychic abilities, was a source of irritation and wonder to relatives and friends. The author has written widely on psychic phenomena. Her latest book is Prominent American Ghosts.

The Reluctant Psychic

Susy Smith

STUDENT Nurse Helen Phillips leaped out of bed at three o'clock in the morning. She had just dreamed that one of her patients was standing beside his bed in Dellview Hospital in a curiously transparent condition, looking down with an amazed expression at his own body.

Helen knew from previous experience that her dreams usually carried definite significance. She phoned the hospital and told the nurse in charge of Ward K: "Mr. Rogers . . . Bed 15 . . . hurry, he just died."

The night nurse was more annoyed than startled. She had visited the ward shortly before. It had been as calm as a roomful of sick people can ever be. And she didn't appreciate an anonymous caller telling her how to run her business in the middle of the night.

But she walked down the corridor anyway, just to make sure. She came to Ward K . . . to Bed 15. The patient was dead.

Miss Phillips never told anyone that it was she who had phoned. In the days that followed, she listened quietly as

excited hospital talk swirled around the mysterious night call reporting a patient's sudden death.

But how, in her sleep at home, had she been aware of what had happened at the hospital? She says that all her life she has received authentic information in inexplicable ways. And if she had her way, nobody would ever know about it.

Even though she has a gift shared by relatively few, Helen has never considered it a blessing. To her it has been a curse, for it sets her apart. Those who know of her apparently psychic talent look upon her as a curiosity. She dislikes the twitting, the skepticism, and the open-mouthed wonder which her gift so frequently arouses; yet frequently she feels obliged to reveal it. When the building porter complains of having lost his key, and Helen can plainly see a mental image of it, lodged under a certain chip in a wood pile, naturally she must tell him. And when subsequently the porter points her out as "the lady who found my key by seeing a picture of it inside her head," she feels thoroughly uncomfortable.

Once a young friend sadly reported the loss of her sorority pin, and Helen couldn't help telling her that it was hidden under a leaf in a yard ten blocks away. She herself went there, picked up the leaf . . . and there was the pin. But since then she's always wondered if her friend might not have thought she'd put the pin there in the first place, just as a trick.

At other times, of course, Helen Phillips can be well satisfied with her exploits.

"Once when I lived in a nurses' home, I left my watch in the lavatory," she relates. "And when I remembered and went back for it an hour later, it was gone. There were dozens of girls who lived there, but I knew instinctively that none of them had taken it. I went straight to a room which was only used by the woman porter." Going to a

dusty cupboard, Helen knelt down, reached to the back, and pulled out a shoe. "In the toe of it was my watch," she explains.

If it is difficult to understand why she feels anything so fortuitous could produce problems. Miss Phillips explains that it's because nobody but her mother has ever been in sympathy with her. But in her highly respected Virginia family tree there had been an aunt who was known throughout the countryside as a clairvoyant. Helen's mother early recognized similar characteristics in her youngest offspring. She observed in Helen, even before her second year, a tendency to poke the air with her fingers as she tried to caress the "pretty things" she saw about her.

At five, Helen became aware that others could not see many of the beauties she saw. So she learned not to talk about them for fear of being ridiculed. She recalls psychically "knowing" where her mother's lost thimble was hiding, but being afraid to say for fear her mother might think she'd stolen it. As she grew older and became more aware of the oddness of her powers, she deliberately tried to conceal them. Yet her sisters always considered her "peculiar," and the three cousins with whom she chummed in her teens used to say of their pet secrets, "No use telling Helen! She knows it anyway . . ."

Helen says she wasn't particularly bright in school. But she managed to know most of the answers by being able to picture the textbook right in front of her.

This worked happily for her when she read "Hiawatha" for the first time at 3 P.M. one afternoon and recited the whole poem that night on stage before a gathering of nine hundred. She wasn't frightened, because "I knew if I followed instructions I'd have help." And her instructions, received mentally from whom or what she did not know, were to take her glasses off, to keep her eyes fixed on the wall at the back of the auditorium, and not to get stage fright. As

she puts it, "They showed me the pages of the book in a golden light and I just read the words."

This odd habit caused her trouble later when she was taking an extracurricular psychology course at Columbia University. On one occasion, the professor drew a diagram on the blackboard, gave the class five minutes to observe it, and then erased it. One week later, when the students went to the board to produce it from memory, the teacher refused to accept Helen's too-accurate drawing, assuming she must have made a copy to hide away and study. Actually, Helen now says, she could see the diagram on the blackboard as it had been originally, and she was merely tracing the lines with chalk.

Some years later when Miss Phillips taught nursing at Fordham University, she did not use notes, but recalled assignments—page and line of the text—by seeing the book mentally.

Asked how this works—when it works—she doesn't know. She is practically sure that it can't be called photographic memory, and it certainly isn't total recall. What she "gets" psychically is most frequently in the form of pictures, sometimes brilliantly colored and sometimes gray. Occasionally she feels as if someone were telling her the information. And sometimes she just seems to know a fact without having been at all aware of receiving it.

"Very often," Miss Phillips says, "I get an audible warning, sounding like a crack of static electricity, and then I know to look for a big square of light on which the picture is shown. But sometimes just yellow, red, or green lights appear."

All these sights and sounds seem to occur without her desire or her conscious cooperation, but she admits they've helped her out of many an awkward situation. They have gotten her into a few, too.

This sometimes happens when she predicts unpleasant

events. The urge to read the cards may come over her suddenly, as if some invisible person were standing beside her insisting that she pass on certain information, and when she gives a reading with this kind of encouragement she's very good at it. Even though what she says may not always be popular.

One evening in the spring of 1957 she tucked her patient in for the night, walked out of the room where she was nursing on special duty, and saw a deck of cards on a desk in the hall. She picked them up on impulse and said to Nurse Randolph, who was sitting there, "Come on, I'll tell your fortune." They went into the lounge. Helen spread out the cards and said: "You are going to be involved with a toe. A friend of yours will be griefstricken for a dear one very soon. And you're going to lose a small piece of metal from your watch which will cost four dollars to replace."

Mrs. Randolph wasn't particularly impressed with this reading, as who would be? What kind of fortune was that, without one single blonde king or dark jack or jealous queen? But about fifteen minutes later, when she asked an orderly to get something for her, he pulled a heavy drawer out too far and dropped it on his foot, mangling his big toe. The nurse rushed him to the accident ward and indeed was considerably "involved with a toe" for some time. Then, the next day, a friend's fiance was critically injured in a wreck, and Mrs. Randolph lost the stem of her watch. When the bill came to four dollars, she said, "That Phillips, I could kill her."

It's not surprising that this psychic is reluctant to read cards, if instead of getting her palm crossed with silver for her brilliant foresight, she is blamed for the things that happen.

Her curiosity aroused by the Randolph reading, a practical nurse named Jones came to Helen with the deck of cards, and the first thing Helen told her was: "You are going

to have news from out of town that a friend has just had a baby with a club foot, and it will cost forty-five dollars to buy shoes for it." Miss Jones met a friend a few days later who told her this exact—and unusual—information.

Miss Phillips' powers don't depend upon a deck of cards, however. There's the time she met a nurse in the hall and said to her, "Get back to your room! Your patient is falling out of bed." The nurse hurried back, to find the man already on the floor. Helen hopes that her compulsion to make this sort of remark isn't talked about too freely. "For," she grumbles, "if the doctors knew I did anything like that, they'd laugh me right out of the hospital."

Here is a person whose entire philosophy is materialistic, based on her knowledge of medical science. Yet she illustrates, in her own experience, many concepts which most of the medical profession find difficult to accept. It is no wonder she wishes to remain anonymous, because her professional reputation is of great value to her. She has held responsible positions for many years, having been medical or obstetrical supervisor in several New York hospitals, nursing arts instructor, and charge nurse of floors countless times.

Now, at sixty-two, she is doing special duty nursing, devoting her spare time at home to sewing, or reading an occasional escapist-type paperback book. She has never read anything on psychic research which might explain the unusual qualities she exhibits, and she has no interest in the reasons for or the exploration of her own psychic talents.

Miss Phillips has studied enough psychology to recognize that there are those who would claim her phenomena to be entirely subjective, coming from within her own subconscious mind. She doesn't accept that theory, however, for she firmly believes her psychic powers are connected in some way with spirit survival. She has never thought of herself as a medium, would not dream of consenting to sit for development of mediumship, and is always shy of mention-

ing her conviction of the presence of spirit entities. Yet she says she has been forced to her conclusion because of the deceased personalities who have shown themselves to her, and the information they've given her.

One night she was sure that she saw a friend who had died seven years before, who told her to go to the doctor for an immediate examination because she had a growth she didn't suspect. She followed instructions and had an operation which saved her life.

Then there is the experience already related . . . her knowledge that patient 15, Ward K, had just died in the hospital. But it is her story of "Uncle Henry" that most nearly stands scrutiny as an event of an evidential nature.

Helen's sister Mabel is a witness to the fact that once, when they were vacationing in Florida, Helen announced: "Uncle Henry's dead." Mabel replied, "Oh, Helen, stop your foolishness. If I had your imagination I'd write a book."

But Helen was by this time fascinated by a picture that seemed to her to be projected on the side wall of the room, showing her Uncle Henry reenacting the scene of his accidental death. Walking across a field, he saw a big dark stranger carrying off one of his young sheep. He attacked the man, they struggled on an overhang of the river, and suddenly the piece of earth they were on dropped off into the water. The thief swam across the river with the sheep, but Uncle Henry was drowned.

As she saw this picture, Helen became convinced that her uncle was showing her how his death had occurred so that she could tell his wife he hadn't killed himself deliberately and left her alone with numerous debts. Her sister Mabel thought it was all nonsense, until the home-town paper arrived a few days later . . . with the report that their Uncle Henry had taken his life by jumping into the river.

Helen was pleased when her uncle's wife and children accepted her version of the accident. She was also glad when

inquiry revealed that a band of gypsies had been camped across the river on the day he died. Any kind of corroboration of her psychic capabilities, while not in the least necessary to her belief in them, makes them more acceptable to other people.

In fact, in discussing this with her, it seems obvious that Miss Phillips is beginning to feel her occasional opportunity to soften the blow of death for a friend is almost recompense enough for the trouble her psychic sense causes her. She has concluded that this talent has its values after all . . . and that if enough scientific investigation is brought to bear on the subject, the world may some day know that death is not final.

Savage Indians became dangerous hazards on the Texas frontier; a scalped settler's life was saved only by a recurring accurate and simultaneous vision of his plight on the part of a neighbor who consciously believed him dead.

Or Was It a Dream?

F. E. Wade

ONE of the first settlers in the now thickly populated area surrounding Austin, the capital of Texas, was Reuben Hornsby and wife Sarah, with several small children.

Mr. Hornsby was a man of means and built a substantial residence protected by a stockade from hostile Indians. This residence was the outpost of civilization for the then scantily settled Texas. The nearest neighbor, Josiah Wilbarger, was located seven miles down the twisting Colorado River.

Mr. Hornsby was an astute businessman; Mrs. Hornsby a wonderful hostess and hospitality radiated from their home. It became a stopping place for homeseekers to the vicinity. Mr. Hornsby and Mr. Wilbarger were both surveyors, and became sort of good-willers for the section, welcoming and helping locate newcomers.

In August of 1833, Mr. Wilbarger rode over to his neighbor and friend Hornsby's house to escort a party of four men in a land locating trip. The men's names were Strother, Christian, Standifer, and Haynie.

About noon, some four miles northwest of present day

Austin, they spied an Indian, on horseback, on a distant hill watching them. Mr. Wilbarger made friendly signs and started riding toward him but the Indian galloped away.

The party traveled another mile until they came to a spring and against Mr. Wilbarger's better judgment, alighted, turned their horses loose to graze and sat down to rest and eat their lunch.

Without warning they were attacked by a group of some fifty Indians, expert with bows and arrows. Strother was killed at once, Christian apparently mortally wounded, Wilbarger was arrowed in the hip and had fallen. The Indians moved in closer and the other two men, thinking their three companions killed, jumped on their horses and headed toward the Hornsby residence.

Although Wilbarger was badly wounded, he managed to rise, get behind a tree, using the other men's guns to defend himself but an arrow in the neck paralyzed him and he fell again. The shrieking, jubilant Indians gathered in to strip and scalp their victims. Wilbarger, apparently dead, was perfectly helpless but was conscious of all that transpired. His clothes were pulled off and a knife passed entirely around his head and the scalp torn off. He afterwards said while he suffered no pain it sounded like a loud clap and roar of thunder.

He lay in a dreamy state of semiconsciousness the rest of the day and all night. At intervals he tried to crawl for help. Visions flitted through his mind bordering on the marvelous and supernatural.

He later affirmed that during the night, while resting against a tree, his sister, Margaret (Mrs. Margaret Clifton of Florissant, St. Louis County, Missouri) whom he was to learn months later had died the day before in Missouri, appeared to him saying:

"Brother Josiah, you are too weak to go on by yourself. Remain here and before the sun sets friends will come to

take you in." And she disappeared in the direction of the Hornsby residence despite his plea for her to stay with him.

The two escaped men found their way back to Hornsby's and spread the alarm, stating their three companions were definitely killed.

About midnight, and it was later verified at about the same time of Mr. Wilbarger's visit by his sister, Mrs. Hornsby jumped up in bed and awakened her husband, speaking so loud that the men in the next room heard her.

"Wilbarger is not dead," she said excitedly. "He sits against a large tree and is scalped. I saw him and know it is so!"

They all reassured her and remonstrated, even ridiculed her dream and all again returned to bed.

About three o'clock, she again sprang up under intense excitement, repeating the former statement and added:

"I saw him again. As sure as God lives, Josiah Wilbarger is alive, scalped, and sits under a large tree by himself. I saw him as plainly as I now see you who are present. If you are not cowards, go at once or he will die."

"But," said one of the escaped men, "Mrs. Hornsby, I saw fifty Indians around his body and it is impossible for him to be alive."

"I don't care what you saw," replied the seemingly inspired Mrs. Hornsby, "I saw him as plainly as you could have, and I know he is alive. Go to him at once."

Her husband was hesitant, saying they were too few in number and she and the children would be in danger if left alone.

"Never mind us. We can take to the dogwood thicket and save ourselves. Go, I beg you, to poor Wilbarger."

The men argued they would have to wait for daylight and reinforcements, but she refused to return to bed and busied herself getting food ready so there would be no delay when daylight and help came. She begged them to hurry and pulled a sheet from her bed and said:

"Take this, you will have to bring him back on a litter, he cannot ride a horse."

After a search, the party found the other two bodies and with reverent ceremony buried them under a large tree. As Wilbarger had stumbled and crawled nearly a mile away, they spent some time locating him. He was naked and so covered with blood they hesitated to approach thinking he might be an Indian until he made himself known.

They wrapped him in the sheet the kind Mrs. Hornsby had provided and placed him on a horse with Mr. Hornsby at back to hold him on.

Mrs. Hornsby was a good nurse and took care of Wilbarger until he was able to be moved on a stretcher to his own cabin. The two families forever remained the closest of friends, and both Mrs. Hornsby and Mr. Wilbarger repeatedly told the stories of their experiences that tragic night. They were of such high caliber and integrity, no one questioned the veracity of either, and the stories have come down through a century and a quarter as part of Texas' proud pioneer history.

Mr. Wilbarger's head never healed, though he lived eleven useful years afterward, reared a large family and became a prosperous citizen. His death came about accidentally, by striking his unhealed head against some timber while working in his cotton gin.

In 1936 the Texas Centennial Commission erected a marker at the homesite of the worthy Hornsby family.

Did you ever wish you had the gift of knowing tomorrow's events? This woman knew of dangers and death, sometimes as they occurred—when she had no possible access to the information except through telepathy—and sometimes before they occurred.

Surprises from ESP (formerly I Knew the Future!)

Marie S. Bordner

I HAVE had premonitions of accidents, which enabled me to save others from injury. I have had a "visit" from a dead person, who gave me a warning of something that was to happen to a mutual friend. I have been able to "read" facts and predictions about persons that I had never seen before.

However, I am not a medium, nor crystal gazer. I am an advertising copywriter, leading a normal, if hectic, business life. I did not seek these experiences—they sought me. Others may accept or reject the validity of the following stories. However, I *must* accept them. They happened to me! It took a definite experience, when I was in my teens, to prove to me without doubt that at times I had a power that went beyond the capacities of my normal, conscious mind.

One of my best friends was going to entertain her sister's school chums from a southern college—three girls whom we had never met. She asked me for some suggestions. She

wanted to give a party with "a different angle." I told her I would give it some thought.

Going over some old magazines in the attic, I found an article on tea leaf reading which was coming into vogue in tea rooms throughout the country. This would be it, I decided! I would pretend to read tea leaves for her guests.

I knew nothing about the subject and had heard of it but vaguely. I studied the simple directions and diagrams: a heart, formed by leaves, meant a romance. Crossed sticks were quarrels or a parting of the ways, etc. I could add lots of things young girls were interested in and were eager to believe, I thought, such as, "A dark man wants to meet you," or "A blond Adonis is secretly in love with you." This would be fun. I went gaily off to the party. They all gathered around the table, each one wanting to be first. I instructed them officiously (according to the magazine) "Turn the cup around three times for magic and turn it upside down." This was to loosen the massed leaves so that only the "fortune" would cling to the bottom and sides.

I took the first cup gingerly, hoping my glibness would not desert me. I stared into it earnestly while I tried to think of something which could apply personally to the bright-eyed girl opposite me. Everybody waited expectantly. "What a fraud you are," I thought to myself.

And then suddenly I had a lot of things to say. The first had to do with the past, which was risky because it had to be true, but somehow I knew it was. "You started to go on a short trip today, but when you were half way there you changed your mind and went elsewhere."

She answered "Yes."

Sentence after sentence followed while the girls sat there spellbound. "One of you will get a telegram to return home sooner than expected," I said. (The next day, the telegram arrived.)

My hostess began giving me frantic signals to join her in the kitchen, but I couldn't get away. Finally, she said, "Just a minute, girls, I want Marie to help me with something."

When the swinging door closed behind us she grasped my arm. "Where are you getting this stuff?" she demanded. "Did Edith (her sister) call you up?"

I shook my head, "No, it just occurs to me and I say it!" "Well that is utterly amazing! It's all true!"

I must have turned white, for she took a decanter from a cupboard and poured me some brandy while I tried to still the trembling of my limbs. My Roman Catholic upbringing led me to disapprove of fortune tellers, soothsayers, etc. My own cup of tea and a piece of delicious cake were left untouched on the table. I asked to be excused to a chorus of protests. My friend, who was considerably worried by my reaction, wanted to drive me the four blocks to my home but I refused. I had to be alone to think this over, to try to assimilate what the night had revealed.

Years later, when I learned more about extrasensory perception, I was no longer so full of fear and guilt feelings. Then I recalled another experience from my early life that was also, no doubt, an example of ESP.

I met a young man and we became good friends. We both had inquiring minds and we loved to have long discussions about serious matters. We spent many hours together, when he could get away from the many chores on his father's farm and his job as a rural mail carrier.

One night I was saying my prayers on my knees at the side of my bed, as was my custom, when suddenly seemingly without volition, I leaped to my feet and cried out, "Oh, David, don't!"

A moment later I found myself standing against the opposite wall, trembling violently. Much puzzled and upset,

I wondered if I could be losing my mind. I crawled into bed but could not relax. I noticed the clock on the table; it read 11:15.

The next night I could scarcely wait for David to arrive. The episode of the night before had been too vivid, too disturbing, not to have some significance. Certainly it was connected with him.

When he stepped inside the door the first thing I said was, "What were you doing last night at eleven o'clock?"

A strange and wondering look passed over his face. "Petite"—his nickname for me—"you kept me from committing a murder last night!"

On his job Dave carried a gun for the protection of the mail. He was driving home late from an errand in another town when a car overtook his and a man called out for him to stop. Dave stopped, thinking someone needed help. The stranger jumped from his car; coming toward Dave he started to hurl insults and obscenities at him. Dave was accused of unbelievable things and suddenly he lost his temper completely. The man made a move toward his back pocket and Dave pulled his gun from the glove compartment of his car. He had his finger on the trigger ready to pull when—in his own words: "Petite, I swear at that moment your face came between us as plainly as I see you now!"

He was so startled that he dropped his arm. The headlights of a car coming up the road flicked over his face and the man stepped back in surprise. "Why you're not the fellow I thought you were!" he said. He leaped into his car and drove away, evidently afraid of what Dave would do about such an ill-advised incident. But Dave was lost in wonder at the apparition of me that he had just seen.

During World War II, four of my nephews were fighting at one time. Two in the Pacific area and two in the

European theater. One of these boys—named Lee—was closer to me than the others, possibly because he had spent more time with my family and me.

One evening while resting after work, I suddenly saw, in my mind, a picture of Lee—running desperately as from some great danger. I could see plainly that he was headed for a doorway with an arched portal. It seemed terribly important to me that he reach it, but before he did so the picture faded and another took its place. Some men were putting Lee in the back of a vehicle which I could not see. I knew that in that blacked-out second Lee had been injured. Later this was confirmed by message and many months later by Lee himself. It happened just as I had seen it. He was running from a bomb—he was hit by a fragment and put in the back of a jeep.

Some years later, a different type of experience occurred to me. Living next door to me for many years was a friend named Alice, one of the sweetest persons I ever knew, and her aunt. Alice had been raised by this beloved aunt and uncle and trained for a career in music, which she loved. But ill fortune struck the family bringing many changes and she was forced to take an office job that she hated. Her life was one frustration after another. Finally she acquired cancer and died of it.

After her death I was sitting in the garden where we had spent so many evenings talking. We had discussed ideas, beliefs, faiths, philosophies—anything which might be a means through which she could become resigned to the death which she knew was near.

It was the most beautiful time of day—twilight. Peace seemed to have settled upon the earth. The perfume of lilies and petunias around me was strong. White night moths fluttered from flower to flower. Suddenly I was struck with an awareness; the world around me seemed to recede and I waited in intense anticipation for something. Then into my

mind came one sentence: "Tell Aunt Hattie to be careful of the stairs."

It was urgently clear and precise. I whispered "Alice!" and waited, holding my breath, but nothing else came to me. The mimosa tree ruffled its branches in the wind, and a sleepy bird peeped.

I knew I had to deliver this message—it was urgent—so I went next door and told her aunt that I had dreamed it, afraid she would think me demented if I told her I was wide awake. To my surprise the old lady, who was more than eighty years old, took it as a matter of course. "Oh," she replied, "Alice was always afraid I would fall down those back stairs."

A few weeks later she got up in the night, mistook one door for another and fell down the entire flight of stairs. So critically injured was she they thought she might not recover. She had to remain in bed for weeks.

One day the grocery boy delivered my order and a warning for him suddenly flashed into my mind . . . but how to tell him? After some verbal give-and-take I asked him: "Do you go out Route 42 and pass the old Harker estate?"

"Not on my regular route," he replied. "Why?"

"There's a railroad bridge with an abrupt approach to it, isn't there?"

"Yes," he answered expectantly.

"Well," I finished lamely, "it's a dangerous place and if I were you, I'd be careful when I go by there. You could easily have an accident."

"Yeh, I guess you could at that." By his expression he evidently thought I was a nut. Well, I told myself, you tried, anyway. What else could I do?

About a week later when he came with my order he said, "Mrs. Bordner, you must be psychic or something. You know

that bridge you mentioned last week? I was going out there to visit a friend and as I came close to that bridge, I remembered what you said, and I slowed up. It's a good thing I did too, for a guy was coming up the other side at about sixty. He swerved as he came on and if I hadn't slowed up when I did he would have hit me head-on! Thanks for the warning."

He drove off laughing at what he thought was a mere coincidence. I looked after him, turning a can of beans over and over. What did I have in my hands?

An earlier episode calls attention to the fact that some of the things I said and wrote half-seriously could turn out to be prophetic. On this occasion I made three statements in jest that came true twenty years later.

I had gone for a drive with some girls I knew but slightly. We drove through a small mining town in the vicinity of my home town and discovered that a dance was going on. Having nothing better to do, we parked and went in. The other girls spotted some boys from another town that they knew and I didn't. They danced gaily off with them, leaving me stranded against the wall.

Presently I spied a tall young man coming in. Among the miners and small town boys he stood out strikingly. He wore an expensive-looking suit, an immaculate white shirt, and had a sophisticated bearing. He looked as if he had strayed out of the pages of *Esquire*. He spotted me and came down to ask me to dance. On my tip-toes I could just about see over his shoulder. Heads turned, eyebrows went up, lips formed the question, "Where did you find him?" I was the envy of the other girls.

He began to ask me questions. "You're not from this town, are you?" I shook my head.

"Where are you from?" he continued.

I wanted to appear "big town," as I knew he was, so I said, "Philadelphia."

I had never been to Philadelphia except to pass through, but I hated it as I did all big cities at that time. It was just a bit of pretension, normal in a girl of my age.

His next question was: "Are you married?"

Embarked upon a fictional career, I decided to continue it. So, I replied, "No, I'm a widow."

He guessed that I was kidding, but he went along with the gag. "What did your husband die of—did you throw him down the steps?" He said this with a grin, for I was a five-foot, ninety-pound model.

"No," I said slowly. "He died of heart failure!" For some reason this sounded funny to us, and we both burst out laughing. The young man was in that vicinity to help plan a home for a world-famous millionaire and I never saw him again.

However, twenty years later I was living in Philadelphia; I was a widow; and my husband had died of heart failure!

A talented young fashion artist was on the staff of the large store where I was assistant advertising manager. We became very good friends and rode around constantly in her small sports car.

She was an ardent horsewoman and not only kept her own riding horse but also often exercised the various horses at her country club.

One day I was troubled by a premonition of danger to her from a horse. I tried to forget it as I knew she would only laugh at me. Besides, she was an expert rider who was afraid of no horse she had ever seen. She had been riding since she was eight years old.

Finally I asked her, "Do you ride a bay-colored horse, perhaps with some white through the mane, and an extra long tail?"

"Why, no," she answered. "There is no horse of that sort at the country club. Why do you ask?"

"Oh," I said, lamely, "I have a premonition of danger to you from such a horse. Please be careful."

Jane was the earthy type who lived for today and didn't trouble herself about tomorrow. "Oh, you and your notions!" she scoffed. "You're slightly 'teched' but I like you anyway!" And, laughing at my serious face, she drove away.

A week or so later she drove her car to the country club and was immediately hailed by the men from the stables:

"Hi, Janel!" they called. "We have a horse we want you to ride."

One of them went inside and came out with . . . the horse of my description. Jane stood there stupefied.

"What's wrong with him?" she asked.

"Nothing!" they answered. "We just wanted to see if you could ride him."

She knew they were baiting her. They were fully aware of her riding ability and all the trophies she had won. But pride would not permit her to refuse to ride him. She got on him very warily, as she was considerably upset by the accuracy of my word picture.

The horse started off docilely enough, but she was on her guard. Suddenly he bolted. It took all her knowledge of horses to bring him under control. If she had not been forewarned she most surely would have been thrown.

She took him back to the stable and demanded to know what was wrong with him. The men, rather embarrassed, when they saw how shaken she was, told her this horse had been in a spill and pile-up of horses in a race and he had emerged so nervous that he was sent to the country club to recuperate.

She hurried to my home to tell me about it, very excited. When she was leaving, she turned at my gate and said,

"Marie, you have some quality . . . I don't know what it is!" and, shaking her head she went down the walk. I gazed after her. I shook my head also. I did not know what it was either.

The horror passage of a book read by a friend, a doctor, miles away, appeared in a dream that same evening, with startling exactitude, to a man in Peekskill, New York.

"Nail It Up Tight!"

C. W. Weiant

WHILE reports of telepathic dreams are no novelty and have been abundantly reported in psychoanalytic literature, the case which I am about to describe is of interest because it demonstrates unmistakably the capacity of the unconscious to pick up telepathic impressions while the recipient is fully conscious, the transmitted material not rising to the conscious level until after a considerable lapse of time (in this instance about seven hours) as the result of a dream.

On the night of Thursday, October 31, 1957, Dr. Jean Worth, a colleague of mine on the faculty of the Chiropractic Institute of New York, who shares my interest in the paranormal, sat quietly in her New York apartment between the hour of 11 P.M. and midnight, browsing in a book entitled *Thirty Years among the Dead*. This book, written by a physician, Dr. Carl A. Wickland, a member of the Illinois State Medical Society, was published, without date, by the Spiritualist Press, Ltd., of 49 Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4. The doctor's wife was a medium. The section pertinent to this story reads as follows:

"Upon another occasion, when I had been appointed assistant demonstrator for a class in dissecting, the body of a

colored man had been selected as a subject but the body had not been disturbed when, one evening, Mrs. Wickland became entranced, and a strange spirit speaking through her, exclaimed:

"You ain't goin' to cut on dis colored man, Boss!"

"I told him that the world called him dead; that he was not in his old body, but was now controlling a woman's body. He would not believe this, and when I showed him my wife's hands, saying they were not colored but white, he replied:

"I'se got whitewash on dem; whitewashin' is my business."

"This spirit proved to be very obstinate, offering a variety of excuses and explanations rather than accept the truth, but he was finally convinced and departed."

While reading this passage, Dr. Worth was also thinking intently of me and wondering what my reaction to the story would be. At about seven o'clock of the following morning, October 31, I awoke from a very disagreeable dream. This is what I dreamed: the Chiropractic Institute of New York was offering a course in dissection. The demonstrator had just finished dissecting the body of a colored man. He then replaced the viscera and other parts of the cadaver which had been removed. The body was then laid in a wooden box. As the box was about to be nailed shut, the body suddenly began to stir and succeeded in rising. Horrified, I exclaimed, "Why, he's not dead!" Dr. Worth, who was standing beside me, countered with, "Don't be silly; it's just a bundle of reflexes." Then, with some difficulty, a group of students succeeded in subduing the seemingly animated cadaver and proceeded to nail up the box. One of the onlookers yelled, "Nail it up tight."

At this point I awoke, astonished that I should have had such an absurd dream.

Later in the day I was talking to Dr. Worth on the tele-

phone and related the dream. "I can explain that dream," she said, and a few days later she brought me the Wickland book and indicated the passage I have quoted. The elements of correspondence between those lines and my dream are so striking that a casual relationship seems inescapable.

It should be added that at the time Dr. Worth was reading and thinking of me, I myself was sitting in my den at my home in Peekskill, working on the manuscript of a book in no way related to the occult.

What power forced Mrs. Paul out into a driving Minnesota snow storm to renew her husband's accident policy on the same day that he had an accident, unknown to her, in the state of Washington?

Double Indemnity

Val E. Paul

It was December 4, 1950, just past noon, and as I felt a little drowsy after eating, I decided to take a short nap at our home in Minnesota.

In a short while I was awakened suddenly by my own sobbing. Tears were streaming down my cheeks. I had just had the most frightening and realistic dream.

I saw my husband's limp figure being lifted and carried by two strangers. His face and jacket were smeared with dirt. I sat up on the edge of the couch and shook my head vigorously, but it was a trance from which I could not awaken. I wondered if I had slept long, and glancing at the clock, I noticed that it was just past one in the afternoon, Central Standard Time.

I began to wonder about my husband. He must have reached Seattle now, since he had left home two days before to look for work in Seattle or Tacoma. If he found work and a place to live, the children and I were to follow him later. I had not heard from him by mail as it takes five days to receive a letter from Seattle. I was determined not to worry.

As I rose and attempted to follow my usual household routine, the feeling of apprehension grew and dominated all my thinking. If he had been in an accident, I had better look for his insurance policy which I knew was about to expire. My family had been going through financial difficulties and if there had been an accident, we would need the insurance. I found the policy and sure enough, it was in its last day of grace. I would need twenty-five dollars to renew it, and that was all that I had for groceries and for the care of our two small children. I knew that I could not use this money.

I decided to try borrowing enough from my husband's father. He lived fifteen miles from my home, but at that moment a severe winter storm with drifts of snow made the road hazardous. It was already two-thirty and I doubted if I could make it over there and back to the insurance office in time to renew the policy.

Again I tried to reason that it was foolish to feel so certain about something with only a dream for backing. But a stronger force seemed to overpower my reason. I had to go, even though I feared the danger of driving through a storm with the children.

On the way to my in-laws, I decided that I had better not mention my dream. I would simply tell them that my husband had forgotten to leave enough money to cover his quarterly insurance payment. They lent me the money without any question, and I left immediately for the insurance office. I arrived there just before closing time. Relieved from worry, I drove home through the storm.

A week filled with anxiety passed, without any word from my husband. Finally, on December 9, a letter arrived in his handwriting. "At last he is well enough to write," I thought, and tore the envelope open with trembling hands. I read the following letter:

Tacoma, Washington
December 4, 1950

MY DEAREST VAL,

You will be very much surprised to learn that I've been in a bus accident. It happened between Seattle and Tacoma. I had decided to go and call on your Uncle Dan in Tacoma, to see if he could help me find a job. I didn't want him to think that I wanted to move in with him so I left my suitcase in the depot in Seattle. Then it turned out that he invited me to stay there until I found a job, and so I was returning to Seattle to pick up my suitcase when the accident occurred.

A car driven by a woman ran head-on into the bus. The driver slammed on his brakes and the bus careened and landed on its side, scrambling all the passengers. The woman driver of the car was killed outright. This was a four-lane highway, and we were the only two vehicles on the road. It seemed incredible that an accident should happen under those circumstances.

I found myself lying in the aisle on my stomach with a big, burly passenger on top of my shoulders. He was lying crossways in the bus and had a badly broken leg, so he was unable to move until help came. It seemed ages before they took him off me, and when they did, my arms seemed to be paralyzed, and I too had to be lifted and carried out of the bus. I sure was dirty, my face was covered with smudges and my jacket was a mess.

My shoulder is badly bruised and I have a very stiff neck. Tomorrow I have to go to the hospital for a check-up to find out if I have any fractures. I'm plenty stiff and sore. Bus insurance will come in here, and by the way, look up my Travelers Insurance and see if it is still in force. Send me the number . . . I hope to see you by Christmas.

Love to you and the kids,
DADDY

He arrived home the day before Christmas, and we began to check the time of my dream and the accident. I wrote to the editor of *The Tacoma News Tribune* and he replied that the accident occurred on the Seattle-Tacoma

highway shortly after 3 P.M. Pacific Coast Time, on Monday, December 4, 1950. My dream took place a little after 1 P.M. Central Standard Time. Thus my dream and the accident had occurred simultaneously.

As my husband had been riding on a public conveyance when the accident occurred, we were paid double indemnity by the insurance company. So it seemed that my telepathic warning had pierced the barrier of two thousand miles, to help us provide for our family in a time of danger and distress. I am now convinced that no distance is too great when the mind reaches out to protect those we love.

His day's work finished, and facing home-bound traffic, what caused Tommy Whittaker to return to Washington Street, in Boston? He must have sensed that his friend was in trouble, through telepathy, because they'd had no other contact. The authors are a prominent husband-and-wife team in psychological and parapsychological research.

Buried Alive—Saved by Telepathy

Betty and Fraser Nicol

LIKE many people, Jack Sullivan had never given much thought to telepathy—he was much too busy supporting a family of five children and trying to build up his welding business in Stoneham, Massachusetts. It was not until June 14, 1955, when he came suddenly and painfully close to death, that the idea of some psychic connection between friends seemed more than a remote possibility to him.

As he told us in an interview three months after his brush with death, the fact that he is still alive to describe it may be the result of telepathy or of prayer, or both. But after an experience such as his, he does not believe—and perhaps others may not believe—that “mere coincidence” is a very plausible explanation.

In the late afternoon of June 14, Sullivan was alone in a 14-foot trench welding new 36-inch water pipes alongside busy Washington Street in the southwest section of Boston. By 4:30 P.M., the last pipe for the day had been laid in place by the power-shovel crew, who then stopped work,

leaving Sullivan to finish welding the seam between the last two pipes in the trench.

The day was very hot. Sullivan finished his work on the inside joint, crawled out of the pipe, and started making the outside seam. He had about an hour's more work to do, he figured, and should finish by about six o'clock.

When he stopped a minute to adjust his welding rod, he noticed some children playing around his truck, parked nearby. The generator on the truck was running to furnish power for the welding. Thinking the children might hurt themselves, he chased them away.

He pulled the welding shield back down over his face and was about to resume welding when the calamity happened. There was no noise—no rumble—no warning—as tons of earth, clay and stones fell upon him from behind. The trench had caved in.

He was knocked down against the pipe in a more or less kneeling position. His legs were doubled up under him, his head was knocked against the pipe, his nose was smashed against the inside of the welding mask. At first he was conscious only of the searing pain in his right shoulder, which was jammed against the red hot weld he had been making on the pipes. He tried to edge away from the hot pipe, but the burden of earth on top of him held him tight against it. He managed to work his left hand up along his body to the shoulder and, wiggling his fingers, tried to get some of the dirt to fall down between the pipe and his burning shoulder. This maneuver was futile—he only burned his hand badly.

Though buried under the earth, he shouted for help, hoping the children might still be around and hear. But after a few shouts he became short of breath. He thought it best to take things easily and not use up the air around the mask too quickly. With the generator running on the

truck, probably no one could have heard him anyhow, he realized.

He suddenly discovered his right hand was sticking straight up through the earth into the open air of the pit. He tried moving the hand around in hope that some air would come down to him. His fingers touched the welding rod lying on top of the dirt and he managed to get hold of it. Knocking it around above ground, he hoped to make noise enough to attract attention. But it was exhausting. And no one came.

Finding it increasingly difficult to get air, he tried to knock out the broken glass of the eye plate on the shield, but failed. A lucky thing he had the shield on, he thought (as he told us afterward). Without it, the dirt would have so covered his nose and mouth that he could not have breathed at all.

His entire hope now was to hold out long enough to be discovered; if darkness fell it did not seem likely that he would be found until too late. He wondered how long he'd been buried—it was hard to guess. He knew it must have been just about five o'clock when the trench fell in.

Busy Washington Street ran alongside the trench. Hundreds of homeward-bound motorists were only a few feet away, but the trench was so deep that a person in a passenger car would not be able to see down into it. Sullivan thought that his hand above the earth might be seen from the high cab of some passing truck. Or possibly a curious pedestrian would look in.

Afterwards he told of the things that ran through his mind while he was imprisoned there. He wondered how his family would fare if he didn't get out alive. He thought of each of his five children. "They seemed as clear as if they were standing right there" before him.

Then a vivid picture of Tommy Whittaker came into his mind. Whittaker was his best friend—a welder too, who had

been working for Sullivan's welding company this spring. Whittaker, he knew, was working that day on another part of the water-main project some four or five miles away, near Route 128 in Westwood. Somehow Sullivan got the idea that Tommy Whittaker might help him.

Whittaker didn't even know that Sullivan was at the Washington Street job. Sullivan had planned to spend the day working in Chelsea, north of Boston. Nobody had worked on the Washington Street job for several weeks. The project there had been held up when the trench-cutting crews had run into rock ledges. Sullivan himself had not been informed of resumption of the pipe-laying there until noon that day. So he knew Whittaker would think he was still up north in Chelsea. But still, Sullivan had a very clear mental picture of his friend working near the golf course in Westwood a few miles away.

He tried to breathe slowly to save oxygen, and was thankful for the few airpockets around the big pipe which the dirt hadn't filled in solidly. The blood from his broken nose kept dropping into his throat, and it was harder and harder to breathe. There was nothing to do but lie there and pray and hope.

Farther south of Boston, in Westwood, Whittaker was welding more water pipes. Working with him was Danny, a welder from another company. They were welding overtime in order to finish up a seam before stopping for the night.

Welding becomes an automatic job (Whittaker later told us), so that all sorts of irrelevant things run through your mind and you hardly know you are working. Into Whittaker's mind, as he worked that afternoon, came the idea that he ought to go up to Washington Street and check. It was so vague he can hardly explain it. He felt that something was wrong. No particular person came to mind, only the persistent idea that he should go and check.

He got up and started to pack up his equipment.

"Where are you going?" asked Danny.

"I'm going up to the Washington Street job," answered Whittaker.

"There's nobody working up there now, is there?" said Danny.

"No, but I think I had better go."

"But we'll finish up here in half an hour," Danny pointed out.

"Well, I think I better go now. There might be something wrong." So he drove off, leaving Danny alone to finish up. It was about 5:30 P.M.

Usually when he quit work there, he went straight on to Route 128, the superhighway around Boston, and on home to Stoneham in the north. This night, he turned back into the heavy traffic and drove to Washington Street. He still doesn't know exactly why he did it—something seemed to be drawing him on.

At one point he saw a man he knew, another worker on the same large water-pipe project, and stopping to talk to him, Whittaker said he was on his way up to the other job on Washington Street. But the man said he didn't think anyone was working there. They talked for some ten minutes, then Whittaker said he'd better go on and check anyway.

Nearing the trenches on Washington Street (near DeSoto Road), he saw one of his company's trucks standing there with the generator running. He drew up behind it. No one was around. He got out and walked over to the trench. At first all he saw was dirt. Then he realized there had been a cave-in. Finally he saw the hand sticking out.

He leaped into the trench and started digging with his hands as fast as he could. He did not know who was buried, but thought it must be either Jack Sullivan or his brother. He tried to drag the earth away from the man's head. But

his progress was painfully slow. He jumped up, ran across the street to a filling station, asked them to call the fire department, and ran back with a borrowed snow shovel to continue digging.

In only a few minutes the firemen came. It was twenty minutes more before they got him out. He was badly hurt, but still breathing. He was taken to the hospital, where he remained for several weeks.

Sullivan says, "When Tommy jumped into that hole, I felt the earth shake and knew help had come. Thank God."

It was 6:30 P.M. when he was lifted out. Whittaker had made the discovery about six, so his friend must have been buried over an hour. Sullivan's shoulder was very badly burned, and the doctors tell him he is not likely to have more than about 25 percent use of that shoulder and arm. His left hand was burned, his nose was broken, a bone in one foot and another near his knee were broken also. But he feels lucky to be alive. His gratitude to Whittaker is boundless.

Whittaker says he cannot explain what made him go back that day. He drove four or five miles out of his way, passing several intersections that would have taken him directly home. He had not seen the particular section of trench where the cave-in happened and did not know anyone was working there. The feeling was not even one of urgency. He simply felt he ought to go to that place. He didn't know why but he knew he wouldn't be comfortable until he did.



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