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# KNOW THE FUTURE TODAY!

**The Amazing Prophecies  
of Irene Hughes**

by Brad Steiger

with an introduction

by Gina Cerminara





## WOULD IT CHANGE YOUR LIFE TO KNOW THE FUTURE TODAY?

Here is a sample of the world-shaking developments that Irene Hughes, Chicago's best-known psychic, sees in the future:

- A new communications medium will come into being late in 1970 or 1971
- China will be using atomic weapons against various nations by 1974 or 1975
- A scientific way of controlling tornados will be in the news in the next five years
- There will be devastating earthquakes in the Midwest during 1970-1975, and in California in 1976
- In the years 1989-91, the U.S. will suffer the beginning of a civil war!

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**KNOW  
THE FUTURE  
TODAY!**

*The Amazing Prophecies of Irene Hughes*

**By Brad Steiger**

*with an introduction by Gina Cerminara*

**PAPERBACK LIBRARY**

**New York**

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## FOREWORD

It gives me particular pleasure to write a foreword to a book by Brad Steiger about Irene Hughes because they happen to be two people of whom I am personally very fond, and whom I greatly admire for the excellence of their talents.

Though their talents are quite different, they have certain outstanding qualities in common. They are both scrupulously honest. They are both versatile and wide-ranging in their interests. They both approach psychic matters, one as a writer and the other as a practicing psychic, with unusually careful objectivity.

Careful objectivity is a virtue in any field, of course, but particularly so in the field of parapsychology, which is still relatively new in the sisterhood of the sciences and still subject to the distortions of wishful thinking, credulity, and carelessness.

I believe it was Allen Spraggett who said that the best attitude with which to approach psychic phenomena is one of *skeptical open-mindedness*. It is an apt phrase, and I quote it often. I sometimes enlarge on the point by referring to a cartoon I once saw showing a very stout lady in a doctor's office. The doctor is saying: "Now on this diet, you can eat everything. Just don't swallow." The attitude of not swallowing is a good one. Both Brad Steiger and Irene Hughes have this attitude.

Brad Steiger—as some readers may know—is the pen name of a former college professor of English. As one might expect, therefore, he writes with unity, coherence,

and impeccable syntax over a solid foundation of carefully researched data. But, as one might not expect, there is nothing pedantic or academic in his style. I have not had time to read all of his many books—he is remarkably prolific—but those I have read I have found to be fresh, conversational, entertaining, and well laced with humor. His popularity as a writer is very understandable.

Irene Hughes is already known to a wide public in the Chicago area because she has given exceptionally good psychic counsel to thousands of persons in her office in downtown Chicago, and because she has made some dramatically accurate predictions of national and international events on her radio and television appearances there. She is known to a wider public through her syndicated newspaper column, which appears in 28 newspapers and which contains her psychic predictions and advice. But she deserves to be still more widely known, by people everywhere.

I commend *Know the Future Today!*, therefore, to any person, veteran or newcomer, interested in the field of the psychic. It includes careful documentation about the past performances of Mrs. Hughes as a prophetess; it offers predictions for the immediate future which bear watching; and it presents a well-drawn portrait of a very lovely lady who is not only a good psychic and an analytical, articulate thinker, but also a concerned and compassionate citizen of the world.

*Gina Cerminaro*  
*January 1, 1970*

## CHAPTER ONE: A PROPHET IN OUR MIDST

When I first met Irene Hughes on columnist Irv Kupinet's popular Chicago-based television show, it seemed to me that a clever producer had brought us together so that we might clash, quarrel, and gnash our teeth at one another in living color. I was in the city to promote my *Sex and the Supernatural*, which suggests that much of what has been attributed to the "supernatural" may be, at least on occasion, the result of sexual psychopathology; and two minutes of pre-show conversation with Mrs. Hughes made it apparent to me that the very attractive, very feminine psychic was at heart a very proper southern lady.

If I had entertained any hope of drawing up any kind of off-camera peace treaty with the woman who had been cast in the role of my principal antagonist, it was swiftly dissolved when Mrs. Hughes told me that she was already miffed with me because I had neglected some of her more impressive hits in a roundup assessment of the seers' predictions for 1968, which I had done for *Fate* magazine. As I took my seat under the hot studio lights, I steeled myself for what I thought must surely be the *Get Brad Steiger Hour*.

As it turned out, there was no shoot-out at the NBC corral that night. Once Irene heard me explain my thesis and learned that I had not simply written a "dirty book about psychics," she at once demonstrated an open-mindedness and a curiosity toward new ideas that I have since found continually refreshing and reassuring. The other

guests on the show, novelist Norman Mailer, advice columnist Ann Landers, and theologian Robert Shorr while perhaps not all uncontrollably enthusiastic about discussing the paranormal, generally showed an attitude of openness toward the subject and were hardly negative toward a continued exploration of nonphysical man.

Before I left for the airport to fly to the next city on my promotional tour, I exchanged addresses with Mrs. Hughes. That was in December, 1968, and after we had carried on a rather extensive correspondence, it seemed to be quite in the natural order of things to find myself walking down the hallway toward her "Golden Path" office on that pleasant day in March to conduct the first of a series of interviews for a biography of the highly acclaimed Chicago seeress. A wide variety of people had already informed me that any number of strange, often downright incredible—some claimed miraculous—things had occurred in that Chicago Loop office whose door proclaimed that it opened into the "Golden Path."

This was the office where a rugged Chicago Bears football player had had his injured leg instantly "reconditioned" for an important upcoming game.

This was the office where the telephones rang with requests—from law enforcement officers, U.S. Senators, lawyers, businessmen, and troubled housewives—for psychic guidance.

This was the office in which a most remarkable woman had amassed an astoundingly high percentage of accuracy for her psychic predictions.

In 1966, she twice predicted the Middle East War for the summer of 1967.

She named the Cardinals as 1967's World Series winners.

On November 1, 1967, she foresaw a tragedy that would take place in the life of a presidential candidate. Before Senator Robert Kennedy's assassination, she had a vision of the event and described it to a Midwestern governor. In a personal letter, the man, now a United

States Senator, has confirmed just how specific and accurate Mrs. Hughes' prediction was.

Several months in advance of the date, she warned inhabitants of St. Louis and the Kentucky-Tennessee border that they would be shaken by an earthquake between November 9-11, 1967. (An earthquake? She *must* mean a tornado.) The earth tremors rattled the spots she named on November 9, 1967.

On January 31, 1968, Irene predicted that President Lyndon B. Johnson would announce his decision not to run for reelection. The President issued the statement April 1, 1968, on coast-to-coast television.

Irene Hughes had tuned in on Jackie Kennedy's wedding bells far in advance of their actual pealing on the island of Skorpios. She predicted in 1963, shortly after President Kennedy's assassination, that his widow would remarry in 1968. Repeating the prediction early in 1968, Mrs. Hughes foresaw Jackie marrying "a much older man than herself—a sort of father image." Certainly this would be a charitable description of Aristotle Onassis.

Men and women from an incredibly wide range of professions, occupations, and interests have told me that Irene Hughes has given them predictions for their personal lives which have been one hundred percent accurate. Her published predictions do not attain such an unblemished mark of perfection, but surely, when one examines the nearly two hundred predictions which she made in the last three years, and considers the long-range predictions which have not yet reached the fullness of their time, her solid hits must compute to at least ninety percent.

One *can* quibble, if he wishes to maintain his status as a practicing cynic in our age of the spiritual put-down. Irene predicted well over a year in advance that North Vietnamese premier Ho Chi Minh would die during the *last week* of August, 1969. The red leader died during the *first week* of September. Is one really hedging and cheating if he counts this as a quite solid hit for Mrs. Hughes?

What is Time, after all, for one who may see it as an "Eternal Now"?

Irene Hughes has located missing airplanes, runaway teenagers, and lost articles of personal apparel for her hundreds of enthusiastic clients. She was catapulted into the national scene when she predicted the exact dates for Chicago's three major blizzards during January and February of 1967, but, according to Mrs. Hughes, she first became aware of her unusual abilities when she was four years old.

Being psychically gifted does not always mean that one can take advantage of one's own predictions. Nearly a year in advance, Mrs. Hughes predicted that there would be terrible electrical storms in the Chicago area on August 16, 1968.

"My prediction was right on the button," the platinum-haired seeress recalls. "The storm was one of the worst. And I got caught in it because I accepted an invitation to be on a program at WGN that night."

When Irene receives an impression, there is no doubt in her mind that it is sure. When she psychically zeroes in on a subject, she speaks rapidly, without hesitation, completely confident that her impressions are correct.

I watched her do this one night in Fritzel's restaurant to Canadian broadcast-journalist Robert Cummings.

"You just bought a new car," Irene said.

Bob allowed that this was so.

"It's green."

"That's right."

"And there was a scratch and dent on the front end that happened on the lot and which the garage had to repair before you could take it home."

"Correct!"

"I see you on the car floor being very angry because you can't find tools and flashlight."

"Yes! We had car trouble and I had forgotten to transfer some things from the old car."

"And"—Mrs. Hughes broke into a wide smile—"I see

that your new car had peanut shells in the ashtrays when you bought it!"

Cummings broke into laughter. "Isn't that incredible? But that's absolutely correct. How it happened, I don't know. Maybe a worker at the plant was eating his lunch when he assembled my car, but my new auto had its ashtrays filled with peanut shells!"

In 1961, Irene predicted that President Kennedy would be shot to death before he had fulfilled his term in office. A week before JFK made that fateful trip to Dallas, Mrs. Hughes told an attorney friend in a Chicago restaurant, "A week from today, President Kennedy will be dead."

In 1962, she wrote down the exact date of Ambassador Adlai Stevenson's death—July 14, 1965.

In March, 1969, reporter Joan Hurling, writing a newspaper series entitled, "Hidden Forces of the Mind," entered the small suite of offices which comprise Golden Path, Inc., to learn more about the attractive Chicago Heights housewife who seems to have the ability to jump forward and backward into the stream of Time.

When Mrs. Hurling left the Golden Path, she wrote that she did so "with mixed emotions." She conceded that she had found out more about Irene Hughes, but, ". . . she had told me too much about myself and my family—details she could not possibly have known even if we had been the closest of friends. We had never met before, yet she knew how many children I had, when their birthdays were, and when I was born."

In 1968, Police Lt. Virgil Jordan and other officers of Kankakee City, Illinois, visited Mrs. Hughes' Golden Path suite with a number of photographs for her to examine.

Among the pictures in the lieutenant's folder was a photograph of the chief suspect in a case under investigation. Later, Lt. Jordan told the *Kankakee Daily Journal* that Irene Hughes had correctly identified the chief suspect and had also given detailed case histories of each person photographed and assessed their criminal potentialities.

The Chicago seeress prefers working to prevent crime disaster, and disorder *before* they happen, rather than working after the fact.

"ESP can be used as a warning system," she has said. "Predestined events cannot be changed, but if people would only listen to me. Imagine how much confusion would have been avoided when I predicted the great blizzard."

Fortunately, it seems that Irene Hughes is not fated to run about Cassandra-like giving warnings which no one will heed. As her list of impressive psychic hits continues to grow, so does her list of important, influential clients. She is no stranger to Washington, D.C., and I have been in her office on more than one occasion when her secretary interrupted our conversation with a call from our nation's capitol city.

I think it must always come as just a bit of a surprise whenever people learn that the trim, always smartly dressed seeress is a mother of four children—a son, Bill, twenty-three, and three daughters: Karen, twenty-two; Patricia, twenty; and Kathleen, fifteen. And her husband Bill, is not a warlock or a wizard, but a practical, "heckuva nice guy" who works as an accountant with the Ford Motor Company.

"How does it feel to have a mother who is an internationally known psychic?" I asked her youngest daughter once.

"Sometimes we tease Mom," Kathleen replied laughingly, "like pinning up pictures with crazy captions underneath them relating to something about psychics. But we never let anyone else get away with putting her down!"

And, as might be expected, there are those who do try to "put down" the Chicago seeress. "Is Irene Hughes leading the way down the Golden Path or the garden path?" asked the *Chicago Tribune* in an article a few years ago.

Irene pays little attention to skeptics or to those who decry ESP and attempt to discredit the spiritual capacity of man. She remains completely honest with her clients



and those who come to her for readings and consultations must be prepared to hear bad news as well as good news.

A Chicago merchandising executive admitted that at first he had been skeptical about Irene Hughes. When he decided to enroll in one of her courses, he was determined to discover her "gimmick."

"I was amazed," he said later. "Here is a woman, a really sincere person, who feels she has a gift and wants to help others develop their abilities. I'm convinced she's on the up and up."

So are the various parapsychological laboratories which have tested Mrs. Hughes' ESP talents. In November, 1967, W.G. Roll, project director of the Psychical Research Foundation in Durham, North Carolina, was quoted as saying: "Mrs. Hughes was in here in Durham for an extended period of testing last year. The results indicate that she does have ESP abilities."

On January 29, 1969, Mrs. Hughes was conducting a class in her Golden Path chapel when she had a vision of an earthquake. She could "see" it happening in a deep, cavernous area. It seemed to the psychic that she was actually there, watching it occur, feeling the wind on her face, seeing the trees topple.

"You'll probably read about this in your newspaper tomorrow," she told her class.

The next morning all the papers carried an account of the earthquake that had shaken the Philippines at about the time Mrs. Hughes was receiving her vision of the event.

"Quite often, when a psychic is completely relaxed—as I was at that moment during prayer—he can be aware of events happening throughout the vast areas of our planet or anywhere in the solar system," Irene observed.

On June 9, 1969, I sat in Irene's air-conditioned office and waited for Robert Cummings to intimidate his expensive tape recorder into efficient operation. I am suspicious of machines, anyway, and the more elaborate they are the more I distrust them. Cummings had assured me that he

had a very good tape recorder, but now he was cursing: "It's too darn good. Listen, there it is picking up taxi signals again!"

Irene smiled. "Anything can happen in this office."

Cummings and I had come to Irene's office to tape a series of interviews with her for *Threshold*, a radio program sponsored by the Canadian Association of Broadcasters. Or at least we had fully intended to, until we found ourselves having to cope with a weird tape recorder that was picking up "messages" on its own.

"I once had the same trouble with a record player," Irene remembered. "I wanted to be able to play some inspirational music for my classes in ESP development. It certainly shattered the mood when taxi calls started coming through."

After a few more embarrassed moments of dial twisting, Cummings had overcome the errant recorder and Mrs. Hughes was really "coming through" for us in the taped interviews. To listen carefully to the seeress is to acknowledge the fact that she is full of practical, down-to-earth wisdom, as well as the accurate, albeit eerie, counsel which she somehow manages to pull in from an etheric somewhere. As might be expected of any astute broadcaster with an ear attuned to what his listeners want most to hear, Cummings asked the psychic if she might make some predictions for *Threshold*.

"I'm afraid the Kennedys are going to have more sorrow," Irene began. Her interpretation of this psychic impression was that there would be an impending tragedy involving Senator Edward Kennedy which would take place on, or near, water. The senator would not be seriously hurt, she said, but someone riding with him might be fatally injured.

It was only a few short weeks before Mrs. Hughes' prediction was tragically realized and a long-time Kennedy worker, Mary Jo Kopechne, died in a plunge off a bridge with Senator Kennedy that, at this writing, continues to

scatter rumors and accusations against the senator which seriously threaten his political career.

When I called Irene after this prediction had been fulfilled, she was hardly self-satisfied with her psychic prowess and another prophetic "hit."

"It is so sad," she told me. "It disturbs me terribly that that poor, ill-starred family must face another dark period. There will never be another Kennedy of this family in the White house."

The Kennedy "hit" was all the more memorable to me, because I had had occasion to be on the scene when Irene Hughes had received another accurate, though unfortunately tragic, glimpse of the future.

I cannot in all honesty maintain that I approached Irene Hughes as a hard-nosed skeptic. Her psychic batting average had been publicized extensively and her successful prognostications were a matter of public record. Mrs. Hughes is one of that handful of conscientious seers who meticulously conduct an elaborate and extensive search for documentation of their predictions. She follows a procedure of first publishing her psychic forecasts in her weekly newspaper column, seeing to it that her predictions reach print well in advance of the foreseen event. Since she observes such a pattern of seership, there can be little room for the skeptic to hedge when a predicted event moves into a place on the plane of the space-time continuum which mortal man can observe with the least effort. All Irene has to do is to produce her column with its date-line to prove that she had accurately glimpsed the future. There need be none of the vague "yes, I foresaw that in a dream," or "yes, I told my dearest friend that would happen" kind of documentation that finds little sympathy or credulity from skeptical scientists or a sophisticated public. But while I was not doubtful of the fact that Irene Hughes definitely had a gift of prophecy, I wished to become convinced that she was as good as her devoted admirers and supporters claimed that she was. And, yes, I wanted to

see if she were really as accurate as she claimed that she was.

Irene's "waiting room" looks much like that of your dentist's, except that one has as his choice of reading material *Fate, Chimes, Cosmos, Psychic* and various tracts from psychical research groups instead of the standard clinical fare of news and picture magazines. Beyond this point, it becomes increasingly more difficult to draw comparisons between the office of Irene Hughes and the working quarters of any other type of professional man or woman.

The general decor of the Golden Path is rather low-key in contrast to the kind of office one might expect of a seeress. No beaded curtains or darkened room. One would, however, be able to catch the musky scent of incense, but unless he is really up tight about such minor concessions to occultism, Mrs. Hughes' paper-littered, book-cluttered office with its autographed celebrities' pictures on the walls and shelves could easily be the office of a journalist or a magazine editor—and Irene has been both.

The chapel of the Golden Path may be entered directly by doors from Irene's personal office or from the waiting room. The chapel would seem capable of serving as a model for a place of worship that holds as its ideals the ultimate in ecumenism. Colorful plastic transforms plain windows into churchly stained glass. On the back wall a large, circular zodiac wall piece is flanked by Irene's certificate of ordination from the Liberal Psychic Science Association and a Papal blessing from the Vatican on simulated medieval-type scroll. A newly uncrated painting of a golden egg (that's my interpretation) that had come in that morning from an admirer in Marshalltown, Iowa, was being readied to hang on the other side of the back door.

A large ceramic plaque of the bust of Christ hangs on the wall opposite the row of imitation stained glass windows. I looked on the back of the bust and found, as I

suspected, that it had been hand-fashioned by another admirer. I was surprised to note, however, that three policemen had allowed their signatures and thankfulness to the psychic to be baked into the clay. Three other pictures of Christ were arranged along the same wall.

The front altar is a card table with an incense burner and it stands beneath a metallic cross. A woodcut of Christ hangs on one side of the cross; a plaque of a pair of hands fixed in the attitude of prayer hangs on the other. The altar is flanked by a massive candle in a large base and a statue of Buddha. Freshly cut flowers are placed just to the front of the Oriental deity.

Now if such a decor should sound terribly pseudo-pietistic, naive, or camp to you, you might be revealing as much about your own personality as you would be making a judgment on Irene Hughes' subjective self.

When a client enters the Golden Path after having first made an appointment with Mrs. Hughes, he is assured of spending at least thirty minutes with her in private consultation. Her rates, in view of her stature in the psychic field, are most reasonable.

Not long ago my secretary Jeanyne Bezoier, Robert Cummings, and I attended a session of a class in psychic development which Mrs. Hughes conducts in the chapel of the Golden Path on Monday and Wednesday nights. From what I could determine from chatting with Irene's students, the class which we witnessed was fairly typical in form and content.

The class began with a brief Bible study. The seventeenth chapter of Matthew, which deals with Christ's transfiguration, served as the principal basis for the discussion. The transfiguration is that particular moment in the life of Jesus in which he was suddenly visited by Moses and Elijah while he was in the company of Peter, James, and John on a high mountain top. Moses and Elijah spoke of Jesus' approaching death, and during this time, Jesus "was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun,

and his raiment was white as the light." It appears that the purpose of the visit by the great Old Testament leaders was to prepare the disciples for the events which would soon culminate in the crucifixion. After the transfiguration, Jesus charged his disciples to tell no one of the experience until after the "Son of man be risen again from the dead."

After the conclusion of the Bible study, Irene asked her students to review the results of their home telepathic tests. The students had divided themselves into two-member teams in which one member would serve as the sender, the other, the receiver of telepathic images. Each team was to have agreed upon a certain time each day during which to attempt a telepathic linkup. Since there were eight students present that night, we heard the reports of four teams.

The first couple seemed to have had little success. The sender stated that she had attempted to project the image of a can opener. The receiver reported that she had received the impression of a gold band on an ornate table cloth.

Team number two, in my estimation, fared quite a bit better. The projector had sent out his impression of a bowl of grapes, and the receiver had recorded the image of a large brandy snifter filled with deep red wine. Although one could not count this as a solid, on-the-bull's-eye hit, the peculiar kind of symbology so often noted in telepathic transference seemed to have been employed by the percipient's psyche.

The third couple's experiment was completely unsuccessful because they had become confused as to their roles in the attempted telepathic transfer.

Team four achieved a rather solid hit. The sender had concentrated on a book which dealt with the psychic aura, and the receiver had logged an impression of a book that appeared to be glowing with multi-colored lights.

Once the reports had been completed, Irene admonished

her students to be more diligent in their efforts to achieve telepathic exchange. "Remember that you must have a quiet time for meditation and for concentration on your experiments," she told them. "It takes rigid discipline to develop one's psychic gifts."

"I use a record of soft music to help me relax and become tranquil," one of the students volunteered. "It helps to put me in the mood, especially when I am to serve as the receiver."

A lady raised her hand. "I have trouble relaxing and meditating," she admitted. "I'm always thinking of something. I mean, I have real trouble concentrating on my meditation, or if we're experimenting, I have trouble concentrating on the object that I am to send. Whenever I sit quietly, thoughts just rush in on me like waves!"

"I don't believe in trying so hard to concentrate that you become all upset," Irene answered her. "You're just creating problems for yourself by trying too hard to make your mind become blank. Pretty soon you start worrying because you haven't eliminated all extraneous thoughts from your mind, and then your head really fills up with all sorts of crazy thoughts. Why don't you try reading some inspirational material just before your meditation period? The Psalms are excellent for channeling your thoughts in the proper direction. Try channeling, rather than forcing, your thoughts."

Another student spoke up: "When I relax, I feel like I'm floating . . . or about to float."

"You may be on the verge of astral projection," Irene cautioned him. "Be very careful of this. Always pray for protection and guidance before you enter a period of intense concentration."

"I find that I can concentrate just fine when I'm working in my garden," another student said. "Is it really necessary to find some quiet place and an easy chair for my meditation?"

Irene smiled. "Nothing can beat getting next to na-

ture for aiding one in developing his ESP. If it works for you in the garden, go right ahead."

Encouraged by the student who found tranquility and psychic success while cultivating her green thumb, another student ventured that he was able to achieve a high level of meditation while walking on his coffee break. "It works for me right while I'm walking on the street," he claimed.

"It may well be that some of you can achieve high levels of concentration while engaged in elementary physical tasks," Irene told the class, "but generally, it is best to find a quiet time and place away from others for your period of meditation. It may also be very wise to try your best to choose the same time each day in which to encourage entities from the higher planes to aid you with your development."

A student yet unheard from voiced what would seem a not unusual problem. "When I sit for long periods of time meditating or concentrating, I just fall asleep."

Irene did not join the other students in their chuckles, for she knew that the complaint had been seriously expressed. "I find that one needs at least half an hour for meditation. Forty-five minutes may be best," she said. "But if you must sit longer because you have not achieved any results at all, then you should examine your attitudes or your psychic preparations."

Throughout the duration of the evening's class period, from the planning of a future project to an in-class experiment in psychic photography, Irene Hughes moved among her students, ever-prepared to offer suggestions for their spiritual self-improvement. Sometimes she scolded gently when a student's effort struck her as being less than that which he could have exerted, but always she listened, considered, and dealt with a myriad of queries which the eager class directed toward her.

There is no question in my mind that Irene Hughes is a sensitive with heart, a compassionate woman who is serious about her work and about those whose lives this work affects. Irene Hughes is a woman with a great ca-



capacity for caring, but when she becomes a channel by which we less paranormally gifted mortals may obtain a preview of the future, she simply must "call them as she sees them" as dispassionately as possible.

## CHAPTER TWO: A LITTLE GIRL WITH STRANGE "FEELINGS"

Easter Bell knew it must be her time. She had always had what she called "feelin's" about things—Joe said that was because she was half Cherokee Indian—but she did not need any mysterious inner power other than her maternal instinct to tell her that her eighth child was about to be born on that warm night in May.

She glanced about the small cabin, noticed that the buckets of water were getting low. Joe was dozing in the big chair near the window, exhausted from a hard day's work gouging a living for his large family out of the Tennessee soil. There was no need to awaken him. Easter Bell picked up the wooden pails and walked through the woods to the little spring.

"No time to be straining myself," she whispered to herself as she dipped the buckets into the cool spring water. "Got to be careful not to fill them too full."

Before she returned to their simple four-room cabin, Easter Bell felt the first pangs of labor. "The 'feelin's' were right," she said, wincing and setting the pails down on the worn pathway. "Couple more hours and Rene will be born."

Back inside the cabin, Easter Bell set the buckets by the stove, took the wooden dipper to fill a coffee pot on the stove.

"Wake up, Joe," she called after she had prepared the coffee and poured her sleepy husband a cup. "Drink your coffee and then it will be time to fetch Doc Leonard. Rene is gettin' ready to come into the world."

Her lanky husband shook himself awake, smiled. "Your 'feelin's' still tell you that it's gonna be a girl, huh? Well, you're probably right. I think you've been more ornery and restless with this pregnancy than any of the others!"

Dr. Leonard knew that Easter Bell's time was near, so when Joe Finger knocked on his door, he was ready to leave within moments. "Don't know how that woman has been able to hold that child in this long," the doctor said to Joe. "It has really been an active fetus. Seems like everytime I give Easter Bell a checkup, that impatient child is stomping around in there like all get out."

Joe shrugged. "I know Easter Bell's been a whole lot more restless with this child than any of the others. I figure that it's gonna be a big, strapping boy to help me with the field work, but she says her 'feelin's' tell her that it's gonna be a girl, and she's already named her Irene."

When Joe and the doctor entered the cabin, Easter Bell had several kettles of water boiling on the stove.

"Look's like you're ready," Dr. Leonard grinned, accepting the cup of coffee she handed him. "Got a big pot of coffee and the hot water already boiling."

"I'm ready," the woman said simply. Her husband moved to her side, gave her an awkward pat on the shoulder. There was love in this house, but it was seldom put into words or into elaborate demonstrations of affection. Easter Bell was one of ten children of a slim, handsome Cherokee woman and a tall woodsman of German-Irish descent. Joe Finger came from a Scotch-English family that was used to hard work, tilling the soil and beseeching God for enough produce to eat.

It was about 4:00 A.M. on a Wednesday when Irene was born. Four days later, Easter Bell and her newborn were in the country church and the Baptist minister was

asking blessings for the child, who was named for the great-grandmother.

Four more children would be born to Easter Bell and Joe, but there were eleven, rather than twelve children in the Finger family. The babe born before Irene had died shortly after birth.

Irene and a brother, the eleventh child, were the only towheads in a family of brunettes. Her parents had no trouble keeping an eye on the little blonde girl as she worked in the fields with her dark-haired brothers and sisters. And it was not long before Easter Bell realized that Rene had her mama's "feelin's" and then some. Pretty soon Joe would be certain to question the four-year-old about such vital matters as whether or not it would rain that day before he got the cotton picked. Rene always knew.

Joe and Easter Bell Finger had both been raised next to nature and alongside God and had been imbued with country-folk pragmatism early in life. Neither of them could easily indulge in frivolous displays of love. They had little time to fondle their large brood. They were kept perpetually busy trying to feed and clothe them.

Joe would be up each morning at five to see if he could bag a squirrel or a rabbit. The father of eleven was not hunting for sport, but for breakfast. If he were lucky, the family would have fried meat covered with brown gravy to eat with their hot biscuits and wild grape or pin cherry jelly. And if he had been fortunate enough to have spotted a bee hive that morning, they could be assured of some honey, too, for Joe knew how to rob a beehive with a hoe and how to escape the angry bees without getting stung.

Sometimes on stormy nights when the family gathered around the big stove Joe would tell the children how he and their mother had eloped. "I just stood there nice and quiet like outside the house while your mama's five brothers giggled and helped her climb out the window into my arms." The children loved each repetition of the story,

and they took great delight in watching their lanky, raw-boned father grin at the memory of that long-ago night.

Little Rene usually had tales to tell on those stormy nights, too. At first Joe and the other children would laugh at her stories, but when they noticed how quiet their mama sat and how often the four-year-old's "tall tales" came true, they began to pay attention to the little blonde they called "Queenie."

Irene was alone in the house that day when she heard a tiny voice calling to her from the trap door in the kitchen ceiling. When she looked up at the attic hole, she was startled to see a lovely little woman swathed in shimmering gossamer beckoning to her.

"W-who are you?" Irene wanted to know.

There was the tinkling music of laughter. "Come up here, child, and I shall tell you stranger things than my name."

"But I can't get up there," Irene answered. "I might fall off the ladder and get hurt." She felt no fear of the mysterious little woman in the attic, only a four-year-old's curiosity. Her father had left the ladder standing when he was called to the barn, but little Irene did not know if she had the courage to use it to crawl up to talk with her strange visitor.

"If that's all that's bothering you, Irene," the little woman commented laughingly, "I'll give you a hand. Come on, child, I won't let you fall."

Irene took a step up the ladder. Then another. So far so good. Three steps later, however, she was not so certain. It looked like a long way down to the rough-planked kitchen floor, and she was getting a funny feeling in her stomach.

But she was close enough to reach the little woman's outstretched hand.

"That's it, Irene," the little woman smiled, offering encouragement. "Reach up. Take my hand."

Then their fingertips were touching, and Irene did not

need the ladder anymore. She was floating the remainder of the way up through the trap door and into the attic. It was wonderful! What a wonderful feeling!

"Now that wasn't so bad, was it?" asked the little woman. She was no larger than Irene and she never stopped smiling. Her clothing was nothing more than wisps and puffs of some kind of shiny material. A sparkling tiara rested upon her golden blond hair.

"You're a fairy queen, aren't you?" the excited four-year-old asked. "I've always known you were around. I could feel you."

The fairy queen laughed. "Of course you could. You have the ability to feel many strange and wonderful things."

Irene caught a movement in the shadows, and a little man walked out to join his queen. He bowed before the queen, once again toward Irene. He appeared as nice as the little woman.

"Who is he?" Irene asked.

"One of my most loyal subjects," the queen smiled.

"Are you going to give Rene her presents?" the little man asked.

"Of course I am," the queen replied. "Little girls like presents."

"Presents?" Irene echoed. "For me?" Money came into the household much too seldom for her frugal parents to spend it idly on gifts.

"What would you like best? A new broom or a new featherduster?" the little man teased.

"Bosh!" the queen retorted. "You know that most of all little girls like dolls and strings of beads. Is that not true, Irene?"

Irene nodded her head dumbly. It most certainly was true, but she had put such aspirations out of her head long ago. Oh, she had homemade trinkets and a crudely fashioned doll, but what might a fairy queen give her?

As if reading her thoughts, the fairy queen said to her: "Rene, these gifts will not come directly from us, but we

promise you that you will receive some pretty beads and a doll before the day ends.”

And then, somehow, the fairy queen and the little man were gone, and Irene was back in the kitchen. The girl was standing there dazed when her mother came into the cabin.

“Rene, haven’t you finished drying those. . . .” A scolding for a task not yet completed became transformed into an expression of concern when Easter Bell noticed how pale her young daughter was. “What is it, child?” she wanted to know. “What’s troubling you?”

Rene shook her head, as if emerging from trance. “I . . . I’ve talked to a fairy queen, Mama. She and a little man were up in the attic. I’ve always known that they lived around here. I’ve been able to feel them in the woods, in the fields, even in our cabin. And they promised me some pretty beads and a doll.”

Irene had begun speaking slowly, hesitantly, but now was gaining momentum with each word and each breath. “The fairy queen saw me and held out her hand to help me up the ladder. It was wonderful, Mama! I just floated up. And two presents. I’m going to get some pretty beads and a doll!”

Easter Bell looked up to the trap door. She stood up on the ladder and looked into the attic. She could not see any fairy queen or any little spirit, but Rene had told them about some mighty strange things in the past and they had always come true. A doll and some beads. Well, they would just have to see.

Recalling the incident some forty years later, Irene said: “The thing for which I am most grateful to my mother is her understanding of my power of prophecy. She made me know that I was a normal child with a special God-given gift of being able to see what was hidden to others. She never laughed at me or made me feel foolish. She never scolded me or tried to whip the ‘devil’ out of me.”

That night, Irene and an older sister decided to visit old Lucy, a kind, elderly black woman, who had often helped their mother with some of the house and field work. Old

Lucy was even poorer than they, and the woman had been ill. The two girls hoped that they might be able to comfort her.

Lucy was in bed when they knocked. Feebly, she called for them to enter. When she saw Irene, Lucy struggled to sit up, tears glistening in her eyes. "Rene," she said. "I'm gonna die, and I want you to have something."

Ignoring Irene's sobs and pleadings, Lucy dragged herself over to a closet and managed to get a shoe box down from the top shelf. "Here, child," she said, thrusting the box into her hands. "These are yours now."

The shoe box held two strands of beads, one composed of brass beads, the other of jet-black stones. Lucy's shaking fingers removed the strands from the box and looped them around Irene's neck. The beads came to her waist, but Old Lucy had fulfilled the first of the promises.

When Irene burst into the cabin to show her mother her inherited treasures, she was surprised to find two older girls from the village there talking with her family. Irene did not know the girls, but she had seen them in town and she knew that they went to school with her older brothers and sisters.

". . . and really, honest, we've outgrown it and we would like Rene to have it," they were saying. Irene stopped to catch her breath. She had run all the way from Old Lucy's cabin, and now she found that two visitors were talking about her.

"We've brought you a present, Rene," the two girls said, lifting something out of a paper sack. "It's not new, but we hope you like it anyway."

They placed the most beautiful doll Irene had ever imagined into her grateful arms.

### CHAPTER THREE: A SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

For a time it appeared as though the fairy queen had given little Irene the two gifts only so she might die happy. Just before she turned five, Irene and the twenty-one other small children in that section of rural Tennessee became ill with a terrible kind of dysentery that ended with the babies bleeding to death through their bowels.

The doctor sadly informed Joe and Easter Bell that there was no hope for Irene. In her sorrow, Easter Bell left the cabin and sought solace in nature, just as she had done in moments of crisis ever since her earliest childhood. For no apparent reason, she suddenly stopped to reach up and pull off a branch from a peach tree. Her fingers plucked at the leaves and she began to chew on them.

For years afterward, Easter Bell was to tell the story of how, all of a sudden and from out of nowhere, a clear, distinct voice told her: "Give Rene peach leaf tea!"

The desperate mother did as the disembodied voice had commanded. She set about at once gathering peach leaves so that she might boil them for tea. In a few days the awful diarrhea had stopped, and the doctor pronounced the cure a miracle. For weeks afterward, Irene's complete diet was peach leaf tea and Coca Cola. But she had no cause for complaint. She was the only child of the twenty-one afflicted who had lived.

Irene started to school at an earlier age than the law allowed, but her mother wanted her to go so that her



older brothers could take care of her. Irene's wardrobe for school consisted of two cotton dresses and one pair of shoes that she was told must last the entire year. She had to take her shoes off immediately after she returned from school so that she could go barefooted and save on the soles. From Irene's viewpoint, this was no sacrifice at all. She was used to walking barefooted and it seemed painful and restraining to have to wear shoes. She loved walking barefooted through the wet grass, through hot dust, through freshly plowed soil.

Irene did feel sensitive about the two drab dresses which she had to alternate as her entire wardrobe, however. Although no one in the area was really what one could call wealthy, it was brought home to Irene that her family was what one could really call poor. Then, too, her cotton-white hair made her feel conspicuous and self-conscious. But she loved the new world of books and she read every one that she could get her hands on.

Although her penmanship looked like chicken scratchings in the dust, by the time that Irene had reached second grade, she had become the "reader" for the class. Each morning she had to read stories to the other students. Irene never seemed to tire of reading. Sometimes, just to test her, the teachers would let the second grader take spelling and grammar tests with the fifth and sixth graders. Even with such advanced competition, the little girl held her own. The teachers were not about to neglect such academic talent. They entered Irene in spelling bees with other schools, and once the youngster was filled with pride when she won a contest for her school.

But Irene was still a child of nature. She used to practice walking through the woods like an Indian, not making a sound, hardly breathing, listening for the many subtle voices of the forest. Her friends called her "Sharp Eyes." She could see everything and find their lost safety pins, pencils, and coins. She seemed to have a natural instinct that always told her where everything lay hidden.

Irene can recall standing in a cotton field when she

was nine years old, feeling God in the wind and in the sun and in all the elements of nature. All of a sudden a voice came to her from out of a powerful wind and said to her: "Irene, you are full of peace and I want you for my witness."

The girl became so overwhelmed by a conviction that she had been touched by the spirit of God that she told her mother that she simply had to join the church immediately. She had already learned the books of the Bible and was able to quote extensively from the scriptures.

Easter Bell advised her daughter to wait until she was older before she joined the church and made what the Baptists call a "confession of faith." In order to somehow sublimate her intense religious fervor, Irene lost herself in reading and in the exacting physical facets of farm work.

The family's sole support came from the vegetables and cotton which they raised on their fifty acres of tillable land. From the ages of nine to fifteen, Irene milked cows, hoed cotton, cut sugar cane by moonlight, and even became an accomplished woodcutter. In the winter, the four-room cabin became terribly confining, and Irene welcomed the bitter cold mornings and the twenty-five mile bus ride to school so that she could get away from caring for her younger brothers and sisters and fighting with the older ones.

Irene was fifteen when she made her confession of faith to a Baptist minister who was serving as a minister in a Church of the Nazarene. She can vividly remember turning to a dear friend named Dorothy and saying, "Let's go."

The two young women walked down the aisle and knelt at the narrow wooden bench that served as an altar.

"It was there that a great mystical experience overwhelmed me," Irene recalls. "I felt as if I had been immersed in a huge body of water and that, as the water flowed off me, a fountain appeared inside of me, actually taking the place of my heart. It was a fountain of joy,

and it has remained with me to this day. I think that fountain of joy in my heart is one reason why I feel the compassion for other people that I do.”

By the time she was fifteen, Irene had had numerous clairvoyant and clairaudient experiences. Many things were being revealed to her and her philosophy of life was fast forming into a definite system of metaphysical expression. Some years later, Irene Hughes set down a statement of what may be considered her personal creed:

We must create our own lives. If one intensely desires anything in life, he shall have it. “Image” what your heart desires and it shall be yours.

My Philosophy of life is based not only on years of study, but on actual experience. I know that what I write is true.

First, I make up my mind exactly what I really want. Then I desire it intensely. The kind of desire of which I speak is actually deep, effective prayer, and it is always answered.

Second, I release this desire so that it literally consumes me, bringing every emotion into action.

Third, I relax and allow this desire to reach out and to embrace that which is already me—and it is realized.

Whatever a man can imagine, he can have. I merely change the word to “image”—a vivid mental picture.

Is my philosophy impractical? No! It is the most dynamic, effective, practical way of life. It works magically, delightfully, and in a deeply satisfying manner.

Think lovely thoughts—never negative—always positive thoughts. Nothing, absolutely nothing, is impossible, but one must have faith. Faith pertains to no special dogma or creed or religion. Faith is standing by what you believe no matter what happens.

Now I must mention hope. It is a word big and

strong, but most men have watered it down so that it represents to them little more than wishful thinking, e.g. "I hope everything turns out all right." Hope is more than wishful thinking: it is a firm expectation based on truths and actions. And the foundation of hope is belief.

It may seem to be a paradox to some, but everything I do in life is based on eternal and immutable laws. I take from Holy understanding this truth: "Love suffereth long and is kind"—not withdrawn, but active and kind.

"Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. . . ." Beareth . . . believeth . . . hopeth . . . endureth. The order in which these words appear is important. The two extremes, *bearth* and *endureth*, are similar qualities, but in between them and supporting them are *believeth* and *hopeth*. Those two center words save and redeem love from just "bearing" and just "enduring."

*Believeth* and *hopeth* are words with a future. Love recognizes the reality of pain, but beyond pain Love sees victory and triumph. Love is a creative force that can bring good even out of evil. In the final analysis, love is greater than either faith or hope, because it includes both of those qualities and adds a great deal more. When one loves, life is really worth living; when one is forgotten, there is little inspiration for living.

We all experience times of low tides and of high tides. If we can realize that we will all enjoy times of tremendous power and splendor, then the moments of depression and discouragement will lose much of their terror. In "low tide" our moments of defeat and sorrow are hard to bear, but we can endure these tribulations if we always remember that there is a necessary change in the order of things. The tide may go out, but just as surely, it will come rushing back in with tremendous power and exultation.

A survey once revealed that nine out of ten people have no definite plan in life; they drift along, more or less contented with whatever may come their way. They never aspire toward a better life; they cherish no high dreams or lofty hopes, no great ambitions and burning desires. They simply stumble downward along the Path of Life to the end, never fulfilled, never becoming what they might be.

Everyone's plan for work and happiness should be big, imaginative, and daring. A definite faraway goal will supercharge your whole body and spirit and awaken your mind and creative imagination, and put meaning into your otherwise lonely, step-by-step everyday tasks.

Why shouldn't one reach for the stars? Why be contented with so little? Deep desire will lead you to ask, seek, and knock.

We ask.

We seek, which simply means asking plus effort.

We knock, which means asking plus effort plus persistence.

No one should go through life a beggar when he can be a king. It is man's holy birthright to live the fullest, deepest, most meaningful life he can. And it is possible, because all things are possible if we believe they are.

What is belief to you? To me it is mental visualization. It is seeing in my mind what I want accomplished in my life. Believing is drawing a mental blueprint and, when you accomplish that, the word "impossible" is eliminated from your thinking. When you visualize your goal in your mind, it may not yet be reality, but you will know that it is possible to attain it.

When you say something is impossible, you are saying that "this mountain cannot be moved." What is more, you are contradicting the most reliable book this world has ever known and you are setting your-

self against the wisest teacher who ever lived.

If one has faith, that is, belief, in what he is doing, he can remove mountains. If one does not have faith, then he has surrendered to discontent, inferiority, and failure.

Hope absolutely gives strength to life. If we do not suffer sorrow, how can we know happiness? Life is two-sided.

If you could eliminate the suffering, failure, and hatred in the world by uttering some magic words, would you pronounce those mystical sounds? Remember, to destroy one side of Life would necessarily destroy the other. At the same time, then, one would be eliminating joy, victory, and love. Any thinking person would surely not utter the magical incantation.

If one wants to develop genuine hope, he must have something for which to aspire. Hope is never real until it has an objective. And whatever one hopes for, it is already his if he can only learn that he has the ability to reach out and claim his hopes.

I have been inspired and compelled to write this statement of my philosophy of life. It may serve many purposes—I cannot believe that it will serve none at all. It is my desire that it will give the reader insight into my life and provide him with hope for his own future.

## CHAPTER FOUR: A SEERESS STRUGGLES WITH CUPID'S ARROWS

When Irene was fifteen her parents decided to quit their small farm and move to the outskirts of Memphis. Irene went to live with an older sister in New Orleans, and on a return visit to Memphis she had a most frightening experience.

She was walking to church one Sunday night when she suddenly heard a voice from out of nowhere scream at her: "Irene, get on the tracks! Get on the streetcar tracks!"

There was a streetcar track on her left, and she instinctively obeyed the voice and jumped between the steel lines. Once she had made the rapid move, she stopped still and listened to see if there might be further instructions. At that moment a car approached her and in the light cast by its headlights she was able to see the coiled, ready-to-strike form of a large snake.

If Irene had continued walking on her self-appointed course, she would have walked directly into its waiting fangs. As it was, she was not more than a fraction of an inch out of its striking range.

When the driver spotted the monstrous serpent, he swerved his automobile so that his wheels ran over its deadly coils. As Irene watched in horror, the driver worked his wheels back and forth over the snake.

"Would you like a lift?" the man asked after the snake had been reduced to little more than an ugly, bloody smear on the concrete of the street.

Irene shook her head, continued walking on the street-car tracks until she reached the church.

"Whatever warned me to get on the streetcar tracks is that natural survival mechanism within us that is always kicked off in time of danger," Irene comments. "Unfortunately, some people have become so 'civilized' that they do not always heed their own private alarm systems. According to those anthropologists who have studied such matters, it appears that the aborigines of Australia always know when danger is near. It seems logical to make the same assumption about primitive man. I, for one, have learned to accept the presence of this survival mechanism within me, and I know that I will be protected no matter what happens."

When Irene returned to New Orleans, she moved into the home of a good friend. Her friend's mother and she used to enjoy walking to the public library and reading the books there. At this time Irene loved writing poetry, and the older woman was her chief listener and critic. Shortly before her sixteenth birthday, Irene went to work in the Baptist hospital in New Orleans.

The attractive blond teenager's obvious love for people led one of the doctors to ask that Irene make his rounds with him. "You do more good when you visit the patients with your sunny smile than I do with my pills," he would say with a laugh.

Because of her apparently positive effect on the patients, Irene was given an additional job of reading their mail to them and sitting in their rooms to cheer them when they were feeling depressed. Although Irene steadily progressed from an elevator operator to a job in the front office, she always found time to stop by to cheer the patients.

Irene worked at the hospital for five years and has retained beautifully entrenched memories of those times. "We were like one big family," Mrs. Hughes recalls. "The woman who worked in admittance took me to my first formal ball during the Mardi gras one year. Each per-



son who was invited got one dance with the doctor who had hosted the ball, and afterward, he gave each of us a gift. I received a three-string set of pearls."

Shortly after Irene had started work at the hospital, she developed a teenager's crush on one of the interns. Although he took obvious notice of her as well, she never accepted his offer of a date, because she, being a proper Southern young lady, was cautious of men and their unfathomable ways. She suffered a temporary broken heart when he left to continue his medical training, but the shattered emotions soon mended when a medical student from Georgia arrived at the hospital. Irene was a bit older and more confident now.

"We used to like to take off our shoes and go for walks in the rain," Irene remembers. "He would come over every time it rained, take off his shoes, roll up his pants' legs, and we'd go for walks under the oleander bushes and alongside the camellias growing beside the road. The poor fellow had to give up his medical training, though. He fainted everytime that he went into the operating room."

One day Dr. John T. O'Farrow called Irene into his office. "I've watched you around here for five years now, Rene. You have a deep humanitarian interest in people. Would you like to become a doctor?"

"Dr. O'Farrow," Irene replied, "the deepest desire in my life is to be able to help people, but my parents could never afford to send me through medical school. As it is, I have been working on my own since just before my sixteenth birthday."

"I wasn't even considering having your parents assume such a financial obligation," the doctor explained. "Rene, I have already sent twenty students through college and medical school. I should be more than happy to see you through. I know that you understand the human body, and perhaps even more important, you have insight into the human soul."

Irene decided to compromise. Since this wonderful man was offering to help her with her schooling, she told him

that, as much as she would like to become a surgeon, she simply could not take advantage of such a generous offer. But, she said, she would like to go to secretarial school and take a business course. Dr. O'Farrow agreed to contribute toward Irene's tuition at the business school.

Because Irene wanted to maintain her sense of independence, she asked the business school to arrange her classes from nine to twelve in the morning so that she might still work part-time at the hospital. Irene completed the two-year course in nine months.

"But then the woman in charge of the civil service examinations told me that I shouldn't even bother to take the test," Irene recalls. "Her rationale was that since I had completed the curriculum so rapidly, I could not really have learned a great deal. For a moment or two, I was very distressed by such a comment. But then I told her just to give me an exam, I would show her. And I did. I received the highest score of anyone who had requested the test during that period."

Irene soon had her pick of government jobs, but she had already decided to go to Panama. A doctor friend had gone there, and she had some romantic notions of joining him there. She changed her plans, however, when another doctor told her some scary stories of what had happened to some other young women who had gone to Panama. "There are so many soldiers and so few women and that terrible heat sometimes does things to those men. . . ."

With her decision set against Panama, Irene and a friend named Bonnie Casemore decided to enlist in the WAVES. Bonnie passed all her examinations, but it was discovered that she had a very bad back condition which would have to be corrected before they could accept her. As for Irene, well, she only weighed ninety-four pounds, and they were unwilling to send any woman under one hundred pounds off to basic training for fear that the camp life would be too strenuous and thereby detrimental to her health.

The recruiter knew that Irene was eager to enlist, so he told her to go out and eat lots of bananas and drink as much water as she could hold. If that intake would boost her weight up the necessary six pounds to meet the minimum requirements, she told Irene, the WAVES would accept her enlistment. Irene followed the recruiter's suggestion, but the forced feeding of bananas and the hurriedly gulped glasses of water only made her violently ill. By the time she managed to get back to the recruiter, Irene had lost a couple of pounds and weighed even less than she had before, so she was unable to be accepted into the women's service corps.

It seems that even Cupid has little chance in following his normal course of romantic procedure when he begins to direct his darts at a seeress.

"My courtship with Bill Hughes began even before we had met," Irene laughed, recalling the unusual circumstances of their romance.

The moon was hanging low in the sky on that pleasant May night in 1941 when Irene walked home to her rented room. She had worked overtime getting out some reports for her employer, Dr. Harrison, President of the Louisiana Board of Medical Examiners, and she had only had time for a toasted cheese sandwich and a cup of good coffee with her good friend and landlady. The two women had worked together at the Johnson Service Company before Irene had taken the job with Dr. Harrison and they enjoyed exchanging office gossip each night.

"What's in the newspaper tonight?" Irene asked as she entered her friend's room.

The older woman frowned as she looked up from the *vicayune*. "Well, at least the news is about something other than crooks and hoods, but it still isn't pleasant. That war in Europe keeps on boiling over."

"And we'll be in it, too, before 1941 ends," Irene remarked softly.

Irene accepted a cup of coffee and the two women chatted for a few moments while her friend's daughter

dawdled in the bathroom, putting her hair in pin curls and trying out Irene's eyebrow pencil and mascara.

All of a sudden the coffee tasted bitter. Irene felt queasy at the thought of war. She had a quick, painful vision of how violently the coming war would affect not only her own life, but the lives of millions of people all over the world. She rinsed out her cup, placed it on the drain board, and gave her friend a hug before heading for her own room down the hall.

"I'll never know precisely why I did it," Irene said, "but I took a piece of white paper from my notebook and tore it carefully across the middle. I felt a bit silly, but I had a compulsion that I simply had to obey. I wrote 'Bill' on one slip of paper, and 'Jack' on the other. Then I quickly put the two half-sheets under my pillow. I knew these were the names of the men who would be most important in my life. I also knew that there would be heartache as well as great joy to come."

Four months later, on a soft, early fall day in September, Irene, her sister Rosemary, and her brother-in-law Guy were spending a Saturday afternoon at the amusement park at Ponchetrain.

"That young man over there," Irene whispered to her brother-in-law, tugging at his arm and making him spill some of the hot buttered popcorn he had just purchased for the girls before they went on the Python, a roller-coaster-type ride, "see him?"

"You mean the soldier?"

"Yes," Irene nodded vigorously, "that's the one."

"Well, what about him?" Guy wanted to know. "Is he winking at you or something?"

"No," Irene laughed, "but I want you to introduce us."

"Goodnight, no, Irene!" he complained. "First you girls took me away from my Saturday afternoon chores to take you to an amusement park, and now you want me to introduce you to some strange soldier. I should have stayed home and mowed the lawn!"

Irene tugged again at her brother-in-law's arm. "That

soldier, I want you to know, is going to be my husband! And if you don't ask him to come join us, I will!"

"All right, all right," Guy sighed in resignation. "You might be a prim and proper Southern girl, but when that blond head of yours makes up its mind. . . ."

After a few awkward moments, Irene's brother-in-law returned with the soldier whom she had picked out of the crowd. Irene was not a bit surprised when the young man said: "My name is Bill, Bill Hughes."

"We were about to go for a ride on the Python," Irene explained to the soldier. "My sister has a strong male arm to hold on to, but I would have to sit and scream and squeal all by myself. I thought, perhaps, you wouldn't mind accompanying us as my escort."

Bill Hughes mumbled something about it being his pleasure, then he was running to buy a ticket.

There was a brief shower of rain, then the sun came out, fully determined to blot up the tiny puddles of water that had been scattered by the dark clouds. Soon the sun was doing such a good job that Irene was dabbing at beads of sweat on Bill's square chin. They both laughed at her "maternal instinct" and the hours were soon blending into a crazy, lovely peanuts-hot dogs-pink cotton candy-kind of a day.

The young soldier took quite a ribbing from his new friends when they stopped at the shooting gallery. Bill took aim at a "flying goose" and his cork sailed harmlessly over its head.

Guy laughed. "I hope you do better than that if there's ever someone shooting back at you."

"Just how safe is our nation if that's all the better our soldier boys can shoot?" teased Rosemary.

Their gibes were not funny to the young girl in love. Irene no longer wanted the toy panda prize at the shooting gallery. "Let's go," she said soberly.

The two couples left the park, but instead of going to the car, they walked to the nearby Mississippi River. There was a warmth and a peace in Irene's heart as she

and Bill talked. Dusk settled. Bill found her hand and held it gently within his own.

Bill Hughes was stationed at Pineville, near Alexandria, Louisiana, but he might as well have been at an army base a thousand miles away. Irene saw Bill only one other time before he was shipped to Fort Devon, Massachusetts. When the United States entered the war after the Japanese sneak attack at Pearl Harbor, Bill was among the first G.I.'s sent to the South Pacific.

Bill did not have time to write, but Irene was later to discover that he probably would not have been any better a correspondent if he had been stateside. Bill just did not send letters to anyone. Once, though, he did manage to scribble a note to Irene on the back of a used envelope one of the men in his squad had given him: "I wish we were back on the river bank down on Canal Street."

Irene carried the envelope with her, practically had it in shreds from reading and rereading it . . . and trying desperately to read between the lines.

The nights became longer and longer. Irene would sleep an hour, then awaken to clasp the rumpled pillow in her arms and kiss her soldier again and again.

Four months went by without receiving any kind of word from Bill. Each night as she lay down to go to sleep, she would listen for a brief time to the war news on her radio. Then before she closed her eyes, she would whisper fervently, "Dear God, please watch over my Bill."

One night the landlady was awakened by screams coming from Irene's room. Without hesitation, the woman entered her friend's room to see what was frightening or threatening her. She found Irene thrashing about in her bedclothes, deep in the private agony of a nightmare.

"It's all right, sweetie," she said, shaking Irene gently by a shoulder. "It's all right, Irene. Stop it, baby! You're just having an awful nightmare. Wake up!"

Irene could not free herself from the hideous grasp of the dream, and she clawed at her friend, seeking comfort in the woman's closeness. Her breath came in short gasps

and when she opened her eyes, they were brimming with tears.

"It's Bill," Irene sobbed. "He . . . he's been stabbed with a bayonet. He's dead. I saw him fall in the tall grass."

The landlady drew Irene's slight body closer to her, caressing her hair and assuring her that it was only a dream, a bad dream.

"But I saw Bill so clearly," Irene protested. "There were so many men fighting. Oh, God, why did he have to die?"

"Now, Irene, cut it out. . . ." But the landlady noticed that Irene's eyes had glazed over, as if she were in a trance.

"They're lunging at each other now with bayonets," Irene spoke in a halting monotone, "Japanese attacked the G.I.'s. Hand to hand fighting. So close they can't shoot." Then her voice rose to a shriek: "Oh, God, that terrible sound of bayonets striking flesh. Bill! Bill! Good God, the blade is sinking into his chest!"

Irene went limp in her friend's arms.

Fifteen minutes later, she was wide awake, shaking, but strangely calm. It was 4:30 A.M. "I . . . I'm sorry," Irene said softly. "I'm sorry I awakened you."

"You just had a terrible nightmare, honey," her friend told her.

"It was no nightmare," Irene said. "I saw it happen."

The landlady shrugged. "If you're going to let it drive you crazy, why don't you call Bill's sister in the morning to see if she's had any word from him?"

With that bit of advice, the landlady closed Irene's bedroom door and went back down the hall to her own room. Although Irene was mentally and emotionally exhausted, she knew that sleep was out of the question for the rest of that night. She tossed and turned and prayed until dawn.

Somehow Irene managed to wait until 9:00 A.M. before she put the call through to Bill's sister in North Carolina. In spite of wartime stress, the operator was most

patient, and she finally located the sister through a series of calls, even though Irene only knew her last name.

When Irene knew that she had the correct Miss Hughes on the telephone, she said: "I'm Irene Finger, a friend of your brother Bill. Have you had any word of. . . ."

Before Irene could complete her query, she was being given a shocked reply: "I've never heard of you. Bill has never mentioned you. But I'm holding a telegram in my hand right now from the War Department. It was delivered just moments before you called. Bill has been wounded and is in the hospital."

"Thank God, he's alive," Irene whispered, as she quietly replaced the receiver and fell to her knees in gratitude.

Later, Bill told Irene that the Japanese soldier's bayonet had passed through his upper left arm, just missing his chest. Somehow he had managed to kill the enemy soldier just before he passed out from pain and loss of blood. Bill Hughes earned the Purple Heart on the Sanananda Track four months *before* Irene's accurate vision. It seems as if Irene might somehow have homed in on the telegram which was en route to Bill's sister, and through the operation of some psychic machinery which we do not as yet understand, saw its message in dramatic form.

Irene was grateful that Bill's life had been spared, but she bemoaned the fact that she seldom heard from the reticent North Carolina boy. "Bill was overseas four years and I think I received five letters from him the whole time. The letters stopped coming altogether when Bill became engaged to another girl, a close friend of his sister."

Bill's engagement was a tragic turn of events for Irene. She found herself still clasping her pillow at night, still crying out his name, hoping her landlady would not hear. "Oh, God," she would pray, "keep him safe from harm, and if it is your will to have him love someone else, I'll try to understand." But before the last words of her prayer were whispered into the darkness, she would breathe softly, "No, no, Bill belongs to me."



Irene's sister recognized all the symptoms of love poisoning. Anne appreciated just how much the splinters from a shattered heart could fester and cause one severe pain, but she also knew that the malady could not remain untreated. "Come on, Irene," she told her. "Quit moping around like this, or you'll drive yourself wacky—and the rest of us along with you."

"I don't mean to annoy you," Irene apologized. "I just can't seem to help acting the way that I do."

"You need to get out of that room of yours," Anne said, gathering momentum by the second. She had been refused by Irene so often that now she was going to say her piece so quickly that Irene would just have to accept her invitation. "Please have dinner with me tonight. It will be my treat. We'll make it a special night and have shrimp at that new place down by your office."

Anne was still extolling the merits of a night out when she finally had to stop to take a breath and realized that Irene had said yes. "Hallelujah! That's the idea, Irene. I'll meet you there at 6:30."

It was wartime and the headwaiter thought nothing of the two young women eating alone. There were few soldiers around these days, and they only came to New Orleans in force on weekends—and then in the French Quarter, not downtown.

Irene had just decided on the shrimp Creole and was about to give her order when she realized that the man at her elbow was not the waiter. Surprised, she looked up into a pair of velvety brown eyes. The smiling face that went with the eyes belonged to a tall, good-looking soldier.

"May I join you?" he asked, looking only at Irene.

"Of course." The words escaped Irene's lips before her strict Southern rearing had had time to assert itself and censor the invitation. At the same moment, Irene's sister sputtered a loud, "No!"

"Shall I stand or sit then?" the soldier laughed. "Or maybe I can compromise and just sort of crouch beside the table."

"Please sit down," Irene said, and this time Anne did not protest.

"I'm just a lonely G.I. from Ohio," the soldier explained, "and I want so much to be with some nice girls like the ones I know back home. My name is Jack."

He was talking on about his weekend pass and how his buddies were seeing the more exotic nightspots, but all Irene was hearing was the echo of his name: "Jack." That had been the second name that she had placed on a slip of paper under her pillow a year ago.

Several hours later, after many cups of dark, thick coffee, Jack, who had insisted on paying the bill, also insisted on walking them to the bus stop. "May I call you tomorrow, Irene?" he asked. "We have so much to decide and I have so little time."

Again, without thinking, the words were spoken: "Of course." She scribbled her telephone number on a piece of paper, handed it to him. They were already in love.

Irene could always tell Jack's ring when the telephone sounded. He always had a tender word of greeting, and she looked forward to his weekend visits. Just the sound of his voice on the telephone made Irene's heart sing. But when he called on that Thursday, she knew. She barely heard his words. She had known before he spoke that he was going overseas.

Jack wrote every day, long, beautiful love letters. Irene accepted his proffered love and gave hers in return.

Strangely, wondrously, the days seemed to go by quickly. Could it be possible that Jack was coming home? When Irene received word of his homecoming, she sent a dozen red roses to his family's address in Dayton, Ohio.

"He'll be so surprised," Irene told her sister. "A dozen red roses, just as he has sent me so many times." Irene could hardly keep from laughing, she was so pleased with her homecoming present for Jack.

When Jack did not telephone her the next day, Irene was certain that the florist had committed an error of the gravest nature. And he had repeated the address, too,

Irene worried; but now someone has delivered the flowers to the wrong home. She resolved to call Jack that next night if she did not hear from him by then.

But in the mail that next morning there were two letters for Irene, both sealed with tape in one bulging envelope. Wrapped in a ten-page letter from Jack was one crushed rose. He told Irene that he was writing from a hospital where he had undergone lung surgery. The other letter was from Jack's mother. Her son was 'home from the war, she wrote. She would nurse him back to health, so that he could take over his father's printing business and marry the nice Jewish girl whom Mother had chosen for him. "I grieve for you, my child," she concluded, "but our boy could never be happy with you. He must marry a Jewish girl, just as you must marry a Gentile."

Irene was too stunned to cry.

Jack wrote another letter a week later. Irene was not afraid to open the envelope. She had been too hurt and the love that she had known for him had been crushed along with the rose.

"I'm at Maywood Veterans Hospital in Chicago, Irene," he informed her, "and I must see you. They'll let me out on a weekend pass. Please be kind enough to at least meet me in Chicago."

It was a long train ride to Chicago from New Orleans, endlessly long for Irene. The journey was a lark for Irene's kid sister, who had accompanied Irene and Anne. Anne found the trip exhausting and she heaped recriminations upon herself with almost every click of the rails. She could not stop remembering that night a year before when the tall, handsome soldier stopped at the dinner table in the restaurant and asked if he might join them. "Dear God, why didn't I tell him to go away?" she wondered silently, looking at Irene who was thinner now and wore a tired look in her China blue eyes.

Irene's eyes were still tired the next day when Jack walked into her room at the Palmer House. He held out his arms, but Irene knew there was no hope, no future,

no love being extended within them. Weeping could not change what was, but Jack could not keep back the tears as he described his family's agony when he told them of his plan to marry Irene. Irene could do little to comfort him. All this travail was outside of her realm of influence.

Instead of staying in Chicago for the long weekend, Irene and her sisters packed their bags again and went to the Twelfth Street station and waited to board the noon train to New Orleans. While her sisters went to the souvenir stand to buy postcards and a china plate that had "Chicago the Windy City" painted on it, Irene sat on a long wooden bench and wrote to Jack for the last time. "I wish you nothing but happiness. Irene."

Shortly after her return to New Orleans, Irene received a letter from her mother asking her to please come home to Memphis for a visit. Her father was dying. A fluid was accumulating in his chest cavity and his lungs would soon be filling and suffocating him.

Irene arranged to come home for a weekend, and she and her father went out for a long drive. They stopped for some ice cream and Irene told her father of her recent disappointment in love. She had not seen her father for some time, but there was a strong bond between them.

"Your time to be happy will come again, and soon, child," he told her.

They talked on for hours as they drove around Memphis. Irene kept glancing at her wristwatch. "Don't be so bound up by time, Rene," her father admonished her.

"But I have to catch the 11:30 train, Dad," she reminded him.

"Please don't go back to New Orleans tonight," Joe asked.

"Dad, remember that I have a job. You wouldn't want me to lose it, would you?"

"If you leave tonight," Joe said sadly, "I know that I will never see you again."

"Nonsense, Dad," Irene told him. "I'll be back some weekend just as soon as I can."

But her father's words were prophetic. When Irene got off the train at the New Orleans depot the next morning, her sisters were waiting for her with the sad news that their father had died that night while Irene was in transit. There was nothing for Irene to do but take the nine o'clock train back to Memphis with her sisters.

Irene wept all through the night as the family maintained a vigil at the funeral home. "When I shed those tears," Irene said later, "it was not because I did not understand death, but because I felt sorrow at my father having been taken at that particular time of his life. He was such a great person with great wisdom and vision. I was full of tears that he had not been allowed to do more with his life, that he had not been allowed to share his wisdom and compassion with more people."

The day of the funeral, Memorial Day, 1945, Irene wondered if she had the strength to go through with the ceremony. "It was about seven o'clock that morning when I saw my father appear, just as solid as he had been in life. 'Don't worry, Reenie,' he said to me. 'I am at peace.' This was very reassuring to me, and I managed to remain composed all through the funeral."

Irene's father materialized again for her in 1959. "I was in my bedroom," she said, "and, first of all, the door slammed shut and he came into the room. He came very close to me, and I rose from my bed so that he could put his arms around me. 'Reenie,' he said, 'you will need my love because something very unpleasant is going to happen in your life. You will need strength and comfort and I come to give you that.'"

Irene did not know what her father could be referring to, but three days later, she learned that a certain party had begun to circulate vicious lies about her and her work. It became necessary for Irene's attorney to take appropriate action, and the seeress was grateful for her father's continued love and strength from the other side.

Even immediately after the funeral, Irene could not feel that her father actually was gone. Because of the great love which existed between them, it seemed perfectly natural for her to "talk" to him some months later when the letter came from Bill Hughes.

"Dad," she said aloud. "This is crazy. I haven't heard from Bill for over a year, and now he wants me to marry him. And I'm going to, Dad. I'm going to."

Irene began to cry and to laugh at the same time. Bill Hughes, who had been a West Point alternate who had gone to the University of Michigan when the other young man accepted the academy appointment, had scribbled his proposal of marriage on the margin of a page torn from an old *Life* magazine. Around the edges and in the available white spaces on the page he had written: "My engagement has been broken for eight months, and I know that you are the right girl for me. I'm coming home. Bill."

It was June when Bill telephoned from his sister's home in North Carolina to tell Irene that he would be in New Orleans that coming Saturday.

By three o'clock on the appointed day, it seemed to Irene as though she had been waiting an eternity of tiny seconds. She was wearing a black skirt and an off-white jersey blouse printed with lavender flowers. The girl in love had decided to add a last-minute romantic touch, and she had run down to the florist's shop to buy two lavender daisies to put in her hair. Panting, out of breath, she had arrived back at her room, hoping that Bill had not beaten her home. That had been two hours ago. Still no Bill.

Then a man was coming up her walk. Irene was startled to realize that she had not seen Bill for four long years, and at the same time, it struck her that she had never seen him out of uniform. She decided, as she appraised him coming up the walk, that he was really quite handsome, in a rugged, quiet sort of way.

Bill Hughes could not even wait to come inside. He stood outside the screen door, looked at Irene, and asked: "Will you marry me?"

"Take off your dark glasses first!" Irene blurted.

Bill removed his sun glasses.

"Yes," Irene said, "I'll marry you."

Bill opened the screen door and came inside.

Irene and Bill were married by a Baptist minister on December 23, 1945, at his sister's home at Strausburg, Pennsylvania. On their way to Chicago, the newlyweds were marooned for three days by a blizzard in South Bend, Indiana. Nine months later, Bill III was born.

## CHAPTER FIVE: GIFTS FROM SPIRIT

By the time the Hugheses bought the two-story Georgian home in Calumet Park just outside the city limits of Chicago, a daughter, Karen Frances, joined their household. Their second daughter, Patricia, was born while Irene was working as a reporter for the *Calumet Index*.

"I found that I was just a natural-born mother," Irene has said concerning the early days of her marriage and child rearing. "I love children, and I really did like to wash and iron and clean house and cook. I used to try to stick to some of the old-fashioned ways. I would fix the children food from fresh vegetables, rather than buy any of the canned goods."

Irene's growing reputation as a zealous reporter had temporarily made her rearing of the family a trifle hazardous. She won an award for outstanding journalism after her story appeared detailing her investigation of a mobster-planned bombing of a filling station. When Irene continued to pry up some rather ugly scabs in the city, her newspaper's main office was bombed. After a number of personally directed threats, the Hugheses moved to New Orleans for the safety of their children.

Irene went to work for noted attorney John T. Charbonnet as his private secretary, but Bill did not like his new job in New Orleans and went back to Chicago to obtain employment in the Ford Motor Company. Bill was waiting for Irene and the children to join him, but the Hugheses had just one small block in their path: money. They would have to remain separated until they had pooled enough money to enable the family to be reunited.

One day right after her lunch break, Irene called Charbonnet at his club and told him that she had to go to the horse races.

"I beg your pardon, Irene?" the attorney asked incredulously.

"You know, sir, the horse races."

"Am I to understand that you are asking permission to take the afternoon off so that you can attend the horse races?" Charbonnet wanted to know. He had asked the question slowly and deliberately, as if he were giving his normally efficient and considerate secretary plenty of time to reflect upon the folly of her request.

"Well, sir," Irene explained, "This may be hard for you to understand, but I was just sitting at lunch when these two names came to me. I wondered what on earth they meant, but then I saw the sports pages and I read that two horses with those names were racing today."

"Irene," Charbonnet said, trying to sound gruff, "this is the most preposterous thing I've ever heard. What a fantastic story you've made up just to inveigle an afternoon off. And I didn't even know you followed the horse races."

"But I don't, Mr. Charbonnet," Irene protested. "I mean, I don't usually. You see, I've had these kind of strange feelings and experiences ever since I was four years old, and whenever they come to me this strong, I just know that they're telling me the truth. I really need money now so that I can join my husband and our family can get back together. These two horses are going to win, and I've got to go to the races. Please try to understand."



Charbonnet grunted. "I'll never understand women, but if your two horses win, maybe I'll try your system!"

Recalling the incident nearly fifteen years later, Irene laughed. "The horse in the first race won by eleven lengths. The horse in the second race won, too. I had parlayed my two-dollar bet into \$385. That was more than half my moving money. That was on a Friday. I went to the races again on Wednesday and won \$265. Now I had all the moving money; I just needed some additional cash for incidental expenses. I went again the following Friday and won \$90. The next Monday I gave my boss two weeks' notice."

Back in Chicago, Irene took a job with a domestic engineering publishing company and worked as a private secretary to one of the executives for six years. In 1961, she underwent a major operation and survived to receive a most remarkable spiritual gift.

She was discharged from the hospital on June 10 and was sent home to recuperate for a couple of weeks before she returned to work. She had weathered the surgery very well, but she was weak, unsteady, and she had lost a good deal of weight. "Give me a few days at home and I'll probably gain back twice the amount I lost," she told her doctor.

She remembers the day well, June 13, 1961. The late afternoon warmth was made deliciously pleasant by a soft breeze. The curtains in her bedroom made a cozy, whispering sound against the windows.

Suddenly, the whole room was filled with an eerie noise similar to that of a strong wind moving slowly, mournfully through willow trees. The strange humming sound heralded the appearance of an Oriental man in a turban. "My name is Kaygee,"\* he said gently. "I will fulfill the desires of your heart."

\* *Author's note:* It should be stated that "Kaygee" is not the precise name of Mrs. Hughes' spirit control. According to Mrs. Hughes, she has promised not to make public his name and his association with her until certain events have been fulfilled.

Irene rubbed her eyes, but she found it impossible to focus on anything other than the strange man in the turban. Had she suddenly been transported to some strange land? Or had the weakness from the recent surgery got the best of her? Or, sobering thought, had she died in surgery and not realized that she was dead!

"The . . . desires . . . of my heart?" Irene repeated cautiously.

"Yes, my child, think clearly. I will bring three of your desires to come to pass."

"Oh, come on," Irene said with just a bit of haughtiness in her voice. "Now you sound just like the genies in those Arabian nights stories."

"I am not a genie," Kaygee said. He continued to smile but his voice had become firm. "I am to be your teacher, your control, and I will prove myself to you by bringing three of your desires into fulfillment."

Irene instantly thought of Ray, an old friend with whom she used to discuss ESP. They had not corresponded in two years. She would love to hear from him again. Perhaps, she mused, it would not do any great harm to go along with the juggless genie.

"I'm not a genie!" Kaygee told her again.

"So"—Irene smiled—"you can read my thoughts."

"I know your every thought," Kaygee admitted, "but I want you to have free expression in asking me to prove who I say I am. Now, time is fleeting. Tell me your first desire."

"If you know my thoughts, surely you already know," Irene chided the entity.

"There is a time for all things, my child," Kaygee said patiently. "Now is the time for you to let me know your first desire—and I will guarantee that I will bring it to fruition."

Irene studied the entity who called himself Kaygee for a few moments. She felt fear, yes, but overruling that emotion was a growing respect. "All right," she said, "if you

can give me the desires of my heart, I want the telephone to ring and I want Ray to be the caller."

"So be it," said the ethereal figure just before he disappeared.

Irene blinked her eyes. The peculiar humming was gone from her bedroom and so was the peculiar entity. "I'm sick . . . desperately sick," she sobbed, turning her head to the wall.

Her self-commiseration was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone on her bedstand.

"Oh, no, it couldn't be!" Irene sat up in bed. She had not had a telephone call from Ray for over three years, and they had not exchanged letters for two years. Since that time, the Hugheses had moved, so Ray could not possibly know her telephone number or even where she lived.

Irene reached for the receiver, hesitated, then picked it up.

"Hello, Irene?" asked a soft male voice. "This is Ray. How are things with you?"

Irene felt as though she would faint. But the voice kept on talking around her mumbles of acknowledgment. "I've been meaning to call you for years. Everytime I pass through Chicago I think of you, but I just never got around to making the effort until this moment."

"How did you get our new number, Ray?"

"Oh, I just kept looking through the telephone books until I had eliminated all the possible candidates," he replied with a laugh. "Are you all right, Irene? You sound kind of strange."

"I'm recovering from surgery, Ray, but I'm fine now." After all, why should she not be fine? This was surely the man she had asked the mysterious Kaygee to have call her.

They chatted for a few more minutes. Irene learned that Ray was now happily married, and she offered her heartiest congratulations. Ray promised to call again the next time that he came to Chicago.

Irene gently cradled the receiver and let the tears flow. She could not believe that it had actually happened. She must have been dreaming.

"But, my friend, it really did happen," said the intruder from the spirit realm. Once again Irene was jerked back into Kaygee's strange world of unreality—or was his world the true reality?

The entity's smiling eyes looked at her and said, "Now for your second desire."

"Oh, no." Irene sighed. "Not two in one day. I really don't think I can take it."

"But you must." The spirit was emphatic. "Remember that my name is Kaygee and that I am your friend and that you have two more desires to name."

"This sounds so much like a fairy tale," Irene told the ethereal intruder.

"No, this is no fairy tale; this is real. You will see after your third wish that you will begin to have many beautiful experiences in life, and you will learn for the first time who you really are."

"Who I am?" Irene frowned. She was unaware of any identity problem. "I thought I knew who I was. Irene Hughes. Me."

The lips of the entity compressed into a tight, serious line. "True, you are Irene Hughes, but in name only. You are much more than that."

Irene sighed again and ceased her resistance. "All right, on with the show."

Instantly the dark eyes of the spirit became sad and he fixed Irene with a gaze that shamed her for her flippancy.

"I . . . I'm truly sorry," Irene apologized. "But you must forgive me at this time. I am very ill."

"You will be well soon," Kaygee told her. "You will be well and much healthier than you have been in years."

"I would like a letter from Stafford," Irene said, expressing another of her desires. "I have not heard from him for so long and I would just like to know how he is."

“Be certain that you will receive the letter and you will learn all you wish about your friend,” said the spirit helper as he once again dematerialized from Irene’s plane of vision.

The room was quiet, so quiet, with no sound but the gentle June breeze blowing the curtains out in an arc over the bed. Irene longed to be outside in the fresh air. She thought that she might take a short walk that afternoon if she could muster the strength to get dressed. But she was exhausted, even though it was only mid-morning, and she fell asleep.

She opened her eyes cautiously when she heard the sound of soft steps coming toward her bedroom. What now, she wondered, what manifestations were about to appear to haunt her day? Kaygee had been quite enough, she thought, fighting back a tremor of fear. She simply could not withstand an entire troop of entities.

The door opened to admit her three older children. Irene laughed as much in relief as in pleasure to welcome the children who were kissing her and patting her face. She had slept the day away until Bill, Karen, and Patricia had come home from school.

Irene got up, slipped on a robe, and went to look in their mailbox. She pulled out three letters, and after glancing at one, became very excited. “Why, it’s from Stafford, just as I asked.”

She sat down on the couch in the living room and opened the letter. Stafford was in difficulty. He was having problems with his children becoming adjusted to a new city, and he was thinking about changing jobs and coming back to the Midwest. He concluded by saying: “I had the strangest feeling three days ago that I should write to you, and as you know, my writing is a ‘seldom’ thing.”

Irene smiled and mentally acknowledged the truth of that statement. Her desire had been granted: she had learned how Stafford was. Getting Stafford to write, however, was probably the most difficult request she could have made of the entity.

"Not at all, my friend," came the same voice, "it was easy. He had the thought, so all I had to do was to remind him of the thought—and it was done."

Irene looked up to see once again the smiling Oriental. The children were playing outside, she was relieved to notice. She would not wish her children to come face-to-face with such a manifestation.

"But," Irene asked, "how did you get Stafford to write three days ago when I asked only today to hear from him?"

"That is something that will come in instructions to you later," Kaygee told her. "Now you need to let me know what your third and last desire is. When that is fulfilled, your heart will be glad indeed that you believed me."

Irene thought for a few moments; then, getting up from the couch, she went back into the bedroom and lay down. She closed her eyes and thought suddenly of a friend far away in New Orleans. His wife had not been well, and Irene wondered if she had had the surgery that had been discussed when they had last had contact over a year ago.

"I would like to have Buddy call me," Irene said aloud.

"You will see," Kaygee smiled, his dark eyes glistening. "It will happen."

Then he was gone.

Irene sat up in bed, looked about her. No, there was no one there, and more than that, she had the letter from Stafford and she had received the telephone call from Ray. This whole business was eerie, Irene sighed, but she knew that she was well as far as her mental faculties were concerned. She would soon be up and back at her job.

She lay back and drifted off in a dreamy half-sleep until she was brought back into full consciousness by the sounds of Bill returning from work. Soon he was seated on the edge of the bed inquiring about her health.

"I feel much better," Irene answered, "though I am still weak. I do wish that I could go outside." She decided

against telling Bill about her experiences with Kaygee that afternoon. Bill was a hard-nosed, practical sort of person, and she knew that she would probably get only expressions of disbelief from him.

While Bill was preparing dinner, Irene received a telephone call from her boss. "Just wanted to know how the best secretary in the business is doing," he said cheerily.

Irene told him that she was getting a bit stronger, but that she would probably take his suggestion and stay home those extra days. "That's fine with me," he said. "Just let me know when you plan to return, and I'll have lots of work for you to do."

Irene lay back on the puffed-up pillows after her boss' telephone call and smugly addressed the air about her. "Say, Mr. Kaygee. That call should have been from Buddy." Then, sotto voce: "How do you like that, my third wish didn't materialize. I knew I had that ethereal creature!"

A voice from out of the ether waves came to her. "*Tomorrow.*"

"Tomorrow," she echoed. "When tomorrow?"

Irene saw for one brief second the smiling eyes. "Wait!" she cried. "I want to ask you something."

"*Tomorrow will be soon enough,*" said the voice, as it faded away beyond a whisper.

As if on cue, Bill chose that particular moment to bring in Irene's supper on a bed tray. She took a few bites, then for a few moments, ate hungrily before her appetite left her. Her thoughts were caught up again with the mysterious being from another plane of consciousness.

She called for Pat to come take the tray away. "Someday you're going to make a perfect nurse," she told her smiling daughter.

"That's just what I want to be," said Pat as she left the bedroom.

Irene was awakened early the next morning by the strident ringing of her nightstand telephone. She forced

open one eye. The alarm clock told her it was only seven o'clock.

Then she heard the echo of Kaygee's voice: *Tomorrow.*

Buddy! It had to be Buddy on the telephone. Irene reached for the receiver, then brought her arm back under the covers. How easily she had slipped into believing the strange entity.

But the telephone was still ringing, and Bill was starting to stir and grunt uncomfortably as the shrill sound began to pierce his sleep. Irene lifted the receiver to her ear.

"Hello, Irene. This is Buddy!"

Irene slumped back on the pillow. How could it really be her old friend? "Buddy, oh, Buddy, how on earth did you get my number?"

"I remembered that you liked Chicago," he explained. "so when the operator said she couldn't find you in the city book, I told her to look in the suburban books. And she found you—right in the middle of the country in that big Yankee city. When are you coming South again?"

"It won't be for a while, Buddy," Irene said. "I'm just out of the hospital, surgery, so I'm recuperating for another week."

"Whatever got you down, girl, I hope that you will soon be up and around and prettier than ever."

Irene laughed. "I've decided that I'm going to be a devastatingly beautiful woman with nothing but love shining through me."

"Good for you," Buddy said. "This tired old world could certainly use a few people like that."

The two old friends talked on. Bill looked up sleepily, saw that it was nearly 7:30, and began to get ready for work.

"That was Buddy," Irene told her husband after she had placed the receiver back on its cradle.

"Buddy!" Bill laughed. "What on earth brought him to call you after such a long time? And how did he find out



where we were? Do you suppose he has ESP like you do?"

Irene helped the children get ready for school, but her thoughts were continually diverted from their chatter by images of Kaygee's smiling face. Her three wishes had been granted somehow, somehow, by the ethereal personage. She felt herself longing for the gentle entity to reappear.

After the children and Bill were off to school and job, Irene turned again to her bedroom for her time of meditation and prayer. As she lay in deep reverie, she began to experience an unusual lightheadedness. She closed her eyes and a great light seemed to flood all around her.

She was standing on hot, burning sand.

Irene looked around, blinked her eyes rapidly in astonishment. She was in a strange land, but, somehow, it seemed like home to her. What kind of bizarre dream was this?

Irene looked at her feet and saw them in sandals. She looked at the dress she was wearing. It was solid white and fitted her smoothly and neatly with a flowing scarf at the neck. The dress fell to the top of her sandals, like an evening dress, and it was made of soft, flowing material. She touched its softness and experienced a familiar tingle of delight.

The sun was setting, casting a strange, beautiful peace all around her. Soon the stars came out and the early evening was pure loveliness.

She heard the sound of water moving against a bank, and she looked before her straight into a river. The water glistened black in the moonlight and hissed softly as it moved through a rather narrow neck to a wider channel.

There was a noise, a cough, and Irene looked to her right. There stood a dark young man, his copper-colored skin shining in the moonlight, as though he had rubbed his naked flesh with some kind of oil. His eyes were large and his hair was slightly wavy and thick. He smiled and

bowed to Irene. When he straightened up, his eyes were filled with sadness.

Irene watched him for a moment, then was startled by a voice to her immediate left. She turned to look up into the deep wells of pale, blue-green eyes. Even in the moonlight the eyes shone green, and they belonged to a young man dressed in a long nightshirt—no, a tunic. The garment was sleeveless and cut in a deep, v-shaped neckline. Beneath the tunic he wore tightly fitting pants that looked like some kind of uniform. Irene had the distinct impression that the young man belonged to some kind of military group.

As her eyes met his, he, too, smiled and his lips parted ever so slightly to show gleaming teeth. He seemed to want to put his hand out to touch Irene, but he restrained himself. His warrior's arms looked strong and confident.

Irene sensed a strange yearning toward him, a desire, a feeling of awakening; and she felt a compulsion to walk toward him and feel his arms go about her. The desire was overwhelming, and she turned to move in his direction.

The sound of someone coming stopped her.

She looked at the young warrior and pursed her lips together in a kiss.

"May the stars always shine so brightly on you, wherever you go," he murmured softly.

Suddenly a rough hand grasped Irene's arm and a harsh voice growled: "You'll never see him again. You are going to pay for your misdeeds and I hope that you will be locked up for a thousand years!"

The angry voice belonged to a large brute of a man with a fat, bloated face. He was pushing her toward the river, and she tried to resist with all the strength she possessed.

Why didn't the two young men help her?

For a moment she glanced back and saw the dark, shimmering copper-colored young man turn and wipe away a tear.

She could see tears welling up in the eyes of the green-eyed warrior, yet he watched steadily without moving.

Then Irene was in the water, and she could hear the powerful brute shouting to the young warrior: "Let this be a lesson to you. Because you have stolen the heart and the love of my wife you will never find happiness in your present marriage. I could have you killed for this, but I want you to live and to suffer. Any tears you shed this night will be the last ones you will shed until you once again meet your lover, who is now going to be drowned in the Nile. If you ever shed tears again, if you should ever meet your lover again, then you will fully realize that she is your soul mate. When you have achieved such realization, you will be released from my curse. I am this lenient with you—and may it be a thousand years before you meet your lover again!"

The blue-green eyes of the young man shot sparks of hostility in the brute's direction, and he said: "May you lose your sight if you ever meet up with her again, and may your fat belly swell to unheard of proportions until you are thoroughly dead. You will never find happiness in marriage, for never again will you marry, and you will die old and alone without love in your life. The one you want will never be yours, and when you see her again, or you will, she will spurn you and turn from you and she will be mine forever!

"As for me, I shall meet her again, and we will be together on this earth again. I request the gods here and now that this be so—that I shall come back to this earth with the same body and face and personality that I have now. I further beseech the gods that my beautiful lover will return and that we will recognize each other beyond doubt and carry on the beautiful life that we began here along the Nile."

The warrior spat on the sand, which had begun to cool beneath the night sky. "The dark waters of the Nile will not hold my love from me forever!"

Irene looked about her, startled, horrified at the terrible

anger and violence which had shattered the once peaceful night. Then she felt the brute's hands around her throat. He was choking her. Pushing her into the river, holding her beneath the surface of the cool, murky waters.

Irene felt darkness flowing into her very being. She could sense her body struggling, fighting to retain its spark of life, but her essential self had ceased to become vitally involved and was quite dispassionately watching the pitiful vessel of flesh continue its threshings and strainings. Then all was quiet and darkness and she sank into the depths of the water's blackness.

It seemed an eternity before Irene opened her eyes.

There before her, in her own bedroom, were the dark eyes of the ethereal Kaygee. He was smiling and seemed quite pleased with himself.

"I am your control, your teacher, and your friend," he said. "You will learn many things unknown to others. You now have the key to all of life. Use it well, and it will grow. I will always be here to help you.

"What you have seen is your past life. It all happened a long time ago, and you had to be made aware of it, because you will soon meet the three men involved. Such prior knowledge will help you to deal with each in turn. You are a reincarnated soul, here to complete in this lifetime the pattern of your fate. It will be so, and it will start soon."

"But I don't believe in reincarnation!" Irene screamed at him.

Kaygee only smiled and said, "You have seen the last hour of your past life, and you will know when the principals in that drama once again enter your life.

"The green-eyed young warrior was your true love, and you will meet him again so that the karma might be satisfied.

"The dark, copper-skinned friend who lived along the Nile was a kind and devoted servant.

"The brute of a man was your former husband. Beware, for he, too, will reappear in your life. He must pa

a debt of karma to you. The entire drama will be played out within two years."

Kaygee moved closer to Irene and she noticed that the turban was no longer present on his head. He now seemed quite obviously to be a Japanese gentleman, gentle, yet filled with fire. She could see that his eyes were brimming with tears, and once again, he gave evidence of being able to read her thoughts.

"The form in which I first appeared to you was the way I appeared in a former life when I sat at the feet of great men learning of love and truth. So I know reincarnation," he told her, "and you will come to accept it, too, because it is true!"

Kaygee held out a hand of friendship. Irene later marveled at her courage, for she accepted it at once and grasped it firmly within her own. It was solid, warm, filled with life, although the air about Kaygee was chilled. From within his being a pulsating vibration seemed to establish a firm bond between them.

"It was necessary for me to leave the earth plane before you could truly achieve total development," Kaygee said. "I had to go before you could come.

"I will teach you that love is truly the whole law of life," he continued. "Love is the mightiest power in the universe, and you will learn this and teach this and lecture to people on this eternal truth. You will be given the power to see beyond the thin veil of the earth plane."

"On the earth plane, in your lifetime," Irene wanted to know, "who were you?"

"I was he who fought for the living truth," Kaygee replied. "I fought in the slums and along the highways. I met with opposition, but now I am at peace, for I know that my work will go on, through you and others like you. You, Irene, are a prophet, so filled with the knowledge of love and life that you are my vibratory equal. I have chosen you to work through, as you will see."

Kaygee turned as if to leave, then hesitated and once more faced Irene. "If you should still doubt me, I shall

give you the name of my daughter, who is here in the United States, studying at Cornell University. Write to her and she shall verify who I was on the earth plane."

Irene wrote down the name and address of the woman who Kaygee claimed was his daughter. When she looked up, the entity had faded back into the ether.

Irene thought back over the vivid reincarnation recall. It had been like watching a technicolor movie, only she had felt such an intense identification with the leading lady that she had suffered her terrible death along with her. She felt dizzy and weak, as though she had just survived some great struggle. She got out of bed to examine her throat. Would the hateful marks of the brute still be there?

She was relieved to see that no ugly bruises marred the flesh of her throat. "What a fool I am to get so emotional over a dream," she said aloud as she turned and walked back to her bed. "But it was such a strange dream."

Then she noticed the name and address which she had written on the note pad on her night stand. What could she lose if she took a little time to write to the girl? The letter would probably be returned marked "addressee unknown."

"I wrote that letter," Irene said recently, "and in five days I received a reply from the girl verifying that she was indeed Kaygee's daughter. She said that he had been one of the greatest Japanese Christians who had ever lived and that he had died in April of that year, 1961. The fact that the name and address were correct seemed to me most evidential of Kaygee's survival after death. I had to accept the fact that his spirit was coming to work through me. He had lived a life of poverty and had given his life to helping others. Perhaps he felt that I was spiritually, emotionally, and psychically constructed that he could work through me. I considered myself honored that he had chosen me as a channel by which he might continue at least certain facets of his work."

Margueritte H. Bro, author of numerous books, has recalled the first time that she heard Irene Hughes at a prayer group. Irene suddenly gained an impression of a Japanese man, whom she described in great detail. She heard him saying things which were relevant to the discussion that the group had been having. Irene told the group that she had no idea why the entity had come into the group.

“But I knew very well who he was—or at least whom she had described,” Mrs. Bro writes. “That was [Kaygee] the famous Japanese evangelist. Back in the early thirties he had rocked his own country by his great belief in the incipient labor unions and the cooperative movement. He believed in throwing himself completely into the needs of the common people, and after he was graduated from college, went down into the slums of Tokyo where he shared his small room with anyone in need. In the course of this sharing, he contacted t.b. and then trachoma. He recovered from the t.b., but the trachoma never quite left him and he traveled in this country on a limited passport under the proviso that he would not shake hands with people.

“When he was imprisoned for some of his work in the cooperatives, he wrote a novel which proved a best seller and his name was spread all over the country. I presume he was probably the greatest Christian I ever knew, one of the most persuasive, certainly one of the least conceited, and an exceedingly dynamic man. . . .

“This was the man that Irene unmistakably picked up. She spoke very movingly as she repeated the things she felt he was trying to tell us and I must say what she was saying sounded exactly like him. . . . Since no one else in the group had even known him, there were only two explanations—either he was there in some discarnate form where his consciousness still functioned, or somewhere in my unconscious, I had filed the kind of thing he said, and she [Irene] was extracting it, quite unconsciously, of course.”

What Mrs. Bro could not have known at the time was that Irene had acquired Kaygee as a spirit teacher nearly a year before that particular sitting at which he had come through so emphatically. Irene was dutybound to feign ignorance of the earth plane personality of Kaygee in order to honor the vow that she not reveal the name of her spirit control until certain tasks had been accomplished. Within a very short time after the initial appearance of Kaygee, Irene had confided in two members of the Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship group and had relayed her experiences with the entity. She allowed them to read both the letter which she had written to Kaygee's daughter and the letter which she had received in reply from the young woman, verifying the evidence of survival which Kaygee had channeled through her mediumship.

## CHAPTER SIX: REINCARNATION AND THE ETHICS OF KARMA

By August Irene had regained most of her strength and had been working at her job for more than a month. One Sunday afternoon when the rest of the family was outside, Irene lay on her bed relaxing.

Suddenly, Kaygee stood at her bedside. His eyes were soft and smiling, and his very presence made Irene feel suffused with indescribable peace. "I want you to watch closely," he told her.

In the next instant, Irene was back on the sand near the Nile.

"Oh, no," she begged. "I simply cannot go through all that again."

"Please watch, listen, and be still," the ethereal entity



said firmly. "I am your teacher, and we must deal with even the painful lessons."

Kaygee's words had a calming effect upon Irene and she began to relax. She closed her eyes briefly, and when she opened them, it was once again that terrible night next to the cool waters of the Nile.

Her dress blew gently against her ankles. The dark young man was there. She knew now that he was a servant in the house of the brute, her husband. "My queen," he murmured softly as he bowed to her. Irene looked at him in silence. She seemed unable to speak. The young man's eyes were luminous and they seemed to be sympathetic, as if they were trying to tell her that he was sorry about something.

The green-eyed warrior stood on her left, and Irene was drawn toward him like a moth toward a flame. He only stared at her, fear and anxiety filling his face. He seemed somehow prevented from moving for the moment. And then, like the rays from the sun breaking through an overcast sky, a smile, brilliant, loving, beautiful, broke the stern set of his lips. The momentum of the smile continued until the lips pursed themselves into a kiss.

Irene felt living sparks of fire flow through her vibrant body. The manner in which he had formed the kiss with his lips seemed so familiar to her, as if she had seen him perform the intimate gesture many times before. Irene glanced away for a moment to look upward at the round, golden moon rising from beyond the stone house which she somehow knew to be her own. When she returned her gaze to the young man, she saw that the blue-green eyes were misted with tears. He looked longingly at Irene and made a move to step near to her. His every action bespoke love permeated by despair. Once more he formed a kiss with his lips and smiled at her, as if he were somehow trying to transmit strength to her so that she might be sustained through a forthcoming ordeal.

A large, rough hand grasped her arm and Irene cried out in pain and surprise. The face of the brute scowled at

her. He raised his left hand to take hold of her and the moonlight lent dull fire to the bracelets on his arm. As before, he was steadily pushing her toward the river.

Irene looked beseechingly at the young man with the blue-green eyes. His eyes were narrowed with hatred, and he made a move toward her.

The brute turned and gave him a seething glance and shoved Irene into the water, still maintaining a rough hold on her shoulders. Then the powerful hands were about her throat, choking her and pressing her beneath the surface of the river. Once she managed to struggle free from the suffocating water for just an instant, and she caught one last glimpse of her lover. The night breeze had ruffled his hair so that its darkness shone in the moonlight. When she went beneath the murky waters this time, she felt the last hoarded bubble of breath being squeezed from her lungs.

Irene opened her eyes and looked about her. The room was in semi-darkness and a soft summer night was beginning to cover the earth. She got out of bed and walked through the house. Bill was sitting outside on the patio. As Irene passed the kitchen clock she was amazed to see that it was 8:00 P.M.

"The children have gone for a walk," Bill told her. "Did you get some rest?"

"Not really," Irene said. "I was in meditation and I had that strange experience again concerning my past life. I'm beginning to believe that reincarnation is true, because it is being impressed upon me so strongly by my great teacher."

A few weeks later when Irene was modeling hair styles at a special show at a Chicago hotel, she collapsed and began hemorrhaging. Another model called Bill and by the time he arrived to pick her up, Irene could barely walk with the painful stiffness. Bill sped to the hospital and Irene was placed on the emergency table, still wear-

ing the black chiffon which she had chosen to show off her blond hair style.

The doctors appeared and began questioning her. "I have unbearable pains in my stomach and I'm hemorrhaging," Irene managed to force past her agony. "I became ill and when I vomited, I felt something tear inside of me. I don't know what happened. I. . ."

Irene blacked out, but when she opened her eyes, she found that her essential self, what some theorists call the "astral body," was suspended in midair above the emergency room table. She looked down at the poor, unconscious sick body that belonged to the physical Irene Hughes.

Was she dead? The thought stunned her. Could she have been taken so soon, so suddenly, with so many things left uncompleted?

She studied the face of the woman on the table. It was distorted with pain, but, yes, it was her face. Or at least the face she had worn in the physical body.

"What happened?" she asked herself, and, instantly, she found herself back in her suffering physical body.

At 5:00 A.M. Dr. Norman arrived. "We'll operate at eight," he told her, "just as soon as we can give you some glucose and prepare you. You realize that this is an emergency."

"I guess it is," Irene said weakly. "But I really don't care. The pain is so horrible that I just want to relax and get rid of it."

"Then I'll see that you get something for it," he said, ringing for a nurse. "A nurse will be along directly to give you a shot, and I'll see you in the operating room."

Irene turned her face to the wall. She faintly remembered the nurse giving her a shot, and at odd moments, she awakened while she was being prepared for the operating room; but she was not really aware of anything until she heard a voice beside her ear telling her: "I am Dr. Mokee, your anesthetist. I'll make you as comfortable as possible, so don't worry."

Irene looked up into the face of a Chinese doctor, but she could not manage an answer. He gave her the spinal and she vaguely saw the outline of Dr. Norman. Irene wiggled her toes and Dr. Mokee asked her what she wanted. "Dr. Norman," she said.

The Chinese doctor called Dr. Norman and he bent to hear what Irene was saying. "Hi," Irene whispered just before blackness began to engulf her.

Dr. Norman's hand on her head.

Dr. Norman's voice giving quick instructions.

Black.

The slow-moving hands of the clock on the recovery room wall told Irene that it was 3:00 P.M. Her legs felt paralyzed and her stomach felt completely raw and scraped out. A nurse checked her temperature and her pulse, asked her to wiggle her toes. Irene could not manage the requested physical task. She panicked for a moment, then sighed and closed her eyes.

Four o'clock.

"If you can wiggle your toes, you can go to your room," the nurse bargained with Irene.

Irene's whole left foot moved. The nurse seemed pleased and called an orderly to take her to her room.

"How's my favorite patient?" Dr. Norman asked, suddenly appearing and catching her hand.

"I'm going to live because I am your patient," Irene replied. "Otherwise I think I would die."

Dr. Norman seemed to turn pale. He laughed, tried to make a joke, but Irene knew that she had stood at the very edge of the chasm of death.

The week of recuperation at home after her release from the hospital proved to be spiritually rewarding to Irene, for prayer keys were given to her and she discovered that a magnetic-like force flowed through her which could be directed in a healing blessing, both to herself and to others.

It was on a Saturday in deep October, while Irene was in meditation, that her sight suddenly blurred and she heard a familiar humming sound. When she looked up, she once again beheld her friend from the other world.

Irene welcomed Kaygee with a smile. She no longer experienced fear and apprehension at his approach. She had begun to accept the authenticity of the spiritual gifts which he was bestowing upon her.

"We have been watching over you these past weeks, my child," he said. "You were desperately ill."

"Thank you and your friends," Irene said.

Kaygee spoke to her of reincarnation and asked her if she yet accepted it as fact. "Things will begin to happen soon, and you could react wrongly," he cautioned her.

Irene looked at him and knew beyond knowing that Kaygee was telling the truth. The vibratory bond between them was strong and the spirit control seemed pleased that she was finally becoming convinced of the validity of the experience which he had revealed for her.

"Soon you will begin to meet those who played such important roles in your past life," Kaygee said.

"Tell me," Irene asked, "will I meet them all at once?"

"No, and I will be with you when you meet each of them; so you will know beyond doubt that it is true."

"Show me more facts," Irene said. "Let me see more so that I may truly believe."

"Very well," Kaygee replied, "I'll let you return once again. Be certain that you watch everything connected with this experience—everything. By careful observation you will recognize the people involved, because within two years you will meet all of them."

With that Kaygee faded from her vision, and Irene was suffused by a light, floating sensation.

She stood again on the warm sands. The scene was the same. She could smell the verdant waters of the Nile and she could see the moon rising from behind the stone

house which she shared with the violent brute who was her husband.

The dark young servant was there, smiling and bowing.

The sound of approaching footsteps signaled the arrival of the green-eyed warrior. Irene felt a deep yearning well up within her and she longed to be near him. Why couldn't he close the gap between them, just once? Always he stood at a distance, forming kisses with his lips and smiling.

"So bold," she whispered as she beheld his stalwart demeanor and his muscular frame, "yet not bold enough to save me from my fate."

Irene wanted so much to feel the godlike young man's embrace and to leave this terrible place with him. But she knew that, somehow, they were doomed to remain fixed in a kind of psychic tableau. She realized beyond doubt that she had loved the young man and that he had loved her. Their love was the reason for her husband drowning her in the Nile. At last the full impact of the emotions had come through, had echoed down over the centuries. She had been involved in a love triangle. An old man with a brutish manner, who probably held some political position; a handsome young warrior, who dared not interfere with the vengeful husband; and she, who paid for her love with her life.

The huge, angry bulk was coming toward her, the cuckolded husband moving forward in the eternal drama to exact his vengeance. His footsteps were heavy, and his face was stained with anger. He had a balding head and wore bracelets on one arm. Irene felt a coldness, a fear welling up within her.

The movements were becoming as familiar to her as those of an oft-viewed ballet. Her brutish husband dragged her struggling body toward the Nile. Her foot slipped into the water and she went beneath the surface quickly. He grabbed her as she came up and began to choke her, pushing her beneath the water again and again. Once her wild, desperate thrashings, she saw the warrior and

knew that a heavy mist hung between them. He was saying something, but she could not hear his words. Then the green eyes disappeared and Irene felt the dark waters of the Nile flow over her.

Irene opened her eyes in fright, but she was immediately reassured when she saw the calm, smiling face of her teacher before her and felt her own comfortable bed beneath her.

"You see, my child," Kaygee was saying, "soon you will meet all three of those people, and you will recognize them and the part that they will play in your life. Do not fear, for these things will come to pass."

Irene smiled. "What will you do then, Kaygee, when my life has unfolded and I have met the people involved in my karma?"

"I will be with you and guide you and you will receive strength when you need it," the teacher told his nervous pupil. "You must realize that there is much more to your past incarnation than that which you were shown. But the important incident, which comprises the last moments of your life, was extremely meaningful, because you will continue that life here soon and follow that pattern to its completion.

"You were in love, and that love must be satisfied and terminated in this life. If it is not, then the pattern will once again have to be repeated when you return to the earth plane again. I know that you desire that it be fulfilled in this life, and that is why I was sent to establish your confidence and to be your guide in showing you what had occurred in the past. Such knowledge will aid you in knowing what will happen in the future—and be certain, it will happen!"

Irene sat in silence for several moments. It was so difficult to assess her emotions after learning such truths from her teacher. Sensing her confusion, Kaygee moved to her side and placed a comforting hand on her head. "When the whole pattern has been unfolded," he said, "I will tell you a secret, a beautiful secret."

The pattern began to unfold at a Christmas folksinging party. The Hugheses were told that there would be students present from many foreign countries, as well as a good number of Chicagoans. Irene dressed in blue velvet slacks, a light blue blouse, and gold sandals. She dressed informally because her hostess had warned her that everyone would have to sit on the floor.

When they arrived with another couple at the house of their hosts, Dr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Weldron, the folksinging party was already in progress. The house was filled, right to the front door. As Irene, Bill, and their friends made their way to the main room, Irene felt what seemed to be an electric current whirring about her. A strange humming sound enveloped her and she knew that something deeply significant was about to occur. It had always been this way for her. If danger was near, the whirring electrical current seemed to alert her and warn her. If she was excited or anticipating an important event, the whirring current would embrace her with yet another kind of electrical pulsation. So now, as she walked inside the entrance way to the main room, Irene stood very still and looked around.

Christmas tree in far corner of the room—large, beautiful. Guests—all ages, but mainly students of many different nationalities. Musical instruments. Host—guitar around his neck, showing songsheet to his daughter.

Then Irene glanced to her left and saw him.

He stood beneath a tiny red light. He was dark-skinned and dressed completely in white, even to his shoes. He turned to face Irene and she looked into large dark eyes. She could not help staring—there was something so familiar about him. She tried to remember, to think, think, think, as she made her way to the bench beneath the Christmas tree.

When she was seated, she noticed that the dark young man was following her every move. His shining eyes spoke to her, spoke to her across the years, the centuries. Irene felt tears gathering on her face.



At that moment the host announced the young man's name, Arrara,\* and said that he would present a folksong from his native Ethiopia on the French harp.

Irene nearly gasped aloud. Ethiopia . . . the Nile.

The young man hesitated, with dignity rather than with embarrassment, then said softly, "I will play a love ballad about a young man, who is on one side of the Nile, and the woman he loves, who is on the other side."

He glanced at Irene, then began to play a beautiful, haunting ballad. When he had sounded the last notes, he explained the words of deep affection that passed between the two lovers and told how they yearned to be together. The entire room burst into loud applause. Arrara bowed graciously and expressed his thanks in a deep, clear, slightly French-accented voice.

All the way home that night the young man's face disturbed Irene. She kept trying to remember where she had seen him before. After all, it really could not be that she actually remembered him from . . . that other time. She fell at last into a fitful sleep, but she awakened at the sound of the alarm with the young man's face vivid in her mind.

For several days she pondered the mystery of the dark young man, then, on the Sunday afternoon after the party, she called the hostess and inquired about the Ethiopian student. Irene learned that the young man was a guest of a family by the name of Clark. Mrs. Weldron gave Irene the telephone number.

Within moments, Irene was speaking to the student. "You probably won't remember me," she began, "but I sat under the Christmas tree at the folksinging party on Christmas night."

The student's voice was suddenly filled with emotion. "Why did you wait so long to call me? I've wanted you to call so badly, and now you call an hour before I must leave town and return to my university."

\* His name has been changed in this account, as have the names of the others involved in this working out of karma.

Irene was completely without knowledge of what to say next. Then she heard his voice again: "Will you come to where I am, just for a few moments? I want to know your name. I want to know you, but you must hurry!"

She heard herself agreeing to meet the young man, and within ten minutes, she was pulling up outside the address which he had given to her over the telephone. Irene had planned to go in and meet his host and hostess, but he was waiting for her and came dashing up to the automobile.

His actions were so rapid that, once more, Irene was taken off guard. "Let's drive for a moment," he said. "My name is Arrara."

"I'm *Mrs.* Irene Hughes," she told him, heavily accenting the "Mrs."

"I feel that I have known you forever," Arrara said. "We have no time at all now, but may I call you tonight after I have returned to my college?"

"You don't need to call me long distance," Irene said, thinking of the young man's finances, "but if you care to write to me, I'll do my best to answer."

"I think we must return now," he said, glancing at his wristwatch. "My host and hostess will be waiting to take me to the train. You . . ."—he hesitated—"you are my beautiful queen!"

Irene could find no words to answer him. Arrara was dignified, polite, and very much a gentleman, but at the same time, he was uttering these flattering words. They drove in silence the few blocks back to the home of the Clarks. As Arrara got out of the car, he pressed her hand in goodbye and said, "I shall certainly see you again."

It was not until after she had returned home and prepared dinner for her family that Irene fully allowed the knowledge which she was suppressing to bubble up to her consciousness.

"The Nile," she said aloud in the privacy of the bedroom. "He is the dark young man, the servant, from my

last incarnation. He is the first one I am fated to meet in the unfolding of my karma."

But she could not determine what special role the young man could possibly play in her life. What was it Kaygee had said? "He will play but a short part in your life." So be it then. Perhaps his only function was to set karma in motion.

"If this is so, Kaygee," Irene said to the air around her, "I will have eternal and abiding faith in what you tell me."

Two nights later, Arrara called. "How is my beautiful queen?" he asked in his deep, soft voice.

Irene was a bit disturbed at his freedom in calling her this, but she accepted it as a compliment and asked if he had had a pleasant return trip.

"Yes," Arrara replied. "Friends met me at the train and we went off on another party, so I was unable to call you."

"Arrara," Irene asked, "do you believe in reincarnation?"

"Oh, yes! You see, my people are prophets and they see the past as well as foreseeing the future. Yes, I believe in reincarnation. Don't you?"

Irene hesitated. "I . . . I do believe somewhat, but I need to know more about it. However, I seem to have discovered an incident which may have belonged in my past life."

Arrara asked to hear it, but Irene refused, reminding him of the expense of a long-distance telephone call.

"But I want to hear it," Arrara insisted. "I may have played a part in your past life."

After a brief mental debate, Irene decided to tell the dark young man the whole story. "I just remembered," she began, "that the Nile originates in your country and flows into Egypt."

"This is indeed a magnificent discovery," Arrara interrupted her with a chuckle, "but you are late; many others discovered that fact before you."

Irene joined his laughter. "No, I don't mean it that way. You see, I have reason to believe that I lived in Egypt in my past life. I, uh, evidently was in love with a young man and my disapproving husband drowned me in the Nile. I have been shown this scene several times and each time it leaves a vivid picture in my mind."

Irene went on to describe in detail the scene and the place where she felt the murder had taken place.

"This is fantastic," Arrara said after she had completed her description. "I know that place well. Your reincarnation story intrigues me. Tell me, were you a queen, perhaps a lesser one, since you do not seem to describe your duties as that of a well-known or prestigious one?"

"I definitely feel that my husband was in a position of political authority," Irene replied. "I know that he had power over the young man with whom I was in love. I also know that he was a complete brute of a man."

"Is he also your husband in this life?" Arrara asked.

"No," Irene answered. "I have not met him in this life as yet."

"Tell me," Arrara said, "did he drown you during the day, or was it the time of soft darkness, just as the stars are coming out and the moon is ascending?"

Irene caught her breath. "Yes, it was at that time when the stars are just coming out." So Kaygee had told her the truth. Arrara was the same dark young man who had stood near her when she was drowned in the Nile by her brutish, vengeful husband.

Arrara sensed her hesitancy in going any deeper into her reincarnation experience. "I'm going to write to you," he said gently. "Will you be so kind as to answer my letter?"

"Yes," Irene answered, "I will answer it. And thank you so much for calling." She hung up the telephone and went to bed. Perhaps she might be better able to sort out the fantastic rush of information which she had received after a good night's sleep.

"Arrara corresponded with me and we have kept in

touch," Irene said recently. "He speaks seven languages fluently. He has become a close friend of Ethiopia's Hailie Selassie and has held a very important job with the United Nations. On two of my trips into Washington, D.C., I went to New York to have lunch with him in the delegates' dining room. We have had long talks, and he has confided in me his plans to return to his country to become active in national politics. He has asked me to come to Ethiopia to spend six months or more offering spiritual guidance to his people. I have told him that I might do this someday. I know that he will become a very great man in his country."

So Irene had met the first of the *dramatis personae* of her strange pageant from the past. It was March before she met the second of the trio from another time.

She had accepted an offer to lecture on ESP at a church on a Sunday evening, and as she stood talking before the group, her gaze suddenly rested on a large, bald-headed man. His eyes were small and pig-like and they slithered here and there along Irene's body as he watched her with obvious interest. Against her will, Irene began to feel hostility welling up within her. She knew it was ridiculous, experiencing such animosity toward someone whom she had never met, but she had difficulty controlling the emotion. Somehow, she managed to regain her composure and she turned her gaze toward another part of the church. The pews were filled to capacity, and the audience appeared to be receptive to her every word.

After the lecture, Irene went downstairs to join the audience in coffee and cookies. Here they were free to ask her questions and enjoy the immediate give and take of informal discussion.

Then the large, bald-headed man was coming toward her. Irene watched him approach and she could not restrain the repulsion that overwhelmed her. She knew that he would speak with her, and she was unable to regard him at all positively.

"I'm Andrew Mills, Mrs. Hughes," he said, extend-

ing a beefy hand. Irene considered it for a moment, then accepted its clasping fingers. "This is Ethel," he added, indicating a thin, angry-looking woman at his side. "It's because of Ethel that I came to hear you tonight. She is in need of healing, and I feel that you can be most helpful to her."

Irene took the woman's hand, assured her that she could be healed if she really believed that she could be. There were several people waiting to speak to Irene and the large man and his wife stood like a barrier, separating her from the others.

"Mr. Mills," Irene said softly, "may I talk with you and Ethel later? There are so many here who wish to ask questions right now, and I really should listen to them, also."

He scowled. "Yes, we'll wait awhile." His voice was angry and Irene could tell that he felt spurned. Irene really had not intended that he should react in such a manner to her request.

After she had spoken with about ten people, Mills pushed forward and handed Irene his business card. "That's my card," he told her, as if she could not read. "Why not meet me in my office on Wednesday evening? Ethel will be there and we can talk in peace and quiet—besides, there are other things that I wish to discuss with you."

Irene felt a dizzying sickness going through her, but she answered him with a smile. "All right, Mr. Mills, I'll be there." Why had she said that she would go? Why? Andrew Mills left with his thin Ethel in tow and Irene drew a sigh of relief.

Irene was prompt in arriving at Mills' office. When she entered, she noticed that Mills had a very plush suite of offices with everything from a built-in television set to a bar.

Ethel was not there.

Irene felt a moment of panic. She knew at once that this

was the same brute who, as her husband, had drowned her in a past life, and she did not want to be alone with him.

Even his smile was evil, as he said: "Ethel was delayed. She'll be here within the hour, so we can discuss other things until she arrives."

Irene sat down on the couch, tried to settle back comfortably. She half-expected that at any moment the large man would begin to thunder and rage at her and demand to know why she had loved someone else at the time that she was married to him.

The eerie sensation of reliving that scene suddenly became too real for comfort. Irene got up from the couch and walked to the other side of the office. She politely refused an offered drink. Mills shrugged, asked her if she would sit down so that he might explain something to her. Irene chose an olive-green seat directly in front of his desk.

"All of my life I have wanted to help someone in the field of truth. I mean for *many* years," he emphasized. "Ever since I learned how to make a buck and I realized that people like yourself always need financial help, I've wanted to do something to give someone an assist."

He paused, glanced at Irene, then the floor. "I really do have faith in ESP, and I would like to help you in some way in your field, Mrs. Hughes. If you need an office, or if you would like to use a part of my suite here, anything would be okay with me. Really. Just as long as you give me guidance with things that I need help on."

"What would you need help with?" Irene asked.

"Well," Mills told her, "I have several business deals going and sometimes it gets rough and I don't know what to do. If you would give me advice on these matters, I'd be willing to set you up in an office of your own and finance it for one year, until you get going. Is it a deal?"

Irene had carefully watched his face as he presented his deal. There was a quality about his puffy features which bespoke evil from beginning to end and she wanted no association with him. Yet, here could be another dream

coming true. Just three months before she had announced to her husband that she would like to set up her own office that year. "I'd be able to do research in ESP there and hold discussion groups and perhaps do readings," she had told Bill. Bill's one objection to her idea was well taken: how could she afford it?

"You'll have to go over this with my husband," she told the large man behind the desk, then looked away at the picture of the ballerina on the wall.

Mills shifted uneasily. "Can't you make a decision without him?"

"Yes, I can," Irene replied, "but in such a deal as this, I want him to know all of the details. After all, it could get a bit out of hand."

"I intend no harm," he said. "As I have tried to make clear, I feel an obligation to help someone in the field of truth, and I would like it to be you."

So, Irene thought, by providing me with office space he would be paying his karmic debt to me. For the evil which he had brought upon her, he would be cleansing himself and redeeming his future. By the same token, Irene considered, perhaps it was not really evil at all that he had worked upon her. There was now a beautiful pattern beginning to develop in her life, and perhaps she had him to thank for it. Irene smiled at him, was opening her mouth to speak, when the door suddenly opened and Ethel truded in.

The thin woman plumped herself down on the couch as though she were utterly exhausted. She fumbled in a battered pack for a cigarette, lit it with shaking hands.

"Ethel," Mills reminded her, "you remember Irene don't you?"

"Yes," the thin woman snapped, her snakelike eyes regarding Irene with ill-concealed discomfort. "How do you do?" she asked, managing a gross imitation of a smile.

Mills turned to Irene with a noisy heave of his great bulk. "Can we set up a meeting with your husband soon?"



Irene said that she would talk to Bill at once and that she was certain that they could meet Mills in his office on Friday evening.

Mills checked his desk calendar, pronounced the date as satisfactory.

"Now," he requested, "would you work with Ethel? Will you talk to her to convince her that she can be healed? She is exhausted and has a physical condition that needs healing. I've worked with her for months, and I've tried to tell her that if she had faith, healing would happen."

Irene was stunned to hear what the brute was saying, but maybe he was struggling to come into the light of understanding this time around. She went over and sat beside the thin woman on the couch and talked with her. Ethel asked if Irene would lay her hands upon her head for a blessing and Irene complied with her request.

The moment Irene's hands touched the woman's head, Ethel said, "Oh, what a current is flowing from your hands!"

Irene prayed silently, then aloud, and the blessing was over.

"Let's go to dinner," Mills said, loudly pushing back his desk chair, as if he were signaling the official termination of both the business meeting and the impromptu healing service.

Irene attempted to decline his invitation, but both he and Ethel insisted on her accompanying them. "We'll just go on over to my club," Mills said. "We'll have a nice, leisurely dinner there."

It might possibly have been just that, a leisurely dinner, if Ethel had not insisted upon ordering a drink. By the time they were at their desserts, the accumulated alcohol in Ethel's system had begun to set about industriously freeing her of any inhibitions.

"You think you are so smart," she blurted to Irene. "You know Truth, but you don't know everything there is to know. Andrew is always trying to get me to read

and to believe in the stuff that he believes in, but I can't swallow all this ESP jazz."

"Ethel," Mills sighed, "why do you always have to get nasty when you get a couple of drinks in you?"

"I'm not nasty," the thin woman protested. "It is my privilege to speak my mind, and if she doesn't like it, I don't really give a damn. I've had a hard time of it in my life, and I don't appreciate people who seem to think that everything can be solved by a wave of their mystic hand."

Irene gave a soft answer. "I don't think your situation can be solved by a wave of my hand, Ethel. It will take much thought, self-discipline, and prayer on your part."

Ethel was caught off guard by such a response. She was looking for a cat fight. She ordered another drink.

Irene took that action as her cue to leave. "I really must be going. If I miss that 9:25 train. . . ."

She told them good night at the station and walked inside, grateful to get away from both of them. "What a pair," she said to herself. "They are perfect for each other. A brute and a woman who does not know how to be a lady."

On the train she pondered Andrew Mills' offer to set her up in an office of her own. This had to be the answer, she told herself. Everything was falling into place so neatly. When she arrived home her family was all asleep, so she quietly slipped into bed and soon drifted off with exciting visions of her own office swirling through her mind.

That next evening when Bill returned home from work he listened quietly to the proposal which Mills had presented to Irene. He agreed that they should look into the matter more carefully. They met Mills at his office on Friday evening as Irene had promised.

Andrew Mills was very accommodating, but Irene still had to fight down that terrible repulsion which she felt toward the business man. Mills told Bill that he would furnish an office and pay Irene's rent for a year, though Irene could go it on her own. Bill asked a few obvious

questions, such as what would he want in return, and Mills reiterated his stipulation that he receive regular psychic advice on his business dealings. Irene agreed to these conditions, and the deal was set.

Irene found an office in the same building in which she was employed by the O.R.A. Publishing Company, and in June, 1963, she began working parttime in her own office until her final separation from the publishing company would take place in August. On June 14, Irene was sent by her employer to cover a convention in Washington, D.C., and it was on the plane that she met the third member of her personal drama of reincarnation.

Irene walked forward into the jet and settled down in the second row on the right, the outside seat. She put her handbag on the floor at her feet and slipped the hatbox beneath the seat.

A masculine voice said, "Excuse me, please," and a ruggedly handsome man sat down next to her. At her first sight of him, Irene felt herself strangely vibrating with waves of nostalgic yearning. It took her several moments before she realized that the man was speaking to her—his voice seemed to be coming to her from a great distance. "I see that you and this airline are both dressed in blue and white today," he said.

Irene mumbled agreement as she looked in his angry blue-green eyes. Why was the man so angry? Why did he speak such friendly words with such violence?

He placed a camera in the pocket of the seat in front of him.

"Are you a photographer?" Irene asked. She felt very awkward, as if anything she might say would be considered doltish or foolish.

"No," he answered, "but I do take quite a few pictures. It's a hobby of mine. What's your hobby?"

Irene smiled and, for a moment, contemplated whether she should tell him her real hobby or mention a secondary one instead. "Oh, I have a strange hobby, but it is really more than a hobby. Maybe I should call it my real life's

work. Have you ever heard of extrasensory perception?"

The man nodded, looked away from her and began to shift uneasily in his seat, as though he might be considering a move.

"You don't need to be afraid," Irene laughed. "I'm not really a witch."

He grinned. "I suppose some people do believe that stuff. Do you?"

"Yes, of course I do," Irene replied. "I must believe in it, because it works."

"Fiddlesticks!" he sneered. "What do you do for a living?"

"I work on a journal, a medical journal." Irene let the words slide out slowly, using the maximum calming effect of her soft, Southern accent.

"This extrasensory perception stuff," he snorted, "can you give me just one example where something really came true? I mean, do you predict, or just what do you do?"

One question at a time, dragon, Irene thought, tossing the scarf back from her throat and giving the man a warm, intense smile. She related a number of predictions she had made for individuals, and she carefully detailed how the personal prognostications had been realized.

"Well," he pronounced soberly, as if he were a judge passing sentence, "you probably guessed at the situation in these peoples' lives and just made some lucky guesses."

"You mean that you're not convinced after the things I have just told you?" Irene was instantly regretful that she had allowed a tinge of hurt to slightly warp her voice.

"When it happens for me," he said smugly, "then I'll believe."

Irene knew, of course, that for the cynical and their approach toward life, the stranger was correct. A good number of people are totally incapable of believing in spiritual matters before they encounter ESP in a personal experience.

The skeptical man turned away from her and pulled

out a magazine. Irene interpreted his gesture to mean that the conversation was closed, so she adjusted her seat for take-off and closed her eyes for a few moments of deep contemplation of the situation. Here she was talking to a perfect stranger. *Only he's not a stranger*, she argued with herself. *Somewhere I have known this dragon before!*

Shortly after the jetliner was aloft from O'Hare Field, a stewardess came by to check each passenger's name against the passenger list.

"Frederic R. Lewis," he said in response to the stewardess' request for his name. Then he watched Irene's lips as she gave her own name.

"Tell me," he said, breaking his silence, "why are you going to Washington?"

"My company is sending me there to cover a convention," she replied. "I won't return until a week from Friday. It's a nurses' convention, and I have to man our booth, be certain that our journal is always properly displayed, and be on hand to take subscriptions."

Again Irene felt the peculiar pangs of nostalgia as she spoke to Mr. Frederic R. Lewis. She seemed to be traveling back to a time and a place that appeared at once strange, yet familiar. Suddenly she felt an almost overpowering desire to kiss the stranger seated next to her. She regarded the impulse with horror and shame. Why should she feel such a yearning? But it was as though she had kissed him before, and the warmth of excitement filled her.

Irene was grateful when the stewardess appeared with dinner. She paled at the thoughts that had been tramping about in her brain. "Would you please adjust the pillow behind my back while I hold my tray?" she asked Lewis.

"Be glad to," he replied, "only then my own tray might spill." With that he dismissed her request and began to eat his dinner.

Irene became so angry at his rudeness and indifference that she fought back an impulse to dash her tray in the aisle and leave the seat beside him for good. Instead, she

began to eat. Irene could not help noticing, however, that Lewis's hands were shaking from either nervousness or anger. Why should he express such hostility toward her?

They ate their dinner in silence. When he had completed his meal, Lewis shook loose a cigarette from the miniature complimentary pack on the tray. "Where are you staying in Washington?" he asked her as he exhaled a cloud of smoke.

"At the Eastern," she answered. "It's my favorite place—with lovely Virginia just a breath away. Where are you staying?"

He frowned. "I'm not staying in Washington." It was so very obvious to Irene that Lewis was on a journey of displeasure. "I'm meeting my wife and we are going to Virginia, just for the night."

"Well, perhaps the three of us might have a late snack together before you start out for Virginia," Irene offered pleasantly.

"No," he snapped. "I wouldn't care to join you for a snack, and I am certain that my wife would not."

This was too much. Irene gritted her teeth. Then suddenly his hand was on hers, as if he had sensed that his words had cut too deeply. "Please," he said, "I . . . I didn't mean to sound so hostile. I really don't know what came over me."

"Let's just forget it," Irene said after she had paused a few moments to regain her composure. "Allow me to buy you and your wife a drink when we land."

"No," he said. "I don't want to have a drink with you—not ever!"

Irene felt the blood rush to her face, and she wilted under his terrible gaze. Never before had she been so humiliated. She, who did not even drink, offering to buy a man and his wife a drink and being turned down so rudely, so coarsely. It served her right, she scolded herself, asking a stranger to join her for a drink. But he wasn't a stranger!

The remainder of the flight was spent in complete s

lence. The moment the jetliner taxied to a halt, Irene was in the aisle preparing to disembark.

"Have a good time in Washington," Lewis said. He stared steadily at her ankles and would not meet her eyes.

Irene glanced quickly at the man, left the plane without answering him. As she walked toward the terminal she could feel the rain pelting her face, mixing with the hot tears that streaked her cheeks.

In August, after Irene had begun working fulltime in her own office, she began to reflect on the enigma of Frederic R. Lewis. With the guidance of Kaygee, she was able to understand that, as she had suspected, he was the man who had been her warrior-lover in Egypt more than a thousand years before. He had the same sad-angry blue-green eyes, and as in the past life, he would remain distant from her. Even though they had been lovers in that earlier incarnation, it was their karma that they remain apart in their current life to pay off their debt of having sinned against her husband.

All of this, which Kaygee told her, became much more apparent that fall, when Frederic began to call Irene at her office. He confessed that he felt strangely attracted to her goodness and wished to become friends with her. Irene accepted his offer to meet him for dinner on a number of occasions, and each time, she left puzzled and hurt by his continual fluctuation of personal behavior. From literally one moment to the next he would vary in his demeanor from that of dear friend to that of hostile antagonist.

Irene's reputation in the field of ESP began to grow stronger with each passing month, and in February, Andrew Mills called Irene to his office and told her that he would no longer be responsible for financing her office. He was angry and hostile toward her. Irene thanked him for all that he had done to help her and rose to leave.

"Wait," he said, raising a beefy hand like a traffic cop stopping an automobile. "I have had the most peculiar dreams since I met you. I feel as if I have known you for

an eternity. I know that somewhere in the past you were in my life."

Irene turned to face him. Softly she began to relate certain details of the vision which Kaygee had shown her on three different occasions.

"Yes, yes," Mills nodded. "I . . . I remember. Could it really be that you were . . . my wife?"

"Yes," Irene said. "And you were a horrible husband. You were so brutish and unkind that you forced me into an affair with another man. Then, because you were a man of great political power and standing, you made him stand by and watch while you murdered me."

"I . . . I murdered you," Mills echoed, tears brimming in his eyes.

"You have now paid your karmic debt to me," Irene went on. "You were responsible for providing me with an office when I most needed it. But you have played your part in my life in this incarnation, and it is necessary that you leave it at this point."

Mills broke down and began to weep. His eyesight was failing, he told Irene, and he feared that he was going blind. And now, just when he most needed a wife to look after him, Ethel had announced her intention of obtaining a divorce. He would be alone. Blind and alone without anyone to love him.

On her way back to her own office, Irene pondered the details of the strange drama of reincarnation in which she had been involved. It had all come true, just as Kaygee had revealed it to her. And the curse which the young warrior had uttered a thousand years ago on the banks of the Nile had also been realized: The murdering brute would die blind and alone without a woman to care for him.

Each of the three principals in the drama had briefly entered her life, played his particular role, and exited of stage. The debt of karma—the eternal law that as one sows, so shall he reap—had been paid.



## CHAPTER SEVEN: FORESEEING THE DEATHS OF THREE GREAT MEN

In the summer of 1961, Irene was lying on a sun couch out in their backyard. Bill was sitting reading the paper, when, all of a sudden, Irene felt an outside control begin to move her hand across the pages of the notebook in which she had been writing. After about ten pages had been transcribed, she called her husband over to her side by saying: "If you've ever heard of automatic writing and you've never seen it, this is it. Come see."

The script told of the assassination of President John F. Kennedy which would be tragically realized in November of 1963. "Whatever had controlled my hand gave a date for the assassination which was off by only three weeks," Irene said recently.

As she read over what the control had written in her notebook, Irene had a vision of President Kennedy draped in a white shroud. "As I saw the assassination," she remembers, "he was standing up in a room, though, not riding in a car. He seemed to be practicing a speech in a room where several people were walking in and out of a door. As he turned toward the door, he just seemed to grab himself and crumple. And I could hear a shot, as though a gun had been fired. That is why, in my prediction, I said that President Kennedy would be assassinated by a gun.

"As I visualized further, I saw a man with a brown leather jacket, or maybe it was suede. He was tall, slender, and his hair was wavy. And he seemed to sort of drop

to one knee, as though he was thinking to himself: 'Oh God, what have I done.'

"Then I saw two other men, husky, heavy. My first impressions were that they were Russians, but I almost immediately discounted that.

"As I looked back and saw President Kennedy, I saw him on a blue rug on the floor, and I saw the blood flowing out of him.

"Early in 1963, I told an attorney friend that President Kennedy would be assassinated in either late October or November of that year. We discussed it at great length because he was so shocked by my prediction.

"Then, in November, we were having lunch in a little Chinese restaurant on the corner of Dearborn and I told him; 'Ed, a week from today, President Kennedy will be killed.'

"He dropped his spoon in his soup and he said, 'Oh, my God, do you still believe that it will happen so soon?'

"I told him that I did, and the next Friday, President Kennedy was shot and killed."

On that same day, November 22, 1963, Irene was scheduled to go to St. Louis for three days of public lectures and meetings. She remembers sitting in her office and becoming so nauseated that she could barely think.

"I finally decided that I would just leave the office and catch an early limousine to the airport."

She gathered her luggage, left her office, and began walking toward Wabash and Monroe. As she passed near Woolworth's on State Street, a chiropodist who had an office in the same building as Irene's, caught her arm. "Irene, I was coming to tell you that Kennedy has been shot!"

"Oh, no!" she said. She set her luggage down and leaned weakly against the building. "Oh, no, he's dead. He's dead."

"No, he isn't dead," the chiropodist said. "He's been shot through the head, but they're rushing him to hospital and they expect him to live."

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“He’s dead,” Irene reaffirmed. “He’s dead.”

Several months later, Irene believes that John F. Kennedy actually came through to her in spirit.

“It seemed that he was sitting around a conference table where news reporters were sitting and standing, and I was sitting there amongst them. Of all the people there, he turned to me and said: ‘I have a message for you. I want you not to worry. I am a happy man, and I want you to know this. Furthermore, I will be carrying on some work here that I could not do there.’ And it was just as though he were alive and that nothing had happened to him.

“I said, ‘I can’t believe you.’ And I walked over and I picked up one of his arms to see if he were alive, and as I did it, the arm just plopped back down. I was suddenly frightened or awed, because I realized then that it was spirit talking.

“Kennedy also told me that no one would ever be brought to account for his murder. ‘No one will ever be brought to justice, Irene,’ he said. ‘But there are many involved in my death.’

“I feel through my ESP that the Kennedy conspiracy would be the greatest scandal of our century if all the facts were ever to be made known. I feel that there are two people in government who knew something of the plot to kill Kennedy, but who were not really involved in the conspiracy. While they were not a part of the actual planning of the assassination, they did have knowledge that such a conspiracy would result in the death of the President.

“At that time I also saw that a very destructive thing would occur in the life of Bobby Kennedy.”

Irene Hughes had always admired Adlai Stevenson, the great statesman from Illinois. In 1962, she had predicted that the date of his death would be July 14, 1965, but she was praying that her power of prophecy would be incorrect.

“In February of 1965,” she recalls, “I had such a

tremendous urge to see him that I thought I would write him a letter at his office at the United Nations. I decided against that course of action, so, later in the spring, when I was in New York, I called this young lady that I knew who worked in the U.N. and asked if I might see Mr. Stevenson.

"She said, 'Oh, Irene, there is going to be a Security Council meeting and Adlai will be presiding. If you can get here in the next fifteen or twenty minutes, I'll have your pass ready.'

"I told her that she had provided the answer to my prayers. She was waiting downstairs when I walked into the U.N. and she told me that I would have to run because the session had just started. I took the pass and rushed right into the chamber where the meeting was being held, and there sat Adlai.

"I settled down comfortably and concentrated on him for a while. He looked very thin and very old, and I was shocked by his appearance. I left feeling very, very sad. There were more outward signs of death than I had anticipated. I knew that my prediction would be accurate, and Mr. Stevenson did die on July 14th."

In early May of 1968, Irene told a reporter for Chicago's Sunday *American Magazine* that Senator Robert Kennedy would be shot through the head during his campaign.

Irene had an intensification of this prediction when she gave a reading on May 18 to a Midwestern governor, Iowa's Harold E. Hughes, now a senator for that state.

"When I opened my eyes, I was crying," she can recall. "I had had a distinct vision of John F. Kennedy standing before me saying that Bobby would soon be with him. He showed me the Eternal Flame which burns at his own grave, and I saw crowds of weeping and crying men and women moving past a new grave. The former president told me that his brother would be shot through the head within six weeks."

Later, after the tragic event had become reality on this

plane of existence, Governor Hughes wrote Irene a letter confirming her grim prediction. It reads, in part:

“Certainly one of the first things I recalled on receiving the word a few moments after Senator Kennedy’s assassination, was our sitting together in Joliet and your indication that the Senator would be shot through the head.

“You are correct. My heart is heavy. I have lost a friend and the country has lost a great leader, and his family has lost an irreplaceable member after having already suffered such tragedy.”

## CHAPTER EIGHT: THE GREAT BLIZZARD OF 1967

On the hot, sticky night of August 10, 1966, Irene Hughes sat with her shoulders hunched, as if to ward off a bitter chill.

The seventy assembled men and women who stood around the shivering woman were dripping sweat and warding off flies and mosquitoes. They stared in disbelief at the woman who claimed to be freezing, but not one of them snickered or scoffed. Most of them had never witnessed a psychic demonstration before, but it was quite obvious that this Chicago seeress, whom they had been hearing so much about, really believed that she was sitting there in the midst of a terrible blizzard.

“I s-see s-snow falling,” Irene said through chattering teeth. She rubbed her hands together as if she were warming them before some niggardly fire. “The snow keeps coming down. The flakes are big and white and they just won’t stop coming. And oh, there is a strange and

terrible wind. It blows death before it as it drifts the snow into towering piles."

At last Irene straightened and whispered: "The snow has stopped, thank God." A woman started to ask a question, but Irene silenced her with an upraised hand. "There's a ticker tape moving before me. It says, 'January 26, 27, 28, 29. January 26, 27, 28, 29.'"

The seventy men and women who stood in spellbound silence around Irene Hughes had been gathered at the invitation of Dale Albee, a reporter for the Fairbury, Illinois, *Blade*. The occasion, as promised by Albee, was to be a midnight seance to commemorate the anniversary of a tragic train disaster which had occurred at nearby Chatsworth, Illinois, on August 10, 1887. The audience had gathered for a seance, but before they left the old barn at which they had assembled, they were granted the extra good fortune of witnessing Irene Hughes in the throes of a precognitive vision. It was this particular vision of the future which would bring the psychic career of Irene Hughes to international attention. On January 26, 1967, the wintry winds would begin to blow and a seemingly unceasing amount of snow would begin to fall. And, as she had foreseen, there would be death in that great blizzard which would last four days: January 26, 27, 28, 29.

But now it was a sultry night in August and Irene had once again began to feel the heat. The terrible chill of the blizzard had been replaced by oppressive humidity and warmth, and Irene had to daub at her sweat-beaded forehead with a handkerchief.

There was still time before the midnight seance at the disaster site to ask Irene to do some psychometry, object reading, for the friends whom Albee had gathered there that night. Irene agreed to the young reporter's request, and she told the men and women that she would need objects, anything that might have special meaning to them. "I must hold the object to receive the vibrations," she explained.



After a half a minute or so of shifting eyes and feet, a tall, slim man stepped forward and handed Irene his wallet. She accepted the worn, black leather billfold with her eyes closed and her face expressionless.

"You are a minister." He conceded that he was. Irene could not resist a peek at her subject, and then, with a smile, she added: "And I didn't know that just because your wallet is so thin."

The tension which had been restraining the audience was at last broken by Irene's sense of humor. The men and women began to chuckle and to step forward to offer wristwatches, fountain pens, and rings for the next reading. They had at last realized that the strange woman was human after all, and not some mysterious blond sorceress who had materialized in their midst to warn them of one of the Midwest's greatest recorded blizzards.

There was a murmur of disappointment when Dale Albee ended the demonstration by announcing that it was time to head for the trestle. The young journalist had had the brainstorm for this seance as a promotion gimmick for his paper and he had publicized it strenuously. As he pushed his way toward Mrs. Hughes, he noticed that the audience was not leaving the old barn as he had requested. It was raining.

"Irene," he smilingly taunted her, "I thought you promised me that August tenth would be a nice evening."

"It will be, Dale," she replied calmly. "Just wait until midnight."

"All right, my friend," he laughed, then hurried Irene and his wife through the big drops that were coming down harder by the minute. The others in the barn followed their lead, dashing for their automobiles.

A half hour later, Irene, Dale, and a state trooper, who had been assigned to protect the psychic from the push of any crowd that might come to the publicized seance, walked down the tracks toward the trestle. The rain suddenly stopped.

Earlier, Dale had worried that there might not be a

crowd to witness the midnight session on the tracks, but he saw that he had really had no cause for his momentary misgivings. There were hundreds of cars parking along the right-of-way, and the lanterns and flashlights carried by the curious crowd looked like hundreds of giant fireflies converging on the area.

Irene was seated in a chair that had been placed in the center of the trestle so that she might more comfortably prepare herself for the psychic return to August 10, 1887.

Midnight. More than a thousand people stood on the tracks, the embankments and on the trestle. It was incredibly quiet. The crowd of people seemed not even to be breathing. Irene shuddered as Dale Albee thrust two old, splintered boards into her hands.

"Why am I trembling so?" she wondered.

She closed her eyes in deep concentration after she had uttered her preparatory prayer. The spectators pressed forward to hear every sound, but the assembled mass remained silent with the anticipation of the Unknown. It was as if they expected to hear the shrill shout of a train whistle or the dying screams of the mangled passengers shatter the heavy night air.

"The excursion train is filling with happy, laughing, loving people," Irene began. Albee took note of her first impression. According to his research, a good share of the passengers, strangely enough, had been honeymoon couples. "They keep looking into each other's eyes with such foreverness.

"It's a long train of five or six coaches and about as many sleepers, drawn by not one but two engines.

"Many of the passengers have already gone to bed, or they are napping, as they hold hands in their seats.

"Oh, my God! There are two men down below the trestle. They're setting fire to the beams! Oh, please, somebody stop them before it's too late. Please. . . ."

Irene Hughes became a tragic figure as she "saw" the mass murder. Her face distorted with grief, she sobbed as she continued: "They have soaked the timbers in oil

. . . the fire is fierce. Oh, no, somebody stop them . . . please!" Her keening voice became a tragic plea that would forever remain unanswered.

*August 10, 1887. 11:55 P.M. The engineer on the forward engine, which is traveling at a speed of thirty-five miles per hour, notices flames licking up through the wooden trestle. It is too late to stop. His cab passes over the trestle, but the second engine plunges into the gorge. The rest of the cars tumble like toys on top of one another. Some telescope their entire length. There are splintered cars. Splintered bodies.*

"I keep seeing people frantically trying to put out the flames which are eating toward the shrieking injured," Irene continued, her voice nearly a moan. "They're throwing dirt on the fire . . . dirt they are digging up with bloodied hands.

"And men . . . the men who set the fire . . . are robbing . . . the dead and the dying."

Ron Walker, the local lumber and coal dealer, now heard details of the Chatsworth disaster which he had always suspected, but had never seen in print. There had been rumors about the terrible tragedy, rumors of foul play which had hovered in the area for a century. One of the most persistent theories had been that the fire had been set to the trestle in a grisly plan to rob the vacationing victims.

Walker was so impressed by this psychic exploration of the past that he decided to bank on her prediction of a great blizzard in January. He put in an order of extra coal to be delivered the first of the year, "just in case." He was one of the few fuel dealers prepared for the record snowfall.

Now for the weather forecast for the year.

In the interview with Mrs. Hughes that took place the third day of the new year she predicted snow before Jan. 6, which did occur. Now let's go on with

the balance of January—a blizzard is forecast for Jan. 26-27-28-29.

February will be very bad weatherwise with ice and snow and blizzard conditions as far south as Florida. Feb. 4-7. Heavy rains around Feb. 25 in Chicago. (From a feature by Pat Bartelt which appeared in the January 18, 1967, issue of *Community Publications* newspapers.)

Not often does a community newspaper get a chance for nationwide publicity.

We've been getting it the past few weeks because ours was the only newspaper that carried the prediction of Mrs. Irene F. Hughes, psychic, that the city would be hit with a blizzard Jan. 26-27-28-29.

That she hit it right on the button is now painful history. That she also predicted act two of the Blizzard of '67 on Feb. 4-7 and the recent cold wave that spread to Florida is old news and just icing on the cake so far as Mrs. Hughes' predictions are concerned.

. . . It really started a couple of years ago when our Pat Bartelt, who has more than a passing interest in the field of extrasensory perception, attended a press luncheon. Table gossip centered around clairvoyants and a series being written by one of the girls exposing the frauds in the business. The name of Mrs. Hughes was brought up and she was immediately given a highly favorable report.

This aroused Pat's interest in Mrs. Hughes and she decided to seek her out. She did and the two became good friends.

So it was that Pat thought it would be a good feature to list Mrs. Hughes' predictions for 1967. . . .

. . . WGN's Wally Phillips . . . picked up her predictions before the storm from a listener who had noticed them in one of the *Community Publications*. He had interviewed her by phone on some of her national prognostications. Then when the storm broke as she had predicted, he, of course, followed the story up with steady comment and additional interviews. (From "Talking It Over," by Marlin Landwehr, Managing Editor, *Community Publications*, February 15, 1967.)

"I didn't bring it on," Irene found herself protesting again and again to newsmen and feature reporters; "I just predicted that it would happen!"

The culmination of the great amount of publicity which Irene received as a result of the accuracy of her prediction of the terrible blizzard was achieved when she accepted an invitation from Wally Phillips to have lunch with him at Fritzel's restaurant. When she arrived, Irene was pleased to see that her reporter friend from *Community Publications*, Pat Bartelt, was also there.

As Irene studied her menu, she was surprised to see a waiter approaching her bearing a huge snowball on an elegant silver platter. "Okay, Irene," Phillips told her in mock seriousness, "you ordered the snow, now eat it!"

## CHAPTER NINE: THE PROOF OF A PROPHETESS IS IN HER PREDICTIONS

Irene Hughes has achieved a world-wide reputation as a seeress who has successfully predicted national and international events. It is well known that she has conducted sittings for important figures in the fields of politics, law enforcement, entertainment, and high finance. It should be remembered, however, that Irene's Golden Path at 30 West Washington Street is open to the housewife, the small businessman, and the student, as well as the government official, the tycoon, and the celebrity.

A meticulous seeress, ever concerned about the matter of documenting personal as well as public predictions, Irene requests that everyone who comes to her for a reading send her a follow-up report detailing precisely how her prognostications have worked out in his life. Here are a few cases from the three filing cabinets full of such reports which I was allowed to examine in the process of researching this book.

### *Bravery and an Honor Foreseen in Vietnam*

"You told us that you saw the number '4' around our nephew in Vietnam and also something unusual and exciting happening to him. *So it did!* His platoon was pinned down by machine gun fire, and he alone maneuvered around behind it and threw a hand grenade in the machine gun bunker, saving a lot of boys who would have died.

"After this incident, he received a medal for bravery and was promoted to S/P 4. To add more details to your vision of the number '4,' he went into service on the fourth

of a month and he gets out on the fourth of a month. Besides that, he gets his R&R [Rest and Relaxation] in March which was four months from the time of the reading. So little wonder that '4' was strong around him. I'd consider the battle and his receiving the medal for bravery unusual and exciting, and your prophecy fulfilled.

"In November you told us that you definitely foresaw construction around us, and when we protested that we didn't understand, you insisted and said that you must allow your prediction to stand. . . . Here is what has developed. On January 3, a friend of ours invited Clarence to a meeting of a new corporation that was just forming. He was impressed and committed us to buying stock in the corporation, and on January 15, we presented our check and became stockholders. What do you suppose this corporation is involved in? Buying and selling land, especially sites for industrial building and constructing our own chain of motels. These are to be luxury type motels, but with competitive prices. We are incorporated under the name of ——— Inns of America, Inc. and we plan to develop our buildings, furnishings, and decor along the Roman motif. This is certainly construction as you foresaw."

### *An "Impossible" Job Change*

"I want to go on record with the following testimonial:

"In January, 1965, you predicted to me that my boss, Mr. S——, Vice President of ——— and General Manager of ———, would be leaving the network in the fall of 1967. You saw by November 1, 1967.

"I told Mr. S—— this and it was difficult for us to comprehend at this time, because Mr. S—— had been with the network for thirty years and had planned to stay with them until his retirement.

"However, on October 2, 1967, Mr. S—— and I left the network. Mr. S—— became President of ——— Corporation. When Mr. S—— left the network in 1967, he had been with them for 32 years."

## *Irene's Trusty Weather Eye*

"I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for your cooperation in consulting with us your most valuable ESP predictions.

"I may have started a letter to you about a month ago thus: With deadly accuracy, Irene Hughes called this office with a tornado warning in our area the next day. On this day at 4 P.M. a state police car observed a tornado about 1000 feet in the air and traveling east. Our radar also had the hook on our screen and located between Freeport and Cedarville, Illinois.

"With good fortune for our local area this particular tornado passed over our area without touching down; however, the town of Elk Grove Village, Illinois, some 60 miles east of us, did have damage on this day.

"As private weather observers, we have a duty to the people who depend on us for early weather warnings to evaluate all sources of weather information. At this point I wish to say that your weather predictions for 1967, to date, have been 100% correct.

"Your continued cooperation is of tremendous value to the persons living in the 7200 square miles that we serve. (Signed, George Ives, Jr. for the Rockford Radar Tracking Station, Division of Rockford Communications Company. Dated October 9, 1967.)

## *A Scoresheet of Impressive Hits*

"In August, 1966, you discussed the following with me:

"1. I had made a most important decision in April, 1966, after considerable debate with myself and considerable soul searching. It had something to do with the theater. That was absolutely true—I severed all connections with the theater group in which I had been resident director for 20 years.

"2. The name Rod kept coming to you, also Mexico City. Rod is the man who is replacing me on my job,



and the travel itinerary to Mexico was his first real project.

"3. You saw a wheelchair, many problems with walking, a hospital, health problems, long recovery period. In September, 1966, I was in London and was in a traffic accident. I broke the ankle on my 'not-so-good' foot, and I was in the hospital, spent weeks in a wheelchair, etc. It wasn't until mid-May 1967 that I was fully recovered.

"4. . . . You began to tell me things about my step-mother's first marriage and you told me considerable information about her sister and her sister's tragic life. The things you told me I had already known, but had never repeated to anyone because of their tragic nature.

"5. You mentioned the name Sally and you told me that water was connected with this name. At the time, this name had no meaning to me. However, several months later, I encountered a friend of some old friends. Her name is Sally and we had met once before very briefly. Sally told me that just the week before she had been in a very serious yachting accident and had spent several hours in the water before she had been rescued."

### *A Preview of Politics and an Award*

"I should have written you long ago pursuant to my visit with you last March. As it turns out, I have much more to tell you now.

"If you recall, you urged me to go into politics. . . . Your psychic reading was right on the button: Bill Scott, the Republican candidate for attorney general, has hired me as his campaign coordinator.

"If you recall, you also saw an award for me. The *Review* won first place in the nation for general excellence in June. I can hardly wait until your other comments develop. . . ."

(signed, Charles Loebbaka, Editor,  
*Evanston Review*)

## *A Forecast of a Coast-to-Coast Recognition*

"In June of 1965 you predicted our son's life was in danger. You predicted in August that he would receive a coast-to-coast recognition. And in December he would be honored by a news item congratulating him in his work as Coroner of ——— County.

"In July, our son did have a rather difficult time because of jealousy with the opponent he beat in the April election. It was cleared up as you predicted.

"On August 27 there was a plane crash in Lake Michigan which took the lives of 30 persons. Pat went without sleep for 48 hours and did receive coast-to-coast recognition. We heard from friends in California, Michigan, and Florida who said that they had seen Pat on television.

"In December there was a full page article . . . complimenting Pat on the wonderful work he had done during the plane accident. . . .

"Irene, your every prediction came true and we are very grateful and happy to have you for such a wonderful friend. The gift God has given you is most precious to us. You deserve world recognition.

"We also wish to sincerely thank you for your perfect predictions . . . for ——— who won his election for sheriff of ——— County in the June 14 election. It was a victory we hardly believed could happen, but your faith was welcomed and we thank you sincerely, graciously, and deem it a great pleasure to be your friend."

## *Keeping a Psychic Eye on Wall Street*

"I thought you might be interested in the enclosed *Wall Street Journal* chart which shows how the stock market plunged in February and May. You mentioned to me in November that it would go down in February, and then [in March] you stated that stocks would go down in May.

"I realize that I pressed you for answers to questions

regarding stocks [more than I should have]. However, I appreciated that you commented only when you felt a response to a question.

“You might like to know that you were quite accurate regarding specific stocks. . . . In March, when I mentioned Standard Kollsman, you said you felt great excitement. The stocks went from approximately 26 to 43 in a month. I then mentioned General Instruments and Raytheon, and you felt that they would be good. The former went from approximately 42 to 52 and the latter went from approximately 44 to 55. You said that General Dynamics would surprise me, and it did. I was pessimistic on it at 52, but it went over 60.

“On May 2, you stated that Teleprompter would go up. It went from 21 to 19, but considering the market decline, it has done well. You also stated then that you could see 29 for Nestle Le Mur. It has since dropped more than a point from  $8\frac{1}{4}$ . You felt that further developments were taking place at National Patent Development, and the stock went from 24 to over 40.

“I would like you to know that some things you told me were ‘out-of-this-world.’ In November, 1965, you saw me being sick in January. You said I would recover all right, that it would not be my heart, and that I would get sick around the time I was to return home from Florida. Since 1943, I have stayed out of hospitals, except as a visitor. We were scheduled to leave Sarasota, Florida, for home on January 14. However, I was hospitalized in Sarasota from 1-12-66 to 1-19-66.

“In March, you saw the name ‘Franklin.’ The next day, my daughter said that one of her friends might matriculate at Franklin College in Indiana. This was ‘right-out-of-the blue,’ as Franklin College was never mentioned around the house before.

“On May 2, you saw the name ‘Wendy.’ This name was never mentioned to you or to me, but the very next day, Marianne, my daughter, said that a friend of hers, Wendy W——, applied to go to Valparaiso. Marianne

also said that it would be a simpler choice for her to also decide on Valparaiso and then they could room together. Wendy suggested this on 5-3-66. Marianne has since applied for housing with a check deposit to room with Wendy. You will recall, that in March while Marianne was in doubt, you saw her deciding on Valparaiso.

"I hope you can use this letter as a testimonial. If you care to, you can use my name and I will verify."

(Signed, John Kunder, Jr. Excerpted from a letter dated May 19, 1966.)

### *A Vision of Two Partings*

"During a recent consultation with you, you suggested that I write to tell you, for research purposes, how some of the prophecies you made to me have worked out.

"There was amazing accuracy in your *timing* of events, which occurred just as you predicted.

"Most striking . . . was the working out of a prediction you made in September, 1966. At that time you asked me if I knew of an older woman who was ill, a woman perhaps in her sixties. I said, 'No, I know of no one who is ill.' You replied, 'I believe you will notice a change in an older woman very soon, if you have not noticed it yet, you will do so in a few weeks. This woman's health will deteriorate very fast.' After some meditation, you said, in a voice of compassion, 'I think April will be a very important month for her.'

"On April 5, 1967, my husband's stepmother died of leukemia. She was a strong, athletic woman of 67, and so apparently healthy that it didn't occur to me to think of her when you made the prediction. She had visited us a month before I saw you and she had complained that 'arthritis' was interfering a little with her golf game. She said, 'I must be getting old; I just don't have the pep I used to have.'

" . . . I have just thought of something that may be of interest to you. When I came into your office and sa

down for that interview . . . you asked me if you might hold some object of mine while you concentrated. I handed you a ring which my husband had given me as a birthday gift about twenty years ago. It happened that his stepmother had gone with my husband to select that ring. She had taken him to a friend who was a jeweler and she, no doubt, had been the one who selected the ring!

"During that same interview, you also said that I was in a turmoil about my marriage. You said it was really over. I was, in fact, planning to divorce my husband, and we separated in December. . . ."

### *Predicting a Clergyman's Moves*

(Dated March 2, 1966) "This is to certify the truth of several things that you said about me in advance of the actual events.

"1. In 1963 you said that I would be the minister of the ——— Congregational Church for seven years. At that time I was certain that this would never be so, but now I will be leaving this church just two months short of seven years.

"2. Early in the fall of 1965 you said you saw me taking a short trip north and a long trip southwest. In January 1966 we visited a church in Long Grove . . . to talk with the Pulpit Committee and later in the month, we took a long trip southwest to talk with the Pulpit Committee in Ventura, California.

"3. You said we would be moving southwest, which in fact we will do in April, 1966.

"4. You saw us living by water, and the town of Ventura is located right on the coast of the Pacific Ocean.

"We have considered it an honor to know you for the past three years, and we regret our separation from your company due to our move. . . ."

## *A Glimpse of a Future Death*

"When I visited your office in March, 1967, I brought a lady's gold signet ring and emerald green rosary. You indicated you got the impression of death from the rosary and described my father in exact detail. You mentioned October and number '5' which you indicated could be either five days or five weeks . . . he [her father] became very ill in October of this past year and was hospitalized on 10/11/68. He took a turn for the worse on 10/27/68, died 10/29/68, and was buried on 10/31/68 (these must have been the five days indicated!).

". . . Your description of the owners of the ring for the past 60 years and the events in their lives were indeed most accurate."

## *The Testimony of a Former Skeptic*

"My association with Irene Hughes began in the summer of '66 through an introduction by a mutual friend. Shortly thereafter, I arranged for a private reading with Mrs. Hughes.

"At that time my husband and I were considering an investment in a particular piece of urban real estate. . . . With this in mind, I was hoping that Mrs. Hughes . . . would be able to foretell events that would guide us in making a proper decision.

"She immediately picked up the problem of the real estate in question and she described the property and the surrounding area in such detail that she left no doubt in my mind that she was touching upon the property in question. After dwelling on the subject at some length and having answered that which was on my mind to my satisfaction, she surprised me by saying that I would never live there. This notion went against my personal conviction, as I had every intention of living there if the property were purchased. I had even retained an architect.

"But before I had had much time to dwell on the thought, Mrs. Hughes had gone on to other things. She began to speak of my personal life, and it was at this point that our rapport seemed to come to an end. As correct as she had been about the property and such, that was how wrong she seemed to be in her analysis and description of my personal life.

"She described my husband as being of dark complexion, as having dark hair with a little silver in it, as being of medium height, and as having a young son to whom he was especially devoted. My husband was fair complexioned with blond hair and had two grown daughters by a previous marriage. There was no son.

"Then she told me that I would soon be obtaining a divorce. I had never entertained the thought of divorce and did not envision such a move for the future. With my continued negative responses and time running short, the reading soon ended.

"When I related the experience of my reading to our mutual friend a few days later, I commented that although Mrs. Hughes was a totally lovely and charming person and had been very helpful and accurate regarding the property situation, she had missed completely when it had come to my private affairs. Nothing at all had seemed to fit.

"Little did I know at that time that I would have to eat my words some months later. Within six months of the time of my reading, my private life took a 180-degree turn, and though I never thought it was possible, a short time thereafter, I was contemplating divorce.

"In subsequent sittings, Mrs. Hughes predicted the date of my divorce and many of the various events that were to transpire over a period of the next year, both in my life and in my ex-husband's life. All of these things have come to pass exactly as she predicted, including my ex-husband's unexpected remarriage that took place under the most unusual circumstances.

"A short time after the divorce, I found myself engaged

to a man of dark complexion, dark hair (with silver), medium height, who had the most adorable seven-year-old son. How about that? At the time of my original reading with Mrs. Hughes, I did not even know of this man's existence.

"Although Mrs. Hughes had read for me 'formally' only once, with the passing of time, we formed a personal friendship and it has not been unusual for her to give me her impressions over a cup of coffee or during a personal telephone conversation if she feels it is pertinent. I have kept a written record of most of the predictions which she has made for me and of those she has made concerning those who are close to me.

"A few months after my sister's marriage, Mrs. Hughes was visiting in my home. We were having coffee in the livingroom, just talking girl-talk. All of a sudden she stopped in the middle of conversation and said, 'You know what? I see your sister with the most beautiful, big, blond, blue-eyed baby boy! And soon!' When I related the comment to my sister a day or so later, she assured me that there were no children in their plans at such an early date. Two months later her doctor informed her that one's plans could change. Guess what she had nine months later: a big, beautiful, blue-eyed, blond, nine-pound baby boy!

"The first week of June, 1969, Mrs. Hughes called and asked me to warn my fiancé to be most careful of his driving during the third week of the month, as she saw him in an automobile accident. She did not see him injured, but she did see a definite accident.

"On the night of July 18, he was returning home late from work and his car collided with another car. Both cars were severely damaged and had to be towed away. No one was hurt.

"During the length of our personal friendship, Mrs. Hughes has advised me and helped me with many things of a very personal nature, things that would not be ap-



appropriate to put down at this time. I have no doubt as to her psychic abilities. I hope that the few anecdotes I have related here will be of interest."

### *A Client's Detailed Analysis*

When W. M. visited Irene Hughes on April 10, 1967, he came prepared to take extensive notes. At Irene's request, he sent her a complete analysis, detailing exactly how her predictions had worked out in his life. Here is W.M.'s report:

<i>Irene's Prediction or Impression</i>	<i>Result</i>
1.) You are at a crossroads in your career. There is a desire for change.	Correct.
2.) There will be a change in residence.	Correct. Moved to Phoenix, Arizona on 8/1/67.
3.) 1963 was a sad time in your life.	Correct.
4.) Someone was quite ill in 1963.	No recollection.
5.) In 1962 you had a wonderful opportunity.	Correct.
6.) 1964-1965 were down years.	Correct.
7.) On October 5, 1966, you made a trip in connection with change of residence.	Correct.
8.) I feel a change for you right at hand.	Turned out correct.
9.) On March 10, 1967, you were involved in a legal situation.	Correct.
10.) Feel a hospital in connection with you in August, 1965.	Daughter in for operation.
11.) There is a man who is not well a little removed from you. Medium height, bright blue eyes.	Can't determine who.
12.) I see Masonic emblem around you.	I am a Mason.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| 13.) By November, 1967, the changes will be in effect and will be extremely good.                             | Change came about in August.            |
| 14.) See initials "E" & "L" in connection with deceased mother.   | Sister-in-law Eve.<br>Brother Lawrence. |
| 15.) December 1966 very distressing.  | Correct. Mother died.                   |
| 16.) I see furniture all around.  | Brother and I divided furniture.        |
| 17.) Did you have difficulty starting car two weeks ago?  | Yes!                                    |
| 18.) When change comes, it will last two and one-half years, then another change will occur—all for the good. | Remains to be seen.                     |
| 19.) Did your father limp a little?   | Yes.                                    |
| 20.) There is a man whose name begins with "W" who is rather influential in your life.                        | Can't determine who.                    |

### *A Gift of Healing*

"I want to thank you very much for your prayers, your positive thoughts, and your concern for my niece, Kathleen K——.

"In early August, doctors advised us that Kathleen had a very rare type of cancer of the lymph glands and that the outlook was very bad. You were kind enough to invite me to your Wednesday evening 'healing meeting' at which time you told me that you had prayed for Kathleen and you felt she would be healed.

"On the day before her surgery, doctors advised us that what they thought were 'massive tumors' were located near the aorta, and that they also were present in her abdominal area. After exploratory surgery, they said they would decide whether further surgery or Cobalt treatments would be the next step.

"Her parents told Kathleen of the seriousness of her

illness, which she accepted. Before going into surgery, she very calmly planned her own funeral—telling us she wanted to wear her senior prom dress and wanted pansies from the garden in her hands. When they wheeled her away, she was smiling, and she told us not to worry.

“After three hours’ wait, the surgeon walked over to my sister and her husband and said, ‘Mrs. K——, we have very good news for you. There is no evidence of cancer in Kathleen’s body.’ We were stunned and speechless and full of goose pimples. We went to the chapel and offered our thanks to the Divine Healer and to Irene Hughes. (The doctors removed nonmalignant nodules which evidently caused the blurs on the x-rays.)

“We will be ever grateful to you—for your help, your prayers, and your kindness to Kathleen!”

\* \* \* \* \*

“One morning, several years ago, I discovered a small, but freely moving lump in my right breast. I was in my gynecologist’s office that very afternoon. In spite of the quick action, I really wasn’t too concerned (I had heard that movable lumps were benign), until the doctor examined me and insisted that I have another medical opinion at once. He waited impatiently for me to dress, then, leaving his office full of patients, took me by the hand to a surgeon who had an office in the same building. I was scared now.

“This doctor confirmed the existence of the lump and noted its movability. The doctors decided to examine me again in two or three weeks before doing a biopsy. Had the lump been rigid, I would have been in the hospital within the hour. As it was, I had time to take a step on my own.

“I consulted you. You mentioned the lump in my right breast before I could tell you why I had wanted to see you.

“I asked for a spiritual healing, and you did laying

on of hands. You told me not to touch the lump for three days, at which time it would be diminished in size, so small that the doctors would find nothing.

“And that is exactly what happened. The doctor said that he couldn’t understand it; he said he couldn’t explain it. I thought about telling him about you, but decided it would be easier for him to accept no explanation at all than my explanation. And we were both grateful; the doctor for the unknown scientific law that brought this healing about, and I to the Holy Spirit and to you, Irene, who acted as the channel.

“As important as this healing was for me, I still think that the help you gave me with Marc was even more important.

“When I first met you, Marc was almost two and a half and he had spent much of that time having diarrhea. I truly feared for his very life. You prayed for him. Do you remember how I met you at a friend’s house and sat next to you and told you my problem? You asked for my son’s name and told me that you had helped others through prayer and that you wanted to try to help me.

“Marc is eight now, and I still wonder how to find words to express my gratitude. From that day to this, he never has been seriously troubled again. In fact, he has had only two minor bouts with diarrhea, and that is probably less than most children have in the normal course of growing up!”

## CHAPTER TEN: IRENE HUGHES AND THE OTHER SIDE

Mrs. L.S. told me that she first met Irene Hughes at a casual luncheon at the Drake Hotel in Chicago. "A mutual friend introduced us," she remembers, "and it proved to be one of the most memorable experiences in my life."

At what was to have been a light and informal luncheon, Irene Hughes provided Mrs. L.S. with the remarkable evidence of a dear friend's survival.

Irene was already seated at the table when Mrs. L.S. and Miss M. entered the dining room. "Upon reaching the table," Mrs. L.S. said, "Miss M., a long-time friend of Mrs. Hughes, greeted her warmly, but Mrs. Hughes, whose eyes never left me, acknowledged neither the greeting nor Miss M.'s attempted introduction of me."

According to Mrs. L.S., Irene addressed her in a very controlled voice and said: "There is another woman with you. She has been with you since you entered the room and she is very anxious to make her presence known to you."

At this point, Irene proceeded to describe in vivid details the physical attributes of the "woman" whom she saw standing at the side of Mrs. L.S. "This woman has been gone a very short time," Irene said. "She has been gone for about four to six weeks. Her name begins with an L.' Yes, she is saying, 'Laura.' She is holding a short strand of pearls in her hands for you to see."

Mrs. L.S. was astonished that Irene had described in exacting detail, "as accurately as a camera records its

subject," the physical characteristics of a dear, "though not exceptionally close" friend named Laura, who had died just five weeks before. "Laura was completely recognizable to me in every detail of Mrs. Hughes' description except for the string of pearls which she saw Laura holding out to me," Mrs. L.S. remarked. "Having been a rather tall, angular, and strictly tailored woman, Laura had favored, and had worn beautifully, only large, heavy silver and costume pieces, which were more suited to her physical appearance and her personality."

Irene went on to speak of Laura's deep concern and anxiety over a young boy whose name began with a "B." Mrs. L.S. knew that, at the time of her death, Laura had left a teen-aged son named Bobby. Since she had been widowed eight years before, her own passing left Bobby orphaned.

"But throughout the luncheon, Mrs. Hughes repeatedly mentioned the string of pearls which she saw Laura holding up to me," Mrs. L.S. said. "Finally she asked me, 'I knew what jewelry, if any, had been placed on Laura at the time of her burial.'"

The only person who could answer such a question, and it had been a closed casket funeral, was away at the time and would not return for two weeks. Mrs. L.S., haunted by Irene's apparent glimpses of Laura, waited impatiently for the woman's vacation to end. When the vacationing woman did return, Mrs. L.S. had the answer to the mystery of the string of pearls.

"This woman had been a very close friend of Laura's," Mrs. L.S. told me, "and she had been asked by the funeral director to furnish him with the necessary effects from Laura's wardrobe. She chose, instead, a shroud from the funeral home, rather than one of Laura's own dresses. In going through Laura's bureau drawers, she came upon a small jewelry box. In this box she found a lovely, short single-strand of pearls that had belonged to Laura's mother. Laura had never worn the pearls, but her friend knew that she had treasured them as a keepsake to her

mother's memory. She decided that the pearls should be placed on Laura and that she should be buried with them."

Although Irene Hughes does not specialize in spiritistic mediumship or in relaying messages from the "other side," her glimpses of the world unseen have been many. Mrs. Betty Mahoney was on hand on another occasion when Irene offered personal proof that a loved one had survived the death experience.

In Mrs. Mahoney's own words:

"While dining at the home of Colonel and Mrs. G——, Irene Hughes graciously consented to give her impressions and demonstrate psychometry for the benefit of her host, hostess, and guests. On an impulse, I handed her a watch I was wearing with no explanation concerning the timepiece, which was quite old. Irene immediately perceived that I had not had it for a long while and that the person to whom it originally belonged was now dead. She then stated that she could see this lady moving toward an old-fashioned clock on a mantel. This was an astonishing observation since the 'lady' she saw was a most beloved aunt of my husband's, who had given us just such a clock which had originally belonged to her father, my husband's grandfather. It was the only thing my husband had ever indicated he wanted from our aunt and it had been a source of conversation and jokes between the two of them for years.

"Irene gave more impressions, all of which were correct and then sat silent for a few minutes. She broke her silence by saying in a puzzled tone, 'I don't understand this at all, but I'm told by your aunt that this is meant only for you and John, Betty. She [the aunt] says, 'Don't worry about my hair.'

"With tears in my eyes for such an evidential message, I explained to Irene. Our aunt, who had been a lifelong friend as well as relative, had recently died after a long illness. She had always been a beautiful woman with un-

usually lovely hair, which I had openly envied. During the last stages of her illness, she was given treatment which caused most of her hair to fall out. She also became so thin and old-looking as to be virtually unrecognizable. Since she spent her last months with my husband's mother, we had not seen her in this condition. When she died, my husband and I felt strongly that her casket should remain closed, but the rest of the family seemed to feel that this would be some sort of reflection upon our dearly loved aunt, as though we were ashamed of her.

"We respected their wishes, but we had felt sad about the last impression her friends had of her, *especially concerning her lack of hair.*"

Mrs. E.M.L. considers Irene's gift of seership as providing her with "the key to the door which has been opened for me in my search for assurance of the continuing spiritual life of my husband."

According to Mrs. E.M.L.: "Last Tuesday night I cleaned off all the clutter from the top of his chest of drawers, leaving only the lamp and the box of tissues. I thought to myself that Jim would be pleased, because he had always disliked for me to put my things on *his* chest. The following morning, driving to work, the thought came through strongly to me that I must put his penknife away in a special box of treasures to give to a grandson who would cherish it and appreciate it. I had kept the knife in a drawer of my dresser where sometimes I would pick it up and hold it, remembering how he had used it for forty years. I never opened the blades, though, and I never used it.

"That night when I came home, I went into the bedroom, turned on the lamp, and, sitting on his chest of drawers beside the lamp was his pen knife with the large blade open. I stared unbelievably, completely shaken. I have thought this through, going over every possible, rational explanation. There is none. This is just the kind of



thing he would do to tell me in his humorous, quiet way not to worry, that all is well."

In May of 1968, Irene was invited by members of the Illinois Pioneer Heritage center of Monticello, Illinois, to spend the night in the allegedly haunted Voorhies "castle." The eerie Victorian mansion had stood deserted for fifty-four years. The furniture and personal effects stand just as Nels Larson left it when he found his wife dead on the kitchen floor.

According to the collective legend which has grown up around the place, the ton-and-a-half bell in the barn's clock-tower struck thirteen when Nels died in 1923 (several folk claim that it has tolled since without being wound), a flower vase began revolving at the head of Larson's casket and continued turning until it had worn a hole in the carpeting, and the figure of a woman in a long, light-colored dress has appeared at an east tower window. When members of the historical center actually discovered the secret room that had long been held to be fantasy, they also discovered a number of additional eerie items that they could not easily explain. Dean Gordon, executive director, and Dorothea Russell, a staff member, asked Mrs. Hughes if she would join them in an attempt to learn whether or not the Voorhies castle really was haunted. They chose the anniversary of Nels Larson's death for the date of the all-night seance.

Irene Hughes arrived with reporter Pat Krochmal of *Chicago's American Magazine* just before dusk. They were informed that there would be little light after dark. The mansion's carbide gas lighting system no longer worked, and there was no electricity in the house.

In the May 19, 1968, issue of the *Magazine*, Pat Krochmal described their first impression of the interior of Voorhies castle: "A damp, musty odor filtered thru the air as the back door opened and daylight spread into a dim hi-ceilinged kitchen. Peels of gold paper drooped from the walls, pieces of tattered shades clung to the windows,

a cupboard stacked with small dishes and cups stood at one side."

As the historians and the reporter followed their sensitive into the reception room at the front of the house, they all detected the faint fragrance of violets or jasmine on the air. Irene asked who was wearing perfume. Everyone pleaded innocent, but Gordon and Mrs. Russell later admitted that they had detected the fragrance on earlier visits to the house. The scent had come to them in various sections of the castle, but each time they had been unable to determine any source for the odor.

The ghost hunters went on to explore the sewing room, bathroom, east parlor, west parlor, and the basement with its two one-thousand-gallon water cisterns and its vast coal storage area. As they were preparing to leave for dinner, the heavy floral fragrance returned, then, as once noticed it could fade again into the ether, it disappeared.

When the group returned after nightfall, the psychically lighted two candles and placed them before her on the reception room floor. Among the fifteen people who had surrounded her in a tight circle were grandmothers, college students, businessmen, and farmers. Each person there had come to see if Irene Hughes could really contact some supernatural element that lingered in the grim old mansion.

Irene closed her eyes, leaned back in the flickering candle light. "I see two women lived in this house," she murmured. "There were two children here, and there was talk of another, possibly adopted. There was a son named James or George at another place nearby. And Larson had a special use for the land . . . for a special type of house—an institution or a hospital. And there is some place kind of secret . . . a living quarters, more than ordinary story."

Later, Gordon and Mrs. Russell verified that Mrs. Ne Larson and her daughter Ellen were the two women who lived in the house. Larson's son George had moved into another

house on the property when he married. Old records and papers indicated that Nels Larson did indeed have plans of erecting an orphanage on his land, but he never fulfilled them. And, of course, they had already found the secret room—a windowless chamber that could only be reached by crawling through a 12-by-18 inch opening in the ceiling of a second-floor bedroom, walking across the attic to a two and one-half by three foot opening in the floor, then dropping to a platform ten feet below. It was so secret that no evidence of it could be detected on either the outside or the inside of the house, and since its discovery, no one had ever been able to guess why it had been built.

“And I feel that Larson was angry when his wife died,” Irene continued, “but he was not angry at her. It seems he didn’t find her dead as it has been said, but he was actually here when she died. It . . . It’s as though an argument had ensued earlier. Did she choke to death?”

The question had scarcely been released from Irene’s lips when a muffled thump sounded suddenly from the room directly above the circle.

The sound of footsteps could be heard starting, stopping, moving along the upstairs hall.

Journalist Krochmal tells us: “The people stared toward the ceiling, then at each other. Some cowered against the walls.”

Irene sat cross-legged on the floor, her eyes closed, softly relating details concerning the Larson family’s life in the huge mansion. She emphasized how much Mrs. Larson had hated the house.

“Something was being dragged across the floor above,” reads the account in *Chicago’s American Magazine*. “Something fell and rolled. And then something began to scratch at the walls, until, growing louder and louder, it dropped down suddenly into the reception room near the circle of mystified people.

“At first it was at one side of the room, then at another. It lessened, calmed, then grew frantic near the hole

in the rug said to have been made by the vase of funeral flowers. Muffled knocking began thru several parts of the house.

"The room became colder and colder. Though a space heater provided for the night burned nearby, the temperature decreased as the medium's candles dwindled."

Irene seemed oblivious to the racketing manifestation resounding throughout the room.

"I see a tombstone . . . a man . . . a great 'W' that starts his name. I see a square pit as if cans of milk were put down there. If there's any excavation done, I feel you will find a body at the bottom of the pit."

The eerie noises diminished in volume and intensity for several moments; then they began with renewed earnest once again in the room above the circle. With flashlight in hand and another member of the group at her side, Pat Krochmal walked quietly up the stairs in an attempt to discover the cause of the thumping, bumping, and scratching.

"There was nothing on the floor that could make a dragging sound. Nothing that had dropped, or rolled. Nothing that hadn't been there during a flashlight inspection immediately before the seance. And another search with several volunteers a few hours later produced nothing. Yet the sounds continued."

Irene extinguished the candles, buried her head in her arms, and continued to tell stories about the old house's inhabitants. Some of the tales could be verified by those who had researched the Larson's history, others could not.

"Then as suddenly as the sounds began, they stopped. The house again stood still. And the dank, musty odor again hung heavy in the air."

What strange thing might inhabit Voorhies castle? The restless spirit of one of the Larsons—Old Nels who died with his plans for Christian charity unfulfilled . . . his wife who died hating the mansion and maybe choking to death

within its walls? Or is it some primitive, elemental force not yet within the framework of our understanding?

The story is told that Nels Larson himself burned the other home on the farm to the ground after he could not rid it of a terrible scratching and thumping noise that one night long ago caused the family to flee the house in panic. Perhaps when Nels Larson died in 1923 and was no longer present to hold the thing at bay, some dark, unloved, unfathomed entity moved into Voorhies mansion to take full possession.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN: A REPORTER SEARCHES FOR A KEY TO THE BEYOND

On November 11, 1969, a reporter from one of Chicago's daily newspapers came to Irene with a dual purpose in mind: She wished to determine by personal experience and investigation whether or not psychics could pick up impressions indicative of survival beyond physical death and she wished to gather material for an article on mediumship. Irene asked a mutual friend, Mrs. Rosemarie Stewart, and I if we would care to sit in on the session and join her for a snack afterward. Later, I was happy that I had thought to bring my tape recorder, for the session was most rich in producing evidential statements for the reporter and in providing a deeper insight into the modus operandi of the working psychic. Here, only slightly edited, is a transcript of that evening's session. It should be pointed out that Irene and the reporter had had a private session of approximately one half-hour before Mrs. Stewart and I arrived.

*Reporter:* Do other psychics have abilities similar to yours, Mrs. Hughes?

*Mrs. Hughes:* Some are better at reading the past than reading the future.

*Steiger:* I would say just from watching you at work, that time, as I know it, does not really exist for you, because I've seen you jump backward and forward in the present all at the same time for the same person. I think that this is one of the keys to psychical research—a definition of Time. Time must be looked upon as another dimension, which someone like Irene can step into through some as yet little understood process.

*Mrs. Stewart:* I think so often it's hard to tie down the exact time when something in the future is coming, unless there is a clue given in it.

*Mrs. Hughes:* Yes, and I think that I'm reasonably good on time, except I notice that sometimes I miss by one year, and it does come out then in a year. Now, this does not mean that I'm one hundred percent, please, never! What I mean is, for example, if I said July 18 and I meant this year and it didn't happen on July 18 of this year, it would probably happen next year right around that time. This is something that I cannot control. It could be that I didn't pick it up exactly as it seemed to be given to me.

*Steiger:* At the beginning of summer you told me that Ho Chi Minh would die in the last week of August, and I believe he died the first week in September. That's hitting it pretty close. Then of course, with the Edward Kennedy thing you were right on it.

*Mrs. Stewart:* There was another situation . . . this past summer, and Irene says she missed it . . . but I was with her when the event occurred, and I would like to tell it.

Irene had said when she had been asked what predictions she had to make about the moon landing, that she was very sorry, but she did not see them walking on the moon. She saw the module set down, but as it touched the surface of the moon, she saw nothing else. "I just don't

see anything after that," she said. "I just don't think they're going to make it." Now that statement, "I don't think they're going to make it," is just an opinion, it's not a part of what she said. I was with her the night they landed. . . .

But the first words that they said—there was, if you will recall, a cutout of communication—and the first words spoken: "We're breathing again. Thank you from two blue guys."

*Steiger:* So there was difficulty in breathing. There was a shut off of the oxygen and communications.

*Stewart:* And all she could say was, "Oh, I'm so glad it was a miss," and I said I don't think it was a miss.

*Steiger:* She had seen up to the blacking out and that something was going wrong and her own sensitivity shut it off, because she thought they were dying. They *were* dying. But I think her psychism, because this is the type of sensitivity she has, shut it off. So that she actually hit, but she was relieved that what she had interpreted at the time was incorrect.

The significant thing about Irene's predictions is that they are not after the fact. Anyone can make predictions after the fact. They can say, "oh, I had a dream about that," but Irene has a weekly column, and she prints her predictions in advance throughout the year. Each year I do an analysis of the many seers and how they scored during the year. When I do Irene's, she's got it all there. Dates, newspaper clippings, she is that fussy about her own psychism, which is fine, because that means she is her own worst critic.

*Reporter:* Where do you have your predictions published?

*Irene:* In *Community Publications*, 4906 West Chicago Avenue. They own twenty-eight other papers.

Do you have something that belonged to your husband in your purse? May I hold it? I keep seeing that face I mentioned to you. When I close my eyes I see something else.

*Reporter:* I have a picture of him, if that would help.

*Irene:* That would be fine. That's the way his hair was, except this shows a little bit more.

*Reporter:* He did have a very strong widow's peak and the hair at the very bottom was lighter, so it didn't show so well.

*Irene:* And light, as I indicated, around the edges. It did show more here so it looked like his hair went around.

When I closed my eyes, I opened them again because I saw a high rock and my first thought was that there were brilliant red flowers around it but then all I could see was blood running all over the place and I didn't want to look. Outdoors and a rock, and it looked like it was rocky and mountainous and I could see what looked like red bushes and flowers that burst in the wind blowing them, and then as I looked in closer, I could actually see blood on stones. This could have happened to someone else in his life. Anything about him or anyone in his life can come and that might be the way that he, directly, can come to us. And that's what I saw. And I had the feeling that it was kind of a tragedy to that other person. I could see him—this person—almost as though he were in a hospital bed. But who was Jeanie? It was like he was naming you, but calling you Jeanie. Did he ever call you Jeanie?

*Reporter:* No.

*Irene:* But I get the name of Jeanie. Could it be Chaney, instead of Jeanie? It sounded more like a pet name than a real name.

*Reporter:* No. It doesn't ring a bell. I find that the past has begun to really recede in my memory, though. I suppose because of the negative feelings that were associated with it.

*Steiger:* Irene has permitted me to go through her files for the book and there are many interesting cases wherein she's given a reading and the clients have said that they walked away denying, or not associating, and then they



later write to say how remarkably accurate she was after they had time to reflect and remember.

*Reporter:* I think it takes a while sometimes to make an association.

*Irene:* He was very much disturbed with an internal disease, and it was the early part of last year that it began to show very much—in '68.

*Reporter:* Yes, that's right.

*Irene:* Was it around August?

*Reporter:* Yes.

*Irene:* It feels like it was something like cancer. Is this right?

*Reporter:* Yes, it was cancer.

*Irene:* Because I can begin to feel it in me (touching her abdomen).

*Reporter:* Yes, that's where it was.

*Irene:* Was it in here?

*Reporter:* Yes, in the lower abdomen.

*Irene:* I could feel it going toward the heart, and I was feeling like I was suffocating.

*Reporter:* Yes, he suffocated at the end.

*Irene:* Now, this is very strange, but when I saw him in the hospital, it looked like his head was bandaged. Was there any hemorrhage or something like this that happened, too?

*Reporter:* I don't remember about the hemorrhage, but it had gone up the back of his head.

*Irene:* But it still feels like there was an earlier tragedy. Remember when I talked about an Air Force officer's cap? Well, when I close my eyes, it feels like a little fire, little flames just coming up. And then over here I see blood over a rock. Blood just pouring over a rock.

*Reporter:* He did have a very close school friend who died in an accident on the highway. And he was very shocked by that. He couldn't believe that could happen to him, too.

*Irene:* I heard K-e-n. Did you understand that?

*Reporter:* No.

*Irene:* K-e-n. Ken. Not your husband's name, but when I touch it I hear Ken. Could you write the name down and think about it? Not your husband's name. Just like an acting out the Morse code. K-E-N.

*Steiger:* Initials?

*Irene:* This happened in June, 1967. Or a little bit earlier than that. Maybe around April, the end of April . . . or June. Was he jubilant over a promotion, or some change in responsibility that was like a promotion?

*Reporter:* Yes, I believe so. I cannot place the date it happened.

*Irene:* I saw him as about five feet nine or ten.

*Reporter:* Five-eleven or so.

*Irene:* Right around there. I was looking at a Herringbone tweed suit. It was sort of gray with the little lines in it, and as though he was very jubilant about some change in responsibility. Like a promotion, I'm giving that date.

*Reporter:* I am trying to think of the date. I think it was around that time.

*Irene:* I think he was very troubled, you know, the year before and the last part of the year. Very troubled and perhaps seeking to make a change. Was he very troubled around that time?

*Reporter:* Ah. . . .

*Irene:* Was there a trip to England between '61 and '63?

*Reporter:* No.

*Irene:* Was there some communication to England that spoke of a trip?

*Reporter:* Yes, I really wanted to go to England in 1963.

*Stewart:* She has explained that what she is doing is psychometry.

*Reporter:* What is that?

*Steiger:* Object reading, which is a type of clairvoyance.

*Reporter:* Can you do this with an object that belongs to a person?

*Stewart:* Yes.

*Steiger:* We don't really know whether the object actually absorbs vibrations from an individual, or if Irene is using that object as a focal point for her own psychic ability. Irene doesn't use a crystal ball, but she may be using this object as the same type of mechanism.

*Irene:* When I close my eyes I do see things in vivid colors. I was going through a room in your house. It seemed to me I was looking up your stairs, but there was a lot of vacant space up there. I had a feeling the rug might have been pale green; it is sort of green, right?

*Reporter:* The last house we lived in we had a green rug.

*Irene:* It was almost like a gray, you know, pale green. When I passed by something on my right, it looked as if it were a deeper green. A chair or couch, but I felt like I was going through very fast. The rug seemed more gray than it did green. But it was funny, too, I saw him with a sword in his hand; you know, as if he were talking about a sword, an unusual sword. He may never have done that, and yet he may have had a sword collection, or just a single sword. Do you know such an item that belonged to someone?

*Steiger:* What was his work?

*Reporter:* He was an agronomist. Animal nutrition.

*Irene:* His father died very suddenly, didn't he?

*Reporter:* This I don't know, because he was an adopted child.

*Irene:* I feel . . . do you have relatives in Pennsylvania?

*Reporter:* Yes, I have relatives in Pennsylvania.

*Irene:* Okay, I am seeing him. Let us say this applies to your life, too. You have touched this picture. Your vibrations are all over it.

*Reporter:* That is true.

*Irene:* Montclair, New Jersey, also. Very clearly.

*Reporter:* That I don't know about.

*Irene:* I hear Montclair, New Jersey. Did you know all of his friends?

*Reporter:* No. This was quite impossible because of his work.

*Steiger:* We conducted an experiment not long ago where Irene psychometrized objects from a home 300 miles from here. She not only zeroed in and described the home, but she described the people who had been keeping the objects and then she went on to their grandparents and did the complete family tree. The man who had brought the objects was able to verify most of the information Irene brought forward.

*Irene:* Did your husband smoke a pipe?

*Reporter:* No, he didn't smoke anything.

*Irene:* But I see a pipe. Is there a pipe that he kept but didn't smoke?

*Reporter:* No.

*Irene:* Oh, I see a pipe!

*Reporter:* His boss smoked a pipe.

*Irene:* Did he make comments about the pipe then?

*Reporter:* I think we both did!

*Irene:* When I look at this picture, I see little wrinkles around his mouth.

*Reporter:* Yes, very fine wrinkles.

*Irene:* It is very strange, but when he walked did he stand like this sometimes? Was he rather bent for a while?

*Reporter:* Especially towards the end.

*Irene:* Also, when I touch this, I felt like I am going down the lane where horses go. I want to go to a house that is way, way back, it may have been a place where you have visited. You go down the lane a long ways and there is a house.

*Reporter:* That sounds like the place where he worked. The laboratories were in this place.

*Irene:* Were there horses?

*Reporter:* Yes, there was some livestock.

*Irene:* It seemed to me as if I saw a falling Christmas tree. It was as if a Christmas tree kept falling over.

*Reporter:* Yes, that's true.

*Irene:* It was funny, it looked like every time it was put

up, it would fall over again. Then I saw a watch, Brad, can I see yours? It looked to me as if it was bigger. Like a watch you would wear underwater.

*Reporter:* His hobby was scuba diving.

*Irene:* I see a beach with cactus on it.

*Reporter:* That's his parent's beach house in Mexico.

*Irene:* Did your daughter lisp?

*Reporter:* Yes.

*Irene:* It was as if you were discussing it with him, as though this might be a problem. He was concerned, but it didn't turn out to be a problem, did it?

*Reporter:* No.

*Steiger:* It is interesting how the inconsequential things come up that may be more convincing than the big, dramatic things. Or equally convincing.

*Irene:* You know, when I look at you and touch this I see your hair short, rather than long as it is now.

*Reporter:* It was very short.

*Irene:* The bottom of your ear showed.

*Reporter:* Yes, that's right.

*Irene:* But it looked as if it were a different color? It seemed to me as if it were more blond, a lighter, different shade of blond. More yellow, sun bleached.

*Reporter:* It was quite sun bleached when short.

*Irene:* Did he criticize an art piece of yours?

*Reporter:* (Laughs) Yes.

*Irene:* It looked like a piece he was showing you should have been done this way, like it was wrong.

*Reporter:* Yes, there was one particular painting that we used to always fight over. It was my painting.

*Steiger:* Irene, you don't ever go into what we call complete trance. Sometimes it is very light.

*Irene:* It is very light. As you can see, I am fighting it tonight. I feel that I am going to feel that cancer so badly that my stomach is hurting.

*Steiger:* When she is in this particular state, time and space do certainly not exist as we know it. Time is an eternal now. Space is an everlasting here, I suppose.

*Irene:* What I should have done was to mention that you bring something that belonged to him. This photograph has your vibrations, too. All the time I see that little girl that I told you about.

*Reporter:* She was very devoted to him.

*Irene:* One may say that any little girl meets her father at the door, but that seems to have been a sort of a ritual at your house.

*Reporter:* Yes, it was.

*Irene:* Isn't it funny how that little dark boy came in, too.

*Reporter:* That was the friend that was always there. Very dark.

*Irene:* I saw something that looked like either a gold owl or a statue of an owl or an animal.

*Reporter:* Yes, I had a collection of cats.

*Irene:* Also, I thought that I saw a gold or brass horse, a statue of a horse.

*Reporter:* I've had some statues of horses.

*Irene:* Did he carve something? It looked to me like a table, which is something I couldn't really visualize him doing, yet it looked like a table he carved.

*Reporter:* He made me a desk.

*Steiger:* A desk has a table top.

*Stewart:* I would guess that Irene feels a great many psychic auras from seeing so many people every day. There are places where psychics say, "This is a good atmosphere" or "It's very strong here." At my home one evening, Brad was there and his wife, along with Irene and some others, and we were getting ready to break up the sessions, but there had evidently been a lot of psychic energy gathered, because a glass jumped up, turned over, hesitated a moment, then fell and almost got Brad's wife.

*Steiger:* She kept saying, "I wasn't near it; I wasn't near near it." My wife is a very fastidious person, and for her to overturn a glass would be the epitome of social degradation. Irene's husband said, "No, she wasn't near it."

Then there was that night in the restaurant with the French fries. . . .

*Irene:* And my bread kept jumping off of my plate. It would not stay on. And then I walked over to the cash register to retreat and the money jumped off of the cash register onto the floor and the cashier really got scared.

*Steiger:* It's like a little vortex sets up around her, and it builds up and there's no direction to it.

*Stewart:* But it's evidently when attuned people have been together before, then it builds up faster, right?

*Irene:* I really don't know.

*Steiger:* Once at a restaurant, we were holding a serious discussion and there were serious-minded people here, but a French fry flew across the room and hit a waiter.

*Stewart:* And we couldn't tell whose plate it came from, because it went so fast.

*Steiger:* The waiter just looked around and picked it up.

*Reporter:* When you get up in the morning and your mind is fresh and cleared, do you find that your psychic powers are greater at that hour of the morning than they are later into the evening, when you've been through a whole day of business and office work and your mind is cluttered. . . .

*Irene:* I think that it really depends. Like tonight I'm really fighting it a little bit, because I feel pain through my stomach. In the mornings I have meditation, and quite often, international things are revealed to me in the early morning. For example, Martin Luther King. I had that written down in a book of predictions and a radio station commentator asked me to make some predictions. I was holding that book in my hands, showing him the predictions, and he said "Oh, look at this, she has that. . . ." And I put my hand over the name, and he said "a man who is an international leader will die in April of 1968." I held my hand over the name, even though Martin Luther King was written out. And I told him later, "Don't ever do

that because it would be very bad and I'd never want it to go over the air." He said, "But I've seen it and I know you have it." I told him, "Fine, you're a witness."

*Reporter:* What about the war?

*Irene:* You know, I am really pleased about my prediction on the Vietnam war, because four years ago I published a prediction that, in 1969, many men would come home from Vietnam, and that when '69 was over, the war for us would be over, even though negotiations would go on for three or four months after this. And I feel it and I know it.

*Reporter:* You think in these next few months. . . .

*Irene:* Yes, but I feel that we'll have to use force, and right now there's a build-up over there. I feel that Nixon and others are entering a very critical period, and I do feel that we will have an assassination in 1970. And I'm afraid I may miss it by a month, like it may be June, but we will have an assassination in May or June.

*Steiger:* Of a high-level official?

*Irene:* Of a national figure, and this I've already predicted over the radio and television.

*Reporter:* Will he be American?

*Irene:* Yes, he will be.

*Reporter:* Do you know who it is and you're not telling us?

*Irene:* I have a sneaking suspicion, a growing awareness. Russia is in grave problems, too. She's not admitting it, but that will come out, too, in 1970. Poor Italy. I think Italy is really going to be in a state of starvation. I feel that they are going to have a terrible famine there in the next two years. The whole world is going to be so messed up. And I felt that Madame Ghandi was really going to lose out, and now it looks like she is. And this Middle East situation. It is really going to be a sea of blood.

I can show predictions of mine that were published in 1966 that said the Middle East would explode. I also said Russia was going into Czechoslovakia, but nobody paid any attention to me, and I kept yelling, "Watch Russia



and the Mediterranean!" And they're arming another country in the Middle East. You know, I treat my column like I'm yelling at people, because I repeat things over and over.

*Reporter:* Do you think our studies of ESP will actually bring it to a point where we'll be able to help people with it?

*Irene:* Well, I think that we already do help people with it. We give them guidance. . . .

*Reporter:* Yes, of course.

*Irene:* They may be on the wrong life course, and we can point out to them at a given point that they will change, and that really their field is another. I think the original reason for prophecy was to enlighten and to bring comfort. And that's what it's used for—for knowledge. Getting back to your husband, is March very important in his life, or April?

*Reporter:* Yes. His birthday was in March.

*Irene:* His eyes stare right at me. I also have the feeling September. . . .

*Reporter:* September's important, too. He was operated on in March, and he died the following September.

*Stewart:* I'd like to make something else clear. Some sensitives can tune in on some people better than others and some people they just can't get. Others they can get very clear. But I don't find this with Irene. It seems that anyone who comes in, she tunes in and she's there.

*Irene:* The figures are going 6, 8, 9, and I have the feeling it was like a wedding anniversary. Were you married nine years?

*Reporter:* No, we were married six years.

*Steiger:* What month?

*Reporter:* January.

*Irene:* The figures were 6, 8, 9, and they were just dancing around. Were you contemplating a change in your own work? Just trying to decide whether you should change or not?

*Reporter:* Not exactly. I've been in a rather confused personal state as to where I want to go, but I haven't contemplated changing my job.

*Irene:* Is there some new responsibility that you're planning to take on?

*Reporter:* Yes, more free-lance work.

*Irene:* Is there a trip to California in back of it?

*Reporter:* There was.

*Irene:* It looked like it was almost out there and back, like on the same day?

*Reporter:* Yes, it was hurried, only a matter of days. Can you see me staying in Chicago for a long time?

*Irene:* I don't think so. But I feel it wouldn't be West but East.

*Reporter:* You think it would be East.

*Irene:* Yes, I think it would be East first. Did your husband have a very dear friend whose name was Carl?

*Reporter:* Yes, he did. What about my personal life? Do you think that will get straightened out?

*Irene:* Forgive me for saying this so soon after all this, but I feel there is going to be another marriage, rather quickly.

*Reporter:* You really think so?

*Irene:* Yes.

*Reporter:* Well, I had more or less decided that I didn't want to get married again.

*Irene:* Well, I guess I might say that's too bad. Because that's what I feel.

*Reporter:* What about my health?

*Irene:* I do feel that your problem has been more emotional, and I don't think they found anything physical. Maybe they told you to take some more iron.

*Reporter:* Yes, they did. I think it is true; it's due to emotional drain. . . .

*Stewart:* You see how ridiculous it is for Irene to go to the parapsychologists and guess cards and dice.

*Irene:* Maybe I can't read them one hundred percent. I don't want to be bothered with mechanical things.

*Steiger:* Cards don't have emotions.

## CHAPTER TWELVE: IRENE HUGHES' PREDICTIONS FOR 1970 AND BEYOND

Within each of us is a deep desire for a type of peace for ourselves and for the rest of the world, but each of us goes about it in a different way. Some express their desire for peace in violent actions, while others express it in the deepest and highest ways of prayer, meditation and positive thought.

Man will have to face, according to the revelations of mystics and astrologers, major crises within the next five years that are devastating to behold, but the bright light of knowing in advance, being able to prepare, and gaining a greater knowledge of man will see us through to a greater and more peaceful and productive world! Cheer up! We are here to stay for a very long time yet!

England's type of government will be changing greatly during the next twenty to twenty-five years, and somewhere between 1975 and 1985 that nation will revert to the deeply entrenched love of pomp and splendor and the majesty of kings and queens it has enjoyed in the past—but only after major changes in the monarchical type of government now in power there. This change will bring back the Elizabethan era of dress in party-going, party-giving and festivities at Court. This will be an age of discovery, of great painters and musicians and singers. This will be an age that will revitalize the deeper appreciation of an evening at the opera or the theater.

As predicted two years ago, railroads will come into their own again beginning late this year and especially in 1971. Look for unusual "vacation packages" offered by a number of railroads beginning in late 1969 and continuing for the next five years.

These "vacation packages" will not only put emphasis on summer vacation sites, but will go to great lengths to point out the "ethereal" beauty of Winter Wonderlands. Also, with such severe earth changes coming about in the next five to ten years, I predict certain railroads will even offer "specials" to see those unbelievable happenings!

Smaller cars are coming into focus in a big way. They will emphasize safety factors, but will be luxurious and lovely without looking "over-built."

I have predicted there will be "his and hers" cars in this small group with a special built-in beauty bar in connection with the old-fashioned glove compartment. Madame will enjoy trays for makeup and even a special light to aid in the application of makeup.

Also, it is my psychic impression that automobile upholstery will receive many glances of approval, because it will be more colorful with pinks and pale greens and electric blues coming into use, rather than dark browns, blue-blacks and other dull and unstylish colors.

"Be reincarnated now" will sound unearthly, but will be commonplace in the soft drink field, for numerous tasty drinks will be coming out with names and slogans upon transcendental concepts and themes.

It is also my impression that other soft drinks will emphasize beneath-the-sea names, and many flavors utilizing basic fruit flavors will come out with astonishing and delicious new tastes. Imaginative labels will also be used. Success in this particular field for certain. Watch that stock soar!

"Under earth" or "from the bosom of the earth" minerals will be big news. Watch for new uses for coal and

for the unheard of as yet "automated" coal mines. There will be deep government interest in coal mining and financial aid will be granted to mine owners.

Beauty aids will take the greatest flights of fancy in names and concoctions. Many chemicals in the beauty field and a variety of other fields will lose some of their old names and will come out in "space age" containers, bearing "solar system" names.

The beauty business will be one of the most popular and successful for the next nine years. I have already predicted that scandals will be uncovered in this particular field, but even they will not prevent the soaring successes of many businesses in this area of commerce.

Architecture of motels will be more "mystical" and a great expansion in that field will be generated by foreign investors. Except in rare instances, instead of being located on the outskirts, these newly designed motels will be found in the hearts of cities.

Two years ago I predicted snap-together plastic and wood furniture. Now it is coming out on the market right on time.

In line with this, a prediction of mine made about 1959 that collapsible plastic houses with built-in furniture would begin to be marketed in 1969-71 is also coming to the fore now. I foresee that beautiful colors in these plastic products will appeal to the feminine eye, meaning that the market will soar.

When I was growing up, my mother often said to me: "Irene you have a perfect right to disagree with my plans for you, but not by kicking, screaming, and yelling. Let's talk the problem over. And always remember, there is no need for me to say that I'm your mother and for that reason alone you are to obey me—that's understood!"

The only way violence on campuses across our land and

in other areas of the world can be stopped is for law enforcement agencies to say loud and clear:

These are institutions of learning, not political boiling pots.

These institutions were established for those who are interested in *learning*. The institution's property belongs to the state and must be regarded with respect.

Only those organizations elected and appointed to do so shall have any voice in the hiring and firing of teachers. Such matters are strictly the business of administrative authorities, not students.

There is an orderly way to present complaints and suggestions, and little of value can be accomplished by violent action of any kind.

Actions will be taken to enforce the rules and regulations governing the educational systems throughout our land.

I predict that elected representatives will get more mail than ever, because more loyal citizens of this nation are going to be writing for action to be taken against the destructive forces abroad in our beautiful land.

Students honestly desiring to complete their education should have the right to do so without fear of any kind. And teachers should be allowed to perform their duties without intimidation of any kind.

There have been many questions on the Fatima secret not yet revealed to the public.

It is my belief that the Fatima envelope contains predictions which will directly affect the organization of the Catholic church, particularly the papacy.

It has been my prediction that there will be no more popes, but that the Catholic church as such will be governed by a clerical board.

The revolution now occurring in the Catholic church, as well as in other organized religious bodies, was predicted by me in 1954.

The final one of the three predictions made by Our

Lady of Fatima to the three peasant children in Portugal in 1917 will not be made public for a number of years. It will be made public eventually not as a result of deliberate action to make it known, but it will be released by accident.

The spiritual revolution occurring in all religions is good. I believe that it is a cleansing action, after which all religions will be more imbued with the true spirit of God and less with the mind of man.

It is my psychic impression that most major cities will put into effect, and very soon, automatic parking garages, situated on the edges of the downtown areas. Here is how I visualize the garages:

They will be large, sturdily built structures, varying in height—some three stories, some a bit higher. They will have parking areas marked off for each car and an automatic timer-meter at each slot. The individual parking his car can put in the amount specified for all day parking, for one hour, or for as many hours as he desires, inserting the proper amount of coins specified on the meter. This arrangement would be so constructed that should a person overstay the time he has paid for, he could not remove his car because an automatic barrier would come up out of the concrete to prevent this until he deposited the correct amount of coins. It is my impression that regular members of the police force would patrol these parking garages, and that they will be owned and operated by the various cities as a means of additional revenue.

In connection with the garages, it is my impression that underground railways (utilizing the present underground tunnels that most cities have) would take motorists to the heart of the city where they would proceed to whatever activity they might be engaged in. The combination of these garages and the underground railway would eliminate the congestion of automobiles in the heart of the city and would be a means of self-parking without relying upon a busy parking attendant, or searching through the con-

gested city streets for a parking place. Major cities could then be free to create "cities beautiful" without polluted air!

I predict that more and more people are going to settle on small farms in the next few years so they can have cleaner air, an opportunity to work the soil (some will do this as exercise), and grow their own food. In other words, America will once again take to the soil, and this will be a good thing.

My psychic impression tells me that if you are planning to buy a home, you should not drag your heels. The cost of homes will surge upward in 1970.

Prices of homes will increase between twenty and thirty percent from 1970 to 1980. During the 1980's, mass living complexes will stabilize the home market. These complexes will be built by local and federal governments for persons at all income levels.

The idea of a family owning its own home will become nearly obsolete. Homes as we know them will still exist far out in the country, but I predict that interconnecting three or four story apartment complexes that will house up to 5,000 persons will predominate starting in the 1980's.

If you own a chunk of land, hold on to it. During the next fifteen years the value of land will increase rapidly. Land will be as good as gold.

Many homes will be built of transparent plastic material. They will be movable. The entire structure will fold up for easy transportation.

Plastic beds, chests and appliances will be built into the walls of the homes.

Kitchens will be smaller and will be equipped with nuclear stoves that cook meals in seconds.

Homes in general will be smaller and more compact.

Individual lawns and gardens will be replaced with cen-



tralized patios and recreation areas for entire communities.

Much of Chicago's Lake Michigan shoreline, both above and below the water, will be developed for housing and commercial use.

As previously predicted, it is my impression that Red China will have a more militaristic government and that Mao Tse-tung will not have the power he has previously enjoyed. It is also my impression that some major leadership changes are coming in 1970 concerning General Nguyen Cao Ky and others in Vietnam. This will endanger our chances for a continuing peace—or for a great slow down of warlike activities in that area which started in 1969.

We have critical situations building up in many areas. The Middle East problem grows worse, and it is my psychic impression that Israel needs to reflect much before taking action so that any policy initiated will not result in loss at this time.

After August of 1970, we will be aware of news from England indicating that they are very disenchanted with Mr. Wilson, and as I previously predicted, he will not remain in politics in the position that he now holds for very long. At about the same time that we learn this news from England, Russia will make it known that changes in their leadership have been in the making since August of 1969.

This pre-Aquarian age is bringing about tremendous changes in leadership—and this will continue. We will be in for some shockers for quite a number of years to come. We simply must become more aware of all situations within and without our nation, because actions of every sort, both good and adverse, will be stepped up, and in many instances we are going to be caught unprepared for sorrows and disappointments.

However, the beneficial changes in education, the beginnings of a new economic structure, the coming break-

throughs in medicine and in the studies and uses of man's mind will bring great happiness to all of us.

This is the beginning of the age when those who "have their lamps trimmed and filled" will be the ones who are ready for the unusual changes in every area of life that will continue to come about in accelerated ways. We will experience the adverse with the good, and finally will emerge a bright and shining nation, more fully aware of the justice and righteousness of a Divine God than ever before. If ever there will be the valley of experience that will last for many years, it is beginning now.

There will always be as many conceptions of how God works through man as there are men and women in the Universe.

Each man finds that mystical path to the "peace that passeth all understanding" in his own, rightful way, and often aside from set rules and regulations—although church rituals embody much mysticism and beauty that need not be totally done away with.

Late in 1970 Russia will be more deeply involved than ever in the Middle East war.

Japan will be experiencing natural disasters, particularly in the Tokyo area, during the late summer and autumn months of 1970. However, before that time there will be off-and-on rebellion of students and others involving violence in that land.

Japan will also begin to feel the need to tighten the hatches where her economy is concerned and will seek greater outlets with perhaps "undesirable" nations in exporting goods.

Many other places, such as Brazil, small South American borderline countries, parts of Africa, Australia, and France, will feel the brunt of riots and violence during 1970.

In the United States, I foresee "Big Business" taking over farms as a successful venture that will aid farmers

tremendously in a financial way, as well as giving them more freedom for things other than farm work.

As I have previously cautioned on many occasions, extra protection should be given all government officials, now and throughout 1970. It is my psychic impression that another death of a person connected with the government will occur before the end of 1969, but it will not be a violent death.

I do, however, most regrettably, foresee an assassination of a political figure in our nation during 1970.

It is my psychic impression that there will be violence in connection with labor strikes both in this country and abroad early in 1970. Violence perpetrated by dissident groups will be even worse in 1970 throughout various areas of the world, including the United States, than it was in 1969.

The worst months in our own nation will center around January, March, April, September (a very bad month for lootings and riotings). In November we will read of a very large fire involving a major store. Between September and December, possibly October, the nation will be shocked by the murder of a high-level person.

In late October and early November, we will be kept on edge with news of terrific and devastating electrical storms. Between August and October, there will be devastating earthquakes along the Pacific coast. However, this will not be a year for major earthquakes in that area—they are just increasing in intensity all through 1976.

I predict that our government will request more money to increase the army ranks. I also see that unemployment will begin to drop by August, 1970.

The steel industry is in for good news with an increasing output and some higher prices for the next two years. Then, by 1973, steel will be in difficulties with new types of alloys being brought out in the news to be used instead of steel.

Canada has been enjoying prosperity, but in 1970 she will begin to tighten her money and will go through strikes by professional men there. I predict that Canada will try to use a unique method of turning its population's attention from their problems by having government sponsored entertainment. Such a plan might not be a bad one for the United States to follow.

The conflict between China and Russia which I predicted would come about has started in a major way and will continue until total friendship between them is lost, and China becomes the principal threat to the Western world. As I have so often indicated, Russia will not be an ally to the United States until the middle and late 1980's.

Several months ago, I told a number of friends of my unusual prediction about insurance: I predict that in a very few years we will have "divorce insurance," and that it will become an almost compulsory insurance when marriage takes place. It is my psychic impression that it would surely be a marvelous aid to both parties involved in a divorce.

Remember that we are in the pre-Aquarian Age of massive changes in every area of life, but the reflections from that oncoming age are hitting us now—all of us—in personal, as well as national, ways. This is a perfect time to begin to study prayer, meditation, yoga, or astrology to help you become more aware of who you are and what your personal destiny is.

With new oil finds in Alaska and the discovery of other valuable minerals and metals in various areas of South America and Africa, my prediction of fantastic wealth finds in the bowels of the earth is coming to pass. These explorations and finds will be enhanced, particularly during the next seven years. And even though the stock market will really be in difficulties, as predicted, there will still be stability in the overall economic situation, once the critical period of the first six months of 1970 have passed.

Look for some upsets in forthcoming governmental elections in Germany and look for the intensified military training of German youth. It is my psychic impression that, regardless of other reports, a neo-Nazi enthusiasm will once again arise in Germany and that the Germans will be on the march within twenty-five years.

Watch for more news about importing and the exporting between nations that previously were not peaceful toward each other. Notice, also, the greater impact of American companies establishing branches in foreign nations.

Fate will always step in and cause exactly what has been preordained for a person, place, or situation. By such expressions as "life pattern," which I use often, I indicate that I am seeing, with eyes not physical, the "invisible" life of the person or the city or the situation.

Looking back a long time ago, I predicted that this nation would be attacked through the "back door," from Mexico. It is my psychic impression that all of the naval activity in that area at this time is for the detection of defensive weaponry or protective devices for this nation.

Although I have recently made the third part of my Jackie Kennedy Onassis prediction known via radio and television, I want to repeat it here again for the record: It is my psychic impression that she will have yet another marriage. You recall I predicted that her second marriage would take place five years after President Kennedy's death, that she would marry an older man, a father image, and that she would have three years of happiness.

I was so pleased when she did marry, because she is a gracious lady and certainly deserves much happiness. I wish her continued happiness and success in her work and in her efforts in the field of the expression of the finer artistic senses.

There will be changes in our judicial system which will reach to the highest court of our land. These will have

begun in 1969, as previously predicted, but they will extend through 1975. There will also be some major changes in the laws concerning the duties of the members of the judiciary passed in the period 1970-73.

The new divorce and marriage laws which I predicted would begin to be worked on in 1969 will be made public in 1970-74.

I predict that all drugs that can be proven to be habit-forming in any way will be removed from the free access of the general public by government control.

The Library of Congress will be reorganized in 1970.

Thefts of art and jewelry will increase in 1970-73.

A new baby boom will begin in 1970.

In late 1970 and continuing through 1975, a gold rush will begin in various areas of the world.

Amazing new theories of the brain from medical sources will indicate that the use of certain drugs will be able to increase the speed of learning.

Russia and Red China will continue their military harassment of one another.

There will be a total reevaluation of our economic structure. A new structure for our nation, which began in 1969 with the downward trend of the stock market on the exact dates I predicted, will continue to evolve.

The market will remain mostly in a downward trend. Gold will soon be out as the basis for the dollar.

The Vietnam War will be de-escalating by the end of 1969. My many-faceted prediction concerning this war is

that, finally, the U.S. will obtain an unsatisfactory peace. We will rather soon be in another war.

I predict that the middle east situation will be far worse in 1973. Russia and China will become involved in that war, plus they will be fighting against each other. I fear that we shall be drawn into a violent atomic war late in 1973. It is my psychic impression that such a war, beginning late in 1973 or the middle of 1974, will continue for some twenty-five years. My impression of this war, as recorded some fifteen years ago, indicated that such a war would involve the Middle Eastern countries more than we now realize. I foresee that they, Russia and Red China, will be all mixed up in fighting each other and against the U.S. I see Russia ultimately becoming fully allied with the Arab countries, and they will sweep over various countries. As the years go on, they will indeed war against us mightily.

China will be using atomic weapons against various nations by 1974 or 1975.

I predict that man will realize more than ever during 1970 that the only real peace that he will ever have is *within* himself. I foresee man pursuing the ways of spiritual and mystical understanding more than ever.

I predict that 1970 will be the year of the UFO. We will come to understand more about this phenomenon than ever before, and it is my impression that we will actually discover that many of the mysteries surrounding such objects are reality.

I envision that 1970 is the year that big businesses will become bigger and small business will be swallowed up by them or go out of business.

There will be scandals and divorces in high places beginning in 1970 and continuing through 1975.

I foresee fantastic medical breakthroughs concerning muscular dystrophy, the common cold, liver ailments, and some new sex regenerative methods. Unusual methods of performing surgery will come to the fore.

The Japanese will bring out a new type of airplane. The economy will boom there and more American companies will settle in Japan.

Many newspapers will go out of business, and late in 1970 or in the first eight months of 1971 a new communications medium will come into being. More and more time will be given on television and radio to public information programs.

Civil rights militants and other dissident demonstrators will use new tactics for the same reasons—to create confusion and to indulge in violence.

The year of 1970 will be one of violent weather storms.

There will be accidents of all kinds involving all means of transportation in 1970.

Popular music will begin to lose its “noisy” beat and will revert to love ballads. There will be a surge of interest in classical and semiclassical music in 1970.

Computers will be big news. There will be more control by computers over tools, and more production chores will be given over to them. Computers will be utilized increasingly in hospitals to compile information on patients. The “brain machines” will also be put to work in drug firms where they will be asked to compile ingredients to be available at a moment’s notice.

Switzerland will begin a change of leadership and will revert from its long-standing neutral policy. History-



making changes will be accomplished in Switzerland in 1970 and in 1972-75.

I foresee a scientific method of controlling destructive winds and tornados in the news within the next five years.

There will be mobile clinics cruising neighborhoods within five years. First aid stations will be established on the highways with ambulance service to pick up injured in accidents and treat them on the scene. I predict that there will be a radar-type device installed in each automobile which will alert nearby aid stations whenever an accident occurs.

Oxygen masks will become standard equipment in automobiles by 1976.

Underground travel will be in the news from 1973 onward.

Within the next five years a special school will be established in Illinois which will train future politicians.

I predict that the expression, "he's blown a fuse" will lead to the discovery that that is just what has happened to that particular individual! He's short-circuited his built-in electrical system! When this concept is investigated further, psychiatry will really begin to bring out new methods of helping such people to recover quickly, rather than subject them to long, sometimes disappointing treatment. Fewer drugs will be used to treat such individuals, and more hypnotic therapy and suggestion-type prayers will be utilized. Man is more spiritual than physical, so treatments for various mental ailments will be dealt with in a spiritual manner.

I predict that medical diagnoses will begin to incorporate such "occult" concepts as reading the auras of patients in order to more clearly define illnesses. In 1976, I

foresee an "electromagnetic exercise" which will use verbal inspirational suggestions to enhance the magnetic currents around the body and operating within the brain area so that man may become more aware and alert.

Between 1971 and 1995 there will be unusual displays of meteor-like brilliances in the sky. New planets will be discovered in the same period.

There will be earthquakes of devastating nature in the Midwest between 1970-75, and in California in 1976.

Man's hunger for spiritual knowledge and his desire to learn the mysteries of life will be paramount from 1973 on through the next century.

In the years 1989-91, the United States will suffer the beginning of a civil war.

In 2019-30, there will be a complete change in our type of government and in the United States Constitution.

It is my psychic impression that the years 2035-46 will see a horrible air war. Strange, unbelievable aircraft will be used at this time, and it seems that this war will be our first space conflict.

I see a large ball of brilliant colors exploding across the screen of my mind which spreads out in the shape of a fan to touch the years 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974. The colors become flames and sear the earth in three places. The three-pronged flames touch Russia, India, and a small part of the United States.

A prediction that I made long ago which has been mentioned publicly several times concerns the beginning of famine here in the United States in the year 1975. It is my psychic impression that the early years of the famine

will prevail not only here but in France, Japan, India, and China. At that time I also predict a great turbulence in nature, such as earthquakes and changes in the geographic locations of lakes, streams, and mountains, which will continue through 2003.

I see the sun rise, then, suddenly, a huge, black cloud envelopes it and I feel a heavy mist and fog—almost a stifling fog—begin to engulf us. As I try to perceive what the heaviness and the darkness mean, I see flames eating up dollars bills. At first it seems that I am witnessing the burning of old money, but I realize with some terror that I am seeing the devaluation of the dollar and a sizeable depression. I watch helplessly as the situation swirls and spreads, and I realize that the numerals of the years in which this will take place are forming above me—1976-1979. Then I see the cloud lifting and the sky becomes an unbelievable shade of blue and a great calm comes over our land, a great calm with peace and tranquility of wonderful depth.

I see July, 1993, and I am viewing a phenomenon of pipes. They are enormous—big enough for large trucks to travel through. Crystal clear water is flowing through them and the pipes seem to be endless. The pipes seem to be involved with a new measure of conservation for water, which is, of course, one of our greatest needs. The tunnels lead to the Pacific Ocean. I see that it has been decided that it is feasible to distill and purify water from that ocean. New York will have tremendous changes in earth structure, and the headlines for 1993 indicate that several places in that state, specifically New York City, will not be conducive to constructing any new pipelines for water conservation there at that time.

Many new chemicals which will be helpful in healing cancerous diseases and in curing burns will be discussed at great length in 1993. These new chemicals will be brought

forth from the bottom of the sea by "brain" ships. Hundreds of young women and young men, together with some older scientists, form the special oceanochemist crews. What a change it will be from being an oceanochemist back in 1970! What a career these young people will have. And to think that the first studies for this new branch of scientific endeavor began in a big way in 1972.

In the year 1982 I foresee that a new monetary system for the United States will come into being. The changes in the financial structure began as originally predicted, with the administration of the president elected in 1968. However, I saw them even before they started through psychic impressions which came in 1959. The new economic structure will be a much simpler system, but the United States will not be the only country that will undergo a complete change in its financial order. In that year many nations will enter into a cooperative structure which, in another twenty years, will lead to a world monetary system. How easy it will then be to travel—no cash, no checks, just a card to symbolize money.

As previously predicted, I see that by about the year 2026, the United States Constitution, as we know it, will be no more. In its place will be an entirely different document and an entirely new method of governmental rule. I foresee machines that will receive and process legal complaints, and I can envision the need for extensive laws passing from man's existence. In 2026, man will be much happier than he is today, and he will have more freedom in all areas of life. Man will live in greater trust and in greater love of his fellow-man at that time than at any other era in history.

## APPENDIX I

### HOW TO CHOOSE A SENSITIVE AND GET THE MOST OUT OF A SITTING\*

Maybe you're troubled and filled with fears; or you've lost a loved one and you cannot seem to face life as once you did; or you have an urge in all reverence to satisfy yourself about the assertions of such Christians as Sherwood Eddy and Leslie Weatherhead that biblical accounts of spiritual communication are duplicated in kind today. You've heard that a professional sensitive or "medium" might help you. The term "medium" is avoided by Christian psychics in America because it has been appropriated by forbidding and avaricious characters who post lurid signs over dark and narrow stairways.

Though some of these psychic sharpers possess undoubted extrasensory perception, their commercial motives tempt them to embellish slim telepathic material with fanciful fiction. Your most prudent course is to obtain personal recommendations from friends whose judgment you trust. Having obtained the name of a sensitive, with much doubt and perhaps embarrassment, you make an appointment. What do you do now?

Most important to you, in order to get the best help available through that sensitive, is to have faith—faith in yourself, and faith in the sensitive. You are going to your appointment skeptical but expectant, relaxed, and courteous. To get the best results, prepare yourself by taking some time to be alone in quiet thought and prayer. Do, above all, be relaxed!

\* (This article by Mrs. Hughes appeared originally in *Gate Way, the journal of the Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship.*)

Don't try to think of any particular answer or message that you want. Instead, come knowing that the sensitive is a spiritual person and that, aided by prayer, he probably will be able to help you. No one can assure you a satisfactory reading. On this point, the Rev. Arthur Ford, America's No. 1 sensitive, who employs methods borrowed from yoga to go at will into trance, regularly cautions new sitters: "All I can promise is to go to sleep. Maybe nothing will happen."

Be on time for your sitting. Take with you to the sitting a tablet, spare pens or pencils, and, if possible, a tape recorder with tape to run well over an hour. To use the recorder, you need the sensitive's permission, as the machine distracts and annoys some psychics. Be prepared, if the gadget is forbidden or if it fails, to take rapid notes in great detail. Messages may come helter-skelter from several incarnates and you cannot possibly trust your memory to unscramble what is uttered. Accurate notes are essential if you are to check up on details.

Hold the microphone close to the sensitive's lips. When he is meditating, his voice often subsides to a whisper. At the same time, his hearing is dull. Hence be sure that your own voice always is strong and clear. Keep your hands from your mouth.

In chatting with the sensitive before the sitting proper, conceal every fact about yourself, your business, or your connections.

Now we are ready for the reading. Delay turning on your tape recorder. There will be long minutes of silence as the sensitive sinks by meditation and perhaps yoga procedure into trance or semitrance. When the sensitive starts to speak, turn on the recorder.

If it is a daylight reading, in which the sensitive is not in full trance, he—in his own personality—will relay sentences and interpretations to you. If the sensitive is in trance, a completely different personality—a "control" or "guide" or "gatekeeper"—will be in control of the sensitive's body. This personality will identify himself a

“Fletcher” or “Owen” or “Chief Silver Cloud” (names not always connected with his life on this plane), and he will mediate the conversation. The procedure, so far as you are concerned, is rather like communicating with a bunch of friends who telephone to congratulate you, but catch you in the bathtub, and your wife relays—mediates—what your friends say, and what you say.

Probably, the sensitive either will lie down during the reading or will sit in a comfortable chair. Some psychics move about the room, shaking hands and gesturing, in a manner characteristic of the personality in control of the body. The voice and vocabulary commonly are those of the sensitive, but not always. Arthur Ford’s Fletcher—a French Canadian killed in World War I—scatters Gallisms through his speech (French idioms translated into English). Different controls with widely varying speech patterns work through George Daisley. On occasion, words or even foreign languages unknown to the sensitive pour from his lips.

The importance of your attitude toward these personalities cannot be overstressed. Be invariably polite and friendly, even if the man who murdered Grandpa seems to be there. Speak promptly when spoken to, just as you would if addressed by a guest at your table. Be positive and brief in your remarks, never negative, but never volunteering crucial information. For example, do not say, “I never heard of Fred Chamberlain.” Say, instead, “Can you describe him?” Or, “Does he have a message for me?” The catch is that Fred may have been in first grade with you, but you have not seen him since then. Or he may have retired from Smith & Schmidt, Inc., before you began your apprenticeship there. Of *nobody* can you safely assert, “I have had no connection with him.” If you do so assert, he’ll hush.

Identifications constitute the hardest job for the sensitive and the most baffling problem of the sitter. Often names come as symbols—as a picture of the muscular arm on a package of soda for “Armstrong,” or an item of yellow

fruit for the name "Lemmon," or a dairy farm scene for an agricultural kinsman. At times, the sensitive "hears" the name, perhaps clearly, possibly mumbled. Why names are so much trouble is a mystery.

Remember (or assume, for the purposes of your investigation) that the sensitive and the incarnates are trying to get information through to you, and that they are engaged on your behalf in difficult and baffling endeavors. Our communication between planes is less than perfect.

Part of the courtesy you must show is to stifle every sneeze or cough. It distracts minds on both sides of the line, somewhat as though a golf tournament spectator kerchooded during a putt at the eighteenth hole. Equally upsetting to the minds involved is a disposition to put test questions calculated to ensnare or discomfit the communicator. Since the whole experience is mental, a hostile mind availeth not.

Having considered how to encourage messages, let us now ponder how to evaluate them. Above all, don't try to discuss them with the sensitive himself. He will remember little or nothing of them. Moreover, anything you say will vitiate evidence that might come through at a subsequent sitting.

Remember that the world in which the sensitive works is one where present, past, and future are one; where time and space do not exist. The communicator's method of transmission, largely in symbols and pictographs, has no grammatical indicators of tense. If he sees an event of Thursday, it may be next Thursday, or a Thursday in 1970, or even a Thursday in 1870. When predictions are given, there always is a chance that you, yourself, can change the situation facing you. God gives you free will. If you are told, for example, that you risk a particular traffic accident, exercise care and caution to forestall it. Let the premonition be an admonition.

Misleading exaggerations occur in mediating ideas because of the elimination of details, and, thereby, elimination of perspective. The communicator may see great con-



fusion about you in your office. It may mean that several desks will be moved two feet each to improve the arrangement, or it may mean a general shakeup with transfers of personnel. After such a forewarning, just play it by ear at the office.

Another impediment to accuracy is coloration. Knowledge or emotions buried in the unconscious of the sensitive may emerge in the guise of messages or parts of messages from another plane. Clairvoyance, clairaudience, or telepathy involving only the earth plane sometimes intermingles with communication from excarnates. The skill and experience of the gifted sensitive minimize coloration, but they never quite eliminate the possibility that it has occurred.

Occasionally, just as a prank, a strange excarnate will pretend to be your Great-Aunt Constance. The stranger knows somethings about Aunt Constance, but the giveaway is in her personality. If Aunt Constance had a Calvinist conscience, you'll know you're dealing with a masquerader if she advises some shabby maneuver.

Whether or not it's Aunt Constance, stand by your own conscience and your own judgment. Though discarnates have sources of information denied to you, they still are merely people, limited in knowledge, imperfect in judgment, human in motive. They are just members with you and me in one interrelated society. Weigh their advice as you would that of intelligent friends on this plane—seriously but not slavishly.

A good sensitive will not speak in general terms such as: "Everything is going to be all right. Don't worry." If such language is used by a conscientious sensitive, it will apply only to a specific situation; and the psychic will have received it from Spirit—otherwise it will not be relayed to you.

Saucer-eyed naiveté and trustful gullibility lead only to tearful disillusionment. On the other hand, if judicious investigation brings through one authentic evidential message from the Beyond, your world never will be so drab again. The sensitive is a channel. Make believe that the sensitive

is a telephone; that, when it rings, you answer; that you must carry on the conversation with the entity that speaks to you on the other end of the line. The sensitive cannot speak for you. He acts as the wires and the instrument through which the vibrations flow, turning into symbols and words.

## APPENDIX II

### HOW A SENSITIVE KNOWS "LIVING" FROM THE "DEAD"\*

*You have heard me speak at sundry times and in divers places of a superhuman oracle or sign which comes to me, and is the divinity which Meletus ridicules in the indictment. This sign, which is a kind of voice, first began to come to me when I was a child . . .*

Socrates, in *Apology*, by Plato

Known to few "living" persons is that marvelous wonder, the spirit plane of consciousness. The rapture, and the splendor of experience in that plane leave me wordless, for there are no words sufficient to describe either the plane or the experience. To persons familiar with these experiences either first-hand or from intelligent reading, the foregoing statements are the veriest platitudes. Nevertheless, their fundamental importance justifies reiteration. The semantic problem is beyond the most gifted pen.

Inasmuch as this article is a first-person recital and not a comprehensive dissertation, I am spared the necessity of defining and differentiating *psychism* and *mysticism* when I quote from the fourth and fifth paragraphs of William James' lectures on "Mysticism" in *Varieties of Religious Experience*. Says James:

*"Ineffability*—The handiest of the marks by which I classify a state of mind as mystical is negative. The subject of it immediately says that it defies expression, that no adequate report of its contents can be given in words. It

\* (This article written by Mrs. Hughes appeared originally in *Gate Way*, the journal of the Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship.)

follows from this that its quality must be directly experienced; it cannot be imparted or transferred to others. In this peculiarity mystical states are more like states of feeling than like states of intellect. No one can make clear to another who have never had a certain feeling, in what the quality or worth of it consists. One must have musical ears to know the value of a symphony; one must have been in love one's self to understand a lover's state of mind. Lacking the heart or ear, we cannot interpret the musician or the lover justly . . .

*"Noëtic quality*—Although so similar to states of feeling, mystical states seem to those who experience them to be also states of knowledge. They are states of insight into depths of truth unplumbed by the discursive intellect. They are illuminations, revelations, full of significance and importance, all inarticulate though they remain; and as a rule they carry with them a curious sense of authority for aftertime.

"These two characters will entitle any state to be called mystical, in the sense in which I use the word."

Having fortified my views and having pardoned my own inadequacies by reference to Professor James (1842-1910), perhaps America's greatest psychologist, I now address myself to the question that prompted this article:

How can I tell the difference between communication (telepathy) from minds on the earth plane and those on the spirit plane?

Very easily! Here is a highly simplified description of how it happens: I am quiet, completely relaxed, deep in meditation. I may be alone at home or among friends in a prayer circle. A tingling sensation, similar to a chill, begins on my right ankle, then on my left. Slowly the tingling spreads to cover my entire body. It is as though a soft silken skin has been pulled over me, glove-tight—even over my face, changing its features—yet comfortable and protective. It is soothing, yet thrilling, and ethereally light. At this point, I am on my way to that golden flow of consciousness that we earthlings term *the Spirit Plane*. I am in

semitrance. Were I in full trance, I could not recall a single detail.

A light forms. In technical terms, I experience the phenomenon of photism. Sometimes, it shapes up in front of me, seeming to be a luminous megaphone close before my very eyes. The brilliance expands and expands until it seems to envelope the universe.

During this development, which requires only a few minutes, I wait, going ever deeper and deeper into the softness of a sphere where I actually can hear the quietness and the stillness. I soak in, as it were, the ineffable beauty about me. When the light has enveloped all things, my whole body seems to be one great sense organ, sensing every motion, every feeling, every iota of the cosmic magnificence.

I am as one on the spirit plane, cold—icy cold as death itself, yet comfortable. Ecstasy flows through me. I am engulfed now in a delightful warmth that embraces the heavens and the earth. This ecstatic sensation manifests itself within the inner me, not on the physical body—not, I venture to say, even on the spiritual body. About me, about all, is that light, suggestive of the golden glow of a summer sunset, but in esthetic impact a thousand times more tremendous. The light is subdued, of a coral-bamboo hue, yet everything is seen in glistening color, vivid and clear Technicolor.

Appears now a Great Teacher—a noble Christian leader, who, since his advent on the spirit plane, has concerned himself with my development. He smiles and bows to me as a trusted friend, indicating thereby approval of my present incursion into the spirit world. By a slight waving of his hand, he ushers in those of his plane who wish to speak through me. As I attend I am bound to my Teacher by ties that are ethereal, yet mighty as a coaxial cable. They give me energy. Every thought that flashes through my Teacher's consciousness becomes crystal clear also in my consciousness. Ideas spark fast, like lightning, but—alas!—my poor earthly body is so constructed that,

even though all of it, each part of my body, opens wide to soak up information, sponge-like, I cannot relay thoughts quickly enough to convey the entire content of the message.

Accordingly, I watch, I delight in the splendor and majesty and beauty of what is happening, then I deliver to my earthfriends a message that contains the essentials but which is edited down like a telegram to omit mention of the superb surroundings, of the ecstasy or the sadness or the delight that conceivably would add incalculable depth and poignancy to the communication.

The guest, the visitor from the other plane, appears as he did on the earth plane—not in a cloud of ectoplasm—but with the same eyes, hair, dress, manner, and, above all, the personality that characterized him on that earth plane. The colors come through clearly, clothes, hair, eyes. Sometimes, though, the colors are modified. The eyes may be shadowed, or eyes that were brown may seem dark blue. Such variations, I have been told, manifest the emotion of the guest, which possibly I have not understood.

Something he owned on earth often identifies him to loved ones waiting to hear from him. If he was a farmer, his house and farm may appear. Whatever his calling or profession, some appropriate object probably will be shown.

Some things that are shown to me, however, must not be told to persons of the earth plane. I am warned of these, and this warning takes a moment or two to register on my consciousness.

Not infrequently, exact words that the departed spoke while on this earth plane come from him. He may tell me with his lips, enunciating the words precisely; or, again, he may convey the idea in signs and symbols, a nod of his head, a wave of his hand. He may stand there, or lie there, or sit there, and what he wants to communicate comes through me as though it were waves of knowing. This way of acquiring knowledge is *noësis* (noh-EESE-iss), the

“noëtic quality” of which William James wrote. It has as he said, “a curious sense of authority.”

By noësis, I am caused to know instantly when a message or a thought is coming from a person on the earth plane. It has a different feeling. The analogy of your recognizing your best friend on the telephone is trite, but the analogy is overworked only because it is superbly apt. A good connection on the telephone having been established, you and your friend launch into conversation, perhaps intimate and important, without its being necessary for either of you to identify yourself. How do you know it is she? You just know. Perhaps, you may suggest, your recognition relies on pitch and timbre of voice, on idiom, and on subject matter. Very well! My analogy is just a comparison adjusted to familiar experience. A trained sensitive’s recognition of thought-sources likewise is instant and certain.

I am aware when the communicator is, so to speak, a “living” person, and that this thought is his; that this deed is what he has done or what he will do; that he lives in a certain city, or follows a specified calling. His personality, too, is analyzed for me, but often I am told to be cautious about translating the signs and symbols by which I am informed.

How can I tell the difference between communication from that world and communication from this? The foregoing recital is as specific as I can be about an experience of which, in William James’ phrase, no adequate report can be given in words.

No one is under compulsion to accept this attempt at explanation, but truth-seekers should be on notice that repetitive assertions of skepticism in a sitting utterly forestall the acquisition of evidence that might tend to reveal truth. Once, for example, an obdurate woman kept insisting “But how do you know that this person is living?” Over and over again, I told her that spirit showed me that the person in question was living. I told her what he did. I described the place where he lived. She just didn’t want to believe—not because the statement was not the truth but

because she, herself, was so unyielding, so dubious, so jealous, and so envious that she simply preferred not to believe that such a message could come through me.

She harmed herself by this intransigence. There is material for a book on the subject of how human beings, in efforts to thwart spirit, harm themselves. In mundane language, they stunt their growth toward a great and worthy spiritual life. The sorry woman of whom I write was a worry to the spirit plane. She raised impediments to her own development, retarding it by many years. This disadvantage confronted her not because she had questioned spirit but because, in her obduracy, she had *angered* spirit. Similar rudeness on the earth plane toward "living" persons who are in a position to influence material well-being has barred many an employe from promotion; has kept many a grand plan from success.

In conclusion, and in general defense of psychics and mystics, I am impelled to point out that our field is by no means the only department of knowledge that runs afoul of the semantic problem—the difficulty or impossibility of imparting to others what one knows to be true. The philosophers, the theologians, and the scientists have devised infinitely abstruse technical terms in efforts to exchange knowledge, yet every serious writer in these realms finds it essential that he define and endeavor to explain these very terms as he uses them in his book or article. Even so, every meeting of every learned society resounds with controversy over terminology and meaning.

The limitations of both language and human comprehension were set forth, in what he calls "kitchen words," by Warren Weaver, Ph.D., Sc.D., D.Eng., L.H.D., LL.D., mathematician, and vice president of the Alfred P. Sloan Foundation, in a lecture at Johns Hopkins University Sept. 2, 1963, "On the Nature of Scientific Explanation" (*Science*, March 20, 1964; also *Fate*, December, 1964). He observes that "you will read in articles on modern physics that the density within the nucleus of an atom is in the order of 10,000 millions tons per cubic inch . . . it



seems to me that such a statement is simply meaningless, and the collapse of meaning has resulted from trying to use man-sized language, and the horizontal explanation, where they are totally inapplicable.”

The same thought, approached from a different angle, comes from Professor Wilbur Marshall Urban, psychologist-semanticist, who long was professor of philosophy at Yale University. In the conclusion of his massive book, *Language and Reality*, published in 1939, he declares:

“The limits of my language *are* the limits of my world. This does not necessarily mean the dogmatic denial of anything beyond that which we can express, but it does mean—and indeed must mean—that it is only about that which can be expressed that questions of truth and falsity can be significantly raised.”

Accordingly, I adjure you, when you receive a message from spirit in the language of your world, be thankful. Let us hope that, in our lifetime on this plane, people once more, as in Bible times, will give proper heed to the guidance of spirit.



### APPENDIX III

### MEDITATIONS

Here is a little thought to help you tune in to positive action against the present-day world tragedies that keep our planet spinning in a dizzy headache:

Beware of fear that spreadeth like the black and soundless wings of midnight, blighting the moonlight of thy Soul and thy life's goals. Remember that you are a pilgrim on life's path and if the karmic pebbles bruise your feet along the uncertain path, the reason is to call your attention to the present and to the solving of those uncertainties. Thank God that you can know, by stumbling, that there are illnesses in life, but that by knowing, you can focus on a cure.



PRAYER  
(A meditation)

Now, humbled in  
Spirit

I search for words  
that fully express

My gratitude—my  
needs for *this* day.

I am lost—all  
lost in the glory of  
Communication  
with Him!

Such ecstasy! I  
can speak—and he hears!  
I know He hears!

Such unspeakable  
peace! He gives it!

In this appointed  
moment, I seek to  
meet Him face to  
face, and express  
my bewilderment of  
life.

He reaches out—as a  
Father would, and  
takes my hand in His.

I am calm, I see  
the pathway—clear as  
on a starlit night.

And I rejoice!  
God *is* in His Heaven.

But it is also my  
Heaven—and all is  
calm here within my  
aching breast.

How can I say the  
words—they will not  
come forth!

I am too filled with  
the awe of sensing  
His presence!

IMMORTALITY  
(A meditation)

Like the gossamer  
wings of the butterfly,  
life seems so  
transparent! But—  
wait! Look at the  
blue sky! God made  
it—and the birds  
to sing. He made  
the trees that  
glisten in the rain,  
all things that  
touch the human  
heart deeply. He did  
this for growth. To  
call our attention to  
a Higher self—to  
a Wisdom that life goes  
on even when all seems  
gone. When that loved  
one breathes the last  
sigh—and closes eyes  
in what we feel is  
Eternal sleep. It is  
not so—they open  
Spiritual eyes to greater  
beauty of God's worlds!  
And touch us with a  
sense of joy to be  
aware of His Divine plan  
in our lives! We know  
that life is immortal,  
ever-flowing, ever-  
expanding to encompass  
Other worlds of thought  
and levels of conscious-

ness that we do not know;  
Planes of Divine plans  
that we grope to contact  
in our limited way.  
Meditation is the  
supreme ecstasy of  
communication with the  
Divine. Hold still  
the human frame long  
enough to taste this  
rare water of life. It  
proves—in its eternal  
wisdom, in its Hope of  
all that is good and  
solid—that life is and  
was . . . and ever shall be!



MYSTICAL WISDOM  
(A meditation)

The lamp of wisdom  
burns bright  
In the heart of  
every man! But

The key is in the  
hands of the Ruler  
of Heaven! He it  
is who gives the  
Light of love to all.

The Book of life  
is a lamp of Wisdom  
for everyone—but  
not all can understand  
its mysteries. They  
say He spake in  
parables—only for  
the ears of true  
disciples. Not so—  
He spoke in words clear as light.  
Everyone who opens  
his heart to that  
still small voice  
knows the answer  
to His mystery. He  
gives gladly all the  
water of life needed.  
He imparts that Wisdom  
so necessary for life.



DAWN  
(A meditation)

The last shades  
of a night fade  
into streams of  
light. It is dawn!  
You are revitalized

with the breath  
of Hope.

In the quiet of  
this dawn  
Your heartbeat is  
heard above the  
whisper of your thoughts:

“This day, Father  
of Love and Light,  
Reveal to me your  
plan for my life.

“I listen now,  
with soul attuned  
to Ethereal sounds  
of your voice. I  
know you are  
Spirit—and so we  
are One.

“This moment  
above all moments  
I keep my appointment  
with You.  
Aware of a Holy  
Glow  
That encircles  
me now,

Aware of your still  
small voice of Love,  
I am your child;  
Holy in your image  
now. Healed of  
earthly problems.”

My heart communes  
with you in  
this hour. I am not  
alone!

I see the path  
You have set  
for me to follow  
and I know You  
are there!

Your voice melts  
my heart of pain.  
Your energy of love

Flows through my ill  
body and I lift  
my Soul in gratitude.

When I arise  
from prayer  
My inner self is  
glowing, and  
the pure reflection of that  
ecstasy shows  
In my glowing  
eyes . . .  
I have met God!

I walk now,  
quietly alone  
Through a morning of  
sun.

The raindrops  
are falling.  
The wild wind  
calling.

I walk with the  
Wonderful One!  
He is known by  
many names—  
The greatest is God!  
Prince of Peace,  
Mighty Counsellor,  
I, an earthling,  
Am your child!  
Steady in knowing  
your peace this  
dawn. Knowing  
Eternal Hope!  
How joyful the  
words. How  
calm the Hour  
as I pray, knowing  
that when I  
arise from that moment

He will arise  
and go with me!



## ETERNAL HOPE

(a meditation)

Lift up your eyes  
this day!

This moment is  
immortal!

Your thoughts at  
this point in time  
are forever kept.

There is life; there  
is love! There is  
music and blue skies  
and laughter.

Breathe in the  
depths of a  
Divine love.  
Breathe out the hate,  
despair, loneliness  
and fear  
that possess you.

Now you are filled  
with the life-  
giving love of a  
caring father.

Now you are free  
from all restrictions  
of lack.

Now you are whole  
in thought! You  
have become attuned  
to an Eternal  
Hope which is the  
Consciousness of God.

Everywhere there  
is illumination  
for you—and now  
Eternal Hope—which  
is Life!



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