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**THE STRANGE LIFE OF
THE MAN WHO SEES THE FUTURE**



PENDRAGON

A clairvoyant's power of prophecy

**Including predictions Pendragon
has never before
permitted to be revealed!**

Written in collaboration with

BRAD STEIGER

JAMES

Wray

#252

THE MAN WHO SEES THE FUTURE

Will Robert F. Kennedy ever become President of the United States?

Is nuclear war with China inevitable?

Are America's racial tensions going to continue? Diminish? Increase?

Has the full truth about the Kennedy assassination been made public? Or will it never be known?

What is the relationship between sex and psychic phenomena? What is the value of astrology in psychic readings? What is the possibility of reincarnation? What makes ESP work for some people and not for others?

*You will be amazed by John Pendragon's answers and clairvoyantly-obtained impressions as you share a lifetime of fascinating psychic experiences with
The Man Who Sees The Future!*

PENDRAGON

A Clairvoyant's Power of Prophecy

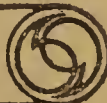
WRITTEN IN COLLABORATION
WITH
BRAD STEIGER



AWARD BOOKS
NEW YORK



TANDEM BOOKS
LONDON



First Award printing 1968

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AWARD BOOKS are published by
Universal Publishing and Distributing Corporation
235 East Forty-fifth Street, New York, N. Y. 10017

TANDEM BOOKS are published by
Universal-Tandem Publishing Company Ltd.
33 Beauchamp Place, London SW 3, England

Manufactured in the United States of America

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INTRODUCTION

The Remarkable John Pendragon

YOUNG JOHN PENDRAGON had gone on his bicycle to the London hospital one chill and misty evening in November, 1930. When he found that he was too early for any news of Stella, his sweetheart, he stopped briefly for some refreshment at a riverside café and then strolled along a path that skirted the waterfront. He paused to watch the vessels moving up and down the river. The strident hoots of the tugs and merchant ships sounded across the waters. Miniature waves, churned up from the threshing screws of the ships, lapped and splashed at the cold stone walls of the wharves and jetties. Lights gleamed dully through the mist.

Turning back to the main road leading to the hospital, John encountered old Ted, the nightwatchman. Cable was being laid in the road beside the tramlines, and Ted's hut stood between great drums of wire and other equipment.

At the edge of a trench that ran the length of the hut, dozens of red lamps warned pedestrians and cyclists of danger. A glowing brazier of coke stood near the watchman's hut, and John paused there to warm himself.

"Waiting, mister?" inquired the old man. "They mostly waits along here, men do. Mostly near the maternity block. Mebbe you . . . ?"

John quickly assured old Ted that he was not interested in the maternity block, and the nightwatchman chuckled. "Well, you're waiting, anyway, and I wish yer luck."

"What are you reading?" John asked, noticing the tattered book the old man held, and feeling an obligation to prolong the sudden camaraderie the watchman had initiated.

"I'm reading Goethe, mister," old Ted said. Then, by way of proud footnote, he added, "And in German. Taught myself German during the war. Come in very handy, it did. I think old Goethe is very interesting, specially as I'm interested in ghosts and such. You like reading about ghosts?"

"I've hardly made a study of the subject," John smiled. "The little I do know about ghosts comes from Ingram's *Haunted Houses*."

Old Ted nodded. "Know the book well. But not many stories can top what old Goethe had happen to him one day. He was riding on his horse over the mountains when he spies another bloke on horseback coming towards him. To his amazement, Goethe sees that the other bloke is himself.

"Goethe thought at first that it was some kind of reflection, but he noticed that the ghost of his other self wasn't wearing the same clothes as he was wearing at the time. Then, poof! The double vanished.

"Now that was a pretty rum thing, mister, but what was even rummer was some years later when Goethe was riding along the same road again, this time from the opposite direction, and he suddenly realizes that he is wearing the same clothes that double of his had worn when he saw it. Now don't that make you think, mister? That means that old Goethe saw something years before it happened!"

Although at that time his knowledge of clairvoyance was limited, John was able to relate a number of similar instances to old Ted.

"Yes, mister, those sorta things make you think," the

nightwatchman said when John had finished. "I've read a lot of books that really make a fellow think about ghosts and about predicting things."

"When I was a child," John remembered, "I used to read *Old Moore's Almanack*."

"Ah," Ted approved, "Old Moore was another fortune-telling bloke. And there was Nostradamus. And what about these people that have visions and can see and hear things other people can't? I believe in 'em. They kinda fascinate me, so to speak." Old Ted puffed at his pipe.

Visions? John thought to himself. What about the mysterious fiddlers he had heard when he had slept in the old four-poster at Hythe? What about the unearthly funeral that he had seen at Sandy Springs? And what of the evening when his Grandad Hazel had returned to him in spirit? And the strange experience in church when he himself had become invisible in full view of several witnesses? John was strongly tempted to tell the old nightwatchman about these experiences, but his natural reluctance to reveal such matters prevented him from speaking. A tram clanked by the hut, and from over the rooftops came the baleful hoot of a vessel churning its way upriver.

Old Ted broke into his visitor's thoughts. "You ought to study them subjects, mister. You ought to learn about them things. You're young. You've got time to do it in. If more people studied these sorta things, the world would be a different place." The nightwatchman looked fixedly at John Pendragon.

For a moment, Pendragon forgot old Ted; he forgot Stella, who lay waiting for his visit to the hospital; he forgot all things connected with his life as it stood then. He seemed to be in a long, long corridor through which his consciousness was able to move to the far end quite independently of his physical self. He knew, instinctively, that one day he, too, would be a seer, like Nostradamus, like old Moore, like . . .

Suddenly the impression dissolved, and John Pendragon

found himself looking into the glowing coals in the brazier. Yes, he resolved, he would study those subjects.

Some would say that John Pendragon's study of the occult reached a kind of climax in June, 1963, when he had a profound psychic impression that President John F. Kennedy would be assassinated before the year ended. In an article presenting a clairvoyant survey of coming world events for the British edition of *Fate* magazine, Pendragon wrote:

The President may make powerful enemies among his own people, and I would not rule out the possibility of an attempted assassination or worse if he is caught off his guard. There may be a strange turning of the Wheel of Fate, for it is just a century since the American Civil War was raging with unabated fury. President Lincoln was shot by a madman in April, 1865.

By October, 1963, Pendragon had become increasingly uneasy about the safety of the President of the United States. On October 25th, the seer wrote a personal letter to President Kennedy in which he repeated his published warning of an attempted assassination.

"I am becoming deeply concerned for your physical safety," Pendragon concluded, "and would respectfully urge you to strengthen your bodyguard, especially when you are in streets and other public places."

After the assassination, his heart heavy with the awful accuracy of his prediction, he wrote to the private secretary of the late President.

On October 25th last I wrote a letter to the late President suggesting that he should double his bodyguard.

My reason for making this suggestion was based on an article I wrote for *Fate* magazine. This article was a clairvoyant survey of coming world events, and in it I included the forecast that he ran grave risk of assassination.

I received neither acknowledgement nor reply to this letter. Is it possible for you to ascertain whether it was personally read by him, or whether the contents were

communicated to him? My forecast is receiving such national publicity that a reply from you would be welcome.

Pendragon's concern for the President's safety is typical of the man who believes that he must use his psychic powers to help mankind. To John Pendragon's personal clientele and to the thousands of readers who follow his printed predictions in Britain's *Fate*, Pendragon is known for his remarkable 85 to 90 percent proved accuracy in his clairvoyant forecasts.

One of the first things that one learns in his association with John Pendragon is that the man is disarmingly frank, unbendably honest, and openly contemptuous of the many pseudo "doctors," "reverends," and "madames," who clutter the field of psychic endeavor with blatant charlatanism.

"Anybody can be a 'prophet.' Anybody can say what they feel may happen personally, nationally, or internationally. But can these self-styled seers show definite *proof* that their predictions have been accurate? I have little respect for any clairvoyant whose claims cannot be substantiated by reference to *printed* forecasts which have been made in the past and which have come true."

For three years John Pendragon has posted a public challenge to seers and astrologers to prove their accuracy at forecasting world events by first publishing their predictions and then confirming them, as he does. Not one of the hundreds of alleged oracles who claim to "read the stars" or "reveal your destiny" has accepted his challenge.

How, then, has Pendragon fared in his printed prognostications? Among dozens of fulfilled predictions would be the following:

In June, 1963, Pendragon wrote that, in 1964, achievements in the United States' race to the moon would foster rumors that "something" had been seen on the moon that would mystify all but those who earnestly believe there could be life on it, or that it could be used as a base for spacecraft belonging to other planets. "*I am impressed that whatever may be located and televised will be some-*

thing in the nature of a building or artificial construction. I get that there may also be seen a kind of Stonehenge—great masses of stone arranged in a geometrical pattern which could not be so placed naturally.”

In the summer of 1964, America’s “Ranger 7” took 4,320 pictures of the moon. Some of these pictures showed “moon domes” that had never been seen before and which certain scientists believe may well be space bases used by inhabitants of some other world. On November 22nd, 1966, a photograph of the moon taken by the Boeing “Lunar Orbiter 2” showed an area of 750 by 550 feet which had strange, spirelike protuberances “like the George Washington monument or upside-down ice-cream cones.” Spokesmen from the Jet Propulsion Laboratory in Pasadena, California, said that the spires appear “almost like an antennae array” and seem not to have been formed by natural causes.

Pendragon recorded his impressions of some of the world events of 1965 in an article entitled “Listen Britannia—The Clarion!” The forecast, which was published in *Fate*, was written in June, 1964, and included such predictions as:

“A princess of the House of Windsor shall pass away.”

The Princess Royal died March, 1965.

“The Catholic Church will lay the foundations of a great abbey or perhaps a cathedral in Britain.”

In August, 1965, the Roman Catholic Church announced that it would build a great cathedral at Bristol at a cost of over one million pounds.

“The Pope will travel again in 1965, probably in the autumn. His journey may be of great significance.”

On October 4th, 1965, His Holiness Pope Paul was in New York on his “Mission of Peace” to the United Nations.

“Communist China will explode a nuclear bomb in 1965—possibly the second, for one may be due in the latter part of 1964.”

November 1964, to be precise.

“A murder may be committed in an English cathedral. It may be decided to reconsecrate it before the resumption of public worship therein.”

In the spring of 1965, the verger in Adelaide Cathedral was stabbed by a madman armed with a chisel. The assault occurred in the Cathedral.

“Cambridge will win the annual boat race, but they may have to sweat for it this time.”

Cambridge won by a narrow margin.

“A new national newspaper may be launched.”

Britain greeted *The Sun* in September.

“More of Roman London will be unearthed and preserved for posterity.”

The Daily Telegraph announced on August 4th, 1965, that an unknown Roman road was unearthed in the city of London. It runs northeast to southwest near Guildhall and is made of hard, ramped gravel.

“Ornithologists may be interested to learn that in 1965 two birds rarely seen in Britain will pay us a visit and be duly recorded.”

Black-tailed godwits, which last nested in Britain in 1829, were seen and identified by ornithologists.

“I am impressed that President Johnson will win the next Presidential Election. (He did). His responsibilities may rest heavily upon him, and his opponents and critics may be powerful of tongue and pen. I feel that this will all tend to undermine his health.” (President Johnson entered the hospital in January, 1965).

“An American airliner vanishes between the West Indies and the Gulf of Mexico. All lost.”

Eighty-four lives were lost when a United States plane crashed into the Gulf of Mexico on November 2nd, 1965.

“Chicago becomes the scene of a tragedy involving some children.”

Eight children perished in a fire in April.

“Mr. Khrushchev calls it a day and retires reasonably sound in wind and limb.”

Mr K. did, in November, 1965.

“Certain postages may be increased following the Budget of 1965, and we shall be asked to pay more for other Post Office services.”

The rates went up on May 17th.

“A state lottery will be discussed and we will see this project in operation by the end of the year.”

A National Sweepstake Bill was in Commons by February.

In May, 1965, Pendragon prepared his clairvoyant predictions for 1966. The first item that concerned him was the state of President Johnson's health. Repeating his previous prediction that the strain of office would take a heavy toll on the President, Pendragon now saw that *“a surgical operation, probably abdominal in nature, may have to be performed upon him. I believe that the above forecast will be fulfilled either late in 1965 or in 1966.”*

President Lyndon Johnson underwent an abdominal operation in October, 1965.

In the August, 1965, issue of *Fate*, Pendragon had written a cameo about the Shah of Persia. These words were included: *“I am not altogether happy in some respects concerning his personal safety, but I am impressed that he will put down scheming, corruption, and plotting with an exceedingly firm hand, and will have no hesitation in removing from his path anyone who attempts to counter his aims.”*

While receiving impressions for his 1966 forecast, Pendragon felt compelled to add: *“Iran (Persia) will be in the news—and the Shah in particular. . . . I feel some intrigues against the Shah, but these he will uncover and deal with ruthlessly. . . .”*

On November 2nd, 1965, the *Daily Telegraph* reported: *“Two young Persians, one a graduate of Manchester College, were sentenced to terms of imprisonment, one to life, one to eight years, and one to one year. . . . Two were acquitted . . . seven received sentences ranging from three to eight years.”*

“The authorities in Teheran claim that Communist Chi-

na is now taking an active part in attempts to subvert Persian students in Britain.”

In the same published listing of clairvoyant predictions for 1966, Pendragon saw: “*Two vessels in collision in or near Rockaway Inlet (New York).*”

On June 17th, 1966, the British tanker *Alva Cape* and an American tanker, *Texaco Massachusetts*, collided between Bayonne, New Jersey, and Staten Island, New York, and caught fire.

“My approximated site for the collision was a little to the east of this point,” Pendragon admitted, “but the enormous volume of smoke from the British tanker—she carried 143,000 barrels of volatile naphtha—would have drifted across Rockaway Inlet on a westerly wind!”

Oklahoma came into his psychic screen as Pendragon foresaw that “*graft and corruption among the city fathers may be discovered and a big cleanup may result.*”

On February 20th, 1966, the Oklahoma State Supreme Court was investigated, and it was revealed that certain justices had taken over \$150,000 in bribes. Former Mayor O. A. Cargill was sent to jail for five years.

Pendragon saw a divorce in the House of Windsor on the agenda for 1966. The contemporary prophet expressed no surprise when, late in the year, the Countess of Harewood presented her divorce petition. In March, 1967, Pendragon made two more predictions: “that there will be two more Royal divorces within the next two years. Both of them will be nearer to the Throne than the case of the Earl and Countess of Harewood. The House of Windsor is in the melting-pot.”

On September 6th, 1965, Pendragon wrote a cameo of Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, President of Ghana, for his regular column, “Pendragon’s Panorama,” to be published in November, 1965. In the cameo, the seer included the prediction that “*astrological trends merely serve to fortify my clairvoyant impressions that ‘The Messianic Redeemer’ will soon bite the dust, bringing down with him*

not only his little clique of sycophants but the prestige and peace of the whole nation."

Nkrumah was swept from power by a revolt on February 25th, 1966.

On June 5th, 1966, Pendragon wrote that there would be a series of "*minor misfortunes for the House of Windsor. Sickness and accidents may be in the news. . . . The Queen may suffer from a throat infection.*"

The British newspapers informed England on December 12th, 1966, that the Queen Mother was recovering from surgery, and the Queen was recovering from laryngitis.

How does Pendragon do it? How he is able to accurately predict future events time and time again? This book will be an attempt to define John Pendragon's remarkable talent, but it will certainly not satisfy the mechanistic mind that feels compelled to know *how*. To those people who believe that man is more than chemical reactions, glandular responses, and conditioned reflexes, the *how* will, perhaps, not matter too much. To those who concede the reality of spiritual man, the *how* will not really be as important as the life, work, and accomplishments of this remarkable man.

Let me say that collaboration with a gifted clairvoyant can afford a number of rather unnerving experiences, in addition to the genuine thrill of temporarily combining minds with one who sees so much more of the world than those who are not psychically endowed may ever hope to envision.

I knew, for example, that John Pendragon requires several lines of handwriting, a recent photograph, and full birth data from each of his clients. I have given my friend none of these things, and nothing to work from other than my signature at the bottom of typed letters. Yet over the span of 3,000 miles, a firm bond has developed between us.

In a letter of December 1st, 1966, John Pendragon added, almost as an afterthought: "One thing I meant to

have written weeks ago. Clairvoyantly I get that you have some relatively minor trouble cooking up in your left leg, below the knee. Something is building up here. Are you varicose-veined? No need to get rattled.”

Well, I do not have varicose veins, but, upon examining my left leg below the knee, I was less than pleased to spot a small bump. My doctor noted that it was just a vein bulging out a bit. Nothing to be worried about.

Pendragon was pleased that he had “hit” my leg without the help of my horoscope, photo, or any bond other than my typed letters. “Note the doc agrees with me that it is nothing to get nervous about. I wonder what he would say if he knew I had ‘seen’ your leg at several thousand miles?”

Then, in the same letter, he asked: “Shall I have a shot at your wife? I feel that she is concerned about some mild gynecological trouble. Again, no cause for alarm. She also seems over-concerned about her weight.”

In my wife’s case, Pendragon did not even have the weak bond of typewritten letters to link his mind to hers. Pendragon’s letter was posted from England on December 8th, 1966. On that very day, in our doctor’s office in Iowa, my wife sat discussing both of the matters Pendragon had described.

Perhaps the most dramatic domestic episode was foreseen by Pendragon on January 16th, 1967, when, in a hundred-percent clairvoyant reading, without any personal object to constitute a bond, he predicted that my wife was about to break one of her “foot springs.”

On February 14th, my wife broke her foot while playing paddle-ball with—of all people—our doctor’s wife. My wife, who has always been good-naturedly open-minded about my research into the world of the paranormal, lost a large share of her skepticism on that particular Valentine’s Day.

An interesting demonstration of prophecy and the nature of time was afforded us on March 29th, 1967, when Pendragon wrote to warn us about a slight rash that

would appear on the legs and arms of one of our children. "This will not be due to an allergy or virus, but appears due to some irritant," he wrote. "Not serious. *Might be past condition, but think it future.*"

I do not wish to inject technical data at this point, as the matter shall be taken up in the chapter "Prophecy and the Problem of Time," but time, to a clairvoyant, seems to be an Eternal Now and requires great sensitivity to determine if an envisioned event lies in the future or in the past. The point is, in this case, that our younger son had had the envisioned rash about three weeks before Pendragon's letter. To Pendragon, the rash had seemed a future event. In reality, the experience was a part of our immediate past—which does not in any way minimize the fact that Pendragon received a clairvoyant impression of that rash, although separated from us by 3,000 miles.

"Strange as it may seem to the layman," John Pendragon told me, "at least sixty percent of those who consult seers and astrologers don't need them.

"They need doctors, psychiatrists, lawyers, and priests, with an occasional welfare worker and civil servant in addition. Most of all, they need God!"

According to Pendragon, the professional seer—unless he or she panders to the popular public demand for predictions and more predictions—has to have some knowledge of medicine, psychiatry, spiritual matters, and the law. And one would be well advised to have a smattering of a host of other subjects as well, from ancient history to metallurgy. The professional seer must also have a fund of what can only be described as common sense. Unless he belongs to that vast army of talisman merchants, lucky-number dealers, vendors of commercialized occult trash, and the dud astrologers' brigade, he must be conscientious. The seer must be prepared to tell the client what he believes to be the truth, rather than echo whatever it is that the client wants to hear. At the same time, the seer must learn to do this diplomatically. One of the professional clairvoyant's most difficult tasks is to bring

the credulous down to earth. The credulous outnumber the skeptics ten to one. The seer must allay the fears of the apprehensive, yet he must make them realize that he has no power to wave a wand over them and change their conditions in a twinkling of an eye. In short, the seer must at least endeavor to attain the patience of Job and the wisdom of Solomon.

“Matrimonial problems form at least thirty-five percent of my cases,” Pendragon said, “and I include the perennial query—almost invariably from women—‘Shall I marry? If so, when and to whom, and what will be the outcome?’”

“Marriage, for many, seems indeed a castle where those inside are trying to get out and those outside are trying to get in. An enormous amount of pain, trouble, and heartache could be avoided if persons would consult a seer *before* they contemplate marriage. Marriage is definitely not for everybody, and much chaos could be eliminated if people would realize this.”

Perhaps the most tragic cases of all are those in which the client has been from one pseudoseer or astrologer to another. This is especially so in the cases of women who wish to know if and when they will marry. Rather than tell the client that, in their opinion, it is unlikely that marriage will come about, the “practitioner” raises their hopes that a Prince Charming will float down from the heavens in the not too distant future. Then, when a length of time has elapsed and no Prince has materialized, the sorrowful woman consults another “prophet” who, in all probability, makes much the same statement as the previous one. Paradoxically, should the woman consult an honest clairvoyant who would tell her that marriage was unlikely, the disappointed woman, hoping that he will be wrong, is moved to pass on to another seer, who will offer false hope.

“While fate plays a much smaller hand in the life of the average person than is popularly supposed,” Pendragon

says, "I am strongly inclined to judge that marriage does lie in the hand of fate. It should also be realized by unmarried women that a happy and useful life can be lived without marriage. The powers that be may have some other mission for them to fulfil than cohabitation and the production of children.

"The seer and the astrologer can be of great use to businessmen, especially those in business on their own account or in partnership. I am frequently consulted with regard to the desirability of forming a company, or whether an existing company will flourish in the years that lie ahead. Such questions are much more commonly presented to Oriental astrologers than they are to those in the Occident, but we in the West are gradually being accepted by businessmen. The same applies to assessing the character, reliability, and accomplishments of prospective employees. I have as clients several employers of labor who would not think of deciding upon a prospective employee without consulting me."

John Pendragon is an articulate and knowledgeable man, but he makes a point of admitting that he knows exceedingly little about *how* he can do what he does. He has no conscious technique, and he does not claim to be able to teach others how to develop either clairvoyance or seership.

"Much is given to the able and conscientious clairvoyant—and, to a lesser extent, to the mathematical astrologer—but believe me," says Pendragon, "much is expected of him. I do not make private forecasts concerning the results of sporting contests of any kind. I do not fill in people's football-pool coupons, or attempt to foresee the results of any kind of gamble. Psychic powers should be used to aid other in trouble, not to obtain large sums of money."

In this chronicle of his psychic development from childhood to the present day, John Pendragon has presented us with a remarkable document of human experience that

may serve to illumine the extrasensory powers that serve
as man's invisible bridge to the unknown.

——Brad Steiger
July, 1967

PART ONE

The Dawning of Clairvoyance

Chapter I.

Saturn on the Zenith

ALMOST ALL THE SEERS I have ever known, both genuine and phony, make claim to some kind of romantic birthright or heritage, such as being the seventh child of a seventh child, or of having been born in a caul on All Hallows Eve, or more frequently, that their clairvoyant abilities had been foretold by a wandering gypsy who had called selling charms and clothes-pegs on Friday the thirteenth when Mama was obviously in the family way! Alas, the powers that be, apart from marking my palms with the Mystic Cross—as they did those of the famous Cheiro (Count Louis Harmon)—never conferred any such favors upon me.

My parents and grandparents were materialists. Of possible existences before they entered this realm, they knew not and cared less. Of their possible survival after they had, with the fullness of time, passed on, they never spoke, although all of them were either churchgoers or chapelgoers. I can only assume that somewhere, at the back of their minds, they must have vaguely believed that after the death of their bodies some ethereal part of themselves would be wafted beyond the Milky Way to twang on harps and sing hymns for all eternity.

I can recall that when I was a child I asked my pater-

nal grandfather, Grandpa Pendragon, if he were afraid of ghosts. He fixed me with his steel-blue eyes and, drawing himself up to his full five feet, replied, "Boy! I'm not afraid of any living man, and I'm certainly not scared of a dead one!"

Although none of my close relatives expressed an interest in the occult, there were, during my early years, hesitant references to a certain Great-Uncle Abraham Pendragon, who was a spiritualist. He was mentioned only in hushed whispers followed by an embarrassing silence, as might have happened had he been a convicted poisoner, a rake, or a leper. Yet, rather oddly, I had an Uncle Sydney Pendragon, my father's younger brother, who was a theosophist and who later became a Buddhist. So it seemed that Great-Uncle Abraham and Uncle Sydney were the only black sheep in the family, until I streaked down from the stratosphere!

I resolutely refuse to reveal my birth data for the dubious benefit of erstwhile astrologers to duly delineate and prognosticate, for in their attempts over the past 30 years or more to predict my future, the results have been laughable. The events that they forecast did not happen, and what did happen they did not even hint at. This is no condemnation of astrology, for I have studied the subject deeply myself, but a gentle criticism of those who practice the ancient art. Astrology is an excellent pointer, and I use it in my work, but it is no more than a pointer.

Sufficient to say that at the hour of my birth the planet Saturn was on the Zenith, and when Saturn rides high in a birth chart, it tokens "sweat, toil, and tears," but often a tremendous power to overcome obstacles that are in one's path. From the symbolical angle, Saturn is the thread upon which the beads of events in my life have been strung.

Let us return to my beloved grandfathers, for in some respects—always excluding the mystical element, of course—I am like a fusion of the two of them. Heredity often skips a generation, for I had exceedingly little in

common with my parents. Both Grandpa Pendragon and Grandad Hazel were born in the middle of the 1840's in the East End of London. Although in their youth they had been separated by only about a mile, they never met until many years later, after the families were united by the marriage of my parents. Their youth was spent in such well-known districts as Whitechapel, Mile End Road, East India Dock Road, Ratcliffe Highway, Limehouse Causeway, and Chinatown. In those early Victorian days, the Thames waterfronts were no abode of Sunday-school superintendents. The famous Dr. Barnardo had not yet ministered to the ragged children, and the Salvation Army had not arrived. There were workhouses, sweatshops, tumble-down tenements, brothels, Jamrach's Menagerie, ship chandlers, sailmakers, tallow merchants, ropemakers, warehouses, pawnshops, taverns and pubs galore, eating-houses that catered to every stomach from China to Peru, used-clothing shops, and pet stores. There were whores and harpies, crimps and pimps, ponces, drunks, pickpockets, touts, and bruisers—and some honest, good-living folk as well—but everywhere, sailors, sailors, sailors from spruce Havana-smoking master mariners from Green and Wigram's East Indianmen to sooty colliers and foul-mouthed bargees. Above this malodorous sprawl of cosmopolitan humanity rose the masts and yards of ships, for in the 1840's, and for many years afterwards, sail reigned in all her splendor. The principal highways were intersected by narrow alleys where swarthy, dark-eyed men lurked, and silent Chinese slid in and out of doorways fragrant with opium, betel nut, bhang, and the everburning joss.

Grandpa Pendragon was a ropemaker, and it was grandpa's boast that it was one of his dad's ropes that was used to hang the last man who was publicly executed in London, in 1868. Grandpa watched the grim scene from a cart. Clearly, ropemaking must have been a healthy trade, for Great-Grandpa, who was born in 1797, lived to an old age. But one winter night, he traveled on the top of a

horse bus in a snowstorm. Feeling ill the next day, Grandpa summoned a doctor.

“How old are you?” asked the physician.

“Ninety-one, and not out!”

“You’re bowled now, old man,” was the response.

Apparently Grandpa Pendragon had no ambition to become a ropemaker like his father. He wanted a job where he could be in command, so finally he chose teaching. His methods were semimilitary, for he was in the London Volunteers. When he had qualified, he left the city behind him to take a teaching position in the tiny village of Dymchurch in the wide Romney Marsh in the County of Kent, where the seas roll across the golden sands, and where the Romans, the Saxons, and the Tudors anchored their vessels long ago.

There in the village school, he met Annie Lorden, who later became his wife. It was, I suppose, natural for a man like Grandpa Pendragon to choose a woman like Annie Lorden. It was a case of positive mating with negative. Annie was a nonentity. She never opposed Grandpa. Of London she knew nothing, although the city was only about 60 miles from Romney Marsh. To her and to her three spinster sisters, who lived in the nearby town of Hythe, London was Sodom and Gomorrah rolled into one. However, Annie agreed, having fallen for Grandpa’s five feet of dynamite, that good men might come out of that evil city, but good women—no. All women from London were scarlet women of Babylon and nothing would ever alter her opinion. Theatres and music halls were places of iniquity to Annie. She and her sisters carried their opinions to their graves.

At any rate, Grandpa Pendragon married Annie Lorden in 1878, and they took a joint teaching post in an isolated village amid the cherry orchards of North Kent. My father was the first child to arrive, closely followed by two more sons and a daughter. Grandpa Pendragon became organist and choirmaster in the village church, and in his later years especially, became king of the village—a

position that suited his temperament. He beguiled his pupils with tales of his prowess in East London; he taught the boys to box, to fly kites, and to cycle. When necessary, he whacked the dust out of the seats of their rustic pants. "You can't muck about with old Pendragon!" they would say but they loved him for it.

He used to brush his hair into two "horns" on either side of his head. He was proud of his horns, for it helped, he said, to remind his lads that he could be a devil. Discipline in the beginning, discipline in the middle, and discipline at the end was the motto of Grandpa Pendragon.

I saw much more of my Grandad Hazel during my childhood than I did of Grandpa Pendragon, for Grandad Hazel visited us frequently and, during World War I, my parents, to escape the air raids, moved to a South Midland town where he lived in retirement. His presence was an integral part of my childhood until his death in 1923. In his youth in East London he had been apprenticed to his father, a master carpenter, and Grandad Hazel followed that trade in various branches all his working life. He became manager of a well-known London firm of manufacturers and suppliers of tents and flags for public functions. Later, he had his own business.

Grandad Hazel was born when the sun was in the sign of Aquarius. He was a man with a much bigger heart than Grandpa Pendragon. He was tender, benevolent, and creative, loving life and laughter. Music enraptured him, and he had a powerful bass voice. During his youth he was chosen with others to sing in a massed English choir at the Paris Exhibition. Grandad Hazel was a natural artist and craftsman. He married twice, my mother being born of his first marriage. My grandmother died in childbirth when my mother was six.

The Hazels were proud of their London ancestry, for I have their family tree dating back to the Thirteenth Century. Great-Great-Grandfather Hazel kept a famous public house called "The Hole in the Wall" in London's Fleet Street.

How many children Grandad Hazel sired in two marriages I am not sure, but there must have been at least 20, although some died in childhood. The eldest son, Isaac Hazel—the seventh Isaac Hazel in succession—became a professional musician in New York. Another became a prosperous timber merchant in Grand Rapids, Michigan, while another of my kin entered musical comedy and sang in the first performance of Kerker's *Belle of New York*.

Grandad Hazel had twinkling brown eyes and a noble forehead. In his later years, he seemed to resemble a rabbi, for there was some Jewish blood in the family. When I was a child I longed to be with Grandad Hazel, for he could draw and paint and make houses out of cardboard and paper, complete with small curls of smoke issuing from the chimneys by way of a burning cigarette end. He would play jigs and dances for me on his violin, and go capering round the room. Sometimes he would let me sit on his shoulders while he played and danced, chuckling to himself as he did so. Such glorious fun drew me close to him, and I would bury my face into his tobacco-stained beard. "I love you, Grandad!" I used to cry. "You can do so many things, but you can't box like Grandpa Pendragon!"

The old man would blow his nose and wipe his eyes on a red handkerchief that he always kept in his tail pocket. "No, I can't box, but I will tell you how I saw Queen Victoria and yet I didn't see her!"

"But how could you see and yet not see her?"

"Ah! That's the wonderful part," he would reply, and loosing me from his shoulders, he would light another cigarette in his long holder. (He smoked 80 cigarettes a day in addition to his cherrywood pipe.) "It was when my old firm ordered me to go to Buckingham Palace to help to arrange for a big do that the queen was giving, and we had to provide extra carpets, tents, marquees, and such-like. I was going down a passage with one of the court gentlemen, and we were talking about what was to be done, when he suddenly stopped and gripped my arm.

“ ‘Wait! Her Majesty’s coming. She must not see you on any account. Get in here.’ And he unlocked the door of a big cupboard and thrust me in, locking the door again, leaving me in pitch darkness except for a little light from under the door. I hadn’t been in the cupboard ten seconds before I heard a slow but steady step and the tap-tap of a stick. Then the light under the door was obscured for a moment by the Queen’s shadow as she passed by. Presently, the gentleman unlocked and opened the door a few inches. ‘You must stop there a little longer, because I fancy Her Majesty will return very shortly,’ and he locked me in again. Sure enough, soon after, back came the Queen, and I saw her shadow the second time. Then I was allowed to come out. So that’s how I saw Queen Victoria and yet I never saw her!”

“Where was she going, Grandad?”

“Going?” Grandad Hazel blew out a big cloud of smoke. “Going? Oh, on some very important royal business no doubt! Now let’s make some funny hats out of newspaper.”

My father, Thomas Pendragon, bore neither physical nor psychological resemblance to his father, whom he disliked. It seemed that the gods had decided that Father should inherit only from his mother. This inheritance was emphasized by her influence over him when he was a child. In the presence of his father, he was cowed and furtive. His personal horoscope at birth reflected this, and there was a strong streak of cruelty in him. He drew from Grandma her morbidity and narrowness of mind, coupled with a meanness both material and spiritual. His life seemed hampered by fears and frustrations that made it difficult both for himself and for others, yet he was an industrious man and, musically, a gifted one. As a child he had been taught by Grandma Pendragon to regard all persons in trade as his social inferiors, and the opposite sex, with certain rare exceptions, as not to be trusted. In the tiny village where he spent his childhood, he was allowed to play only with the squire’s and the parson’s sons,

but these boys he disliked. One day he brought home the son of the local miller, but Grandma sent the boy home, saying that it was not fitting that the schoolmaster's eldest son should associate with the miller's lad.

All efforts on the part of Grandpa to develop my father's youthful spirit seemed to fail. Father had no desire for sport of any kind. The only teaching he desired from Grandpa Pendragon was that of music, and this proved successful, for later in life my father became an accomplished organist. Social life meant nothing to him. He was, in every sense of the word, an isolationist. Born, like my mother and myself, with the sun in the sign of Libra, he was endowed with the inscrutability attributed to the children of that sign. My father's references to his childhood were rare. He seldom played with his schoolmates, preferring to wander alone into the Kentish countryside.

He entered the Civil Service at the age of about 16, and, forthwith, was sent to London, a place he hated, for he was by birth a countryman. The fields and woods gave him the peace that his inner self was no doubt seeking, and the lodgings in North London were to him a prison. His already cramped outlook became still more cramped, and he resented his father's choice of profession for him. However, to some extent, he sublimated his frustrations by joining a London choral society and a photographic club, as well as riding into the countryside on his bicycle.

He met my mother when he was 24 and she was 31. The meeting was at Grandad Hazel's house, where my father had been taken by a family friend. It was my father's boast—an odd description, but an apt one—that he never showed Alice Hazel any preference whatsoever on his many subsequent meetings with her. She, an amateur singer, was persuaded to join the choral society to which he belonged. Never did he give her any reason to suspect that he was emotionally interested in her, until that fateful day when he proposed marriage—and was accepted! His stern upbringing and his deeply seated belief, fostered by his mother, that all women from London

were "scarlet," further inhibited his naturally retiring nature. He certainly carried this detachment to extremes, for he admitted in later days that never, until he had proposed marriage to her, had he ever been alone in my mother's company. At all events, it was not until March, 1909, when he was nearly 30 and she nearly 37, that he made this fateful and far-reaching proposal. My mother had never had a sweetheart until that date, and I feel that she may have been rather overawed at my father's attentions. They arranged to marry on November 11th, 1909—a most unfavorable time astrologically, but of astrology they knew not.

My mother was an exceedingly high-strung woman, a natural actress and an artist. At the time of her marriage she was manageress at a firm that made artificial flowers. She was highly skilled in this aspect of millinery.

There were many psychological inhibitions in her make-up that caused nervous asthma and other troubles. I have inherited her bad sight, for just prior to my birth, she had a rare disease of the retina that left her almost completely blinded in one eye. Had my father acted normally, he might have been able to have gleaned a little of her physical condition, for in addition to the states I have just mentioned, there were major internal conditions that were a hazard to marriage and childbearing.

Neither of them was fitted for marriage. She had never met his family and knew nothing of his background. There seemed a strange fatality about the union that is outside the realm of conjecture. However, the nuptials were hailed with cheers by Grandpa Pendragon and Granddad Hazel. Grandma Pendragon, however, looked down her nose when she learned that her future daughter-in-law was a Londoner. Some said that the shock affected her failing heart, for two months after the wedding, Grandpa Pendragon found himself a widower, cared for by his only daughter.

I arrived within roughly ten months of my parents' marriage. Conceived, so my mother vowed to me in her

latter years, on Christmas Day, and born on a Sunday. It was a difficult birth due to my mother's age and physical condition. Indeed, my birth almost cost both of us our lives. My father was not at all hesitant in expressing his disappointment that I was a boy, for he had wanted a daughter. He disliked boys—a hang-over, perhaps, from schooldays when other boys had bullied him. With Saturn plumb overhead, I made a slow start indeed. I had scarcely reached three months when I got caught up in an epidemic of infantile dysentery that killed thousands of babies that season. I became dangerously ill, and the doctor announced that I was dying. I weighed but seven pounds at three months. While I lay moaning, there came a dramatic event that introduced into my life one who would play a big part in the 28 years to follow.

I had been born in a select semidetached villa in a Kentish town some 14 miles from St. Paul's Cathedral. The owner of the adjacent house was an elderly and apparently godly woman of about 80 years named Mrs. Egbert. She seemed anxious to keep on good terms with my parents and very kindly sent in gifts of food to my mother during her pregnancy and, again, during my illness. She had one middle-aged maidservant, Lizzie, who made daily enquiries about my health at the instructions of her mistress. Lizzie was a scrawny, simple-minded spinster.

My parents had not been living in the house long before my father observed that the window of one of Mrs. Egbert's back bedrooms had been painted black on the inside. He commented upon this fact to Lizzie.

"Oh, that's Mr. Willie's darkroom," she replied. "Mr. Willie is Mrs. Egbert's nephew, and he comes here almost every weekend to do his photography. I've not been in the room for many years, and now it is locked because Mr. Willie says the light mustn't get in to spoil his photographs."

My father, an amateur photographer himself, thought it a little odd that the window should have been painted

black instead of curtains being used, but he made no such comment to innocent Lizzie. It was then carefully noted that almost every weekend Mr. Willie would arrive in a horse-drawn cab from the local station, bringing with him two heavy portmanteaux, which, it was assumed, were full of photographic material. The cab always called again on Sunday evening, and the two portmanteaux were carried out again, seemingly just as heavy as when they went in.

During one such weekend, Mr. Willie himself, taking a little air in his aunt's back garden, kindly inquired after my health. He was sorry indeed to learn that I was on the waiting list of the local undertaker. My father commented that he had heard that Mr. Willie was an amateur photographer, and Mr. Willie admitted that photography was his passion. Yet, oddly, when my father began to discuss techniques, Mr. Willie displayed a remarkable lack of knowledge of the subject, and excusing himself, made a hurried beeline for the house.

That night, about one A.M., my parents, both awake, heard a strange sound, like chains rattling in the chimney. It was a most eerie sound. My father went into the room that butted onto the darkroom, and, sniffing, was conscious of an odor of hot metal. At dawn he strolled into the garden and noticed that the darkroom window was open a few inches at the top and a little blue smoke was issuing from the gap. Clearly it seemed that Mr. Willie was burning his photographs after he had processed them!

Lizzie was discreetly pumped.

"Mrs. Egbert's a funny old lady, and I've been here twenty-five years, so I ought to know her. She sleeps with a loaded pistol under her pillow, and there's another on her dressing table. And that's not all—she makes me keep big jugs of water in all the rooms in case of fire, but she says it's in case she might get a choking fit and has to have a drink handy."

The ominous chain-rattling and grinding was heard

again and again, but only when Nephew Willie was week-ending with his aunt

One day Mrs. Egbert called upon my mother. She seemed suddenly to have grown aged. "My dear Mrs. Pendragon," said the good lady, "I feel that it will not be long before the Lord claims me for his own, and I want you to accept, on behalf of your dear little son, a small gift which you must keep for him until he is old enough to read it." And she handed my mother a Bible.

(I still have that Bible before me, bearing Mrs. Egbert's maiden name. "A present on my birthday from my dear Father. I was born on May 26, 1824. . . .")

A week later the angels duly collected the mortal portion of Mrs. Egbert, and Lizzie found her dead in bed. Then, as if by magic, Nephew Willie arrived at the house accompanied by three other men and two women. They gave Lizzie leave of absence for the rest of the day, so my mother invited her into our house. Then came the sound of knocking, and objects being dragged across the floors of the adjacent house where the mortal remains of Mrs. Egbert lay. Lizzie was still naive. "They told me that she had hidden her will, and they had to find it."

Then, at dusk, came the station cab. Two trunks of "photographic material" were hoisted aboard, and away went the party.

Mrs. Egbert, with full benefit of the clergy and with her neighbors peeping discreetly from behind their curtains, went, a few days later, to the local cemetery. With bowed head, but without his camera to record the sad event, Nephew Willie reverently followed with his kin.

The house was cleared of furniture. Then my father consulted Grandpa Pendragon, who had come up for a weekend.

"Tom, my boy, get the keys of that house and we'll go into it. Unless I'm way off beam, we'll find two things—some lead, and some gold leaf."

My father obtained the keys, and together they entered Mrs. Egbert's house. Within three minutes they found in

the darkroom what they sought, and discovered, too, a pulley which had served to hoist the instruments of the counterfeiters' trade up the chimney.

"If you value your skin, Tom," said Grandpa, "you'll say nothing." And my father took his advice.

"I've lost my place" said scrawny Lizzie tearfully, "and after twenty-five years." My parents conferred and decided to take Lizzie as their maidservant.

To her, rather than to my mother, I owe my life, for Lizzie vowed that she would get me well again, and, as my mother told me later, Lizzie gathered up my emaciated body into her arms, and silently poured into it that power of healing with which she must have been endowed.

Chapter II.

The Dawning of Clairvoyance

IT IS VERY DIFFICULT for me to state when clairvoyance became part of my life, but I was certainly manifesting it as early as five years of age.

I could not express many of my early feelings about people in words. I just "knew" about them, but exactly what I knew, I could not express. Rather oddly, the medical side of their pattern was often to the fore. It is impossible for me to describe how I saw them medically, for I had no medical knowledge in those tender years. In common with most other children, I had some toys that were driven by clockwork. I knew that a spring was the basis of clockwork and that when the spring of a toy broke it would not work. Consequently, it is not surprising that I visualized the human body as being motivated by a clockwork mechanism.

“That man’s tummy spring doesn’t work,” I would say to myself; or “This woman’s arm spring has broken.”

One of my earliest memories of medical “diagnosis” happened when my parents had taken me on one of our annual holidays to Hythe, the ancient Cinque Port where my father’s aunts lived. Sometimes Grandpa Pendragon would be staying with them at the same time. The First World War was then raging. One of my father’s aunts, Jane, was bedridden and paralyzed. Whether I had seen old Aunt Jane before, I cannot recall, but on seeing her propped up by pillows in her great four-poster, I cried, “She’s all stuck! Her springs won’t work!”

I wriggled off Grandpa Pendragon’s back and rushed downstairs. “I don’t like that room,” I called to my mother. “It’s all got stuck!”

Bribed with a sweet, I was persuaded to re-enter the room and to kiss Aunt Jane. My feelings of revulsion on kissing the poor old lady remained with me for years afterwards. I did not have to repeat the ordeal, for shortly afterwards Aunt Jane died.

Lizzie rapidly established herself in our household and became a major part of my life. She always had that venerable annual publication called *Old Moore’s Almanack* close at hand for reference and guidance. In those days the illustrations were rather more lurid than in the modern editions and often included skeletons depicting the First World War. They fascinated me, for they must have been my first glimpse of human anatomy. Many times I sought Lizzie when she was cleaning her bedroom and begged to be allowed to look through her pile of almanacs.

“*Old Moore* tells you what’s going to happen,” said Lizzie. Then she added as an afterthought, “Perhaps one day when you grow up you’ll be able to tell people what’s going to happen, as *Old Moore* does!” Hers was an unconscious and unerring shot in the darkness.

Lizzie would heap some furniture onto her bed and I would use it as a “house” in which to look at *Old Moore*. I recall that on one occasion I saw a drawing of Emperor

Wilhelm II of Germany—"Kaiser Bill" or "Big Willie" as he was popularly known.

"One of his arm springs won't work," I said suddenly to Lizzie.

She sat up on her heels and shok her brush at me. "Oh, you and your springs! You're always talking about people's springs!"

I certainly did not know at that time that the Kaiser had a withered arm.

It was about that time that I became increasingly nervous, for I lived in a most strained atmosphere. Long before my fifth birthday, my parents had in many respects realized their incompatibility and rows were frequent.

I do not know how old I was when my father, who, as I have told, wanted a daughter and not a son, decided that I was an encumbrance to him as well as an expense, and tried to persuade my mother to have me brought up in an institution of some sort. It was not until I had reached adulthood that I learned of this proposal—not from my parents, but from relatives—and ascertained that it was this threat of my father's that prompted my mother to stage a mock suicide, which shook my father considerably. Thereafter, she decided that as far as my father or his relatives were concerned, I should never be out of her sight. She wrongly assumed that his relatives were in league with him to kidnap me and to turn me into a second *Oliver Twist*. To her tragically possessive way of thinking, I was safe only when I was with her. This possessiveness she carried to extremes, to the detriment of my psychological health. So morbidly fearful was she that my father or his agents would carry out this kidnapping that I was never allowed to be with any of my father's relatives unless she was present.

Incredible as it may seem, I cannot recall, but with one exception, ever going anywhere with my father unless my mother was present. If Father announced that he proposed to take me for a walk, Mother either prevented my going or insisted on going too.

My father was a peace-loving man who used to say, "Let's have peace at any price." My mother's tantrums irked him, yet he never seemed to have the initiative to counter them. Invariably, he gave way to her for the sake of peace, but he had to pay a high price for it, for my mother convinced herself—and without a shred of foundation—that there was another woman in the offing. As a result, she treated him on the same lines as she treated me, and he never went anywhere alone, except to his office or possibly to church. His cycling and the photographic jaunts of his bachelor days came to a complete end with marriage, for if he decided to have a day in the country, my mother insisted on accompanying him, in spite of the fact that her physical condition prevented her walking more than about half a mile without resting. Then my father would give in, and for the sake of that peace, which he never really achieved, he would remain at home.

I had no feeling of love or of security from either of my parents. If I was naughty, my behavior moved them to say—and how well I recall their words—"You are not our little boy at all. We don't know whose boy you are. You must have been changed when you were a baby."

Upon this cracked foundation I built a fantasy—or perhaps one might say that I accepted the suggestion—that I really was *not* their little boy, and accepting this as truth, I retaliated by refusing to address them as "Dad" and "Mother." No amount of punishment would move me in this respect.

This led to a showdown on my sixth birthday, when I was due to receive two promised birthday gifts. They were shown to me on my birthday, but I was not allowed to have them unless I would address my parents in the customary way. With bursting heart, I refused, so I got no gifts. This subtle torture was repeated daily for about a week, coupled with corporal punishment from my mother. But I still refused.

Finally, my father wrote to the teacher of the little school that I had started to attend, explained the situation,

and demanded further punishment. With fear and trembling—for Father had read the letter to me—I went to school expecting unknown terrors. The teacher, having read over the letter, asked me if the contents were true. Then I sobbed out the tale of the gifts.

What happened after that I never knew, but there was no punishment at school. The teacher called on my parents, and I was banished to the kitchen with Lizzie. The next day I was given my presents, and no comments were made. It could be said that I had won.

From that time on, if not earlier, my parents merely became “persons.” I felt indifference rather than hatred for them. For a child of my age, I treated them with great diplomacy. My relatives did their best to persuade my mother to abandon her possessiveness, but their efforts were in vain. Not only did she regard the members of my father’s family with suspicion, but she held them up to ridicule and abuse as well. I suppose that I received the most love from my Grandad Hazel, and that compensated me to some extent.

We were then roughly in the middle of World War I, and many are my memories of it. There was the great Silvertown Explosion that rocked our house—seven miles away—and on another occasion I recall the daylight raid on London. German aircraft buzzed over our house like a swarm of dragonflies, and my mother pushed me into a cupboard. I also vividly recall being awakened by my father and being lifted out of bed. My mother stood by.

“I want him to see something that he will never forget,” said my father.

“It will frighten him,” she replied.

My father held me in his arms and pulled aside a slat of a Venetian blind.

“Look up at the sky,” he ordered.

Sleepily, I obeyed. Far above, trapped in searchlights, was a flaming, cigar-shaped mass from which pieces were dropping. My eyes opened wider, but I had no feeling of fear. I knew what it was.

“Coo! Zepp’lin.”

Even as we watched, the dirigible broke up and became an incandescent tomb for the men in the gondolas. Presently my father put me back in bed.

“Zepp’lin,” I murmured. “Springs all broken!” Then I fell asleep.

My father’s economy drives—there was no real need for stringent economy, for my father had a good post in the Civil Service—were frequent. Father was determined that he would have me educated free if he could. My mother had no money of her own and did not go to work, mainly, I think, because of the frail state of her health. Lizzie, for a meager wage, did practically all the housework, especially the heavy chores in addition to most of the cooking. My mother was incapable of doing more than dusting and light tasks.

It was Father’s demand for economy that caused him to beg or to buy children’s cast-off clothing for me—invariably in sizes much too big in order to allow for growth. I was forced to wear a most nondescript assortment of garments which often included girls’ clothing. The latter engendered my playmates scorn. “Look! He’s got girls’ stockings on!” would come the cry.

Grandpa Pendragon once remarked on my odd assortment of clothing. “Alice,” he said to my mother, “make him either a boy or a girl.”

We always spent our summer holiday at Hythe, and my memory of those days is vivid. In the hills behind the town, which overlooks the English Channel, there stands the great Shorncliff Camp. Thousands of soldiers marched through Hythe to the rifle ranges on the borders of Romney Marsh, which is flanked by the Martello towers, which had been built against the threat of Napoleon.

I hear them yet—the gallant men of 1914–1918—as they came tramping through the town singing with or without a band. Often Grandpa Pendragon would take me

for a walk to meet them, never waiting to tell my mother that we were going.

“Head up, boy! Shoulders back! Chest out! Left, left, left. . . .” Grandpa Pendragon would unconsciously carry his stick over his shoulder as if it were a rifle, and we would march beside the soldiers, keeping in step.

Sometimes the soldiers would sing songs not suitable for children’s ears, and if that happened, Grandpa Pendragon would cry, “Halt! About turn! Forward march! I’ve forgotten to get my ‘baccy.’”

I always hoped that the soldiers would obey his orders as well; but they never did, and as I stood waiting for him outside the ‘baccy shop, listening to the retreating tramp, tramp, tramp, I used to wonder what it was they sang that ended in “Hinky dinky parley-woo.”

It was on one of these summer holidays at Hythe that a very interesting thing happened from the psychic viewpoint. Staying at my relatives’ house in the High Street was another member of the family, a young woman whom I called Aunt Polly, though she was not my aunt, but a distant relative. When I saw this woman for the first time, I became attracted to her and she to me. She was, I suppose, about 27 years of age. The house being rather overcrowded with visitors, I was to share with her the four-poster that had been previously occupied by Aunt Jane, who had got “all stuck.”

On this occasion, I was sent to bed fairly early, before the adults. It was a vast featherbed, and I lay in it pretending that it was a boat. From below the window there came the occasional clump-clump of soldiers’ boots, and a snatch of song. Sometimes a Folkestone bus would stop outside the house and then, with a grind of gears, move off again. I could hear the voices of my folk below, and I wondered if I could manage to stay awake until Aunt Polly came to bed, because I wanted to talk to her.

It was strange, not sleeping in my parents’ room as I did at home. A wax nightlight burned on the washstand, and the shadows of the ewer and the basin were cast on

the wall. I could hear the cracked tinkle of the old piano in the front parlor, and Grandpa Pendragon singing, "The girls all dote on the military man!" Presently the parlor door was closed and the sound muffled. It was then that I became conscious of hearing the sound of violins. Violins always reminded me of Grandad Hazel. I lay listening, wondering where the sound came from, but the music seemed to have no definite direction. It seemed to envelop me in some curious manner.

This music, as I realized many years later, was doubtless etheric, for I was to hear it many times in the years that followed. It comes to me at irregular intervals, but I cannot induce it. Never do I recognize the music, but it is vaguely reminiscent of Handel.

I don't know how long I lay listening to that music, but presently Aunt Polly came up to bed accompanied by my mother, who kissed me good night. I said nothing about the violins to my mother, but I was determined to tell Aunt Polly. I was rarely communicative to my mother, for although there was an unconscious need for her, she was to me only a person.

Aunt Polly undressed and sat up in bed plaiting her black hair.

"You should be asleep," she said.

"I was listening to the music," I said.

"Grandpa singing?"

"No, the fiddlers."

"What fiddlers?"

"Don't know. Just fiddlers. Can't hear them now, but perhaps they'll come back."

"Don't know where they can be; there's no dance over at the Odd Fellows' Hall tonight."

"They were not outside. They were in this room. Could fiddlers be in a bed, like music in a gramophone?" I asked suddenly.

"Of course not. You dreamed about them. Now go to sleep again."

I nestled down. "I didn't dream about them," I insisted. "They are in the bed somewhere."

She laughed. "You *are* a funny little boy!" And she kissed me affectionately.

A couple of nights later I awoke about midnight, and almost immediately I heard the fiddlers. I shook Aunt Polly awake.

"Listen! Can you hear the fiddlers?" The sound seemed to envelop me once again. But Aunt Polly could hear nothing. "I'm sure you're dreaming," she said, and promptly fell asleep again.

Three times I heard that etheric music during the fortnight I slept in the old four-poster. Perhaps this dawning of clairaudience was evoked by a strange combination of emotions, the influence of the old bed—beds definitely "radiate"—plus Aunt Polly. It would be impossible to determine the cause, but it was clear that I was clairvoyant to some degree in those immature years. Not being encouraged, I crept back into my shell again. If grown-ups wanted to believe that I dreamed of the fiddlers, that suited me. The fiddlers were mine!

Back home in the Thames-side town where we lived until the end of the war, Grandad Hazel had found a new occupation in his retirement. It was wooding. It was his joy, especially on Saturdays, to bring home driftwood from the river, which in winter flooded the meadows for many miles. For these expeditions Grandad Hazel wore his oldest clothing and commandeered my old discarded baby buggy. Even though he resembled a vagrant, Lizzie and I accompanied him. Lizzie always had the greatest respect for Grandad Hazel. I loved to help push the pram when it was loaded with branches, some of which Grandad Hazel had pulled from the river. With bent back and cherrywood pipe aglow, he would shove the old pram, singing, "Keep the home fires burning." Grandad Hazel had indeed learned that happiness can be had from the simplest things. The branches would be dried, sawn up,

and stacked in his little shanty. And he always shared the hauls with us.

It was about this time that an important figure came into my life. He was Charlie Chaplin. Granddad, who occasionally took me to the movies, loved Charlie nearly as much as I did, if such a thing were possible.

Perhaps to say that I loved Charlie is an understatement. I worshipped him. Other children's idea of heaven was a place up in the sky presided over by a bewhiskered, all-powerful old gentleman with an enormous brass-bound book in his hands, while about him nightshirted angels twanged harps or blew trumpets and everybody sang hosannas and was good for ever and ever. But my idea of heaven was a realm presided over by Charlie Chaplin, flanked by the Keystone cops. It was a place where custard pies flew through the air, where pompous men lost their trousers or got smothered with tar or whitewash, where cars and even houses collapsed at critical moments, and authority was flouted with glorious abandon while everybody laughed eternally.

I had only one thought for the future—to be a second Charlie Chaplin. My mother, who only vaguely referred to the day when I might be an adult, always insisted that comedy was my vocation. Inwardly, I felt some kind of kinship between Charlie and his baggy trousers and enormous boots and myself and my oversized motley clothing. One mackintosh I was forced to wear reached within two inches of the ground, and I frequently tripped on the hem. It was my father's idea of economy that it would last me several years. With very long sleeves, I could pretend that I was a Tibetan monk. As far as I can recall, my mother was not capable with the needle to the extent of altering clothing.

My visits to the cinema with Granddad Hazel were wonderful, for I had not only Charlie Chaplin, but also Granddad's imitations of him as we walked home, always via all the back alleys we could find, for he resolutely refused to "be Charlie" in a main thoroughfare. But in an

alley, Grandad would splay his feet and twirl his stick in true Chaplin style. The fact that his features bore no likeness to the comedian's did not trouble me. Sometimes we both imitated Charlie in unison, but when I borrowed Grandad Hazel's stick I could not twirl it, and only succeeded in dropping it or hitting myself on the head with it.

Opposite Grandad's house were the premises of a local hardware merchant and oilman whom I shall call Olly Bower. Olly was an elder at the Nonconformist chapel that my grandparents Hazel attended. As my mother had been brought up in the same denomination, my parents attended the chapel, though my father was Church of England. For a Nonconformist, my Grandad Hazel was a most unconventional character. Olly Bower disapproved of Grandad going "wooding" and appearing in public like a happy old tramp. Moreover, he once came upon Grandad Hazel and me when we were doing the Chaplin act in an alley behind his shop, and as Olly disapproved of cinemas, he doubtless thought that Charlie was beyond the pale.

My distaste for church or chapel was intense, in spite of the fact that my father served as organist in several churches. On many occasions before my tenth year, I hid when I was dressed for church. I recall that on one occasion, dressed in a velvet suit with a lace collar, I crawled under a bed. When dragged forth by my irate mother, the velvet suit was found to have collected so much fluff that it had to be handplucked by Lizzie. Snivelling, but triumphant, I stayed at home that morning.

While we were living in the same town as Grandad Hazel, I consented to attend chapel, provided I was allowed to sit with him, his pew being immediately behind ours. This favor was generally granted. How I recall that sweltering chapel—for it always seemed to be summer—with its grim iron roof and severe pitch-pine pews. The chapel was looked after by a Mrs. Mutch, a grass widow whose face was disfigured by a reddish birthmark. It was

Mrs. Mutch who polished the place with a resinous mixture, and it was she who beat the carpets and the hassocks until the dust rose heavenwards. It was unable to escape that holy dust, for Mrs. Mutch always closed all the windows to "keep the 'eat hout." The aroma of the resinous formula mixed with the smell of the dust and, together, they blended with the personal odor of Mrs. Mutch, which itself defied description.

The pastor of the chapel was a bachelor named MacTavish. A woeful individual, MacTavish wore his hair parted in the middle. MacTavish had a sort of sin-and-sweet complex. Perhaps it was because he found life bitter that he ate so many boiled sweets, for when he began his sermon in a voice of one who had abandoned all hope, he invariably extracted from his waistcoat pocket a cough drop, which he sucked with great and audible gusto. Sitting as I did at the back of the chapel, I could see only the top of the pastor's head, but his droning voice reached me while I contemplated the dead flies on the nearby window ledge, which had escaped the attention of Mrs. Mutch.

When elder Olly Bower assisted in taking the collection, I always made a mental note that his "springs" were about to break.

One Sunday morning, bored with the drone of the pastor, I sat with my feet in the Chaplin posture. Perhaps an imp had settled on my shoulder that morning, for I nudged Grandad Hazel and pointed to my splayed feet. He gave a quick glance and then turned abruptly away and quickly produced his handkerchief. After the service, he took me aside.

"Johnny," he said, "if you ever do Charlie's feet again in chapel, I'll never take you wooding again!" And I knew that he meant it.

As to my premonition about Olly Bower's broken "springs," that became a fact soon after. Godly Olly, serving in his store, had gone into the cellar to draw a quart of oil for a customer. But a moment after he had turned on the tap of the drum to fill the can, the Almighty

decided to throw Olly's switch, and Olly slumped down in front of the drum without time to turn off the tap. There he remained until the customer went down into the cellar to investigate and found poor Olly Bower, his head indeed anointed with oil and his cup definitely running over.

Chapter III.

When I Was Here Before

IT HAPPENED, I vividly recall, one winter afternoon when Grandad Hazel, Lizzie, and I had returned from a wooding expedition. Lizzie had gone home, but I had remained with my grandparents for tea. Grandad Hazel was sitting by the fire smoking his pipe, and I remember that he was warming his hands at the blaze of logs when I made a remark that caused him to stiffen in his chair and stare at me with solemn face.

"When I was here before," I said, "some nasty soldiers burned down our house, and we got turned out into the fields."

"When you were what?"

"When I was here before. The soldiers burned down our house and turned us into the fields. They had red coats and big high hats different from what they have now. I was awfully frightened."

"What do you mean, when you were here before?" asked Grandad Hazel.

I was a bit puzzled as to how to explain. "Why, last time, before now."

Grandad Hazel looked at me in silence for some time. "Well? What else happened when you were here before?"

"Can't remember much. It's all muddled. I was a clown in a place where there were lots of horses and caravans,

and a gentleman gave me a ring. I think he was called the Boss.”

“Oh? What else?”

“Can’t remember. Another time I was on a ship, a sailing ship.”

No, I couldn’t tell him any more, because that was truly all I could remember—and can remember to this day. Today, when I review those memories, they seem as if I am remembering something that happened in this life, but since I first made the statement when I was only six or seven, either reincarnation or telepathy from some discarnate mind seem to be the only answers. If I were asked to elaborate on those statements today or to explain how I recalled the incidents, I could not do so.

The soldiers in the red coats and “big high hats” appear to correspond with the uniform worn by English soldiers during the 18th and early 19th centuries.

In my memory—if memory it be—these soldiers carry muskets with very long barrels. I also have the impression that, if this mind-picture has its origin in fact, I was then a woman of about 20 years of age.

As to the clown memory, of that I can write exceedingly little except that I “remember” myself as a clown in a show or circus where there were many horses and caravans and much muddy ground. I also remember a big, commanding type of man, assumed to be the “Boss,” who, for some reason that escapes me, gave me a ring—probably as a token of appreciation for something that I had done.

Of the ship memory there is but a fragment. I seem to be on the deck of a large sailing vessel, but its nature I am totally unable to state.

The whole of these visualizations is only slight, but they have remained with me for over 50 years, neither fading nor becoming more intense.

I am fully aware that there are persons who claim to remember, in some detail, former “incarnations,” and that some of them profess the ability to be able to determine

previous "lives" of others, and to construct "incarnoscopes" from birth data and by other means, but I am skeptical in regard to such claims. That reincarnation may be a fact I consider highly probable, but I have yet to find any definite evidence that establishes it to my satisfaction. As one who receives hundreds of letters yearly from persons interested in various branches of the occult, I am amused, and even a little perturbed, at the increasing number of people who claim to be reincarnations of ancient Egyptian royalty. The "reincarnations" of Cleopatra and Nefertiti increase yearly and indicate such beliefs to belong within the realm of psychiatry rather than occultism. The same applies to the numerous obscure and humble folk who write to me claiming that they are in touch with the "Masters" and have control of flying saucers.

I had but two soldiers of "my own" in World War I. They were my uncles, Sydney and Leon Pendragon. I think that I saw Uncle Leon but three or four times. He was an architect by profession. As had Grandpa Pendragon in his youth, Uncle Leon possessed vivid auburn hair and a moustache to match. I remember his coming to our house and having fun with me in the garden. There was a gentle, quiet strength about him that I liked.

One of my most vivid memories of World War I was of Uncle Leon's departure for the front after he had been home on leave. I was taken by my parents to Victoria Station, London, to say goodbye. There remains with me to this day both the sight and the sensation of that scene of thousands of soldiers and their families. To a child who was unknowingly conscious that he was psychically sensitive, the experience had a severe repercussion. I felt as if I were a little boat being tossed about in the violent sea. Not only did the sounds, sights, and smells of the overcrowded station impinge themselves on my physical senses, but the emotional "vibrations" of the mass of people did much the same in a psychic sense, I felt as if I were

being buffeted by wave after wave, thrown up and then sucked down into a maelstrom, only to be hurled out again. The weeping wives and sweethearts, the nervous chatter, the shouted orders, the unceasing tramp, tramp, tramp of boots, and the hiss of steam from the locomotives fixed the scene forever in my memory. Kitbags, rifles, screaming children, men singing popular wartime songs made a nightmare of the experience.

The train was jammed with soldiers. My father lifted me up, and Uncle Leon kissed me and gave me a soldier's button. I was too dazed to have any impression that Uncle Leon was about to make his last journey. We then moved down to the end of the platform, away from the cover of the great vaulted, echoing roof. A whistle shrilled and shrieked, and the loaded train moved out, slowly snaking its way into the mist. From far down the line we could hear rousing voices singing, "Pack up your troubles in your old kitbag and smile, smile, smile. . . ."

And so passed Uncle Leon Pendragon, for on July 1, 1916, he died on the wire amid the thunder of the guns at the first battle of the Somme.

After the war was over, my parents moved into the London area again, to Croydon in the County of Surrey.

In the previous town in which we had lived, I had been sent to a council school, for my father was determined that, if possible, he would have me educated free. At Croydon I was sent to a church school. Council schools in Britain are not noted for being up to date, but church schools are about a hundred years behind. This particular establishment was ill-equipped and staffed by a weary team of frustrated sadists. What the boys suffered at their hands was duly passed on to the smaller and weaker of the student fraternity. It was a case of the survival of the fittest. One needed to be fit to survive in a school where about 150 boys shared two toilets! One antagonist or possibly two I could cope with, but I was helpless when attacked by droves. My nondescript clothing added to my sufferings, both socially and physically.

It was while I was at this school that I gained some reputation for "guessing." Other students would press me to guess information about themselves or their relatives. I found my guessing was about 75 percent correct.

I recall that on one occasion one of the form masters was looking on and listening while I was being pressed to guess. He suddenly turned to me and said, "Pendragon. What's my wife's second Christian name?"

I looked at him for a few seconds, and then replied, "Henrietta, sir!"

He went white for a moment, and then turned away saying, over his shoulder, "Bah! Somebody has told you!"

But they had not. I expect a lot of the "guessing" was telepathy.

We had not been in Croydon many months when my mother became ill with double pneumonia and an allied lung condition. She refused to go to the hospital, and so was nursed at home by my father and the patient Lizzie. My father was then paying Lizzie the generous mid-Victorian wage of \$35 per annum. Lizzie then had the added duty of nursing my mother when my father was absent, plus attending to my needs in every sense of the word.

My mother's illness seemed endless to me. She remained in bed five months. The whole of the life of the home was centered in my parent's bedroom that weary winter. Day and night a fire burned in the room. My father begrudged the coal for two fires at the same time in one household, so all our meals were eaten in the bedroom. In addition, I slept, did my homework, and played in the room, because the downstairs living rooms were too cold. In the kitchen, Lizzie thawed herself with the aid of an oil heater and the warmth from the gas jets of the cook stove.

It was during this long illness that I spent a few hours with my father without my mother's being present. For once she had agreed to his having a half-day's trip into the Surrey uplands beyond Croydon. He went off on his own,

like a boy released from school. My mother had contrived by some means that I was to remain at home, but after five minutes, I escaped, raced after my father, and overtook him just before he reached the train. He agreed to my accompanying him, never asking whether Mother had consented.

That breezy April day we climbed the heights of Farthing Downs and must have walked ten miles. That walk is another memory that is still vivid in my mind. There was a peace and a happiness about it that I had never previously experienced with my father.

It is hardly surprising that my physical health deteriorated in this environment. Homework from school became a time of tears, as my father added further study on his own account—Latin verbs, which he said I should need to know, as he intended that I should eventually become a chemist. Why he chose that particular profession for me I did not know until many years afterwards.

My second teeth were then appearing, but as my “milk teeth” did not come out, the doctor ordered a dental operation. This my father postponed as long as he could, knowing that he would have to foot the bill. To this day I always associated Croydon with toothache! Eventually, the operation had to be done, but it was undertaken too late, for my second teeth came through crooked.

I was away from school many weeks afterwards, and the doctor ordered that I be sent to a private school where there would be less roughhousing. Reluctantly, my father made arrangements for me to attend a small private school. My health gradually improved as a result. Much was due to one assistant master and his wife who, between working hours, kept a kind of open house for their pupils.

This man was the nearest to a saint I ever found any schoolmaster to be. He had two sons of his own, but his house was always full of boys. He dispensed tea and cocoa and buns on Saturday mornings; he entertained us with Gramophone records—radio had not yet arrived—and a great magic lantern. We boys, in turn, helped him in his

big garden. He never lacked lads to run errands for him. We carried home his wife's shopping, cleaned his windows, and tarred his fences. This schoolmaster never exploited his boys. We worked for him because we loved him, and he loved us. I think that I and one forlorn little orphan, who was my particular playmate, were singled out for extra benefits—if that were possible.

We lived at Croydon only two years. Our doctor had improved my mother's physical condition, but he moved his practice to a southern spa which I shall call Sandy Springs. It was this excellent doctor's move that made my father decide to go to the same inland town in order that we might still have the doctor's services.

In 1921, it was hard to find a house to rent and the only one that my father could consider was an elegant Regency residence with a portico which, to my boyish mind, resembled a four-poster at the top of a flight of steps. Part of this relatively large dwelling was let to an old lady who had, like the worthy Great Aunt Jane of Hythe, got "all stuck." Indeed, she was so "stuck" that she had a private nurse to attend to all her medical needs.

If our move to Sandy Springs was intended to better my mother's health, such improvement was more than offset by the domestic conditions of the house. My parents had to provide full board and attendance for the old lady in residence. All this extra work fell upon the industrious Lizzie, who, in addition to tending to our needs, had to hump coal and loaded trays up two flights of stairs from the basement to the old lady's room. Our days were spent in the basement of the house in semi-darkness, in company with an ever increasing population of mice and cockroaches.

No sooner had we arrived at Sandy Springs than my father embarked upon another economy drive in regard to my erratic education. He sought out another church school for further free learning for me. This school was much like the one at Croydon, except that it was bigger. Once again, the place was staffed by frustrated sadists who

used the cane even more frequently and vigorously than their counterparts did upon the bottoms of the youthful Croydonians. The strange part was that the persecuted boys again "took it out on" the younger and weaker ones. In short, as far as I was concerned, it was history repeated with exactly the same repercussions. After a few months I was reduced to my former ill-health, which was augmented by the days below stairs with the mice and the cockroaches for companions.

I did not go to school again for 18 months, and when I did it was to a private school, said then to be the best in Sandy Springs. This long vacation was not wasted, because from the creative angle I learned much. Every available day was spent in the open air, and in a shed in the garden I taught myself the elements of carpentry with tools provided by various relatives who came to visit us. On the Sandy Springs gorse-covered common I dabbled in botany, ornithology, and entomology, guided by books that I borrowed from the local public library. I was always alone on those excursions into the countryside, for other lads whom I knew were at school. A generous neighbor gave me a puppy that accompanied me on all my expeditions.

During my lone walks accompanied by my dog, Vic, I was fond of frequenting a country road that led to the cemetery. Why I so often chose that particular route, I do not know, but I found myself drawn to that dusty and usually deserted highway. There were comparatively few cars in those days, and walking down the center of a country road held little danger for man or beast. I was certainly not dwelling on anything but earthly matters on that brilliant summer afternoon in 1922.

Some power, I know not what, seemed to draw me to the high cemetery gates, and I stood beside them peering in at the tombstones. It was an unusually peaceful afternoon. Vic frisked around and then came to my side whining. Suddenly I experienced a phenomenon that was

quite new to me, but one which I was to know at intervals in the future.

Almost everything that I could see became enveloped in a kind of mist which obscured the view. Only the high iron gates of the cemetery remained, and they were less distinct. Suddenly, out of this mist came a funeral cortege. The horses swung round and drew the hearse into the cemetery through the now opened gates. Two funeral carriages followed. An "inner voice" said to me, "This is your funeral." Then the mist lifted, and I found myself standing once again in the sunshine with Vic lying panting at my feet.

The question that has many times come into my mind in subsequent years is this: If what I saw was my own funeral, why did I see the cortege drawn by horses? Assuming that I died tomorrow—or, as I must eventually, at a subsequent date—I should have a motorized funeral. Why then, should I have a vision of a horse-drawn cortege?

My theory is this. What I saw was a symbol rather than a preview of my actual funeral. The symbol was presented in such a manner that I, a boy in 1922, would be able to understand it. Had I been presented with a vision of a motorized funeral post-1967, I should not have properly understood it, since then I had no proper conception of what a car would look like in 1967. Consequently, for reasons unknown to me, I was shown what I could fully understand. There is not the slightest doubt in my mind that what I saw in vision was related to my own physical death.

I returned home and told nobody of what I had witnessed. As a boy, I certainly should not have been believed by any person within my own circle, so, wisely or not, I held my peace. I had not been believed about the ethereal music or the revelation of "When I was here before," so what chance had I of being believed had I said, "When I was up at the cemetery gates this afternoon, I saw my own funeral."

I realize that from the paranormal viewpoint there could be other interpretations of this subjective phenomenon, but sufficient to say that the memory of that vision remains with me.

On the following day I walked again to the cemetery, wondering whether I should experience the same vision again—although, of course, I did not know that it was a vision. To me it was “a funny thing that happened to me.” I did not have any sense of fear, but only a feeling of inquiring wonder. I expect that I was, as Aunt Polly had said, “a funny little boy.” The vision did not repeat itself, but while I walked past the tall iron gates, I suddenly had what I would now term as an inspirational impression. The impression was that the great gates before me were not gates leading into a place of death, but gates that symbolized the passing into another life. Subjectively, I saw a golden glow around the gates.

Now had I been brought up among spiritualists or any similar fraternity, I might have projected my knowledge into a vision or an impression, but the fact was that I had no such material in my mind with which to construct such a fantasy, if fantasy it was. True, I had read Ingram's *Haunted Houses* and knew that there were such things as ghosts, but ghosts merely held a slight thrill for me and little more. My church and chapel experiences would not have fostered visions, for I regarded going to places of worship as an ordeal from which there were only rare chances of escape.

Only a few months ago a well-known London medium, with whom I have collaborated for over ten years, clairvoyantly saw me as I was when I was eleven or twelve years of age, and graphically described those 18 months of freedom and that wondrous shed in the garden. She said, “Here was peace.” Looking back, I know that that was so, for those school-abandoned days gave me some kind of spiritual growth I find impossible to define.

All good things come to an end, and the doctor proclaimed that I was fit enough to resume school. I was

enrolled at the private school to which I have referred, but my scholastic trials did not end here. The school fees were relatively high, and there were such extras as the school uniform, sports equipment, and books.

My father was determined that, in the first place, he would not spend money on technical books when he had those of his own schooldays still available, so he sent me to school with these, packed into the satchel he had also used. He refused to buy any of the uniform except the cap and tie, and of sports gear he would buy none. "I sent you to school to learn, not to play," Father reminded me whenever I requested funds for these extras.

The books, were, of course, rejected by the schoolmasters as outdated or not the same as those being used. The headmaster was a wise man and saw to it that I was not handicapped because of the lack of books. Those *he* provided. At the beginning of the second term, all the gear and the remainder of the uniform that my father had not purchased was sent to him, and his attention was drawn to my need for these items. But my father merely returned the lot with a refusal to purchase things he did not consider to be necessary. For two more terms the indulgent headmaster kept me as one of his pupils, but at the end of the year, my father was given notice that unless he provided all necessary equipment, I would have to be removed.

I was removed.

It was about this time that the tenant whose octogenarian "springs" had "stuck" had to answer the etheric roll-call, so her rooms became empty for the first time since we had lived in the house. One room was let to the landlady of the boardinghouse next door, a grasping woman known to her gentlemen boarders as "Old Fan." She packed as many people into her house as it could hold. Those men she could not accommodate with bedrooms slept out in various neighbors' houses, and Old Fan was glad to rent a room from my parents. At the same time, it was decided that the rooms that had previously been occupied by the

immobile old lady would be re-let to a single tenant, who would board with us, which meant there would be still more work for Lizzie.

Looking back on those years, I marvel at the way my parents seemed to attract all manner of dishonest and queer types. This especially applied to those who lived and boarded with us. The first tenant was one of my schoolmasters, a man newly engaged by the headmaster of the commercial training college, which I was due to attend following my "expulsion" from school. Knowing that my mother wanted a tenant to board, the headmaster had sent him along.

Claud Fish arrived quite late one night wearing a cassock and bringing with him a single, much worn suitcase. His air was pontifical and rather inflated, but in his eyes there was a twinkle of humor that appealed to me, for the prospect of living in the same house as one of my masters was both intriguing and unnerving.

Mr. Fish, drinking the black coffee for which he had called in a plummy voice, said that he was about to be ordained. He then touched upon some of his affairs and experiences at London University and elsewhere, adding in passing that his father was a professional artist who had had many pictures in the Royal Academy. It was clear that he wished to make an impression. The next morning he appeared at breakfast in an academic gown that was tattered and threadbare. This rather bedraggled token of his learning he wore with the greatest dignity, and when he departed for the college, he put on a mortarboard cap. Later, my mother was favored with the task of repairing his gown.

It was quite clear that Claud Fish's air of dignity and learning was nothing but a pose. He had not been at the training college long before he instituted a sports club and demanded that each student pay a subscription.

He appointed himself treasurer.

Some days later, he displayed to my mother half a dozen high-quality shirts he had bought. With an air of

studied casualness, he remarked that, as his wardrobe was rather understocked, he had had himself measured for two suits of plus fours, together with some half a dozen pairs of shoes and socks.

He had one merit: he was an excellent teacher, specializing in history. His keen sense of humor and powers of anecdote made him popular with both the students and other members of the staff.

His popularity increased when he invited all the students to the local opera house, followed by a huge tea afterwards. We did not then realize that we were being treated on our own money, for up to that time, the sports equipment he said he would buy had not materialized.

Claud Fish lived in our house about three months. During that time my parents had taken one or two other boarders, including a young lady named Lorna, who also taught in the school from which I had been removed. She soon saw through Claud Fish and began to play all manner of harmless pranks on him. He retaliated with jokes that could only be described as rather macabre.

One day Lorna covered Claud's sheets and pillow with sneezing powder and filled his bed with fishbones. Two days later Lorna received a packet containing a dead rat. This was returned to him after it had been allowed to become rather more mature. A bag of flour was balanced on top of Claud's bedroom door, and one of his new suits was smothered.

"John! We'll *do* her for that," he vowed.

With revenge in his heart, Claud left the house wearing his cassock and, adopting an air of holiness, strode to the gate. Lorna tapped on a window and put out her tongue at him. He turned and, much to the amazement of passersby who no doubt thought him a priest, put his thumb to his nose and spread his fingers out.

The next day was Saturday. Lorna had to teach in the morning, but we were free.

As soon as she had gone to school, Claud pulled me

into his room. "Now's the time, John," he said, and he produced a pound note.

"Hop out and get three big bunches of various flowers, a couple of pounds of long white candles and a small tin of incense."

I obeyed, wondering why he wanted such an odd assortment of things. Claud Fish led the way to Lorna's bedroom, turned down the bedclothes, and dressed the bolster in Lorna's nightdress.

"Oh, I forgot; you'll have to hop down to the art shop and get a paper mask and a small tin of quick-drying white enamel."

A few minutes later I returned to find that he had almost completed the tableau of a "lying in state." The curtains and blinds had been drawn, the flowers tastefully arranged in as many vases as Claud could muster. At each corner of the bed stood lighted candles, while quantities of incense had been placed ready for burning. The mask I had got was pink-faced, but Claud quickly painted out the pinkness with white enamel. The effect, after it had been placed in position at the head of the bolster and duly fitted with a jaw strap, was macabre.

"Do you think that your mater would let us have a couple of sheets? Must have sheets draped each side of the door on the outside. Helps to keep evil spirits away from the body."

My mother consented to produce the pair of sheets. She had been well primed by Claud Fish with frequent bunches of flowers and boxes of chocolates. When she saw the tableau she was rather scared. "It's so realistic. Perhaps I had better warn Lorna first."

"Oh, no, Mrs. P., for heaven's sake, not a word. This is a super jape. She'll probably faint with fright, so I've got a spot of whisky ready. Not a word, Mrs. P., please!" And he walked reverently round the "corpse," counting his beads and crossing himself.

Soon all was ready, and Lorna was due to return for lunch. We had a large brass bell that I was ordered to toll

from the seclusion of the bathroom, while cassock-clad Claud went to the floor below and began to play "The Dead March" on my father's American organ.

Presently Lorna came in and went upstairs, while I duly tolled the bell and Claud Fish rolled out the sombre chords.

When Lorna entered her room, she gave vent to a piercing shriek, followed by peals of hysterical laughter, which we had difficulty in stopping. She admitted to me later that she had nothing on her agenda of japes to equal that one.

Shortly afterwards, the college committee began to inquire why the sports gear had not even been ordered, and Claud Fish departed hurriedly for the bedside of his dying mother.

It was, I think, in 1923 that I saw Grandad Hazel for the last time in a physical sense. By that year he was almost blind, but he was just as merry. Blindness did not prevent him from playing his violin. I went with my mother to stay with my grandparents Hazel for a weekend and noticed that the local cinema was showing Charlie Chaplin in *The Kid*.

I wanted Grandad to take me, but he replied, "It's no use laddie, I couldn't see him properly." Then a brilliant idea struck him. "You go and see it and come back and tell me all about it."

Off I raced with coins jingling in my pocket. I stayed to see two performances; then I ran all the way back to Grandad Hazel, bursting with Charlie's antics. The old man sat puffing at his old cherrywood pipe, occasionally wiping the tears of laughter away from his failing eyes.

"... and ... and Charlie took the kid home and rigged up an old coffee pot with a finger of a glove over the spout so that he could suck at it like a bottle. ..."

Grandad visualized it all, I'm sure.

I aimed to miss nothing. "Then when the Kid got older, he used to break windows, and Charlie came along with

some glass offering to mend them. Then there was a fight between Charlie and a big bully who knocked a lamp post sideways . . . then later on some nasty official men took the Kid away and, and old Charlie chased 'em over some steep roofs, and he went sliding and slithering down among the chimneys. . . .”

It was a great day for both of us. Finally the time came for us to go, and Grandad Hazel came down to the bus stop to see us off. I remember standing on the conductor's platform as the bus moved away. Grandad stood on the corner waving.

“Goodbye, Grandad!” I yelled. “Goodbye!” Then, as a sudden afterthought, I bawled at the top of my voice, “Good old Charlie!”

He heard, and although he was in a busy street thronged with people, he splayed his feet in the Chaplin style and twirled his knobby old stick. Whether he echoed my words, I do not know, but I am sure that the echo was in his heart. A few weeks later Grandad Hazel passed from physical sight.

Chapter IV.

The Return of Grandad Hazel

MY EDUCATION had now become a serious problem, owing to schooling interrupted for one reason or another. I was 14 when I was removed from the private school at Sandy Springs. My father's decision that I should become a pharmaceutical chemist was not due to any inclination on my part; moreover, I knew nothing of the subject, as chemistry was not on the curriculum of any school I had attended. Father had taken elementary chemistry himself when at school, so he decided that he would avoid expense by teaching me the elements of the subject himself.

He browsed around secondhand stores and succeeded in buying some old equipment. With this, and some small quantities of chemicals, he produced the battered textbook of his own schooldays and declared all to be ready. Under his guidance, I learned how to make oxygen and chlorine gas. Then we both lost interest, especially because one evening in his absence, I filled the house with chlorine gas to the discomfort of all the occupants. I was also disinclined to follow the textbook, and sought to experiment on my own. After having released into the house a quantity of sulphurated hydrogen, which was even more disconcerting than the chlorine gas, I abandoned the education.

In the meantime, my father had learned that there were only two ways in which a bright boy might take his first steps on that long road toward self-employment. One was by paying a premium and becoming a pupil of an established pharmacist. This apprenticeship lasted about four years, during which the apprentice received only pocket money until he had passed the graded examinations.

That procedure didn't suit my father at all, since it would have meant that he would have had to pay a lump sum, and in addition I would earn practically nothing until I was 18.

The only other course, my father discovered, was for me to attend a commercial training college and cram myself with scholastic subjects until I had reached the required educational level to pass a basic examination necessary as a preliminary study to "Materia Medica." Unfortunately, I was so much behind in basic subjects that when my father consulted the principal of a training college, he was told that it would take at least two years of study for me to reach the required level.

My father then agreed to pay the fees to enable me to study, and it was grimly pointed out that I should have to attend evening as well as daytime classes. In short, the days of play were undoubtedly over, for my father was

determined that I should make the grade in far less than two years.

From childhood I had been able to draw with some facility, but I had never been given lessons of any kind. I expressed a wish to study art with a view to becoming a commercial artist, but this ambition was vetoed immediately on the grounds that artists always starved in attics. I pressed my ambition so strongly that Father said he would take some of my drawings to London and make inquiries. This he did, but his horizon must have been exceedingly limited, for he showed the drawings to one or two of his civil-service colleagues who, while admiring them, agreed with him that there was no money in art. Had he taken them to a qualified artist, the opinion might have been different.

After one year at the commercial training college I began steadily to overtake my arrears of basic scholastic subjects, but at the end of that time, my health deteriorated as a result of the great pressure of work during a period of growth. My only recreation was flying homing pigeons, using the shed in the garden as a loft. The study that was piled on to me for ten or more hours daily was a burden; but my father demanded more and more progress, for he pointed out that my education meant more money being spent, whereas I should, in his opinion, have been earning my own living by the time that I was 15.

During this period, my father had a serious illness, and it was decided that we should leave Sandy Springs and move into the London area so that he could reach the metropolis more easily, as his office was in Central London.

This move completely uprooted me after 18 months at the commercial training college. I felt that I was about to enter a long tunnel on my route into manhood. That premonition did indeed prove to be correct. I had anticipated that I should be allowed to continue my studies at a commercial training college in London, for the principal of the college at Sandy Springs had given me a written

report of my progress together with a reference to pass on to the principal of any subsequent training college I might attend to prepare for my coming examination. This was a vain hope, for on our arrival in South London, my father decided that he was not prepared to pay further fees for me to study anything, but that I should immediately find a job.

It was a few days before I left Sandy Springs—I was just 16—that I had my first personal evidence that personality survives the death of the body, and that those who love us are capable of returning, perhaps to warn us in times of danger.

I had made the acquaintance of two teen-agers who were slightly my senior. One Sunday evening I went with them for a walk across the heather-clad common. The dusk was fast turning into night as we walked along a deserted path that led to a group of isolated houses. Suddenly, as I was walking abreast with them, I became conscious of a sensation like a mild electric current being passed through my body. At the same time, I realized that Grandad Hazel's etheric presence—perhaps some would call it a spiritual presence—was with me. I could see him clairvoyantly as plainly as I had seen him physically more than three years previously. There was evidently no materialization, for my companions seemed quite unaware of Grandad Hazel's presence.

I had no sense of fear, and, rather strangely, no feeling of wonder. It all seemed as natural as if he had been with me in a physical sense. Immediately, he communicated with me clairaudiently. His words seemed to be driven into my head.

“Don't stop walking. Keep on walking at all costs. On no account must you sit down on a seat. Neither must you go into a house with your companions. They are leading you into great danger.”

I telepathized to him that I understood and would obey.

We walked on about two hundred yards, approaching a

seat. My companions decided to sit down and rest for a few minutes. I excused myself, saying that it was too chilly to sit about, and I kept on walking steadily.

Grandad Hazel manifested again. "That's right. Keep on until you reach the town. They will catch up with you soon."

I plodded on towards the group of isolated houses on a rise. The lights of the town were about three-quarters of a mile away. Then I heard the rapid footsteps of my companions following. Presently they overtook me, but both walked in silence. I felt as if they were plotting something to my detriment. We passed three of the four isolated houses, then, as we reached the fourth house, one of the boys said, "We are going in here to see some pals of ours. They'll be pleased to meet you."

I glanced at the house, which was in complete darkness, and declined the invitation. All the time I never ceased walking at a steady, measured pace. They began to protest that it was all right and quite safe, but I continued walking, leaving them in the rear, for they had paused at the gate of the house.

"Don't get off the path or take any short cuts. Keep on and you'll be all right," were the words that Grandad Hazel seemed to drill into my brain. I had a vivid clairvoyant picture of him, and he appeared much the same as he had in his last years. There was no doubt in my mind that the manifestation was that of my maternal grandfather. I suppose the strong bond of love between us and my latent psychic ability had done much to make the manifestation possible.

I walked on, drawing nearer and nearer to the town. I reached the main road safely and without being overtaken by the two youths I had evaded. I never saw them again. What they had intended to do with me, I can only guess, and but for the intervention of Grandad Hazel they might have succeeded. Evidently, Grandad had been able to see what was in their minds and I had not.

It was not until some days had passed that I began to

marvel that I had been so guided. Grandad Hazel's spiritual presence had seemed so very natural and had given me no cause to fear, although I knew that he had passed beyond the grave. Many years later I was to be conscious of him again, but in rather different circumstances.

Shortly after our move to London, my mother began to act foolishly. To sum up the tragic position, she simply did not want me to grow up and go into the world. Doubtless this was a distorted echo of the distant days when she feared that I would be taken from her by Father and his relatives. My father, on the other hand, demanded that I find a job, but not in trade, and one in which there would be no premiums payable to learn. Moreover, odd as it may seem, neither of my parents wanted me to work in Central London, but only in the suburbs where we then lived. This, again, cut down the possibilities of work, for there were already over a million unemployed in the country—a figure that grew to over three million by 1930.

With all these obstructions and vetoes, I simply could not get started. Since Central London had been forbidden as a place of work, the metropolis became a great attraction to me, and I frequently explored it on my bicycle. It was on one of these tours that I located a "boy wanted" job in a timber merchant's office in Central London, near the Tower Bridge. I applied for it and was provisionally accepted. I returned home in great jubilation.

That job was stillborn. Mother gave a great display of hysterics, falling on the floor and refusing to get up. I got rather scared, for that was the first time I had seen hysterics. The next day my mother retired to bed with "nervous asthma," which she was prone to do at any crisis. There she remained for several days, attended by a doctor who gave her sedatives. If I started work, especially in Central London, mother claimed that she would be ill. My father, eager that I start earning, agreed that I could begin, but my mother made such a tremendous fuss that finally my father said, "You'll have to pack it up or your mother

may have another long illness as she did when we were at Croydon." The job had to be cancelled.

Soon after, I managed to get an office lad's job in a house agent's business. The salary was the princely sum of twelve shillings and sixpence a week. The boss was a henpecked elderly man with stomach ulcers. The hours of work were 8:30 A.M. to 7:30 P.M., including Saturdays. My job was four miles from home—away from Central London. In order to get a midday meal, however, I had to cycle both ways and have my meal in the space of one hour. If I didn't come home at midday, my mother was liable to raise major objections. My father and I were ruled with a power remarkable for one so relatively frail.

I had not been at the house agent's office long before I realized that I was regarded as little more than a stooge. I posted letters, cleaned the man's car as he had never had it cleaned before, exercised his dogs, weeded his garden, helped to redecorate his office, and even assisted his wife in ironing household linens, but I learned not one atom about the business. When the boss found out that I could be useful, he called on my father one evening and said that he would teach me all the tricks of the trade for 25 pounds premium. (This premium requirement was very common 40 years ago.) It is hardly necessary to add that my father said "No premiums!" At the end of the week I got my cards and was replaced by another youth, who was engaged for a similar "period of test." My mother, I noted, registered a certain amount of satisfaction that I was back on her hands again.

I had, during these difficult years, continued drawing, and it was my intention to become a commercial artist. But all firms were in Central London, and once again, there was the stumbling block of the premium unless one had had training. I had an impression that ultimately, by some stroke of luck, I should get what I wanted; but my father would not pay the fees for my instruction, or, of course, a premium.

In fairness to my father, I wish to add that, while he

was by nature mean, he was never mean in regard to anything that my mother expressed a desire for if it linked up with her physical or psychological health. My father, like myself, had been born when the planet Venus was in the sign of Virgo, and this sign, in traditional astrological lore, links up with health. In short, persons having Venus in Virgo very frequently fall in love with persons whose health is, in some way, weak. This later proved to be so in my case.

Through all these trials, faithful Lizzie remained with us, almost single-handedly running the home and attending to the needs of the three of us, still for the wage of five shillings a week, plus her board and the clothing she required for work.

Money had to be obtained somehow, so I decided to become what is popularly known in Britain as a "jobbing gardener." I had always been fond of gardening, so without my parents knowledge, I shouldered some tools and rode off on my bicycle to seek gardening work.

The results were quite encouraging, in spite of the fact that numerous unemployed middle-aged men had hit upon the same idea. Although gardening was my basic occupation, I never refused to do any job of which I was capable. This led to my being asked to do all manner of things such as rough carpentry, window cleaning, taking care of dogs, sweeping snow in winter, tarring fences, and other tasks, mainly out of doors. In this way I managed to keep the pot boiling. I found this freedom from working for one boss much to my liking. The spirit of freedom has always been strongly marked within me, but until then I had had no opportunity to exercise it.

It was approximately at this point that the thing which my mother (and my father, too, for that matter) most dreaded happened. A girl appeared on my horizon. I was not unaccustomed to the presence of girls of my own age, as the training college I had attended at Sandy Springs was co-educational. But this case was different, for it was personal and emotional.

From the coming of Eve my trials multiplied at least three-fold. My father's distorted attitude towards sex combined with the irrational and hysterical behavior of my mother verged on the tragic. Eve was two years older than I was, a brunette with a slightly olive complexion that suggested Romany blood. She was a waitress in one of the well-known Tiger's Teashops where I used to have refreshments. When my mother discovered the ripening of this friendship through mutual friends, she nearly went berserk. To say that she had one of her "upsets" would be to put it mildly indeed.

The line that she and my father took was that I was too young to go courting, and that, in any case, the girl was socially unsuitable.

It was my mother's intention to break up the romance by any means at her command. Having discovered that no amount of screaming, threats, hysterics, and retiring to bed with nervous asthma made any difference to my relationship with Eve, my mother was at a loss to know how to proceed. I had been strictly forbidden to visit the girl's home, but I disobeyed the edict.

The next tactic my parents adopted was to agree to my asking the girl home, whereupon they conducted a deliberate freezing campaign. Mother insisted on addressing Eve by her surname and adopted a condescending air, while Father ignored the girl completely. When Eve came to my home, we were never permitted to be alone together, not even in the garden.

Eve was the eldest of a large family, and her home offered no facilities for courtship. Her father was a local undertaker who specialized, so I was told, in burying paupers. He was a man who weighed well over 200 pounds and, in his funereal black, he reminded me of a bullfrog in mourning. In the kitchen of the house next to his "work," his long-suffering wife would regale him with immense meals of fried foods, reeking with grease. After he had methodically stuffed himself, he would always sit back in his armchair and fall asleep with a black silk

handkerchief spread over his face, until such time as one of his numerous offspring had been ordered to awaken him.

My heart goes out to those youngsters who, by reason of their home conditions, have nowhere except the streets or, perhaps, the darkness of the cinema for their lovemaking. This is especially acute in winter, and Eve and I shrank from park seats on cold nights. One night after discussing this problem, Eve suddenly dangled a key before my eyes.

“It’s the key to Dad’s works. I nicked it from him when he was changing and had a duplicate cut. He thought that he had lost his key until I ‘found’ it for him!”

Thus it was that we risked the undertaker’s wrath and did our courting among the coffins in his works. I must be the only clairvoyant in the world who has had cuddling sessions among coffins and within a few feet of a frequently occupied “chapel of rest.”

It was shortly after I had met Eve that I submitted a selection of my drawings and paintings to the London County Council with a view to getting the free tuition, which was offered to promising students. I was later informed that I had been granted this tuition for five evenings a week at a London school of art. This was a great uplift, for it enabled me to study for a definite career without any aid from my father. With the start of my evening studies, I saw less and less of Eve, and finally, we drifted apart as I applied myself to my belated education.

Britain was then in the grip of mass unemployment under the government of The Right Hon. Stanley Baldwin, and I was only too glad that I had decided to become a free-lance worker. In Britain, the total number of unemployed persons topped three million. The gutters were crowded with men selling all manner of wares or playing instruments of all kinds. I recall seeing one man ably playing a grand piano from a horse and cart.

The 1930’s had arrived. I faced them with hope in my heart, but, as I think Kant stated, God has been merciful

in what he has not revealed to us. My premonitions of the '30's were few and, mainly, in regard to others rather than to myself. Looking back from 1967, I see that there was an occult reason for this. I had much bad karma to nullify.

Chapter V.

On My Becoming Invisible and Being Set on the Proper Path

LOOKING BACK over the years, I am confident that persons who become occultists, especially in a professional sense, are fated to suffer rather more than the average person. We are, I feel, shown certain aspects of life by painful experience. Grief, suffering, bitterness, deprivation of love and freedom, illness, lack of food and domestic comfort all make their contribution. These are the "stones that sharpen the knife." The histories of those occultists who have chosen to reveal their private lives have shown this to be a fact. I am not stating that suffering is confined to occultists or that suffering makes an occultist; most assuredly that is not so. But I have yet to meet an occultist who has not suffered acutely.

Thus, I feel that I was fated to be linked with Stella.

I first met her early in 1930. She was seven years my senior, a social worker in the East End of London, and lived in the same district where my grandfathers had been raised. We became acquainted through mutual friends at a welfare center in Dockland, below the clamor of the Pool of London and the famous cantilevers of Tower Bridge.

Stella lived with her parents in a drab house in a dingy cul-de-sac that I will call Lavender Street. The house stood in the shadow of three great gasometers. In the main road, chocolate-and-cream trolley trams clanked, swaying

like galleons in a swell. Beyond the yard of Stella's house was a high railway embankment where locomotives hissed and puffed and shunted loads of coal towards the ever consuming gasworks. In winter the district was enveloped in smog that crept up from the river. On one corner of Lavender Street was The Lighterman's Arms, a tiled-faced public house. On the opposite corner stood Fred's Fried Fish Bar. On the steps of the Arms sat a legless hero of Mons locally known as "Shell-shock Arthur." In his hands he clutched a tin with matches and shoelaces.

There were only two buildings in Lavender Street itself that were not dwellings. One was The Glad Tidings Hall ("The Wages of Sin Is Death"), and the other was a little general shop kept by a grey-headed angel who gave overweight and sang softly as she did so. At night, the shop was lit by a single gas-jet and two candles stuck into beer bottles. In front of the counter were tiers of biscuit tins and bundles of firewood. Jam, cocoa, tobacco, mousetraps, head and stomach pills, soap powder and stationery were displayed in glorious confusion. From the ceiling hung kettles, saucepans, and other domestic utensils.

There was but one gas lamp in the street, and that was outside Stella's home.

Stella's hobby was weaving, and for tuition, she attended an East London polytechnic two evenings a week. In order that we could meet midweek, I abandoned one of my classes. Stella was a redhead, like her younger brother and sister, and was rather heavily built. Her father was an arthritic man employed as a turncock by the local water board. His one passion was playing dominoes, but one had to let him win. Completely eclipsed by his wife and children, he limped his way through life, silent and morose.

In view of the trouble I had faced when I had brought Eve home, I never even spoke to my parents about my friendship with Stella. Indeed, I knew her more than three years before they met her.

Over these years, when I came home after bicycling ten or more miles through the heart of London, I always found my parents either bickering or singing hymns. As Mother grew older, she developed a great liking for hymns, accompanied by my father on his American organ. Sometimes, however, my father would read novel after novel aloud to my mother because her eyesight was too poor to permit much reading. Tragically, the older my mother became, the greater were her recriminations against all the Pendragons. With the invective for which all the female Hazels were noted, she abused the Pendragons from first to last-born. These attacks against those who were not present to defend themselves pained my father and any defense he made on their behalf was futile. He was 51 in 1930, and by that time his hair was completely grey. As far as I was concerned, he had developed a sort of resigned indifference to anything I did, provided peace could be maintained in the home.

It was in 1930 that I went on holiday with my parents to Hythe. I decided to make it a sketching holiday and spent every available hour out of doors drawing or photographing landscapes and old buildings.

During this holiday a very strange thing happened. Something rendered me, for a few seconds, completely invisible to several witnesses, and at the same time provided me with more clairvoyant phenomena.

Grandpa Pendragon, then over 80 years of age, took a holiday at the same time we did. My father never lost an opportunity to play any organ that became available to him. On this occasion it was a rather antiquated organ in the Congregational Church in Hythe High Street. He knew the regular organist, who was pleased to be relieved of his duties at one or two services. The organ was blown, not by electricity, but by hand-operated bellows. The blower stood behind a curtain at one side of the organ and worked a long lever. If he was negligent and did not keep the bellows well filled, the organ would give a doleful gasp

and the music would fade away. Many times as a lad I had worked the bellows on this and other organs for my father when he wanted to practice.

On this particular occasion, Grandpa Pendragon, who still occasionally played the organ of the church in the Kentish village in which he lived, accompanied us. My father blew the organ when Grandpa played, and I blew for my father, a sort of family reciprocation. My mother sat in the choir mainly as a listener, although occasionally she would sing a solo hymn.

We agreed to meet at the church one bright evening just as the sun was about to set. My parents and Grandpa Pendragon arrived first, and I arrived some ten minutes later, accompanied by Aunt Grace, who looked after Grandpa. My aunt and I arrived on bicycles. I entered the building first via the main door. My aunt, who had paused for some few seconds to read a notice in the entrance, followed me.

As I opened the inner door, I noticed that my father and Grandpa Pendragon were standing in the choir loft turning over some music; my mother sat near them. All of them looked towards me as I entered. I saluted them by raising my hand—to which greeting my mother made a similar gesture—and I proceeded up the right-hand aisle.

I had not walked more than five yards when an amazing thing happened. Cotton-wool clouds seemed to envelope me, rather in the same fashion as when I had seen the “funeral” when I was a child, but these clouds seemed more dense. I could not see the choir or the roof of the church, and the pews on each side could be only vaguely discerned through the heavy, billowing mist. At the same time I did not seem to be properly anchored to the ground. The aisle down which I was walking began to move up and down like the deck of a ship in a heavy storm. Furthermore, everything about me seemed ice cold. Although I could hear my footfalls on the aisle, I did not seem able to see my feet and legs. All I sensed was that I was floating along the aisle.

Then I suddenly realized that ghostly figures stood in the pews on each side of the aisle. I say figures, but they would be better described as white undulating columns, roughly the same height as human beings. No features could be distinguished. The best description I can give of what I saw would be a number of people with sheets draped over them, standing in rows in the pews in a mist that was uneven and seemed to billow about over their heads—or where their heads would have been if they had had heads!

I could still hear myself walking. I knew that I was moving up the aisle, because I could vaguely see the pews. These ghostly columns stood in each pew like a packed congregation. Then, suddenly, the whole scene lifted, and I found myself at the top end of the aisle, close to the choir and my relatives.

My heart was beating at a great rate, and I sank down on one of the choir stalls and murmured to my mother something about indigestion. Glancing down the aisle along which I had come, I saw that my aunt, who had followed me some 20 feet behind, was approaching, white-faced and trembling. Then, looking at my grandfather and my parents, I saw that there was a look of surprise on their faces. My aunt sat down and stammered out, "I must have had a black-out or something, because as I was walking behind John he suddenly vanished."

My father admitted that he had seen me begin walking up the aisle and that I had seemed to become invisible until I reached the choir. My mother said she had thought that I had bent down below her eyelevel and then bobbed up again on reaching the end of the aisle.

Grandpa Pendragon said, "Crumbs! I thought that the sun had got into my eyes from that window and had blinded me for a second or two. It was some trick of the light."

The setting sun was indeed shining in one of the windows, and a beam hit the aisle up which I had walked.

"Walk up the aisle again," suggested my father. So I

went down the opposite aisle and entered the vestibule and then came through the same door by which I had previously entered the church. I walked up the aisle with a certain inward apprehension, but I reached the stalls of the choir without incident. This seemed to convince my relatives that a beam of sunlight had in some way created an optical illusion, but my Aunt Grace was convinced it was something uncanny.

I never told any of them of *my* experience. I was, and probably still am to some extent, reluctant to tell unsympathetic listeners, or those who might be frightened.

I had not been closely associated with Stella for many weeks before she revealed that she suffered from a serious disease of the digestive organs, and that, although she had had one surgical operation, her doctors were pressing for another. It was a serious operation as we both knew.

When we look back over the years and try to pinpoint the cause of a major incident, we find that behind one apparent cause there is yet another event leading up to the apparent cause. We then take that event as the starting point, only to find that behind that there is a further event, proclaiming that all events in life are but links in a chain. It is hard to realize, when I survey my past in relation to the present, that an unknown night-watchman off East India Dock road—the famous road where my two grandfathers trod in their youth—was responsible for what I have about me today. All these hundreds of books that encompass me, the stack of letters, the maps pinned to the walls that surround me, the restless telephone . . . all seem to be due to old Ted of Limehouse, London's Chinatown.

It all began on that evening in November, 1930, when Stella was due to have her major operation. I proposed to ride over to the hospital to get some firsthand news of her, and I warned my mother that I should be late on returning because up to that time I had not even mentioned Stella to my parents. By this time my home had become

mainly a place in which to sleep, and to eat morning and night. I was conscious of an ever increasing gulf between my parents and me, especially between myself and my mother. Surveying the situation across the arch of years, I feel pain at the contemplation of it. Yet, at that time, I knew no other home or circumstances, and would not for several years to come. A child accepts the circumstances into which it is born, and in that respect, I was still a child. Yet, unconsciously, these stresses and strains were building up within me to precipitate a state of chaos.

And so I rode over to the hospital on that chilly, misty evening. I was too early to get any news of Stella, so after some refreshment at a riverside café, I walked on the path that skirts the waterfront, pushing my bicycle and watching the vessels as they crept up and down the river.

It was here that I met the old nightwatchman whose casual words of advice were to change my life:

“Yes, mister, those sorta things make you think. I’ve read a lot of books that do that. About ghosts and telling the future and similar. . . .

“You ought to study them subjects, mister. You’re young. You’ve got plenty of time to do it in. If more people studied these sorta things the world would be a different place.”

The distant church clock chimed the hour, and leaving my bicycle in Ted’s care, I went into the hospital again. The operation had, I was told, been successful, but Stella was still unconscious. I left the building, feeling slightly sick. I collected my bicycle from where I had parked it against Ted’s hut and rode to Stella’s home to give her parents the news.

It was nearly 1:00 A.M. when I arrived home. My father had retired, but my mother was still sitting watching the embers of a dying fire. She unstopped a flood of recriminations that poured over me the moment I entered the room. Where had I been? Why was I so late? Why did I ruin her health by staying out and making it impossible for her to sleep?

Wearily I cut some bread and cheese and carried it to my bedroom. As I ate, I could hear my mother searching the past, reviewing the misdeeds of the Pendragons, living and dead, to pour upon my awakened father.

It was weeks before Stella recovered sufficiently to resume her work. She was discharged from the hospital but had to remain a bed patient in her own home to be tended by her mother. It was not until the summer of 1931 that she regained her health.

The great depression in Britain was upon us. The gold standard was abandoned. The pound slumped. There was catastrophe upon catastrophe in the financial world. Harry, the crooked financier, was arrested and sentenced to 14 years' imprisonment. Ivar Kreuger, the "Match King," committed suicide after supplying banks with forged bonds. Tanks and armored cars were used to dispense demonstrations of the unemployed. A mutiny in Dartmoor Prison made headlines. Such was 1932. But for me, I can say I experienced one of the happiest years of my life up to that date.

It was not happy because my home conditions improved, for they slowly but steadily deteriorated. Neither was it happy because of earnings, for the depression affected everybody, regardless of his trade. Market work slumped, and for a few weeks, another unemployed evening art student and I had a pavement artist's pitch under a railway bridge in South London. The shared weekly return was at a starvation level, but at least we had the satisfaction of producing our own drawings on the flagstones. We looked with scorn upon the numerous pavement "artists" who sat beside a row of colored prints torn from Christmas numbers of magazines. It was certainly a case of every man for himself in those days. Yet it was a happy year, almost entirely due to my association with Stella. I was deeply in love with her, and I believed my love to be reciprocated.

I spent with her the spare evenings I had from study at the school of art. If we went out, it was almost always to

take long bus or trolley tram rides across the length and breadth of London. It was restful to me after cycling. From the front seat on the top deck of a scarlet bus or a chocolate tram the great, ungainly sprawl of London unfolded itself. Those hundreds—perhaps thousands—of miles that we traveled will be forever engraved on my memory. I think we both enjoyed the night journeys most of all.

Early in 1933, before Stella had her second bout of illness while I knew her, we were out in London when we suddenly met my father as he was leaving his office. Father seemed quite impressed with Stella when I introduced her, but when I returned home he said, "It might be as well not to mention the matter to your mother."

Whether I did the right thing or not, I asked Stella home after she had met my father. I had previously explained to her that my parents were difficult to get along with and that I rarely asked friends home. She seemed satisfied with the explanation, and it appeared to make no difference in her relationship with me.

My father quite graciously accepted Stella. Indeed, he went so far as to wish me luck with her. "You are old enough to know your own mind now," he said.

As for my mother, she was merely distant in Stella's presence, but in Stella's absence Mother raged and screamed with ill-founded jealousy. Yet she must have known in her heart that she could do nothing. I was no longer a child, but although she realized it she would not admit it. Only twice more did Stella come to my home before illness attacked her again.

As far as I can recall, 1933 produced no conscious impressions of a paranormal nature, although the suggestion of nightwatchman Ted—whom I never saw again after the end of 1931—still lingered in my mind. Had my life been tranquil and undisturbed, the paranormal might have come to the surface much more frequently than it did; but on review from a point of perspective, it seemed

fated that I should undergo further trials before I reached the grand climax that would wrench away the curtain.

I think there could have been a psychosomatic reason for Stella's recurring illness, though it was treated as a physical condition. Within the limits of my abilities I saw that Stella lacked nothing that might aid her recovery. Dingy Lavender Street became my personal Mecca to which I made hundreds of journeys—each of them a pilgrimage, especially those made on foggy winter nights. Never do I smell the pungent odor of fish fried in batter, never do I hear the sound of clanking railway coal trucks or the strident hoot of a ship's siren than there comes to mind the picture of that tiny, dingy house with the yellow beacon of light from the single lamppost casting its rays along that short row of terraced houses.

I was hopeful of the future, for I was slowly gaining more skill in commercial art. There was Stella. In a measure I was content, and thus I remained until I injured one foot and the relatively minor wound became infected.

It was just before Christmas, 1933. Stella and I parted on affectionate terms on the corner of the street, and in considerable pain, I cycled home and consulted a doctor. An abscess had formed in a lymphatic gland in my groin. I went to bed and remained there over the holidays. It was mid-January before I got unsteadily on to my feet again. I was apprehensive because Stella had not written—neither of us had phones—and I sensed that something was wrong, for I had written her two or three times a week.

Then I received a postcard from her. "I'm sorry that you are so ill, but when you are better please don't call again. I don't wish to see you anymore."

I was stunned, as there had been no quarrel or any differences whatever when we parted. While I was unhappy about the ultimatum, I also felt that I was entitled to some kind of explanation. I wrote Stella to that effect, but my letter was ignored. It was not until the end of January that I was sufficiently recovered to be able to call on Stella—in spite of her request. She was out at the time of

my visit, but her sister had been instructed to say that Stella did not wish to see me anymore.

"She's got silly," added her sister, "and we think she has been very unfair to you."

Stella had by that time resumed her welfare work, and I made an effort to see her on her way home. It was hopeless. She would not even speak to me. "I don't want to see you anymore." That was all.

I think that the feeling of injustice and frustration of my request for a reason irked me almost as much as the rejection. I was in a maelstrom of emotions and felt physically sick with the condition. I have always maintained that being in love is not ecstasy. It is painful even when things are going well, but when they are not, that pain becomes an agony.

I was too disturbed for my intuition to be of any use. I did not appear to have been jilted, although Stella knew other young men. I wondered if, having met my parents, she decided that she did not wish to marry into such a family. I could find no answer, so I decided to wait. Rather oddly, I confided the situation to my father which, in view of the previous relationship between us, seemed an odd thing for me to do. He advised, "Leave her alone for three months and see what she does."

She did nothing. Finally, her sister, who had married in the interim, acted as a mediator and arranged a rendezvous for Stella and me to meet alone in her flat to talk it over. I went there as arranged, but Stella never arrived. I then had to admit to myself that, whatever had happened between us in the past, I had now "had it." There was no explanation of any kind forthcoming. I saw Stella once again, but she refused to talk, and I left her angered. Neither her family nor I could do anything against her passive resistance.

Phobias which had hitherto remained mostly in the background began to manifest themselves. I often seemed to be walking about as if in a dream. Then, I suppose I accepted the estrangement, and decided to tackle life from

another angle. Economic conditions in Britain were improving slightly in 1934, but things were still very tight.

At this stage I began to get a few art commissions, but I soon realized that it was premature for me to hope to make a living at the profession. It was then, quite suddenly, that I remembered the words of old Ted, the night-watchman who had talked of occultism.

I sought out Lizzie, who was still with us. "Have you got any more of those *Old Moore's Almanacks*?" I asked her.

"Of course, I have, I have it for every year. Why you haven't asked me for those almanacks since you were a little boy."

She produced several dozen, with strict orders that they be returned. The rest of the day I spent poring over the almanacs and their prognostications. How could I hope to do anything like this? I knew nothing of astrology or occultism, yet old Ted's words came echoing back from his hut before that glowing brazier of coke: "You ought to study them subjects, mister. . . ."

The next day I had reason to go from my home to Croydon, the large town in which I had lived following the end of World War I. I loved Croydon, and after my business there was over, I went into the great public library in Katharine Street.

With a stack of books before me, I seated myself and began to read, rapidly skimming through the pages of various works by Beasant, Blavatski, Leadbeater, Crowley, Brunton, and numerous others. I dipped into several works on astrology, reading more carefully, oblivious to the passage of time. Much, of course, went over my head, but I gained sufficient insight to realize that here was a mighty subject that held great fascination for me.

Four hours later I was aroused by the call of "Closing time!" I went into the street in a semidream. Nightwatchman Ted had certainly spoken truly. I reflected deeply and rode home. How could I ever encompass this vast subject, much less earn a living at it?

Chapter VI.

The Postman Under the Table and the Floating Coffin

IN THE '30's, Britain had four postal deliveries a day, including one about 9:00 P.M. One night towards the latter part of 1934, the postman knocked twice and I went to the door. My Irish setter, Biddy, barked loudly. The postman handed me a registered letter for my father. Although he was our regular night postman, I knew nothing about him or his background. Shutting the front door, I gave the letter to my father and walked upstairs to my bedroom.

As I walked upstairs I suddenly experienced much the same phenomenon that I had before in the church at Hythe. Billowing clouds came down from nowhere. The physical surroundings were completely blotted out. I then saw myself under a table with the postman who had just delivered the letter. He had one arm around my shoulders, and there seemed to be a noise like thunder around us.

"Keep down! Keep right down, John! There's another one coming!" he was saying.

There was a shuddering crash like the noise thunder makes when it rips to earth. We seemed to be plunged into darkness, and I could see nothing, but I could feel my companion still with his arm around my shoulders, as if protecting me.

Then the scene lifted and I found myself at the top of the stairs that I had been mounting from the hall. I knew that I had been presented with a dramatic pre-vision, but I could not divine its meaning.

I had another pre-vision shortly afterwards. A young friend of mine was making a trailer to carry his camping

gear behind his bicycle, and I had been helping him. We had to go to the local blacksmith to get him to make a connecting rod. As we stood near the fire, watching the smith heat the metal and begin to hammer it, I said in a low voice to my friend, "That man's going to be killed by Germans right on the spot he's standing." The smith could not have heard what I said, for he was busy hammering.

My friend laughed, and as we left the building behind, he said "You must be nuts. How can Germans kill him on that spot? Why should they? There's no war. Or do you mean that a German will murder him?"

"I don't know," I replied, "except that he will die on that spot by the anvil and Germans will kill him."

The matter went out of my mind, but in 1941, approximately seven years later, the Germans did kill the smith on that spot. A daylight bomber dived over the town and dropped four bombs in an effort to destroy the railway station. One bomb fell directly on the forge, and the smith was killed. I saw his anvil afterwards. It had been hurled over the rooftops into another street.

It was, I suppose, from about 1935 that my life and affairs became increasingly complex, and it is difficult to decide how I ought to present them. It appears that I shall have to make some statements that may not, at this juncture, appear to develop the forward march of my story, but there is a good reason for the inclusion of certain apparently disconnected pieces of information.

Grandpa Pendragon was still alive and in his 88th year. Every year for the previous decade he had spent his birthday with us, bringing with him Aunt Grace Pendragon. My father invited the old man not for any love or affection that he bore his father but because he always assumed that when Grandpa passed on he, as eldest son, would have a fat mention in Grandpa's will. My mother always said, "Don't count on it so much," but my father disregarded her words and lived for the time when he would inherit his father's property.

My father was an exceedingly grasping man. Many times in my youth I heard him say, "I wish I could find a rich old lady who would die and leave me all her money!"

Embarrassing as it is to relate this about my own father, it is true that he made a definite campaign of trying to ensnare old ladies by professing friendship for them. To a rather lesser extent, my mother joined him in this campaign. I refused to have anything to do with the matter, and consequently I was not told much of what went on.

My parent's practice was to spot an elderly woman who appeared to be a "good catch," as she sat on the park seat or on a train. My mother would get into conversation with the woman, usually working matters so that they would arrange to meet again. Then the intended victim was asked home to tea. Between 1932 and 1939, my father, assisted by my mother, hooked at least six old ladies who had little properties. They were usually single women, or widows. They used to make a great fuss over these "dear old ladies," but, of course, the whole business was thoroughly rotten.

An old lady who nearly fell into the trap was one whom I shall call Miss Rogers. Miss Rogers was hooked on a train journey. She had a servant maid, who, like our own Lizzie, been in service to her for well over 25 years. My parents made a really big effort to ensnare Miss Rogers, and at one time I thought they might succeed.

My father took the same benevolent approach as before, but this time both he and my mother tried to persuade Miss Rogers, who was nearly 80, to fire her servant, give up her house, and come to live with us.

"Then we can look after you," my father told her, "and you won't need Annie, because our Lizzie will attend to your wants."

The old lady stayed with us for a couple of weekends, and on each occasion I was warned: "Don't do or say anything that might upset her or cause her to back out."

When they got to the stage where they were actually discussing arrangements for her taking up residence, I

misbehaved and used some very blue language to my father in her presence. That put the cat among the pigeons! Miss Rogers returned to her home—she was living some 50 miles from us—and said that she wanted more time to consider giving Annie her notice and selling her house, as my father had suggested.

Three months elapsed, and my parents never heard from Miss Rogers, so my father made a trip to her home. On his arrival at her house, he found the place locked up and deserted. A neighbor informed him that Miss Rogers had died some ten days previously.

My father eagerly awaited the administration of her will, never doubting that he would be mentioned in it. Investigation proved that he was not. Miss Rogers had left everything she possessed to faithful Annie, her servant. Whether Miss Rogers had “smelt a rat” or whether she had objected to living in a house containing a man who used bad language, I don’t know, but at all events, she escaped my parents’ avarice.

During the summer of 1935, I had a curious incident happen that had a repercussion nearly a decade later. I was cycling rather slowly along a road near my parent’s home when I seemed to run into an atmosphere of complete stillness. It is difficult to describe. It was as if time did not exist.

At the right-hand side of the road along which I was cycling there was a high brick wall. I suddenly had an overpowering impulse to look over that wall into the garden of a private house that I could see in the distance. It was quite a large house, in semirural surroundings. The wall ran at the bottom of the garden, the frontage of the house being in another road.

Feeling a trifle foolish, I parked my bicycle against the wall and, standing on the crossbar, managed to raise my head to the top of the wall. Beyond was a large and rather untidy garden. I climbed down, reflecting deeply why it was that I had felt so compelled to look over the wall.

It was not until 1943 that I had the answer. At that time I rented a large house and, on looking over the premises, I went to the bottom of the garden, observing that the wall abutted on a road. When I looked over the wall, I suddenly realized that it was the same wall that I had looked over eight years before. So, in 1935, I must have sensed—though I did not consciously realize it—that I was to inhabit the premises that I had seen beyond the wall.

Toward the end of 1935, there came the news that Grandpa Pendragon had suffered a stroke. He recovered slightly for a few months, but early in 1936, he had a second stroke and passed away.

Grandpa Pendragon's death was the event for which my father had been waiting for the previous decade or more. It was then that he expected to inherit the little house property that my grandfather owned.

In due time the will was read, and my father's name was not even mentioned. Neither was the name of my Uncle Sydney Pendragon. Grandpa had left my cousin, Uncle Syd's son in Africa, and myself a small legacy of £25 each, and the remainder of the estate was given to my Aunt Grace, who had cared for Grandpa Pendragon for more than 25 years, and who had abandoned hope of marriage in order to devote herself to him.

My father was stunned by the terms of the will and claimed that he had been disinherited. He was also exceedingly annoyed that I had benefitted to even a small extent.

It was about that time that I met Yvonne, an artists' model. Yvonne who was a little my junior, was blonde, six feet tall, and had much poise. By nature she was an actress. Behind her pose of cool sophistication, there was one of the most humorous and fun-loving hearts that I have ever known in any woman. She could have been a supreme comedienne, yet, rather oddly perhaps, as far as I was concerned, she had very little sex appeal.

There was never any romance between us. She was an

extremely good friend, but of romance there was none. In spite of her poise and charm, she could never have filled the great gap left by Stella.

Yvonne lived with her parents, and her home conditions were very bad; but because she had known no other home, she held on to it, I visited her home on a few occasions and realized her difficulties only too well. Her mother was a very jealous woman, who did not want her to have any boy friends, and her father was a pompous, boorish type without elementary manners. One hears of many cases where children are a problem to their parents, but we have, I am sure, just as many cases where parents create problems for their children. At all events, Yvonne spent nearly as much time away from home as I did.

Yvonne and I had compared notes on our respective homes and parents, and she knew my mother's reception of the two girl friends I had had. Likewise, I knew of her mother's reception of any man she might bring home. They treated me just like a leper, which I understood to be their usual manner with Yvonne's friends of the opposite sex. There was a tangle here: the Electra complex in reverse from her father, plus jealousy from her mother.

"Ask me home, and let's see what happens," Yvonne said one day.

"You don't know what my mother can be like afterwards," I said, not at all keen about the idea.

"She cannot be much worse than mine!"

"But she'll work herself up into an attack of asthma and that will mean bed, perhaps for two or three weeks."

"It might not," responded Yvonne. "I might be able to render her speechless."

I didn't agree, but I let her talk me around for once, and all was arranged. I was to meet Yvonne outside and bring her home to tea.

Well, as I have written, Yvonne was a six-foot blonde with considerable poise.

When I saw her get off the bus to meet me, I almost gasped. She must have spent hours getting ready, and the

result was certainly breathtaking. I think she must have hired her clothes for the occasion and she looked very splendid.

My mother, in a psychological sense, collapsed like a deflated balloon. Yvonne had apparently "rendered her speechless." My father was also impressed. But as I had forecast, after Yvonne's exit, my mother's dammed-up emotions burst out and she worked herself into an asthmatic attack.

I would say, I suppose, that mother's physical condition was a reflection of her mental outlook. Her body was saturated with "acidity" and she was ill-served by her doctors, who appeared to me to turn her into a guinea pig for all the latest drugs on the market. Added to that, my father's health was poor by reason of slow debilitation, and my own condition wasn't much better.

I was attending classes only two evenings a week. The remaining evenings I spent mainly at home, for I had converted my room into a studio of sorts so that I could continue my drawing and painting, either for profit or for study. To these activities I also added writing. My uncle, Major Pendragon, who was a member of the Theosophical Society, was surprised that I had suddenly become interested in occultism, and sent me numerous books for study.

My mother, finding that I was spending more time at home, adopted a rather queer tactic. She would interrupt me by entering my room every few minutes with minor tasks for me to perform. I began to see that this was only a ruse to retard my progress. It was a strange bit of twisted mother love, related, I suppose, to her insistence years before that I should not make a start in life when I left school. Now I was older and took a more adult view. I locked the door on her. This roused a storm of protest. Mother would hammer on the door and shout abuse. This was really more disturbing than being interrupted.

It was about that time that I had a rather frightening vision.

I left my room one summer evening with the intention of going out. I paused for a moment on the upper landing when, to my amazement, I could see the rather vague form of a coffin moving ahead of me. There were no billowing clouds as there had been in my other visions, for I could see everything optically, including this somewhat misty coffin. It floated slowly downstairs and through the front door.

I was absolutely dumbfounded and rushed into my room to look out the window at the street below. But there was no hearse there.

As usual, I decided to say nothing. My mother would have been very frightened at such a revelation, and my father would have been skeptical. Then, thinking the matter over, I broke out into a chill sweat. Could I have seen my own coffin?

This grim vision kept repeating itself at fortnightly intervals. I once saw the coffin when I was in a railway station. It simply floated before me. Yet, as far as I can recall, I was conscious of the material surroundings at the same time.

Obviously it was clairvoyance, as I had now gathered some knowledge of the subject from the books that my uncle, had been lending me. I was strongly tempted to tell him, but I did not.

It was at the latter part of 1936 that my father decided to move. My mother had become rather a neighborhood character, and I think my father was as embarrassed about that as I was. The house we moved to had been a vicarage and it radiated peace. I wondered whether if 60 years of occupation by parsons might have been the cause. There was also a beautiful garden that overlooked a group of beech trees fringing a 17th-century college. However, this peaceful atmosphere did not seem to have any influence upon my mother.

The end of that year brought one major event that spread into 1937. Both my parents caught pneumonia at the same time. This is rather interesting from an astrologi-

cal standpoint, for the planet Saturn entered Aries in 1937 and remained there until 1940. My parents, Lizzie, and myself were all Sun-Librans, and thus had this transit of Saturn by opposition. And we suffered simultaneously.

At the same time my parents were taken ill, Lizzie's varicose ulceration of the leg became so bad that she had to enter a hospital for a month. This left me completely unaided to care for my parents, who both refused to go to the hospital. The strain of this, plus having to cope with other matters, weighed heavily upon me, but somehow I found the strength to nurse them with the aid of a daily woman to do the housework. My father recovered first, but his illness left him exceedingly debilitated. My mother retarded her own recovery by her mental attitude. She was still fighting everything about her, including my father and myself.

Finally, as the spring of 1937 arrived, my parents more or less recovered, but I was a wreck.

Because of Father's condition, it was decided by the civil service that he should retire two years prematurely, so he never returned to his office. Although only 58, he looked at least ten years older. He walked slowly, slightly bent, and his hair had been completely white for several years; my own hair was already showing indications of becoming grey. Lizzie recovered to some extent and returned to us.

In view of his retirement, it was not surprising that my father wanted to move to the coast. He chose Hythe. At this stage I had to make a big decision. Should I accompany my parents or remain in the London environs? I realized well enough that I could not go on much longer in the environment in which I had spent the previous 28 years.

I became increasingly neurasthenic in 1937. I lost weight. I had abandoned my regular doctor because I was confident that nothing out of a bottle would cure or relieve my condition. I had phobias, periods of depression, and

ack of concentration. The phobias were probably the worst, because they handicapped me.

Glancing through a monthly magazine devoted to psychology, I found an advertisement of one whom I shall call Dr. Barclay-Brown. His advertisement proclaimed that he undertook to treat and relieve cases of persons suffering from phobias, nerve conditions, alcoholism, stammering, and so on.

In 1937, psychological treatment was in its infancy. America and Germany were far ahead of Britain in this respect. There were "brain specialists," or what was more popularly known as "loony doctors," but the psychiatrist, as we know him today, was uncommon.

Accordingly, I wrote to Barclay-Brown at an address in the West End of London and arranged for him to come to my home, as this was more convenient to me.

I explained to Mother that I had contacted a doctor who might assist me in overcoming the irrational fears that had descended upon me. She jibbed to some extent, and so did my father when he learned of my intention, but as he did not have to pay the fee, there was nothing he could do.

Dr. Barclay-Brown came as arranged. I really do not know what I had expected a psychologist to be like, since I had never met one. Barclay-Brown looked like a model for an ad for a West End tailor. He was so well-dressed that it was almost painful to look at him. Whatever his hairdresser, manicurist, and tailor had to offer, he had taken full advantage of their combined skills. His manner was suave but forceful. From the moment he entered the room, I realized that he was something out of the ordinary.

At my invitation, Barclay-Brown seated himself, saying, "This is fate!"

I thought this a rather odd statement, but passed over it. I gave him an outline of my life up to that time. He made copious notes as I talked. I observed that from time to time he would suddenly pause in his note taking and,

closing his eyes, incline his head as if listening to someone else hidden somewhere in the room. Then, smiling slightly to himself, he would continue writing.

At one point in the interview I stopped to ask him a question, but he made no reply. His eyes were closed as if he were mildly entranced. When he opened his eyes again, he proceeded to reply to my query. The interview continued for at least an hour. Then he stopped me in the middle of a sentence.

“What’s your birth date, place, and time?”

I told him, and he wrote down the information.

“Let me see the palms of your hands.”

I presented them for his inspection. He looked at them closely and seemed deeply engrossed in thought.

While evidently genuinely interested in me, he also seemed to be in a reverie. I asked his advice, and he said, “You must get away from your parents.”

I could have told him that much! He added that I should keep in touch with him, and that he would like to see me only once more. We made an appointment for a fortnight later.

Going into the kitchen, I found my mother seated on the floor in a corner holding my dog Bidly. She said that the animal had been frantic all the time Barclay-Brown had been in the house. Released, Bidly rushed into the room we had vacated and investigated it nervously. Gradually, she calmed down.

Following Barclay-Brown’s visit, a feeling of vague bewilderment occurred, but I learned from him that this was usual with his treatment. Later, he came again as arranged, and we sat in the garden. He met my mother, but as she was inclined to linger, he tactfully dismissed her.

I asked Barclay-Brown where the treatment came in, and he replied that he cured by “absent healing.” I had only the vaguest idea what that meant, but his response was, “Leave it to me.” He questioned me on my interests and work, adding that I had “an interesting future far ahead.”

I kept in touch with him by letter, but over the weeks that followed there was no improvement in my condition. This I attributed to the fact that I had not left my parental home.

My parents then decided to look for a suitable house to rent at Hythe. They went there one day to view a house, and on returning, told me about it.

“Don’t have that house,” I said promptly. “Somebody hanged themselves from the banister there.”

My parents were annoyed and surprised at my statement, but my mother said, “Strange that you should say that, because the whole time I was in it I felt uncomfortable. But it was a nice house.”

My father ridiculed my statement, as I had expected, but Mother urged him to make inquiries. The result of his investigation was the confirmation that a few months previously a woman had hanged herself from the banister at the top of the staircase.

My father was considerably impressed. Up to that date I had never mentioned anything about my paranormal impressions to my parents.

“Well,” Father said, “if you can do this sort of thing, the first thing is to make some money at it.”

I offered no comment. My parents did not take the house, but another, about which I had no adverse impressions.

It was just before we moved to Hythe—I had decided to remain with my parents, although I felt instinctively that the end of that period of life was at hand—that I saw my uncle, Major Pendragon, the theosophist. I mentioned Barclay-Brown to him, and he revealed that he was acquainted with him, and that Barclay-Brown was one of London’s leading spiritualists.

Until that time, spiritualism was little more than a name to me. I was too concerned with this plane of living to bother about the next, although I had begun to dip into astrology and allied subjects.

So we went to Hythe, the town of my childhood. On the

hill stood the ancient church of St. Leonard, which has the only ossuary, or charnel house, open to the public. Beneath the altar is the crypt where today, as for many years, there stands a huge pile of bones, mainly leg and arm bones, of several thousands of persons, while in rows on shelves around the walls, skulls are arranged in orderly fashion.

If I had vaguely expected an improvement in my health and conditions as a result of going to Hythe, that hope was futile.

There were several factors that led to the final collapse of the whole scene. My father had nothing to interest or to entertain him after his retirement except his organ music. He was able occasionally to deputize at the Congregational Church—the church where I had become invisible. This was not sufficient. He had given up all his hobbies years ago on his marriage to Mother. As a result, my parents were unable to maintain peace for more than a few hours at a time. Added to that, we had not been at Hythe more than a few days before my mother quarreled with my father's relatives, which caused my father to become estranged from them. Only I maintained a relationship with them, and for that, I was subjected to the abuse of my mother. Finally Major Pendragon was able to effect an armistice, though it proved an unsteady one.

As for myself, I had the utmost difficulty in earning anything from commercial art, but I was gradually getting into print with articles. Oddly, Barclay-Brown knew Hythe and came several times to see me socially. He continued to try to persuade me to live away from my parents. "It must come," he said. I agreed. He made several predictions about my distant future—and many of his prognostications have come to pass.

I remember weighing myself one day and finding that, quite heavily clothed, I weighed only 120 pounds although I stood five feet, nine inches.

I decided to return to London. Weakly, I wrote to Yvonne and several persons I knew there, and asked them

to find me an unfurnished room. I intended to move the roomful of my furniture up to London come what may. This time I meant business. I broke the news of my intentions to my parents after Yvonne had found accommodation for me.

I had no sooner made my announcement when Mother persuaded my father to quit the house, break the agreement on the grounds of her health's state, and move back into the London area.

That was the last straw as far as I was concerned. My head began to get muzzy. I felt so ill I could hardly drag myself about. Before I could get into the quarters that I had booked, my parents had found a house to rent on the fringe of London in the suburb where I had been born. It was the completion of the circle, the 28-year orbit of Saturn. As I had to get my furniture to London, it was decided that the whole lot should go together to save money. Like one in a dream, I moved back to London, to my own birthplace once again. I had but a week to go before I would be able to move my own furniture and goods into my rented flat some five miles nearer the city. By that time, I had begun to lose my mental grip on things, and I did not seem to realize that I *had* moved. I still kept saying over and over again, "Must get to London . . . must get to London . . . must get to London."

I vaguely recall seeing Yvonne somewhere by arrangement. ("Dragon! You look *awful!* Are you ill?")

I was very ill, but too bewildered to realize it. I remember going into a railway station somewhere and bellowing out, "Must get to London! Hitler's going to invade us! We are going to be bombed! Must get to London!" Then I went home and could not recognize my parents, although other individuals were familiar to me.

In the middle of all this chaos, there was a knock at the door, and there stood a man asking for information for the local directory. He was in civilian clothing, not uniform.

At the same time that he arrived, Major Pendragon also

arrived. As the man departed, I exclaimed, "He's the man I'm under the table with, the postman!"

I vaguely recall doctors . . . an ambulance. . . . and finally the psychiatric ward of a hospital. The climax had been reached.

PART TWO

The Making of a Psychic

Chapter I.

Days of Terrible Battle

“NOW THAT YOU ARE much more rested,” said the psychiatrist, as he looked over his papers a week later, “you will be able to tell me about yourself and your life. As you are aware, you have entered this hospital as a voluntary patient, and your father has agreed to see that you are safely conveyed home or to any suitable place of your own choosing when you have fully recovered.” He drew my attention to the document I had signed, which also bore the signature of my father.

In Britain, the laws relating to mental health were altered in 1937 so that persons could enter hospitals of their own volition, if it had been pointed out to them that they were suffering from psychological disorders which might become worse with the passage of time. Prior to that date, one was “certified,” which generally happened only after the patient had lost all contact with reality.

“We do not,” the psychiatrist continued, “allow anybody to leave here unless he has a suitable place to go. In other words, to the best of our ability we see that our patients are taken care of immediately following their discharge.”

“It seems strange and embarrassing that I should have broken down like this,” I said.

He smiled. "What is strange is that you didn't break down earlier. People are like bridges. If a certain bridge bears a notice 'Load not to exceed 20 tons,' we must not insist on driving loads of 50 tons across it. For a time the bridge may stand up to it, but finally it breaks—and that's what has happened to you. Now we have to repair the bridge, and from now on you must not make it take loads above its maximum capacity."

"What am I suffering from?"

"Neurosis, in a very advanced stage. It is not often that it gets as bad as this. You were disassociated when you were admitted. You are also undernourished. Your weight, stripped, is only 96 pounds. In short, you are a wreck. But with rest, proper nourishment, fresh air, gentle exercise, and your enforced removal from the environment which has placed such a strain upon you, I have every hope that you will soon be very much improved."

At that stage in the interview I had much the same experience as when Grandad Hazel manifested himself to me when I was in my teens. I was conscious of his presence clairvoyantly, while he impressed me telepathically. For a moment I had an uneasy flash that this could be due to a disturbance of mind, but instantly my "late" grandfather flashed back the answer that removed my doubts.

"I am here, John. Don't tell this doctor about your visions and similar matters. He is antagonistic towards that subject. Be discreet. You will see that I am right in a moment."

The doctor looked up from his papers. "I see from the information I had earlier that you consulted an alleged healer named Barclay-Brown.

"That is so."

"I understand that he claims to be able to get in touch with the dead."

I shrugged my shoulders and waited.

"I think this man is a charlatan, and people who believe in such claims are deluded," he continued.

“You think that Sir A. Conan Doyle and Oliver Lodge were deluded, then?”

“I am sure of it. Suggestion plays a very large part in so-called spiritualistic activities. No doubt this fellow Barclay-Brown dupes his followers in the same way Doyle and Lodge were duped. The best thing that you can do with Barclay-Brown is to forget about him.”

“You don’t believe that life continues after physical death then?”

“I do not. I think we are snuffed out like candles.”

While this subject was being discussed, all the color had drained from the doctor’s cheeks. It was apparent to me that he *feared* the subject. I was greatly tempted to press further, but I got a telepathic “don’t” from Grandad Hazel. Thereafter, for the rest of my stay at the hospital, I did not again refer to the subject either to this doctor or to any of the staff.

As I regained my equilibrium, I gradually became aware that something had happened to my “conscious pattern.” I cannot put it any other way, because there is as yet no suitable vocabulary to describe one’s psychic development. I can give an example which may be parallel to some extent, but not wholly so.

You may recall reading that when Peter Hurkos, the much publicized Dutch clairvoyant, fell off a ladder, he jolted something in his brain that “opened a door,” and he could “see” differently. Well, the psychological “jolt” that I had received activated something. While previously I had been sensitive to “conditions” and people, I was now very much more attuned. I also noticed that my thoughts—my associative processes, if you like—had become visual. When I thought, I saw “pictures.” But that was not all. I found that I “saw” into people, both physically and psychically. I knew things which in the circumstances I could have gained only paranormally. Of course, I had possessed that talent to some extent before, but now it was vastly stronger. A window had been cleaned. One new talent which fascinated me was that in some cases when I be-

came paranormally conscious of an adult, I could see "behind" him the child he had been. (I still get this, but not in every case. Perhaps about one person in four. Some cases are "blocked", or I am "blocked." I do not know. The technique eludes me.)

About four weeks after my admission to the hospital, I was told that the staff considered me ready to leave. All that would be required would be to satisfy the hospital that I had someplace to go. I had a talk with the senior psychiatrist and explained that I had a room full of furniture and, at the time of my being taken ill, had been about to move into an unfurnished flat.

"I don't advise you to return home," said the psychiatrist, "as the environment did much to contribute to this recent breakdown."

I agreed, but said that I should have to return for a few days to pack up my goods.

Just as we were discussing that, the deputy superintendent came in and handed his colleague a letter, which I could see was from my father. The doctor read it with a frown while I waited for some sort of announcement.

This letter is from your father," he said, "but how on earth am I going to answer it? I'll read some of it to you."

. . . Unless you can give me a written guarantee that as the result of my son receiving treatment in your hospital he will never again suffer any form of nervous trouble I am not prepared to assist him in any way on his leaving the institution. . . .

"How can I reply to such a letter?" The psychiatrist seemed, for once, to be at a loss.

"That is for you to decide," I said, "but it is the kind of letter he *would* write. I know my father better than you do!"

The doctor shook his head slowly in disbelief as he read another paragraph.

I am not prepared to accept any responsibility with regard to my son unless you will provide me with this written guarantee. Failing the receipt of this, I can only suggest that he be permitted to remain indefinitely at the hospital.

I could only repeat that it was up to the psychiatrist to deal with the matter. I assured him that I felt that he would act wisely and not jeopardize my freedom.

Years later, I found the doctor's reply to Father's letter.

Dec. 16th, 1938

I have to inform you that in the case of a Voluntary Patient—as your son is—the question of responsibility on your part does not arise, nor does the question of detention by the hospital. Your son can leave here at any time at three days' notice. . . .

My uncle visited me shortly afterwards, and I asked him to see the deputy superintendant. I was not present at the meeting, but after it was over, my uncle said that he would see my father and try to determine why he had taken such an attitude. The wait that followed carried the matter into 1939.

Meanwhile, at the hospital, I assisted the staff in various ways—as patients were expected to do if they were not confined to bed—and I found, on reflection, that I was not unhappy. The contacts were extremely interesting, and I learned much by observation that was useful to me later.

My father ceased to visit me following his receipt of the doctor's letter. My uncle came again after New Year's. I could see that he was perturbed.

“John, I've got something unpleasant to tell you, but I think you are well enough to stand the shock. You cannot go home because there is now nowhere for you to sleep. Your father has disposed of all your furniture—even your bed.”

For a moment, I felt as if somebody had hit me in the

solar plexus. My voice sounded as if it were coming from a long distance.

“But what on earth for?”

“He’s taken the line that the furniture was never yours but his, since you were under 21 when it was willed to you by your Aunt Margaret.”

“What about my books, art materials, and my dog Biddy?”

“They are there.”

“But what is his idea?”

“Well, old Lizzie has packed up and gone to her sister’s in Buckinghamshire, as she always said she would do when she got her pension, and your parents have planned to take an old lady they have found. She has her own furniture.”

“This is serious and rather outside of my province, said the superintendant upon hearing of Father’s action, “but I want to see your father, anyway. I’ll write and ask him to come and see me.”

My father never turned up for the appointment that the doctor suggested. Weeks passed and we got absolutely nowhere.

Meantime, my mother had retired to bed with shock (this time I think it was genuine), and I was told that she was in a very frail state.

I could not go to my uncle’s home, because he and his wife lived in a very small flat. Other relatives were elderly people and could not, or would not, help me. Moreover, I had only about £5, the residue of Grandpa Pendragon’s little legacy.

I was still in touch with Yvonne. She wrote me to keep on with my writing at all costs. This I intended to do, and during the evenings, when others were playing games or listening to the radio, I was deep in my armchair, writing away.

One day Yvonne wrote that she thought that she could fix me up in London. The authorities concerned advised me that though they could not force this, to keep out of

London in view of the impending war, for Hitler had marched into Danzig. Threat of war and probable bombing was hardly a peaceful outlook for anybody in London. I refused to move into London on these grounds, but I said, "If London gets bombed, it cannot be a bigger stress than what I have passed through so far." However, I was glad later that I did not go to the address that Yvonne had in mind, for the whole road was reduced to rubble a little over a year later.

Finally, my father put in an appearance at the hospital. Apparently the superintendant thoroughly put the wind up Father—hearsay had it that he threatened to have *him* certified. As the head nurse put it to me bluntly, "You ought to be outside and your father ought to be in here!"

My father met me after the interview. He was more frightened than I had ever seen him. "I don't want to meet that man again," he said.

Shortly after my father's appearance at the hospital, Uncle Sydney visited me again. I was hoeing turnips in the hospital garden. Seeing Uncle in the distance, I waved the hoe and went to meet him. As we met, I intuitively felt that he had some important news.

"John," he said, "your mother is dead."

I seemed to be without any responding emotion. It was as if the announcement of the passing of a complete stranger had reached me. I felt unmoved. It was not until hours later that I had the sense of a burden rolling away. To say that I felt a sense of sorrow would be untrue. Mother had died in her sleep some days previously, but my father had left it for my uncle to break the news.

A couple of weeks later, the problem of accommodation was solved by what is popularly known as Providence. I had been keeping up an irregular correspondence with a school friend who lived at Sandy Springs. As he had not heard from me for many months, he had called at my home some 30 miles away to inquire the reason for my silence. There he met my father, who was just packing goods to put into storage. My friend learned where I was

and that I had nowhere to go. He returned home, told his mother, and she promptly said, "John can come to us."

And so it was arranged. On the last day, July 2nd, 1939, my uncle Sydney, according to his agreement with the hospital, duly collected me and conveyed me to Sandy Springs, 25 miles away. My suitcase was crammed to bursting with clothing and three reams of paper covered with scripts of numerous short stories.

My uncle, without knowledge, conferred with my father and got him to agree to back me to the extent of £25 to save me from state support. To that sum, which my father sent me in weekly installments of £2, my uncle added a further £25. That kept me going until I could find work.

I had not been at my lodgings at Sandy Springs more than six weeks when I experienced a further phenomenon. I was alone in the house with my landlady at the time, for my friend was at work. I had just returned from a walk before tea. My thoughts were far from anything paranormal.

My landlady, whom I had known since I was eleven, was preparing the meal. "While you are waiting," she said, "put on the Gramophone. It's in the front room."

I entered the front parlor of the little house, and, leaving the door ajar so that she could hear the music, I wound up the machine and put on a record. I sat down in an armchair to listen. I was fully awake, facing the window through which I could see the houses across the road.

The music had continued for about 15 seconds when I suddenly felt two icy hands grip my wrists quite powerfully. Almost simultaneously, two more frigid hands gripped my ankles. These contacts resulted in what seemed to be a powerful electric current being passed all over my body, but particularly in my arms and legs. I was fully conscious of my surroundings, and there was no cloud effect, as there had been on previous occasions. I had no feeling of fear whatever; there was, instead, a sense of expectancy

that something amazing was about to happen. All the time I could hear the music from the Gramophone.

Then, in an instant, Grandpa Pendragon appeared between me and the window. He looked absolutely solid and not in the least ghostlike or nebulous. He looked a trifle younger than he had appeared when I had seen him for the last time in a physical sense, but there was no sense of age about him. His face was pinkish, as it had been until he reached his 80's. His moustache and hair were neat and quite white. In fact, everything about him was exactly as I would have expected had he entered the room and stood before me when I was a boy.

Still, there was this powerful electric current running through my body, coming, it seemed, from the unseen hands that continued to grip my ankles and wrists with a powerful grasp. Whatever, or whoever, held me was invisible.

Whether I heard Grandpa Pendragon speak in an auditory sense, or whether he communicated telepathically, I cannot determine. When I try to recall what happened in this respect, the answer eludes me. Perhaps, since Grandpa had apparently materialized—for this was not, it seemed, a clairvoyant vision—he might have been able to speak in the usual physical way. The whole incident was so amazing that only the salient points are remembered.

At any event, Grandpa Pendragon said, whether telepathically or acoustically, "Boy! There's going to be a war! Keep calm and don't be afraid. You'll come through it okay. God bless you, my boy!"

He vanished as instantly as he had appeared.

Immediately following his departure, my mother appeared, standing in exactly the same place my grandfather had stood, between me and the window. She did not appear so clear in an optical sense as Grandpa had, but she was recognizable. She appeared to be the same as when I had last seen her, nearly nine months previously. She was wearing a dress that I recognized at once—pale brown with a pattern of red diamonds.

My mother certainly did not “speak” as had Grandpa Pendragon. The whole manifestation was weaker, but *telepathically* I got the impression that she was, in effect, echoing Grandpa’s words. Then she vanished.

The icy grip on my wrists and ankles slackened, and with the release, the “current” decreased. But the weird sensation was still very much with me. Indeed, I felt it for more than twelve hours.

The recorded music came to an end, and I reached out and stopped the turntable. The whole manifestation could not have lasted above 45 seconds.

A trifle bewildered, but composed, I sat hearing the chinking of crockery from the other room. Then the call: “Tea’s ready, John.”

I went into the back room and tried to keep up a conversation with my landlady. I knew that it would be unwise to tell her of my experience, but contrary to my former silences on such matters, I felt that I must tell somebody.

I recalled my last conversation with the chief psychiatrist at the hospital. “How am I to tell in the future if I’m getting off the rails?”

“John, this is very unlikely to happen again. It occurred because you were overanxious for a very long time while you were living in an unhealthful environmental situation. But if you are in doubt as to whether you are on the lines or not, see a doctor.”

So, tea over, I went to see a doctor who had been in Sandy Springs since my boyhood. He was on the verge of retirement. In the quietness of his consulting room, I told him of my medical history and what had happened to me only an hour or so previously.

“You’re not insane,” he said, “and what you have just experienced is not a delusion. I am not a spiritualist, but I believe that in times of stress such as we are all under just now, it is possible for those who have passed on and who, I feel, watch over us, to return and give us comfort or warning as the case may be. Don’t go to seances. They can be

dangerous to some people. Now I will tell you a little story of how I know that even our pets survive and can return.

“Some years ago I had a little Highland terrier. Every night when my evening surgery was over, and my wife and I had dinner, little Jock used to patter into the room and climb into a basket chair that he always liked to occupy. One day, Jock died of old age, and I buried his body in the garden. The same night when we, a little sadly, had dinner, we heard Jock patter into the room and leap into the chair. He was invisible, yet the wicker of the chair creaked as he settled himself.

“Almost nightly for some years Jock has returned to leap into the chair, and at rare intervals, I have felt his paws touch my thighs as I am seated in my chair. Then I know, beyond all doubt, that Jock has survived, so how can one doubt that the human spirit does likewise?”

He rose. The interview was at an end. “Go out and help get the harvest in, or get into Civil Defense. Goodbye.”

I had been keeping in touch with Yvonne, and it was she who finally persuaded me to move nearer London.

After war was declared, I decided to move. Everybody who was able to move out of the metropolis was doing so, and I was one of the few to leave comparative safety for danger. I decided to go to the town where I had lived in the 1932-37 period, a semi-industrial area on the Kentish border of the city.

My father had given up his house and had obtained a flat in a house immediately opposite the one in which I had been born. I saw my father shortly before I decided to move. There was no question of our living under the same roof again.

I told him the road in which I was aiming to live. “Indeed, I am convinced that I shall live in that road,” I added in an unguarded moment.

“We don’t want any more predictions of any kind,” he replied irritably. I held my peace.

Accordingly, I wrote to an address in the road I had

named to my father. Without first viewing the accommodation or knowing anything about the household, I booked it. The war had been in progress only about seven weeks when I moved to my new quarters. The landlady was a complete stranger to me. It was teatime when I arrived.

"We'll have tea now, because my husband won't be home for half an hour," said my new landlady. We began the meal, and then a slow but firm footfall was heard entering the house.

"That's Dad coming in," she said.

The door facing me opened, and there stood the elderly postman who had figured in my vision some five years previously.

"Hullo," he said in greeting. "I recognize your face. Didn't you live down opposite St. Mary's Church and keep a lovely red setter dog called Biddy?"

Yes, it was the postman, who had retired, but who had returned to the post office because of the wartime shortage of workers.

I continued writing fiction. Commerical art was out because of the war, and in any case, I had only a bedroom and board and couldn't turn the former into a studio.

I felt that I wanted to be in the open air, so I resumed job gardening again. This was in great demand, as the people of Britain turned all their lawns and flower beds into vegetable gardens.

Then came the Battle of Britain. My landlady and her family spent nights in a nearby public air-raid shelter. I never used public shelters. I felt that if I were going to die, I wanted to die in the open air or in a house. I had no relish for being trapped, as hundreds were, in a shelter rapidly filling with water from broken mains, or in cellar shelters when the buildings above were on fire.

I joined the Air Raid Precautions for night duty, and got little sleep as a consequence. I kept my gas mask, helmet, and torch ready at hand while I awaited the wail

of the sirens that had become part of our lives. During these waits, I wrote stories or practiced calculating horoscopes or continued my study of the occult.

It was on one such night that my postman-landlord came back from the shelter to make some tea to carry to his family. Then the siren howled, and within minutes the bombs began to fall close at hand. Like the sound of giant hands tearing an enormous strip of calico, the bombs came screaming down within a few hundred yards. We hid under the kitchen table as the house rocked on its foundations. One bomb . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . .

"There's another coming, John! Keep your head down," the postman cried, and he put his arm across my shoulders protectively. All the lights went out as the sixth bomb fell about a hundred yards away from the house. The drone of the planes died away amid the boom of the guns and the whistle of the shrapnel as it fell to clatter off the roofs.

It was exactly as I had seen it in my vision years before.

I had little time for thinking of paranormal phenomena in those days, but one Sunday I decided to cycle into the countryside to savor what could be enjoyed of the autumn. I went to the village of Addington, near the town of Croydon. After having taken a look at the old tombstones in the rural churchyard, I entered a field beyond the churchyard wall, sat down with my back to the wall, and began to eat some sandwiches I had brought with me. Far up in the sky I could see the vapor trails of our planes on patrol, ready for the enemy that would surely come later.

The field in which I sat sloped down to a main road some 250 yards distant. As far as I could see, I was alone in the field. I was certainly not thinking about ghosts. Then, suddenly, about a hundred yards ahead of me, I saw a man whom I took to be a Home Guardsman. I

reflected that it was odd that I had not seen him come up from the distant road, but I did not attach any importance to that. I thought that I might have missed his entry into the field from the main road.

As he drew nearer, I realized that he was not in the Home Guard, for his torso was covered by a suit of sleeveless armor. He wore a helmet, high leather boots, a jerkin of two shades of brown stripes, and he carried a musket. I judged him to be about 30 years of age. He was obviously a soldier of the Cromwellian period. Even then I did not think he was anything but earthly. I judged that he was perhaps a figure from a historical pageant, but I did not know of one due at that time.

He advanced, plodding somewhat up the slope, until he was within about 15 feet of me; then he turned and followed the churchyard wall. He did not seem to be aware of my presence. I watched him walking close to the wall. Then, when he was about 60 feet from me, he suddenly vanished.

There was nowhere he could have gone except into thin air. If he had retraced his steps, he would have returned to me. If he moved to his left, he would have had to climb over the wall. To his right and ahead of him was the field—yet he had vanished as I watched him.

I walked to the spot where he had become invisible, but not a trace of him could I see. Exploration of the churchyard close to the wall revealed nothing. There were some old tombstones there, but I could not find any quite as old as the days of the Roundheads, yet there probably were some, somewhere in the bone-yard.

Seating myself in the same place as before, I continued eating and resting for over an hour, but my ghostly companion never reappeared. I knew nothing of the history of Addington at that time. Later, I was prompted to investigate it, and found that Addington, with its parent town Croydon, had been an important headquarters of the forces of Oliver Cromwell in their struggle against the Royalists.

It was in the autumn of 1941 that I had another brief vision.

I had seen my father at irregular intervals, for although we lived only six miles apart, we rarely sought contact. One day I decided to cycle over to his lodgings. I was 50 yards from the house when, quite suddenly, everything began to be blotted out in a physical sense. I drew to the curb and stopped.

Through a sea of cloudy mist such as I had previously experienced I saw a white ambulance at the house. I saw my father being assisted into it. Then the clouds lifted again.

I was perturbed by the vision and decided not to pay a visit while in that state. On the following day I went again, and found my father tolerably well but debilitated. Although he was only 62, some people judged him to be nearer 80.

About a month later, I had a very narrow escape from death in a physical sense. I was going with three acquaintances to an air-raid warden's post about a mile from my lodgings. It was the practice among wardens never to cycle or walk close together through a raid; it was argued that if bombs dropped, the whole party would be killed or injured. Consequently, we usually cycled or walked about a hundred yards apart, as we did on that occasion.

Overhead, bombers droned above a layer of cloud. Gunfire was continuous, but we had long become accustomed to raids. En route, we had to descend a hill. It was as we were going down the hill in the dusk that there came that all too familiar noise of bombs falling.

Instantly it felt as if somebody had slashed me across the eyes with a whip. There was a brilliant violet flash, and I felt myself plunge down into complete darkness. I knew no more until some days later, I began to regain consciousness in a hospital ward with an exceedingly painful head, body bruises, and abrasions.

The bomb had landed on my colleague, who had taken second place. Much later, when I had recovered, I went to

look at the place where the bomb had fallen. Six houses had been completely demolished. In the road was a crater about 20 feet deep and twice that width. At the bottom was a pool of water, and in the water there floated a loaf of bread, an armchair, and a woman's hat.

By 1942, I was beginning to do some astrological work privately among my friends and acquaintances. I had not then started advertising. People seemed impressed with my success. I believed that my psychic sensitivity greatly helped the astrology, and that when I calculated a horoscope, I came *en rapport* with the person concerned. I still think so.

I had calculated my father's horoscope and could see only too clearly that 1942 was to be a crisis year for him. It proved to be so.

In the early spring of 1942, the town in which I was living received its biggest air attack. That terrible night I began to wonder whether or not Grandpa Pendragon's "You'll come through it okay" was going to prove correct.

I was on duty that night, and it was hell. The town had received a shower of incendiary bombs at dusk. These fired several houses, shops, and two churches. As the fires were being fought, a wave of bombers attacked the town. Row upon row of houses caught fire. Five churches and several big shops and warehouses were ignited simultaneously. The heavy bombs burst the water mains, so little or no water was available.

The bombing continued without a lull from 7:30 P.M. until dawn. Then the bombers returned to their bases for second loads. I remember pulling up drain gratings in the road to extinguish the incendiary bombs by kicking them into the sewers. While I was doing this, an aerial torpedo demolished the 17th-century church about three hundred yards away from me. Gravestones and skeletons long at rest were hurled into the streets on each side of the church.

With several other wardens, I clambered over debris ten feet high amid a ring of flames that firemen were almost

powerless to quench. Every minute seemed an hour in the red hell of the dozens of blazes.

Under a heap of timber and masonry, I saw a woman's hand protruding. I felt for the pulse to see if she was alive, but it was a hand only.

Groping my way with others into a fallen building, I kicked against what I thought was a rope. Ahead of it lay a casualty. "Mind the rope, George," I called, as I bent to throw it aside. To my horror, I found it to be a length of some victim's intestines.

Finally, a lovely spring dawn rose and the "all clear" sirens sounded. Stumbling over the wreckage, I reached my lodging and, to my surprise, found the house unscarred except for broken windows and fallen plaster. Warily I looked into a mirror, as my landlady and her family emerged from the shelter. My face was as black as a sweep's. One lens of my spectacles was cracked, and there was a scratch on the back of my left hand.

After some refreshment I went into the streets again, and later, saw my father climbing over the debris. He had heard and seen the concentrated raid from six miles distant.

"It must have been hell," he said.

"It was!" I agreed.

A few days later, I was walking with my father on the Thames waterfront at the place where I had met old Ted the nightwatchman eight or more years previously. We risked an air raid, for Hitler was bombing us only at night in any strength. My father and I sat watching the merchantmen churning their way up and down the river in the spring sunshine. Father moved slowly. There was something strangely pathetic about him that stirred me.

Presently, as if divining my thoughts, he said, "Do you realize that this is the first time we have taken a jaunt together since you were a lad of ten or so?"

"I remember," I replied. "It was when you and I went over Farthing Downs from Croydon, when Mother had her long illness in 1920. I remember dashing after you

and catching you before you reached the railway station at Sanderstead.”

He nodded, and we both fell silent in our own deep thoughts. Presently we rose and walked to the famous Greenwich Observatory to survey the panorama of London below us. Then we parted. Five weeks later my father passed on.

It was as I had foreseen. I called on him and found him gravely ill.

“Why did you not send for me before?” I asked his landlady.

“I wanted to,” she replied, “but he said no, because he was afraid that you would make him go to the hospital.”

I saw Father assisted into the ambulance, for he declined to be carried. He had a major operation on May 19th, 1942, the anniversary of my mother’s death, and he died on May 28th at 10:25 p.m. When I picked up his watch, I found that it had stopped at that very minute.

Later my uncle, Major Pendragon, read the will. There were twelve legatees, and I had the residue. Uncle read out name after name of persons I had never even heard of. Each one had a small legacy, as did my father’s brother, sister, and a cousin.

Uncle Syd lay down the will, and, echoing my own thoughts said, “But what about poor old Lizzie?”

For her there was nothing. Not a single penny nor chattel of any kind. Her name was not mentioned.

Even before Father’s body was buried, his landlady had robbed his room of various chattels that were his property. I challenged her, and managed to secure a few of the more valuable items.

When I returned home after all was over, I wept.

The residue that I inherited consisted of only a few hundred pounds, plus remnants of goods and a little furniture from my parents’ home. I was amazed at what was missing. Either Father must have given goods away or they must have been stolen from him.

A few weeks later, I shared my legacy with old Lizzie,

with whom I had never lost touch, and shortly afterwards, I was able to get her into an almshouse in a Buckinghamshire village.

There Lizzie dwelt in good health and with an almost youthful lease on life for a further nine years. On the night she passed on in 1951, a friend and I heard continuous tapping on a wall, which lasted for several hours, but no "message" was distinguishable.

Chapter II.

Ghostly Visitors

I HAD BECOME acquainted with a house and an estate agent who wanted somebody to be a sort of caretaker and gardener to six large houses in my area. Two of the houses were completely unfurnished, the owners having evacuated to the west, taking their furniture with them. Two more houses were untenanted, but full of furniture, and two were tenanted. All the tenants wanted their gardens kept in order, or, at least, prevented from total chaos. I was to do one day's work in each. I had the keys of the four unoccupied houses, as I had to patrol them during air raids and watch for incendiary bombs. Consequently I got accustomed, especially in raids, to unlocking the doors of the four houses, which were all in a line, and patrolling the attics and lofts to see that no incendiary bombs had smashed through the tiles.

One night I went into one of the unfurnished houses to see that all was well. The moon was bright, and I did not use my flashlight. Reaching the first landing, I was suddenly conscious of a dull light under the door of one of the bedrooms. I could hear slight sounds within, but no speech.

I gently opened the door and peered in. The room was

bathed in a vague, bluish-green glow, relatively faint. There seemed no *source* of light. In the room there was "furniture," and the dim forms of a man and a woman. The woman was sitting up in bed and looked angry. The man had shirt and trousers on, but I distinctly noticed that he was barefoot. He took several paces beside the bed and shook his fist at the woman, as if angry. I stood transfixed, with a mixture of wonder and fascination. As I looked, the light died away, and the mysterious tableau vanished. I shone my flashlight around. The room was completely empty.

This must have been a thought-form of some kind. I did not mention the experience to anybody at the time, but a little discreet investigation later revealed that the house had been occupied by a married couple who had separated. I never saw this phenomenon again, though I watched for a repeat performance.

Of the two occupied houses, one was tenanted by an elderly princess of a royal house in the Far East. The other house was occupied by a retired stockbroker, for whom I gardened only. He patrolled his own house in air-raids, but the Princess could not, since she was more or less bedfast owing to a heart condition. There was during the war a great difficulty in getting domestic help, as a vast number of women had been conscripted into industry. The Princess had been lucky in getting a "daily," whose name was Greta.

The Princess was a tragic but fascinating figure. Her age was difficult to determine, but I put it at about 65. She was a widow, and all her family had left the country at the outbreak of war, but she had refused to leave the home in which she lived for some 20 years following her arrival from the Orient. I think her husband must have held a diplomatic post, but I am not sure of this. At all events, the house was full of the most ornate Oriental style of furniture. Far-Eastern bric-a-brac was everywhere, and over all was a subtle perfume of Oriental incense. Many of

the rooms were locked, and the blinds drawn against the sunshine and the eyes of possible intruders.

Greta always referred to the Princess as "the poor, dear lady." Greta was kindly soul of about 40 years with a small myopic son.

"My husband's gone off, you know," she informed me confidentially, as she made my daily tea. "They can't find him. How he got away I don't know, but they think he must have gone to Eire."

I nodded sympathetically. She was obviously a hard-working woman who had done much standing, for both her legs were encased in bandages that tokened vein trouble.

"The poor, dear lady's very nice," went on Greta, "but I don't think she's all there, 'cos she says her dead husband speaks to her sometimes. I mean, How could he, being dead? Anyhow, she thinks so, and perhaps it helps to keep her cheerful."

I made a noncommittal reply and drank my tea.

"She wants to see you, so you had better go up when you've had your tea. She may have some directions to give you about something."

Greta poured me a second cup and pressed some homemade cake on me. "You look as if you want looking after."

The Princess was sitting up in an ornate, ebony double bed upon which sat two Yorkshire terrier bitches, Flora and Fifi. The "poor dear lady" reflected the fallen grandeur of her surroundings. Her hair was completely black, but her face was covered with tiny wrinkles. At the moment I had been announced by Greta, the Princess had been in the act of manicuring her nails, which were the longest that I had ever seen. The atmosphere of the bedroom was heavy with perfume and joss sticks. Her Highness dismissed the rather reluctant Greta with a wave of her hand. The terriers, having duly approved of my presence, settled themselves again beside their mistress. I

was acutely conscious that the Princess was scrutinizing me without making it obvious that she was doing so.

“You will plant some bulbs in pots and bowls?”

I agreed.

“You will bath Flora and Fifi, my pets, when necessary?”

I assured her that it was not the first time that I had been called upon to bathe dogs.

“That is good. My husband, he say you very good man!”

I did not inform her that I knew that the Prince had passed on. “Indeed, madam, that is very kind of him.”

She tended to her talonlike fingernails. “I am alone. They have all left me—but my husband, he comes.”

“I’m glad to hear it, madam.” There seemed something slightly disquieting about her matter-of-fact statements about her husband’s manifestations.

On some of the later occasions when I saw the Princess, she was working out chess problems given in one of the national daily newspapers. The chess set that she used made me envious. It was carved from red and white ivory and the king was nearly six inches in height. I commented upon the pieces on one occasion.

“You play chess?” she asked, almost eagerly.

I admitted that I knew the moves.

“Then when there is rain and you cannot garden, you can play with me!” Her request was almost a command, and one which I was pleased to obey, for to me chess is the only worthy game in the world.

The following afternoon brought heavy rain.

“Fancy her wanting to play chess with you!” smirked Greta. “Chess is a clever game. You look clever, though.”

The Princess sat up in her ebony bed, and the chessboard was laid on a large wooden tray to her left. I sat at the bedside, and the game started without preliminary conversation. Her play was brilliant, and she was silent as she puffed at a cigarette in a long amber holder. The dogs were asleep on the opposite side of the bed, and beyond

the open door I could hear Greta polishing the landing and singing selections from the musical *Oklahoma*.

I had reflected deeply on how I could draw the Princess to tell me more about the alleged manifestation of her husband. Clearly, it seemed that she was not suffering from delusions. In my hospital experience I had seen and spoken with scores of people suffering from delusions and hallucinations, visual and auditory, and I was confident that the Princess was not in that class.

Yet she was somewhat imperious, and it would be as well for her to take the lead in regard to the subject of her husband. I would probably learn more by listening than by putting questions to her.

From the paranormal point of view, it was quite obvious that the Princess was, in a medical sense, slowly sliding downhill. There was a feeling of tragedy and isolation about her, but there was also kindness, gentleness, and a quaint humor.

The climax was reached in the autumn of 1942. It was almost dusk. I was putting my tools away, and Greta had gone home to her child. Suddenly I heard a footstep behind me and, turning, I saw the Princess coming with slow and faltering step up the garden path. She was wearing a turquoise-blue sari. I urged her to go indoors, as there was a cold wind.

"I wanted to see my garden," she said, and there was something quite pathetic in her tone. "Have you planted the bulbs?"

I assured her that I had.

"My husband says you are a very good man." She turned and went slowly indoors. Those were the last words I ever heard her speak.

I walked to the bottom of the back garden to completely extinguish a fire I had lit that morning, for to have left it would have violated blackout orders. As I went up the darkening garden, I felt a strange and unnerving sensation. It seemed as if all life had been sucked out of the garden. In an adjacent yard a dog started to howl.

I was conscious of a sense of evil, as if I were being watched. I saw nothing in a physical sense, but clairvoyantly I was impressed that the premises were ringed with some kind of evil that was being kept at bay. For once I felt nervous about the supernatural. By the time I had my bicycle out of the garage, I felt my skin prickle with gooseflesh. As I sprang on the bike, I was conscious of energy being withdrawn from me in some subtle manner. That night I slept little.

I left my lodgings earlier than usual the next morning. As I approached the house, I overtook Greta, who was also early. "She was a bit funny in the head last night," said Greta, "so I got one of my neighbors to see my boy off to school so I could come up here. These things she says about her husband coming to see her get on my nerves. I told her it was her imagination, but she got quite huffy about it. Told me when I left that he was coming to fetch her last night, but I didn't take no notice."

I unlocked the side door and entered. The pets, Flora and Fifi, came barking frantically down the passage. Greta and I walked up the passage into the main hall.

Crumpled up at the bottom of the stairs was the Princess. She had obviously been dead for some hours.

I was deeply conscious that a great peace had come upon the house and garden. The Princess had died with a smile on her lips. Perhaps it had been a smile of greeting.

Some months later I decided to take the plunge and break away from the heavy manual work and leave the home of my postman-landlord, where I had dwelt for about four years. I agreed to rent a fairly large unfurnished house, the major part of which I planned to sublet.

I thought to get enough rent from my subtenants to cover the rent of the house. To cover the rest of my expenses, I proposed to start advertising myself as an astrologer and clairvoyant, and, at the same time, push my writing as hard as possible.

I did a foolish thing from the start. Certain persons

were introduced to me by friends as possible tenants; yet, while I was interviewing them, I had certain impressions, and my inner voice said no. It did, in fact, say more than that, but to my later detriment, I foolishly ignored the warning. I have never ignored my inner voice since, but I suppose in the case that I am relating it may have been foreordained. Who can tell? I evidently had a lot more bad karma to work off, and what I later had to endure may have been the route chosen by the powers that be.

The first paranormal experience that I had in the house came some months after I had moved in. I had let two of the attics for the storage of furniture of persons who had been bombed out. A lady who rented one of the attics frantically called me one day, said that she was leaving her husband, and asked me to make sure that neither he nor anyone acting for him removed her furniture. I assured her that I would do so, but several times more, she rang me and admonished me to be sure to keep my promise. She said that she had not been able to sleep because of worrying about the possibility of her husband's taking her furniture.

One night, quite late, I was sitting talking to a friend, with the door of my room slightly ajar. The other occupants of the house had retired to bed. The front door was latched and could have been opened only from the outside with a key. My storage tenants had no keys to the house, only keys to their rooms.

Suddenly we heard a woman's footsteps cross the hall and ascend the stairs. The second flight to the attic was uncarpeted, and the footfalls grew louder on that flight. Then I heard the sound of the attic door being unlocked. Immediately I thought that it was this particular storage tenant who had entered and had gone up to her room. Then I realized that the front door was latched and she had no key. I rushed upstairs, but found no one there. All occupants of the house, other than myself and my friend, were asleep.

On the following morning, the woman rang again, say-

ing that she was very anxious about her furniture because late on the previous night her husband had threatened to claim it. So, it seemed, that at the very time we had heard her "footsteps," she had been concentrating on her property.

The second preternatural incident that happened while I was living in that particular house suggested that either it was haunted or I had seen a thought-projection or an "echo" of a past event.

I had retired to bed one sultry night in summer, 1944—A few days before we were bombed by the "doodle-bugs" (flying bombs). I had opened the blackout curtains to admit air, but it was difficult to rest. Far in the distance I could hear the sound of antiaircraft fire. The room was not illuminated except by the moon, which was nearly full. The door was ajar.

Suddenly I was amazed to see a girl of about eleven silently enter the room, move across to the window, and stand looking out.

There was sufficient light from the moon to enable me to see that she had dark hair that hung to her shoulders. She wore a dark or black skirt, black stockings and shoes, and a scarlet jersey. I watched her, remaining absolutely motionless.

She had been at the window about a minute when a second girl, obviously her twin, entered the room and stood at the other side of the window. They made no sound whatever. But the first girl pointed to something beyond the window, and the other one craned forward to look, almost pressing her nose against the pane. They remained thus for about another minute, and then they both turned, clasped hands, and skipped out of the room.

I leaped out of bed immediately, and, risking the blackout orders, switched on the light without pulling the curtains. I rushed downstairs but not one sight or sound of the girls remained.

A few hours later I sought one of my next-door neighbors, who had lived in the adjacent house for many years.

I gave a description of the twins, not mentioning anything about ghosts, and asked the man if such children had ever lived in the house.

The elderly fellow pondered for a moment and then said, "Yes, there were girl twins living in that house. They often wore red jerseys. That was about 1914 or '15. They were Belgian refugees and didn't stop there more than a few months."

While on the subject of ghosts and ethereal visitors as experienced at that address, I must move forward in time to 1947, when I was still living in the house. By that time I had made contact with the late psychical researcher, Harry Price, and it was suggested that I give my impressions and analysis of the alleged paranormal wall-writings that had appeared some years previously at the haunted rectory at Borley, in Essex.

Borley rectory was built in 1863. The first tenant was The Reverend Henry D. E. Bull, who lived there with his 14 children. He died in 1892 and his son, The Reverend Harry F. Bull, succeeded him as rector and tenant of the rectory, which he occupied with his brothers and sisters.

Four of the Bull sisters are said to have seen the phantom of a nun on the rectory lawn on July 28th, 1900. Other phenomena were reported.

In 1911, Reverend Harry Bull married and moved into a mansion opposite the rectory. In 1920 his wife died, and he moved back to the rectory to be looked after by his sisters. Reverend Bull died in 1927, whereupon the sisters moved out, and the house was empty until 1928.

On October 2nd, 1928, The Reverend G. Eric Smith took up residence at the rectory, and in 1929, he and his wife were disturbed by a phantom coach, the ghostly nun, and other specters. Pressmen got hold of the story and sent Harry Price up to investigate.

Price visited the rectory and objective phenomena—mainly of the poltergeist type—began. In July of 1929, the Smiths left the house, partly as a result of the disturb-

ances and partly because of the publicity the case had aroused.

The rectory was empty for six months until The Reverend Lionel A. Foyster moved in with his wife, Marianne, and little daughter, Adelaide. Over the next two years, The Reverend Foyster kept a diary of paranormal events, which reached their peak in 1931. Various reliable persons testified to the phenomena. Price visited the Foysters again and, rather strangely, accused Mrs. Foyster of trickery. This was denied. The rectory was exorcised by some local spiritualists, and most of the phenomena ceased. The Foysters moved out in 1935.

In 1937 Price rented the rectory for a year, and a team of 48 investigators reported some phenomena. Using a planchette, one of the researchers claimed to have got in touch with the spirit of a nun, who wrote that she had been murdered at the rectory, that her name was Marie Lairre, and that she was French. Later planchette messages threatened that the rectory would be burned down.

A Captain Gregson took over the house in 1938, and he and visitors experienced paranormal phenomena. In February, 1939, the house was destroyed by fire, during which ghostly figures were seen by numerous spectators.

While I was working on the wall-writings, a subtenant of the house I was renting spoke to me from my open doorway. She had no knowledge of the nature of my work. In her right hand was a stout glass jar half-full of washing soda. As I stood talking with her, suddenly there was a terrific crash, like a minor explosion, and the jar flew into dozens of pieces that scattered for several feet around her. There was no apparent cause for the disintegration, but her observation was puzzling.

“It felt as if something like a hand grasping a club or a hammer had crashed down on the jar and smashed it to atoms.”

The same night, both she and I heard the sound of footsteps running around the house. It was a detached house with passages on each side. I rushed out and tried

to pursue the sounds, but without success. When, breathlessly, I came into the house, I discovered that a lot of my books and papers relating to the Borley haunt had mysteriously fallen on the floor of the room, some being scattered into the corners. The subtenant denied having entered the room, and I believed her.

It was not until at least two years after these incidents that I heard another Borley researcher say that persons who investigated the rectory, directly or indirectly, had mysterious things happen to them, even though they might be a hundred miles from the rectory, as I had been at the time. One investigator checking proofs of the Borley haunt had a lamp mysteriously smashed, and another discovered on his premises a rosary that could not be accounted for.

Before I deal with the next unusual episode at the house in which I was then living, I must add a relatively important point to keep the chronology in line. In the late winter of 1943-44, I decided to have a relatively big advertising splash. I had about £60 of capital remaining, and I invested this on two major advertisements in two occult magazines. The balance left was very small, but I had reckoned that the ads, due to appear in July and August issues of 1944, would bring in good returns.

It was in April, 1944, while writing at a large table pushed into the bay window of the biggest room in the house, that I suddenly felt that I was not alone, although there was no other person on the premises and would not be until evening.

I felt that there was a personality standing behind me, as if watching my actions, but optically I saw nobody. I had, by that time, sufficient experience with these manifestations to know that I should, if possible, keep relaxed and quiet, and it was not long before I picked up a clairvoyant impression of the personality of a man in the room. He apparently knew that I had sensed his presence, and I began rapidly to "see" him. He appeared to be

about 60 years of age. Grey-headed, neat, and tiny in appearance, he wore a suit of a delicate checkered pattern and radiated a spirit of good will and friendliness. Immediately I made an effort to communicate with him telepathically.

“Who are you, and why are you here?” I flashed.

“My name is not important. I am here because it is my work to act on the instructions of others in regard to yourself.”

“That seems a little puzzling,” I telepathized. “What is the nature of your work in regard to me?”

“I don’t think that you would understand the nature of my work, because it relates to matters and conditions that are outside the comprehension of your world, but let us say that I bring a kind of psychic power to you. I am a conveyor of a power that comes from *my* world. This power has to pass through me from its source. Actually, although I am a conveyor, I know very little about the power and the way it operates. I leave these things to friends of mine who understand, and I accept their words and their instructions.”

“Is it the power God?”

“In a sense, yes, because all powers stem from God.”

“But why should this power be directed upon me?”

“You will see later.”

I felt that I could not get much technical information from him at this stage, so I turned to personalities.

“When did you die? That is, when did you pass from an earth life?”

“In the period of earth time that was called 1912.”

“What was your work while you were here?”

“I was a gentleman’s personal servant and valet.”

“Were you interested in psychic matters?”

“No. Although I believed that we survived the earthly body, I made no study of the matter. The subject was too profound for me. I know a little more now, but I still find it profound, and I prefer to let others take the lead. I am

content to do as instructed, and that makes me feel happy. Happiness and affinity play big parts in my world.”

“Have you been with me before?”

“Yes, many times. But you have not been consciously aware of me each time to the degree that you are at this moment.”

(It has to be realized that, although I am expressing these communications in words, we simply flashed thoughts one to the other. Words are the tools which I must use to convey what we flashed. In half a second, I could get and send what I have needed minutes to write or speak in words.)

“Do you see both my future and past?”

“In what you would call an outline, yes.”

“Then what is my future?”

“I am not permitted to make revelations to you about your future in your world. You must accept that there are good reasons for this. I have to obey my instructions. I am happy to do so, for by so doing, I serve. When I was in your world I was happy to serve in a very small way. That is one of the reasons why I was chosen for my present work.”

“Do you retain memory of your earth life?”

“I do.”

“Does everybody in your world retain memory of earth life?”

“If it is necessary for them to do so. There can be many reasons why this might be necessary.”

I plied him with numerous questions, but for the most part, either he did not choose to reply or he did not have the knowledge. As he pointed out, just as vast numbers of persons on earth do not know how much natural phenomena “works”—such as biology, psychology, astronomy—so was the case in his world. Just as one had to be born into an earth world, so one had to be “born” into an etheric world. He telepathized that there were many conditions in the etheric world that were far beyond his ken, and certainly would be beyond mine, and that spirit and

intellect were not one and the same thing. Many of my queries were answered with, "You'll know later."

Sometimes the contact was sharp, but at other times—for he visited me on many occasions—it was difficult. I attributed this to my own thoughts and emotions creating a jamming of some kind. I tried to get his earth surname, and after several trials, clairvoyantly saw a symbol, of a fox. I thereby assumed that his name was, or had been, Fox. He telepathized that names mattered little but personality mattered much, and that it was by personality that identification was established in the afterlife.

After a number of visits, he announced that he would not be coming again, as "my work is finished with you now." He added that I might be conscious of some "friends" after his departure. He gave me his blessing and I was conscious of him no more, though he did return once again some years later.

A few days later, again while sitting typing, I had a further clairvoyant impression. I must add that these impressions did not make me unconscious of my material surroundings, nor did I experience the "clouds" as I had done on certain occasions. There seemed, then, to be more than one type of "seeing."

The next clairvoyant impression I got was of four etheric personalities—two men and two women. One woman was Chinese. (The accuracy of this statement regarding a Chinese "guide," if guide she was, was later confirmed by Mrs. Moira Wilson Vawser, a well-known medium.) The second woman I could not get so clearly, but it seemed to me that she was engaged in recording the meeting, after the manner of a stenographer. Of the two men, one was a doctor; the other I could not place, but he impressed me that in earth life he had been a magistrate.

Strangely, this little group seemed to have a vast "group"—hundreds of people—"beyond" them, as if the four personalities and I were surrounded by a vast number of persons in an arena. Unfortunately, once I had become

conscious of this leading group of four, my material circumstances became so difficult that I lost them.

I must add here that, since my life has been so full of emotional events, it is surprising that I have ever had any psychic abilities at all. For the most part, I find that emotionalism destroys clairvoyance and clairaudience. That the etheric personalities attempt to get through I feel sure, but there must be many difficulties on both sides—particularly on this one.

And so I lost contact, but that wasn't surprising. In mid-June, 1944, the great bombardment of London and southern Britain began.

It was in the month that the doodle-bugs were launched against us that my two big advertisements appeared. The result was absolutely nil. I might as well have thrown my money down a drain. People in Britain were so concerned about the bombardment that they had no thoughts for reading occult magazines, much less bothering about the future. They were far too concerned with the present.

Having no capital left, I could not advertise sufficiently, even though I had many private clients. In short, it was like water running out of a container faster than it was running in.

Eventually the director of the firm of landlords invoked the law in an effort to collect back rent and caused my furniture and goods to be the subject of a distress warrant. He sent bailiffs after me. A few days later, everything except my bed, bedding, and clothing was duly removed to be auctioned.

The sale of the goods realized £68. From this, the bailiffs extracted their fees, the auctioneers extracted theirs, and the plaintiffs' solicitors theirs. When the landlords got the remainder, they must have been rather disappointed—but they could not invoke the law again to take more from me because I had nothing.

I must say that spiritually I benefitted from this. It showed me the uselessness of material goods, the folly of those who, like my father, tried to grasp and got little or

nothing. I have found this to be the case several times. There is a sort of law that counterbalances everything, but it takes time. . . .

My situation had gained local publicity, and a complete stranger gave me a typewriter better than the one I had lost. I decided not to put myself into further debt by buying furniture on the installment plan. It has been my practice never to buy anything on credit. I pay cash, or do without.

So with all but my bed gone, I borrowed a chair and a table and, with my new typewriter, resumed working. The landlords instigated legal proceedings for possession of the house, but while they ultimately got it, they could not get the subtenants out, as the law protected them under a new act. It took the landlords eleven months to unseat me.

I had two nights sleeping in railway coaches on a siding. (This is a favorite "kipping" place with vagrants. And quite comfortable, too. Lavatory and water laid on, and a bed and roof over one's head, but a bit risky—one might awaken and find that he has been shunted on to an express.) However, I survived, and two days later, a publisher sent me a check for £10, which pulled me up again.

I collected the envelope from my former address, then made a beeline for the old postman's house where I had lived previously.

"So you've come back, have you? Come in. You can have your old room back. Chap moved out last night. . . ."

So I had returned again to that household. I was in a poor state of health, but they were very kind and looked after me, and after a few weeks, I felt stronger.

A new occult magazine, *Destiny* (now defunct), appeared. The editors were not prepared to pay for material, but they agreed to exchange articles for advertising space worth £5 a month, so I gave them my work in exchange for space. Meantime, I had to earn money for food and rent. It was then that I heard about Nobby, a firewood merchant.

“Nobby,” I was told, was a cripple whose wife had a vegetable stand. Nobby’s assistant had quit, so I went around to see him. Nobby’s place of business was a ruined basement under a bombed building in South London. All around lay piles of debris. Nobby sat propped up on a dirty old mattress in front of which was the bundling machine, or iron clamping ring for strapping firewood into bundles. These bundles were secured either with a piece of wire or a rubber band cut from a bicycle inner tube.

Nobby did the bundling while the assistant chopped and sawed the wood. Normally, boxes of dry, sound wood would have been used, but because of war conditions, boxes were hard to get. The only exception was boxes that had contained fish. Nobby had a consignment of those delivered to him, together with odd pieces of timber for firelogs. The smell of the fish boxes was nauseating. The boxes were wet, and as one chopped them, fishy water splattered out, together with bits of the entrails and scales of the former occupants.

“I don’t want no bleeding slackers dahn wiv me,” Nobby warned as we came to terms. “You’ve got to keep going, mate. The other so-and-so didn’t like chopping them fish boxes ’cos the guts splattered about. Walked out on me, the . . .”

After the first day I felt like walking out behind my predecessor, but I didn’t. Nobby kept warm with a small fire in a broken old kitchen range and frequent swigs from a couple of handy bottles.

“My old gal brings me ’ere in the mornin’ and fetches me at night. She’s a good old gal.”

He lapsed into silence almost reflectively. I hacked and sawed until my whole world was dominated by fish. Later I ate fish, drank fish, slept with fish—everything was permeated with fish.

In order to get away from the underground den, I volunteered to hawk logs for Nobby from his barrow. There was something gloriously incongruous and ironical about my wood-chopping and log-hawking at that time,

because while I was working for Nobby I was being banner-headlined in *Destiny* as "London's Leading Graphologist."

When dusk arrived, so did Mrs. Nobby, an enormous woman with wide hips and a massive bosom. I volunteered to help her take Nobby up the steps and place him onto the barrow on which she wheeled him home to a bomb-scarred slum. "I don't need no 'elp with my baby!" She lifted Nobby as if he were an infant, and with firm steps trod her way up from the basement to the street, where she propped him up on the barrow.

The basement was secured against the night; a lighted hurricane lantern was hooked on the bows of the barrow; and away they went, with Nobby singing in a high-pitched, cracking voice, while "London's leading Graphologist" reeking of fish, went back to his lodgings to write.

PART THREE

Exploring the Unknown

Chapter I.

Exploring the Unknown

PARAPSYCHOLOGISTS—those scientific heretics who contend that man and mind are something other than physical things—are currently developing a growing body of evidence that tends to indicate some people may indeed have extrasensory or paranormal abilities. This research does not offer a blanket endorsement to every astrologer, palm reader, or clairvoyant who can afford an ad in an occult magazine, but such serious investigations should permit contemporary man to become more tolerant toward those who truly are able to gain glimpses of the future or accomplish other seemingly impossible feats.

Dr. Gardner Murphy, current president of the American Society for Psychical Research, has expressed his opinion that a “psychological order and a physical order are quite different things, just as the order of a dream is notoriously put together in various ways which are not necessarily in conformity with physical events.”

Parapsychologists have long noted that certain areas of human experience present a more favorable climate for paranormal incidents than others. Dr. Joseph Rush of Boulder, Colorado, has observed that throughout infancy, at the point of death, while asleep, or in other situations in which “. . . the normal, rational sensory-motor system is

inadequate or frustrated and blocked for one reason or another, perhaps there is a favorable field in which the side functions take over or come into expression.”

Dr. Murphy agrees that “certain situations appear to precipitate precognition, and that death is the most obvious situation.” Other crises which Dr. Murphy sees as encouraging psychic experiences would include “. . . severe illness, things that are either biologically or in a broad sense personal crises—disrupting, alerting situations that we have to be ready for, capable of assimilating, warding off, or that call for defense or the ability to incorporate. . . .”

Certainly I have had a great many “personal crises,” but I do not hesitate to point out that it would be quite wrong to say that those who suffer are necessarily occultists. The development of my psychism appears to have come about as the result of combined mental, emotional, and physical stress. Yet, to be dogmatic about such a statement would indeed be unwise, for I have known many persons who have had stresses greater than mine and these crises have not caused psychic activation.

I believe that everyone has *latent* psychic abilities. Yet there must be something that makes one person a “sensitive” (a word I prefer to “medium”) while the vast majority remain apparently “non-sensitive.”

I think that emotional, mental, and physical stresses, in certain rare instances, produce psychism. I was one of those rare instances.

To my way of thinking, much that is termed occultism is, in fact, really extended psychopathology. While the stresses I experienced resulted in an activation of psychism, they might, in a slightly different person, have produced an artist, a musician, a lunatic, a drug addict, or an alcoholic. My own inclination towards art and the fact that after years of one damn thing after another my cerebronervous system (and possibly my etheric “system”) became disturbed, would tend to support this theory. While there was obviously something going on before

my combined stresses reached the breaking point, it was not until after that point had been reached and passed that the psychism really began to activate.

It seems to me very wise to note the obvious parallels between the creative personality and the psychic personality. The psychically sensitive possess talents of a sort that are beyond the grasp of the average man. But then, so does the artist, poet, or musician. If one's talent for sketching has never progressed beyond kindergarten fingerpainting, if one's proficiency on the piano has never surpassed "Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-eater," if one's gift for prosody has never eclipsed "Roses are red, violets are blue," then how extraordinary must seem an Andrew Wyeth, a Van Cliburn, or a T.S. Eliot. Creativity must find an outlet, and whether it be in composition or in clairvoyance may be only a condition of circumstances and environment. Is the feat of dipping ahead in the stream of time really so much more extraordinary or extrasensory than the capturing of beauty on canvas or the capsuling of the essence of personality on paper? Are not the activities of mind which we now label "psychic" and "paranormal" only expressions of the limitless universe imprisoned within each of us?

"What is man?" the psalmist asked, and concluded that he was but a little lower than God.

Modern science has reassessed the ancient, plaintive query and concluded that man is no more than an arrangement of biochemical compounds, a cousin of the laboratory guinea pig rather than a son of God. Science, which has alleviated so many curses of the human condition, has levied a worse blight on mankind if its mechanistic magic deceives us into believing that we are trapped in the same cycle that imprisons the atoms of hydrogen and oxygen.

In 1943, I began developing a regular clientele as an increasingly large number of people came to me for consultations. For some I calculated horoscopes and for oth-

ers I gave psychometric-clairvoyant readings. Sometimes I incorporated the two. I suppose this might be the proper place for me to introduce a brief glossary of psychic terms.

Clairvoyance is the awareness, without physical aids or normal sensory means, of what is going on elsewhere.

Psychometry is the determining of facts about an object's owner simply from contact with the object.

Precognition is the experience of glimpsing the future and acquiring knowledge of events yet to take place.

Telepathy is the transference of thought from one mind to another. Distance and time seem unable to affect this phenomenon.

Psychokinesis is the direct action of mind upon matter, the movement of objects through mental force alone.

Astral projection, the name applied to out-of-the-body experiences, is the projection of the mind from its fleshly domicile.

It must be obvious to the reader that these phenomena do not remain neatly tucked away in separate compartments and that there is a great deal of psychic overlap. When I touch a picture a client has sent me or handle his ring or watch, I not only "see" his present condition but I also have a firm picture of what he has experienced, and often a clear view of his future. Although I frequently receive purely clairvoyant impressions of people, basically, I suppose, I am a psychometrist, as I feel it essential for me to have a firm bond with my client—a piece of handwriting and a recent photograph. I also like to have full birth data, for not infrequently a "blockage" occurs, due sometimes to the vibrations of the client and sometimes to my own lack of receptivity. It is only at that point that I employ astrology. To me, astrology is but an additional physical aid to help me get psychometrically in

tune with my client. The working out of a client's horoscope is an excellent means by which I might clear the blockage and acquire a clear impression of the problem at hand. But again it should be pointed out that psychometry is a kind of clairvoyance, and I am as apt to receive the image of a future condition as I am an impression of the current situation, or a clear picture of the past situation that precipitated the present crisis. Any kind of dogma fails when dealing with extrasensory phenomena, so one is just as well off grouping all the individual facets of the paranormal together under the noncommittal term "psi."

As a *sensitive*, I often see things first as symbols of an approaching reality. As a child, I spoke of people's "springs" getting out of order. As an adult, I see every person as a "flame." If I am with a person who is about to die by violence of some kind, something queer happens. The person vanishes. Psychically, his "flame" goes out, and I cannot see him.

I first experienced this particular psychic symbolism in 1930 when I was courting Eve. Eve had a friend named Louisa Steel, a housemaid who lived with a family near a famous London heath where several gruesome murders had been committed.

One evening when I was out with Eve, we met Louisa at a busy crossroads near her home and stopped to speak with her for a minute or two. Distracted by a squeal of brakes in the heavy traffic, I had looked away from the two girls for a moment. When I turned back, Louisa was not there. I blinked my eyes in astonishment, for Eve continued to chat with what I can describe only as a state of emptiness.

I rubbed my eyes. I could still hear Louisa's voice, and so I knew that she must be there. When I reopened my eyes, I could see a dim outline of Louisa, but she appeared but a zombie-like husk of her former self. That undefinable element which we call personality or individuality was absent. It was then that I became aware of the "flame" glowing within Eve. I glanced quickly about the

crowded street. There was a father holding his infant daughter in his arms, pointing out a bauble in a store window to amuse the child. Each of their flames burned with an intense light. All about me on the street I could see flames of life glowing within their fleshly lanterns, but in Louisa's case, the flame had gone out.

I felt Eve tugging at my arm and realized the girls had finished their chat and that I was once again being towed past the shop windows.

"You certainly weren't very friendly toward Louisa," Eve scolded. "You scarcely said a word to her."

As I have mentioned, I was always reluctant to speak of my psychic experiences, but I felt compelled to describe the incident to Eve. "I have a dreadful premonition about Louisa," I began. "I feel that terrible harm is about to come to her."

"Probably a stern lecture from her employers if she doesn't hurry with her errands," Eve said, not taking me at all seriously.

I tried to describe the feeling I had had about Louisa's flame going out, but I found the impression difficult to put into words. Eve simply could not grasp what I meant. Later that night, I was cycling home across the heath when the image of Louisa came to my mind. Death. Violent death—and that Louisa had met her end somewhere very near where I was cycling at that very moment.

The next morning the newspapers were full of the story of Louisa Steel's murder. She had been the victim of a Jack the Ripper-type maniac, who was on parole from a mental hospital. Somehow he had induced Louisa onto the heath, where he murdered her. It was a most revolting crime. Later, walking on the heath, I was able to determine that I had passed within 25 yards of Louisa's body as I cycled home that night.

During the war, such experiences with extinguished "flames" were all too common. One night while on duty as a warden in A.R.P., I arranged to meet a colleague at a certain point on the patrol. As I approached him in the

blackout, I could see the glow of his cigarette. He hailed me, and we stood under a tree and talked. Suddenly his "flame" went out. He just wasn't there. I saw no life where he stood.

Three minutes later, the Nazi planes were over us and bombs started falling. I heard one scream down in the direction taken by my fellow warden, and I ran back into the darkness. Soon I reached the crater and the wreckage, but I could not find him immediately. With the aid of other wardens and rescue patrols, I finally found his body in a static water tank where the blast had hurled him.

A few weeks later, another warden invited me to join him next evening for a social outing. As he walked away, I knew that the happy plans would never be manifested, for my friend's "flame" had suddenly gone out. Later that night he and his family were killed by an aerial torpedo that hit their house.

I never seem to have this "no flame" experience when in the presence of a person about to die from natural causes, but only with one who is about to die by violence.

I am often asked *how* a professional clairvoyant works. I can only answer how I conduct my own psychic sessions, but I think the case of Mr. S.H. of London might serve to illustrate a bit of my own personal *modus operandi* and to point up some basic ground rules by which a client might obtain the best of a seer's powers.

Mr. S.H. wrote me regarding the possible employment of a domestic. Would she, Mr. S.H. wanted to know, be suitable to run the household and to look after a child in the absence of its parents? Did the prospective employee have a suitable character and a personality essential for a "mother's helper"? The woman's birth data was, as I always request, enclosed. Absolutely no other details were given about her except that she was a divorcee.

I like to sit quietly for a while before I do a reading. Just before I receive an impression, I notice a quickening of my pulse. Sometimes there is also a queer feeling in my skull. I much prefer postal readings. They affect me less

and are generally more accurate, because I can detach myself from the aura of a client and "see" more easily. I am generally at my psychic best after 11:00 A.M. and before 7:00 P.M., but as a professional clairvoyant, I have to be prepared to work whenever I am needed.

As soon as I handled Mr. S.H.'s letter, I became quickly impressed that the woman concerned was totally unsuitable for the post he had considered offering her. I should mention here that when things are "clicking" just right, I receive very rapid impressions from the object that is bringing me *en rapport* with my client's problem. I am not conscious of any process of evaluation during which I accept some impressions and reject others. Mostly, I do not get erroneous impressions. I am more likely to get nothing than an impression that is wrong.

So, after a brief handling of Mr. S.H.'s letter and his prospective employee's birth data, I was soon immersed in the psychological pattern of the woman. And a most chaotic pattern it was. Basically, she had a very repressed nature, and she harbored unconscious grudges against the world in general. Bottled-up emotions were on the verge of bursting out at any moment. I gave my full and frank assessment to Mr. S.H., adding that, in my opinion, the woman was potentially suicidal.

When Mr. S.H. replied, he had a confession to make. "I should really now admit that the person was already in our employ," he wrote. "We were absolutely amazed how accurately in every detail your analysis described her. Naturally, we have since dismissed her."

Some readers may think it odd that I did not "get" the information that the woman was already in the employ of my client. I want to stress that the attitude of the client plays a part in the findings of the clairvoyant. In the case I have cited, my client had decided not to reveal to me that the woman was already in his employ. This caused a blockage of that particular avenue of approach.

I must emphasize that if one wishes to obtain the most a clairvoyant can offer, one must approach him in a

conscientious and open state of mind. This has been made evident to me several times when I have been approached by clever people who wish to put me through tests because they are cynical and skeptical. Almost invariably I fail to give a correct reading, because the attitude of their own minds has created blockages and distortions to my picture. It is all part of the ancient dictum that one receives according to what one gives. If somebody comes to me with a "problem" that he has concocted, full of lies and inventions that have arisen from his desire to test me, it is hardly surprising that my screen is affected.

There are, of course, times when I get an impression in advance that I am about to receive a communication from a clever person, in which case I am on my guard. But I am unhappy about it, because I believe there should be the utmost confidence between the seer and his client.

A few days later, Mr. S.H. wrote again regarding the woman: "I think you will be interested to learn that the domestic help you analyzed recently, did, in fact, run into tremendous difficulties after leaving us. She made a suicide attempt, and after being saved, had to be taken care of. Your analysis having been so accurate, I feel it a duty to inform you of this case and express my thanks to you that this happened *after* she left my employ."

It turned out, then, in the case of Mr. S.H.'s employee, that the emanations were so powerful that I had squarely hit the mark in spite of the man's blockage and his having deceived me about the woman being a *prospective* "mother's helper" rather than a domestic who was already on his staff.

The case of Mr. H.L. required quite another application of my psychometric talent. Mr. H.L. was an air-raid warden who came to my quarters in such a distraught condition that I thought him a shell-shock victim in greater need of a psychiatrist than a psychic. I offered him a cup of tea, which he accepted with trembling hands, but he merely sat and looked into the cup as if he expected a specter to rise with the steam.

“My friends would give me the bloody business if they knew I had come here to see you,” he said at last.

There is not a clairvoyant in the world who appreciates that kind of opening remark from a client. It is so representative of the attitude of the general public, which seems to maintain that a clairvoyant belongs somewhere on the lunatic fringe and that, in order to preserve self-esteem when one patronizes a psychic, one should immediately assume a pose of condescension toward the *sensitive* whose aid one has decided to seek.

“But I know you’re a decent sort,” my reluctant client went on, “because I know you’ve done your share with A.R.P., dodging the Nazi bombs and putting out the bleeding fires. I know you’re not just some kind of faker who sits about swathed in black robes and staring at people’s palms for a living. I’ve heard a lot of good things about you from folks who wouldn’t be taken in by a lot of spooky mumbo-jumbo.”

Mr. H.L.’s little speech of tribute was designed as much to convince himself that he had done the right thing in consulting me as it was to compliment me, so I let him build himself up to the moment of truth and merely sat smiling and nodding at appropriate pauses in his monologue.

At last he got to what was troubling him.

“A couple of nights ago during a raid I took shelter in a deserted house in South London. I sat on the bottom step of the staircase, and after a few minutes I had the uncomfortable feeling that something was watching me from the top of the stairs. I clicked on my torch and flashed the beam upwards. I was startled half out of my wits to see a blackish-brown, hairy creature, half-animal, half-human, squatting on the top stair.”

Mr. H.L. paused to study my reaction to his story thus far. “Please go on,” I suggested, sensing that he needed some such prompting to continue his recitation.

“Well, the thing reminded me of a faun, yet it also resembled an ape and a goat. The bloody thing had horns

sticking out of its head," Mr. H.L. said hoarsely, his flattened palm measuring a distance from his forehead to indicate the approximate length of the protuberances, "and I am certain that the monster had claws. We stared at each other for fully half a minute. I shall never forget the evil that shone in those eyes! I was too scared to either advance or retreat.

"Then the hellish beast, whatever it was, leaped from its squatting posture and seemed to jump into an empty room. I could hear it prancing about and gibbering.

"At that moment, two pals of mine entered the open front door. I explained as best I could what I had seen, and, strangely enough, they did not laugh at me or start to give me the business. Without any comment whatever, they quietly accompanied me upstairs and into the room where the monster had been jumping about. The thing had gone.

"That's when I started to get a going over. 'Tell us more about this monster that was after you,' one of my pals laughed. 'Shame on you for drinking on watch.' "

At that point I interrupted his narrative. "You saw no physical sign that anything had been in the room? There was nothing to corroborate your story?"

"Not a thing." Mr. H. L. shook his head. Then he narrowed his eyes and shook a forefinger for emphasis, his voice rising to a near shout. "But I did see that creature on the stairs and no one can convince me otherwise. I am not subject to hallucinations and I most certainly had not taken a drink that night."

"There is no need to convince me," I told him softly. "I shall be happy to take your word for it."

Mr. H.L. smiled sheepishly. "Anyway," he went on, "I had nearly resolved the incident in my mind as somebody's pet ape that had got loose in the bombing when I learned that others had also seen the creature."

"Previous residents of the building?"

Mr. H.L. nodded. "Previous residents, and others who live in the neighborhood. The monster has always been

seen sitting on the top stair. Can you tell me what I saw, Mr. Pendragon?"

"It seems most likely that you saw a form of an elemental, a subhuman entity," I said, "but what interests me is *why* the creature was there. Will you please give me the full address of the building?"

I wrote down the address on a slip of paper and concentrated on it for several moments. No impression came. I rose from my desk and stood before a large-scale map of London that I had tacked to the wall. Looking closely on the map, I located the building in question, just a tiny dot amidst the thousands of dwellings in South London.

The moment I placed my forefinger upon the miniscule dot, I suddenly "saw" the darkened stairway that was the lair of the hideous creature. Something moved from the shadows. Not a creature, but a man. A despondent man. A man who had learned that he was about to be discharged for ineptitude. The unhappy man carried a rope in which he had fashioned a noose. There was a brilliant flurry of images. I felt a violent constriction of my throat.

Coughing spasmodically, I removed my forefinger from the map, reached for the cup of tea on my desk. "If you will make inquiries," I told Mr. H.L. after I had allowed the soothing tea to calm me, "I am certain you will find that a manservant committed suicide by hanging himself from the banister."

"And the creature?"

"It is as I said. You saw an elemental. Such things are prone to frequent places where a tragedy—generally a suicide or murder—has occurred. They are also associated with places where black magic rites have been performed. They are most certainly a sort of personification of evil."

"I know I saw the thing," Mr. H.L. said, arching a shaggy, skeptical eyebrow, "but can there really be such things as elementals?"

"I was once conscious of horrific, reptilian elementals during an illness, and a doctor friend of mine, a most astute and practical man of science, wonders if there are

elementals related to diseases, a sort of psychic manifestation of the physical side of the disease.

“This same doctor once told me that whenever he occupied a certain bedroom, he was unable to sleep. One night, in the light of the moon, he saw a thing, which he said looked like a vulture with a human head, perched on the bottom rail of the brass bed. It gazed fixedly at him, and he stared back at it, trying to fathom its nature. When he moved, the thing vanished. He related that he saw it more than a dozen times in all, mostly by moonlight, but on one or two occasions by the dim light of a low-wattage bedside lamp.”

“Before I saw that thing on the stair, I would have laughed at any such story,” Mr. H.L. admitted, “but now I find myself quite a bit more open-minded.”

“Do check on the suicide,” I reminded him as he left. “It would help to explain the manifestation of the creature.”

Before the end of the week, I had a letter from Mr. H.L. “I don’t know how you managed to peg it, but I learned that a manservant did indeed hang himself from a banister. Longtime residents of the neighborhood say that it was shortly after the man’s death that people started seeing that thing on the top stair. I guess there really are more things on heaven and earth than are dreamt of in anyone’s philosophy!”

When Mrs. A.A. of Birmingham wrote to me to ask why her husband had suddenly gone blind, I was able to solve a problem that most emphatically had its roots right here on earth and had little to do with philosophy.

Mrs. A.A. had obviously written the letter in a near distraught condition and she had underlined the sentences which told how Mr. A.’s doctors had been unable to find anything to account for his malady. She told me her husband had been nervous and depressed for some time, and she fulfilled my standard request for a photograph and complete birth data.

I sat back in my easy chair and reached for Mr. A.’s

photograph. I felt the quickening of my pulse that usually heralds the approach of a strong impression. Then a psychically stimulated pressure struck my eardrums with such force that I felt as if someone had suddenly pushed me into the midst of a rock-and-roll recording session with the Beatles, the Rolling Stones, and the Dave Clark Five all trying to outdo one another with their electrically magnified cacophony. Before I had recovered from that ear-splitting assault, I was beset by numerous voices thoughtlessly raised in loud, incomprehensible chatter. I dropped the photograph. I had had enough. I had a full understanding of the man's mysterious malady.

"When I handle your husband's photograph," I wrote Mr. A.A., "I hear much disturbing noise all around him. Blaring radio, loud voices, and general confusion which has been going on for a long time. This poor man is simply psychologically tired. The reason for his 'blindness' is not physical. He simply doesn't wish to 'see' all the muddle and domestic confusion around him. Consequently, this has had a psychosomatic repercussion. This man must have peace; otherwise worse will befall him. I see that you are a woman of determination and enterprise. You must set the home right so that there will be silence and peace.

"I feel the presence of numerous young persons, elbowing their way in and out of the house for pop sessions. Father is pushed aside. There is far too much tension, and it is affecting him. I give warning that unless you put matters on a better domestic basis, he and you will have to pay the price, for should your husband have a repeat of his trouble, it could have a much more serious effect upon him."

Many women would have done little or nothing in such a case, but Mrs. A.A. was of a determined nature and she acted along the lines I had suggested.

"You are quite right about the young people and the noise," she answered in her next letter. "All these pop sessions and the radio I have packed up. My husband is

much relieved. I have got my life on a better basis. I used to waste such a lot of time sitting round drinking tea and talking with the girls. I'm afraid the whole family was neglecting Father. That is over now."

How much simpler things would be for both the psychic sensitive and his clients if the seer's advice were sought *before* the situation gets out of hand. It is to Mrs. A.A.'s credit that, even though her husband had suffered a psychosomatic blindness due to a domestic condition of long standing, she acted immediately to set things right in her household.

Chapter II

Long-Distance Clairvoyance

I SOMETIMES POSSESS the ability to see into the earth and to detect minerals and buried objects. In this respect I am extremely sensitive to maps and also when I am detecting the movements of people. Occasionally I have been able to describe the interior of a house and its occupants merely by putting my finger on the little black dot that represents the house on a large scale map.

One point that I have stressed before and which I shall continue to emphasize is that psychic techniques matter little to me. When I am in good psychic form and properly tuned in, I could get impressions while standing on my head. However, I do employ a kind of technique for map-reading. I like to have a picture frame about twelve inches by eighteen inches filled with black paper or dull-finished black fabric—a sort of "black projection screen," rather like a negativized cinema screen. I find that the screen also helps in receiving clairvoyant impressions other than those connected with my map-dowsing, but it does not put me off not to have it.

I prop the screen up in front of my typewriter if I propose to type as I see the "film." If the machine comes between me and the picture in an obstructive sense—and it sometimes does—then I just watch the "film" first and type what I have seen after the images have stopped coming. The mechanics of typing do occasionally disturb me, but much depends on how attuned I am.

I explore the map with a finger—usually the forefinger of my right hand—and what I am touching on the map usually projects itself onto the screen. I find that for best results I must have myself free of emotion and personal worries. I must be calmly poised. I also find that I must not *try*. A rather indifferent attitude appears to be best. If I knit brows and get anxious, the picture either will not come or if it does, I lose it.

I sometimes use a steel knitting needle as a pointer. A pencil will do, also, but my forefinger is the best.

I like a small-scale map to start with. If, let us say, I should put my finger on a small town in Kansas, I might first see the main street. Then I might take a map of the town itself and run my forefinger up and down the main street, receiving detailed impressions of various buildings, concentrating on various sites. I emphasize that I do not need the screen as a physical crutch in my map-dowsing work. The picture can appear in mid-air. On occasion, there may be no picture at all, but simply a subjective impression.

In doing medical readings for people, I use the screen less often. Medically, I get my best results without seeing the person physically. Subjectively, I saw Brad Steiger's leg lump at a distance of over 3,000 miles. If he had been with me physically, I might not have got it at all. I tend to get put off by seeing the person physically. Too many sensorial stimuli are activating. This is in part the reason I prefer to do medical readings by mail.

Of course, I do get medical information about people when I see them physically. I also "see" a sort of highly complex pattern, which if I attempted to explain it to the

person, would probably elicit a response of, "But I am not like that at all!" That is because I see the *real* person. *All* of the person. I see the child, the adolescent, the adult who is before me, and the future person, all rolled into one. The difficulty lies in separating the past from the future. The *how* eludes me in most cases, but it is obvious that spiritual, psychological, and physical man are all blended.

The case of Mr. F.K. of the Midwest, U.S.A., serves to demonstrate my long-distance clairvoyance in a way I myself have found hard to understand. Because Mr. F.K. is deeply interested in psychic matters and is "in tune" with me, this case also demonstrates the importance of a psychic liason between client and seer if the latter is to obtain his best results.

Mr. F.K.'s hobby is prospecting, rock-hounding, and treasure-hunting. When he first wrote to me some years ago with regard to a site he was drilling, I received an instantaneous impression that he had also been drilling at a point about 280 yards northwest of that site. Mr. F.K. replied that he was amazed by my accuracy concerning the distance and position of the first site. Later, I described an area of land in which Mr. F.K. was interested and added my impression that it was pear-shaped. "It *is* pear-shaped," M.R. F.K. verified in his next letter.

Encouraged by the rapport we had established, Mr. F.K. sent me numerous maps, mostly small-scale. Then, at my request, he provided larger maps in order to localize the radiations I might receive from minerals and buried treasure.

That was when I found I could "see into" a map. From one small-scale map—the scale was five miles to the inch—I "saw" a small wooden building—much too small to have been indicated on the map, for it was only a hut—which I described to Mr. F.K., telling him exactly where in that particular town the hut was situated. I gave Mr. F.K. a good reason why he should seek this shanty. He made the journey to the town named, and there was the

wooden building exactly where I had said it would be. The dimensions I gave were correct, and as I had told him he would, he found the hut to be painted white.

“You have hit that one right on the nose,” wrote Mr. F.K.

On another occasion, I clairvoyantly saw a man and described him to Mr. F.K., adding that the man owned a small red aircraft. I also accurately described the nature of the man’s work in connection with his plane. This led to further psychometrizing of maps, and I found that, in certain cases when I had larger-scale maps on which dots represented houses, I could describe the house and who lived in it and what the people were doing by putting my fingertip on the dot, or just by concentrating on it. While conducting one such investigation, I described a house that was marked only by a dot as big as a pinhead. I stated that the building was about ten feet *below* the level of the road, and that there were three women and two dogs in the house. One of the women did not live there, but came there daily from another house on the other side of the highway. I also gave notes about a man whom I felt possessed a red truck, and who was connected with the house.

Mr. F.K. drove to the house and found it as I described.

“You were right, even to the dogs,” he wrote.

The only error I made was that the house was not ten feet below the level of the road, but ten feet *above* it. The women were there, and one did come to the house from nearby to assist domestically.

On another occasion I stated to Mr. F.K. that on a particular area of land he would find the marks of the *base* of an old house, a wooden shack. Mr. F.K. went to the place I described, and it was as I had stated. He photographed the site so that I might see the place in an optical sense. I was also able to give him an outline description of the owner of the land on which the site of the shanty was located.

Experimenting further, I found that when I picked up a

scene from a map, especially a small-scale one—I'm not so successful with large-scale maps at first—I could track the movements of people, who, of course, were quite unknown to me. I could not only see what they were doing, but what they were thinking about. In addition, I discovered that I was able, to some extent, to assess character and personality and if the people I saw were suffering from any particular disease. I recall that on one occasion, working from a map of a Midwestern city that my client had sent me, I was able to track a young man who, during the time of my "seeing," visited a hairdresser's and discussed treasure-hunting with one of the assistants.

It is important for me to state now that I am not prepared to undertake any commissions to "follow" people on behalf of my readers, so it is quite useless for any married women to write to me asking: "Will you follow my husband? I want to know where he goes on Thursday evenings." I do not use my psychic sensitivity in such a manner as to harm others or to divulge their private activities or for any purpose of creating sensationalism or amusement. Neither do I give demonstrations for publicity purposes.

What I have revealed in connection with my client, Mr. F.K., has been proved many times over. Indeed, my collaborator, Brad Steiger, has specifically stated elsewhere in this book that without any cooperation or knowledge on his part I was able to "see" him and his wife anatomically, even though we were separated physically by 3,000 miles.

I feel that the psychic talent of astral projection is closely allied to long-distance clairvoyance. I can project myself astrally, but not in the fashion of the highly colored and imaginative works I have read on the subject. I have no technique to explain. Indeed, I do not know how I do it. It just seems to work. I project myself so easily and see so many things in various parts of the world, both

in time and space, that I cannot always tell where they are or prove each instance.

My collaborator knows that I have projected myself over to him more than once. On June 6th, 1967, I wrote Brad's name on a note pad and put my finger on it. In a few seconds, I found myself upstairs in his Iowa home. It was nighttime. I could hear the fussy cries of a young child and the anxious voices of Brad and his wife. I got that their younger daughter was upset, but her condition was not as serious as the parent's solicitude indicated. By an effort of will, I drew myself back to England and went directly to the typewriter.

Briefly, I described the situation I had witnessed, then told the Steigers: "I get that your little girl has unsuspected indigestion. I see her vomiting. This is due to undigested milk and milk products which form an undigested mass in the stomach. Does she gulp milk? Milk, especially cold, can be very indigestible. Put a pinch of bicarbonate of soda or a bit of fizzy soda water into her milk. Nothing to get anxious about, but it could lay the seeds of a chronic state. I do feel she is gulping and needs watching in this respect."

Brad wrote back that I had "once again struck a bull's-eye." Their daughter was in the habit of gulping her milk, and they had lately taken to giving her a cold bottle of milk at bedtime. The scene I had witnessed had not culminated in any serious illness, but the Steigers told me that their daughter's discomfort had returned on the next few evenings, because they had persisted in allowing her to gulp the cold milk at bedtime. "After your letter arrived," Brad said "my wife tried adding the pinch of bicarb. The last two nights, our daughter has slept without discomfort and without awakening."

Astral journeys are a common occurrence for me. A sort of freewheeling process goes on. I get to places without any conscious volition. Not long ago I was reading a newspaper when, while idly glancing at the sports page, I saw a picture of a football player unknown to me. Almost

instantly I found myself projected into a kitchen of a little house where a young girl was pinning the same photograph of the athletic hero on a wall with some rosettes. In front of the fire sat a middle-aged woman preparing vegetables. I could see all the details of the room.

Presently "Father" came in and washed himself at the sink. Then a young man, presumably the girl's brother, entered. He said he had forgotten his cigarettes and asked his sister to fetch him some. By effort of will, I followed her out of the house to a shop at the top of the street. I saw the details of the inside of the shop and all the surroundings. The girl left the shop and spoke with a neighbor, and I knew all that was being said. Then I "followed" her home again.

Tiring of the tableau, I concentrated on my own surroundings and pulled my etheric body back to my easy chair. Where I had been and whom I had seen, I had not the faintest idea.

One night a friend called at my room and we began reminiscing about our school days.

"I wonder what became of old Franklin?" my friend wondered. "He wanted so much to become an actor."

"Yes," I nodded. "Let's see if he made it."

I wrote Franklin's name on a scrap of paper and put my finger on it. There were a few seconds of blurred motion before I found myself on the top deck of a bus. Seated in front of me was a man of my own age, whom I suddenly realized was "old Franklin." His ginger hair of youth was almost grey, but I recognized him. I was upset to see that Franklin was enveloped in gloom.

I wondered where I was, and by effort of will, I "floated" out of the bus and looked at the destination board of the bus. I could not recognize any of the names, but I had the impression that I was in a suburb of Birmingham. I willed myself back into the bus again. Presently Franklin got off, and I followed him.

Franklin walked to an empty theater. He unlocked a door and entered. All was dreary, and Franklin seemed to

feel very miserable. Some sort of important project must have failed. He went into an office and began packing some items in a case, quite oblivious to my etheric presence.

Snapping the case closed, Franklin left the theater and boarded another bus. Once again I sat next to him, but he never knew I was there. After a bit he alighted and I followed him home. There he told his wife that all was over, and that he must have another try. It was obvious that something very big had gone wrong for old Franklin.

I willed myself back to my room and my waiting friend, who had scarcely had time to smoke half a cigarette as he sat watching me. When I felt myself fully "returned," I told him what I had seen. We both hoped that Franklin would come out of his doldrums and attain the success he had so long been seeking.

In March, 1955, shortly after I had opened an office for consultations, a young student of the occult came to visit me. He had been consciously attempting astral projection and wished to learn something of technique from me.

"I made certain that I was alone in the house," the student told me. "Then I sat quietly and began to concentrate on my breathing. After a time, my body seemed to rise from the chair. I thought, 'I am going to fly!' I formed a wish as to where I wanted to go, then I had the feeling that my body was heavy and that I should not get any higher, and I sank back gently into the chair. What did I do wrong? Why couldn't I project myself?"

I am against any form of psychic development or any technique that attempts to force the emergence of paranormal talents, and I made my position clear to my young friend. "I do not advise your experimenting," I told him. "It might harm your health."

The young man sat quietly. His narrowed eyes seemed to be accusing me of trying to hoard the finer points of occult knowledge for myself. I had the keys to the kingdom he wanted to enter. If I would not lend him a key, he

seemed to be thinking, I should at least instruct him in fashioning one of his own.

"Tell me," I asked, "what do you hope to gain from your experiments in astral projection? Do you hope to be able to spy on a business competitor? Or are you like Mr. S.H. Beard, the etheric Peeping Tom, who kept popping in on his sweetheart in the series of experiments reported by Edmund Gurney?"

"I am not interested in ferreting out business secrets, nor do I wish to indulge any fetish or perversion with astral projective techniques," my visitor replied, becoming visibly irritated with the evasive line I was taking with him. "I only wish to explore this particular area of human experience, and I feel that I have the natural sensitivity to develop this gift."

"Then let it come naturally," I said. "I am four-square against any kind of development, and furthermore I have no technique to explain. For me, astral projection just seems to work. Frankly, I don't give a damn *how* it works!"

"But to be able to have this power," the young man said, dreaming again of somehow managing to bribe, flatter, or trick forbidden secrets out of me, "to be able to soar unencumbered through time and space . . ."

"Bosh!" I interrupted his fanciful bit of oratory. "I can do this sort of thing practically any time, but I cannot always control these wanderings. Suppose, for example, that I might try to project myself into your presence. Well, I might find that I had somehow got diverted and was somewhere else. Probably I hadn't got on the right beam. How it all works I don't know, so it is useless to ask me. I just accept what I experience."

My intense young seeker of occult knowledge was momentarily silent, and I sensed a general defeat in his manner. He sought, however, to wrench at least a bit of learning from me.

"I have read of an astral body, an etheric body, an etheric double, a spiritual body, and, of course, a soul.

Would you at least clarify this point for me? How many 'bodies' does a man have?"

I smiled at his query. Many students of occult literature and philosophy have been rather confused by the various terms for the classification of the vehicles of man. "To my way of thinking," I said, "man has a physical body, a spiritual body, or soul, an astral body, and an etheric body. The physical body I liken to a base from which the others operate. I would not say that they permeate each other, since each can act independently of the other.

"The astral body can travel of its own accord while man is asleep and can visit places and return. In this way a man may be able to describe scenes and conditions in parts of the world where his physical body has never been. Then, of course, astral travel may be undertaken by psychic sensitives.

"Slyvan Muldoon and Hereward Carrington have written much on this subject. Muldoon states that he is conscious of his astral body having different speeds of movement—a movement he controlled as he would the physical body in walking or running. Top speed is an instantaneous motion equal, perhaps, to the speed of light."

"I first became interested in astral projection after reading of a series of experiments of a French medium. These were made under medical supervision," my young searcher advised.

"Yes," I said, "the experiences were collected in book form. Most researchers and experimenters say that the astral body is attached to the physical one by a cord—rather like the umbilical cord between mother and child—and that this cord is connected with the head of the physical body. Muldoon and others appear to believe that the astral body is a duplicate of the physical in appearance, but from my experience I agree with Dr. Alexander Cannon, who states that the astral body has no extremities, is more or less egg-shaped, and emits an orange ray. I am very much reminded of the psalmists's words: 'or

ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl broken.' ”

“What of the etheric body?” my visitor asked.

“The etheric body is one through which contacts are received on the channels that supply us with guidance, spiritual and inspirational. This is the body that receives our impressions, refreshes our memory of the past, directs our emotions, and is the center of our spiritual awareness.

“From this body, the radiations known as the auric colors build up around the physical body and enable those who are psychically sensitive to see what the state of this realm of being denotes. It is exceptionally helpful in health diagnoses and in all psychological aspects of the person. It is also the most important adjunct to the earthly body, as it is the reservoir from which the mind draws much of its material. Again, let me state that it is the physical body that houses these other vehicles.”

I had noticed that my visitor had been taking brief notes throughout our discussion, but I had said nothing of it. At last he looked up from his pad. “Then I am to get nothing from you but a much appreciated clarification of man’s vehicles?”

“There is nothing to give you. A psychic talent is not something one passes on like the ritual secrets of a mystical brotherhood.”

“Forgive me for speaking frankly,” the young man said as he rose to leave, “but you are a most remarkable professional psychic. You just don’t seem to take the whole business of your paranormal talents very seriously.”

I shrugged. “Let me put it this way. What may seem wonderful wizardry to you and to others is an everyday thing to me. I have lived with it all my life. Mrs. Moira Wilson Vawser, a gifted medium, says that the paranormal becomes part of a sensitive’s life after a time, and I quite agree. Why, I may even get bored with it all and turn to stamp-collecting!”

My persistent seeker of arcane wisdom shook his head in bewilderment and left me chuckling at his confusion.

Chapter III.

The Power of Prophecy and the Problem of Time

I HAD DONE postal readings for Mr. A. McG. of Glasgow, Scotland, for many years, and even though he was a strong-willed man who did not always heed my advice, he continued to seek it regularly.

The instant I held his most recent letter, I seemed to be drawn into a great vortex. It was one of the most disturbing psychometrical experiences I have ever had. Everything began to go black. I could hear men's voices shouting, "Heave! Heave! Heave!" There was a noise like thunder, accompanied by the whining and shrieking of the wind, the grinding of chains, distant, futile cries from many persons, and the bellow of a ship's siren.

It required a great effort on my part to drop the letter, for I had become quite oblivious to my physical surroundings, and I had a fearful feeling that I was being caught up by some all-powerful force and was being sucked down into it. The letter itself radiated extreme danger.

Because of Mr. A. McG.'s basic temperament and the fact that I could have been wrong (my psychometrical storm might have been set off by a past condition, for it is not always easy, clairvoyantly and clairaudiently, to distinguish the past from the future), I sat down to write a very tactful reply. I soft-pedalled the vision, but I indicated to Mr. A. McG. that I had received a strong impression of danger, and I advised that he not consider travel for a certain period of time.

I never heard from Mr. A. McG. again. Evidently he had chosen to disregard my warning, for a few weeks later, I saw his name among those lost when a British

car-ferry foundered in a storm off the English coast. It was reported that in an effort to keep the vessel afloat cars had been pushed overboard. Evidently that desperate action had accounted for the cries of "Heave!" as the crew pushed the cars down the ramp into the high seas.

Psychometrically, I had seen the future. I had been given a clear picture of the tragedy which would claim my client's life. If Mr. A. McG. had heeded my warning, would he be alive today? This question brings in the role of fate, which I wish to discuss later; but the most difficult aspect of precognition is assuring my client that I have truly glimpsed a future event. If I handle a ring and tell a client, "Oh, how sad, I see your mother died when you were seven years old," the client nods his head soberly and is noticeably impressed that old Pendragon has "something." The past can be remembered and verified. But when I warn of a heart condition which is building up, an automobile accident that lies ahead, a fire that will soon burst into being, or any other future event, I encounter the arched eyebrows of skepticism.

Dr. Jan Ehrenwald, a New York psychoanalyst, has said: "Apparently, we can tolerate telepathy, more or less. We can tolerate clairvoyance, a little; I can tolerate it, though it's more difficult for me. Then comes psychokinesis. But the most difficult thing for me to tolerate, intellectually, is precognition. That is, for me, as a man brought up in our Western culture, although in antiquity prophecy was a matter of ordinary belief. Naturally, given our cultural bias, we try to avoid precognitive interpretations as long as possible, unless we are cornered by the facts and simply have no choice."

And this is what I have been doing for the past several years, *cornering people by the facts of precognition.*

Except for my steadily growing clientele, my predictions did not really gain wide attention until 1962, when I began to write "Panorama" as a feature for British *Fate* magazine. Readers liked following my predictions, and a number of them began to keep box scores charting my hits

and misses. It was soon determined that some months I would hit nearly a hundred percent, and that over a period of several months, my average was between 85 and 90 percent accurate.

For my world predictions and my accurate forecasts about public figures, I usually work from their press photographs, or, if I do not have one, I write the name on a sheet of paper and concentrate on it until a "picture" comes. I like, if possible, to have birth data, but this is not always necessary. I had neither photo nor birth data when I forecast President Kennedy's assassination five months before the event. Neither would have been necessary, for I was overwhelmed with the forcefulness of the precognitive image which I had of the President's approaching death.

In the February, 1964, issue of *British Fate*, the editor gave the tragic hit a full page.

JOHN PENDRAGON AND THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT KENNEDY

Will you kindly allow me a little space in *Fate* to state that on October 25th, following publication of the current *Fate Annual*, I wrote to President Kennedy quoting a passage that appears on page 55. I predicted that:

“. . . The President may make powerful enemies among his own people, and I would not rule out the possibility of an attempted assassination of worse if he is caught off his guard. There may be a strange turning of the Wheel of Fate, for it is just a century since the American Civil War was raging with unabated fury. President Lincoln was shot by a madman, Booth, in April, 1865 . . .”

I suggested to the President that he would be wise to strengthen his bodyguard, especially when in public places.

I received no reply.

A Note from the Editor of Fate: I feel there is no need to add further comment on this remarkable prediction by Mr. Pendragon.

It was this prophetic accuracy that suddenly pulled me to the top of the psychic ladder. Hundreds of people consulted me, and I was able to emphasize this success in future articles. Since then, my accuracy in world predictions has remained high. Indeed, as I write this (June, 1967) the flames of war have been burning brightly in the Near East.

On June 5th, 1966, I completed my psychic survey of world events for the current (1967) *Fate Annual*. It was then a year in advance of the event that I wrote, on page 88, that the United Arab Republic (Egypt) would precipitate one of the major events of 1967:

Colonel Nasser will flourish with some strength, and I would deter the optimists who see his downfall. I don't!

I'm not happy about the Near East and am impressed that in 1967 . . . this area will become a war arena involving Egypt, Jordan, Syria . . . The oil pipe lines are going to become of supreme importance to the world, especially to Britain. Saudi Arabia, barren though it be, will, I judge, become an important area.

I added that I could see the two great powers of the United States and the U.S.S.R. tangling "to some extent over events that are cooking up in the Near East, but I certainly do not anticipate war between them in 1967. That there may be a scare is highly probable, and Britain may also be involved, but war, I think not. . . . A very grave situation may arise and the utmost diplomacy will be needed."

I also forecast that Premier Kosygin would visit the U.S. as a result of the crisis. On June 16th, 1967, the newspapers announced that the Soviet spokesman would fly to the United Nations in New York City.

Several have written to me asking whether I consider that Senator Robert Kennedy will ever be President. I do not, owing to his lack of popularity in the national sense. I feel that he is not altogether at peace with himself, and because of this would be unsuited for the Presidency.

As I see it clairvoyantly, the destiny of the U.S. during the next decade and even the next generation will revolve around a man who, as yet, is virtually unknown. I foresee a surprising shift of pattern politically, which may begin in 1967 or a little later.

In June, 1966, I also predicted that someone would "get some new evidence on Lee Harvey Oswald concerning the murder of President Kennedy . . . and that this may lead to a certain amount of reconstruction of the crime and its cause."

Certainly New Orleans District Attorney Garrison must have been that someone I foresaw, but upon a concentration of the Oswald case, I must say that on many points my impressions differ from Mr. Garrison's theories. Clairvoyantly, I get that Oswald was the one who shot Kennedy. By some freak of chance, while Oswald was plotting *solo*, he chanced to meet three other men in whom he confided. Oswald was something of a megalomaniac. He was proud that it would be he who would kill the President. When Oswald learned that the three men were also plotting the President's death, he became fearful that they would steal his thunder. When the three men suggested collaboration on the principle that four heads were better than one, Oswald allowed them to think he was with them in a rather more ambitious plot, but he was not. He went off on his own and did the job without consulting them. This put them into a certain amount of difficulty even though it achieved the end they sought. In a sense they were—or are—as guilty as Oswald himself.

There was some sort of leakage somewhere, because Oswald could not keep his tongue still.

I feel that this is what will come to light about the matter, but the full truth will not be known, owing to Oswald's death.

How am I able to view the future? I cannot honestly say that I know how I do it, but I do know that I have been doing it regularly since childhood.

Mr. O.S. of Accra, Ghana, has been a client of mine ever since, years ago, I was able to forecast accurately the major events of the next year of his life.

When he wrote to me on the first occasion, he said: "I feel that I shall never have the opportunity of being sent overseas by my firm. Others seem always to get the preference over me. Do you foresee that I shall have any luck in this respect, for I want to be of service to my firm in a bigger way. I am also concerned over the health of my son, aged nine. Doctors seem uncertain as to what is wrong with him. Will he recover?"

I replied that within eight to twelve months there would be an opportunity for Mr. O.S. to travel overseas. I was impressed that Mr. O.S. would travel first to London, then to New York, and there was a possibility that he might later go to Japan on business. I "saw" that his son was suffering from a kidney complaint that had been activated by drugs given to him two years before when he had had scarlet fever. I told him that his son would soon recover.

Twelve months later, Mr. O.S. wrote again.

"I have just been rereading your most amazing forecast. You are 100 percent right and well worth your fee. I was sent to London seven months after writing to you, and on my return to Ghana, the firm sent me off again to New York. I hope to go to Tokyo in about a week's time.

"My son has recovered, as you said he would, and I thank you heartily for the advice given."

Dr. Gardner Murphy, current president of the Ameri-

can Society for Psychological Research, said recently that there is no need to feel apologetic in considering the reality of precognition, as if it were something impossible. Precognition is "impossible," Dr. Murphy says, only when it is considered from "the point of view of a frame of reference. . . . Psychological order does not have to be anchored on a physical order."

The perception of the future by certain psychic sensitives is "impossible" only when one appraises precognition from our 20th-century viewpoint of what constitutes time. A great number of contemporary psychical researchers have theorized that our comprehension of time may be due to the special pattern in which our sensory apparatus has evolved. Throughout the centuries of cerebral man's existence, a large and impressive empirical argument has been building up which declares that time is no absolute and that people do, on occasion, rise above the evolved sensory pattern and envision the true order of the universe. When one in a true precognitive experience perceives the future, he has glimpsed what will be and what, for a level of subconscious mind, may already exist.

Psychic researcher H.F. Saltmarsh theorized that what we call the "present moment" is not a point of time, but a small time interval called the "specious present." According to Saltmarsh, our subconscious minds have a much larger "specious present" than our conscious level of being. For the deeper level of mind, therefore, all events—past, present, and future—are part of the "present."

I think that time can be summed up quite simply without the aid of mathematics and diagrams. In my opinion, time is a condition created by the mind while we are on earth so that we can appreciate space—time and space being, in normal conditions, interlocked.

This also involves the intriguing and debatable question regarding fate and free will. Once again, it is a matter of personal opinion, but I feel that we are more likely to agree about the nature of time and space than we are about fate and free will.

Most people seem to imagine that events that lie in what we term the future are "fixed" on a sort of moving belt that we call time, and that time moves the event out of the future into the so-called present and later into the so-called past. If they reflected for a moment, they would realize there is no such thing as the present. Utter the word "present" or "now," and even as you utter it, part of the word has vanished into the past, while the part yet to be uttered is still a fraction of a second in the future. Nobody can isolate a point in time and say, "This is the present." It is rather like trying to define a point or a line as Euclid did—it isn't there.

It clearly seems, then, that time has something to do with consciousness. Either an event has not happened yet or it has happened—at least that is how it seems while we are apparently naturally and normally "locked" in our bodies, never forgetting that man is *not* his body. Man's body is only a building that he is living in for a few score years.

If there is no present, how then is it that events are spaced out? If there is no present, then events must be either in the future or in the past. "Now" seems a very real thing to us. Nevertheless, even this illusive now has something queer about it. Sometimes now seems much longer than other times. The passage of time is strangely elastic from the mind standpoint.

As a certain wit said, "When one is having a tooth drilled, a minute seems like an hour, but when one has one's sweetheart on one's knees, an hour seems like a minute!"

The newborn and the senile have no conception of time.

It is difficult even to attempt to conjecture on the nature of time, because one lacks an apt phraseology. Let me attempt to give my personal description, and please bear in mind that I am not an authority on the matter, in spite of the fact that I can see events before they happen.

Let us suppose that one has a very long table, and at

intervals of two or three inches a small object has been placed. First, for example, a button, then a matchbox, a pin, a bead, and so on, until 50 or more objects have been spaced out down the table. Now the room is plunged into darkness.

A person who has no knowledge of the objects on the table enters the darkened room. (In effect, he is born.) He is handed a very tiny, low-powered flashlight with a beam sufficient to illuminate only *one object at a time*. He directs the beam on the first object—the button. The beam of light represents his consciousness. For a second, he recognizes and appreciates the object that he has illuminated. Then he moves the beam on to the second object, and at the same time, the first one “vanishes” into darkness again. Object one, by “vanishing,” has moved into the past. Meanwhile, object two, being illuminated, is in the present, whereas object three and all subsequent objects are in the future. Finally, after he has illuminated each object in turn, he reaches the last one, and his illumination—his consciousness in a “beam sense”—goes out. (The moment of physical death.) Then somebody enters the room and switches on a big light over the table, and the examiner discovers that he can see *all* the objects at the same time. In short, his tiny beam of consciousness has been exchanged for a greatly enlarged one.

I realize that this comparison is very inadequate, and many questions may be raised in the reader’s mind.

Now that we have reached this inadequate comparison, we might add that a clairvoyant has a second tiny lamp which he can direct upon objects far down the line. The non-clairvoyant (if I may coin a word), on the other hand, has to direct his little beam on each object in strict rotation. No such limitation is imposed upon the clairvoyant, who can direct his second beam both backwards and forwards.

Now I will attempt to give my personal opinions as to the nature of fate and free will. I am well aware that a host of “authorities” have written extensively on these

subjects but in almost all cases, their definitions are all too complete. Like the theosophists, they make blueprints out of life, death, and time. Anything that is tantamount to saying "We have the truth! We know the answers!" is, to my way of thinking, a sign of weakness. The "truth brigades" are, on examination, always woolly-minded.

As I wrote earlier, there are persons who vaguely imagine that events that lie in what we term the future are all fixed on a sort of moving belt called time, and all we can do is to sit back and wait for the belt to move the event into the present. To accept such a belief would be to embrace one of the enervating philosophies of the Orient. It is this outlook that causes people to ask me, "Is there any indication of my winning a sweepstake in the future?" "When do I get a car?" "When does my father die?"

I may be wrong, but long experience has shown me—or appears to show me—that the stuff (I cannot find a more apt word) of the future is plastic. It can be molded by thought. In short, it is *psychoplastic*.

If we hold a mind-picture for a long time, we tend to materialize it, especially if there is no doubt in our hearts and if we do not alter that picture. If we alter the picture or begin to doubt, we cannot bring what we desire out of the immaterial to the material. It is rather like getting a jelly to set. One must not stir it. The more powerful the thought and the sharper the picture, the more quickly we shall be able to materialize it. Let me add that this technique is indeed a two-edged weapon, for it will work for both good and evil. In the latter, it is a case of "the thing I feared most has come upon me." The late Dr. Alexander Cannon, author of many works on the occult, told of a patient who was fearful of dying of a certain rare disease. She read everything that had been written about it, and daily dwelt upon her fear. In due time, she contacted the disease. *She had clothed her thought in matter*, but negatively so.

Thus it would seem that, to revert to the analogy of the moving belt called time, it is possible to determine by

voluntary action what sort of thing is to reach us on the belt. But we have to bear in mind that not one person in ten thousand makes a *deliberate technique* out of getting what they want. Life to them is mostly a variegated patchwork of events. These persons are easier for the clairvoyant to "read". The less intellectual the subject is, the easier it is for the seer to determine his or her future. Complex minds are much harder to delineate. It is often hard for the clairvoyant to determine the difference between the subject's thoughts at a given moment and an event which stands in the so-called future. Since in my opinion it is also possible to mold one's future by deliberate thought (though I grant there may be limits to this, as I hope to show in a minute), it may be possible to change the nature of what the clairvoyant states lies in the future. In this case, the clairvoyant turns out to be "wrong."

To put it another way, in certain instances it is possible to change the nature of what is seen by the clairvoyant, but only by deliberate action. I recall reading of a case recently in which a woman dreamed she was in a car that had a tire blowout at a certain point on a cliff road. In the dream, the car plunged over the cliff. The day came when she was traveling in the car towards that point, but as the car neared the place where she had dreamed it would plunge over the cliff, the driver was ordered to slow down to three miles an hour. It was then that the car had the blowout—without falling to disaster over the cliff. Thus, it seems that what the clairvoyant "sees" as a "future event" may not necessarily be one, but the prediction is heeded and considered as a warning.

Let us take my warning letter to President Kennedy. Had he seen it and heeded the warning, he might be alive this day, unless he was *fated* to die at that time.

That last sentence is all-important. It brings me to the nature of fate. My own opinion is that fate operates rather like this:

A man may be fated to go from New York to San Francisco. This he is *fated* to do. There is no escape. He

cannot go to any other destination. He must go to San Francisco.

The element of free will enters into the matter with regard to the mode and route of his journey. He can fly directly from New York, or he can go by rail or by road. If he chooses road, he can go by car or even by bicycle or on foot. He can go by sea, via the Panama Canal. He can go north and then west via Canada and then south again, or he can sail due eastwards and approach San Francisco from the west. In the selection of a route he has choice, but in one thing he has no choice—his destination. I think that in one or two things we are fated, but that in a vast number we have free will. Whatever route we decided to choose, however, we only choose it as another means of getting to our fated destination.

I have noticed, also, that those persons who govern nations are rather more fated than others. The same seems to apply to those whose life is involved with the guidance or service of large numbers of other persons. Occultists always seem notoriously fated.

I am deeply conscious that there are many possible answers to the age-old problem of fate and free will. I feel that it is always necessary to keep one's mind open. Anything in the nature of dogma must be avoided.

Chapter IV.

Britain's Haunted Ground

I DO NOT in any way consider myself to be a "ghost hunter" or a "ghost buster," but so much of my mail consists of requests for information on specters and even for advice on do-it-yourself-exorcisms that I shall forever remain convinced of the fascination ghosts have for the

general public. Of the reality of ghosts, I have long been convinced.

I must stress, however, that I get very few impressions of those who have passed into the etheric realm. That is to say, I am not a medium in a *spiritualistic* sense. I could not get up on a platform and pick a person out of an audience and say, "Mrs. Brown, I have an elderly man beside me who says he is your Uncle George." I should find such activities funny or rather pathetic. I think that much of what passes for "messages" is telepathy from mind to mind, and not "spiritual." True, I have been conscious of those who have passed on, but spirits do not come to me in droves, as they seem to in the case of spiritualistic mediums. I am simply not made for this business of passing on "messages" from the beyond. I am much more interested in the diagnosis of an alleged "haunting," and, when possible, retrogressive visions.

In my article "Battles and Ghosts" (*Prediction*, July, 1952), I tried to show that in regard to England, the eastern part of the country produces the greatest crop of haunted sites. I stated that such might be due to the fact that the eastern area of England has been the scene of most of England's battles—especially battles to stave off invasion. I also made reference to the theory that the districts may, in some unknown way, have become "sensitized" as the result of these emotional conflicts involving bloodshed.

It has for some time been concluded that great human emotion can saturate a place or an object with its own particular vibration. On that assumption, is it not possible, even probable, that the scenes of the bloody conflicts have, so to speak, "sensitized" the very soil upon which they took place?

Many who read this article may be living in a house that is built on the site of an early battle, recorded or unrecorded, or even the scene of a human sacrifice or a terrible murder. Perhaps you smile indulgently, but such a case is by no means impossible, as I hope to demonstrate

by cases I have investigated. Many a sedate parlor may be standing on a place that has witnessed the most grim and terrifying scenes.

If places are thus sensitized, is it not possible that the original cause of the sensitization does not always manifest as a tangible haunting at all? But the place so emotionally saturated holds certain unknown qualities that are necessary for the production of a later haunt that arises from a completely different event.

Granted, hauntings frequently *seem* to be manifestations of an *original* event. Yet the haunting that manifests to us may only do so because the site has been previously conditioned by an earlier emotional event. The first event, a battle or some occurrence highly charged with emotions, may never manifest to our eyes and ears at all, yet, the second event, which happens on the same site, *does* manifest. In short, it is the second event that "lights up." The second event is the "bulb" that has been plugged into the "holder" after the current has been switched on. It lights up, but it would not have done so had there been no current available. In the same way, I believe that such sensitization may depend upon the nature of the subsoil.

East England is an especially haunted area, and its geological composition is composed mainly of soil types of the Tertiary and Quaternary periods, the most recent eras of geological history. The Tertiary period of rocks includes marine limestones, London clay, shelly sands, and gravels. In the Quaternary period, one finds peat, alluvium, silt, mud, loam, and sometimes gravel.

Essex probably contains the greatest number of haunted sites, and Essex is 80 percent London clay, the remainder mostly chalk. This particular county and its clay subsoil may provide a key to the problem of why certain areas are more haunted than others. The question is, Do certain subsoils sensitize more easily than others?

Millikan, the astrophysicist, discovered that certain soils absorb cosmic waves more readily than others, some soils acting as "conductors" and others as "insulators." The

French physicist Lahkovsky noted that the highest incidence of cancer appeared to occur on clay soils and soils rich in ores, and that the lowest incidence was to be found where the soil was sand or gravel. Lahkovsky attributed this fact to the deflection of cosmic waves by the conducting soils, causing an imbalance in the cells of the body which, he maintained, are miniature oscillating circuits. Therefore, we may deduce that cosmic rays or the deflection of them by a soil predominantly of clay does, in some way yet unknown to us, act as an aid to the production of phenomena that we call haunting by spirits.

It would seem that the clays, chalk, and alluvial soils sensitize far more readily than the ancient rocks such as granite, gneiss, coal, old red sandstone, limestone, and so forth. Perhaps clay has the property of storing or deflecting the X energy while granite and basalt have not. Subterranean water may play a part. We might also point out that the most haunted places in England are on the "drier side" of the country. I am convinced that the reason why some areas are more haunted than others lies in a fusion of a number of factors, widely different, but that the geology of the district is one of them.

I have been referring to "placebound" ghosts and haunts, which appear periodically in the same settings and perform the same actions time after time, as if a bit of etheric motion-picture film were being projected on something. Such manifestations constitute only one kind of ghost. I believe there is evidence to show that the earthly dead have communicated with the earthly living without the aid of a spirit medium as a go-between. I think there is plenty of evidence to show that thoughts have a wave length and that these waves are capable of being sensed by the discarnate. Such thought-waves would, of course, include the thoughts that constitute what we call remembrance, especially if there be a spiritual and emotional bond between the living and the dead. There are many recorded instances where discarnate personalities have manifested to the living in times of danger to the latter—

and on other occasions, too. Certainly the materializations of my grandfathers and my mother have provided me with the most convincing personal proof of such communication.

A few years ago, Miss H.V. brought me an interesting case that may serve to illustrate one kind of haunting. One winter evening, just as Miss H.V. and her mother were about to sit down to tea in their old house in South London, they heard a strange, snapping noise in the room, like dry sticks burning. At the same time, they both became aware of a vile smell that seemed to permeate the room.

“Look!” her mother shouted, and Miss H.V. followed the thrust of her pointing, trembling forefinger to a corner of the room. There she saw a little, wizened old woman with a shawl over her head. She was grinning evilly and cackling at them.

Miss H.V.’s mother fell to the floor in a faint. “I was absolutely speechless with fright,” the young woman admitted, “but I somehow found the strength to pick up the teapot, which was full of scalding tea, and hurl it at the old woman.

“The teapot passed through the hag and smashed to steaming bits against the wall. The ugly creature seemed not to notice my attack. She just kept on staring at me and cackling at her own evil and private joke.

“Then a most extraordinary thing happened. It seemed as if all the energy was being sucked out of my body by the old woman. I guess that I must have passed out, too.

“When Mother and I regained consciousness, the hag had vanished. We had nothing to show for our experience but the broken teapot and a pool of tea. Somehow, though, we felt we had been very lucky.”

Miss H.V. paused to light the cigarette that she had been toying with ever since she had sat down, then asked the question which had been troubling her. “Tell me, Mr. Pendragon, do you think that we have a ghost?”

I replied that I would reserve comment until I had

seen the situation from a psychic viewpoint. I wrote her name and address on a sheet of paper and concentrated on it. An image came, but it was terribly distorted and made no sense. I do not get wrong impressions. Either an image comes or it does not, but I do not get jumbled pictures.

I abandoned the slip of paper and turned to my large map of London. Perhaps a bit of map-dowsing would set the matter straight. I located the tiny dot which represented Miss H.V.'s home and placed my finger upon it. Once again I received nothing but a blur of mental images.

"Is something wrong?" Miss H.V. asked solicitously, sensing my acute sense of frustration.

I felt rather that something was different rather than wrong, and I was determined to learn why I had experienced such a queer sort of blockage. Once more I looked at the map of London. I was about to place my finger on Miss H.V.'s home for another try, when a tiny bell rang somewhere in my subconscious. I stepped quickly away from the map and walked to a section of my crowded bookshelves. I selected the book that I was after, paged rapidly to the proper heading, and within a few moments I had a most important part of the answer.

"I believe strongly that the site of a haunted house is very important," I said to Miss H.V. "It so happens that your home was built on the site of a once-famous mental hospital. No wonder I was getting only jumbled images. What else might one expect from the insane?"

Miss H.V. at once became very upset. "Mother and I are to be roommates with an insane ghost?"

"You may never see the ghost again," I said. "I get that your old woman is a place-bound phantom, a former inmate of the asylum who, in her rational moments, deeply resented being placed in a mental hospital. There is no haunting in the sense that a spirit has returned to try to put some matter right or to issue a warning. You saw an emotion-charged scene from the past that somehow was

retained in the sensitized physical properties of the old hospital site."

Miss H.V. appeared puzzled, so I reached for a letter that lay open on my desk.

"Perhaps this question from a Mr. M.M. of St. Ives, Cornwall, will shed a bit more light on your case. Mr. M.M. writes: 'When my wife and I were motoring at night on Darmoor we suddenly caught in our headlights the figure of an oldtime highwayman on horseback. He seemed to be made of a whitish light, yet he appeared much the same as if he and the horse he was riding were a white statue. Indeed, at first we thought we were approaching some kind of advertising sign, but as soon as we drew within about 30 feet of him, he rapidly faded away. We got out of the car to investigate, but found nothing. The next day we passed the same point in daylight, and there was no indication of hoofprints or anything that could have given cause for such a formation. Do you think we had seen a ghost?'"

"What Mr. and Mrs. M.M. saw was the phantom of a highwayman that has been seen time and time again in the area," I said, as I lay the letter back on my writing desk. "There used to be a desolate old inn at that site, and at that inn the highwayman was shot down by soldiers of the King. The violent emotion of that bloody deed has saturated the soil, which in some unknown way retains the essence of the highwayman. From time to time the whole scene may be set in motion, as if a strip of film were being fed into a projector."

"But what sets it all into motion?" Miss H.V. wanted to know.

"Perhaps the sensitivity of certain percipients. Perhaps the evocation of a similar emotion."

Miss H.V. suddenly started up in her chair.

"What is it?" I inquired.

"The evocation of a similar emotion," she echoed. "I had been arguing with my mother, who felt that I had been going out too much in the evenings. Shortly before

the ghost appeared, I had shouted something like, 'But I want to go out. Why don't you want me to go out? You can't keep me locked up in here.' "

"It is possible," I admitted. "This frustration could have prompted the playback."

"Then Mother must not complain if I go out, or the ghost will return!" the young woman laughed.

"I think not." I smiled at her hope for a psychic lever to use on her mother. "I think the chances for such a similar evocation are very slim."

"But what if the ugly old thing does keep coming back?"

"Do what you did before," I suggested. "Throw a steaming teapot at her."

I will be the first to admit that theories of hauntings overlap one another, and I certainly stand firmly against any kind of dogma when it comes to explaining matters of the unseen world. Just as an ancient site may be sensitized with the mechanical and repetitious playback of a phantom highwayman or a cackling hag, so may the saturated edifice help to retain the earthbound spirit of one who returns to seek help in putting some long-forgotten matter right within himself.

Once, when calling on a friend who lived in Lincoln, I was very much interested to hear that a few nights before he had seen a ghost.

"I was lying fully awake in bed in the early hours of the morning," my friend said. "I happened to glance at the doorway and observed a figure dressed in a monk's brown habit. It was holding out its hands towards me as if in supplication, but under its hood there was no face, only a dark space."

My friend had reacted in a manner that would hardly be unusual under the circumstances. He shouted at the ghost in a loud voice and told it to get away. At the sound of his demand, the figure vanished.

"It was at this point that my old dog began to howl and

park," he said. "When at last I managed to force myself out of bed, I found old Hector shivering and trembling. Now, John, tell me what I saw. How could it have been a ghost? Why, my house is only a few years old. There haven't been any murders or scenes of violence or even any natural deaths in this house."

"Perhaps not," I told him, "but the psychic atmosphere is very highly charged in this area. First of all, I get that your house is standing on the site of a monastery. (This fact was later established by reference to earlier maps of the district.) Secondly, I get that you saw an earthbound spirit of a monk who was appealing to you to help him. The fact that you could not see his face, but only a dark space, may have been the spiritual symbol of an earthly fear or fixation that was binding him to earth. What a pity you said 'Get away!' You should have said, 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, what do you want?'"

"Are you kidding me, John?" my friend asked. "I certainly don't want to make myself available for the confessions of ghostly monks. And what do I do if the phantom reappears some night?"

"That is very unlikely," I said, "You have ordered it away, so it probably will not appear again as long as you are living in this house."

"That is very good news indeed." He grinned.

"It is a pity, though," I remarked. "Imagine that poor spirit wandering in a type of limbo for generations. I have an idea. I know an excellent medium who could . . ."

"Oh, no, you don't, John!" my friend warned me. "There'll be no seances in my house. I'm not running a clinic for troubled ghosts!"

It was a shame that something could not have been done to set the spirit of the ghostly monk at rest; however, I quite understood my friend's position. I do try to live two lives as far as my friends are concerned, and I seldom discuss any of my paranormal activities with them. It makes them uneasy. I am rarely consulted by my friends. They seem rather overawed by me in this respect.

As I said, I do not in any sense of the term consider myself a "ghost hunter, even though there have been times when troubled individuals have tried to force this role upon me. There was one case of a very lively and powerful haunting where, even if I had attempted to rid the family of the ghosts, I would certainly have been blocked by the open hostility of the father.

It was quite late one October night when I received a call from a woman who sounded nearly hysterical. She spoke incoherently about a terrible smell and sparkling lights and covers being jerked off beds. She was most insistent that I come at once to her home, which was halfway across London, and rid it of the terrible ghost. I allowed her to become calmer before I told her that I was not a general practitioner who was on call at all hours with his little black bag, but that she might visit me first thing the next morning.

The distraught woman took me quite literally, for I had scarcely dressed and was just fixing my breakfast tea when there was an urgent knocking at my door. There was nothing to do but to ask the woman and her husband in to join me for tea and toast.

The woman's eyes were red from weeping and dark-ringed from lack of sleep. The husband also showed adverse physical effects of some terrible ordeal, but whereas the woman reacted by a numb kind of adjustment, the husband's response to the situation was to become openly belligerent toward whoever was handy. In this case, it happened to be me.

"When do you go into trance?" he asked, a strong touch of scorn in his voice.

"I am not a trance medium," I said, keeping my own voice steady.

"Do you take a couple jiggers of liquid spirits to help you get in touch with the real ones?" he wondered facetiously, laughing at his own tasteless attempt at humor.

"I am a strict and total abstainer," I answered. "I have no desire for alcohol in any form."

The man's embarrassed wife shushed him into silence.

"If I could have the specifics of your problem," I said, "perhaps I might be of some assistance. But as I told you over the phone, you remember, I do not claim to be able to rid houses of ghosts."

The woman spoke in soft, faltering tones, but her story was simple. On certain occasions an evil smell filled one part of their home. It came with awful strength. One minute the air might be clear and sweet, the next it might become thick and foul. The smell completely permeated the stairs and landing, but the bedrooms and other parts of the house were not affected. The family often felt a chilly, damp draft around them, even when sitting around a huge log fire. The children insisted on having Bibles placed at their bedroom doors. They and the parents felt that such a gesture might help.

"Last night, when I called you, it was especially bad," the woman said. "Our nine-year-old son shouted from his bedroom that someone was moving his bedclothes. When we got to his doorway, we could see crackling and sparkling lights moving about the room."

I wrote the family's address on a sheet of paper and concentrated on it for a few moments. The images that came into my "screen" were not at all pleasant.

"Your home," I began, "is very old, is it not?"

"Very old," replied the wife. "The landlord says that it is over five hundred years old."

"And your home is attached to another building that is even older, is that true?"

"Yes," the wife nodded. "It is so old that it is mentioned in the Domesday Book."

I returned my attention to the address I had written on my note pad, and once again I was chilled with the image of an ancient evil that had long since taken root and grown strong.

"The district in which you live is one of the most haunted in Britain," I said. "The area was the scene of many battles between the Romans and the Ancient Brit-

ons. I have had several other rather similar cases from the same district."

"Haunted?" the husband repeated, stirring noisily in his chair. "You really believe, then, that we are beset by ghosts?"

"That would seem to be the case. I get a very strong image that your house was built on tainted ground long ago. This in turn has given additional strength to various other scenes of violence and evil which have been committed in your house over the centuries."

"I can't believe in ghosts and spooks," the husband snorted. "Our family doctor says that he has never had any evidence that man is anything more than a body. When a man checks in, that's it. The end. I quite agree with him."

"Your doctor is not alone in his opinion," I admitted, "for I have met more than one other medico who said very much the same thing. It is certainly strange that these doctors, who are in daily contact with birth, suffering, and death, allow prejudices to determine their reactions. Is there a religion in the world that denies survival of one kind or another? If these blindfold medicos believe that the life of man covers only a few score years between the birth and death of the body, then they must find life itself without much meaning. Fortunately such persons are in the minority, especially in the medical profession.

"As for you, sir, you *know* what you saw. How you choose to interpret these phenomena is entirely up to you."

"What would you recommend that we do, Mr. Pen-dragon?" the wife asked.

"I feel that your wisest course is to arrange an exorcism to be conducted by a priest of the Roman Catholic Church. Failing that, I shall recommend a medium of excellent repute."

"Now, the children," she said anxiously. "I must ask your opinion of what effect all this will have on our children. If the exorcism works or if we should be forced

to move from our home, how may we explain all these things that they have seen and experienced? Might not such revelations about ghosts and spirits disturb their nervous systems?"

"I think it would depend upon the temperament of the child and how this information was told to him," I said after a moment's reflection. "If I had a small child, I would first point out to him that although there are pictures and sounds in the room, he cannot see them without switching on, and tuning in, a radio or television set.

"I would then explain that, although a person may have died in a physical sense, there is another part of him that lives on and may often be near us without our realizing it. I would tell him that there are certain times when people may suddenly tune in, as we do to get radio and television programs, so that they can see and hear the dead."

Although the woman thanked me for my advice, her husband had sat grumbling throughout the entire session. He would not pay for the consultation, he told me later in a letter, because when they returned home, they had found the evil smell still permeating their home. I had not "rid" them of the ghost, he declared. Therefore I would not receive a shilling for my services. Later, I learned that the family had to quit the home because of the intensity of the phenomena. I was quite grateful that the surly husband did not send me the bill for their moving.

Chapter V.

Is There a Pattern in the Stars?

A CONTROVERSIAL "science" for over 5,000 years, astrology is today enjoying a prosperous revival. A recent

issue of an American magazine quoted the comments of Ed Wagner, editor of *Horoscope*, on the current dramatic resurgence of astrology: "It all came about because it is true. It is not a matter of belief, but of knowledge. If you have studied astrology and followed it through the years, you know that it works. Astrology ought to be back in the universities where it once was. It is the mother of all sciences."

Many years' study of this subject has led me to the opinion that astrology, from the delineative and predictive point of view, is an excellent pointer, but no more than a pointer. No matter how much one may have mastered the mathematics of the many systems, one cannot predict in detail. One can only forecast trends.

Let me give a rather simple example. It would be possible, having the full birth data of any given person, to state with a fair degree of accuracy that that person might, at any given period in the future, enter a trend which would be liable to promote an element of violence or combat in his life. We could state how long the trend would last, but we could not accurately forecast that, for example, on January 6th, 1968 at 5:00 P.M. he would be knocked down by a white car driven by a window cleaner from Manhattan. Yet I have read astrologers' forecasts prepared on these lines.

One client of mine spent a large sum on a "life reading" from an astrologer who forecast that, on a given date and at a given place, our client would meet a girl who would become his wife. The astrologer then gave much detail concerning the sweetheart's physical appearance. The man concerned went to the place at the time designated but the nebulous young lady never materialized. The credulous dupe then made a round of various seers to determine why his partner had not appeared. He was convinced that there had been some kind of dirty work in the fourth dimension to prevent their meeting. It was a long time before I could convince him that the girl existed only in the imagination of the astrologer whom he had consulted.

The majority of the people who consult astrologers have little or no knowledge of the subject. They fondly and vaguely imagine that they have only to send their birth data to an astrologer to have all revealed—past, present, and future will become an open book.

Almost daily astrologers receive letters worded to this effect: “Dear Sir, I was born on April 6th, 1941. What does the future hold for me? Yours sincerely, E. Brown.”

About E. Brown the poor astrologer knows nothing. He does not even know which sex E. Brown may be. True, he might guess, and if he is sufficiently clairvoyant, he might determine the writer’s sex. (Most astrologers are not clairvoyant, but there is a school of thought that maintains that when a psychic sensitive calculates a horoscope he tends to come into clairvoyant rapport with the person concerned. I am of this opinion.) Again, suppose the writer had favored the astrologer by giving her name as “Ethel Brown.” The astrologer would know her sex, yet there would be no indication whether she was single, married, widowed, or divorced. No, the credulous client of the mathematical astrologer expects him to *know* her state of matrimony.

Suppose a mathematical astrologer (I use this term to distinguish him from the astrologer who is psychic) is given a date, time, and place, and he calculates a map of the heavens and the position of the planets according to the date provided. The mathematical astrologer still has no indication whatever what it was that had occurred at that moment. It might have been the birth of a child; it might have been the launching of a ship, the time of signing an agreement, or the moment of somebody’s death. All the chart reveals to the mathematical astrologer is a map of the heavens with the planets in certain positions.

Now, suppose the astrologer is told that at a certain moment a child was born. The map will not give him the slightest indication of whether the child was a boy or a girl. Moreover—and this will surprise many people—it is quite impossible to determine whether or not that child

will ultimately marry. One could state when a *desire* for marriage might occur, but one would have to take into consideration many other factors such as (and this would especially apply in the case of a female) the attitude of the child's parents, the environment, and, above all, whether a suitable mate appeared on the scene.

Thus it will be seen that one's own horoscope is closely involved with the horoscopes of others, especially one's parents. Nevertheless, despite this limitation, the mathematical astrologer can determine when favorable and unfavorable *trends* may occur in one's life, and the probable nature of such trends. The knowledge of when a good or a bad trend is due is of great value, regardless of the knowledge of *how* it may operate.

Recently, a client of mine with money to waste consulted twelve different astrologers. Only three of the twelve sent her a mathematically accurate chart. My client happens to have been born in South America, but several of the so-called practitioners compiled the horoscope in relation to birth in Britain. One calculated it for two days prior to the client's actual birth. Others did not give the correct house positions of the planets. One, much advertised, excelled herself by sending a chart decorated with some astrological symbols of her own invention!

I agree that there are alleged schools of astrology that claim a certain standard must be reached by the student, but even the self-appointed seers with "diplomas" conferred upon them by schools are little better. Two of the astrologers who so miserably calculated my wealthy client's horoscope had such scholastic letters after their names.

I am often asked to comment on the controversy concerning whether or not conceptual horoscopes are more accurate than those calculated from the date of birth.

This query is hard to deal with briefly, for there is the moment of conception in a physiological sense, and on the other hand there is the hypothetical prenatal epoch theo-

ry, which was in vogue some 40 years ago and is still used by a few astrologers.

Personally, I share with the late Alan Leo that the prenatal epoch begins on a given date before birth, regardless of whether conception actually occurred on that date.

In numerous cases the date of the epoch can occur at a time that might well prove embarrassing for the father—or perhaps I should say the alleged father—of the child. Mr. Leo showed, for example, the late Prince Alfred of Saxe Coburg, who was born on October 15th, 1874, at 1:31 P.M. It happened that the prince's father, the Duke of Edinburgh, did not marry his mother until 16 days after the prenatal epoch date! Moreover, on the epoch date, the mother, the Grand Duchess Marie of Russia, was in her palace in Russia when the Duke, her fiancé, was in London.

As to a conceptual horoscope, I agree that there may be something in it from an occult point of view, but the difficulty of calculating such a chart lies with the problem of knowing exactly when the biological event of conception occurred. This may not be exactly coincidental with sexual union.

The whole matter is highly complex and controversial both from the occult and the biological aspect.

The synthesis of a horoscope is exceedingly difficult, since numerous complex and little-known factors are involved. There is also the element of the unknown, for astrology is far from being an exact science. It is a science inasmuch as mathematics are used, but otherwise it is an art, and a very difficult one at that. This is not a condemnation of astrology, but a warning to the public to treat both the subject and those who practice it with great circumspection.

Chapter VI.

A Warning to Those Who Would Seek Occult Knowledge

THERE IS NO SUBJECT that provides such golden opportunities for the swindler and the get-rich-quick boys as occultism. This is because it is a subject that attracts neurotics and psychotics galore. Such persons are only too easily duped into believing all manner of nonsense, especially if it is inclined to be esoteric.

I first had my taste of the flamboyant flimflam of the bogus psychic when I was just a lad hawking cosmetics in the market place. The master of the occult billed himself as:

THE GREAT ZHARA-ZHARZO
SPIRIT MEDIUM
&
AFRICAN MAGICIAN

These words were emblazoned on a moth-eaten banner he displayed on his booth. The Great Zhara-Zharzo (privately known as Emmanuel Wellington Lovejoy) was assisted by a pasty-faced Cockney called Alfred. Alfred had a resounding, brassy voice that outtrumpeted most of the other traders. His hawking often reached me above the medley of other voices that began with the famous "Raz Prince Monolulu, the recently deceased racing tipster."

"I gotta horse! I gotta horse! I gotta horse!"

"Yardsofelasticbandangetuppence!"

"Luverly lemmings! Ripe Williams!"

"Ladies and gents, the contents of this little bottle will cure . . ."

“Buy yer kids some transfers, Ma!”

“Who sez a bob for an ‘addick?”

“Ripe Victorias!”

“Free ter one on Brandy Snap!”

“Puppy dogs! Puppy dogs!

“Want ter buy a budgie, guvner?”

“ ‘Ere you are, mister—spinter tweezers!”

“I tell yer, friends, the Day of Doom is at ’and . . .”

“Ladies! The Queen herself comes to my stall disguised on Saturday nights just to buy my stockings. . . .”

All this echoed in my ears as I stood stacking up bankrupt cosmetics. The Great Zhara-Zharzo would retire to his large car and change into an African garment and—rather incongruously—a top hat. Alfred merely decorated himself with a fez. He needed no decoration, for his voice attracted the crowd.

In the center of the pitch stand the magician placed a small folding table and covered it with a piece of green baize, under which there was placed, by sleight-of-hand, a small object the nature of which eluded me for some time.

Alfred then produced a large dinner gong and beat upon it so lustily that the sound completely overshadowed all other sounds within a radius of 30 yards. The interest of the crowd was by then aroused and the people began to gather around the magician and his assistant.

“Ladies and gennlemen!” began Alfred, adjusting his fez more firmly on his head. “Friends! You are now about to witness one of the greatest and most astounding performances of the 20th-century. I ’ave ’ere beside me the Great Zhara-Zharzo, the famous Hafrican Wizard, who will, through his amazing mediumistic powers, bring a message from the spirits of the dead for each one of you, ’igh or low, rich or poor, it matters not, ladies and gennelmen! I ’ave at enormous expense brought this man from his native jungle where no white man but me ’as ever set foot and returned alive. I challenge—I *defy*—anyone to come forward and per-form the miracles that you are now about to witness. The phenom . . . phenom . . . the Great

Zhara-Zharzo has got power over one of the most deadly snakes in Hafrica. . . .”

Alfred tapped the colored man on the shoulder and made a few signs, since the Great Zhara-Zharzo apparently was incapable of understanding English when he was performing. The magician nodded, and the whites of his eyes flashed. Then, fumbling in the folds of his flowing garment, he suddenly produced a live snake about four feet in length. What kind of snake it was I do not know, but it was certainly not a cobra. He whistled softly to it, and it reared a little to his caress. Finally it slunk into the folds of his gown again to coil itself about his torso.

The crowd thickened and began to lap up Alfred’s words as he continued his pitch.

“My friends, the Great Zhara-Zharzo will now give you a demon-stration of ’is powers. Now you will observe that I have ’ere a perfectly blank writing pad. I’ll pass it round, ladies and gents, for your inspection just to prove to you that there is no fraud or de-ceptiun.”

The writing pad was passed around, and the crowd convinced itself that the sheets were completely blank.

“Thank you, friends,” continued Alfred, when somebody had handed back the pad. “Now, who wants a inspirational message from the spirits? Sixpence each.”

The applicants, who placed their money into Alfred’s fez, were asked to state the number of their house, which he carefully wrote on the bottom of each sheet of the pad. When 40 or more sixpences had flowed into the fez, he pocketed the coins and ripped the sheets out of the pad. “No fraud or de-ception, friends. Pages completely blank, as you still witness before God.”

Gathering up the pages, he slipped them under the green baize cover of the little table. The baize had previously been raised some nine inches in the center by the invisible object.

Alfred then made more signs to Zhara-Zharzo, who stepped forward and proceeded to make passes over the table, muttering as he did so some sort of incantation in

his native language. This he continued to do while Alfred diverted the attention of the crowd with a few slight-of-hand card tricks.

Presently, the Great Zhara-Zharzo stood back and nonchalantly produced from one of his pockets a baby's skull (it may have been the skull of an ape, for I never saw it closely). An audible shudder went through the crowd. Alfred stepped forward and removed the pages from under the baize cover and—lo!—they were covered with writing! Here were the “messages from the spirits.”

Alfred distributed them to his patrons, according to the numbers of their houses.

The recipients of the spiritual communion were visibly impressed and read the messages almost feverishly. Their wonder must have been great when they drew forth the sheets from their pockets and handbags on reaching home, for by that time, the pages were completely blank again. Such was the magic of the Great Zhara-Zharzo!

You will probably have guessed that the messages had been written some kind of invisible ink, and the object under the cover was a small, carefully gauzed oil lamp, the heat from which caused the writing to reappear for a few minutes. To those not in the know, this magic could be quite mystifying. A regretably high percentage of those who advertise themselves as practicing psychics are able to produce no greater bona-fide results than those achieved by the Great Zhara-Zharzo. Their approach may be a bit more subtle than that of the market-place medium, but their object is the same—to defraud their clients.

NUMEROLOGY

I would not be so sweeping as to state that there is nothing in numerology, but it is a subject that has been so confused and rehashed that the result is practically worthless. There are several systems of numerology, and many of them do not agree on which number relates to a particular letter. Systems of calculation are also contradictory,

with the result that it is possible to calculate one's "numbers" with more than one result, thus rendering the whole subject mostly nonsense.

Numerology is another field for the racketeer. I get pitiful and tragic letters from people who have spent large sums of money for their "lucky numbers" and have tried to apply them to football pools, races, and the like, with the result that they lost all they had staked. The only people who have made themselves rich with lucky numbers are the merchants who sell these "secrets" to a gullible public. The dupes do not realize that basically there are only nine numbers, so there is always one chance in nine of a particular number coming up. I know that some schools of numerology allege that there are numbers beyond nine—such as eleven—which should be taken into account, but their dogma is ruled out by others who disagree with them. Nevertheless, I hazard that in the dawn of civilization certain numbers may have had a certain significance, but that original significance has been lost or buried under a welter of error. Yet we still have those numerologists who claim that *their* system is the truth. When people—no matter what they represent—tell me that they have the occult truth, I become more than usually skeptical.

OBSERVATIONS ON OTHER FORMS OF THE OCCULT

The number of persons who fall for the woolly-minded esoteric claptrap of the self-styled professors, reverends, and swamis must run to hundreds of thousand. If anybody claims to be "in touch with the masters" or "receiving messages from the Christ sphere" it is as well to investigate their claims or hold them with tongs. Such grandiloquent statements pander to the egoism of both the deceiver and the deceived. It is possible there *may* be such persons as "masters" in a discarnate sense, but the number of letters I receive from those who claim to have

contacted them indicate that both masters and their chelas are three a penny! As far as I am aware, no master, either incarnate or discarnate, has ever favored me with his presence. The simple manifestation and recognition of the ghosts of my two grandfathers mean more to me than a whole truckload of colorful personalities claiming to be the twelve disciples.

A large number of alleged mediums emphasize their supposed contact with masters and other personalities, especially if the latter be *ancient Egyptians*. I would like readers especially to note that I am not decrying the probability that the ancient Egyptians and other civilizations had esoteric and other knowledge that escapes us today. Much that has been written about the esoterics of these civilizations is conjecture, fiction, with—here and there—a grain of truth. In certain extremely rare instances there may have been paranormal manifestations, either subjectively or objectively, of learned, discarnate personalities, but I feel it is wise to regard even these instances with discrimination. I am sure that if I regarded as truth all the claims that mediums and others made about having made contact with wise personalities of the ancient world, I should come to the conclusion that the ether—or whatever term you may prefer to use—was simply jammed with kings, queens, and high priests and priestesses from ancient Egypt, Atlantis, Mu, Babylonia, and early China. One must never forget that the subconscious or unconscious minds are capable of producing all manner of impressions, pleasant or otherwise. We have scarcely touched the fringe of this vast subject.

There is within all of us a deep, unconscious desire for some kind of prominence and recognition. Unconsciously we all want to “be somebody” and to achieve great things. That is why thousands of people spend time and money hunting their ancestors in the hope that one of them may be a titled person or at least a figure of national or world importance. How much easier it is to claim that one is in touch with King Asoka, Cleopatra, Nefertiti, Shakespeare,

St. Paul, or even Jesus Christ Himself, either directly or via one's pet medium? So let us be analytical and discriminating. If my readers could have my mail for just three months it would be a revelation to them. The colorful and fantastic dreams and hallucinations of the schizophrenic are half-brothers of the visions of those who claim to be in contact with an etherial world.

ON DEVELOPING ONE'S PSYCHIC TALENTS

Many people have asked me what they might do to develop into seers and clairvoyants. They hope to induce some of the types of psychic sensitivity which I, and a handful of other folk, possess. My answer is always the same: Don't!

I am definitely against "development." If one has any marked psychic faculty, I feel it is best to let it develop itself. Everyone has *latent* paranormal powers, but quite likely nature—or God, if you like—intended these to remain below the level of conscious mind. If it were otherwise, nature would aid the development of the ability.

It is like nature unfolding a rose with sunshine. One cannot pry a rosebud open in an effort to make it bloom. So it is with the psychic gift. Many are ruined psychologically and sometimes physically by this effort to "develop."

Often I get letters, like this one from Miss M. McF., asking advice on special "clairvoyant diets": "I am trying to improve my psychic sensitivity by having a strict vegetarian diet, even omitting eggs or any form of animal fat. So far, however, it doesn't seem to make much difference to my achieving clairvoyance. Also, I get dizzy."

No one will achieve clairvoyance by half-starving himself; he will only get anemia, debility, and general ill-health. Clairvoyance, especially if one practices it professionally, entails considerable physical strain. It is important to have adequate vitamin B which is best obtained from brewer's yeast and plenty of food, especially animal

protein. If nature had intended man to be vegetarian, she would not have given him the gastric secretions that digest meat.

I have also been asked if there are certain places that seem to inspire my paranormal gifts more than others.

I prefer quiet places, but really it matters little. It is rather like asking an artist if he can draw better in some places than in others. A true artist can draw anywhere, although he may have preferences.

As to the possible stimulating effects of alcohol or any of the psychedelic drugs, such as LSD, I am a teetotaler, and I never take drugs of any kind. I understand the nature and the effect of the psychedelic drugs, but I cannot see that any such drugs would be helpful to a psychic sensitive.

I remain, today, a bachelor. Generally, I believe seership and marriage to be incompatible, unless the partner who is the sensitive is in complete harmony at all levels with his or her mate.

There may be a relationship between sex and psychic phenomena, as in the case of poltergeists. I believe that repressed sex can *cause* psychic phenomena. Psychics have much magnetism and a wide magnetic field. This often gives them a personality which some, not knowing otherwise, mistake for "sex appeal." It is just that something extra. Musicians often have it, and some artists, but as real sensitives are so few, I have not enough examples to determine whether they are generally more sexy than nonsensitives. It seems likely that they may be.

Basically, I am highly nervous and alert (moon in Gemini at birth) and can get answers almost before the questions are put. I am prone to phobias that are deeply rooted as a result of my early life. I accept these and try to do my best within these limitations, knowing that others also have limitations, perhaps worse than mine. I have been much compensated in other respects.

Believe me, psychic sensitivity is indeed a two-edged sword. While it may seem fascinating to be able to foresee

events, to be able to “see” over distances of thousands of miles, to be able to “see” into human bodies and into the earth itself, there are extreme dangers of which the would-be sensitive is completely ignorant or, if not ignorant of them, he believes he lives such a good life that nothing evil can harm him. These people should take their heads out of the sand.

I do not doubt that the sufferings I experienced at the hands of my parents did much to sharpen my sensitivity, but I like to believe that the “sharpening process” also arose during those merry hours when I sat on Grandad Hazel’s shoulders and sang at the top of my boyish voice to the tune of his fiddle.

Occultism is not a subject for everybody. Alas, it is the very people who should keep clear of it who wallow in it. Some folk escape via drugs, some via drink, sex, nervous breakdowns, perhaps religion; But there is a large percentage who flee earthly reality via occultism. And it is these tragic figures who need protection from the racketeers who would prey upon them and use them as a means of making money. I take the view so well-expressed in an ancient adage: “Those who know, do not speak. Those who speak, do not know.”

Chapter VII.

A Peaceful Plateau

BY CHANCE I had become acquainted with a professional author whose landlady did not object to male tenants—writers and practicing clairvoyants included. My friend had lived in the room for over 20 years when I learned that he had suddenly passed away. I called on the landlady and got the room. That was May, 1959, and I have resided here ever since.

This little room is saturated with creative, literary thoughts. Not only for 20 years had the room been used for literary work, but my author friend had been preceded by another writer.

Since I have lived here, ideas have poured from my brain. Occasionally I have received a quick, clairvoyant flash of the former occupant, who may well be influencing me from the next plane of existence. Of minor but intriguing interest is that in 1936, long before the previous tenant knew of me, he wrote a short story called "The Pendragon Plane Mystery." Strangely enough, it was the first story he wrote after he had moved into this room. Perhaps he picked the name out of the future.

My landlady is accustomed to the continuous music of a typewriter, and she is the only landlady I have ever known who understands the unique needs of authors. Thus, since I have lived here, I have been able to build myself up. Now instead of my having to go cap in hand to editors with my writings on the paranormal, they have started to roll out the red carpet for me. That is a comfortable feeling.

In 1965 I began another collaboration in a quite different field from that of the paranormal. Miss Pamela Morgan of Monmouthshire, England, has formed the World Friendship Bureau, a nonprofitmaking organization, which has a sister bureau in New York. The Bureau exists to overcome loneliness and distance between all persons regardless of race, religion, or class. With my world-wide contacts, I have been able to expand membership of the Bureau, and we are happy to state that the organization has the approval of the British Council for Overseas Relations.

I have tried to discontinue the practice of giving personal consultations, since I now like to work only with postal readings. I have maintained an office, but I disliked having to turn on the tap whenever somebody called on me. My postal work is also much better than my personal consultations. I like to take my time.

Just as I wrote the above, an ethereal monk appeared at my elbow. He has visited me several times during the past three months since I have been having spiritual healing for a kidney ailment. The monk is apparently linked with the healer. I have not quite tuned him in enough to get into telepathic "conversation" with him, but his earth name was Edmund or Alkmund and he lived in the 12th or 13th Century. I see a monastic building behind him.

Now he has gone. Probably he will return later. He knows that I am busily engrossed in work. There are deadlines to be met, stacks of letters to answer, and that ever jangling telephone to interrupt me at most annoying intervals. But through all, I am supported by my belief in a Divine Intelligence I am able to contact through my intuition and my psychic sensitivity.

And so, as Pepys would have said, my story ends. It has been a rough road and a long one. In some instances, I doubtless acted foolishly and possibly, to use a rather crude expression, "spat in my own eye." But looking back on the trail of well over 50 years, I see that fate played a big part. Looking ahead, insofar as I can do that paranormally with regard to my own life, I am conscious of much to come. This causes me to meditate upon Carlyle who, in his old age, was found sitting nude after a bath, his gnarled hands clutching his body here and there. "What am I? What am I? What am I?" he kept muttering. What, indeed, is man?

Where is the ego? Am I the emaciated baby in the arms of poor old Lizzie? Am I that little golden-headed boy sitting up in Great Aunt Jane's fourposter, saying "Listen to the fiddlers?" Or am I that lad with his motley clothing imitating Charlie Chaplin with Grandad Hazel? Am I the boy who made that poignant and mysterious trip to the cemetery, all alone but for his dog. Am I the youth who made love to a dark-haired wench among her father's coffins? Or am I the young man who took those long cycle rides through London to sit at the bedside of the woman he loved? Am I that hoarse-voiced pseudo-

Cockney yelling in the markets of the city, "Anybody want to buy a fountain pen for a bob?"

It would seem to me that life has no end, no beginning, but that underneath are the everlasting arms.

A few miles away from my present home stands the ancestral castle of Anne Boleyn, where Henry VIII came to court her. I trust that the phantom of the luckless Anne will not haunt me if I make so bold as to use her family motto, for more than most it seems to fit my life: *Post tenebris, spero lucem*. "After the darkness, my hope is in the dawn."

PART FOUR

Pendragon Answers Questions on the Occult and Speaks of Tomorrow

Chapter I.

Pendragon Answers Questions on the Occult

CURRENTLY, John Pendragon writes "Pendragon's Panorama" for the British *Fate* magazine, psychically forecasts the future year for *Fate Annual*, and conducts "Occult Question Time" for *Prediction*. The literate and knowledgeable seer is perhaps at his best when he is dealing frankly and honestly with those who seek to gain secrets, solace, or success from the occult.

Can cruelty be detected from the examination of a natal horoscope? For example, are the planets in particular positions in the horoscopes of persons who torture others, either mentally or physically? If so, the horoscopes of the Nazis and others would surely reveal this.—
H. C., Pontypool.

Yes, cruelty can be determined from the positions of the natal planets and the aspects made between them, but it must be remembered that there are various reasons for a person's being cruel.

There is cruelty that arises as the result of sexual deviations producing sadism. And that of persons who feel

themselves to be inferior to others; their cruelty is a way of making themselves feel superior.

From the astrological angle, one often finds that Saturn is in opposition or square to Mars at the time of birth, but this is not always the case. One frequently finds that the Moon, Venus, and Jupiter are obscurely placed in an astrological sense.

My own opinion is that Neptune is usually badly aspected as well. The cruelest person I have ever known has the Sun, Mercury, Venus, and Uranus all squared to Saturn and opposing Neptune from Capricorn.

I knew another person who was both underhanded and cruel, who had the Sun in exact opposition to Saturn and the Moon in conjunction with Neptune at birth.

Is it illegal to perform Black Magic rites?—G. L., Ipswich.

Not so far as I am aware. Unfortunately, these rites sometimes include the desecration of churches or graves, the debauching of females, cruelty to animals, etc. Such acts are certainly criminal.

Black magicians, however, are exceedingly rare, and the dabblers usually do more harm to themselves in the long run than they do to other persons. I always refuse to give any information about these dark rites.

Do you consider that apparently inexplicable events could be understood if you knew of the existence of certain laws? Or do you think God intended us not to know?—

God is not a person, but a Supreme Law, and I do not think that the term "intention" can be correctly applied.

There must obviously be behind every event, explicable or not, a certain law, whether physical or otherwise. Man is very gradually expanding his knowledge of the universe because he is evolving, and I see no reason to suppose that God, or the Supreme Law, intends that certain phenomena should forever remain a mystery.

By what means can a young woman interested in the occult obtain a full understanding of the miracle of life?
——E.B., Goole.

By having a baby!

Since physical death is a completely natural event, why are people so afraid of it?——K.T., York.

If, as I suspect, we reincarnate, we may know beforehand what will happen to us in our coming earth-life. We may know that we have to suffer when in the body. When we enter it, nature “draws down the blind” and we cannot recall happy things we may have experienced in the interim of waiting or perhaps during the last time we had a body.

Furthermore, nature has given us what the law of self-preservation. Without the fear of death to encourage us to preserve ourselves, we should commit suicide or allow our physical body to be destroyed before it was time—anything to get away from our physical envelope.

It is this fear that keeps us closely locked in our physical bodies until such time as we have learned the lessons and worked off some of our karma. There may be a very few of us who do not fear death. Maybe they are the folk who “know”. . . .

About a month ago I got a Ouija board, and to my astonishment found that I could make it work. The communicator who answered said he was the spirit of a friend of mine who is still alive. He is constantly in my thoughts. Can you explain this uncanny experience?——I.B., Leeds.

One should not too readily assume that spirits, either of the living or of the dead, enter into the matter at all. I suggest that the message you produced was from your own subconscious mind. Ouija boards are very prone to work in this manner. I do not say that you could not receive a message from a discarnate spirit, but I think that you should regard all the results you get with a more inquiring

mind. It is, of course, just possible that you may have linked up with your friend's mind, but without mutual investigation with him, it would be safer to assume that you generated the results yourself.

I wish to achieve some of the ancient powers such as were handed down to Moses, Aaron, David, Solomon, the Prophets and the Saints—the True Divine Wisdom.

I realize that I cannot do this unless I have a temple, a society, or an occult school that will put me through the practical side, either by correspondence or in person. I do not mind coming to the United Kingdom for this purpose. Can you help me?—E.O.F., Liberia.

I think it is very remote that you will ever achieve the powers said to have been possessed by those you name.

It is not necessary to belong to a temple, a school, or a society in order to learn something about occultism and perhaps to get a little enlightenment. Silence, meditation, and prayer can be very helpful.

Books are also useful in the early stages, but gradually one reaches a level when almost all books are cast aside. I have been a consulting seer for nearly 30 years, but I have never joined any kind of temple, school, or society.

When people like Napoleon, Wellington, Cromwell, Shakespeare, Dante and other famous personalities have communicated with us through mediums, why do not science and the arts take this great advantage of learning more about the past and those who lived in it?—V.M., Whitby.

I am afraid that there is very little evidence to show that these great personalities have communicated from planes beyond the physical. It is true that so-called messages which have come via mediums alleging to be in contact with these personalities have been received, but just as people on earth are prone to deceive others in order to make an impression, so do denizens of other planes of

existence attempt to deceive those on earth. Personalities do not change because they lose their physical bodies.

I agree that there *have* been some highly interesting and proved communications from eminent personalities who lived on earth centuries ago, but the vast bulk of contacts with such persons gives cause for much doubt to the scientific and analytical mind.

I do not doubt that it is possible to contact personalities who have passed from the body, but the nature of the "mechanics" involved makes error, deception, and delusion only too easy. There are, and have been, patient researchers into this subject, but their numbers are lamentably few.

Many persons living on the Kentish coast in the vicinity of Romney Marsh often hear a high-pitched buzzing, or whirring, noise, the source of which can never be traced. It has been heard on and off for at least ten years. It is heard mostly at night, when other sounds are muted. Some people describe it as being like the sound of a very distant "all clear" on an air-raid siren. Do you think this noise could be connected with U.F.O's? Or with anything connected with the spirit world?—Mr. K.S., Dymchurch, Kent.

I frequently hear this sound in the night, and I live 25 miles from the fringe of Romney Marsh.

As my correspondent states, the source of the sound has never been determined. I can never decide from which direction it comes. It seems vaguely general rather than local.

I think it would be unwise to attribute it to any extraterrestrial source until all other possible reasons have been thoroughly investigated.

Is there any truth in the saying that gypsies can predict the future by watching birds in flight or by looking at pebbles? At the beginning of this century few of them

could read or write, yet in country districts their forecasts were respected.—G.C.W., London, N.22.

Yes, I believe that they had, or have, that ability. It matters little whether they observed the movement of birds or looked at pebbles. The point is that there are many ways in which one can focus one's clairvoyant powers.

While watching the funeral of Sir Winston Churchill on TV, I was engrossed with the thought of his spirit watching the pomp and circumstance afforded him by the state. Suddenly I had the urge to write, and taking up the nearest piece of paper and a pencil, I did so with no effort at all, yet my gaze was fixed on the TV. I am a spiritualist, and firmly believe that when the spirit is at last freed from the body, it is as the living person, unseen, but seeing.

My words were written as if somebody were dictating to me. I have been told by various mediums that I should persevere with automatic spirit writing.—Mrs. A.H., Middlesex.

I feel that you, in common with many others, are wrong if you believe that a very recently departed spirit can, or does, witness his own funeral. It is not possible to prove it yet, but I feel that after the death of his body, Sir Winston would almost certainly pass into a period of deep unconsciousness in every sense.

You state, rather on the same lines of belief, that a spirit is a "living person, unseen, but seeing." A spirit can doubtless "see," but that it can see earth conditions as we do seems highly improbable, any more than that the majority of us on this side of the curtain can see the spirit world.

I maintain that a spirit *senses* vibrations of a spiritual nature from earth, but doesn't *see* our state. Hence, a vibration of sadness and mourning would reach the spirit, but it would not, as you state, be able to see its own earthly funeral.

Your automatic writing (in the form of a short poem) is very unlikely to be connected with a spirit. Almost all automatic writing is a production of the subconscious mind of the writer.

Your subconsciously produced poem proves itself as such, for in the repeated lines "Gaze on thyself, Great Man," you have repeated your own—and I think erroneous—belief that Sir Winston Churchill witnessed his own earthly funeral from the spirit world.

Do you think that the mathematician understands the world better than the mystic?—B.E., York.

I would say that when considering the nature of the world—or, better still, the universe—both are right. They are merely looking at the same thing from different angles. It might also be said that all is mind, and that since both believe the universe is of a particular nature, then it is so for each of them.

It is rather like the idea of heaven. Heaven as seen by the Muslim is not the same as that seen by the sectarian Christian. It depends entirely upon the mind-picture of the thinker. If one merits heaven after death of the physical body, then what one will find will, I hazard, be consistent with what one has believed heaven to be like.

Do you believe that talismans, charms, amulets and similar devices can ward off back luck and cancel adverse planetary effects?—L.K., Norwich.

I don't think any of these things will work without faith and courage, both of which qualities are exceedingly powerful themselves without the assistance of talismans or charms.

I think most of us are too preoccupied with failure or success, and not sufficiently concerned with *doing*.

Why is the number of great women less than that of great men? Why are spiritual figures such as Jesus Christ,

etc. always male? Does it imply that man is superior to woman?—L.T., Bangor.

I do not think that superiority enters into it. There was a time when God was called The Mother rather than The Father. Maybe the creative power of the male acts as a more suitable conveyor of the qualities that make for greatness.

There could be many possible answers to this query, embracing physical, psychological, and spiritual reasons, or more probably a fusion of them all.

Do you think towns have a kind of personality or aura that affects the persons living there? Or is it that the persons collectively give the aura to the town?—Mr. G.L., Chemsford.

I am inclined to judge that over a long period, perhaps centuries, certain types of persons are attracted to certain places and gradually the "magnetism" grows stronger, and more persons of a like nature are drawn in. I don't say that other types of persons are not also drawn, but I think they would not remain there for very long. It is the old-established families that do much to build up the aura of the place, plus, of course, what they do there.

I have lived in many towns, and have visited quite a lot, mainly in southern England, and I am often deeply conscious that a town seems to radiate a certain kind of "collective quality," to use a vague term.

There was a time when I thought what I felt was personal to myself, but when I questioned others, without telling them of my own feelings, I was surprised to learn that many felt the same kind of "radiations" as I did. Others agreed that they felt something, but couldn't explain its nature. The remainder were not consciously sensitive to any particular quality "radiated" by any given town.

Do you think length of life has anything to do with the

positions of the stars and planets at the time of one's birth?—Miss D.N., Deal.

Research by astrologers over a very long period, and the careful tabulation of data from thousands of horoscopes both of aged persons and of infants who have died during their first few weeks greatly strengthen the claim that one's birth date plays a great part in determining the length of one's life.

I do feel, however, that there are other factors that must be taken into consideration in addition to the natal horoscope.

I would like to see the natal charts of the subject's parents and grandparents. If the astrological indications of longevity are also shown in their charts, this would add weight to the similar factors in the subject's chart.

I do not doubt that other factors enter into the problem of longevity and infant mortality, and I think the day is not too far distant when orthodox scientists will realize—probably grudgingly at first—that the “other factors” are contained within astrology itself.

When relaxed before going to sleep, I sometimes see various kinds of pictures. My eyes are closed but I am not asleep, though on the verge of it. What does it mean?—S.B., Newton Abbot.

It is a relatively common condition, and one I am frequently asked about. The pictures are known as hypnologic visions. Occasionally they occur when one is waking from sleep, and then called “hypnopompic” visions.

Some persons see only static pictures, but in other cases the pictures move as in a film. Sometimes they are colored, but generally not. Nobody appears to have given a really satisfactory answer to the cause of these visions: they may be spiritual in origin.

In my natal horoscope I have Mars in the fifth house badly aspected. Does this mean that my children would all have serious accidents?—N.T., Plymouth.

Why should it? Astrology is not an exact science. In any case, the house position of Mars, or any other planet, is determined by the house system that one is using. It could be in the fourth house, or the sixth house, or possibly one of the other houses if a solar chart is calculated.

Moreover, the possibility of any of your children being liable to accident could only be hazarded by astrology if the child's horoscope were calculated by a competent astrologer.

If I were you, I shouldn't pay much attention to this planetary position, although without seeing your natal chart and the progressions and transit positions, I could not determine by astrology to what degree the aspect would operate, if at all, or when.

Is it true that there was once a murder at Scotland Yard, and that a ghost was seen there?—N.D., Jersey.

Yes, when New Scotland Yard was being built, the decapitated body of a woman was discovered. Her identity was never established, but a rosary found near the remains was thought to be connected with it. Later, the ghost of a nun was seen by several officers near the Black Museum, but the matter was hushed up, as one might have expected. Whether the ghost was connected with the corpse is not known, but the evidence suggests it was probable.

Do colored people have different kinds of horoscopes from whites?—V.E. Smethwick.

It depends on what you mean by "different." Astrology is no respecter of color or the lack of it. Colored persons have exactly the same instincts as do whites. If an astrologer were shown the natal charts of a white person and a colored person, he would be quite unable to say which chart was which unless he knew something about their history. A natal chart is only a map of the heavens at any given moment.

All an astrologer can do is determine the probable character and personality of the individual concerned. He

might hazard that certain major events might happen at certain times, but there is no certainty, only an inclination.

Unless the astrologer possesses clairvoyance, he can do little more than predict trends, and those trends would be exactly the same whether the person concerned was black, red, yellow, or white.

Why don't the police use clairvoyants for tracing criminals?—N.O., Cardiff.

Because the law is very conservative and orthodox. Clairvoyants have been employed unofficially in Britain, rather more extensively in the United States, and occasionally in Germany.

A medium told me recently that in a previous life I was a man in Paris at the time of the French Revolution. How can I obtain proof of this?—Mrs. N.W., Carlisle.

Personally, I am always very cautious about mediums who tell their clients highly colored stories about the latter's past lives—especially so if a dramatic or picturesque period in history is involved.

It could be flattering to one's self-esteem to be told that one lived in the court of Akhenaton, Constantine or Asoka. It is the same desire that prompts some persons to trace their ancestors in the hope that they may have royal blood in their veins.

I do not believe it is right for spiritualists to devote their time to guiding the spirits of certain persons who have passed over to the next plane. I believe this is sacrilege. God will take care of them without help from this world. —H.N., Kensington.

I suppose you refer to what is termed "rescue circles." (I am not a spiritualist, but I believe in the continuity of personality after the death of the physical body.)

Why should anything that assists others, whether they be in this world or the next, be regarded as "sacrilege"? If

a person falls into a swamp or quicksands, do we pass by, saying we will not assist him because God will?

The two worlds are really one, as is being very slowly proved from the point of view of the scientist. It seems from evidence that has been given, not only by spiritualists, that there is a no man's land between the physical vibrations of earth and the higher vibrations beyond it.

Why should it be wrong for us on this side and those on the other side to assist personalities who for various reasons have got themselves caught up in this hinterland?

I have purposely refrained from introducing occult and spiritualistic jargon and theories in my attempt to answer this question. The basis is that nothing that assists man anywhere or by any means can be wrong. Does my questioner regard God as having His domain solely on the other side of the grave?

Possibly these "rescue circles" are the means that God is using to give aid to His children. Indeed, I feel certain it is so, but it is not His only method.

When I was about ten, I remarked to my grandmother that I could hear music in the sighing of the trees, to which she replied: "talk nonsense like that and you will be shut away!"

Do we sometimes hear paranormal music? Perhaps my grandmother's sharp words destroyed my ability, for I have never heard music that way again—until two years ago. My son, who was in the East, was in danger, and I worried a good deal when listening to news bulletins. One day I heard the lovely strains of "The Lord Is My Shepherd." My son had sung the soprano part of this hymn when at school. I wept, and then felt better.

During the past two years I have heard a great deal of beautiful music, including "The Lord Is My Shepherd" and a serenade that was a favorite of the grandmother who chided me long ago.—Mrs. T.K., Bucks.

It is quite possible that the music you heard when a child may have come from a higher plane of existence.

Children do sometimes have both a clairaudient and a clairvoyant gift which is—as in your case—totally crushed, perhaps forever, by ignorant elders.

I have at certain times heard paranormal music. It is always music on stringed instruments, and I never recognize any of the airs. If I recognized them I should immediately suspect that my subconscious mind was at work and that it was a case of association of thought. Such was probably the case when you heard "The Lord Is My Shepherd." You were troubled about your son; he was in your thoughts, and you recalled the hymn by its association with his childhood. The same would apply to the serenade associated with your grandmother. My opinion may not be altogether acceptable to you, but remember that a great number of strange and rather wonderful experiences can be accounted for by orthodox psychological principles, though I would not deny that clairaudience is a fact.

Do you consider that when the end of the world comes, the earth will be destroyed by fire or water? The Almighty has already told us in the Bible that there will never be another flood, so one can assume that the end will be a fiery one.—Miss D.C., Dover.

I believe there is an adage that when all the planets "meet together in Capricorn, the earth will be destroyed by fire." Some have hazarded that this might happen in 1989-90, when Neptun, Uranus, and Saturn are in Capricorn (joined there by Mars in February and March, 1990), and Jupiter is in the opposing sign of Cancer. But this, astronomically speaking, is not "all the planets together in Capricorn." Nevertheless, considered from an astrological standpoint, these oppositions could mean an event of great significance.

I would suggest that a fiery end is more likely in view of nuclear fission, but this might also have the effect of creating a vast amount of water to fall upon the earth, especially if the oceans were vaporized.

There is the remote possibility that a gigantic meteor or another planet might collide with the earth, with the result that both bodies would be pulverized.

We had a narrow shave in this manner in 1937, when an enormous body came comparatively close to earth, but the astronomers wisely did not reveal this phenomenon until later.

Chapter II.

Pendragon Speaks of Tomorrow

The Far East

IN A LONG-TERM SENSE, I consider this vast area to be of supreme importance to the peace of the world. I will not deny that I foresee other areas of great importance, but none that so dramatically points the finger at the shape of things to come.

For readers with an atlas before them I would describe the ultimately "hot" area as being centered between Long. 100 E. to 140 E. and between Lat. 40. N. to 40. S. I realize that this vast area includes much of Australia, but my definitions are intended to be only approximate.

Let us face the issue. We already have the war in Vietnam continuing, as I forecast two years ago, into a weary stalemate. But, the problem of Vietnam will, in my opinion, be minor compared what I foresee is in store for the world. Sprawled to the north is overflowing China. Each year finds her masses increasingly prepared for war, not, in my opinion, a war of defense, but a war of invasion—*south*.

I predict that China will spread her armed hordes down through the little countries of Laos, Thailand, Cambodia to the Malay Peninsula; southward to Sumatra, Borneo,

the Philippines, New Guinea and Australia. I have long heard the sounds of warfare in and near the China Seas.

In this vast line-up, I anticipate that the United States will ally with Japan and possibly India. The U.S.S.R. will, I am impressed, sit on the fence, but thousands of Russians will sneak over the frontier to assist the Chinese.

Contrary to today's popular notion that the Russians are potential enemies of the Americans, I think that within the next ten to 15 years we shall see a much greater unity between the two countries, not so much because of any good-will efforts on either side but because of the slackening of the grip of Communism upon the U.S.S.R. Russia is going to get more moderate and farther and farther away from the old doctrines of Communism. This is not yet the case, but I feel that it will come. China offers a far greater danger to the peace of the world than Russia does.

The United States

I feel danger to the United States from apathy and internal conflict of desires and opinions. If I were in a position to advise the White House—and I make no specific references to any particular President—I would say in regard to the Far East that the American Government is in danger of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. There are many who are attaching far too much importance to Vietnam and its problems. The Government must ally itself much more closely with Japan. Former enmity must be forgotten. There is also too much emphasis upon and fear of Russia. The White House should, during the next decade or sooner, ally itself with as many nations as possible within or near the vast areas I have designated.

It must not be forgotten that dispute and disagreement over relatively small areas can cause a weakening within the American structure as a whole.

I am aware that other seers have forecast that towards the end of this century a spiritual personality will arise who will "save the world" and we shall, through his

ministry, have "peace on earth." I consider these statements to be highly dangerous if taken seriously. That war will *ultimately* be debunked for what it is, is to me, a certainty, but I am confident that this will never come about until man has learned a severe lesson. He will then have to retrace his "evolutionary steps" a long distance. I am impressed that the elimination of war from the earth will not come about for several centuries, so let us not delude ourselves with wishful thinking or be transported to a nebulous Utopia by seers whose good will towards mankind exceeds their ability to face up to reality. It is because of these grandiloquent statements that are mostly soul-butter that I am, for the first time, going to publish my own psychic preview of the future of the United States of America.

The cities of the Atlantic coast from Boston to Baltimore will be wiped out, the nexus of this annihilation being New York, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia, with severe repercussions on all areas within 500 miles of New York City.

I do not see cities remaining, but rather the sites of them, mostly under water.

I have already published my visions of London being partially underwater, and the lowlands of Britain being submerged. I can only conclude that here in Britain we will receive the distant effects of the vast American tragedy.

Now, before my readers begin to panic, there is one most important thing for me to emphasize.

I have stressed elsewhere in this book that what a clairvoyant "sees" as a future event may not necessarily be one. *It could be a warning of what might happen if certain advice is ignored, or a particular plan is adhered to.* In short, it is a case of "watch out or *this* will happen."

To The White House, I would say decentralize your industrial and commercial areas, on the Atlantic Coast in particular. This presents problems, but the problems connected with space travel and getting men to the moon are

greater. To make a target of the moon when earthly danger is on the threshold is folly indeed.

I am warning you.

For other cities in the United States I see no *major* danger. This applies especially to those in Texas and on the Pacific coast. The vast, dark cloud that I see on the map before me spreads over the Atlantic coast, with New York as a center.

Do not be lulled into apathy because your country may be rather more peaceful and prosperous during the next five years or so. Look ahead, 15, 20 or more years. I name no specific dates. The danger is there, and if it is ignored, the catastrophe will be *immense*.

I am not without hope that a powerful figure will arise in the States, hailing possibly from Virginia, who will see the folly of the present internal bickering, the pursuit of further bloodshed in Vietnam, and the pouring away of millions of dollars into projects that cannot, at this earthly stage, benefit mankind.

The danger, first and last, is apathy.

I am warning you.

The Future of Britain

Britain as a world power began rapidly to decline from the end of World War II, and that decline will, as I see it, continue. A strange and enervating apathy settled upon Britain immediately after the war. People, especially in industry, slackened off, and adopted philosophies of "I'm out for all I can get." "Let's do less and less work for more and more money." "We must keep up with the Joneses." Others put their heads into the sand and pretended they could not see the danger that threatened Britain as a great power, while the lunatic minority said, "Let's wreck something, or take dope."

Thus has the British Empire rotted away. Twenty or more precious years have been wasted due to the lack of powerful and wise leaders, and a spineless pattern has

developed of eternal credit and luxury living. A pattern embracing lack of conscientiousness in business, lack of pride and service in craftsmanship, lack of honesty and probity in daily activities, a rotting away of moral standards, and a shoddy camaraderie between those who could not care less. Britain's playtime dreams are nearly over now, and we have not got a Churchill behind us for the future.

As I see her, Britain during the next 25 years will move slowly backwards until she will become a secondary nation, rather on a par with Sweden or Norway. Yet there will be an evolution of a "New Britain," not new in earthly greatness—those days are over—but new in Constitution. We must prepare for the "unthinkable" in matters relating to both Parliament and the Church. Westminster, Canterbury, and Rome are gradually going to link up. There will be an echo of a famous date in British history, 1534, the date of the Act of Supremacy when Henry VIII was king, and that cycle of over 400 years will come to an end, for it was on that date that the English Church separated from Rome. Future Popes and future Archbishops of Canterbury are going to bury the hatchet and merge as a single unit of Christian faith. If anybody alleges that I am partisan, let me add that I am probably more Buddhist than Christian, and I recognize all religions as being but different paths to God. Man is by painful degrees slowly becoming more unified, but we have a long way to go, so do not expect the lion to lie down with the lamb in our lifetime or in the lifetime of our children's children. Major events, which I have more than hinted at with regard to the U.S.A., should make one realize that that unity must ultimately come; otherwise, even greater chaos will result.

And so, in regard to Britain, the State, the House of Windsor, Canterbury, and Rome are all going to weave a design in the pattern of a New Britain. I do not doubt that that design will be opposed by some partisans and fanatics, but unless I am much mistaken it will come, a very short

step towards World Unity which, I point out once again, lies far ahead. Let us not deceive ourselves, either in Britain or in the United States or anywhere, that a "savior" is on the threshold of the world ready to wipe away all tears. That *that* Utopia will *eventually* come is certain, for man is destined for ultimate perfection. But let us not yet indulge in wishful thoughts of a worldly Arcadia.

The Near East

If my impressions prove correct, this area is going to be of vast importance, though not so dominant as the Far East. Nevertheless, Iran, Iraq, Syria, Saudi Arabia, the U.A.R. (Egypt) and adjacent countries will soon come into the limelight—unfavorably. The two kingpins of the Near East will be the Shah of Iran and Colonel Nasser. I foresee hostilities between these two, with less powerful countries ranging themselves on one side or the other. Oil pipelines are going to become of vital importance, and repercussions will be felt in many countries, especially in Britain. In the event of a hot war between Iran and Egypt, I anticipate that Iran will be the victor. However disturbing events may be in the Near East—and I am tempted to include a part of East Europe in the arena—the menace to world peace is not nearly as great as that existing in the Far East.

Africa

I have written much about Africa elsewhere (I refer mainly to Africa south of the equator), titling my observations and predictions as "Clouds over Africa." Unrest and bloodshed will be the order of the day in a collective sense, but mainly in those areas which, in my opinion, have gained their independence too prematurely. The African is only making his position worse by fermenting trouble within his territory. There will be a constant struggle for local and national power, backed by the use of

arms. This is the road to more bloodshed and further disunity. The African is aiming to imitate and achieve the civilizations of Europe and the U.S., but he forgets that these civilizations, in Europe especially, have *evolved* through centuries. The African is trying to achieve European or American standards of living, education, and economy in as many months as we have taken decades to reach. In his frantic efforts to attain these standards he has caused political and national distress. There are still millions of Africans who—although they have railways, cars, and planes—cannot read or write. A false sense of values and proportion is present. When such persons are equipped with guns, they will still engage in tribal and local warfare and use their weapons on their own people. Vast numbers of them do not understand the ballot box. They cannot think in terms of hundreds, thousands, and millions. Many cannot count beyond ten. They can understand only physical violence as a means of achieving what they want. I am not anti-African, or anti-anybody, but I am against exploitation, injustice, and anarchy. Independence is a good thing, but it has to be controlled.

I am not optimistic that the next ten years will see a lessening of Africa's problems, and I am impressed that small pockets of hostility will link up into one large conflagration. Africa south of the equator is, to my seeing, just a fermenting vat of trouble; but, once again I must emphasize that the potential danger is not as great as that in the Far East.

U.S.S.R.

I anticipate that either Mr. Kosygin or his successor (most probably his successor) will visit the U.S. in the not too distant future, and later, there may be some tensions between the two nations with regard to events in the Near East. But I do not anticipate war between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. Contrary to popular opinion that these two giants must ultimately fight it out, I get no such impression

clairvoyantly. I consider the danger from China to be a far greater menace, in a long-term sense, than that from Russia. I have always felt that there is much more fear in the minds of the Americans of what Russia *might* do to the U.S. than there is a corresponding fear in the minds of the Russians as to what America might do to the U.S.S.R.

The "menace" of Russia has become rather a bogey in the minds of Americans, who seem to have got to a stage of imagining Reds under their beds! Basically, it is fear and only fear that causes any nation to have arms at all. It is *afraid* of what another nation might do. I do not claim to be particularly pacifistic, but one must never forget that fear engenders more fear. What we send out undoubtedly returns to us in the same, and probably greater, form. I have seen that to be true many times. The principle applies to nations as well as to individuals. Clairvoyantly, I see a moderating of Communist aims and principles. The images of Lenin, Marx, and Stalin have passed. Wiser and less partisan men and women will guide Russia during the next decade or two. Closer links will be made with the U.S. on scientific matters, as a consequence of which greater understanding of each other's viewpoints and ideologies will come into being. The progress will not be sudden or spectacular, but rather a slow and steady advancement of mutual understanding. From time to time during the next five or ten years, there may occasionally be tensions, caused mainly by a tiny group of fearful men, but I foresee no really serious repercussions resulting from their anxiety.

I do not foresee a war between China and Russia, much as, I know, there are those who might welcome it. I feel that Russia is aiming for detachment and will largely achieve it. I am impressed that Russia is going to become a "Switzerland" in regard to European, American, and Asian affairs. Her leaders will be disinclined to sap themselves with war, and who can blame them?

Thus, from the point of view of World Peace, there is little to fear from Russia. The danger comes from the

Orient versus the Occident, with India and Japan falling in with the Occident. It will be a slaughter grim and great.

I have told what I believe to be the truth. I have not lulled my readers, be they American, British, or any other nationals, into a pseudo-arcadian backwater by telling them that everything is going to be bliss and beauty. The greatest danger of all, especially to America, is *apathy*. Apathy to what I foresee, plus a time- and energy-wasting pursuit of bickering within one's own frontiers, could multiply the tragedy that lies ahead.

Mine is only the voice of one man trying, through this book, to address millions. I make this appeal not in the name of any government, religion, cult, or creed, but in an effort to serve my fellow men and women through my gift of clairvoyance. My appeal is addressed principally to Americans, and to all who ally themselves with the United States for there is a profound risk that upon that nation all the sorrows of the world will heap. The degree of those sorrows will depend upon what is done—not tomorrow, next year, or in some later decade, but now.

John Pendragon
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