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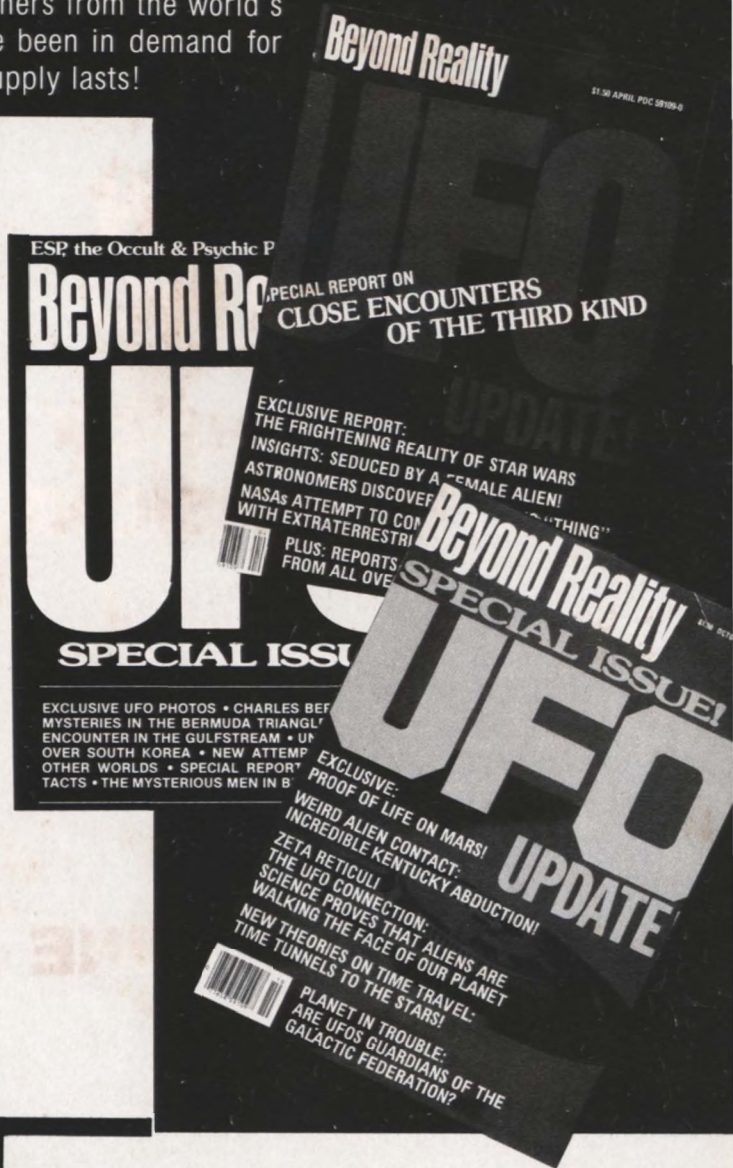
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# Editorial

On October 30, 1937, the asteroid *Hermes*, headed on a direct collision course with our planet Earth. The huge celestial traveler had a characteristic diameter of over several thousand miles, and was traveling at a fantastic rate of speed.

It missed its target by more than 500,000 miles, exploding in the far reaches of outer space. Scientists tell us that if *Hermes* had hit, it would have touched off a series of violent chain reactions that would have spelled *Armageddon*.

Since that frightful day 42 years, and for centuries before, countless individuals have predicted "the coming calamity." Famous 15th century prophet Nostradamus saw world conflict and catastrophic earth changes for the later part of the 20th century, as did Edgar Cayce, who by the time of his death in 1945, predicted future geologic holocausts, signaling the beginning of the end.

On December 31, 999, in the *Apocryphia*, it was prophesied that the world would end in one thousand years. London, during the first half of the 16th century swarmed with fortune-tellers and astrologers who concurred that the world would be deluged on February 1, 1524.

Thousands patiently waited on hilltops in New England on April 3, 1843, expecting the end. Their leader, William Miller, a farmer and former atheist, picked this day by studying the books of Daniel and Revelations.

Criswell, a psychic prophet, claims that a black rainbow or magnetic disturbance will suck the Oxygen off the earth in 1999. Then the planet will race into the sun, incinerating everything and everyone.

More recently, on February 2, 1962, for the first time in four centuries, eight planets lined up in a spectacular planetary conjunction which was the subject of a book called *The Jupiter Effect*.

Although many prominent scientists scoff at these "prophets of doom", and laughingly admit that every age has them, they are quick to conclude that nature itself seems to be unleashing a fury of her own. They point out that in the 1970's alone, 17 major earthquakes—from Northeast Iran to Bucharest and from Argentina to Southeast Indonesia—have caused millions of deaths and untold billions of dollars in property damage.

Intermingle that with floods, tidal waves, killer tornadoes, hurricanes, typhoons and severe blizzards—all so rampant in the last two decades, makes one pause to wonder just what does the future hold: The battle of *Armageddon* which was predicted by many for the near future, or a centuries-long veritable Garden of Eden?

We'll just have to wait and see what the future holds as we get close to the end of the 20th century.



Harry Belil  
editor/publisher

# Scientists Make Amazing Discovery

## The Miracle Power of the Fourth Dimension by J. Allen Hewitt

Mystics and psychics have long believed in the power of the fourth dimension — the power to work miracles, travel through time, perform healings, attract wealth and success.

Now, research scientists at Brown University have made an amazing discovery that may bring respect to such "far out" ideas. Mathematical blueprints for the fourth dimension were fed into a special computer and, to the amazement of all, the computer revealed a dazzling figure of a 4-D Hypercube virtually identical in concept to an ancient occult symbol used by a 13th century Catalonian mystic and numerologist.

The swirling image of the Hypercube caused great excitement in the scientific community. A special presentation was made to the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Washington, D.C. and to the International Congress of Mathematicians in Helsinki, Finland. No one had ever "seen" the fourth dimension until this staggering breakthrough.

Mind Development, Inc., inspired by the work at Brown University, began specialized research into the mind expanding power of the Hypercube. The first step was to "clean up" the blurred, rotating image from the computer into a concise clarified version suitable for examining its mystical properties. The primary challenge was to

retain the effect of multi-levular motion within the Hypercube without the use of film, video tape or special effects. It took several months of experimentation, but the final result was an astonishing success. The secret was to use two overlapping images of the Hypercube color coded to the spectrum sensitivity of the rods and cones in the human eye.

### Psychic Power Released

Did the symbol of the new clarified Hypercube itself hold the key to releasing the awesome power of the fourth dimension? That was the question that faced the research team at Mind Development, Inc. After consultation with clinical psychologists at the Human Awareness and Potential Institute, Mind Development, Inc. began a series of tests using galvanic skin response units and other indicators of altered brain wave activity. It was discovered that concentrating on the Hypercube, even for a few moments, induced altered states of consciousness — the same altered states of consciousness associated with psychic power, increased intuition, the ability to work miracles, even bend metal as demonstrated by Uri Geller.

Participants in Mind Development research have demonstrated their ability to perform psychic readings, mind projection, ESP and mental telepathy with aston-

ishing accuracy while using the Hypercube as a focal point.

### Free Hypercubes

"We have reached a point in our Hypercube research where we are very anxious for the general public, especially those predisposed to psychic potential, to conduct their own experiments with our special Hypercube," stated a Mind Development, Inc. spokesman. "In fact, we will provide a free Hypercube to everyone who desires to participate with us in this project as a member of our ad-hoc research team."

To become a member of the Mind Development, Inc. ad-hoc research team, receive background information on the activities of Mind Development, Inc., a periodic newsletter, plus a free hypercube identical to the one used in laboratory research, simply send your name and address with a \$10.00 membership registration fee to:

**Mind Development, Inc.**  
Suite 124  
515 - 116th N.E.  
Bellevue, Washington 98004

*Note: A.G. Merklingar, founder and president of Mind Development, Inc., has been featured in Life Magazine, National Observer, Mademoiselle, Sports Illustrated, Denver Magazine, International Herald-Tribune, and on TV's David Frost Show.*



# Letters To The Editor

Dear Editor:

Thank you very much for publishing my article, "Have You Heard About Jane Roberts and Seth?", and for the check you sent.

I want you to know, too, that I feel that your staff did a terrific job setting up the article for the magazine. The magnificent illustration, the quotes in large type, the addition of photographs of Jane Roberts—all combined to attract the reader to the writing and to give it the best possible advantage. I am most grateful.

It is a pleasure to work with such creative professionals!

Sincerely,  
Anna Marie Normile  
Evanston, Illinois

Dear Editor:

I want to compliment you on your article "Man From Another Time" in the Jan/Feb issue of *Beyond Reality*" I too, have been so surprised to meet so few, who have ever heard of the "Remarkable Nikola Tesla."

In 1964 I bought the book "*Prodigal Genius, The Life of Nikola Tesla*" by John J. O'Neill. No question but what his inventions were far ahead of his time.

He visualized the first robot, I recently heard about the first burglar robot, a protection robot that roams around one's premises capable of giving different types of alarms, cost now for one is \$126,000.00. Wouldn't Tesla like to see that one, maybe he has.

And of course his imagination was superb. Yes, Paul Twitchell's book *The Far Country*" dictated by Rebazar Tarzs was a fascinating book. All of Paul's books are enlightening. I wish he could have stayed a little longer in this world. I knew him personally and I miss him.

I wanted you to know how

delighted I was to find your article in *Beyond Reality*."

Sincerely,  
Thelma E. Beaman

Dear Editor:

In my opinion your magazine has been improving in recent months. I enjoy light reading about many facets of the occult and about personal experiences with paranormal phenomena. I have personally had some experiences of this nature.

I would like to see more articles on different methods of psychic development.

Also, I believe that some enlightened articles on witchcraft are in order as it is one religion in which psychic abilities are cultivated and used as part of the religion. Witchcraft is one of the oldest of existing religions and is no more of a cult than any other religion. Also, witchcraft is not Satanism or in any way related to it.

When you mention books in Review, would it be possible to give the addresses of the publishers as people living out in isolated areas must often shop by mail and it is difficult to have the names of all of the publishers on hand.

At this time I am interested in the address of Universal Books (*The Force* by Don Wilson).

I am renewing my subscription to *Beyond Reality* at this time (separate letter).

Sincerely,  
Bruce Patrick  
Box 205  
Bethel, Mo. 63434

Dear Editor:

Would you please forward the address for Universal Books, the publisher of Don Wilson's book entitled *The Force*.

I enjoyed Mr. Wilson's article,

*The Key to Incredible Power*, and am interested in obtaining further information concerning Dr. Webster Edgerly's method for increasing the internal force. Perhaps you know of a book that he authored or could put me in contact with someone who could shed more light on how to develop such strength. Thank you.

Sincerely,  
David M. Collopy  
Data Processing Instructor

Dear Editor:

In your "Books for Review" section by Mary Goldstein in *Beyond Reality* Nov/Dec 1978, page 9, you list *The Force* by Don Wilson, Universal Books.

I could not find the publisher (I did find Universe Books), book title nor author listed in the library. Could you send to me the publishers address. Enclosed is a self addressed envelope.

Sincerely,  
Dr. James F. Malkovich

—Editor's Note:

Readers who are interested in the book can write to the author Don Wilson at Universal Books, Box 653, Plymouth, Mich., 48170.

Dear Editor:

I am a rock-hound. This means that I tramp the hills around where I live in search of gem stones. A year ago last March I discovered an ancient race of people (at least their artifacts).

I call them the ancient Serpent people as there is a Serpent CARVED on all their stones. In studying these stones, I have learned very much about this world's beginning. These carvings portray fabulous stories of those times which carry much meaning.

One thing that I learned was

that at one time this world was completely covered with a Serpent like being. She had (what I call) pods all over her body. From these pods came men. This Serpent-like being also had many heads. Some of these were human-looking in appearance.

Since finding these carved stones, I discovered that the Indians tell of this great being in their old legends. These were the ancient builders. The old wise ones. The ancient Druids called themselves, Serpents.

I have no way of photographing these wonderful stones but I do feel that this is a story that should be told.

Sincerely,  
Cosette T. Willoughby  
P.O. Box 317  
Fairacres, N.M. 88033

Dear Editor:

In your February issue of *Beyond Reality* I couldn't help but feel awed after reading "Secret UFO Conference and The Air Force" by Jerome Eden.

I'm so fascinated by these works of Dr. Wilhelm Reich but have read so very little of his unedited findings and discoveries.

Could you please give me Jerome Eden's address so I may write him personally and if you have any information on where I may obtain those Books he mentioned in his article I would be very grateful.

By the way, thank you for these very informative articles. Keep up the good work, as of the moment your magazine stands in a class by itself.

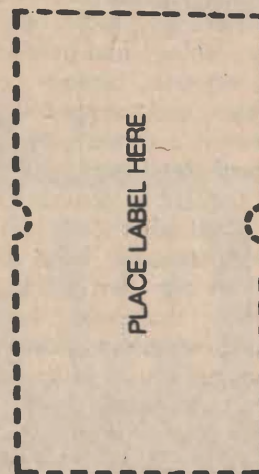
Sincerely,  
Walter Miller

—Editor's Note:

Your letter was forwarded to the writer.

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# Books For Review

**HEIRS OF THE GODS, A SPACE AGE INTERPRETATION OF THE BIBLE**, by Lee Gladden and Vivianne Gervantes Gladden, Rawson, Wade Publishing Co., \$10.95.

The authors, both Ph.Ds (Lee teaches college psychology and Vivianne recently earned her degree in theology) have explored biblical etymology and predictions in space science, biology, quantum physics, and parapsychology. They present a remarkable interpretation of the Scriptures, proving that the Bible contains clues that tell of an advanced, intergalactic confederation soon to be extended to our own world. The Bible, they maintain, tells us when and how this will occur.

This book is *must reading* for all ufologists, professional and amateur alike. It proves incontestably that we are not alone. The authors have examined records left by the ancient astronauts. These records disclose the time of the astronauts' projected return to earth and their plan to colonize our planet. It details the scientific marvels available to the ancient astronauts and shows us that these marvels are within our own grasp.

**MYSTERIES: AN INVESTIGATION IN THE OCCULT, THE PARANORMAL, AND THE SUPERNATURAL**, by Colin Wilson, G.P. Putnam Sons, \$15.00.

This is a source-book of the unseen, of those mysteries of psychic science that have fascinated man from earliest times. It surveys the entire range of supernatural experience, from dowsing to demonic possession, from precognition to Uri Geller's psychic abilities, from astral travel to visits from extraterrestrial beings. It also examines the author's original and daring attempt to impose, for the first time, a scientific framework on the confusing,

seemingly unrelated instances of psychic experiences.

Throughout the book, all of the unexplained phenomena known to man are examined by its author in light of his theories on man's multiple personality. The author includes material on the extraordinary discoveries of Tom Lethbridge, a Cambridge man who believes that the dowser's pendulum could reveal the mysteries of life after death and the secrets of the great stone megaliths. He looks searchingly at the "great secret" of the alchemists, believing that it is the key to the mystery of the "ladder of selves". The book also presents case histories not only of hauntings, possession and demonic hypnosis, but also of magic, the Kabbala and astrology.

**DARK DIMENSIONS: A CELEBRATION OF THE OCCULT**, edited by Colin Wilson, Everest House Publishing Co., \$7.95.

In this startling new exploration of the wonders of the occult world, Collin Wilson, one of the World's leading authorities on parapsychology, brings together the extraordinary feats of nine masters of "magic."

Rasputin, feared as the Czar's evil genius; Gurdieff, a mystic who mysteriously create tremendous energy; Helena Blavatsky, founder of the Theosophy movement; Nikola Tesla, the great inventor who could conceive fantastic machines in his mind.

These are only a few of the mystics in this book that have astounded and confounded scientists and laymen alike. They have been subjected to the scrutiny of scientific observation and testing, time and again. The book is quite interesting.

**SWEET SPIRITS**, Kenny Kingston, as told to Brenda Marshall, Contemporary Books, Inc., \$10.95.

This book traces the fabulous life of the man who has given private readings to many of the world's leading celebrities and politicians.

More than just a biographic dissertation on a unique personality, it is also a "how-to" book explaining how to find personal happiness, solve problems, read auras, and understand psychic numbers. His incredible predictions include the foreseeing of Elvis Presley's death two weeks before the event.

Kingston's seances, in which he as materialized such spirits as Fanny Brice, Clifton Webb, Clark Gable, Errol Flynn, Marilyn Monroe and Betty Grable, have been covered in various media, including radio, television and national magazines.

The author is a former newspaper reporter from England who, since moving to Hollywood in 1965, has had celebrity stories published in nearly all of the major American fan magazines.

**PSI AND THE CONSCIOUSNESS EXPLOSION**, by Stuart Holroyd, Taplinger, \$9.95.

One of the major areas in which traditional thinking has shifted has been the explosion of "inner-space"—the depths and potentials of the human mind.

The author contends that psi research can become the supportive science of the consciousness explosion.

In this far-reaching book the author discusses the recent breakthroughs in psi research, placing them against the background of a massive reorientation of values and life goals in the last two decades.

The first half of the book discusses recent developments in parapsychology. The second half relates these developments to traditional innovations in science.



# Strange and Unknown

BY LEE WALSH

The following events happened within a nine month period, and was told to me by Paul R. Gailey of Kingsville, Texas.

The Gailey family moved from the Indian Mound Plantation, outside of Hollybluff, Mississippi, to Mr. Sharpen's Plantation which was located about fifteen miles west of Cary, Mississippi.

That old house at Five-Mile-Lake which we moved into that fall day was a white two-story building. It was built high up off the ground and resting on creosote pilings. It was high enough off the ground to allow a man of average height to walk around under it without bumping his head on any of the large foundation beams. A six foot high wooden picket fence surrounded the yard with a scattering of large shade trees. The house didn't look as formidable as it appeared.

There seemed to be a force, or some sort of power, in and around that old house; a presence. There was a constant uncomfortable feeling of being watched. I noticed that the birds wouldn't fly to, or nest in, any of the large trees. Animals would not stay on the property. I decided to do some investigating; I wanted to know the history, if any, of this old house.

Indeed, it had a history—one of violence. It was the headquarters for a red-headed, red-bearded, river boat pirate who plied the waters of the Mississippi River. Five-Mile Lake used to be part of the Mississippi River in those days. It later changed its course.

Slaves of that time said that they had seen a number of people enter that house but never noticed them leaving. There were rumors of slaves being beheaded on the back porch and that the house was one of many points along the river

where slaves were unloaded from the slave ships coming from Africa. They were then taken to the various plantations throughout that area.

As one story goes, a group of black cotton pickers was staying in that old house during the cotton picking season. They moved down from Vicksburg, Mississippi and not aware of the tales told about



the house they were staying in. One of the group, a young woman, went out one night and while returning to the house she was attacked by a creature so hideous that, it is said, drove her insane. Her screams of terror woke the others and they found her lying on the ground between the front gate and the front steps of the house. Perhaps whatever it was that attacked that young woman, had surprised her by dropping out of the big shade tree behind her. No one knew for sure. There were no footprints except for the young woman's.

She was rushed to a local doctor who had her sent to the hospital. The next morning her dark skin had turned a creamy white color

and the hair on her head had turned show white! There were bruises which went completely around her neck and they seemed to have been made by something which had two huge fingers and a thumb on each hand. The doctors could not explain the marks and bruises. The young woman recovered from her bruises but not from her experience. She was sent to Whitfield in Jackson, Mississippi.

The information I had gained about the old house was interesting, to say the least, and I was not too surprised when things started to happen to our family. The first "sound" that I noticed was a fluttering sort of sound that I can best be described as like that of a thrashing it's wings on the ground. This sound would usually start in the downstairs hall; it seemed to enter one of the bedrooms by going through the wall. The moment a light was turned on the fluttering would stop. It used to fascinate me and it was sort of a game I played by flicking the light switch off and on. When I turned the light off, the fluttering sound would start again.

It seemed that a loud, bumping noise used to come from directly from under the old, brickearth fireplace. My daddy, annoyed by this constant nightly bumping, replaced all of the creosote pilings and checked all the flooring for any loose boards. None were found. Nothing visible was under the house, and the bumping continued.

Still another noise frequented that old house. It sounded like people were walking around dragging ankle chains. This noise started on one of the upstairs bedrooms, through the hallway, down the stairway to the downstairs hallway and out the back

*continued on page 56*

# CHRISTINA ONASSIS' ASTROLOGY MADE HER A POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL

by Harold Leader  
Athens correspondent.

Everyone, at birth, is provided with a broad outline of their life and personality by the universe. Although, within that framework, they have an almost unlimited number of choices, the choices you make depend on what you are like!

That is why Christina Onassis, the richest woman in the world, makes the choices she does! Read on!

There is an old saying that the rich get richer...and the poor get babies. This applies more to the benefits of Astrology than to almost anything else.---Why?--Simple.-- Many of you have spent \$5.00, \$10.00, or even \$20.00 to get a personal computer horoscope. Some of them are very good, as good as the data base (reference library) that is punched into the computer. Because the computer can do in minutes what an Astrologer would take weeks to do nowadays you can get a horoscope that an Astrologer would have to charge hundreds for, for just a few dollars. So, with good astrology so cheap, why do the rich continue to get richer and you still don't? It's simple. You buy your horoscope, you read it. It's interesting but you have no way to apply the information in a practical way. Right? . . . So that's where you stop. But that's where so many of the rich, the famous and the successful only begin!

Your unknown future is like taking a trip into a strange country. Your natal (birth) chart (the only kind you have ever bought) is like a road map. It shows you the general view . . . the possibilities! That's what the rich get and it's what you get. But that's where you part company! You may never even have heard of the Daily Aspect Horoscope (Transcope) they get from their personal astrologers. It's a step-by-step guide book. It's what any intelligent person taking a trip into a strange country would get. And what anyone making the trip into the unknown land of their future should have! IT SHOWS ON A PRACTICAL DAY-BY-DAY BASIS, THE GOOD AND BAD ASPECTS FOR EVERY KIND OF LIVING TRANSACTION: BUSINESS, LOVE, HEALTH, TRAVEL, BUYING,

SELLING--EVERYTHING! It is based on the changes that take place in your chart every single day as the planets continue to move through the houses of your never changing birth horoscope! Daily Aspect (Transcope) Astrology is being used today by rulers of nations, business tycoons, consistent winners at games and gambling, self-made successes in the arts and sciences!

Now, for the very first time, the over one hundred and eighteen million possible combinations of facts in Daily Aspect (Transcope) Astrology is in our computer and Transcopes can now be produced at a price everyone can afford!

Finally-How can we convince you that Transcope astrology will give you immediate practical results? Easy! By letting you try it at our expense! Fair enough? . . .

We do this because it's the only way to prove that Daily Aspect Astrology (Transcope) can and will give you practical help. But, you must promise to talk about it-tell others what it does for you! Then and only then can our cash investment in you pay off for us!

Transcopes are calculated and printed monthly on our computers. (Right now hundreds of professional astrologers are paying us big money to get them for their clients.) And, in our files we already have stacks of testimonials (available on request) describing the extraordinary results users have had! And many of them paid hundreds of dollars for their Transcopes.

But for you, forget all that. You send us only one dollar to cover mailing and postage and we will send you your own personal Transcope for next month on approval! Read it! Use it! Only after you are fully convinced that Daily Aspect Astrology (Transcopes) will be worth hundreds and thousands of times more than they cost, we will bill you for a low, low \$4.95 plus .55 cents postage and handling. That is all! And we will continue to send you your monthly Transcope for as long as you wish! You can stop them at any time without obligation. And, if you act at once, you will also get, ABSOLUTELY FREE, in the same package with your Transcope, a remarkable, new natal (birthdate) horoscope that is yours to keep and use for the rest of your life. In return for all this, we ask you to use, test and try your first monthly Transcope

for practical results: love, business, travel, investments, health...any decision, major or minor, and you must get practical results within twenty-one days, or return only your Transcope, in the postage pre-paid envelope we provide, (keep the natal horoscope) and we will return the dollar you sent us. But, when you experience the results that a day-to-day guide book (Transcope) can provide, in every aspect of living, and you want that guide to help you change your life for the better, then all you do is pay us the low, special price of \$4.95 for your first Transcope. That is all! We will then automatically mail you one each month for as long as you wish and bill you at the same special price!

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Each of the attacks had been extremely ferocious, and each occurred on nights when there was a bright full moon!

# HUMAN BEASTS THAT ROAM THE NIGHT



BY RICHARD SCHWARTZBERG

The singular pistol shot reverberated through the thickets, its echo sounding like claps of thunder breaking the early morning stillness. Within moments the small group of uniformed men converged on the scene, each looking at the spot on the bog-covered ground where the corpse lay. The horribly mangled, blood-soaked body had shortly before been a beautiful, energetic and very popular girl of 19. Now barely recognizable, the still form lay lifeless like a rag doll, twisted and distorted almost completely out of shape as though in a sudden rage ripped apart by a sadistic child.

The discharge from the revolver had merely been a pre-arranged signal to bring the group of searchers together from various parts of the huge German forest to the exact spot where a police inspector stood, a look of sheer terror evident on his tired face.

The girl, Ursa Schmidt, from the village of Grautz in the center of the Harz Mountain range in northwestern Germany, had been reported missing by her parents two

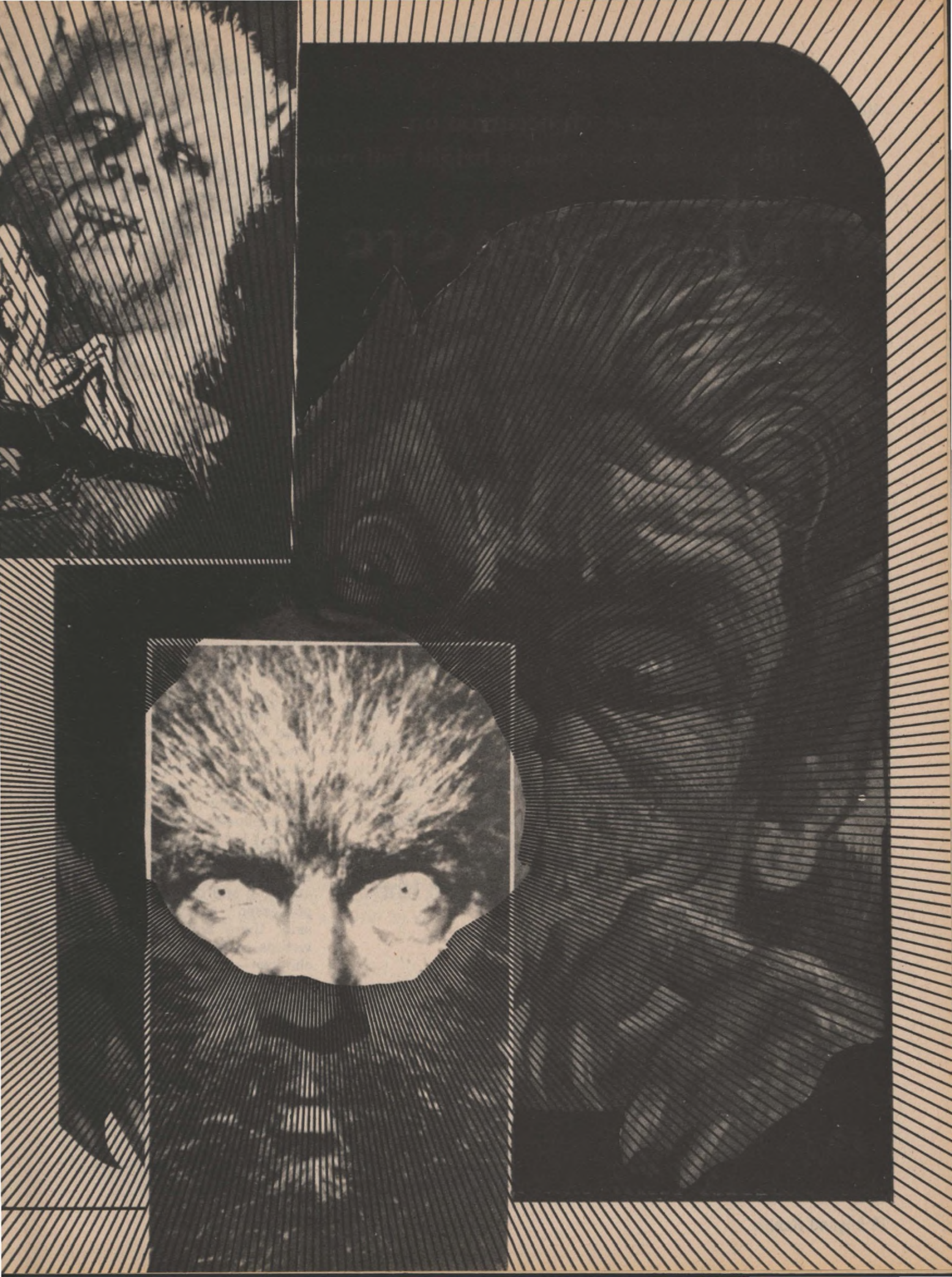
days before. The couple had very good cause for alarm concerning their only child. Within the past month, a handful of children, two adults, and several teenage girls had simply vanished from the village—only to be found later deep within the forest—horribly mutilated, a dark trail of dried blood their only grave marker, circling the wood pines where they lay. Their limbless bodies were mute evidence of the carnage that had taken place. It was as though a huge carnivorous beast had feasted on the spot.

Inspector Fritz Baum, leader of the group, as well as his men knew the full moon pattern was beginning to repeat itself again. Like other young women, Ursa, too, had undoubtedly been raped, although in her case this was quite difficult to determine because of the many wounds inflicted on her body.

Immediately, one of the officers spotted something on the ground nearby. It was a series of naked footprints on the soft earth. He called out to his superior. They

were human footprints, belonging, it was ascertained, to a full-sized man. And they were clear, unsmudged prints. Officers felt they had been cast within the past 36 hours. What's more, the big toe impression on the right print had been gone, as though whoever made them had no thumb at all on his right foot. The prints were identical to those found at the site of the other mutilations, and would be identical to other murder-mutilations yet to take place.

In the months that followed, from late August until early November, several dozen other similar mutilations and murders occurred in the deep woods surrounding the village. Each involved young girls, and each had been identical to the killing of Ursa Schmidt. The savage attacks—all of them—had a singular thing in common. They each occurred on nights when there was a full, rich moon, the heavenly phenomena which takes place when the earth falls between the sun and lunar surface. *continued on next page*



## HUMAN BEASTS THAT ROAM THE NIGHT/continued

Ironically, one of these gruesome finds had been discovered by no less than Herr Oskar Schmidt himself, father of the dead girl, and deep within the densely forested region of the Harz Mountains. Determined to roam the wooded hills and valleys, shotgun in hand, in an enraged attempt to search out his daughter's fiendish slayer, Schmidt had taken refuge in a natural cave cut out of the mountain to escape an early morning thunder storm. What he found, and ran the half-mile back to the village to report, was enough to stagger the imagination of anyone.

When Schmidt retraced his steps to the cave, accompanied by armed police and tracking dogs, the stench of decaying human flesh dominated the area. The cave had been literally lined with the remains of human limbs, shelved as though part of a grotesque grocery. There were arms, legs, an array of torsos, both male and female, children and adults—in some cases the flesh half-eaten from the limbs. One of the policemen commented that the scene resembled the lair of a wild animal, possibly a wolf.

Suddenly, Herr Schmidt dropped his shotgun and let out a piercing scream, his eyes glued to a corner of the cave where there lay something his eyes had completely overlooked when he'd been there just before. There, amid the bloody carnage, still attached to the remains of a human arm, was the bracelet he had given his daughter for her 19th birthday. An officer searching nearby called his superior's attention to a series of naked footprints embedded in the damp earth. The thumb impression had been missing from the right print.

Now, the police inspector ordered his men to put the tracking dogs to work. Having been given the bracelet to sniff, the hounds began to strain at their leashes. Within seconds, they led the

**The old man had  
gone into shock  
upon seeing what  
remained of his  
once beautiful  
daughter! He  
listened as the  
now docile madman  
related a  
horrendous account  
filled with blood  
and gore, of  
the beast that  
periodically escaped  
from within him.**

group of men out of the cave, down the mountain from a westward side and through a maze of forest to a clearing. Approximately 100 feet out of the clearing stood a farmhouse, old, yet seemingly well cared for.

Here the hounds stopped, and the nervous and uproarious clamor they made with their barking and baying convinced the officers they were onto something very important. Weapons drawn, they approached the front door and knocked. The man who opened the door and squinted into the late morning sun smiled softly. He was a big man, but seemed gentle and his manner, as he invited the inspector inside, was priest-like.

The man's name was Wilfred Heller, and he told the inspector he was a farmer all of his life. He didn't seem to mind the questions and the professional attitude of the inspector. In fact he seemed to welcome the company and conversation. He had come, he said, from Dresden, some ten years prior. He spoke very calmly.

A few brief moments of small talk followed, when suddenly tears welled from Heller's eyes. He looked down at the floor for what seemed a long moment, and then scribbled something onto a piece of paper. He gave the note to the inspector. It read: "Stop me before I kill again..."

The horror story Heller had related next was filled with blood and gore and the terror of a man possessed. In Dresden, Heller said, there had been countless victims—men women and many children—being added to his list at the rise of each full moon. He spoke willingly, in fact eagerly, describing in tear-filled detail accounts of murder, rape, the cutting up of the bodies and cannibalism. It was as though he'd been relieved at his discovery.

Some devilish instinct would overpower him, he confessed, and he would suddenly feel the urge to leave his house and take to the

hills, living like a wolf. He had eaten the dead in graveyards at night, pounced on unsuspecting travelers in the dark and devouring them. He had broken into homes, killed randomly and carried off children into the woods to kill and live off the flesh. All whenever a full moon waxed in the night sky.

At first, he brought out, he didn't know what he was doing. It was as though he'd black out, and as a result, blocked out all memory of his carnage. But that memory came back to haunt him. The tremors, that killing instinct, would come over him and the urge to spill human blood became as a narcotic. Most of the time, he confessed, when there was no full moon, he was like anybody else, acting like anybody else. He was even religious and had lots of friends in the small community.

From the instant the full moon first became visible in the sky until it finally disappeared in the brightness of the morning sun, Heller had become a restless and ruthless hunter, driven on by an insatiable appetite for blood. His strength at these times, he said, was as ten strong men.

Wilfred Heller had been taken into custody and imprisoned. Two days later he had been on a coach, bound, flanked by two-heavily-armed guards and driven to Saxony where he was tried for his vicious crimes. Luckily, he had been rushed from Grautz just in time to escape an angry mob of citizens who marched on the jail, in their minds a singular thought: lynching.

During the trial, for all to see, the shoe and stocking of his right foot were removed. Heller's big toe was missing, due, at his own admission, to a hunting accident in his youth.

Wilfred Heller was not denied his time on the witness stand. While there, his head bowed, he went over every gory detail of his brutal past. Some of the jurors ran



from the jury room during his horrible recitation, holding their mouths. Others simply stared at the prisoner horrified. Heller kept repeating that he so desperately wanted to die, quickly, that death would be his only release.

But death, the quick death of an executioner's axe had been denied him. He was instead remanded to an asylum for the criminally insane for the rest of his life. And in the year 1846, at the age of 35, just eleven months after his capture and incarceration, death finally claimed him. In a vain attempt at escape, he killed three armed guard—barehanded—and had strangled two orderlies after bashing their heads together. The men he killed were trying to subdue him. He had climbed up the side of one of the institution's buildings—six flights, and plummeted to his death after losing his grip.

On the night of his escape attempt *there had been a full moon.*

Although Heller's case is marked solved in the annals of the German Police Department and in the G.S. (German Section) of Scotland Yard, his mental affliction has from time to time cropped up in corners of Europe, India, and the Orient. Even the United States had its share of what psychiatrists have termed the *lycanthropy syndrome*.

The term "Lycanthrope" has been used as a synonym for "werewolf", the belief that a person, by ritual of witchcraft or magic can take on the form and nature of an animal.

Scientifically, however, there is a distinction between the two. Werewolf refers generally to the fictional and mythical world of the occult phenomena involving actual metamorphosis, while lycanthropy is a psychiatric term denoting an actual form of mental aberration or derangement in which a stricken individual has delusions that he is indeed a wolf

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When the American Indians spoke of the "small wild people" that once roamed their land, they were scoffed at, their tales falling on deaf ears. Then two farmers discovered an ancient cemetery containing the skeletal remains of small people no longer than 20 inches.

BY JIM MILES

# THE PREHISTORIC PYGMIES OF THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY

Did a race of pigmies once inhabit the fertile woodlands of the Cumberland Valley? The writings of early American historians and archeologists provide abundant evidence to prove that tribes of diminutive people did live in the region centuries ago.

The colonists who settled in Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee heard many fantastic stories from the Indians of those states. The most prevalent legend described tribes of fierce, uncivilized little people who occupied the area when the Indians arrived. The red men were quick to point out that this race was distinct from their own form of fairies, who were a supernatural folk still in existence when the white men arrived.

But the colonists had little time to listen to the ravings of the "savages". They had to cut down forests, plow the earth, and plant crops. *That's* when the white men became believers. They dug up the many tiny skeletons.

The earliest discovery came from Sparta, Tennessee, in 1828, when several burial grounds were found. Each was at least half an

acre in size and contained small skeletons of adult human beings. The bodies, the tallest only 19 inches in height, had been buried in shallow stone coffins which were arranged in neat rows. Every skeleton had been laid on its back, hands neatly folded over the breast, and head positioned to point toward the east. Each pigmy skeleton was holding a jar, carved from gray shell, in the crook of its left arm. The jars were pint-sized, but the only objects found inside them were three shells apiece. No metal was found among the burial implements, not even the crudely pounded copper ornaments which the Indians used. One pigmy was buried with a string of ninety-four pearl beads around the neck.

Modern archaeologists tell us these are the remains of persons who have been stripped of their flesh and buried in a doubled-up position. It seems unlikely that entire graveyards would be reserved for children, and the report clearly states that the bodies were laid out full length on stone tables. Furthermore, the little bodies

were described as being "well formed," the bones strong and fully developed. They were neither children, deformed dwarfs, nor flesh-denuded adults. They were fully grown, adult pigmes.

Dr. S.P. Hildreth, a professional naturalist and archaeologist of the early 19th century, investigated numerous aboriginal remains in the Ohio Adena mound-builder area. A native of Marietta, Ohio, an area rich in prehistoric ruins, made several startling discoveries when he toured the state in 1835.

One mile below the city of Coshocton, on a bluff which overlooks the Killbuck River, he located what is known locally as a "pigmy cemetery." The cemetery consisted of more than three thousand stone-covered graves, each containing a skeleton of very short stature. Traces of wood discovered around the bones indicated that the pigmies had been buried in coffins. The bodies ranged in size from three to four and-a-half feet in length. Many skeletons were recovered, "tenants of a considerable city,"

Hildreth wrote. He personally opened many of the graves himself, and without a single exception they all contained pigmy remains. No metal was found.

Like many of the Tennessee tribes, these little people had also been buried in stone tombs, although their actual burial vessels were wooden coffins. They were also quite a bit taller than their relatives at Sparta. This pigmy cemetery is now mouldering beneath a farm, a fate it shares with many of America's priceless prehistoric treasures. One concession made by a state historical society is a small marble marker which commemorates the site as being prehistoric in origin.

In his account of Ohio pigmies, Hildreth mentioned a large pigmy cemetery which was located near St. Louis. This fact was substantiated by C.B. Walker in a book published in 1880, *The Mississippi Valley and Prehistoric Events*. In it Walker described small coffins which contained the remains of short people found beneath small earthen mounds.

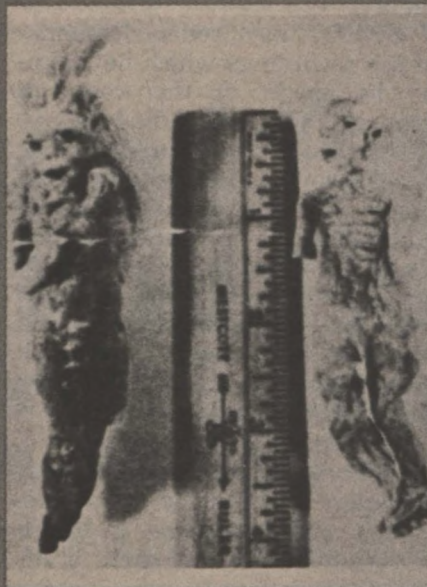
"As in many other cases," he  
*continued on page 60*



*Strange symbols found on rocks near cemetery*



*This tiny skull is thousands of years old. It is the skull of a tiny male, who had been in life, no more than 20 inches tall. It was found in the Cumberland Valley.*



*Here we can see just how small some of these tiny people were.*

Although many of Thomas Edison's inventions are well known in all parts of the world, little is known about his attempts to contact the dead with an electronic device he was working on.

# THOMAS EDISON'S ATTEMPT TO CONTACT OTHER WORLDS

BY R.L. COLEMAN

In a museum in Iran there is a two-thousand-year-old vessel capped with a cork in which two metal leaves are inserted. Filled with electrolyte and connected to a lamp, it produced enough electricity to light the lamp. The University of Sverdloysk, in a report to the World Science Conference in 1957, reported finding in the mountains of Northern Iran a device which appeared to be a small box with six semi-conductive stones implanted in it. Between these minerals were tiny grooves which were filled in with melted metal. Noting that one of the larger stones was a crystal of galena, a battery and speaker was attached. The thing came to life and produced static and the radiation of a local radio station. Estimated age of the board was from 1,500 to 2,000 years old. Given these two objects coming from the same region, it might be safe to assume that at some point twenty centuries ago, someone was using radio. But for what purpose?

In a small book published in

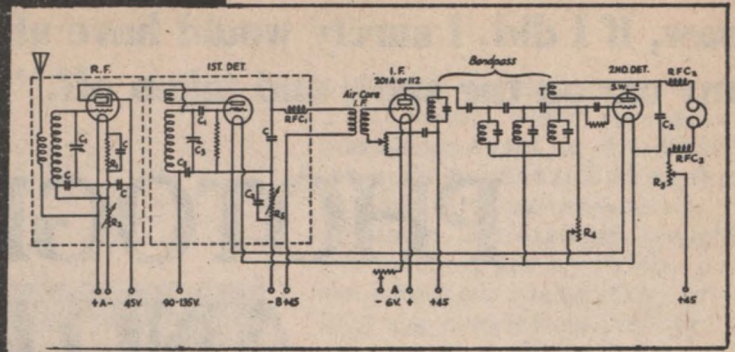
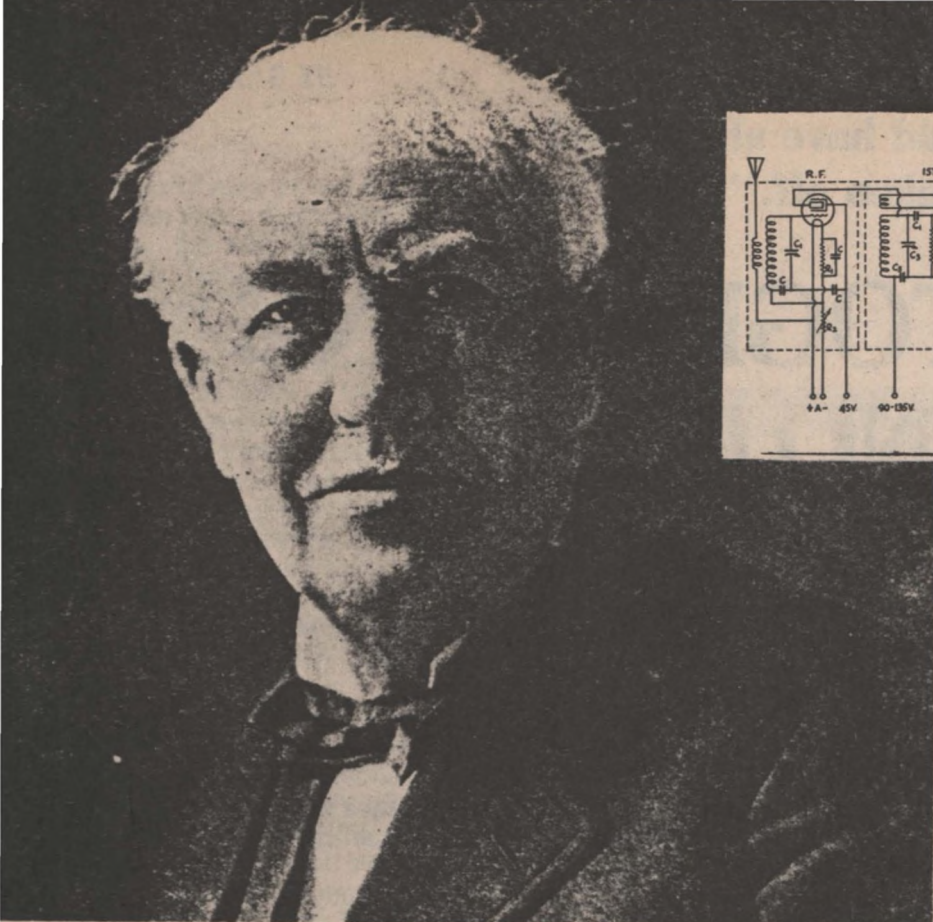
Berlin in 1912 by Professor Ernest Von Lubeck, he presented a theory that as late as 250 B.C.E., the Egyptians, as described in certain books of the Pseudepigraph, communicated with the dead through a stone. Never taken seriously by his contemporaries, he nevertheless went on to spend twenty-five years searching the tombs of Egypt for proof of his theory.

In 1937 he produced phonograph recordings which he claimed he made of the voice of Ptolemy XIV who died in 30 B.C.E. He further stated that he used a device which was found in a cave near Ghor on the Dead Sea. He also said that Jesus has such a "wireless" and that was used to speak to the crowds who ascribed what they heard to Jesus when it was actually several of the patriarchs. Moses speaking from the Mount via wireless telepathy?

Laughed at and labeled as mad, he embraced the idea that only Germany was worthy of his discovery and presented it to his government. A research study

was begun, but Professor Von Lubeck being a Jew and unable to re-create his feat was hustled off to the fate of so many others of his faith. The device, the phonograph recordings and his notes all disappeared with him. He did, however, publish in a London paper a diagram of what appears to be a simple wireless circuit with some strange additions. As his circuit uses A and B type batteries, the diagram may have been drawn in the late '20s or '30s when such power was still in use.

Psychic Julia B. Murry, in her journal for August 3, 1928, mentions a young man who had been employed by Thomas Edison. The man offered to play for her several cylinders which were made at the Edison labs in New Jersey. These recordings, he claimed, were voices of the departed. Miss Murry noted that there seemed to be madness in the man but that he was sincere. She declined the appointment as she considered it as trivial. It was her opinion that Edison had already done enough to upset the spirit world and she



This diagram was made by Professor Lubeck in 1936. Professor Lubeck believed his device would enable him to reach the other world

Thomas Alva Edison from a glass slide in the Julia B. Murry collection. Shortly after visiting the psychic's house, he began to work on his "psychic Telephone"

did not feel that a radio to talk to the departed was in their best interest!

Recently, many people have reported hearing strange voices on their CB radios and have taken them to be from the "other side" For those, myself included, who have been recording transmissions for the past twenty years, this appears to be pure nonsense. For some unexplained reason, the oscillations most taken to be within the range of possible psychic transmissions are high on the frequency band where intermediate-voltage frequency is equal to arithmetical differences between the voltages. A complex way to say that all those good buddies modulating on CBs are earthly, weird sounding, but flesh and blood. Sadly, there are a lot of loonies out there creating some unearthly sounds for attention.

When first reading of the phenomenon in 1953, I decided to hook up my wire recorder to an AM reciver, fiddle around and see what came out. Largely, nothing but some music and a lot of static.

A doctor in Japan announced he had picked up a Russian Astronomer and Karl Marx in 1971. The equipment they detailed using was roughly the old line circuit which was popular during the late '20s. It was their contention that the psychic forces favored tubes over transistors and the larger voltages of those large sets which Atwater-Kent and Federal used to make. Perhaps that is one thought on the subject. My 1931 Philco has been the most productive in captureing voices, which, when taped and played back, have resulted in what sound like at least two messages by F.D.R. and three by an Indian named Bullhook. To the present, there are some transmissions that no sense can be made of at all. Many others sound like explosions, gunfire, screams or single words being repeated over and over. The most repeated word seems to be something that sounds like, *Oun-gar-iet*.

A professor of linguistics at Ohio State listened to my recording for over two hours and

concluded that it appeared to be either *Lydian* or *Hittite* and part of an ancient chant for *reviving the dead*. Of course, it might be three words which the ear has not learned to separate and there-in lies the greatest drawback of this study: time and patience. One must plot the radio band and systematically run hours of tape on each meter and then spend more hours listening to dead air. Perhaps only one word will clip past or a sentence which sounds garbled. Other times, a phrase or, as in the case of a tape which I made on January 10, 1961. I recorded a complete statement by a woman who had been dragged out to sea in a storm in 1901. The tape has since been the subject of some comment and much testing. All agree they do not know what it is but it went off the oscilloscope and the wave sign went crazy. There are varieties of old radio equipment which enterprising people will sell you for whatever the market will allow and most of it can be found in local papers, magazines and books

*continued on page 58*

**“The camera saw something that I never saw, if I did, I surely would have abandoned my car on the spot, and taken off.”**

BY GARY PARSONS

# PHOTOGRAPHING ANOTHER DIMENSION

It is said that the American Southwest, especially Arizona with its deserts and natural sandstone monuments, is a photographer's paradise. One can journey into the picturesque 150 square miles of Painted Desert or the Sonoran Desert, which extends into Southeastern California and Mexico, and film nature's beauty in all of its historic splendor.

For someone, especially one with a love of photography, it could be a dream come true.

And it was for O.F. Boldt, of Doyle, Tennessee, who looked forward to his long-awaited vacation like a child eager to make new discoveries. When Mr. Bolt visited Arizona he brought along his camera, taking nearly 400 photos of desert scenery.

“I deliberately took no pictures of people,” he said to friends upon his return home. “Only scenery—because I find people distract your attention from the scenery.”

When he returned to Doyle, he shipped the film to a New Jersey mail order house for processing, and the slides were returned to him shortly thereafter.

What Mr. Boldt discovered upon opening the envelope caused

him to do a quick doubletake and shudder in disbelief.

For one of the slides taken at the 330,689-acre Organ Pipe Cactus National Monument clearly shows a human figure dressed in a loincloth and a foot covering made from skins.

*The figure resembles a prehistoric man.*

The creature in the photograph has a large head, could weigh over 250 pounds and is approximately six feet tall. He is standing in knee-high grass about 16 feet from the camera.

According to Boldt, “The camera saw something that I never saw. If I'd seen that thing in front of me I'd have left my Mercedes on the spot and taken off.”

Boldt, who is retired, said he was so upset by the photo that four months after returning from his trip, he drove back to Southern Arizona west of Tucson and retraced his steps.

While in Arizona for the second time, he stopped at Flagstaff's Northern Arizona University and showed the slide to Anthropology Department head William B. Griffen.

“Several anthropologists, and others, spent from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. with him. He acted sincere

and seemed very shaken by this,” Griffen told the Phoenix, Arizona Republic.

After studying the slide with other NAU professors, Griffen brought out that the facial features of the man in the slide were “large and coarse; it looks like a classic case of acromegaly.”

Acromegaly is a disease that leads to gradual enlargement of the body, in which some parts of the body continue to grow after normal growth has stopped. The jaws and mouth, nose, hands and feet, are most often affected. The condition, medically related to gigantism, is a result of excessive action of the anterior part of the pituitary gland.

Boldt was questioned at length by NAU professors concerning his normal picture-taking habits. Said Griffen,

“He (Boldt) just went around snapping pictures real fast...he didn't even look at what he was taking sometimes. He admitted to this, so he could have taken a picture of something he didn't see.”

But Boldt rejected this account of his photographing habits. “I don't just snap pictures without looking through the camera's lens,” he said.

*continued on next page*



STRANG  
STRANG  
STRANG

Bolt's weird experience, although unique, is far from new. Many photographers have concentrated their efforts on inanimate objects, not seeing anything but what they wanted to snap, only to discover later, when their film was developed, that the sensitive eye of their camera had picked up things that would stagger the imagination.

A typical case in point is "File 54," a report documented by the Greater Southeastern Parapsychological Foundation.

"File 54" concerns Chicago, Illinois photographer Barney Little, who in late summer of 1976, had been shooting street scenes in downtown Chicago, covering festivities as part of the Bicentennial.

He was using an ordinary professional photographer's camera. His film: EH-135 1/500 sec. at F 22, 35mm. He had been shooting parades, block parties, fashion shows, and people celebrating.

What his camera's eye picked up, and documented when the film was developed, was unbelievable footage of the great Chicago fire of October 8-11, 1871, three days of heel in which 250 human beings perished and loss from damage was estimated to be \$196 million.

The developed film showed, superimposed upon the shots Little had taken, horse-drawn fire wagons spewing water on burning buildings, bodies lying burning in the streets, and the horrible carnage during those three fateful days that destroyed an American city.

Believe it or not, Little's bizarre film was not the first—nor the last—"spirit" photographs to be captured by a camera.

On June 14, 1977, using his recently-purchased Konica Auto-Reflex T4, George F.H. Ionaman of Miami, Florida, decided he would photograph the sleek, silvery lines of a 707 jetliner making its final approach to Opa Locka Airport. With him was his wife, Sarah, his 17-year-old daughter,

Carole and his 15-year-old son, George, Jr.

It was a crystal clear morning and there wasn't a cloud in sight. Ionaman snapped his photographs—half a dozen, in fact—and the family made mention of how beautiful that 707 was, and how aviation had progressed so far during the past decade.

The incident—the snapping of

**Parapsychologists  
believe that images  
"hang in the air"  
long after an event  
has taken place.  
It's been proven  
that these images  
can be picked up by  
the camera lens,  
revealing scenes of  
our dim past.**

the pictures and the small talk about modern flying—lasted only several minutes before the family decided to go home for breakfast.

Other photographs were snapped on the Konica all that week. Pictures of the family, their pet cat Juno and their collie, Laddie. On Wednesday, three days later, the film was taken into the local supermarket's photo section for processing, and picked up and paid for the following Thursday.

The upper left hand corner of the six photos of the 707 clearly showed an unidentified flying object following the airplane.

The UFO in the snapshots was a light silvery color, was disc-shaped, and bore no insignia or markings. The UFO seemed to have been hovering just above the commercial airliner. And although it was clearly evident and quite visible on the photos, none of the Ionamans had seen it with their naked eyes. Ionaman surrendered the photo to airport officials who handed it over to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, who in turn gave it to the military.

Another incident proving that the camera oftentimes can and does catch in its lens that which the human eye does not see came about on July 24, 1978.

While filming newly-budding duckweeds (the smallest of all flowering plants) in a pond in Los Angeles, California, Philip Norris, an amateur horticulturist, was using an Olympus OM-1 with an attached telephoto lens, as well as a newly-purchased Minolta XG-7.

He had been in a rented rowboat on the pond for close to 45 minutes shooting his pictures, 27 in all. He himself developed the pictures.

In each photo, a UFO was plainly visible. Each sequential frame showed, step by step, a celestial vehicle had come to rest on the bank of the pond about seven feet from where Norris had been photographing, and then rose to take off again.

Throughout the years, countless cases have been reported where strange objects—many perhaps UFP's—have been picked up on film, otherwise unseen by the human eye.

And, parapsychologist Dr. Steven Long relates instances where just as a camera can pick up an image "hanging in the air," vibrations of spirit voices can be picked up by a tape recorder.

"The voice phenomena occurs when normal tape recordings are played back and they contain extra voices—human voices—which are not audible to people present at the time of the initial

*continued on page 54*

**It has been proven that in a hypnotic or semi-hypnotic state, people are insensible to pain.**

**BY IRWIN ROSS**

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# THE MIND CAN MASTER MATTER

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A group of medical professionals gathered recently at a large Chicago hospital. I was fortunate enough to be present. We waited impatiently for what seemed to be hours until finally a slender brown man made his appearance. He smiled as he was introduced to us.

Two scythes were brought into the room, braced parallel to each other about four feet apart, their sharp edges up.

Now, I only know what I saw—but every man there in the room saw the very same thing. The brown man was Dr. Tahra: he was an Egyptian graduate of the Sorbonne University in Paris. He smiled again and lifted his hand to his neck. Then he pressed his thumb against one of his large neck arteries.

He went into an instantaneous deep trance. His body took on a strange cataleptic rigidity.

Two attendants moved forward, lifted the body and carefully placed it on the two sharp scythes so that the back of the neck rested on one and the ankles on the other. The body lay there as stiff as a board. Next, the two men sat on Dr. Thara's stomach. Still the body remained stiff.

After a time, the attendants

moved the body to the floor. The Egyptian slowly came out of his trance. When he finally stood up he seemed entirely unharmed. The scythes had not cut him; the weight of the men had not strained him.

The whole thing had been closely supervised by the doctors. There was no opportunity for trickery of any sort. We had to confess our amazement.

I was equally amazed on another occasion when I saw a similar condition of invulnerability obtained while the subject was awake with no sign of trance intervening.

I was in India at the time. I saw a man there who, stripped to the waist, had a dagger driven into his belly. The man's body resisted the stab of the dagger as if it had been steel instead of flesh. The skin was not even pierced. We examined both the man's stripped torso and the dagger very carefully. We also stood close by during the entire experiment.

The biological and chemical processes which make the cells of the human skin invulnerable are still largely unexplored, although the phenomenon itself has been found to be real.

During my travels in India I also saw people lying on spikes, walking bare feet on hot glowing coals, piercing their cheeks, tongues and limbs with nails or long pins—all without either pain or loss of blood.

Today, science is quickly beginning to realize how completely the mind can influence the functions of the body. Certain thoughts and emotions—such as fear—can cause muteness, lameness and paralysis of the limbs. Worry—which is sustained fear—can cause stomach ulcers, heart diseases and other physical ailments.

It is an undisputed fact that in a state of intense concentration the mind is capable of neutralizing pain. We all know that a person involved in a fight or in warfare is often unaware when he is wounded, this is because his concentration on another thought, that of defeating or killing his enemy, crowds out the pain sensation.

Also, in a hypnotic, or semi-hypnotic state, people are often insensible to pain. The reason for this is that hypnosis is merely a state of deep concentration reached through the elimination of distracting influences. As a matter of fact, hypnotism was used in

*continued on page 52*

The woman was unable to believe her eyes. The neck of the creature stood three feet out of the water. "I couldn't make it out fully since it was about 200 yards away—but from what I did see, I can say that the "animal" was quite unreal."

# VIRGINIA'S LAKE MONSTER

BY JACK WARNER

The beautiful and picturesque Potomac River, which flows for more than 380 miles through Maryland and West Virginia, has for centuries been an inspiration to artists and historians alike.

There was a time when children frolicked in its surf, diving from its banks, and lovers, hand in hand, strolled on moonlit nights along its slopes. Picnickers spent hot summer afternoons watching the tranquil, lapping water, and people in general gathered by its shores, day and night, just to "get away from it all."

But those days are gone. At least they have ceased to exist since midsummer, 1978, and perhaps won't return until the terror that surrounds the Potomac is cleared up once and for all.

For, since July 18, 1978, many terrified witnesses have reported seeing a serpent-like creature, "the size of a telephone pole," rearing its ugly head on the

surface, snaking menacingly over the water.

Since the sighting, at least two dozen people have seen what many residents of Heathsville are calling the "Loch Potomac Monster."

Reportedly, it was first seen by Mary Lewis, a power company clerk, on June 27, 1978.

"I was going to go swimming in the river that day," Ms. Lewis said, "but there were small snakes and sea nettles out there. So I went to a pool along the river at Northumberland Plantation. While I was there, I saw what I thought was a goose duck into the water."

Ms. Lewis said she did a double-take and looked again. "The neck of the creature was three feet out of the water. I couldn't make it out too well, because it was 200 yards off shore. But from what I did see, I can say it was a graceful animal."

Next to view the creature was Howard Smoot, 55, a plumbing supply firm district manager. He reported that its brown and gray body undulated as it glided steadily toward Chesapeake Bay. It was followed by three smaller creatures. Smoot said he was on a breakwater near his home when he spotted it. Smoot described what he saw as "something out of a sailor's fairy tale."

Smoot ordered his son to fetch his .22 caliber rifle. He took aim, and as he did so, the creature split from the smaller, but similar creatures around it. He said the larger creature's head was the size of a baseball catcher's mitt. When Smoot fired, he was sure it was a direct hit.

"The animal's head reared with the bullet's impact. The upper part of its body jumped from the water. Then its head fell to the right. The thing's neck was about seven inches across."



"I'm not sure if I killed it, or if it was diving. After a while, I got in a rowboat to see what it was, but I couldn't find anything."

The next day, Smoot searched the area with his wife, Myrtle, in their 18-foot boat. A thorough search failed to turn up anything.

The Smoots said the other three creatures swimming along with the larger creature were about 15 feet in length, while the larger creature was about 20 feet.

"Whatever is was out there, it was big enough to crush a small boat. It had to be dangerous. My kids wanted to go out and water ski that day. It's a good thing I didn't let them."

At least seven other residents on the Virginia side of the Potomac River reported seeing giant snake-like animals from time to time.

Don Kyker, retired CIA employee, said he was walking along the river bank when he saw what

might have been a sea otter.

"I ruled that out when I took a second look," he said. "It was much too long."

Kyker said that for a split second he thought someone might be playing a practical joke—someone towing inner tubes behind a motorboat. He looked again. No boats were in sight.

"I couldn't believe my eyes. It was some kind of water reptile. Kyker called his wife and they both watched the creature before telephoning neighbors—and the police.

"The thing didn't move back and forth like a snake," said Kyker. "It was swimming with an up-and-down motion about eight miles an hour.

You could see the wake behind the thing, so you know it was big. I didn't see any dorsal fins. I guess it had other means of propulsion."

Maryland State Natural Re-

sources police had no reports, but Virginia officials did.

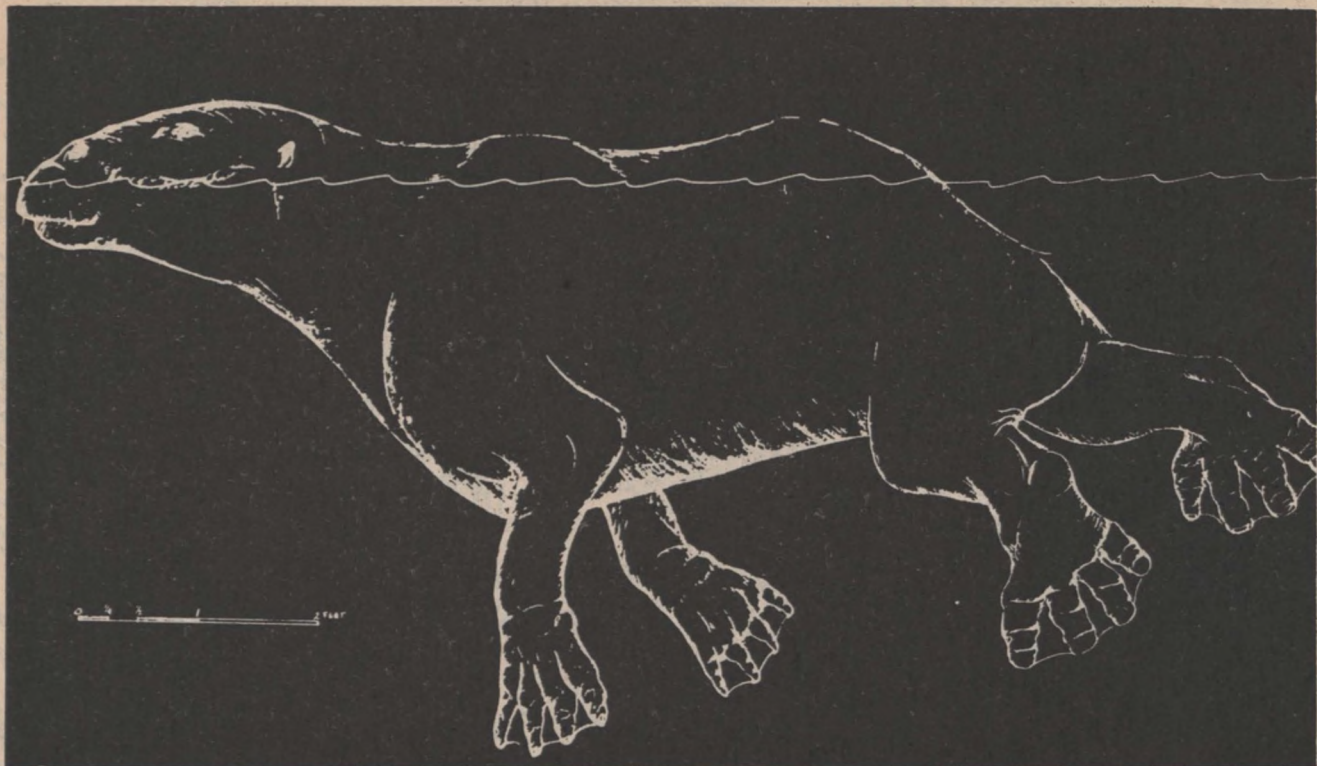
"I'm at a loss," said John V. Merriner, head of the technology department of the Virginia Institute of Marine Science. "I've thought about it quite a bit, and there's just no plausible explanation."

Joanne Hampton of Garrett County said she escaped with her life while boating along the eastern shore of the Potomac River on August 4.

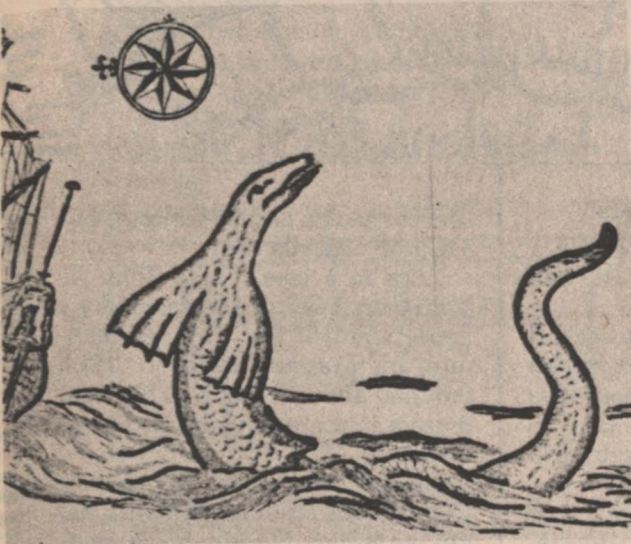
"Something just came over me," she said. "I had to escape that dreadful heat even for just a few minutes. I climbed into our motor launch and closed my eyes as I breezed along the channel of the river.

"Suddenly, I heard something banging up against the bottom of the launch. I immediately shut off the motor, for fear of having hit a rock or a tree stump protruding from the lake's bottom. Had I kept

*continued on next page*



*Most sea monsters, such as this paleoparadoxia, lived about 14 million years ago. Some scientists believe that some prehistoric sea animals have survived the ice ages.*



*Sea and lake monsters are not something new. This one comes from a 16th century map.*

on going, I figured, the motor roaring full blast, I might have ripped a gaping hole in the boat's underbelly, and drowned. I'm not a strong swimmer."

And that was when Miss Hampton saw it.

"My God, I thought I was witnessing something out of the prehistoric past. The body of the thing—close up the way I saw it—resembled a snake. And the

head—that head was something out of a nightmare—with thick, protruding neck, fleshy scales—and those yellow, piercing eyes—something from a science fiction or horror movie."

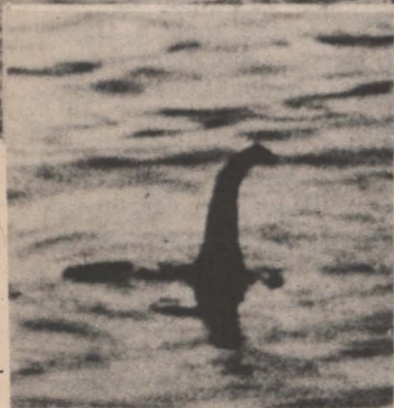
Paralyzed with fear, Ms. Hampton sat there, for a time unable to move.

"Suddenly, it dove beneath the surface, leaving a trail of white churning foam in its wake. Some-

how I managed to start the motor and the boat sped for shore. I docked the craft and ran to the road, hailing a passing squad car."

According to police, many areas of the lake have been closed to the public. Swimming and boating is prohibited.

Dr. Elmett Stein, of the Loch Ness Phenomena Investigation Bureau, organized in 1961, is



*This is the most famous sea monster in the world. It has been spotted in Loch Ness, Scotland and dubbed Nessy*

*The above print, by a French artist, shows that sea monsters did exist. There are countless tales of monsters attacking ships and devouring the crews.*

presently examining the waters off the Potomac River where the sightings occurred. He is being aided by a staff of marine biologists and oceanographers using special scientific equipment—the same equipment presently in use in Scotland in an attempt to solve the riddle of the 1400-year-old Loch Ness Monster.

Dr. Stein and his staff are utilizing highly sensitive under-

water sonar cameras, floating service platforms, and an ingeniously engineered contraption called a "submergible box," which is constructed almost entirely of plastic, which is capable of snaring a 30-foot-long animal.

With an opening on one side, through which the animal is lured by a concentrated bait fluid extracted from kippered herring, pressure is applied to a screen

surrounding the bait, and an electro-magnetic type mechanism drops a trapdoor over the exterior opening of the box.

Although there have been over 10,000 reported sightings of the sea monster of Scottish origin, residents of the Potomac are relatively certain that it won't take as many sightings before the elusive riddle of their own Loch Potomac Monster is solved. □

Ever since its manufacture 65 years ago, the automobile has brought nothing but hard luck to those who have owned it.

TOM STAICAR

# THE CAR WITH A CURSE!

No one knows how the car became cursed. Few took the matter seriously until a steady stream of bizarre events convinced all but a few skeptics that this ill-fated automobile should never be driven again.

The car in question was an Austrian *Graef-und-Stift*, a red convertible with black leather seats. Ever since it was first manufactured in 1914, it brought incredibly bad luck to those who owned it. On June 28, 1914, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria was riding in this car when an assassin shot him. The murder was the event which triggered the outbreak of World War I.

The Archduke had been in Sarajevo, Yugoslavia on a visit intended to improve relations among various groups in the Austrian Empire. He disregarded the warnings of several of his advisors who told him not to make the journey. Some thought a Serbian revolt was due. Others had intuitive feelings of apprehen-

sion about the trip.

Ferdinand's wife, the Duchess Sophie, tried to allay the fears of Dr. Josip Sunaric, a friend and political advisor who had warned them against making the trip. On the morning of the day she and her husband would be killed in the red car she told him: "You are wrong, after all. Wherever we have been, everyone, down to the last Serb, has greeted us with such friendliness, politeness and true warmth, that we are very happy with our visit."

Dr. Sunaric replied: "Your Highness, I pray to God that when I have the honor of meeting you again tomorrow night, you can repeat these words to me. A great burden will be lifted from me."

By the next morning, the Archduke and Duchess were dead.

The Archduke was known as a superstitious man. A fortune teller he once consulted predicted "he would one day let loose a world war." The Archduke regarded events in his life as good and bad omens. On June 23 as he

and his wife began the journey that would take them to their fate in Sarajevo, they were forced to change plans. Their car had engine trouble and could not be driven. The couple took a train instead, thus leaving behind the car they had planned to be driving in Sarajevo. The Archduke said, sarcastically, that this was "an extremely promising omen." He explained: "Here our car burns and down there they will throw bombs at us."

On the train a special car was prepared for them but its electric light system failed to work. As the Archduke sat at a table with several candles around him he smiled and said to his secretary: "Another premonitory sign. How do you like this way of illumination? Is it not like a grave?"

It was recored that on the day he was killed, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand wore a gold chain around his neck from which hung seven amulets with gold and platinum frames. Each of them was supposed to protect him from

*continued on next page*



*The first owner of the car was Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand who is shown here in an early photo sitting in the back seat of the car with his wife. Also in the photo is General Potiorex of Austria who also felt the curse.*



*This painting shows the Duke and his wife being assassinated and, as a result of this incident, millions were to die in World War I*

## THE CAR WITH A CURSE/continued

a different type of evil. On his left arm was a tattoo of a Chinese dragon. The Duchess wore a gold chain and a badge containing holy relics to protect her from ill health and from misfortune.

On the morning of June 28, 1914, the Sun broke through the clouds after several days of rain. The Archduke and his wife waited as an honor guard finished a salute in Sarajevo. Six cars arrived. The first car had been scheduled to carry security detectives who were in town to protect the royal couple. A confusion over which car was the right one took place, leaving the baffled security men behind as the chief security officer got into the car with three local police. The second car contained the Lord Mayor Curcic and chief of police Gerde. The ill-fated third car, the red convertible with its top rolled back, was entered by the Archduke and his wife who were joined by the driver and two aides, General Potiorek and Lt. Colonel Harrach.

The Archduke asked that the cars be driven slowly so he could get a good look at the town on the way. People cheered as the procession passed the shops and houses of Sarajevo. Some buildings displayed flags and banners in honor of the royal visit. People shouted *zivio!* (Long may he live!) as the cars passed. At the ironmonger's shop of Racher and Babic, across from a Catholic cathedral, a huge black and yellow Habsburg flag came loose and fell among the spectators below.

The red car had just passed the police station on Appel Quay at 10:10 A.M. as the tall young man in black coat and hat asked a policeman which car was the Archduke's. Then the man opened a grenade and threw it at the Archduke's open car. The driver accelerated as he saw something being hurled at them. The bomb hit the folded convertible roof. The Archduke put up his arm to shelter his wife as the bomb fell to the street and exploded near the



**Although it was  
known to be  
cursed, the car was  
sought after  
by many, each  
buyer in time  
destined to perish  
by the curse  
which they  
refused to  
believe existed**

left rear wheel. The driver kept going but the Archduke suddenly saw that no one else was behind them and ordered the driver to stop. The car behind them had been unable to move because of the damage. Some bystanders had been injured by the bomb but the royal couple was unharmed.

The chamberlain von Rumerskirch came up to the Archduke's driver and told him to move on quickly. A stopped car would be a perfect target for another attempt on the Archduke's life. The driver moved on.

The first two cars had already arrived at the town hall. No one had paid attention to the sounds, thinking they were part of a cannon salute. The Archduke arrived and explained what had taken place. He then regained his composure and went on with the program.

The rest of the day's route was changed since the Archduke wanted to visit the wounded Lt. Colonel von Merizzi who had just been taken to a military hospital. The Duchess had not planned to accompany her husband for the rest of the day's activities. Upon hearing of the hospital visit she changed her mind and told him: "I will go with you to the hospital." Unfortunately, she paid for this decision with her life.

At 10:45 A.M. the royal couple left for the hospital, a meeting with government leaders was to follow at a museum. Again they were in the third car, the same red convertible as before. Two others accompanied them.

This time the cars drove at high speed. As they reached the intersection of Appel Quay and Franz Josef Street, the first driver became confused. He suddenly turned right as if following the original travel route. The second driver followed. The Archduke's driver started to turn with them when the Governor shouted: Stop! You are going the wrong way!" The driver quickly stopped the car.

Out of the crowd in front of a

shop stepped a short young man with long hair. He took out a revolver. A policeman saw him and started to grab his hand when someone struck the officer from behind. The assassin was only a short distance from the red car as he fired shots into the Archduke and his wife.

General Potiorek at first thought the attempt was a failure again as the couple sat motionless. Then the Duchess fell forward and the General saw blood on the Archduke's mouth. The General ordered the driver to drive at full speed to the government building. He found out later that the bullet wounds were probably aggravated by the fast ride.

By 11:30 A.M. Archduke Franz Ferdinand and the Duchess Sophie were dead.

Shortly after the assassination a complex series of political reactions resulted in the outbreak of World War I. Although the Archduke was now dead, the story of the red convertible was not yet over.

A week after the assassination took place, General Potiorek took control of the house of the Governor of Sarajevo where the car was kept. Three weeks later Potiorek suffered military setbacks, lost his command and was sent back to Vienna a defeated man.

Ownership of the red car went to a captain who had served under General Potiorek. He owned the convertible only nine days. While

driving it he accidentally ran into two farm workers, ran off the road and hit a tree. He was killed in the accident.

Although damaged, the car was repaired and returned to driving condition. As World War I came to a close the car became the property of the new governor of Yugoslavia. He drove the car for four months. During that time he was involved in four accidents. In one of them he lost his right arm. He ordered the car destroyed but was persuaded to sell it instead.

The new owner, Dr. Srkis, stated that he did not believe in curses. He tried to show that the bizarre tragedies which had taken place previously had been coincidental. He drove the car for six months without incident, apparently proving his theory. At that point his luck ran out. He was involved in an accident in which the car turned upside down. He was killed but the car itself was relatively undamaged.

The next owner was a wealthy jeweler. He drove the car for one year and then committed suicide.

The next buyer of the convertible was a doctor. He never was harmed directly as a result of driving the car. However, he found that many of his patients were leaving his practice out of fear of the car's curse. He decided to sell the car to a Swiss racing driver.

The Swiss driver entered the car in an Italian road race. During the race the car ran off the road

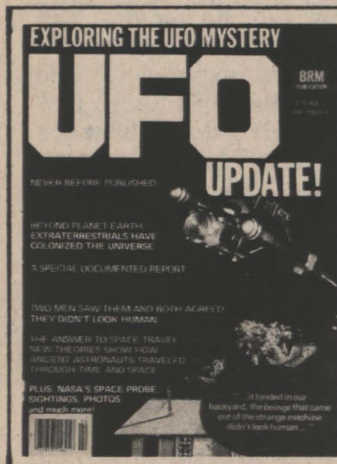
and into a stone wall. The driver was thrown from the car and killed.

A wealthy farmer in Sarajevo bought the wrecked car and had it repaired. A few months later it broke down and he could not get it started again. He asked a passing driver to tow the car for him. As they started away the red car suddenly started forward on its own power. It broke the tow-rope, hurtled down the road and, before the driver could get control of it, it ran off the road at a turn. The car's owner was thrown out and killed.

A garage owner named Tibor Hirshfeld bought the car and repaired it. He painted the car blue. While driving with six friends to a wedding party Hirshfeld was involved in an accident with another car. He and four occupants of his car were killed in the accident.

The story of the ill-fated convertible drew to a close without further deaths. The Austrian government decided that it was a historic vehicle and had it housed in a museum in Vienna. Now that it would never be driven again it was thought that the curse, if there ever was one, was now over.

Unfortunately, this car which had a role in the beginning of one war was fated to be part of the destruction caused by another. During World War II, an Allied bomb hit the Museum in Vienna, destroying the car. Now the curse was ended. □



## UFO UPDATE!

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# THE ALUX

The beefy German timber surveyor stabbed the soft jungle earth with his machete and reached for the soiled bandanna to wipe his florid face. As he rested, the murmur of a jungle stream nearby spurred him to action. Plunging through the head-high savannah grass he bulldozed his way toward the sound. Eager to plunge his sweaty body into the cool water, he half ran, half trotted towards the stream. As his sweat-blurred eyes focused on his objective he saw that he was not alone. Two incredibly tiny bearded men standing at the edge of the stream were staring at him with fearful, panicked eyes. As the German stood gaping in amazement, the two tiny figures turned and vanished into the thick forest.

The timber hunter filed his report in 1926 with the British authorities in Belize City, the capital of what was then British Honduras. He was one of several hundred people who have claimed to have seen the elusive "little people" of Central America and the Mexican Yucatan peninsula.

First western reports of these enigmatic lilliputians were made by a member of Sir Walter Raleigh's early voyages to the Americas. The native Indians of the Honduran area called them "the Didi." Subsequent sightings by Europeans and Indians have occurred from Panama to the Mexican state of Yucatan. They are called "Didi," "Sisemite," "Shiru" and "Alux" depending upon where they are sighted. Despite the dissimilarity of names, the description provided by those who have seen them is remarkably consistent. They are seldom taller than four feet, dark skinned and are heavily bearded. Among the hundreds of reported sightings, only a handful claim to

have contacted the little people, and these contactee stories suffer from the same suspicions that are attached to people who claim to have made contact with space aliens.

To the authorities in Belmopan, now the capital of Belize, these reports are taken with a grain of sceptical salt—very large-grained salt. To government knowledge there has been no organized effort to find these elusive jungle dwellers. To most people in the hodge-podge capital of timber-rich Belize, the stories are products of feverish imaginations, too much booze or the result of the active superstitions of the native Indian population.

In 1974 I was a member of the privately sponsored "Mesa Expedition" to Mexico's Yucatan peninsula. The objective of the expedition was to search the area for archeological anomalies that occur in abundance in that region. In the simplest term, we were searching for the offbeat. Of prime interest was the possibility that the mysterious Olmec civilization, the precursors of all of the mighty Mexican Indian civilizations, were of African origin. Among other objectives, we searched for possible Phoenician incursions throughout the area, and although our findings were (and are) challenged by more conventional archeological theorists, we found an amazing amount of material that defies conventional archeological thought. It was during this period that I began to hear about a tribe of "little people" who allegedly dwelled in the tangled forests of Yucatan and Quintana Roo. The Mayan-Mexicans call them *Alux* (pronounced Aloosh) and their description of them coincided with that of the other Central American sightings:

tiny, hairy, and very scarce.

Questions directed toward younger Mayans, who had the supposed benefits of a western-style education, caused embarrassed giggles and earnest explanations that the Alux were figments of the older Mayans' imaginations. Pure folklore, primitive attempts to explain natural mysteries, they said. But it was an entirely different story with the parents of these young disbelievers. I was amazed at the older Mayans' tenacity in their belief.

The Alux were described as "wicked," "powerful," "tricksters" and "dangerous." However, all of the many hundred Mayans I questioned admitted that they had never seen an Alux. In Quintana Roo, the last frontier of the Mexican Republic, I was shown an "Alux village." A wizened oldster led me through a bewildering maze of tangled jungle and into a small clearing within sight of the Caribbean. Three tiny stone huts, windowless and obviously long in disuse, stood in the center of the clearing. The stone structures were approximately four feet high with an open doorway two feet in height. The elderly guide sincerely explained that this had been the dwelling place of a group of local Alux. How did he know? His father had told him so. Although I did not try to explain to this well-meaning believer, these tiny huts are scattered throughout the Yucatan, most of them in proximity to ancient ruins. Conventional archeological belief is that they are votary shrines and several have been found with the desiccated remains of vegetable offerings still resting on pottery dishes. Although I am somewhat reluctantly forced to agree with the conventional explanation, I

*continued on page 50*

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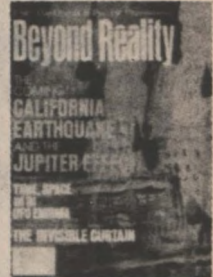
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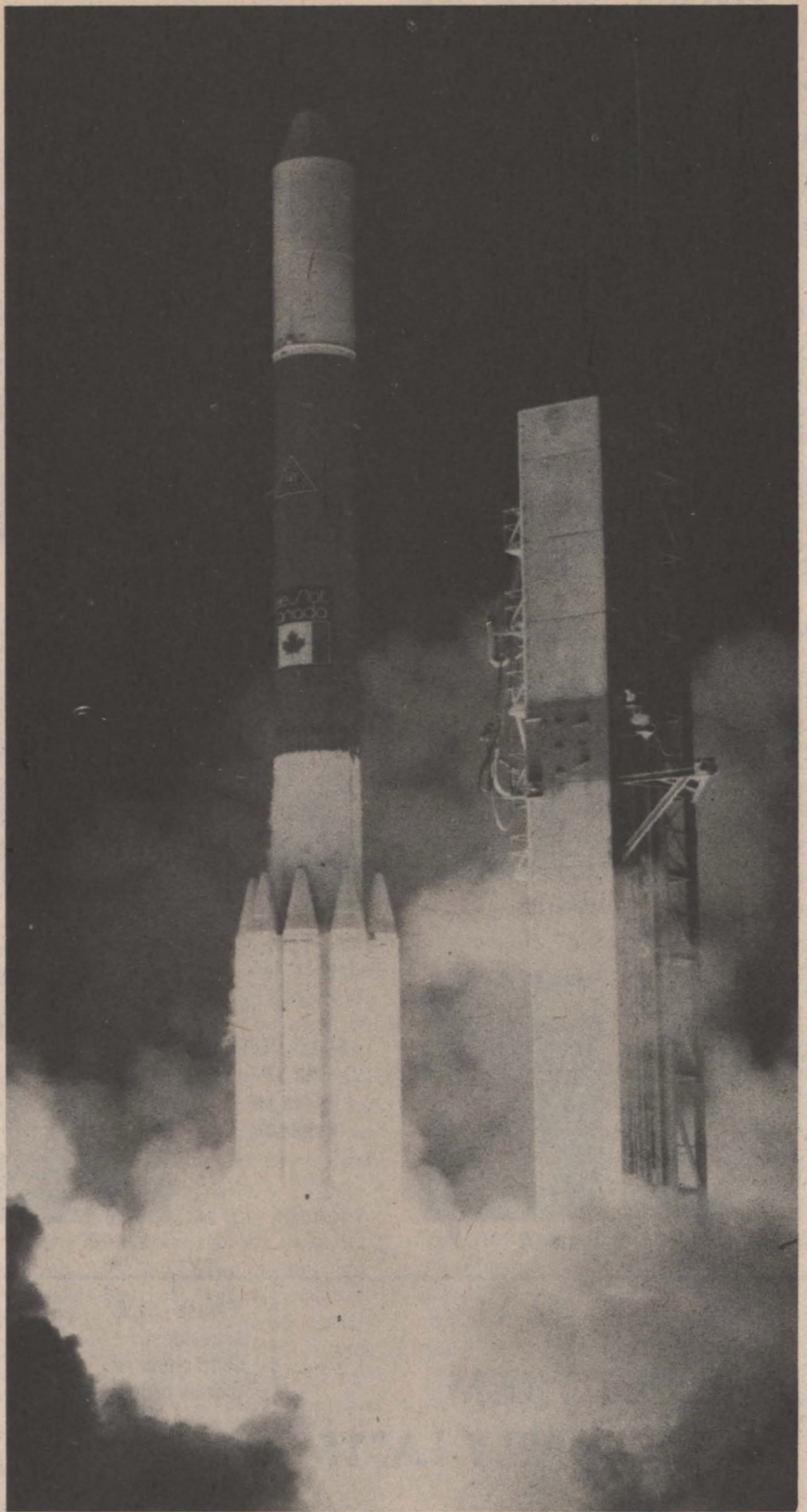
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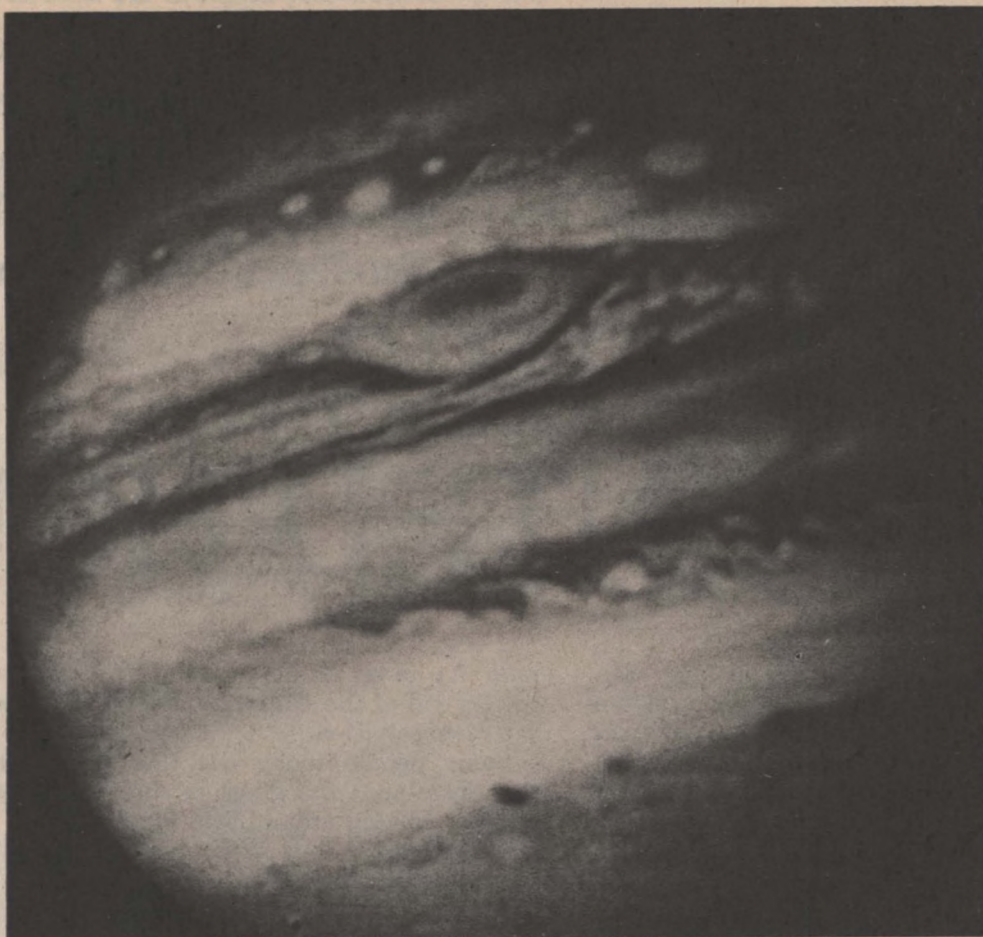
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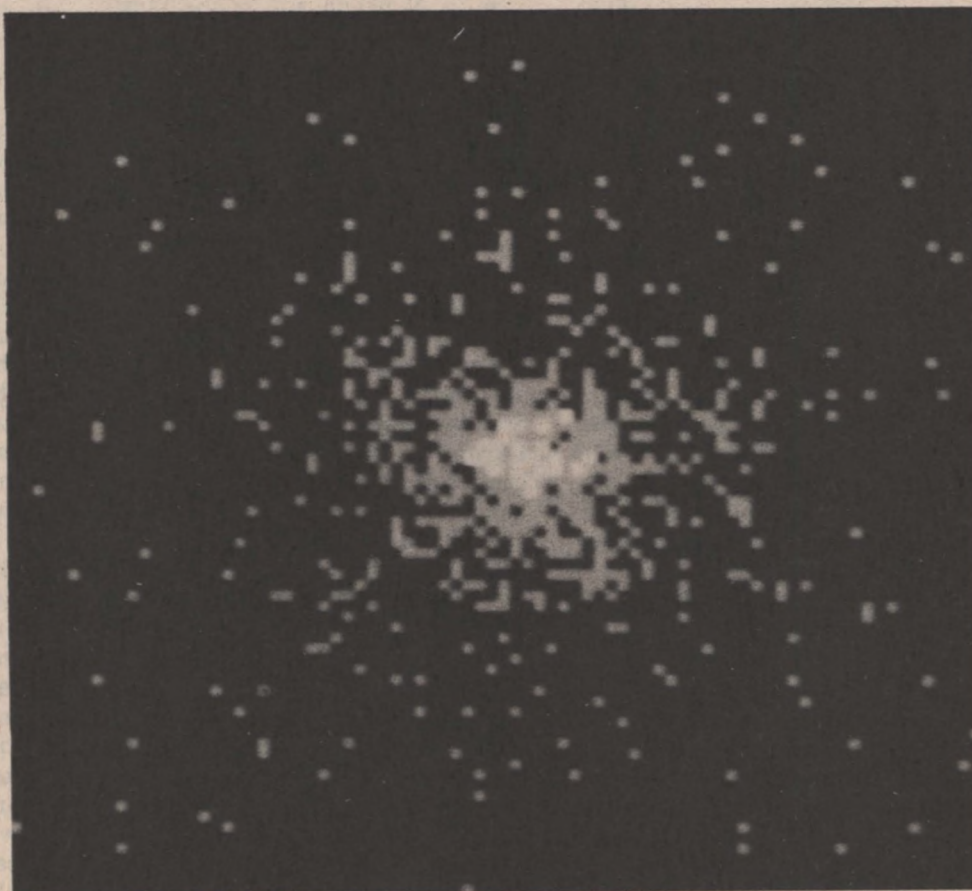
*A Canadian domestic communications satellite was launched aboard Delta 147 from Complex 17 at Cape Canaveral Air Force Station. The satellite is to be stationed 22,300 miles above the earth. The launch was conducted by NASA for Telesat Canada.*

BY SAMUEL BELIL

*This recent photo of Jupiter taken by the TV camera aboard NASA's Voyager I is dominated by the Great Red Spot. Although the spacecraft is still 34 million miles from a March 5 mission, Voyager's cameras reveal details within the spot that aren't visible from Earth. An atmospheric system larger than Earth and more than 300 years old, the Great Red Spot remains a mystery and a challenge to Voyager's instruments.*



*This is the first picture of an X-ray star. It was transmitted from NASA's High Energy Astronomy Observatory to the control center at Goddard Space Center. The star is in a system 6000 light years away from Earth and believed to contain a black hole. A black hole is a massive star that has collapsed on itself to a density so great that not even light can escape.*



On occasions, lights in the house would flash on and off, and footprints could be heard on the staircase in the hall. Several residents of the house have reported paranormal happenings which has included the phantom of U.S. Senator David Broderick, who died in the house in 1859.

# FORT MASON'S HAUNTED HOUSE

BY LIANE FREEDMAN

On a bluff overlooking San Francisco's famed Fisherman's Wharf stands a relic of past intrigue. Ensclosed in the Pacific fog the pale victorian structure witholds its mysterious tales and only occasionally yields clues to the events that have led to its reputation as haunted.

It was 1859, the halcyon days of the Pearl of the Pacific Coast. Suddenly a shot rang out—then another. In the parched, brown underbrush of Lake Merced lay U.S. Senator David Broderick, mortally wounded. His one-time friend, now adversary, California State Justice David Terry had aimed that fatal bullet that cut short a promising political career. A few days prior, Broderick had accepted the challenge to the duel. The issue was slavery.

The onlookers carefully placed their fallen hero into a wagon. Through the sand dunes and pasture lands surrounding early San Francisco they proceeded the house of his friend, Leonidas Haskell, at Black Point (now Fort Mason).

They carried the wounded man on a make-shift litter up to a second floor room overlooking San Francisco Bay. There, Senator Broderick lay for three days hovering between life and death. Throughout the day and night physicians tended him. Outside the room an unarmed guard stood checking friends and associates of the gravely injured

man. As he lay on his deathbed, the legend of the Haskell House was being written.

Some people today say that they have seen the ghost of the Senator moving around Fort Mason. Others say they have heard his laments during especially dark nights. Still others have felt the foreboding presence of some restless entity.

Built in 1853 by Haskell, a prominent San Francisco financier, the stately white woodframe home, also known as Quarters 3, is a relic of a by-gone era of clipper ships and horse-drawn wagons. With its ornate eaves and jutting gables, it overlooks the murky green waters of San Francisco Bay and the piers and beaches of Fisherman's Wharf. Rumors persist that it is haunted.

Fort Mason has been in military use since 1776 when the Spanish used it as a lookout. During the San Francisco earthquake it was used to house victims of the quake. During World War II, the Fort was the West Coast Embarkation Center. In 1972, Fort Mason was turned over to the National Park Service. However, some housing is still available for military personnel, including the Haskell House.

The long history of the Haskell House has been punctuated with an equally long succession of residents, many whose names have been forgotten in the march of time. The present occupants of

the house are Colonel and Mrs Glenwood Parrish and their son, Steve. Colonel Parrish is Director of Personnel and Administration at the Military Traffic Management Command Western Area.

"If there are any ghosts in this house," laughs Colonel Parrish, "they are all friendly." However the Parrish's aren't "believers," so if there are any ghosts they haven't appeared to them. Except maybe once. One evening Steve was home alone and he heard someone walking upstairs. When he checked, no one was there. This happened on several occasions.

One former resident, Colonel Cecil Puckette, experienced quite a few paranormal events.

"I noticed electrical fields—magnetic fields—in various areas of the house. I never thought much about it, but I felt it." The electrical fields made the hair on his arm stand straight up when he entered the effected areas.

In his daughter's room on the first floor, she occasionally left her hair dryer plugged in. Most everytime she came back it was unplugged!

On other occasions, lights in the house would flash on and off for no apparent reason. Colonel Parrish also confirms that the lights do behave in a weird manner.

Even with these unusual occurrences, Colonel Puckette affirmed, "it is a delightfull house."

*continued on page 54*



Dreams are often messages—pictures which are geared to aid us in solving our day-to-day problems.

# THE KEY TO UNDERSTANDING YOUR DREAMS

BY JANICE BAYLISS

Sally had only been married three weeks when she brought this dream to the study class I was teaching at Cypress Community College. As an educator, I've been teaching such classes for seven years.

*"It is wartime, I am walking through a defense plant. I see a large photographic negative on the floor. I pick it up and hold it to the light. It is a picture of my new father-in-law. I try to throw it in a nearby wastebasket but it is too large. I pin it on a bulletin board instead."*

Dreams are often messages to help us solve problems of our daily living. In my classes we usually take that approach first. In Sally's case, learning to get along with her father-in-law was a problem.

"He is negative and touchy," Sally said, (the photograph was a negative).

"Would you agree that the dream accurately described him as negative and defensive?" I asked. (It was a defense plant).

"Yes, exactly," agreed Sally.

"What would you like to do about this situation?" I asked.

"As the dream showed," Sally said, "I'd like to chuck the whole thing in a wastebasket and ignore it, of course. But, he is too big a

thing in my life to do that, right?"

"So," I answered, "what does the dream suggest in the way of handling this negative and defensive person?"

"Take special notice of him! That makes sense. I may not like to but that is what I'm sure he will respond to. I'll try it and report back."

It wasn't long before Sally told us she was getting along fine with her father-in-law. The whole family was pleased because she was one of the few people who could handle him.

Dreams serve many purposes but in my classes we look first for a relationship to a current life problem. We often use, what we call, the *slanguage-language* approach to understanding dreams. This is only one approach but a very effective one—and not difficult to learn. Dr. Ann Faraday pointed this out very well in her book, *The Dream Game* with a chapter titled "Punny Things in Dreams".

Slanguage-language is based on the premise that dreams are saying, as best they can with pictures, what the waking mind would say with words. The dream is primarily a visual phenomenon and often uses the visible form of a word to express a non-visible

*continued on page 48*





When he collapsed of a heart attack on a Brooklyn, New York street on June 21, 1970, Brian Praeger, 61, was immediately rushed to Caledonia Hospital.

In critical condition and confined to the facility's ICU, (Intensive Care Unit) Praeger, an insurance salesman for 40 years, was visited daily by his loving wife and children.

His eldest son, Philip, 25, had driven Praeger's auto, a 1965 Oldsmobile to and from the hospital. Only two weeks before, the car was run through its annual inspection and given an excellent bill of health, as it had been since it was purchased.

In fact, in all, Praeger had to spend a grand total of \$65 on repairs—and that was for a new heavy-duty battery just after a winter blizzard the year before. What's more, he was told many times just how fortunate he was to own such a fine, trouble-free car, which was his pride and joy from the moment it left the showroom. It was cared for tenderly like a new-born baby, waxed and polished weekly, checked nightly in the family's garage, and always handled by the elder Praeger with fine kid gloves.

Every day, during visiting hours, the auto would make the trip to the hospital and back home again, each time running like a dream—as it always had.

And then, on June 29, at precisely 3:34 PM, Praeger suffered an occlusion, suddenly went into coronary shock—and died. At that precise moment, his family had been making the trip to the hospital. They had to complete the balance of the half-hour ride by taxi. For, when Praeger had breathed his last, the auto simply broke down.

Although the Olds was still cared for by the grieving family, it suddenly came in need of repair. Over the next month-and-a-half, hundreds of dollars was spent. Yet as fast as it was repaired it

kept breaking down. From muffler to ignition and from engine to carburetor, until finally, less than two months after the funeral, the car had to be junked as scrap. Yet no one could explain why.

For ages, accounts of inanimate objects ceasing to function at the moment of their owners' death, has baffled both loved ones as well as members of the scientific community. Instances are many and varied, and examples can be found everywhere.

Perhaps many of the 100,000 mourners who attended the Requiem Mass for Pope Paul VI, on August 7, 1978, would have called it a coincidence. Others gathered at St. Peter's Square might have said it was a miracle.

At any rate, when reporting the incident in an account of the Pope's final hours, Vatican spokesman, Rev. Romeo Panciroli said the little alarm clock the Pope had used since he was a young man, ran inexplicably at the second of death.

"The Pope had been fond, since the time of his diplomatic service in Poland in 1923, of the little alarm clock given to him as a gift." Panciroli said he never parted with the clock which awakened him every day at 6 AM, and was constantly set to ring as a reminder of important appointments.

On Sunday, August 6, the little alarm clock rang nine times at exactly 9 PM, the instant the Holy Father was dying. At one minute after nine, when he was officially pronounced dead, the clock had ceased to function—for good and all.

Not only clocks and automobiles have been known to break down when their owners breathed their last, but electric lamps, typewriters, radios, wristwatches, household appliances and telephones have gone into disrepair. Even mirrors have been known to shatter at the instant of a householder's demise □

## STRANGE ENIGMAS AT THE MOMENT OF DEATH

**For ages, accounts of inanimate objects ceasing to function at the moment of their owners' death, has baffled both loved ones as well as members of the scientific world**

BY JOSEPH P. LONDON

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The man said the voices “came from inside my head.” He told how they urged him to make himself ready for an interplanetary “visit” from aliens of another world.

# “THE UNEARTHLY VOICES IN MY EARS”

BY RAMONA CORTEZ

On June 14th, 1978, a 38-year old Colorado businessman staggered into a Denver police station and very nervously announced that he *must* be locked up. “Not in prison,” he tearfully told the desk sergeant, “for I have committed no crime—but in a mental institution,” he said, his voice quivering, “I’m going insane.”

Unsteady on his feet, the man almost fell but was caught in time by detectives and ushered into a chair in a private room. He was given a mild sedative by a police physician.

Somewhat relaxed now, the man, whose identity is being withheld for obvious reasons, announced that since mid-Spring, he has been hearing voices, “as plain as day.” He said these voices are coming from those who identify themselves as inhabitants of an extraterrestrial space craft orbiting just outside of Earth’s atmosphere.

The voices, he said, spoke at first in a whisper, barely audible, and then, as time went on,

became louder. “I’d be in a crowd of people, and they’d be there, I’d be alone, and they’d still be there. No one can hear them but myself.”

He said the voices, coming from inside his head, were urging him to make himself ready for an interplanetary takeover by aliens from another world.

Those who spoke to him, he brought out, had been “clouding” his mind, both day and night, crowding out his own thoughts and that they would permit him no peace, and no sleep, plaguing him constantly, until he surely thought he was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

Several months later, just a week after Labor Day, 1978, a middle-aged insurance man from Dallas, Texas, committed suicide by leaping through his ninth story apartment window. He left a suicide note on the kitchen table which said, “the voices in my head wouldn’t leave me in peace, they want to invade us—they’ve already invaded my mind...”

In Jackson Mississippi, officers in a cruising squad car, picked up a clean-shaven, well dressed man of 28, wandering the streets at 5 a.m. The man had been in an hypnotic stupor. When questioned, he couldn’t even remember his name. Prolonged psychiatric treatment and continuous counseling revealed that the young man, an industrial engineer, had been “plagued by voices” inside his head,” emanating “from extraterrestrials who are in the process of invading the planet earth.”

Similar incidents have been occurring with alarming frequency from Main to California, and each case *follows the same pattern*; mental voices that wouldn’t cease.

Most of the witnesses to these bizarre “mental hauntings” have also claimed to have seen a UFO. The businessman in Colorado revealed that two months before, while walking his dog after dinner, he saw a disc-shaped object hovering between two buildings.

*continued on next page*

**"THE UNEARTHLY VOICES IN MY EARS"/continued**

His sighting lasted for approximately 15 minutes before the interstellar craft zoomed off into the twilight and disappeared.

The Texan, who committed suicide, had seen a UFO some three days previous to taking his own life. The incident was related by his wife who told authorities, "My husband told me he had seen this silvery, metallic object following his car as he was driving home from work. Two days later, he complained of a ringing in his ears, and then of hearing voices."

Under hypnosis by qualified medical specialists, the Mississippian told of not only seeing a UFO a month before, but of actually being invited onboard by "men in shining clothing, almost human appearing faces and harsh, raspy voices."

Of the numerous cases suddenly coming to light, witnesses to these voices felt they were in mental communication with beings from another world. Many were in mortal terror.

According to Dr. Leo Sprinkle, associate professor of psychology at the University of Wyoming, "Screening tests showed that the individuals concerned were an average group of middle-class individuals from different countries, (Dr. Sprinkle questioned 82 people) psychologically stable,

**Many who were  
plagued by these  
voices admitted  
under hypnosis that  
they had been in  
constant communi-  
cation with beings  
from another world.**

with a wide range of interests."

Dr. Sprinkle said, "Many of these people thought they were being observed, and that attempts were being made to communicate with them." Many others reported dreams or visions; others claimed mental contact or a series of mental contacts. Most reported mental contact as "voices they hear in their minds."

Under hypnosis, subjects were able to reveal greater details of their UFO sightings. Dr. Sprinkle said that one man in Denver, Colorado, claimed he had seen a flying saucer—with a being standing by the craft and motioning him to come up a ladder that reached to the ground.

"When he repeated his story under hypnosis he became very frightened and upset, as if he were still being told mentally that the UFO's occupants wanted him to go with them. It was as though he was still acting under hypnotic suggestion from an unearthly force.

"If there is one thing that emerges loud and clear from my research," Dr. Sprinkle said, "It is that some form of communication is going on. My research, while not conclusive, indicates enough evidence to warrant more in-depth studies of the whole question of communication with life in outer space." □

# UFO UPDATE!

The Nation's Leading UFO Magazine

SEE PAGE 61 FOR DETAILS!

# CLINT WALKER'S PSYCHIC JOURNEY

There aren't many men bigger in size than Clint Walker, so it isn't unusual that when he has a psychic experience, it too, is immense—and powerful. He has had only one such experience—by almost dying he has begun to live. So profound and unusual was this experience that we relate here in his own words.

"I was skiing on May 24, 1971, near Bishop, California. I shoved off down the slope, gathering speed as I followed the contours of the twisting, irregular terrain. I still don't know how it happened, but all at once I was tumbling out of control, and then—an abrupt, violent stop.

As I fell one of my ski poles stuck in the hard snow with the pointed end up. The momentum, and my weight, as I fell on it, drove the pointed tip about *five inches into my chest, through the breastbone and into my heart*. I rolled over in the snow with the wind knocked out of me and in terrible pain.

About 4,000 feet below, I spotted my instructor looking up in my direction. I called as loud as I could, 'I'm hurt bad—get help!' Then I fell back, still conscious.

I remember a sensation as of rings of light radiating from my body, as ripples radiate from a pebble tossed into water. At the same time I had a feeling of being propelled through space. I could look down and see the entire landscape. Everything looked so small.

I suddenly knew that I was dying. With the knowledge came a sense of sharpened awareness. I did not think of any particular person or event; certainly, my life didn't flash before me. But I knew,

**“Up there  
on the mountains  
I found a  
new appreciation  
of life”**

BY JOHN CHARNAY

with an overwhelming conviction, that the Power that had given me life could sustain it, against any odds.

Although I felt I was slipping away from this earthly experience, I also felt a sense of going on. With it came a sadness that I had not done more with my life, and immediately I had a strong desire to stay, as though there were some unfinished business to take care of.

I said 'God, I'm really in trouble! I can't help myself. I'm not going to make it unless you will see me through—and I would like to stay around for awhile.' With that, I seemed content to let go.

Then I was taken down the hill on a sled-type which is used for rescue operations. The pain was almost unbearable.

More than three hours elapsed from the time I was injured until I went into surgery, where the doctors had performed open-heart

surgery. By then, according to the medical reports, I was cyanotic (blue from lack of oxygen) and there was no recordable pulse or blood pressure which means I should have been dead.

Yet eight days later, I left the hospital—walking. I spent three days at the UCLA Medical Center in Los Angeles being checked and then went home. The end, you might say, or a remarkable experience. But actually it was only a beginning for the drama of changes.

News of the accident had been carried by the wire services, and I had been interviewed by television newsmen. I made a statement which was to change my life. I said that I had asked God for help on the mountain, and that I was satisfied that I would not be here now if it were not for that prayer.

Then the letters began to pour in. Sacks of them arrived at the hospital, and were forwarded to me at home. I expected the usual get-well messages, and of course there were many of them too. But the majority have one theme: 'Thank you, Clint, for saying what you did. When a big out-door guy like you will tell the world that he prayed for help—and got it— it strengthens my own faith.'

I have prayed at times in my life before, but it look this experience to help me put things in their proper perspective.

Up there on the mountain, I found a new appreciation of life. The weeks after I left the hospital were incredibly complicated and dramatic. To utilize this insight, to describe it, to defend it, to indeed explain it, that is my story." □

# Notes on the Paranormal

## BABY DINOSAURS DISCOVERED

Dinosaurs roamed the earth some 130,000,000 years ago. They were among the largest of all the extinct animals, land reptiles of the Mesozoic era. It was a time when life was dominated by gigantic, carnivorous beasts who roamed the continent of North America and stalked across England.

A composite skeleton of three individual dinosaurs excavated near Split Mountain, Utah, and mounted in the Carnegie Museum of the Natural Sciences, Pittsburgh, measures 87½ feet in length (neck 22 feet, body 15 feet, tail 50½ feet) and stands 11 feet 9 inches at the pelvis (the highest point on the body). This animal weighed an estimated 11.63 tons in life.

Recently, a nest, containing the



remains of 15 baby dinosaurs born about 75 million years ago has been discovered on a Montana ranch, in Rudyard.

The infant prehistoric mammals were identified as hadrosaurs, a

family of duck-billed, plant-eating dinosaurs, according to Jack Horner, a paleontology research assistant at Princeton University. He said the babies were about 10 inches high. □

## Strange Fish Found In Uruguay

The 150-mile long Rio de la Plata River, which flows from South America into the vast Atlantic Ocean, is said to conceal many mysteries.

One of these mysteries was revealed last May 14, when two Uruguayan fishermen threw out their nets and caught a fantailed sea creature with a tortoise shell, huge fins, and a fantail.

The monster, weighing over a ton, was dying when it was brought to the surface by the fishermen who towed it ashore.

Professor Victor Bertullo, director of Uruguay's Institute of Fish Research, said he was unable to identify it because it is a type having never been known to exist.

## RUSSIANS BELIEVE IN BIG FOOT

Two Russian scientists maintain that Sasquatch, the elusive giant better known as Big Foot, and said to be lurking in the forests of the Pacific Northwest, is real. What's more, Soviet Scientist Dimitri Baya-



nov and Igor Bourtsey of Moscow's Darwin Museum, blasted Western narrow-mindedness.

"that there is a Sasquatch is as valid and obligatory to us as the fact that the world is round," the scientists said in a paper delivered last May at the University of British Columbia's "Sasquatch conference."

They reported that Sasquatch occupies "an intermediate position between ape and man, and that he is an original figure not to be confused with any other."

The Russians' emphatic endorsement stems from "noted characteristics" is Sasquatch footprints—toes close together, pointing downward to form a perfect arch, and a metatarsal area much wider than man's. □

## Some Mysteries Of Space Revealed By Dying Satalite

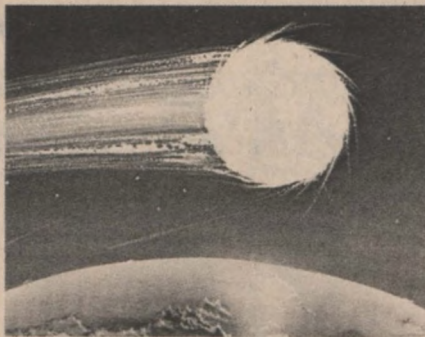
On August 12, 1977, a High Energy Astronomy Observatory (HEAO1) was launched by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

Weighing 2,200 pounds, it was propelled into a 225-mile Earth orbit to perform a detailed X-ray survey of the celestial sphere.

In January, 1979, after 17 months of exploring a whole phenomena in the hidden sky the human eye cannot see, it died, but not before its highly sophisticated instruments revealed some of the most intriguing mysteries in the universe—pulsars, quasars, exploding galaxies, and black holes—massive stars that have expended its fuel and are collapsing inward at a rate equal to the speed of light.

In all, NASA said, HEAO1 transmitted knowledge that may bring about fundamental changes in our conception of the universe. When launched, HEAO1 had an expected lifespan of six months.

Very early, the satellite began detecting large amounts of high energy X-ray background radiation emitted by hot gas in inter-



galactic space—gas that previously was not known to exist.

This cloud of gas deep in the far reaches of space surrounds the universe, enveloping it with a mass equal to a million billion suns. As a result, this gaseous cloud which is mixed with dust, may cause the universe to stop expanding. NASA scientists speculate that the total mass of the cloud might be sufficient to "close the universe—to preclude its expanding forever."

Although the gas is enveloped by a super cluster of galaxies, that could cause the universe to begin contracting gravitationally, NASA added that millions of years could pass before this happened. □

## AUTHOR CLAIMS KEY TO EVER-LASTING LIFE

The technology already exists to replace diseased body parts, extend life indefinitely, create and use the power of the sun for energy, maintains F.M. Esfandiary, author and visionary, who claims that the 21st century will mark an era in which people will no longer worry about dying.

He points out that people in the next century will look forward to extraterrestrial life, as well as immortality. He added that there is no doubt the world is getting better.

Esfandiary, who teaches a philosophy he calls "Up-Wingers" at schools in New York City and Los

Angeles, adds that his optimism is "free of shame, free of self-denial." Up-Wingers, people wholeheartedly committed to the next stage in evolution and in history, are resigned to nothing, and consider no human problems irreversible—no goals unattainable.

"I have no age," he said "I am born and reborn every day. I intend to live forever. Barring an accident, I probably will. I also want to help others live on indefinitely."

Accordingly, Esfandiary is going around the country, preaching his "philosophy of optimism." □

## U.S. NAVY SIGHTS UFO ON RADAR

For the first time in UFO research, an unknown object flying over a military base has been scanned by radar, its activity recorded on a computer.

At Jacksonville, Florida's Naval Air Station, a key weapons research center located on the fringe of the elusive Bermuda Triangle, military personnel held the object visually in a two-hour ordeal before they were able to lock onto it with radar.

A Naval spokesman described the UFO as being circular in shape with red, green and white lights. He also said it was maneuvering at fantastic speeds. The air station has some of the most sophisticated radar in the country.

Only moments before the UFO appeared on the Jacksonville radar scopes, Carol Snyder, standing on the tower of the Pinecastle Electronic Warfare Range, near Astor, Florida, said she watched the maneuvering colored lights. At Pinecastle, several miles from the Naval Air Station, radar operator Timothy Collins, seated at his scope in the range's communications center, said, "I've never seen anything like it. What's more, I don't want to see anything like it ever again..."

According to Snyder and Nick Young, Naval base spokesman, "the object maneuvered in such a manner, and at such speed, that it could not have been a helicopter."

First sighted by civilians who called the remote weapons base, the report was recorded by the duty officer's report of the incident to the Commander in Chief, U.S. Atlantic Fleet. □

*At a recently held meeting, the American Association for the Advancement of Science warned that, some day soon, an overgrown ocean might send waves as high as 25 feet crashing against the steps of the U.S. Capitol*

Nature is gradually propelling the earth to catastrophies as yet undreamed of.

While some climate researchers maintain that temperatures could rise so drastically as to cause polar ice caps to melt, inundating coastal cities, others warn of an impending new ice age.

Although predictions varied, the outcome of a recently held meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, ended on a warning note.

The future weather problems outlined suggested that some day—soon—an overgrown ocean might send waves as high as 25 feet crashing against the steps of the U.S. Capitol.

"We've had 10,000 or 11,000 years of warmth, and judging from the geologic record, we've just about had our ration," said John Mercer of Ohio State University.

Current geological places the last Ice Age at about 50,000 to 25,000 B.C. At their maximum, ice sheets covered Antarctica, large portions of Europe, North and South America and parts of Asia. In America ice radiated from two main centers, the Keewatin, west and northwest of Hudsons Bay, and the Labrador, east of James Bay.

Mercer said, "In the natural course of events, we would probably sink gradually into the next ice age."

However, he brought out that man may force the climate artificially toward the opposite extreme, a threat called the "greenhouse effect," by which the atmosphere is being dangerously overloaded with carbon dioxide,

a by-product of burning oil, natural gas, and coal.

According to Roger Revelle of the University of California, Carbon Dioxide acts like the glass walls of a greenhouse, allowing the sun's heat to penetrate to Earth, but keeps much of it from reflecting back into space. Revelle said that some experts predict that by the year 2050 world energy consumption could double the amount of Carbon-Dioxide presently found in the atmosphere. As a result, he said global temperatures could rise an average of more than 5 degrees.

According to Dr. Mercer, that would be enough extra heat to melt perhaps 10 percent of the gigantic ice sheets of Antarctica and add incredible amounts of water to the present ocean depths. He brought out that the warming trend might take a century—or just a matter of years. The last time the ice melted, approximately 125,000 years ago, sea levels rose at least 20 feet.

It was brought out by the panel at the conference that studies of the possible consequences of melting ice caps indicate that as much as \$250 billion worth of damage to property could be lost to the oceans in the United States alone in the event of such a calamity.

Steven Scheider of the National Center for Atmospheric Research, in Boulder, Colorado, said rising seas might cover one-third of Florida and bury large portions of the Texas Coast and the Southern Atlantic seaboard under water. This would cause more than 15 million people to lose their homes—and many of them—their lives. □

## IS ANOTHER ICE AGE JUST AROUND THE CORNER?

BY NICK ALCALI

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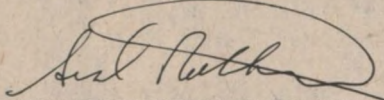
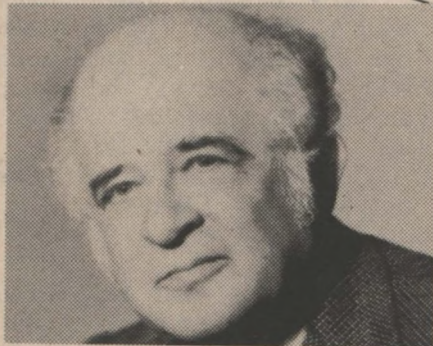
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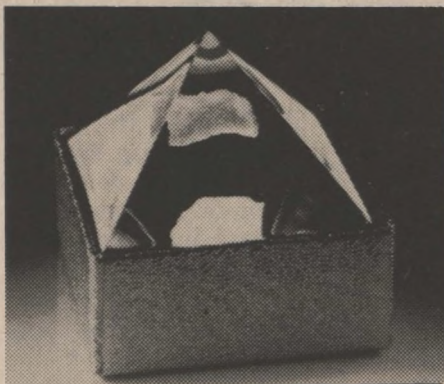
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meaning of the same word. The photographic negative represented the negative attitude and defense plant represented the defensive attitude.

The dream's penchant for finding a visible representation of waking language leads to several forms of similar representation. This dreamer, we'll call her Carolyn, was recently divorced, the mother of two young children.

*"I am watching as an Oriental woman leads my two children through a dense forest. The children are frightened but trust the woman."*

In the dictionary we find:

—Oriental- a person from the countries of Asia. This is visible orient - to adjust or adapt to new or unfamiliar surroundings, ideas etc. This is not visible.

Carolyn decided the dream was showing her the need to adjust and adapt to the idea of divorce and lead her children through this thicket of confusion. Being too concerned with her own feelings, she hadn't oriented herself to guiding her children. They were trusting her in this situation which was unfamiliar to them.

Sometimes, the visible representation in a dream will be a homonym, a word that sounds the same but is spelled differently. Bill dreamed:

*"I am in a dimly lit room with many strangers. As they pass me on the dusty floor the soles of their feet leave no footprints."*

While recording this dream in his dream journal Bill misspelled soles and wrote souls! In class I told him, "The slip of the pen is often the nudge of the spirit." Souls do not leave footprints, souls are not visible, but soles are.

"What is happening in your life Bill, that might relate to this dream?"

"I've just gone to work on a new job as personnel manager," Bill said, "The dream might mean I should relate to the new co-workers on a soul level."

"Sounds like a good idea to me," I said.

The class got a chuckle out of Joyce's homonym dream. Joyce is a lovely young lady who had the following recurring dream:

*"I am waiting for the mailman to come. But each time he arrives it is never our mailman. It is always the wrong mailman for our route."*

She laughingly said, "Of course it means that I am waiting for the right male man to come along!"

Puns are common in dreams. In a pun words that sound the same are substituted for other words having the same sound but having a different meaning. Mary Jo came to class with this dream to share.

*"I am watching a TV rerun of The Monkeys, that old rock group that used to be on TV. Then, The Monkeys are not just on TV—they are really in my kitchen. I am lying on the kitchen table and they are putting scoops of ice cream on my stomach!"*

"Mary Jo," I said, "is there a problem you've been through before that is being rerun in your life?"

"Oh, wow! A problem being rerun! I'm getting the same kind of jazz from this new group of guys as I got from some guys I went around with before. It's the same old monkey business! They are laying the same trip on me."

"How do you feel about this, I mean at the gut level?" I asked. "Awful!"

"Would you go so far as to say 'I could scream!?' Ice Cream being a pun for I scream?"

"Yes, that fits my life!" said Mary Jo "But, now that I really see what's happening I'm going to put a stop to it."

Here is another example of a dream pun:

*"I come into the office where I work. I am very, very conscious of the fact that Kris is in the office watching me. Kris is watching as I take a notice from my message box. The notice is partly made from stickers and it tells me that I have failed to sign my name to some of my work papers. The*

*notice tells me to be sure to go back and do that."*

"Kris is" sounds like crisis. I soon discovered at work that someone else was taking credit for one of my creative ideas. I carefully, but precisely, drew the attention of the boss to where the idea had really come from. That ended the sticky crisis.

If you wanted to show your faith in a person or project, how would you do it visually? Bob came to class one night really mystified. He had this dream:

*"I am dining with my new girl friend. Faith Hernandez joins us at the table. My girl friend says something and Faith begins to cry."*

"Why should I dream about Faith Hernandez? I haven't seen her in thirty years, since high school. She never did mean anything special to me. She was just one of my classmates."

"Do you know anyone else named Faith?" I asked.

"No, I can't recall any others." he replied.

"Remember what we learned about people in dreams?" I said. "One of the meanings a person in a dream may have is the meaning of their name! Do you have faith in what your new girl friend says? Do you trust her words?"

"Yeah, I think I do." Bob said.

"Well, you might consider that perhaps your intuitive level fails to find faith in her. At least your dream may make you more alert in regard to this relationship."

The proper names of people and also places, such as Grand Street or signpost Restaurant, may carry the meaning of why they appear in a dream. One father of two teenagers brought this dream to our study group.

*"I am in a jungle watching Tyrone Power and Gene Tierney acting in a movie picture. In the background is the ominous sound of pounding native drums getting louder and louder. I realize that the natives are getting restless and there may soon be an attack."*

It took a lot of discussion for this

powerful man to see the problem in his life. Fortunately in this case, his wife was also in the group (usually not a good idea). It seems he had been acting toward his children (natives of their tribe) with almost complete power and tyranny. With the help of this dream we were able to alert him to the growing restlessness of his maturing children. They might soon rise up and rebel against being kept always in the background and under his power.

Have you ever said to yourself, "Why am I knocking myself dead over this?" A first year teacher had this dream:

*"It is lunch time. I dismiss the children. Bobby, my most difficult student, is on the milk list but is going home for lunch in the dream. I notice he forgot to take his carton of milk with him. I picked up the carton of milk and go chasing after Bobby. When I got to the street I see that Bobby is already on the other side. I enter the street to chase after him. A car appears. It is going to run over me. As I am knocked down I know I am going to die. At this point, I wake up!"*

We looked at the dream from the slanguage-language approach and in relation to this teacher's life situation. Her dream seemed to say "You're knocking yourself dead chasing these kids!" This exactly fitted her workaholic approach to her first year of teaching.

Sometimes, dreams even use pictures that need to be broken up into syllables in order to find the message they would say in words. Even the ancients knew this principle of dream language. It is recorded that Alexander the Great and his army were besieging the city of Tyre on the Phoenician coast. He dreamed of seeing a half man, half goat, creature which is called a Satyr. His resident dream interpreter, Asistandros, told him that *Sa* is the Greek word for *your* and *tyr* is the city of Tyre, the city under siege at the time. The dream meant Tyre will be yours.



**Some people  
pass off  
dreams very  
lightly, but as much  
evidence shows,  
our dream  
world holds  
many revealing  
messages which  
when properly  
evaluated can  
help us to  
live a  
better life**

Alexander was victorious.

If a dream wants to express something about a non-visible concept it may use something that is similar to the non-visible in some way. For example, thought and thinking, are not visible but come from our heads. Hair is visible; also comes from our heads. An unusual condition of the hair on a dream character, not their usual hair, may denote the condition of the hair on a dream character's thinking.

For instance, if you dream your blonde lover has dyed red hair it may denote angry thoughts. For example: Wigs, false thinking; kinky hair, kinky thinking; gray hair, mature thinking; straight hair, straight thinking; baldness, thoughtlessness etc.

Just last week I received a letter from a friend. In it she said something which really depressed me. Yet, I valued her opinion. That night I dreamed:

*"I'm sitting on the floor next to this friend. I am close to her and can see little white dots on her hair. As I lean closer for a better view, I see they are like transparent tents and there are lice crawling around inside."*

After the dream I thought about her statement again. Then it became apparent to me I could see through her "lousy" thinking. From her point of view she may have been right but from my point of view it was "lousy" thinking. The dream helped me get back to a more positive frame of mind.

The examples in this article are true and come from my students. Their dreams have been helpful to them—your dreams can be helpful to you. I suggest you keep a notebook and pencil beside your bed. Before getting up, record any dream, or fragments, you can recall. Try to put the picture messages back into words.

You will probably discover that you too can learn this slanguage-language of the dream world. Just remember to keep a note book at your bedside and record your dreams when awakening. □

can't help but think that, although they are not the stone homes of the Alux, that they may have been just what they look like—dog-houses.

Because of the press of work within the expedition my prying into the life of the Alux was a sometimes thing. But the similarity of the stories and the deep belief of the Mayan elders intrigued me. I had made a promise to myself to return and devote my time to the elusive Alux.

During a respite in the states I began my inquiry into the affairs of the little people. Every race, every nationality, has legends about little people. They are kind, malevolent, all-powerful, tricksters, hoaxers, witch doctors, child stealers and gods. From Ireland and her leprechauns, to the Americas, north and south, the legend of the little ones persist. There are as many names for them as there are peoples. Banshees, kobolds, Alux, Didis, naid, trolls, etc. Despite their diminutive size the racial memories of a small-statured people has left a permanent impression in the folk tales of all nations. But does such a tribe, a remnant of the oldsters, still exist? Reason says no but several hundred thousand Central Americans say yes.

In 1976 I returned to the Yucatan with a blare of unwanted publicity. As is usual, my overheated mouth ran away with my underdeveloped good sense and several eastern newspapers ran articles with heads that make me shudder even now. "Bill Mack in Search of Mexican Leprechaun," "Mack Off and Searching" were but two of the tongue-in-cheek feature stories. To the casual reader these stories were the report of a wild 'goose hunt by some nut, but I was completely serious.

I made my headquarters in Merida, the charming, steaming, sophisticated capital of the Mexican state of Yucatan. Merida is

**Like the stories  
of Atlantis, the  
pyramids of Egypt,  
and Peru, accounts  
of "tiny people"  
who once roamed  
the earth, has  
become part of  
the folk history  
of many nations,  
leaving a  
permanent impres-  
sion on continuing  
generations.**

the center of Mayan activity, the very heart of the remains of that great civilization. Close by are the ruins of such great ceremonial centers as Chichen Itza, magnificent but sterilized by over-restoration, the incredible vastness of ruined Dzibalchaltun, the plundered remains of the mighty pyramid of Izamel and the towering splendor of ancient Uxmal. Within a day's driving distance is the breathtakingly spectacular walled city of Tulum, the first of the native cities spotted by the Spaniards before they began their devastating conquest of the region.

My search began in Merida at the Center for Mayan Studies. Housed in a beautiful old mansion, the center provides a college-level education for young Mayans and houses a small but carefully chosen exhibit of Mayan artifacts. Talks with the students and faculty of the center were disappointing. They were adamant in their belief that the "Alux" were a fairy story. Strike one.

The next move was to visit my friend "Pepe" Hernandez in Izamel. "Pepe" is an enthusiast about everything. He collects cards, stamps and ding-a-ling gringos. Over a few iced beers I outlined my project to "Pepe." It was like throwing a firecracker in a pit of snakes. "Pepe" was off in all directions and within a week I had interviewed forty jungle-dwelling Mayans, ranging from an obviously demented Indian who said the Alux had wings and lived in the center of the earth to a graduate of the University of Mexico who airily dismissed the whole thing as delusion. No one had ever seen an Alux but a goodly number of them knew someone who had. The "someone who had" was, unfortunately, either dead, moved away from the country or missing. Strike two.

I had been in the Yucatan for two months, had notebooks bulging with stories of people who knew people who had seen an

Alux. It was discouraging, but for a fortunate accident I might have called the whole thing off.

My car, a laboring relic of an earlier automotive era, decided to take a prolonged siesta on an offbeat road. I hiked to the nearest civilization which proved, by a lucky chance, to be the fenced-off ancient Mayan city of Mayapan. In the fearsome heat of the Yucatan summer, I was the only visitor. The caretaker, a cheerful young Mayan named Xuc (conveniently pronounced Chuck) called for a mechanic and while we waited he gave me a one-man tour of the decaying city which had once been the capital of the Mayan civilization. As ruins in Mexico go, Mayapan is not the most impressive. When it was built the empire was in decline and the careful workmanship of earlier ceremonial centers was woefully lacking. The ruined buildings were a slipshod lot, the carvings inferior and the whole place looked a little bit like it had been made in Hong Kong. But Xuc was a prize. Bright, happy and cooperative, he rattled my ears with stories of the Mayans. In the middle of his rapid-fire Spanish I heard the word I had come 2000 miles to hear. Xuc had seen an Alux.

As caretaker of the crumbling ruins, Xuc lives with his young wife and seven children in a small house outside the fenced wall. The city is padlocked early in the evening and Xuc is free to pursue whatever Mayans pursue during the balmy evenings. Xuc recalled that he had retired early only to be awakened about 3 a.m. by the sound of someone chopping wood *inside* the fenced-off city. Many things are scarce in the Yucatan, but firewood is not one of them; Mayapan is surrounded by timber. Mystified by the sound, Xuc opened the gate and cautiously headed toward the noise. As he turned the corner of the Temple of the Birds, he was dumbfounded to see, imperfectly he admits, a tiny man, not over four feet tall, hacking at a branch that overhung the natural limestone well that supplied the city with its drinking water. As Xuc stood staring, the little man dropped his machete and reached for something that hung at his waist. In the next instant Xuc took cover behind the stone wall of the bird temple as round baked clay pellets were being fired at him with alarming velocity. After a few shots that pulverized on the stone wall, the unknown slingman ceased fire. Xuc waited for a few moments,

and cautiously peered toward the well. There was no one there. But what *was* there convinced Xuc that he wasn't having a dangerous nightmare. A branch of the tree bore fresh marks of the machete. The walls of the temple were splattered with powdery marks where the clay balls had pulverized. Xuc returned home, a thoroughly puzzled young man. He had seen something that, although his parents had believed, he had dismissed as a fairy story. Xuc had seen an Alux.

The next day Xuc began a thorough search of the area. In the spare underbrush of the temple site he found two small clay balls, ammunition of the diminutive assailant, that had missed. He showed me the balls. They were about the size of a small walnut, baked clay, and imperfectly molded. They are his evidence. And I believe him. Xuc himself is torn between the theory that it may have been a mischievous child from a nearby Indian village and not, as his reason tells him, an Alux.

But he admits to at least one discrepancy. Despite his thirty-one years of living among his fellow Mayans he had never seen any small children with a flowing beard. □

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# Beyond Reality

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surgery well over 200 years ago.

Abnormally intense concentration can even cause the blood vessels to contract, thereby keeping wounds from bleeding.

In contrast to the phenomena that I have mentioned, the notorious "rope trick" is not genuine. Instead, it is based on mass-suggestion. The magician throws a coiled rope into the air—it uncoils and stays up. Now, a small boy climbs up the rope and so does the magician. Both disappear in the air.

Suddenly shrieks are heard. The severed head, arms, legs and torso of the small boy come falling to the ground. The magician slides down the rope. He then puts the bleeding parts of the boy's body into a basket and covers it. Next he coils up the rope, pulling it down slowly through the air. He then opens the basket. It is empty. But presently the small boy appears in the distance and walks with a smile toward the astounded spectators.

In order to explore the validity of the rope trick, people have both sketched and photographed it with an amazing result. The sketches show every phase of the business—yet, the photographs show nothing but a group of people looking up, with the boy and the magician in the middle of them. This proves that what is happening is entirely imaginary.

There exists in the Middle East another feat that is just as famous as the Indian rope trick. The performer plants a mango seed in the ground, sprinkles it with water, then covers it with a cloth. After a short time he yanks off the cloth and reveals a young mango tree in full bloom. This feat has also been photographed.

In contrast to the rope trick, the photographs clearly prove that the mango-tree trick is not a product of the imagination: it apparently really happens. No one, so far, has been able to probe its secret. If it is done with trickery, it is

trickery that would put the late Houdini to shame.

Probably the most astounding among the undoubtedly genuine Indian feats is what I call human hibernation. In this, the subject enters into a self-induced state of suspended animation for a definite period of time which he announces beforehand. He is then buried in a sealed coffin or crypt. At the appointed time it is opened. The subject comes to consciousness again.

**Many scientists  
claim that  
abnormally intense  
concentration can  
cause even the  
blood vessels to  
contract, and  
through will power,  
keep wounds  
from bleeding.**

By now there have been so many authenticated and scientifically supervised instances of this feat that its validity is no longer open to doubt. I myself have seen it performed in an environment that provided the opportunity for the most painstaking supervision. On the same occasion to which I have already referred—at the

large Chicago hospital—Dr. Tahra went into this kind of hibernation before the same group of medical experts.

Announcing that he would wake from a death-like condition after exactly 20 minutes, Dr. Tahra stuffed cotton into his nostrils and ears, and went into an almost instantaneous trance by pressing a finger against one of the arteries in his neck. His assistants laid his now limp body in a wooden box which looks exactly like a coffin. Then they covered his face with a cloth and poured thick sand over his face, head and body.

Precisely 20 minutes later the body twitched and moved. The assistants dug away the sand hurriedly and pulled off the cloth. They then jerked the wads of cotton from Dr. Tahra's nose and ears. The doctor got up and smiled at us.

A few years ago, another instance of this feat was reported by a friend of mine in Bombay. According to my friend, Dr. I.R. Rosengard, a yogi named Raman and Hammedudin had himself buried alive for 24 hours in a cement-lined, airtight grave. After resuscitation, the man, still in a trance, was lifted to a platform before 10,000 onlookers at Bombay's Khalsa College.

"After he showed signs of life," Dr. Rosengard added, "the man appeared none the worse for his confinement." Dr. Phiroze C. Bharcha, a Bombay heart specialist who saw the phenomenon said that medical science could not explain Hammedudin's feat.

My own research seems to indicate beyond any possibility of a doubt that this human hibernation closely resembles the hibernation of animals. When a bear goes to sleep in the early winter, he automatically slows down the process of inner combustion known as life by almost completely shutting off the supply of oxygen to his lungs. He does this by swallowing the tip of his

*continued on page 54*

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## THE MIND CAN MASTER MATTER/continued from page 52

tongue, after which he sinks into a coma that lasts until spring.

The yogi or fakir prepares himself for the feat of human hibernation by cutting the fold of tissue called the *fraenum*. This tissue connects the tongue with the floor of the mouth. Of course, he lets the cut heal. When he

enters upon the hibernation experiment itself, he swallows the tip of his tongue, just like the bear. Then, using one of several established techniques, he puts himself into a state of almost completely suspended animation, in which the heartbeat and the pulse becomes practically imper-

ceptible.

Yet when he regains consciousness his bodily functions become perfectly normal again.

Science might do well to make some of India's amazing feats the subject of methodical research. We might learn something worth while. □

## PHOTOGRAPHING OTHER DIMENSIONS/continued from page 22

recording. But they can be heard when the tape is replayed," Dr. Long said.

He further said that just as the microphone used on a regular tape recorder should only be able to pick up sounds audible to the human ear, so the camera's film should photograph only what they eye of the photographer sees while looking through the lens.

"Sometimes an unexplained incident occurs when the tape recorder—or camera—will pick up something more. There as yet is no natural law for this," he said.

Many scientists believe that it is entirely possible to capture and record vibrations which are present, and always have been, in the atmosphere's low-pressure pock-

ets, waiting to be picked up.

Winner of the Nobel Prize in physiology, Charles Robert Richet has declared that very strange, very wonderful and seemingly improbable phenomena may yet appear, which, when explained, will not astonish us more than we are currently astonished at all science has taught us during the last century. □

## FORT MASON'S HAUNTED HOUSE/continued from page 36

Psychic researchers have come to Haskell House in search of spirits on numerous occasions. One group of mediums who visited the house about a year ago stated that on the spiritual level, where the past and present are said to exist in unnatural balance, there is violence and foreboding throughout the house. One researcher claimed that "a pool of blood marked a trail of some long ago encounter in the living room." Could it have been the blood of Senator Broderick?" The question remains unanswered.

Another researcher claimed to feel vibrations in the master bedroom of a violent fight still in progress in the spiritual realm. According to the psychic, the door was knocked off its hinges during the fight. Colonel Puckette reported that the bedroom door never seemed to stay closed.

Just recently, two researchers from the International Ghost Registry, Mark and Louise Turk, visited the house. Mark hypnotized his wife and "sent her into the psychic world," having told



*Researchers claim they feel vibrations of a violent fight still in progress upstairs in the master bedroom*

her nothing about the history of the house or what other mediums had experienced previously.

In a quiet voice she reported seeing a fire, a small white dog, and a cockatoo. The fire could have been the San Francisco fire of 1906. Fort Mason was used to house victims of that ordeal. Historically, the third previous occupant of the house owned a small white dog. Louise Turk also saw a pair of bloody boots.

On her psychic tour of the house, she claimed to see a child being molested. She almost failed to mention it. Fortunately she did,

for your see, another psychic who previously visited the house mentioned the same thing. It was reported by the first psychic that in the third floor sewing room a young maid suffered the abuse of a uniformed man with a handlebar mustache. In another area of the house, she claimed that this same man abused his continually crying daughter. Louise said it appeared to be the little girl's uncle.

One story that Colonel Parrish heard about Haskell House was that the basement was used for slave running. However, this could not be confirmed. □

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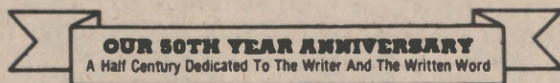
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door onto the rear porch. There the sound would stop. My dad finally completely sealed off the second floor but, once again, the task was fruitless. The sound continued just as did the loud bumping under the old brick-earth fireplace.

One Saturday night we were listening to the Grand Ole Opry, on an old RCA battery-powered radio, waiting for my dad and Uncle Delmer to come in from their logging job. Suddenly, my Mother reached over and turned the radio down while looking out of a front room window. She quickly turned to Aunt Ardabelle and told her to bolt the back bedroom door. Mother ran to bolt the front bedroom door. Both of these doors open into the downstairs hallway. As my Aunt came hurrying back into the front room carrying a loaded shotgun with her we heard heavy footfalls coming up the front steps. It sounded like a large, heavy man walking with rubber hi-boots. We were in terror as the heavy footfalls continued on through the locked front porch screen door, through the locked and barred

front hallway door, down the hallway, through a locked and barred kitchen door, on to the back porch and out of the house. We saw nothing! There was no mud, dirt, tracks or footprints of any kind. Being the fall of the year, and the rainy season for that part of Mississippi, it was downright muddy outside.

It was after this that my Aunt and Uncle moved into another house, some three hundred feet away. The strange events did not stop. One night my Dad saw a large, dark figure approaching our house from across the cotton field behind the house. He started to call out, thinking it was one of the men who worked with him. But, something stopped my Dad from calling out and as he quietly watched he noted that this large figure was not a man. It stood nearly 3½ feet above the six foot high picket fence and its upper body was as large as a 600 pound bale of cotton! It walked through that picket fence, over a large woodpile and right through the front yard area of the picket fence. It finally disappeared into the dark waters of Five-Mile Lake without

making a ripple. This para-anthropoid type creature did not make a sound.

After we moved from that old house to Wilmont, Mississippi we discussed the many strange experiences that we had there. My Dad told us that the creature he saw that night was about ten feet tall, black thickly haired with a large domed head and dim-glowing red eyes. It had three-fingered hands and three-toed feet which were very large. We wondered if this could have been the same creature who attacked that young black woman in the front yard.

My Dad also told us of another odd experience he and Uncle Delmer had as they drove the pick-up to work. That pick-up would list or tilt badly to the right, whenever they were between Sharpen's General Store and the dirt road leading from the main gravel road and the old house. They could never account for that tilt. It was as though someone threw 1,000 pounds on the right side of the pick-up. This strange and mysterious weight would disappear at the turn-off, just past the old house. □

**“You don't belong here, go back! go back!”**

BY PHILIP HARGROW

## TO THE OTHER SIDE AND BACK!

“Blackness fell over me. I thought, this is it, I must be dead! I fell off the bed and smothered to death. Then in calm resignation I started to say the Lord's prayer...”

This marks the beginning of Helen Almeida's journey to the “other side” after a life and death operation.

Regaining consciousness in the recovery room, Helen opened her eyes and saw that she was completely alone. Still groggy, she attempted to get up from her bed and take a walk. That's when the impossible happened.

“It occurred to me to wonder how my mother was taking the news of my death. In a flash, I was back at her apartment, hearing tell my sister over the telephone that she knew nothing of my condition. Then I went to Father Shipton's office, the priest who had been supportive during my illness. He was alone, sitting at his desk, unaware of my condition or my presence in the room.

Suddenly I found myself floating through space towards a legion of smiling faces. They all stared at me. Then they started shouting

‘You don't belong here—go back, go back.’ A figure in a snow-white robe appeared and pushed me gently with his hands. ‘Go back’ he said.”

‘Helen, breathe’. “The doctor's order came as the oxygen mask clung to my face.”

Talking to her mother several weeks later Helen was able to verify her mother's conversation with her sister. She also talked to Father Shipton and found that he was in his office, just as she had seen him. It dawned on her that she had been “there” and back. □

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from roughly 1909 to 1929. It does not require an electrical degree to understand or construct these things. The simplest being the diode antenna. Most cheap portables have one and only requires taking it out and installing it on your tape recorder's input. Another is the "Dowdger Coil" which was popular with the U.S. Navy during the first World War. This is a lead slug with several coils of .001 wire wound around it which is inserted between the grid circuit and the rheostat. It does for a receiver what a retro-rocket does for a space vehicle.

Professor Von Lubeck, in his 1912 book, mentions using a valve or tube with a dysprosium cathode but no one I ever questioned seemed to know what he was talking about. Its only value is in being highly magnetic. He claimed in his 1937 report that this metal was found at the top of several pyramids he investigated and was part of an antenna used over 2,000 years ago. It appears to be an interesting metal worth further study.

Psychic radio, wireless telepathy, or whatever term best suits it, is still an un-proven phenomenon with more questions to be asked and answered. A voice, is after all, an elusive element subject to whatever interpretation the listener cares to give it. The chances of it being a bleed-off from normal broadcasting or even a kickback from space are enormous. Some of it may come from incompletely erased tapes or a signal from thousands of miles away. There is, however, the one in a hundred shot which defies explanation. As in the case of my 1901 voice, sound engineers took it apart, wave traced it, and still were not sure where it might have come from.

Its possible there was a breakthrough which that man from Edison's lab tried to interest Julia Murray in. Edison was working on a device to contact the dead and cylinders had better fidelity in 1929 than flat records. At 180 rpm and no center distortion it was the



**That his company steadfastly denied any knowledge that Edison ever had been remotely interested in a machine designed to communicate with the dead, is sheer whitewash.**

ideal medium for transcribing psychic voices. Unfortunately, Edison's business interest suppressed this research. It convinced him that talking with the dead was not something the company should be involved with. To this day the Edison people deny any knowledge of the Wizard ever researching such a device although there are dozens of articles on the subject which have been published between 1920 and 1939. The most impressive article was by Allan L. Benson, for socialist candidate for President in 1916. Appearing in *Liberty Magazine*, December 1, 1934, the article was titled "Did Edison Try To Talk With The Dead?."

The article, available at any good library, is complete with ghostly photographs and the description of Edison speaking with people who had passed on. Indeed, in 1933 his own Chief Engineer, on orders from his departed boss, set up Edison's wireless equipment and infrared film cameras and is reported to have made a talking photo-record of Thomas Edison. Company officials seized the film in 1934 and it seemed to have disappeared. To anyone with any sense, Edison's "Psychic-ola" was a fact and did indeed exist. That he would take steps to couple his ghostly transmissions with his phonograph is a logical assumption. He did as much in 1902 when he coupled his talking machine with his movie camera thus producing the world's first talking picture. That his company steadfastly denies any knowledge of Edison ever having invented or even been remotely interested in such a project is sheer whitewash.

This brings up the questions: If one may hear psychic voices via the wireless, as in Edison's case, might they also be able to receive earthly transmissions? Thus far, aside from Thomas A. Edison, no one has broken that barrier. Perhaps in the near future some latter-day Wizard will key a message and receive a reply, thus, proving that death need not be the final word. □

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wrote," "at different points in the Valley, these bodies were protected by flat stones which were so placed as to form a coffin or sarcophagus." Walker then explained how archaeologists tried to claim the skeletons were those of children, but he noted: "The crania...preserved indicates ordinary size," or the fully developed skulls of adults—not children.

In 1833 more pigmy remains were found in Kentucky and Tennessee. These had been buried in stone tombs 18 inches deep brandished weapons at the search in 1885, their skeletons again came to light in Ohio's Cumberland Valley, not far from the great mounds of that state. However, these mounds should not be attributed to the pygmies, as several writers have proposed, because there is abundant evidence to prove they were built by a much later race of native American Indians.

One typical legend which describes contact between pygmies and Indians comes from the Cherokee, who were then located in northeast Georgia. The incident took place at Tallulah Falls, a natural wonder which became famous several years ago when the Great Wallenda crossed the

gorge on a tightrope. The word "Tallulah" translates from the Cherokee language as "the terrible," as accurate description of that wild area. An ancient Indian legend related to early white settlers told of a hunting expedition which was led to Tallulah by the best hunters in the Cherokee Nation. When the party failed to return, a wary group of medicine men was sent out to search for them. The medicine men were gone for a full month. When they finally arrived at the village, they told a horrible tale.

The priest had stumbled upon a deep fissure in a desolate region, from which a mountain torrent fell with a tremendous noise. The local inhabitants were a "species of little men and women, who dwelt in the crevices of the rocks, and in grottoes under the great waterfalls." The medicine men vainly attempted to communicate with the savage pygmies. The little people spoke in shrieks and brandished weapons at the search party, so they returned home to bring bad news to the hunter's families. The official report was that the little people had killed the hunters, and would have murdered the medicine men also if they had not been protected by

their mysterious powers. Afterward, the Cherokee carefully avoided the region.

Recently, archaeologists have explored caverns in the Tallulah Gorge area and have unearthed artifacts from an unidentified culture. Antiquarians had previously thought that no Indians had ever lived in the gorge. Experts stated that the artifacts were definitely not related to any known American Indian tribe.

In addition, at Trackrock Gap, in the nearby Blue Ridge Mountains, there are a series of soapstone boulders which have been engraved with ancient symbols. They are said to be the work of the "Old People," a race of pygmies who originally settled in the country.

Where the pygmies came from, as well as when they arrived in North America, are questions likely to remain unanswered. We do know they were destroyed long before the European era by other tribes of Indians, but that is the extent of our knowledge. Besides legends and the many burial grounds which reveal little of their culture, we have no information regarding this vanished race of small people who once inhabited prehistoric America. □

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According to scientists presently working on new freezing techniques, such a possibility does indeed exist.

Attempts to freeze-preserve organs have as yet proven unsuccessful—because of the difficulties in proving adequate uniform cooling and warming procedures. However, Dr. David Robinson, a Georgetown University cryologist is working on the problem of freezing the cells of mammals and then bringing them back to life.

Using protective agents such as ethylene glycol—a colorless, syrupy alcohol, (C<sub>2</sub>H<sub>6</sub>O<sub>2</sub>), which is

used as an anti-freeze in cooling and heating systems, is one method under experimentation to overcome that problem.

## A RACE OF SUPERMEN

BY SARAH COHEN

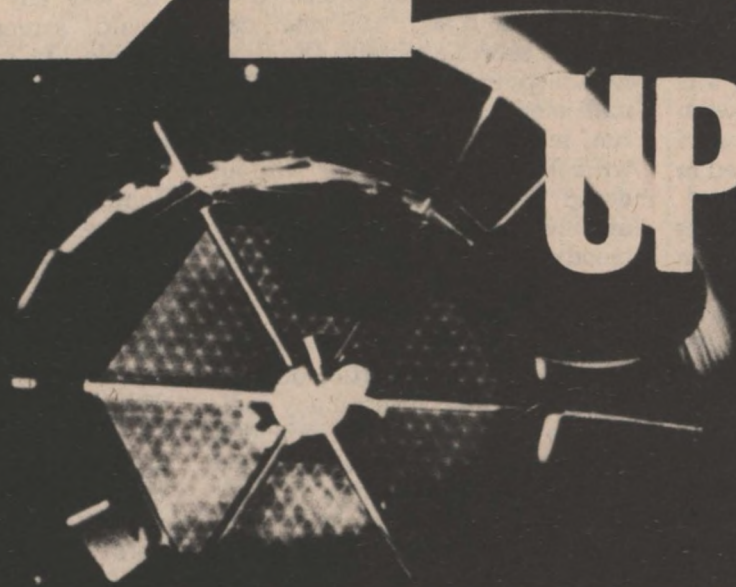
Dr. Robinson has frozen heart cells with liquid oxygen using anti-freeze to replace water. Later the cells were successfully thawed.

He said, "As progress is made toward organ preservation, there is the chance that a person could have multiple organ transplants for instance, heart, lungs and liver."

Dr. Robinson believes this could be accomplished. But first organs must be typed, frozen and then stored in large organ banks.

As a result, a near-perfect match would be possible for the individual requesting the organ, thus avoiding much of the rejection problems experienced today.

# UFO UPDATE!



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and will act like a wolf. Throughout history, many cases of lycanthropy were manifested when patients exhibiting the disease let their hair grow long, their nails sharpen to a point and would actually run on all fours attacking people and small animals. The manifestation always took effect when the moon was in its full cycle.

The physical law of the effect of the moon on tides is generally known. Tides, the periodic rising and falling of the oceans and the waters connected with them are caused by the attractions of the moon and sun, science tells us. No satisfactory explanation of these movements of oceanic waters was made until Sir Isaac Newton traced their origin to the law of gravitation which he discovered in 1666.

Gravitation, Newton wrote, has an equally strong influence upon the water and land, but since water is free to move, it tends to rise under the attraction of the moon and sun as these bodies pass their influences over the surface of the earth as it rotates on its axis.

And just as the moon effects tides, its rays affect human beings in one way or another. Police departments are firmly convinced that many violent crimes are committed when the moon is in its full zenith. Sexologists confirm that human sexual glands become more aroused at night than during the day, and on nights of a full moon they are aroused the most.

Mental hospital administrators are of the firm belief that on nights of a full moon, patients exhibiting psychiatric disorders become more agitated. Not only mental patients, however, exhibit adrenalin secretion to a greater degree at the full moon cycle. Human beings, in general, have been known to cast off more inhibitions, speak their minds more adamantly, and become more violent during the full moon cycle than at any other time.

Cases of lycanthropy can be found in every culture and in every century. Unlike the mental abnormality of lycanthropy, some legends metamorphosis into a werewolf can come about with the aid of magic for which science has no ready explanation.

The most famous case which is said to have taken place at Bamberg, Germany, concerns one Peter Stumpf, who, in 1608 was condemned to death for having been a "werewolf" for more than 28 years.

According to an old English pamphlet which was published on Stumpf, in 1590, "the man had made a secret pact with the devil for the purpose of exercising his malice on men, women and children, in the shape of some beast, whereby he might live without dread of danger of life and unknown to be the executor of any bloody enterprise which he meant to commit."

For a quarter of a century, Stumpf had ravaged Germany, killing and eating cattle, devouring sheep, murdering many individuals who at one time offended him, and especially—raped, killed and ate women and girls.

According to the pamphlet, "He would walk up and down, and if he could spy either maid, wife or child that his eyes liked and his heart lusted after, he would wait their issuing out of the city or town, if he could by any means get them alone, he would ravish them in the fields, and after in his wolfish likeness cruelly murder them. Thus, within a few years, he had murdered 13 young children and two goodly young women big with child."

Stumpf, the pamphlet continues, committed incest with his daughter (who had a child by him) and his sister; he had many concubines—including, for seven years, a succubus sent by the devil. The pamphlet says that he also killed and ate his own young son.

Stumpf achieved werewolfdom by wearing a girdle given him by a

demon. When he put it on, it appeared to him, and to others, that he had changed into a wolf.

Stumpf was found out, pursued by armed men with dogs. After being captured he was tortured, and executed. His head separated from his body by the executioner's axe and his decapitated dome was mounted on a pole outside of the town where he committed most of his evil deeds. Although Stumpf swore that he had struck up a pact with the devil for his "gift", when he was captured he gave his human peers no trouble. He died the way any "normal" criminal would, screaming and pleading for his life on the executioner's block.

According to European traditionalists, there are basic methods with which to achieve werewolfdom: One is to be bitten by a werewolf, or scratched by one, and survive. Another is to drink the waters of a lycanthropous brook said to be situated between two very tall poplars deep within the Harz Mountains of Germany. This area is appropriately known as "Wolf Hollow." Thus was the case of Countess Hilda Von Breber, young wife of Count Von Breber, chief of police of Magdenburg, who, it was said, fell into the brook at Wolf Hollow while crossing its path of stones. The Countess died violently within six months after falling into the brook and swallowing a mouthful of this water. This took place during the 16th century. Her victims were many.

In the Balkan Peninsula amid the mountainous region of Austria-Hungary, there are said to be certain flowers credited with the property of converting human beings into werewolves. All that is needed is to pluck the flowers and wear them. The flowers, found in the Transylvanian Alps as well, are white, shaped something like a sunflower, but said to be soft and pulpy with a nauseating odor.

There is the story that comes down from a village on the Romanian side of the Transylvan-

*continued on page 64*



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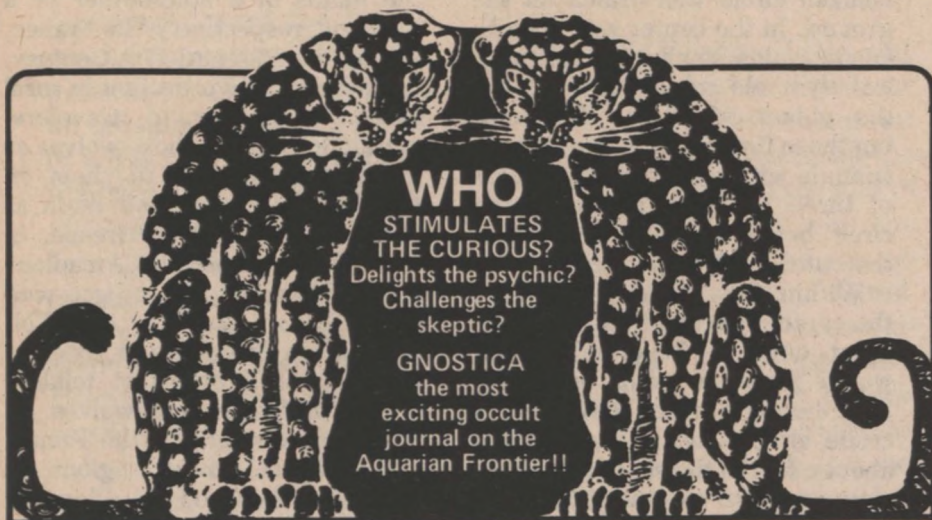
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ian Alps, concerning Olga and Ivan Kloska. One morning, while playing in a grassy field overgrown with weeds, the little girl picked up a strange looking flower. It was large, vivid white, with the properties mentioned earlier. She no sooner plucked it and inhaled its fragrance when she began to pounce on her younger brother—strangling him. Ivan began to scream frantically, and his screams brought their parents who were able to subdue their daughter. Although her "insanity" was temporary, she began to run through the fields howling like a wolf and attacking small animals.

Finally, she had to be tied down and held tightly, her mouth muzzled, as she snapped violently at all those who came near her. That night, a ceremony of exorcism was performed and the child's sanity returned. At this point, I would like to mention that, according to many psychologists, exorcism on a werewolf works only when the individuals involved are true, and fanatic, believers. In other words, through the power of suggestion.

Nearly all of the methods of exorcism prescribed in European tradition involve the use of a potion: sulphur, castoreum, (mixed with clear spring water, asafoetida, or hypericum, compounded with vinegar—for which two portions seems to have been recommended as the most favored recipes for removing the "devilish power".

The werewolf, during the ceremony of exorcism, must be sprinkled three times with one of the above solutions. Then the werewolf must be saluted with the sign of the cross, or addressed three times by his human name, each address being accompanied by a blow on the forehead with a knife; or sprinkled while at the same time his girdle (if he is wearing one) is removed. He then has three drops of blood removed from his chest, or is compelled to kneel in one spot for a great number of years at given times of the day or night.

Although in different parts of

the world, a variation of exorcism methods have been used through the centuries, there is one which is said not only to exorcise the werewolf in a human being, forever, but also to exorcise the demon or evil spirit responsible for his being placed in that condition in the first place, thereby saving some other poor soul from a similar misfortune.

Further research indicates that many countries preferred different times of the day or night for this ceremony to be performed to its best advantage, the most favored (in Central Europe, Finland Russia and the Balkans) was from 8:32 p.m. to 9:16 p.m.

During that time, a white chalked circle was drawn on the ground. In the center was inscribed (in yellow chalk) certain magical symbols which represented the planet Mercury. Surrounding these figures (in white chalk) a triangle within a circle of a radius of three feet (the center of the circle being the same as that of the outer circle) was etched.

Within this circle was placed the captive werewolf. Around the outer circle a Reverend Father would place at equal intervals, hand-lamps burning olive oil. A crude altar of wood was erected about a foot to the southeast of the circumference of the innermost circle. A fire was built exactly opposite the altar approximately 2 feet to the far side of the circumference of the inner circle. Over the fire a tripod and pot was placed, the pot containing two pints of pure spring water.

I say, begon!" The werewolf would then be returned to human pot. Next, a wand consisting of three sprigs taken respectively, from ash, birch, and white poplar were bound together with red tape.

The Father would then pray, kneeling at the front of the altar, He continued praying until the water boiled. When he arose from prayer, he dipped a cup in the pot, and approaching the werewolf, slashed him severely across the head with his wand while at the same time dashing the seething liquid in his face. The Father

would then repeat several times: "In the name of all that is holy I command thee to depart—black, evil devil from hell, begon! Again, I say, begon!" The werewolf would then be returned to human form, never again to become the savage, snarling beast he once was.

Severe epidemics of lycanthropy were noted in every century and in every corner of the globe. Sorcerers in Brittany, during the 18th century, were believed to assume the wolf shape or to clothe themselves in wolf pelt when going to a Sabbat. In Irish and Welsh folk ballads a common theme is the transformation into wolf shape of children or wives, at the hands of a stepmother or a husband respectively. In France, during the 16th and 17th Century, lycanthropy was prevalent in rural areas. According to travelers, certain Irish races chose wolves as godfathers, prayed to them in sickness, and used their teeth as peripats. In ancient Greece, in the Peloponnese, the Arcadians were dedicated to a god-wolf called Zeus Lukaios—the Wolf of Zeus. In Sweden and Estonia, there are still prevalent folklore beliefs in female werewolves. In Africa, particularly in the French and Belgian Congo regions, a secret brotherhood of "leopard men" masqueraded as wolves.

Stories of werewolves abound in Scotland, Silesia, Rome Greece and China. Even Belgium and Netherlands have their werewolves, so do the Spaniards and American Indians of the Western frontier—the Sioux and Cheyenne, Apache and Arapaho.

As wild as these stories are, there is ample evidence to indicate that accounts of werewolves, vampires, monsters and demonic possession of all sorts are so much more than the fanciful wanderings of a fiction-writer's overworked imagination. How else then could these accounts have survived the centuries and will continue to survive until man rids himself once and for all of his werewolf of jealousy, his vampire of hatred, his monster of prejudice and his demon of vengeance? □

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In farming, former Brig. Gen. Henry Gross, head of a firm that uses these machines for agricultural purposes said, "We can not only increase plant size and yield, but if a plant is infected with insects, a leaf is put into the machine along with a small amount of insecticide. Upon operation of the device, THE INSECTS ARE KILLED or leave the plant within 48 hours!"

This may sound like a lot of Voodoo, but after investigating it for a full year, the Pennsylvania Farm Bureau drew up a contract with the firm for the exclusive use of the device in Pennsylvania!

In describing the operation of these machines, science reporter Joseph Goodavage said, "These machines have circuits that detect, amplify and direct human thought and emotion..whatever is on the mind of the operator!" By tuning to these frequencies, they can not only be received, but modified and re-transmitted very much like an ordinary radio station. It means imposing human thought into the very structure of atomic matter! As Goodavage testified, using this

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method "researchers have analyzed emanations from relics of pre-historic creatures and CAUGHT THEM ON FILM!"

Now it's known! Psionics is the scientific reason why psychics can get a 'reading' from a ring or wristwatch someone has worn or touched. It's why others like Uri-Geller can order molecules of metal to bend upon command..manipulate light, or create pictures on film without a camera...with just the MIND ALONE!

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BY TOM LAWRENCE

# TWO DOCTORS VIEW REINCARNATION



Death victims are miraculously revived with vivid memories of leaving their bodies. People living centuries ago reappear in today's world disguised as someone else. Impossible? Not according to Dr. Elizabeth Rauscher and Dr. Allen Cohen.

Dr. Rauscher, a nuclear physicist, states that everyone is reincarnated and says that she has reached this conclusion from a "rational point of view." Dr. Cohen, a Harvard University doctoral graduate and a psychologist now teaching at John F. Kennedy University, states that reincarnation is "the most reasonable hypothesis" for these phenomenal occurrences.

The two doctors base their conclusions on an in-depth study of perhaps several hundred reincarnation cases. Experimentation and first-hand experiences are a vital part of this study.

"These are not flaky people", Dr. Cohen contends, "The stories I know of are very accurate." Cohen says that there is a difference between someone saying that they were Cleopatra in a past life and someone describing in detail inconsequential facts that have happened in a past life.

**The two doctors base their conclusions on an in-depth study of perhaps several hundred reincarnation cases.**

Dr. Rauscher's experiments also prove that some of these people, using clairvoyance or mental telepathy, can see through the eyes of another person. They are able to graphically describe an area hundreds of miles away being visited at a precise moment by someone else.

According to Dr. Rauscher and Dr. Cohen—there are three kinds of reincarnation experiences: The first kind involves remembering

things that have happened in a past life—such as the case of a nine year old boy in India who names every member of a dead stranger's family. The boy, claiming to be the shopowner who died 15 years ago, even names correctly the man who owed the shop and facts about his life.

The second kind involves returning to life after being declared dead with the knowledge of how and why you have returned. An example is the case of a California woman who died and was revived twice. Both times, a friend of hers, already dead, tells her to go back into her body. The first time she reluctantly went back. The second time she voluntarily went back and a week later she went home in perfect health.

The third kind involves a spirit-ualist telling you that your problems stem from a past life—such as the legal assistant with a crippling fear of pneumonia who is told by a clairvoyant that he died of pneumonia in the 19th century. As soon as he hears this, his phobia disappears.

The doctors are not alone in their research, and the subject of life after death has been the nature of a good many books. □

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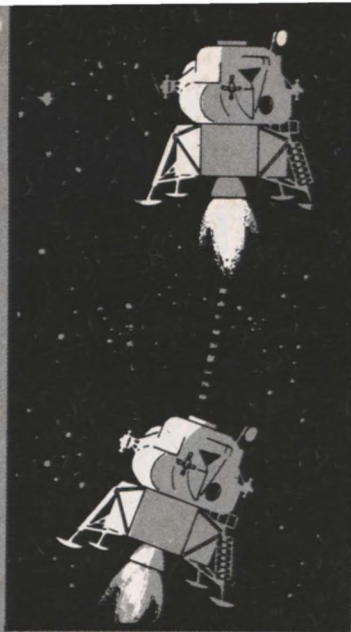
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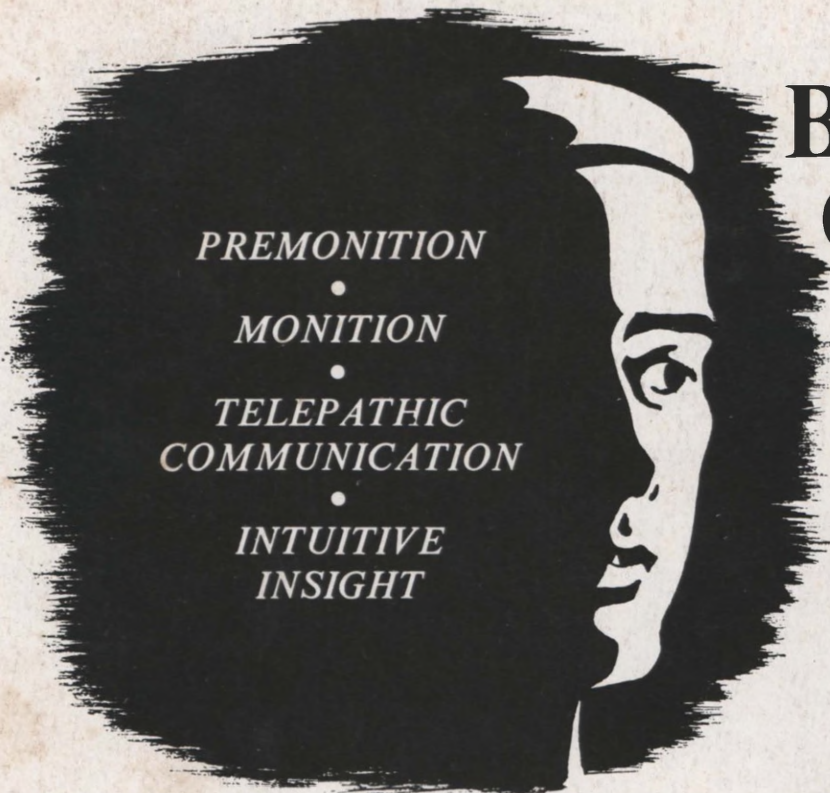
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