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ARTICLES AND STORIES

The Search for a Lost Mayan Temple	Gillett G. Griffin	32
Visit to Yesterday	Shannon C. Graham	41
Close Encounters Over Tucson	Wendelle C. Stevens	46
William James ... Ghostwriter?	Stanley Fisher and John Edminster	61
Your Dreams — Door to the Future	Irwin Ross	67
Turn Back! Turn Back!	L. Anthony Leicester	70
Confrontation by Exorcism	Judith Elliott	74
The Ghost of Mr. Cheatham	Raymond B. Padgett	82
A New View of Healing, Part 2	James Crenshaw	85

FEATURES

I See by the Papers	Curtis Fuller	7
"This Is Eternal Bliss. . ."		45
The Fury of a Woman Scorned	A. Porter S. Sweet	54
True Mystic Experiences	The Readers	55
Toward Bigger and Better Dreams	W. Ritchie Benedict	66
The Toss of a Coin	Lina Accurso	69
The Dolphins' Revenge		81
"Bible Saves"	Anthony A. Russo, Jr.	84
My Proof of Survival	The Readers	93
Books, News & Reviews	J. Gordon Melton	103
Report from the Readers	The Readers	113

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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Ideas without precedent are generally looked on with disfavor and men are shocked if their conceptions of an orderly world are challenged. A hypothesis earnestly defended begets emotional reaction which may cloud the protagonist's view, but if such hypotheses outrage prevailing modes of thought the view of antagonists may also become fogged.

— J. Harlen Bretz in
*Geological Society of
America Bulletin*, 1928

PARAPSYCHOLOGISTS may feel especially oppressed but the fact is that every scientific discipline faces the problem of getting new ideas accepted. The one difference is that almost all other disciplines gang up on the parapsychologists while only the affiliates of the other sciences feel they know enough to criticize.

The editor who writes under the pen name "Ariadne" in *New Scientist* recently commented on this "melancholy fact" in relation to the history of Alfred Wegener, the brilliant German theoretical geologist whose ideas of continental drift are today the basis of modern geophysics. Wegener's concepts have brought geology and geo-

physics out of the Dark Ages. We literally had no understanding at all of such processes as the formation of mountains, faulting, earthquakes, global plate tectonics, the movement of continents, distributions of fauna and flora, and many other linked mysteries before we had Wegener's theory.

He first propounded it in 1915. And it was almost universally rejected "even after 1928 when Arthur Holmes supplied the now accepted explanation of what might push the continents along" the earth's surface, according to Ariadne. (The moving force is subcrustal convection-currents in the earth's mantle.)

"What sank Wegener," says Ariadne, "were the calculations of the mathematician Harold Jeffreys, who claimed that rocks were much too rigid to slop about in this manner, and that anyway the continents were softer than the subcrust and so couldn't plough through it."

One of the problems, you see, was that Wegener had a cause. He was a partisan for that cause whereas Jeffreys, a shy Cambridge don, had nothing to gain or lose. "Moral: the madder your ideas, the more sober should be your image. Einstein . . . was lucky to get away with it."

"OUTRAGEOUS THEORY"

ODDLY ENOUGH, geologists were guilty of the same reactionary errors when confronted with the "outrageous" theories of J. Harlen Bretz in the 1920's. The lead article in the December 22 issue of *Science*, by Victor R. Baker, associate professor of geology at the University of Texas in Austin, is devoted to explaining the controversies surrounding Bretz's ideas and describing his vindication. The Mariner 9 and Viking missions to Mars have reconfirmed Bretz's controversial hypothesis of a catastrophic flood that helped mold the surface of eastern Washington. The photographs of Mars clearly show that water or some dynamically similar fluid probably was released in enormous quantities and thus shaped portions of the Martian surface.

Between 1923 and 1932 Bretz described an enormously complex system of stream channels which were eroded into the loess and basalt of the Columbia plateau in eastern Washington. He called the region the "Channeled Scabland" and argued that it had to be the result of a cataclysmic flood, which he called the "Spokane Flood."

A summary of the controversy in *Science* states: "Considering the nature and vehemence of the opposition to his hypothesis, which was considered outrageous, its eventual scientific verification constitutes one of the most fascinating episodes in the history of modern science. The discovery of probably catastrophic flood channels on Mars has given new relevance to Bretz's insights."

Bretz himself had some doubts simply because the amount of water

required by his theory was so enormous. But he concluded that huge waters were backed up by the melting of glaciers. Some of the opposition was due to the fact that he himself calculated that the amount of water needed to create the channels represented the melting of at least 42 cubic miles of ice daily.

But although there was no theory (as there is none in parapsychology) the field evidence convinced Bretz that he was right. Finally in 1928 he solved the problem of the Spokane flood by hypothesizing that the scabland flood had been caused by the abrupt failure of an ice dam that retained glacial Lake Missoula. And he illustrated clearly the relationship of Lake Missoula to the channeled scabland.

Most of you may never visit this picturesque region — I never have — and you may not be terribly interested in geological controversies. But the story is extremely important because it is a classic example of the opposition which rises to meet an unusual idea. Bretz himself repeatedly pleaded that his controversial theory be weighed not by emotion or intuition but by the established principles of the scientific method.

In 1940 at a meeting of the AAAS in Seattle, J. T. Pardee showed that Bretz had been right all along. He described gigantic "ripple marks" more than 45 feet high and more than 450 feet apart; he estimated that 2000 cubic kilometers of water had poured out during the flood. It is nice that Bretz, then nearly 70, was alive in 1952 when he was completely vindicated.



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THE PILTDOWN HOAX

CONSIDERING the opposition met by some really good hypotheses I have always been amazed by the eagerness with which the British paleontologists embraced Piltdown man in the early 1910's. The Piltdown artifacts were a series of carefully contrived relics meant to establish through the human skull fragments found with them that early men did indeed look the way contemporary thought said he looked.

That they were a hoax became public in 1953. Recently, fascinating new information has come to light suggesting that the hoax was carefully contrived by W. J. Sollas, professor of geology at Oxford University, to discredit Arthur Smith Woodward, an anthropologist whom he had disliked

since boyhood. Alas, the hoax went too far. It was immediately accepted by the scientific elite of Britain. Sollas had hoaxed not only Woodward but everyone else as well. He decided things had gone too far and did not confess to the joke.

Why was the hoax so successful? First, the Piltdown find fit the popular concept of Dawn Man. Also, human relics were being found in quantity in France and Germany and none had been found in Britain. "The Dawn Man of Piltdown satisfied British national pride, and even the later discovery of an artifact bearing a remarkable resemblance to a fossilized cricket bat failed to stir the seeds of skepticism," said one commentator.

Piltdown man was supposed to be a missing link between ape and human,

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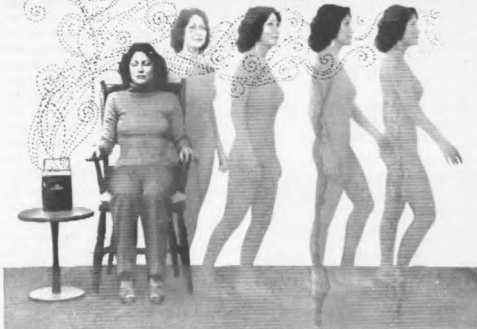
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with a human cranium and an apelike jaw. Alas, when true fossil skulls began to be discovered in Africa in the 1920's the reverse was true. The jaws were more human and the skulls more apelike.

In the words of *New Scientist*, "The Piltdown skull became an anomaly and then an embarrassment." It was critically examined in 1953 and was shown to consist of a modern skull and the jaw of an ape. Both had been treated to resemble fossils. The accompanying relics, which the experts in the teens believed helped to authenticate the find, also proved fraudulent.

The skull had been "discovered" by Charles Dawson, a solicitor and part-time geologist. But the experts who exposed the hoax felt that someone else had to be the real perpetrator. The suspicion that the culprit was Prof. W. J. Sollas was provided in a tape recording made shortly before his death in 1978 by Prof. J. A. Douglas, who succeeded Sollas at Oxford between 1937 and 1950. On this tape Douglas voiced his suspicions of Sollas, arguing that he bitterly disliked Woodward, the anthropologist who assisted Dawson in identifying the finds.



DANGERS OF JOGGING

IT ISN'T even safe to jog anymore. Near Newtown, Pa., patrolmen in Tyler State Park say that joggers have been attacked by a hawk at least five times in a single month. Sam Petryszak, a math teacher at Morrisville, and another unidentified jogger both suffered head lacerations. And in Kansas City Richard Lees, a six-foot, four-inch jogger who weighs 185

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pounds, was knocked to his knees by a much larger bird. This bird had a white underbelly, a wingspread of five or six feet and a white tail. The attack left Lees with three scratches and four puncture wounds. None of the victims believe they were attacked by UFOs.



DANGERS OF DRINK

A TEST that may be able to detect brain damage from alcohol as quickly as a chest X ray detects lung cancer has uncovered both good and bad news for heavy drinkers.

The bad news is that heavy consumption of alcohol causes cerebral atrophy, a condition in which the brain shrinks. The good news is that abstaining from booze can reverse the atrophy and the brain mass will expand significantly.

Studies by Dr. Peter L. Carlen, a neurologist at the University of Toronto and the Addiction Research Foundation, are the first to show that the brain improves when drinking stops. Normally an alcoholic will show some improvement in mental functioning when he stops drinking and alcohol is cleared from his blood. However, a second improvement which occurs weeks or months later has always puzzled researchers. Dr. Carlen says that it appears to be caused by the dramatic recovery of brain tissue.

Once a brain cell dies it cannot be regenerated but Dr. Carlen believes that in addition to destroying some brain cells, alcohol causes others to malfunction and shrink. These shrunk-en cells can recover when they are no longer under attack from alcohol.

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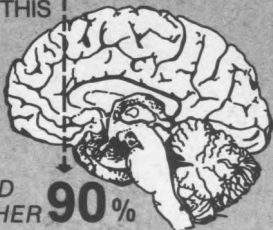
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shrunk brain tissue was measured by brain scans produced by computer tomography (CT), a new type of X-ray device that provides a complete cross-section view of body parts.

He defined a heavy drinker as anyone who consumes at least 12 ounces of whisky, 10 bottles of beer or one quart of wine daily for 10 or more years.

"I doubt that one or two drinks a day would do any harm to the brain but we really do not have much data on that," Dr. Carlen said.



PARANORMAL HEALING

DURING the past four years, Gary Null, director of the Nutrition Institute of America and Science Director of the Institute of Applied Biology, has conducted an in-depth study of paranormal healing phenomena. He and his associates at the Institute have traveled worldwide, tracking down prominent healers and reviewing documentation of their work.

Interviewing many paranormal healers Null found that in most cases a successful healing represented a combination of factors. In terminal illness, positive results might be attributed to the combination of conventional treatment simultaneously administered while the patient underwent healing sessions. In some documented cases the illness had been improperly diagnosed and the patient's recovery was to be expected. It soon became clear, from documents presented by the healers, that patients' recovery could not be attributed solely to psychic healing.

A carefully devised scientific experiment to study the validity of para-

normal healing was needed and in 1977 the Nutrition Institute of America in collaboration with the Institute of Applied Biology set out to establish such an experiment.

First, a consistently reliable method of experimentation was decided on. White female mice would be injected with Ehrlich adenocarcinoma ascites fluid (a potent carcinogenic agent), thus inducing malignant tumors which would inevitably result in the death of the mice. If parapsychological healing could be effected, changes in the condition of the mice could be measured, thereby confirming the existence of healing energies.

Second, hundreds of healers and medical doctors were invited to participate in the experiment. When documentation of their healings was checked, much of it proved unreliable. Results could rarely be duplicated and the validity of the healers' proof was questionable. Since no one case could be verified 50 healers were selected at random and asked to participate in preliminary screening tests. These were conducted under strict laboratory conditions and careful observation and documentation of the results were recorded.

Of the 50 healers tested, only one, Rabbi Abraham Weisman, produced significant results. His animals survived longer and in one of the treated mice a tumor totally regressed. Rabbi Weisman agreed to participate in additional experimentation.



ABRAHAM Weisman is an ordained rabbi and practicing cantor at a synagogue in New York City.

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Studying psychic healing with Dr. Shirley Winston and Dr. Lawrence LeShan in New York, he learned the techniques of touch healing (laying on of hands) and absentee healing. Then for three years he studied at New York's School of Actualism where he learned the method of Dr. Russell Paul Schofield who calls it "a teaching that heals and a healing that teaches." Rabbi Weisman contends that the step-by-step procedures of Actualism allow him to tap, channel and direct inner sources of life energy for healing. Some of these life energies accomplish the repair and maintenance of damaged structures. Another vitalizes the nervous system. A third provides antiseptic protection and fights infection. Still another brings unity and harmony to body and mind.

To begin the experiments the mice were inoculated with cancer cells, then separated at random. Half were to be treated and half to serve as controls. They were kept in a windowless room with heat, light and temperature controlled.

The two experiments which were conducted began on July 14, 1977, and concluded 20 days later. Once a day between 6:00 and 7:00 P.M. for 20 minutes on four consecutive days, Rabbi Weisman "treated" the mice. While Actualism is part of the ancient art of laying on of hands, he did not touch the animals. He held his hands with fingers extended and palms down approximately two or three inches above the cage.

Rabbi Weisman found his ability to concentrate became increasingly impaired as the disease progressed in the mice. He felt this was due to his feel-

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ings of compassion. Such emotions interfered with his ability to concentrate fully his healing energies.

In both experiments only the survival time from the start of the treatment was considered. In the first experiment, while the mean average of survival time was 8.9 days for the control group, it was 12.8 days in the treated group, an increase of 43.8 percent. The longest times of survival in the treated group were 19, 18, 14 and 13 days but in the control group they were 12, 12, 11 and 9. Moreover, the lowest survival times for the treated group were higher than for the controls.

In the second experiment, in which a smaller number of cancer cells had been introduced into the animals, the treated mice survived an average of 14.9 days and the controls, 12.9 days.

The Institute concludes: "Our tests showed that healer Abe Weisman was able to effect a palliation of cancer in mice which prolonged their lives for several days . . . Such results present enough evidence in favor of the concept of parapsychological healing to (lead to the conclusion) that further scientific study should be made of the phenomenon."



MONSTER SNAKE

REPORTS OF encounters with Bigfoot creatures have proliferated in recent years but here's a report of a different kind of monster:

Late in October Eileen Blackburn and her daughter, both of Helena, Mont., were traveling on Interstate Highway 15 about three miles south of Cascade when they saw a *huge* snake.

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"It was between 20 and 30 feet long and its coils were at least three feet across," she told a *Great Falls Tribune* reporter. "It covered my side of the freeway. It was standing, with its head up, and it was taller than the hood of my car.

"I tried to slow down and I'm sure I hit it or it struck the car because it hit high on the left-hand side of my car. It appeared to be a sort of a gray-white in color with a tan strip.

"It had a flat head that came down to a point and the head was wider than the body. The body was about six inches in diameter at its widest point and, from the way it stood and the shape of the head, it looked like a cobra. I've seen rattlesnakes, bull snakes and cobras and this looked like a cobra."

Mrs. Blackburn immediately re-

ported the incident to Cascade Chief of Police Earl Damon who went to the area but was unable to find anything. But he said, "That doesn't mean that it wasn't there or that she didn't see it." He said he had had other reports from area people who claimed to have seen the huge reptile.



NOW THERE'S CHESSIE

MYRTLE Smoot answered a telephone call from Donald P. Kyker, a neighbor who lives up the Potomac River near its confluence with Chesapeake Bay.

"There's a strange object swimming down the river," Kyker said. "It's about 25 feet long and grayish. It sort of undulates as it moves through the water."

The Smoot family went outside and

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watched the object swim down the river past their house. Within an hour, according to Anne Hazard of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*, the family saw three similar creatures, one large and two small, swimming upstream. Mrs. Smoot said she was frightened and her husband Howard, a sales rep-

resentative for Wolverine Brass Works, shot one of the smaller creatures in the neck with his .22 rifle. "When I hit it the forward three or four feet reared up and then they all sounded. We went out in the rowboat but there was no sign of it," Smoot said.

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Since June more than 30 people claim they have seen similar animals in the area. According to Kyker, a retired CIA official, they look "like a big snake 25 to 30 feet long with a head the size of a cantaloupe." Most of the reports have come from witnesses at the mouths of the Potomac, Rappahannock and Patuxent Rivers, where they empty into Chesapeake Bay.

Mary L. Lewis says she saw four or five serpents with heads "the size of two fists and necks raised three feet above the water" last June 27. C. Phillip Stemmer, an electronics engineer with a summer cottage next door to the Smoots, was with them during their sighting July 21. "Everyone who saw this was stone-cold sober as far as I know," he said. "It was the oddest thing I've ever seen. I can't relate it to anything."

What was it?

**EASY EXPLANATIONS**

THE ANSWERS come easy for those who weren't there. Officials of the Potomac River Fisheries Commission suggested the witnesses had seen schools of porpoises swimming and diving. Robert Norris, 65, executive secretary of the Commission, said he's lived on the river all his life and nothing like this was ever reported before. Kyker's wife Ann doesn't think she saw porpoises.

A few weeks before residents along the Yeocomico River near Kinsale, Va., had spotted a 60-foot monster with a head like a hobbyhorse. It turned out to be exactly that — a hobbyhorse head with about 200 feet of plastic tubing attached. It was made

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by members of the local rescue squad to liven up their annual fish fry.

But it would be very difficult for a plastic-tailed hobbyhorse to swim upstream. Stemmer said the creatures he saw moved up the river "like self-propelled logs." Approximately an inch of their bodies protruded above the water. They were 20 to 30 feet long, he estimated. He could not distinguish heads or necks. They swam three to five feet apart, left wakes in the water and moved faster than the current upstream.

According to Stemmer, the creatures submerged after Smoot fired his rifle three times. They did not reappear. But when the Smoots went out in the rowboat they found the water was only about three feet deep there, which certainly limits the possible size of the creatures.

Dr. Joseph Cooney, director of the University of Maryland's marine biology laboratory on Solomon's Island at the mouth of the Patuxent, doubts the creature exists as described. He says that the laboratory has maintained a flotilla of boats for various research projects in Chesapeake Bay for more than 50 years. "During all this time nobody on the research vessels has reported seeing anything such as has been described," he said.



EGYPTIAN DISCOVERY

SOME journalists are excited about the reported discovery of the bones of John the Baptist at St. Makarios monastery in Egypt's western desert. John the Baptist is the man who baptized Jesus and was be-

headed on order of King Herod Antipas at the request of his niece Salome.

In actual fact the bones were discovered two years ago, exactly where ancient manuscripts said they were buried.

"We didn't react at all when we found the tomb because we always knew it was there," says Father Jacob, a monk at the monastery. "Our life is not based on these findings but on living according to the teachings of our saints."

The discovery has excited not only the press but Dr. Abdel Rachman, an archaeologist at Cairo University. The coffin was opened the week of November 13, 1978, in the presence of an Egyptian journalist. Within a few days more than 10,000 pilgrims had visited the scene.

What they saw was a box of bones

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containing 14 skeletons but only 13 skulls — because John the Baptist was beheaded, according to the monks. The bones are said to include those of Elisha, the Old Testament Jewish prophet, also.

The tomb was only 18 feet from the altar of the ancient church, just as described in the manuscripts. The church itself is a fortresslike building constructed by Egypt's Orthodox Coptic Church in 360 A.D. It is located in the Natroun Valley about 60 miles northwest of Cairo.

According to Coptic tradition, the body of John was moved from Palestine to Alexandria in the Fifth Century A. D. It then was taken to the Makarios monastery in the 11th Century and hidden by Christians facing persecution in Egypt at that time.

Whether the remains truly include those of John the Baptist may never be known but the Egyptian Coptic community, numbering about three million persons, has celebrated a feast to him every year since the remains purporting to be his arrived at the St. Makarios monastery 900 years ago.



EASING OIL SHORTAGES

IN RECENT years conventional wisdom has agreed that most of the world's major oil fields already have been discovered. But now we are learning that truly enormous supplies exist in Mexico, although the Mexican National Oil Company — *Petroleos Mexicanos* (Pemex) — has known about the oil since 1973.

Early in 1978 Mexican President José Lopez Portillo announced that Mexican reserves would match those

of Saudi Arabia. William D. Metz, writing in the December 22, 1978, issue of *Science*, says, "Oil experts expect the figures to continue to rise as the exploration program goes forward. . . . The success rate so far leads key observers to predict that Mexico's total oil and gas reserves will soon surpass those of any of the countries that now qualify as superpowers."

Assessed Mexican reserves already are approaching 200 billion barrels — a third larger than those of Saudi Arabia, and as yet huge areas remain to be explored. One Mexican journalist told Metz that Pemex thinks it may have as much as 700 billion barrels — nearly twice the total of the entire Persian Gulf area.

The Mexican discoveries appear to make the United States Department of Energy unhappy, because its major thrust has been toward conservation. Metz says, "Not only has the Energy Department done nothing to facilitate sales of oil, but it has done things that some observers think might jeopardize future oil sales through its handling of the matter of Mexican gas."

He is talking about the veto by Energy Secretary Schlesinger of the price that a group of United States companies had agreed to pay for Mexican natural gas. The price Schlesinger rejected was \$2.60 per thousand cubic feet which was based on the world oil price in terms of comparable heating value of No. 2 heating oil. The Mexicans were very unhappy about this because there are few other practical markets for their natural gas.

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oil and energy resources are not yet coming to an end. Certainly all efforts should be made to improve our alternate energy technology but meanwhile we are a long way from calamity.



LOOKING TO THE SUN

THERE ARE bright hopes on the horizon for alternate energy sources also and these rich natural resource discoveries will help us buy the time to develop them.

One of the most promising alternatives — mentioned here before — is the development of amorphous materials for solar cells.

Stanford R. Ovshinsky, the unconventional electronics entrepreneur who has done so much of the work on these materials, claims that he will have solar cells ready to market by 1981, cells that can generate power competitive with conventional power plants.

Ovshinsky told *Science News* that his new alloy has at least a 10 percent energy-conversion efficiency and probably higher. Assuming a 20-year lifetime for solar cells, he says his firm could market cells "within three years" at 50 cents a peak watt, or the equivalent of about five cents per kilowatt-hour.

"If true," says *Science News*, "it would be competitive with the going rate for electricity — costing an average of 3.92 cents per kilowatt-hour nationally — but varying locally from two to nine cents. It's also a steep drop from the \$8 to \$10 per peak watt that crystalline silicon cells cost today."



OPPOSED TO HOLISM

SCP STANDS for Spiritual Counterfeits Project. There is an SCP Journal produced by the Berkeley Christian Coalition which has recently published a special holistic health issue. SCP Journal charges that the holistic health movement is attempting to infiltrate the United States medical establishment with Eastern philosophy and occult teachings.

The SCP group is opposed to the metaphysical views of many holistic health advocates — particularly the idea "of a 'God within' rather than a transcendent Judeo-Christian deity," according to Marilyn Ferguson, editor of *Brain/Mind Bulletin*.

She quotes from the SCP Journal as follows: "The religious point of view embodied in the holistic health movement is an integral part of the oc-

cult/mystical world view that is making a coordinated thrust into every aspect of our cultural consciousness. It is not a fad, it will not go away, and it is fundamentally hostile to biblical Christianity."



CONNECTICUT CASHES IN
STAMFORD, Conn., residents witnessed a moneyfall one evening in late 1978. They learned the pleasant way that while money may not grow on trees it sometimes falls out of the sky.

One man admitted to gathering \$360 in \$20 bills and when police arrived 40 minutes later only a single dollar bill remained in view. Witnesses estimate that about 50 lucky people harvested more than \$1000 in bills ranging in size from \$1 to \$50.

Police say the money was real.

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The Search For A Lost Mayan Temple

Part I

On Easter Sunday in 1912 an archaeological team stumbled on
a beautiful temple locked in a forested hollow . . .
and no one ever could find it again.

By Gillett G. Griffin

SEVERAL YEARS ago, while working on a guidebook of Mexico's archaeological sites with Michael Coe, who is an authority on ancient American cultures, I had to deal with the Maya site of Rio Bec and its famous temple. This temple, called simply Temple B, epitomizes a regional style of architecture about which comparatively little is known. All I knew about it then was that one odd building with twin false towers stood out in the bush somewhere in the middle of the Yucatan peninsula.

When I mentioned it to Coe he said, "You know it's been lost for 60 years." After a moment he added, "Why don't

we go in and find it? I'm sure we could. Everybody's looked for it but I bet we could find it in a couple of days."

So the adventure began — but as it turned out, when the opportunity arose to search for Temple B, Michael Coe was unable to join us because of the press of other work.

* * *

BY THE TIME the Spanish first rounded Cape Catoche and skirmished with the Maya at Champoton in 1517, the Maya civilization, exhausted by a long period of wars among feudal families, was all but dead. Its heyday had been the Classic



Merwin and Hay uncovered one of the rare architectural gems of the world. Merwin's 1912 photos of southeast corner, above, and facade, below, his notes and doctoral thesis proved it existed — *somewhere* in Rio Bec area.





THE SEARCH FOR A LOST MAYAN TEMPLE

period from about A. D. 400 to 800. Our knowledge of that great Classic Maya civilization is being reconstructed slowly and uncertainly by archaeologists and scholars who often disagree with one another. The whole Maya civilization was unknown to the world, even to its own descendants, until the expeditions of John Lloyd Stephens and Frederick Catherwood in 1839-1840 and 1841-1842.

One of the first hints that there might have been civilizations in Yucatan and Central America appears in a slim illustrated work entitled *Description of the Ruins of an Ancient City Discovered Near Palenque . . . translated from the original manuscript report of Captain Don Antonio del Rio*. When rumors of stone ruins in northern Chiapas reached Guatemala City late in the 18th Century, the authorities dispatched Antonio del Rio, an artillery captain, to explore the ruins in the hope of finding gold. In May 1787 he set to work with pickax and crowbar.

"By dint of perseverance," he wrote, "I effected all that was necessary to be done, so that ultimately there remained neither a window nor a doorway blocked up, a partition that was not thrown down, nor a room, corridor, court, tower, nor subterranean passage in which excavations were not effected from two to three yards in depth. . . ."

Antonio del Rio was the first literate European to fall under the spell of Palenque. He exceeded his duty by drawing plans of the site and making curiously wooden drawings of the stucco and limestone reliefs which caught his fancy. Thus he was the first

person of modern times to record Classic Maya art. He did not find gold, however, for the Maya who built Palenque had never seen gold.

Years later an Englishman picked up a copy of del Rio's report in Guatemala City. Translated into English and published in England, the little volume created a sensation among scientists and adventurers and inspired the first wave of Maya explorers by suggesting the possibilities of ancient civilizations in Central America.

John Lloyd Stephens and Frederick Catherwood, having read the del Rio report, determined to visit Palenque and Central America. Stephens was an

Juan Briceño, who guided searchers, is genuinely interested in architectural wonders of his ancestors and serves as custodian of spectacular Becan ruins.



Hugh and Suzanne Johnston

engaging travel writer, whose books still seem fresh today. Frederick Catherwood was an architect trained in the best tradition of 19th-Century draftsmanship; he understood the Maya style and copied the carvings and constructions without romantic interpretation or addition. Together these men discovered the existence of an ancient Maya civilization and determined its scope and scale.

Stephens and Catherwood still are the greatest Maya explorers. They wasted no time on Egyptian, Phoenician, Atlantean or other theoretical interpretations. While they undoubtedly visited more sites than anyone has since, they still missed the huge central area, the most densely populated part of the Classic Maya world, the Guatemala Peten area and the Rio Bec region north of it. They were in a hurry to get to Palenque and also to escape the civil wars and revolutions then plaguing Central America. From Palenque, fevers drove them northward to Uxmal and then home to the United States.

On their second trip (1841-1842) they followed up almost every clue in the Puuc and Chenes regions, but the Yucatan had not been properly mapped and this was another task they undertook. At the time they left the Yucatan the Caste Wars* began, preventing further exploration of the peninsula until the beginning of this century.

* * *

THE RIO BEC area was first explored by Comte Maurice de

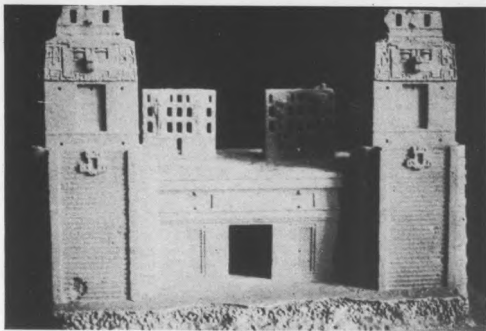
Perigny in 1908. Why he gave the name "Rio Beque" to the largest site in this hot dry region is a mystery. There is no *rio* (river) in the vicinity and "beque," presumably derived from the Maya word *bec* (oak), is a tree rarely seen in these forests. The name has stuck, however, with the simplified spelling "Rio Bec." The terrain is hilly limestone covered with tall trees, scrubby underbrush and thorny tangled vines (and rapacious ticks in season) which make it unpleasant for explorers.

Perigny discovered and published an account of a group of buildings, one of them in an architectural style heretofore unknown. It was a temple with two towers on the front corners. These towers were solid decorative miniature pyramids in the steep Tikal style. Nearly vertical false staircases led up to niches which represented doors in the false temples.

This unusual building inspired archaeologist Raymond E. Merwin and Clarence L. Hay, the son of Abraham Lincoln's assistant private secretary John Hay, to explore the region for Harvard's Peabody Museum. After seeing the Perigny buildings and encountering other buildings and complexes, on Easter Sunday in 1912 they stumbled on another temple locked in a forested hollow, completely camouflaged by a thousand years of forest growth. The temple was in good condition despite encroaching roots and deterioration. They had uncovered one of the rare architectural gems of the world.

They were so delighted that they concentrated on the temple for some time, measuring, photographing and

* From the 1840's until 1901 a Maya rebellion against the Mexican government was fomented from the village of Chan Santa Cruz. It became known as the War of the Castes and plunged much of the Yucatan into anarchy.



Sculptor Soichi Ichikawa's plaster model of lost building is considered the finest replica of a Maya temple ever made. Pictures of it appear in literature on Maya civilization and copies are in museums throughout the world.

recording its characteristics. Trained scientists that they were, they gave it the unromantic name "Temple B," having designated Perigny's building complex "Group A." Temple B was the most beautiful building they encountered among the numerous structures at Rio Bec.

After Merwin's death in 1928, Temple B remained Clarence Hay's obsession. In the 1930's he was associated with the American Museum of Natural History in New York and he commissioned Soichi Ichikawa, a sculptor, to make a detailed model of Temple B. Working from Merwin's comprehensive notes, plans and excellent photographs, Ichikawa completed his plaster model in 1935.

It is the finest model of a Maya temple ever made. Photographs of it can

be seen in literature on the Maya civilization and copies of the model are in museums throughout the world. But the building itself was lost after Merwin and Hay walked out of Rio Bec in 1912. Hay later wrote, "There is an ethereal and elusive quality in Rio Bec B. . . . The jungle is a jealous custodian of its mysteries."

Several expeditions and many individuals combed the area searching for the building. The two grandest expeditions were launched with Carnegie money in 1933 and 1934 under the leadership of Karl Ruppert, using many *chicleros*, local men familiar with these forests. Of the many groups of buildings located by Merwin in 1912, only one — Group F — was re-discovered by Ruppert. In frustration he wrote later, "To the northeast (of

Group F) is said to lie his beautiful Rio Bec B. . . . A search in 1934 failed to discover Building B. . . . The 1933 expedition did not realize that it was at the ruins of Rio Bec until its return to Chichen Itza, when geographic coordinates were checked. . . .

"The bush is so dense," Ruppert added apologetically, "that it is possible to be within a few meters of a structure without detecting its presence. . . ."

The search for Temple B lured many archaeologists and adventurers into the forests of Rio Bec. The late J. Eric Thompson, the most influential Maya scholar and archaeologist of this century and author of numerous books on the Maya, went through the area in 1936 and noted, "According to the maps, we found the place referred to by *chicleros* as 'Aurora' and should have ridden bang through Group B, where the outstanding building was found by Merwin, and we should have passed close to his Groups C, D and E, but we saw not a trace of them. It is said that one can easily cross the Pacific without sighting an island and something similar applies to ruins in the sea of tropical forest."

It became obvious that Merwin was a wretched cartographer. The real problem was to relate the one known Merwin site, Group F, to the others, all of which were lost.

More recently, the late E. Wyllys Andrews IV, one of a dynasty of archaeologists who have worked in the Maya area, became fascinated by the quest. He and Jack Eaton, an engineer who worked for Andrews on a number of projects, combed the area with fervor and devotion, clearing roads and

trails, recording new temples and groups, trying to coordinate Merwin with Ruppert, without ever finding either Group A or Temple B. Handsome rewards were offered to *chicleros* and woodsmen for locating Temple B — all to no avail.

And that is where things stood when Michael Coe lightly suggested that we could find Rio Bec B.

* * *

I DON'T see myself as an adventurer — I am a teacher at Princeton University. Quite by chance a husband-and-wife team of filmmakers, Hugh and Suzanne Johnston, took my course in Pre-Columbian Art of Mesoamerica. They were planning to make a film about the cultural variety of Mexico and they asked me to be an adviser. The result was *Viva Mexico!* which portrayed the ancient and modern art, the fiestas and the tempo of life in Mexico. As we traveled around Mexico creating the film, the idea of a film or a series of films on the Maya and other pre-Columbian civilizations occurred to them. Again they asked me to advise.

They were faced with the problem of how to bring an ancient civilization to life for 60 minutes, how to create a film of depth and insight without being static or pedantic. On a tour of the Mexican Maya area in August 1971 it was my task to suggest possible approaches.

Maya civilization — despite the fact that so little is known about it — was huge and complex. Its geographical aspect alone is staggeringly varied. One has to digest a great number of names, facts, theories and a different life-style from the American or Euro-

pean norm. In the course of the tour, after an exceptionally strenuous trip to Yaxchilan, I insisted that we revisit Palenque, my favorite Maya site. While having lunch there one day we overheard a woman talking about her trip the day before to Rio Bec. *Rio Bec!* I had never met anyone who had set foot on the place! I introduced myself and learned the woman was Linda Schele, a teacher in the art history department of the University of Southern Alabama. Yes, she said, she had been there yesterday. Had she seen a twin-towered temple? Yes, but the car had broken down and she was forced to leave the forest. According to her, Juan Briceño, caretaker of Becan, could guide us there before the rains came.

The next day we pulled into Becan, spectacular Late Classic ruins surrounded by a dry moat which include, among other architectural styles, a Rio Bec-style building. I had been there before and without trouble we located Juan Briceño, a stocky Maya of Northern Yucatecan descent who was born in Calderitas, near Chetumal, and who had come to Xpuhil as a youth to become a *chiclero*.

The *chiclero* is the unsung gauchito of the Yucatan. "Easterners" could be filmed about *chicleros*. They have to know the dense forest and its harsh ways, how to survive under the most wretched conditions — and the work is seasonal, their season being the worst one, the rainy season.

Chicle, the sap of the *zapote* tree, is the base for chewing gum. Maya exploration has been vastly accelerated because of chewing gum — Chiclets,

Wrigley's Spearmint, whatever. The tough hardy tree grows in the rain forests of the Peten and north into the state of Campeche and the territory of Quintana Roo — right in the center of the Yucatan peninsula.

Armed with a machete and a built-in sense of direction, the *chiclero* must go out into the mud in the rainy season, locate the tree (which grows to a height of more than 100 feet) and climb the vertical limbless trunk, making a series of V-shaped slashes as he goes. The sap of the *zapote* tree is gathered in cans, then boiled like maple syrup and brought to central stations in the form of crude spheres. The work is rough, hard and lonely — but enterprising. A *chiclero* covers territory otherwise never penetrated, hacking his way through spines and vines. He must be totally self-reliant. He must know every kind of shrub, tree, herb, ant, wasp, snake and jaguar and what water is drinkable and how to find it. He has to solve hundreds of problems to survive.

Juan Briceño began as a *chiclero*, then for 18 years worked as a woodsman for the logging companies searching for mahogany and cedar. Years ago his integrity and industry brought him to the attention of the archaeologists and finally he was appointed custodian of Becan. Among his other fine qualities, Juan is genuinely interested in the scattered architectural wonders of his ancestors, all of which surpass any modern building he has ever seen.

Juan eagerly showed us Becan and Chicanna, a site which he and engineer Jack Eaton had uncovered, and he took us to a splendid temple which he had just found. Hugh Johnston

asked Juan if he knew of the twin-towered Temple B. Yes, Juan said, and it is possible to drive in or ride in on horseback in the dry season but when the rains come, roads and trails are impassable.

By this time the idea of finding a "lost" temple in the thick forest and clearing it of its mantle of brush had become a fixed part of the Maya film project. Suzanne writes the scripts for the Johnstons' films and after their first Maya exposure, she had written a proposal for WNET/13 in New York which evinced a dazzling grasp of the Maya world. The proposal suggested approaching the Maya through art, architecture and science and showing how the modern Maya live and plant in the highlands and lowlands. Finding and clearing a temple would be an added bonus, an aspect of archaeology which would appeal directly to the ad-

venturer in everyone. The Johnstons and WNET also liked the idea of the production of a cultural film resulting in a specific contribution to archaeological knowledge.

I did my best to prepare us all for disappointment in our quest for Temple B but it lay out there in the forest somewhere and the passion of the Johnstons was not to be cooled. We took off toward Chetumal as soon as we could, knowing the rainy season was close upon us. By the time we reached Chetumal, we were in the teeth of a hurricane and Hugh was violently ill from a provincial venison stew we had eaten on the way. The rains had wiped out the roads by the next day and nothing further could be accomplished on that trip.

(This is Part I of a three-part article.)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

GILLET G. GRIFFIN, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1928, entered the Yale School of the Fine Arts in 1947 to study painting. In 1950 he switched to graphic design and was graduated in 1951 with a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree. After additional work as a special student in 1951-52, he was hired by Princeton University Library as Curator of Graphic Arts, a post he retained until 1966. After spending a year in Mexico painting and exploring he returned to the Princeton Art Museum as Curator of Pre-Columbian and Primitive Art.

Several years later Mr. Griffin was asked to give a seminar in pre-Columbian art in Princeton's Department of Art and Archaeology and has been teaching there ever since. He also has taught at Williams College, Trinity College and Rutgers. For the last decade he has been an adviser to the trustees of Harvard University at Dumbarton Oaks, Washington, D. C.

In his explorations in Mexico, Mr. Griffin and an associate identified the earliest paintings yet discovered in the new World (in the cave of Juxtlahuaca, Guerrero) and while working at Chalcatzingo, Morelos, he recorded the earliest depiction of the rain god Tlaloc.



VISIT TO YESTERDAY

I saw the caballero scramble up through the chimney and flee into the night — I knew somehow I was back in the 18th Century.

By Shannon C. Graham

GROWING UP an only child in a small Missouri town, I was taught by my doctor-father that fact was fact. Anything that bordered on the occult, the mysterious or the ghostly could be explained and that was that. I never found reason to question him — until one day in October 1964.

My older daughter Adele, my 11-year-old son Nick and I had been in

California a short time eagerly exploring the various tourist attractions. We were particularly fascinated by the missions and at last came the day we had set aside for a trip to Mission San Fernando Rey de Espana about 30 miles from Fullerton, where we were living.

I remember the day vividly. It was typically warm and smoggy but a breeze reminded us that the Pacific



Drawn to an unmarked wooden slab in the graveyard, the author feels sure the body of the man she had seen in her vision lies buried there.

was just over the mountains. Without the foggiest notion of how to get to the mission itself, we avoided the Hollywood Freeway and headed out over Cahuenga Pass and into the residential section of the town of San Fernando. After a few minutes Nick, our pilot on these jaunts, said, "Mother, we've missed the street."

I scarcely heard him. I felt I had traveled this way before and the mission lay at the end of this winding street. The children protested loudly, reminding me that I had never been in California until a few weeks ago and certainly never in the town of San Fernando. Yet I heard my voice saying, "No, we haven't missed the street. I'm sure the mission is this way."

Suddenly the street turned sharply and the mission came into view. There, just as we had seen them in the travel brochures, were the graceful arches and columns that make up the 240-foot-long colonnade of the mission's main building, its cream-colored adobe walls and red tile roof sheltered as they had been for over a century by great pepper trees.

Nick and Adele could not believe that their usually wrong-way mother had somehow stumbled onto our destination. We parked on the street in front of the mission and got out of the car. The mission garden was on our right and without waiting for Adele and Nick, I walked hurriedly toward the myriad roses, bougainvillea and oleanders, saying to myself, "This is not right. Why is this here?"

"What are you talking about?" Adele asked as she caught up with me.

"I don't know," I replied. That is the most truthful statement I will ever

make in my life. My actions completely bewildered me, yet my erratic behavior seemed so right. I froze before the statue of Father Serra which stands to the right of a star-shaped adobe fountain in the center of the garden.

"This doesn't belong here," I said. "This fountain was in the old mission field."

"What do you mean, mission field?" Nick asked, coming to stand beside me.

"This was all a field when the mission was built," I said. "The fountain stood in the field then."

"Come on, Mom, cut the spooky stuff," Nick said. "Let's see the rest of the mission."

"All right," I replied in a voice I hardly recognized. My mind kept repeating, "I know this place. It is not the same as before but I know it!"

Mechanically I followed my children across the street separating the garden from the main mission. We walked into the shadow of the adobe arches, entered a door in the center of the building and stood in the gift shop waiting for our eyes to adjust to the soft dim light.

We were the only tourists at the moment and an attractive gray-haired woman came from behind a display case and motioned us to follow her as she began to talk about the mission. We walked down a hall behind her, stopping to admire the wooden statues carved by some Indian hand long ago. The faces, once painted in bright reds and blues, had faded but the savage artist had caught a reverence of expression, a beauty not seen even in works of the Old Masters.



Statue of Father Serra stood next to "out of place" adobe fountain.

The building was cool even in the summer heat but I was abnormally cold, my hands clammy. I tried to shrug off the strangely disturbing scenes my mind kept conjuring up and I thought, "I shouldn't have eaten all that shrimp last night."

Our guide paused in the doorway of a small windowless room. Before she spoke I knew what she was going to say. I whispered to Nick, "This is where we cured the meat."

"You've been acting weird ever since we got here," he said, "but for gosh sake, don't try to tell me they cured meat in this cubbyhole."

I was sure the kiln had been built right into the small room with a huge chimney up through the roof. I stepped into the small room and stared upward at the sky through the smoke-

blackened chimney. About halfway up the chimney an iron rod was fastened from side to side. Momentarily I saw halves of beef and pork hanging there and turning in the smoke from the coals below.

A second later the picture changed. I saw the figure of a man in the tight pants, short jacket and sombrero of the caballero grasping the iron rod with both hands. For a moment he hung there, legs flailing wildly. Then the toes of his heeled boots found a hole in the adobe bricks and he clambered up the chimney and out of sight into the night. *Night!* My reeling senses told me it was broad daylight of a sunny October afternoon. Yet I had witnessed what I was sure was an escape attempt. Had I actually seen this in another time? The voice of our guide brought me back to reality. Trembling, I followed her into the courtyard behind the mission.

"Mother, what in the world is wrong with you?" My daughter told me later she grabbed my arm to get my attention. "You're as white as a sheet." To this day I can't recall that she spoke to me. I neither heard nor answered her.

The guide led us up a dirt path toward

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

SHANNON C. GRAHAM, born on November 15, 1919, attended Southwest Missouri State University and Draughton's Business University and taught elementary school for a number of years. Today she works in the office of the Attorney General of the State of Missouri. She has two grown children, Adele and Nick. She lists her hobbies as piano-playing, doing historical research, writing and reading.

some outbuildings. I dropped behind, vaguely aware that Adele walked with me while Nick ran ahead with the guide. I hoped I had had enough hallucinations for one day but a new, more upsetting experience awaited me.

Without warning I was overcome by grief. Indescribable sorrow consumed me as if I had suffered some irretrievable loss. I stumbled, my eyes blinded with tears, and would have fallen without Adele's support.

We had reached the mission cemetery, its graves marked by wooden crosses. They were crudely made, just two lengths of board nailed together, some standing, some fallen, as if scattered aimlessly by some unseen hand amid the grasses and wildflowers around them. I was drawn toward a wooden slab that stood apart from the others. As if hypnotized, I stared at the weathered board, stricken by soul-searing grief and despair.

"*Que bonita es el mundo; lastima es que yo me muera,*" Adele whispered.

"What did you say?" I asked.

"It means, 'How beautiful the world. How sad that I must die.' It seems to fit this place."

Tears coursed down my cheeks as the impact of her words hit me. I bent forward, looking for a date, a name, a sign on the weathered slab. If there ever had been anything carved there, it had been obliterated by time and the elements. As I looked at the plain piece of wood I felt that this six-foot plot of earth held the body of someone I had loved — and lost.

I also knew that whoever lay here had died outside the Church, for his grave was not marked by a cross. Who

was he? Why had they allowed him to be buried here at all? And what had he meant to me?

My mind flashed back to the scene in the chimney, the man fleeing — from what? The law, an unknown assailant, hostile Indians? I must have been there that night and witnessed his flight or how would I know what had happened in that smoke-filled chimney? But he had not escaped — this I knew as surely as I was standing here. Even to this day I am convinced that his body lay beneath that weathered piece of wood.

I will never know how long I stood there almost sobbing with anguish and reliving some long-ago experience. I'm sure it was just that. At last my daughter led me away, trying to get me to tell her what was wrong. She said it seemed at least 20 minutes after we reached the car before I returned to the present. I don't remember that 20 minutes during which she says she got water from the fountain and bathed my ashen face while I sat weeping.

Nick came to the car and said in a disgusted voice, "What's the matter with you two anyway?" Then he saw me and asked Adele, "What's Mom carrying on about? You'd think someone had died."

This brought me back from the past and I turned to face him. "You'll never believe this," I said in a quavering voice, "but I know I've been here before."

"I figured that," my son said sarcastically. "But Mother, that's *déjà vu* and everybody has that. They don't come unglued like you have."

"I know about *déjà vu*," I protested, trying to pull myself together. "This is

different. I don't want to talk about it. Let's go home." I was eager to return to the real world and forget everything that had happened to me. I did not know then that I would never be able to put it completely out of my mind.

On an afternoon I shall never forget, I lived not in the 20th Century but in the 18th Century when Franciscan monks inhabited California and In-

dians attended the mission schools, raised the crops and tended the vineyards. And perhaps a dashing Mexican bandito touched my life for a few days or months. Now he lies under a wooden slab in the little cemetery of a mission called San Fernando Rey de Espana.

The question that will forever haunt me is: "Who was I?"



"THIS IS ETERNAL BLISS . . ."

NEW YORK psychologist Dr. Karlis Osis' studies of death and dying indicate that dying experiences are remarkably similar whether happening to a Christian in America or to a Hindu in Bombay. One who agreed with Dr. Osis' suggestion that dying "may be the most exciting part of living" is the great psychiatrist Dr. Carl Jung, according to Allen Spraggett's column "The Unexplained" in the *Toronto Sun*.

Dr. Jung looked back on the experience of returning from death as the most profound and wonderful of his life. In 1944 he suffered a heart attack and died. While doctors were working frantically to revive him Jung was transported far above the earth, he said, and hung suspended in space. Below he saw the earth "bathed in glorious blue light," the continents unrolling like a vast multihued carpet. Off to one side Jung saw a magnificent templelike edifice and he was about to enter an illuminated room therein

where he would meet, he sensed, "all those to whom I belonged in reality."

He felt that "the whole phantasmagoria of terrestrial existence would be stripped away" and that he was about to penetrate at last the riddle of existence.

At that moment an image floated toward him. It was Jung's doctor, pleading with him to return. The vision faded and Jung opened his eyes in his sickroom and realized he was alive — but he did not feel joy.

"The world struck me as a prison," he said, "and a painful nostalgia for the glorious place I had visited haunted me for weeks." Jung rejected the notion that his experience was fantasy or hallucination.

"The experience was utterly real," he said. "It had the quality of absolute objectivity. I can describe it as ecstasy, a state in which present, past and future are one, beyond time, beyond longing.

" 'This is eternal bliss,' I thought."



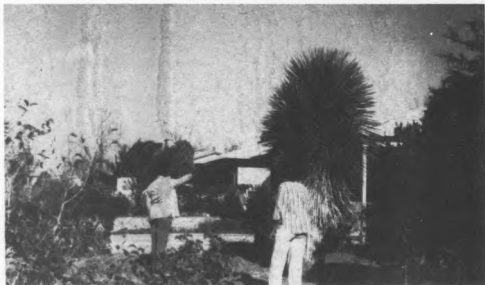
A WOMAN WHO CAN KEEP HER MOUTH SHUT

BERTHA LOWE was one of a group of senior citizens traveling by bus from New York to Greensboro, N. C., for a bowling tournament. Near Havre de Grace, Md., a sniper's bullet pierced the bus window, struck Mrs. Lowe in the lower lip and was stopped by her teeth, according to Maryland police. She might have been fatally wounded, investigators said, if her mouth had been open when the bullet struck.

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OVER TUCSON

Humanoids, mystery helicopters and bizarre UFO behavior figure in four spectacular but unpublicized sightings.

By Wendelle C. Stevens



Alice Buckner reenacts her encounter with the UFO which hovered just below the top of Spanish sword bush in the right center of photo. Lois Stovall is at right.

OVER A TWO-month period in early 1977 four spectacular but unpublicized close encounters with UFOs took place within the city limits of Tucson, Ariz. In each instance there were several witnesses. In two of the cases occupants of the craft were seen.

The first encounter was on Thursday, February 10. About 7:30 that evening Lois Stovall, who lives just south of Lillian Cavett Elementary School, was sitting on her living room couch, which faces the school, when she noticed a light like a bright star or flame rising to the left of the school,

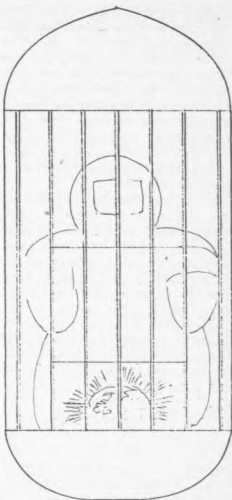
just as an airplane appears to rise over the horizon.

The strangely beautiful light came around the southwest corner of the school and passed over the corner of the building and behind the two trees which grow south of the structure. It then curved toward Lois' house, flying below treetop level, and descended to within a few inches of the ground almost directly in front of her house but on the school side of the fence. After hovering momentarily almost directly over a bare spot on the school lawn, it began to move again.

At this point Lois spoke to her grandmother Alice Buckner who was also sitting in the living room and they both stepped to the door for a better view. As they watched, the strange object rose and headed toward them. It came over the fence into their yard and paused again near a small tree for a couple of minutes. The women went out into the yard and stood less than 50 feet from the object, which seemed to move slowly toward them.

The object was almost capsule-shaped, cylindrical with blunt rounded ends both top and bottom. The top was slightly more rounded than the bottom. The cylindrical side between the top and bottom end-curvatures was transparent and inside, on what appeared to be the floor, the two women could see the bright light which first had attracted Lois' attention. The light was like a flame with leaping streamers of red and blue fire within an overall mass of bright but not brilliant white light.

The transparent front section of the capsule was lined with dark vertical bars connected by a transparent glass-



Cylindrical UFO passed over the school grounds and into witnesses' backyard.

like surface and behind that was the strangest sight of all.

Stovall and Buckner gaped in astonishment at a human-shaped figure clothed in a gray "space suit" that looked puffed up like a balloon except that it had ridges or rings of "padding" around the joints of the arms and legs. The figure appeared to be the size of a

six-year-old boy. The women could see no facial features through the faceplate nor could they detect hands or feet at the ends of the appendages. The figure was crouched inside the small, enclosed cabin with what should have been his hands held slightly forward and just above the knees — as if he were holding controls although no controls were visible. In fact the cabin looked completely bare except for the figure and the flame.

Stovall and Buckner were not the only witnesses to the event.

Mrs. Dessie Turner, who is Mrs. Buckner's neighbor on the east, also saw it. She was in her bathroom brushing her teeth at 7:30 when she saw what she thought was a car turning around in the street in front of the house. It seemed to take longer than it should have so she went to the front door to look out the security peephole. Through it she saw a strange light too high above the ground for automobile lights. Puzzled, she stepped to the front window for a better view.

The source of the light proved to be a brilliant luminous oblong object positioned on the floor behind the glass front of a large capsule-shaped craft. The mysterious object was hovering at treetop level over her driveway and in front of her neighbor's house. She estimated the capsule-shaped craft to be about 6½ feet high and about 2½ feet in circumference. The front half of the cylinder shape was transparent and Mrs. Turner thought she could see a shadowy figure behind the "glass." The glass front was turned slightly away from her at an angle facing Mrs. Buckner's house.

She then saw Buckner and Stovall

out in their yard also looking at the strange craft. Turner watched the light until it ascended out of sight heading south over her carport and the roof of her house. The object was not yet out of sight when she called a television station and reported what she had seen. She also phoned another neighbor to tell her to look out to the south to see it but it was too far away for the neighbor to distinguish it from the stars by the time she got outside.

All three women reported seeing another puzzling sight as they were watching the UFO: three helicopters with glowing red cabin lights flew at very low altitude over the school grounds. One in fact passed almost directly over the small capsule and flew on to the west as if it hadn't seen the object at all — a notion the various observers considered incomprehensible. The other mystery helicopters crisscrossed the school grounds while the capsule was hovering. Then as the UFO was climbing away to the south and Lois Stovall followed it around the house, she saw five or six helicopters in the air in that direction.

The Tucson Police Department told me that it owns only three helicopters and one of those is a trainer which is never used at night; the other two are seldom in operation at the same time. The department has never flown all three together at night and it had no mission or calls of any kind from that area on that night. Davis-Monthan Air Force Base has five helicopters but a spokesman said that only a special operational order for a major flight exercise would put that many in the air at the same time on any day; there had been no such order. The area Air Traf-

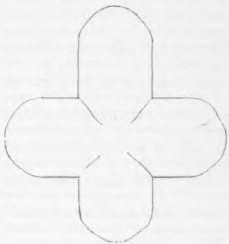
fic Control Center has no record of any army helicopter flights through Tucson airspace on the evening of February 10. The air force and the police had no joint helicopter exercises at any time during the month of February.

The location of the sighting places the UFO $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles west-northwest of Davis-Monthan Control Tower and $4\frac{1}{4}$ miles due north of Tucson International Airport tower, on a course line coming from over downtown Tucson and proceeding southeast directly between the two large airports, the towers of which are within sight of each other. Neither tower registered, recorded, reported or received reports of anything unusual in the area that night. The RAPCON (Radar Approach Control) office said it tracked nothing unusual that night.

* * *

ELEVEN DAYS later, at 7:30 in the evening of Monday, February 21, Dorothy Sanders and Trudy Clayton were driving just northwest of the Tucson High School when they noticed what they thought was a silver airplane coming from the east and moving in a southwest direction. But the "airplane" didn't behave like an airplane. Its motion was jerky and erratic and although the moonless sky was dark, its silver shape, which had no lights of any kind, was easily visible. It had no windows and no markings. The observers compared its color to that of brushed silver.

The object was "cross"-shaped, like two cylinders crossed slightly ahead of the center. The "wings," with rounded ends, were as large and cylindrical as the "fuselage." The object flew errati-



Flying low over telephone wires this UFO emitted whining and clicking sounds.

cally but retained the cross shape throughout this part of the sighting. It had no tail — the "fuselage" just rounded off bluntly.

When first seen it was as high as a passing airplane might have been. Then it descended to a little over twice the height of the telephone wires, flying first on one side of them and then on the other side.

When Dorothy Sanders, who was driving the Clayton car, shut off the engine, rolled the window down and leaned out, she could hear a low whining sound unlike anything she had ever heard before. The UFO, the size of a small plane, flew so low over the wires that Sanders thought it might hit them but it didn't. As it passed over the wires, she heard two "clicks" in rapid succession.

Then she started the car and continued on her errand. Some minutes later, when they returned to Cherry

Avenue and 13th Street, where they had first seen the mysterious object, it was still there. It flew over them two more times as they watched. Again it passed right over the wires, looking as if it might hit them. During the next two or three minutes the object maneuvered randomly around the area, not showing any particular interest in the car, the wires or anything else.

Finally the women started for home.

Fifteen minutes later, at 8:30, they arrived at Sanders' house and were astounded to see the same — or an identical — object above the home at a higher altitude than before. They pulled into the driveway and shut off the engine but couldn't hear any sound at all. Getting out of the car Sanders called her niece Carolyn Howard, nephew David Howard and grandchildren who all came out to watch the UFO flit and bounce around the sky. After a few moments everyone except Carolyn Howard went inside. She remained in the driveway and saw the object circle the house twice. She could not understand why it was so plainly visible in the night sky when it wasn't luminous. But she thought it looked "pretty."

Suddenly the object descended directly over the house, coming down at a very steep angle. It didn't dive so much as "float" rapidly down. It now was shaped like a torpedo and no longer had "wings." As the UFO got closer, it seemed actually to get larger — much larger.

Frightened, Carolyn Howard stepped back thinking she could not avoid being hit; it seemed so enormous that she was sure it would wipe out not only her block but the nearby blocks.

She tried to scream but couldn't make a sound.

But the object didn't crash. Instead it straightened out at the bottom of the dive and climbed back up to its original altitude. As it resumed circling Howard noticed that the "wings" were visible again.

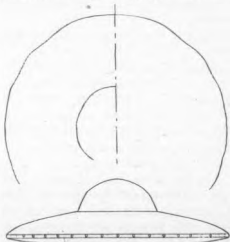
The object was still there when she rejoined her family in the house.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. Andrew P. Kerlin went out to dinner on Saturday evening, March 12, leaving their four children, Madeline, 15, Andrea, 13, Eric, 11, and Meliss Ann, five, at home. While their parents were gone Madeline, Andrea and Meliss Ann watched television and Eric played outside with his friend Tammy Fannin, a neighbor. They had no idea that they were about to undergo a dramatic UFO experience.

Madeline was first to spot the strange object. At 7:15 she went to the door to call Eric when she noticed a

Kerlin children saw disc-shaped object execute dishing, scooping maneuvers.



very bright light in the northeast, over the corner of a cottage and a tree. She thought it was much too bright and too big for a star; maybe, she speculated, it was the big white approach light of an airliner coming into Tucson International Airport. Then she realized the color wasn't white but yellowish-white.

She pointed it out to Eric and Tammy and the three of them watched it move west in a "bobbing" motion. Madeline, losing interest, returned to her television program.

Eric and Tammy ran across the parking court of the nearby Tucson Motel toward the object as it continued its slow westward descent. As it did so, the bright yellow-white lights became visible along the middle of the object; the object itself appeared to change from a round to an oval shape. Eric and Tammy then realized that the lights were on the rim of a circular object which was rotating slowly in a counterclockwise direction, apparently at about two revolutions a minute.

It engaged in some strange dishing, scooping maneuvers as it moved slowly west. Twice it tilted at an angle, revealing a small dome on top. This dome was the same color as the rest of the object. Once it slowed almost to a stop and hovered over the Diversion Channel for a minute or more. The children tried to run up under it but ran into the perimeter fence on the north side of the Tucson Motel.

They followed it along the north fence toward the "Y" junction of the Tucson Diversion Channel and Julian Wash. The object then changed direction and flew along the Diversion Channel toward the spot at which the

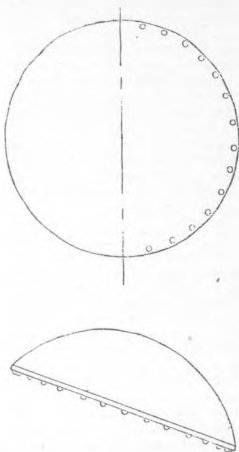
channel passes under the Benson Highway. Eric and Tammy were closest to it at this point; later, when I interviewed them, they said from their vantage point the object covered an area of the sky equivalent to a space of 25 to 30 inches at arm's length. They could hear a variable high-pitched hum emanating from it.

Suddenly Eric fell to his knees in the gravel. He got up only to fall again. He tried to stand twice more with the same result and ended up with badly bruised knees.

Meanwhile Tammy was walking toward the UFO with arms outstretched. Then the UFO began to rise again and to move faster. It dimmed all of its lights as it crossed Benson Highway no more than 250 feet above the roadbed. After crossing the highway it turned on its rim lights again and continued its ascent toward the southwest. At about air traffic pattern height it blinked out and was no longer visible.

The object apparently gone, the children went inside to watch television. They had been following the object for a little less than half an hour. They were all talking about it when they heard a strange sound outside; it sounded like a low-flying jet airplane except that it was a rising and falling whine rather than the steady roar they were accustomed to hearing from passing airliners.

Eric and Tammy dashed outside again. Andrea, who was watching from the door, described seeing an object that resembled the top of a sphere which had been sliced into three parts. The UFO was completely smooth and unbroken in line and contour. Dark



A rising and falling whine alerted children to appearance of this UFO.

gray in color, it had reddish-orange lights closely spaced around the flat rim and moving at about 60 revolutions per minute. It was flying just above the treetops with its leading edge tilted at a 20- to 30-degree angle. It was only half as large as the earlier object and was much closer.

It was first seen moving from the east toward the northwest. Then it changed direction slightly to due west and passed almost directly over the

Kerlin home, still just a few feet above the treetops. The children could make out the dark shape in the night sky from the reflected light of the rim illumination and from the short double trail — reminiscent of a meteor trail — that shot out directly behind the object, which was moving at approximately the speed of a helicopter.

After reenacting the episode with the witnesses I believe the first object must have been about 25 to 30 feet in diameter and the second 12 to 15 feet. Apparently the first object descended over the Detention Reservoir northeast of Campbell and Ajo, approached the Tucson Motel (which sits alone between the Benson Highway and Julian Wash), then turned west and followed the Diversion Channel to where it passes under Benson Highway, crossed the road and continued toward the southwest. The second one appeared from the south, crossed the Benson Highway just east of the Tucson Motel, turned northwest and then west, recrossed the highway where the Diversion Channel goes under, and disappeared in the west.

* * *

ALTHOUGH Andrea Kerlin played only a minor role in the sighting just described, she was a major figure in a bizarre encounter which took place exactly one month later, on Tuesday, April 12. This incident may have been the strangest one of all.

At 3:30 that afternoon Andrea and her friend Bridgitt O'Connor, 11, were walking east up the Tucson Diversion Channel from where it passes under the Benson Highway toward its junction with Julian Wash. They were coming up the sloping access road

from the bottom to the south side of the wash when Bridgitt suddenly spotted something ahead.

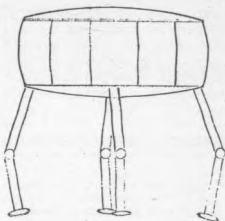
Three blocks east, just above the confluence point of the Channel and the Wash was a drum-shaped dark gray object with four to six "legs" hanging down from its outside edge. She thought it looked very much like a huge gray spider. It was rising from a clump of reddish-brown bushes several hundred feet east of the point.

It ascended slowly to an altitude of about 30 feet, then shot off toward the southeast, making a swift curving sweep up and away to the right. Bridgitt looked at Andrea and asked "Did you see that?", and Andrea said, "What is it?" By that time it was gone.

But the strange episode was not over. In the clump of reddish bushes where the "spider" had appeared, they saw a strangely dressed, thin, humanlike figure with long dark-brown hair, dressed in a blue jacket and brown pants and footgear. Following the being were five identically dressed but smaller figures. They came up to the shoulders of the larger figure who was of "normal" height. All were heading out of the bushes and across the desert in the direction of Ajo Way and the water detention reservoir. The peculiar figures moved quickly and were soon out of sight. The girls, badly frightened, ran home.

Later, the girls gave me these details:

Bridgitt said the "legs" under the object were thin and like a spider's legs bowed out in the middle. She saw five or six vertical divisions within the drum-shaped body of the object. The drum was not exactly square but



Shortly after spiderlike object flew off, two girls sighted humanoid figures.

slightly oval in shape. There were no windows or openings of any kind. It was completely smooth and flat dark-gray in color. When it tilted away from them in its ascending sweep the girls noticed that the underside had a kind of crosshatched pattern but they couldn't make out the details.

Andrea confirmed Bridgitt's description in almost every detail, describing the object as "roundish-square" in shape, with four or five legs hanging down. The legs were bowed and had round plates at the "feet." Andrea told me that the humanlike figure who was leading the procession looked like a girl. The being stopped and looked back at the smaller ones as they caught up.

The next day Andrea and Bridgitt went over to the reddish bushes to look around and saw three "sunburst" pattern tracks in a regular triangular pattern in the undisturbed soil of the desert.

These close encounters occurred in Tucson in the midst of a small south-

western UFO flap which received practically no attention in the news media. Even the most spectacular events — such as those I have described here — did not make television, radio or the newspapers. There

is, in other words, no reason to believe these incidents were hysterical episodes or hoaxes sparked by public obsession with UFOs.

The cases remain, like so many in UFO history, without explanation.



THE FURY OF A WOMAN SCORNE

By A. Porter S. Sweet

NO ONE will ever know whether the weird curse of Cornelia Becker was precognition, premonition or simply the vengeful wish of an angry rejected woman. Here is the true story:

Lt. Thomas Boyd who served with the American forces during the Revolutionary War was of medium height, handsome and well-mannered. He made friends easily and was popular with his comrades. His promotion to sergeant, ensign and lieutenant occurred during Gen. Benedict Arnold's Canadian campaign during which Boyd was wounded.

Upon recovery, he was attached to Simpson's Rifle Company which helped defeat the British forces under Gen. John Burgoyne. Boyd's was one of the three companies sent to garrison the three forts in the Schoharie Valley on the New York frontier. Until this time Boyd had behaved well as an officer and a gentleman but now he made the first of several mistakes which eventually cost him his life.

He was often in the company of Cornelia Becker and she became pregnant. When Boyd's company was ordered to join the army under Gen. John Sullivan, Cornelia, in tears, grasped her lover's arm and begged him to marry her before he left. When he refused, her tears stopped and she tongue-lashed him severely, saying finally, "If you go off without marrying me, *I hope the Indians cut you up in little pieces!*"

On September 12, 1779, just about the time Cornelia's baby was born,

Boyd was called to Sullivan's tent. The general said, "The main village of the Seneca Indians lies a few miles ahead on the Genesee River. You will leave at once, try to find the village, and return immediately you do so. Take Chief Hanyerry (an Oneida scout) and four riflemen."

Now Boyd made his next mistake. Instead of one Indian he took two. Instead of four riflemen, he took 23, plus three more soldiers and Tim Murphy, a noted scout. Too few, if he intended to fight; too many, if speed and secrecy were needed.

They found the village and Boyd sent back two men to report that he would wait for the army to catch up with him. A day later, he changed his mind and started to return. Two advance men soon reported they had seen five Indians on the trail. Hanyerry warned, "Do not chase them. There will be other Indians ahead."

Boyd refused to listen and made his greatest mistake by ordering hot pursuit. Soon the little band was surrounded by Indians and Tories. Murphy and a few others escaped. Boyd and a sergeant were taken to a forest glade and tortured. The sergeant was lucky; after a brief beating, his head was lopped off. Boyd suffered prolonged torture until he collapsed, a bloody mass of quivering flesh.

When the army caught up, they gathered up the pieces of the two men and buried them where they had fallen. The little forest glade is now a small memorial state park near Cuylerville, N.Y.

TRUE

MYSTIC EXPERIENCES

FATE will pay \$10.00 for each true experience published. Stories should be less than 300 words and typed double-spaced on one side of the paper. They may be sent to the TME Editor, FATE Magazine, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill. 60035. They must be signed by the author and address must be shown. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by stamped self-addressed envelope.

VOICE IN THE NIGHT

By William J. Adams

MY OLDER brother Philip and I, although separated over the years by our choices of employment, remained in constant touch by correspondence all our lives. After his retirement and mine a few years later my wife and I kept urging him to spend some time with us in our retirement home on Seneca Lake, one of the few unspoiled beauty spots in New York's Finger Lakes area. Our insistence finally elicited the response that he would like to but his health was uncertain and a trip from his Cincinnati home would be difficult.

In June 1977, while declining our latest invitation, he mentioned that he was eagerly anticipating visiting his daughter and grandchildren in Hammond, Ind. Before dawn on June 25 I suddenly came wide-awake although I could not tell what had waked me. My eyes snapped open and I was immediately in full possession of my faculties. In the darkness I heard a voice

say clearly, "Phil is dead." I shook my wife and she asked sleepily what I wanted. I asked if she had spoken to me. She replied, "Of course not, silly!" Puzzled, we both went back to sleep.

Late that afternoon my nephew called to tell me that Philip had died in his sleep early that morning. The news did not come as a surprise. —
Dresden, N. Y.



William J. Adams

BURROWING TOWARD DEATH

By William P. Schramm

WHEN I WAS quite young I heard my parents, old-country Germans, talking with kinfolks about their shared belief in what most people would dismiss as a superstition: that when a pocket gopher throws up its black earthen mounds night after night near a dwelling, someone who lives there will die in a matter of days. As the saying went, "The start has already been made in the digging of the grave for the cadaver in the offing."

The idea sounded strange and unlikely to my ears but in 1917, when I was 12 years old, a pocket gopher began burrowing, leaving rich black piles of earth in the farmyard of my cousin Sam Nelson and his wife who lived near Tyler, Minn. The burrowing pest got closer to the house with each successive mound until it nearly reached the dwelling. Then my cousin's 10-year-old son Arthur died. After the death the nightly burrowing ceased.

My second "proof" was provided when a gopher of the same species proceeded to throw up mounds of soil in our neighbor Sam Sullivan's yard, each heap bringing the varmint nearer to the house. A few nights later, in a fit of rage, the neighbor killed himself — and the gopher ceased his nocturnal burrowing on the Russell, Minn., farm.

The last incident was the most harrowing so far as I was concerned — because it involved me. It took place in October 1946 when I was 41. One day I noticed that a pocket gopher had pushed up three or four heaps of earth on one side of our private driveway

which ran from the highway into the yard. I didn't give it any thought until several days later when more mounds of earth appeared, all going in a straight line toward our farmyard.

A few days later I developed a severe sore throat which my doctor diagnosed as pharyngitis. I made daily treks to the doctor's office for treatment but my health declined until I ran a temperature and my throat swelled so that I could not swallow even a sip of water. I kept on doing the farm chores as best I could — and the pesky varmint continued its burrowing. Each morning I found a fresh black mound, spaced perhaps 20 feet from the one made the night before.

By the time the string of earthen mounds had reached a third of the distance up to the farmyard, I was a hospital patient receiving penicillin every four hours day and night. Although I knew my condition was serious, I sought to maintain a positive mental attitude. I kept affirming, "I shall not let it come to pass. I will prove this thing false by not dying." Only once did my confidence falter and that was when I asked my wife, "Is that damned thing still pushing up dirt piles?" After some hesitation she said, "I think it's all a lot of nonsense but if you have to know it is over halfway up to the yard now."

Among the neighbors who were lending a helping hand with the livestock chores and the late crops were two elderly Germans who, I found out later, were certain that my demise was inevitable. After all, the mounds of earth were moving inexorably toward the yard. There was a fresh one every night.

I had suffered for almost three weeks when one night the crisis came. The next morning I was placed on the operating table and my throat was deeply lanced. That afternoon my wife came into my room with a more cheerful countenance than I had seen since the onset of my illness.

"The pocket gopher stopped his digging last night," she announced. "Mr. G. called my attention to it first thing this morning. The last pile was right up to the lilac bush by the house."

And no more mounds appeared after that.

After I left the hospital and was well on the road to a complete recovery, I called on my doctor and we discussed my illness.

"You really had me worried," he said. "In my 35 years of practice I have had 10 cases of pharyngitis — and lost them all! It was before penicillin came along. If it hadn't been for penicillin, you would have lost your life."



William P. Schramm

"As for that pocket gopher omen," he added, forcing a smile, "well, there are some things on the night side of nature that make you wonder at times . . ."

And the doctor wasn't a German either! — *Balaton, Minn.*

INCREDIBLE ENCOUNTER

By Cecelia Eneri

I DREAMED in November 1958 that my sister Loretta Anastasia fell on the sidewalk and broke all the bones in her shoulders. I saw her lying helpless on the cold wet pavement and it was so realistic that it bothered me for days. Loretta is a tall fragile widow and to get to work she has to take three buses. When I told her my dream she laughed and said to get it out of my head; nothing was going to happen to her. Nevertheless, thinking of her long trips through the San Francisco streets, I warned her to be careful.

Two days after our conversation she tripped on an uneven sidewalk about six blocks from home and fell. She lay helpless on the street, unable to move a finger. There was no one around to pick her up and she cried out, "Oh, God, please send someone to help me!"

The prayer was hardly out of her mouth when around the corner came a ramshackle car with an ex-marine at the wheel. Seeing the limp bundle lying on the wet pavement he stopped and asked if he could help.

To Loretta's astonishment, the man was Charles, her one and only son whom she hadn't seen for months. He took her to a hospital where the doctors found she had suffered compound fractures in her shoulders.

It took Charles a long time to get over the shock of this incredible encounter but their being reunited helped heal the bones a little faster. — *San Francisco, Calif.*

MIDNIGHT HOUSE CALL

By Kathy Taylor

FOR SEVERAL months in 1973 I noticed a seemingly harmless growth on my back that resembled a mole. I examined it as best I could every time I showered, although I could hardly reach it. One Sunday evening in October I discovered to my horror that it had tripled in size. When I asked my husband to look at it he exclaimed, "You've got to see a doctor right away. It looks terrible!" I couldn't do anything about it that night but I planned to call for an appointment the first thing Monday morning.

I always pray and meditate at night before I drift off to sleep. As I prayed that night my heart was heavy with fear — but suddenly I was in a different place! I found myself in a white room lying on my stomach on a white table. A tall blond man with a blond mustache was standing alongside the table and he said, "Let's have a look at this and see what we can do."

He examined me in silence, then said, "Well, it *must* come off. You'll feel a little sting but it won't hurt. You'll soon be good as new."

The blond man seemed to be working over my back and after a few minutes he spoke again. "The growth is gone and you're okay but to ease your conscious mind please go ahead and see your earth doctor."

Now he left the room, passing through a white door. Then right away



Kathy Taylor

he opened it again and said, "By the way, I am Dr. Fisque, spelled F-I-S-Q-U-E, not F-I-S-K."

I awakened the next morning with a vivid memory of what had happened and immediately felt for the growth. It was gone! My back was smooth and only a small red spot remained where the growth had been.

I called a dermatologist, Dr. Daniel Lane, the next morning but I couldn't have an appointment until Thursday. By that time a scab had formed over the red spot.

In Dr. Lane's office I told him and his nurse exactly what had happened and they exchanged amused looks. But when they examined me their amusement turned to amazement. The doctor said, "All I know is that something here has been removed, perhaps burned off, but I can't say for sure what procedure was used."

I know that a scientist cannot and will not say with certainty what actually happened but in my heart I know that gentle spirit hands removed

a potentially dangerous growth — and I am grateful. — *St. Louis, Mo.*

GRANDPA WASN'T THERE

By Raymond J. Healy

IN 1927, when I was 19 years old, I met a hypnotist while visiting a vaudeville agency in New York City. This man, whose name I have long since forgotten, had toured the theaters of the world for many years disguised as an Indian fakir.

He had strange talents, I have no doubt. During our conversation I suggested that he hypnotize me and have me do a jig. The method he used was interesting: he merely placed one thumb between my eyes and put his other hand on the side of my neck. He spoke not a word but soon I was asleep. Soon afterwards I "came to" dancing around the floor. We all had a good laugh and I thought no more about the matter.

But that night in our Brooklyn home I had a hideous nightmare. I awoke screaming in absolute dread that some awful monster was trying to take possession of me and I called on God to save me. The door of my room opened and my grandfather Jeremiah O'Brien who slept in the next room came in. He soothed me and suggested I say a little prayer and go back to sleep, which I did.

But the next morning, when I recalled my nocturnal experience, I suddenly realized that my grandfather hadn't been in the house at all. As a matter of fact I had been completely alone; the rest of the family were vacationing on the New Jersey coast.

My grandfather and I were always close. Perhaps I summoned up this ap-

parition of him from my own unconscious mind to help me in my predicament. — *North Sandwich, N.H.*

BEHIND THE SCREEN

By Jeanne F. Brockell

IN NOVEMBER 1922, when I was attending Fremont High School in Oakland, Calif., my mother Bertha Donaldson introduced me to Alberto Jordan, a Bolivian student who was attending the University of California at Berkeley. She introduced us because she thought he could teach me Spanish, a language I wanted to learn. But although I was only 15 years old, Alberto fell in love with me and asked if I would marry him before he returned to his native country to visit his parents, whom he had not seen for six years.

So accompanied by my mother we went to Sacramento and got married two weeks before he sailed.

One day in June of the next year I was returning from school just after three o'clock on a bright summer day. As I started up the incline to the house where Mother and I lived, I was startled to see my husband, who I



Jeanne F. Brockell

thought was still in Bolivia, standing behind the screen door.

I rushed up to the house and asked Mother, "Where is Alberto? Where is he hiding?" When she told me he wasn't there, I replied, "I saw him as plain as I'm seeing you!" I looked all over the house for him, only to discover, as Mother had said, that he wasn't there.

About a month later — the mail came by boat then — I received a letter from Alberto who reported that on the day I thought I had seen him, he had been on an expedition when his mule threw him and he lay unconscious for hours before someone found him. — *Fremont, Calif.*

TRIPLY SURE

By Regina K. Whitney

I PRACTICED my profession of registered nurse for many years as head nurse in a Premature Center for Hi-Risk infants.

One night I had a rather disturbing dream. In this dream the intern on service was drawing a blood specimen from an infant in an Isolette, a heated incubator with a Plexiglas hood. You work with the infant by putting your hands and arms through portholes. This preserves the constant heat and humidity of the chamber.

But this intern had the habit of opening the hood and walking away after the procedure was finished, forgetting to put the hood back down. In my dream sequence, the intern took the blood specimen and then was called to the phone. He left the hood up and walked away and the infant rolled out onto the floor. I woke up and had trouble falling asleep again.

The next morning at work I was busy but suddenly remembered my dream. I told it to two of the nurses on duty that morning — Geraldine J. and Florence B. We discussed it and finally dismissed it as we continued to work. About nine o'clock the intern came to the unit and started collecting specimens. We continued to keep busy until he came to the infant who was in the chamber in the same location as the infant in my dream. Suddenly the phone rang. I knew it was for him. Slowly my dream started to unfold before my eyes — and as he started for the phone all three of us nurses raced for the unit to close the hood!



Regina K. Whitney

Was my dream a forewarning of a tragedy to come?

My nurses told me they would not have believed my dream story if I had waited to tell them after the incident had happened. By telling it to them ahead of time I not only suggested to them there is truth in dreams but made the infant's safety triply sure. — *Rochester, N. Y.*

The Afterdeath Journal of an American Philosopher:

The World View of William James

by Jane Roberts (Prentice-Hall, Englewood Cliffs, N.J., 1978)

William James . . . Ghostwriter?

By Stanley Fisher and John Edminster

THE LABEL says William James but the contents read suspiciously like Seth, the mysterious spirit that's been taking over medium Jane Roberts' mind and body every few days for the past 15 years to tell us all where it's at. And where it's at, Seth and "William James" agree, is that we should each celebrate our own uniqueness and trust in the fundamental goodness of all our desires, casting aside any beliefs that would shackle our truly limitless powers. Nowhere in this memoir from the beyond is the reader warned that new powers entail new moral responsibilities. The devil couldn't have composed a more convincing rationale for irresponsibility in the name of "spontaneity."

William James comes to Jane Roberts like a ghostly lover and dictates his newfound "wisdom" to her while she sits at the kitchen table, dropping her food in midbite to grab a pencil to write it down. He's here, James says, to shed what light he can on the human condition from the superior vantage point of the dead. But if it really is William James, his light

has dimmed pathetically since he wrote *The Varieties of Religious Experience, Pragmatism and A Pluralistic Universe* in the decade before his death in 1910.

To be sure, *The Afterdeath Journal* treats many of the issues that concerned the live James and in ways that often reflect his known bents and biases. But gone is the painstaking logic with which he explored each question down to its furthest roots, and gone is James' intimacy with the dark depths of the human soul — washed away in a flood of anecdotal chatter and Pollyanna-style conclusions. This seems to be still another fraudulent text whose otherworldly author passes himself off as the ghost of William James — like Susy Smith's *The Book of James* (Putnam, 1974). Dr. Ian Stevenson's comments on Miss Smith's book express the same judgment we are passing on *The Afterdeath Journal* — that if it really is William James, his stature is pitifully diminished.

In his article "Some Comments on Automatic Writing" in the October 1978 *Journal of the American Society*

for Psychical Research, Dr. Stevenson writes: "James happened to possess one of the most felicitous, and least imitable, styles of any writer of English. If the vapid writings that Smith attributes to William James did indeed emanate from him, I can only say that this implies a terrible post-mortem reduction of personal capacities. (Survival of death with such an appalling decay of personality makes it, at least to me, a rather unattractive prospect.)"

The tone and diction of *The Afterdeath Journal* are by no means crude or glaringly un-Jamesian but the arguments by innuendo, the impressionistic woolliness in place of philosophic rigor, and the glib conclusions would have been anathema to the real James. The existence of evil, discord and pain disturbed James deeply, convincing him that the universe could not be unified and that a good God could not be omnipotent. But the author of *The Afterdeath Journal* laughs off the problem of evil in a few lines, never mentioning how this new outlook squares with the traditional Jamesian philosophy. On page 171 we read: "The profound truth is that there is no evil to contend with . . . evil is merely the misdirected or distorted attempt to attain good." Discrepancies like this convince us that the real author of *The Afterdeath Journal* is not William James at all, but Seth who is resorting to this underhanded masquerade in the hope of attracting a larger following.

Counterfeit or not, *The Afterdeath Journal* contains poetry and eloquence and frequently offers breathtaking, awesome vistas — as in the author's

description of his after-death existence:

"In the universal drama, you might say that I am still in the same theater of events, but I have moved from life's stage to the balcony, where . . . I can look down, symbolically speaking, to see the actors coming in at one end of the stage, leaving at the other end, and I can also vaguely perceive other stages, both above and below.

"Each barest whisper or muffled cry is heard everywhere, such are the amazing acoustics of this giant theater, which by its nature magnifies each sound and projects each thought outward, where it appears also elsewhere, translated into a different medium. It is as if one actor's spoken line were simultaneously transposed into a musical note in some vast ever-continuing composition; into one original line or color or shape that was part of some massive, spectacular painting always in process; into the physical components of nature — trees, rocks, animals — and into a million other transformations which even from my position would be impossible to follow.

" . . . Behind me is a door leading into perhaps even vaster theaters. When I have learned all I can from my present situation, the curtain behind me will open, of that I am certain, for even now symbolically it flutters. Sounds, visions even, come distantly to me from directions other than those immediately perceivable. For now, however, I sit with my back to that rather mysterious door."

If only the whole book lived up to the promise of passages like this! But alas, only the flimsiest philosophy lies beneath these brave flights of lyricism.

Enrollment in a heavenly "School for Philosophers" doesn't seem to be helping him either. His teachers — Mesopotamians and ancients from lands even more exotic — spend more time smiling in puzzlement at his foolish questions and dazzling him with their knowledge than dealing with real philosophic problems. Is the universe a unity or a pluralistic aggregate? Are all its events rigidly predetermined, or could God be surprised by what happens? How much can we know about God? These are among the questions the real William James would be asking in such a school and he would be finding out what Plato, Kant and Hegel had to say about them. Not so the author of *The Afterdeath Journal*. He has not looked up a single historical philosopher since his arrival in Paradise, nor has he bothered to find out who else is in his school!

The author of *The Afterdeath Journal* does bear some resemblance to the real William James, for he touches on some of the subjects dear to James' heart during his lifetime: the spiritual condition of the American civilization, the possibilities and limitations of knowledge, the conflict between scientific and religious world views, man's relation to the divine. But the ghostly James (Seth-James as we are inclined to call him) does them ghostly justice indeed.

We have previously mentioned, for example, that he dismisses evil as non-existent, for men always mean to do good, he says, and do wrong only out of ignorance. But if we grant this premise — and it is a cogent one — aren't we still responsible for the consequences of our ignorance and obliged

to make restitution for the harm we do? Seth-James denies that we are and thereby repudiates the principle of karma, in which the real James declared himself a believer. The *pragmatic value* of Seth-James' denial (or its consequences for our behavior, which James insisted was the real test of an idea) is that the most heinous crimes can be excused on the basis of the "good intentions" behind them.

Or consider Seth-James' glowing tribute to faith. Essentially he tells us: By all means have faith but beware of putting your faith in anything, any cause or ideal, for it will inevitably disappoint you. Then how is faith possible? Faith in yourself never fails, he answers; just believe that the universe will support you in whatever you do. This is a far cry from the William James who wrote in *The Varieties of Religious Experience*:

"We and God have business with each other The universe, those parts of it which our personal being contains, take a turn genuinely for the worse or for the better in proportion as each one of us fulfills or evades God's demands."

Seth-James is telling us that we can do whatever we like, forever exempt from remorse because we cause no suffering which the victim did not himself choose to experience. The universe rewards those who are confident, Seth-James teaches, and their only responsibility toward the less confident is to tell them to buy and digest the books of Jane Roberts!

Seth-James' passages on truth and knowledge have the same character with an unsavory core lurking behind their rhetorical finery. At times he

sounds like the old James, urging scientists and thinkers to take off their blinders of prejudice and intellectual habit and strive above all for fidelity to actual experience.

"Don't ignore the soul," he chides the scientists, "just because you can't reduce it to quantitative data." But he sounds a new note here, reminiscent of the antirationalist philosophers of Fascism, denigrating "factual" or "objective" knowledge and glorifying inner promptings, blind self-trust and subjective "strange stirrings" as sources of superior knowledge. In keeping with this is his readiness to declare religion, science and philosophy alike bankrupt and useless:

"Then let science beware, for the 'common man' may overcompensate and overthrow it; for religion and science have each underestimated the ordinary person, the natural creature, who in the long run may be more foresighted, in spite of all his frailties, than is generally supposed."

Seth-James reaches a peak of intellectual shabbiness in his lengthy attack on Sigmund Freud, the villain of the book, whom he smears as a fanatic who crippled America's faith in herself by teaching that "men are fundamentally bestial and in need of taming:

"Altruism, displays of valor, philosophy itself, or creativity . . . were only possible because of their self-serving qualities, and beneath their gentle guise lay . . . the male's drive to slay his father in order to supersede him in life's battle. Such theories stripped human personality of any majesty and denied the possibility of heroic action that was not tied to the meanest inner motives."

Why does he hate Freud with such a passion — Freud, whose works the real James praised? It's not hard to guess that Seth-James has it in for this modern Prometheus because he freed man from his ignorance of the sexual repressions that cause his neuroses — for sex has always been a forbidden subject to Jane Roberts and Seth, whose remarkable silence on the subject bears witness to their preference for unearthly spiritualism over wholesome earthly sexuality.

In contrast to this grim modern world Seth-James describes, ruled by penis envy and the Protestant ethic, the world of the dead seems a lively place indeed. Each soul there is granted such marvelous perceptual abilities as the power to replay the tape of his life at will, not merely as it was but in the thousand ways it might have been, and to watch his thoughts incarnate as creatures with lives of their own in a "thought world." If heaven is like this and guaranteed for all, why should anyone want to stay here on earth? Will *The Afterdeath Journal* send the suicide rate soaring?

Although "the dead still love those they loved in life" they love the conviviality of Valhalla so much more that they hate to be bothered by their benighted survivors:

"The dead . . . do not miss the living. They do not feel absent from the living It is to relieve the loneliness of the living that the dead communicate

"The dead in their way are jealous of their freedom and . . . are so involved in their own adventures that sometimes they ignore the nagging of the living, whose thoughts rise up like

mental kites with reminders, saying, "Why haven't you written?" "

What's with this Seth-James, anyway? He seems far fonder of Jane and his living readers than of the dead who should now be his companions. A hermit by choice, he has no contact with those who shared his earthly life and interests and should be his next-door neighbors. Where are his wife and children? Where is his illustrious brother Henry? Why hasn't he looked up his old scholarly cronies, Frederick Myers, Josiah Royce, Charles Sanders Peirce? Why hasn't he confronted Freud with the accusations he's now making through Jane Roberts? If this is a true account of James' life after death, then his apathy toward his sometime peers is altogether pathological, not at all in keeping with the cheery, chatty character he projects in his writings. And his turning his back on the dead to flirt with the living is all the more incongruous in the light of his avowed realization "that perhaps the dead should not have any rights in the world of the living, since the dead have had their time of action in that regard: the limelight was once theirs, and only a greedy actor and an exceedingly egotistical one returns to play a scene when his part has been cut out."

If indeed this is William James, then one must wonder whether he's hanging around his earthly haunts because his "heaven" is not the paradise he pretends it to be, but rather hell itself: a sterile environment devoid of any meaningful human intimacy. In this light his "Good Samaritan" visitations to planet Earth smack more of nefarious meddling and suggest a

peculiar unsavory significance to his offhanded admission that "after death, watching the tracks of one's own influence is perhaps the most fascinating of endeavors." This innocent-looking statement appears, at second glance, to contradict flatly his claim that the dead prefer their own adventures to the relatively dismal alternative of remaining earthbound to fraternize with the living. And if it is high pleasure to watch one's tracks, then wouldn't one yearn to sneak back and lay more tracks and then more and more? Isn't that what Seth-James is doing, in fact, by having Jane Roberts write books for him? Then where does he intend to stop? Does he envision a world possessed and ruled by himself through high priestess Jane Roberts with every square inch crisscrossed by the tracks of his influence?

The ultimate criterion for judging a work like *The Afterdeath Journal*, as the real James would no doubt remind us, is neither its authenticity nor its author's motives but its pragmatic significance: What difference will it make in our conduct? As a piece of science fiction the book is entertaining but as a guide to living it ranks with the Seth books and Abbie Hoffman's *Steal This Book* as carte blanche for self-destructive irresponsibility. Instead of helping us love and be sensitive to one another, Seth-James offers us the lure of personal power — on the one hand, by trumpeting the enormously expanded capacities allegedly enjoyed by the dead (and by extension by those in spiritualistic contact with the dead, like Jane Roberts) and on the other, by intimating that the secret of life and happiness, here as hereafter,

lies in the brazen pursuit of self-serving impulses. If we live and think as he does, we too can share his "delightful security" and foreknowledge of the future. We can shape reality — even call whole civilizations into being!

"But now some curiosity rouses within me, or rather now I am aware of it, that urges me toward psychological exploration, that stretches inner psychic muscles perhaps; and I am immersed in a kind of delightful security and assurance that such exploration is possible. I know, for example, that in one way or another the most simple of my memories can lead to an incredibly distant intersection point where it opens up to all of the other memories

of man's racial future and past

"Civilizations may rise up at my beckoning"

Although it is intriguing reading, *The Afterdeath Journal* is best taken with a grain of salt. Much of its value lies in the intellectual challenge it provides the reader who would pick out the nourishing morsels from the background of multidimensional meringue that turns out, as one attempts to digest it, to be mostly hot air. But insofar as one seeks in this book a way to promote brotherly love on this planet, better read something else — for on this issue, the author's total lack of concern is reflected in his total and deafening silence.



TOWARD BIGGER AND BETTER DREAMS

By W. Ritchie Benedict

PAY ATTENTION to your dreams and you'll end up with bigger and better ones, according to dream psychologist and author Dr. Ann Faraday. Lecturing at the University of British Columbia in the spring of 1977 she said that ordinary dreams are a replay of feelings hidden during the day. Working them out allows for an expansion of consciousness and a better understanding of oneself which in turn can lead to more significant dreams. She was assisted in the presentation of her lecture, titled "Extraordinary Dreams, the Crack Between Two Worlds," by John Wren-Lewis, former chairman of England's Association for Humanistic Psychology.

"As aspects of the self come together in integration," Dr. Faraday said, "an enormous amount of energy

is released which you can then put into your life and live more fully so that you have bigger dreams." Wren-Lewis added that many people are afraid of the content of their dreams and for this reason do not pay attention to them. However, a high proportion of dreams contain pleasant revelations. "Even if they're unpleasant," he said, "getting to understand dreams is a process of self-discovery . . . which is an exciting, creative experience."

Dr. Faraday pointed out that extraordinary dreams, no matter how far-fetched or mystical, relate to something that is happening in one's life. She believes extrasensory perception is often expressed in dreams and said, "What we want to know is why it happens."

Your Dreams- Door to the Future

Are prophetic dreams merely a superstitious belief held by credulous people or is there a commonsense explanation for such previews of tomorrow?

By Irwin Ross

ABE ROSE, the owner of a thriving business in Chicago, took on Harold Gold as a partner in October 1965. Soon thereafter he dreamed that his partner embezzled several thousand dollars. A year later the dream came true; Gold actually filched a large sum of money from the firm.

Have you ever had a vivid dream which seemed to foretell some future event — a birth or a death, an accident or a stroke of good luck? Is there any basis in fact for these eerie experiences? Are they sheer coincidence? Are they caused by some as yet unknown psychic force? Or is there a reasonable commonsense explanation for them?

Psychoanalysts offer some interesting answers. Take the dream just mentioned. Dr. D. J. von Anders explains it as an example of how the un-

conscious mind sometimes can judge character more shrewdly than can the conscious, waking mind.

Scientists know that the waking mind often is distracted by a kind of psychological "static" — fear, vanity, prejudice, overconcentration on one aspect of a situation, and the like. These emotions and prejudices may interfere with clear observation and accurate judgment. But during sleep, the "static" is shut off and we can form clearer, more honest opinions and thus more accurately predict the course of future events. We actually know more than we think we know.

Perhaps unconscious observation and judgment can explain this eerie "premonition" described to me by Ben Irving, a fellow psychologist and yachtsman.

Ben had anchored his boat offshore

in Lake Michigan and retired. His sleep was disturbed by a dream in which a voice warned him that another boat was bearing down on his and the two boats would collide. He awoke so upset by the vivid warning that he went on deck for a look around. Everything was quiet — but a thick fog had rolled in, cutting visibility to almost zero.

He went below again and fell asleep, only to have the same ominous dream. This time he was so disturbed he climbed the mast to get a look above the fog bank — and he was just in time to see the mast of another vessel bearing down on him. He shouted a warning and the skipper of the other craft swung his helm, barely avoiding the collision.

It is possible that in his sleep the yachtsman sensed the distant throbbing of the other craft's engine, a vibration which might carry for a considerable distance on a still foggy night. Although the sound was too faint to register on his waking conscious mind, it may have been picked up by his sleeping unconscious mind which then flashed the warning of potential danger.

Consider the following case reported in October 1964 by a Chicago psychiatrist, Dr. L. J. Meduna. One of his patients repeatedly dreamed he was having an attack of paralysis in his arm and mouth. A few months after the first such dream, the patient actually suffered an attack which left his arm and mouth partially paralyzed. Medical examination showed that the attack was brought on by an "arterial spasm caused by congenital syphilis." Dr. Meduna concluded that his patient

had previously suffered mild attacks in his sleep and these had caused his "prophetic" dreams.

Still another explanation for dream premonitions is the fact that dreams can reveal hidden tendencies and motives which later become active. For instance, a woman may develop unconscious hostility toward her husband long before she becomes consciously aware of it. The hostility may be revealed in dreams of leaving or divorcing her husband. Eventually the hostility may come to the surface, the woman quarrels with her husband and the marriage finally ends in a divorce court. The early dreams certainly would seem prophetic.

Likewise, an able person who has a secret fear of success may dream of failure which he later brings about through his own unconscious actions. The dream would be prophetic in the sense that it revealed hidden emotions which motivated future behavior.

However, truly prophetic dreams, those which foretell a specific event such as a death or disaster, belong outside the scope of science. They belong in the realm of metaphysics. And you either believe in them or not.

There are two pitfalls into which dream interpreters, skilled or unskilled, are likely to tumble. The first can be called "selective recall" — that is, the temptation to remember only the dreams that come true and forget those that don't. Second, dreams often have a vagueness, a puzzling ambiguous quality which leaves them open to various interpretations. This makes it easy to fit them to later events.

In 1970 in Cook County Hospital,

psychiatrist Robert David gave an example of how easy it is to be misled by the tendency to remember only those dreams which come true. One of his former patients was a boy who for several years had seen little of his divorced father. During analysis the boy began to reveal an unconscious resentment toward his parent whom he blamed for deserting and neglecting him. At one point he had a vivid dream that his father was dead. Shortly afterwards his father died.

This is the kind of dream "premonition" often cited by credulous people as proof that some mysterious psychic power is at work. The analyst of course refused to accept it as such. In the first place, the dream can be explained quite reasonably as a reflection of the boy's unconscious hostility toward his father, an emotion that analysis brought to the surface.

"Furthermore," Dr. David commented, "this is a very common type of dream. I can recall 20 cases like this one where the patient dreamed of his parent's death and the parent did *not*

die. Why single out this one and forget the others?"

In the strictly psychological sense, however, some dreams do have a predictive quality. Painful, frightening or embarrassing truths — which we refuse to recognize when we're awake — do pop into our dreams and properly interpreted, may give us clues to future happenings.

It's a difficult job, even for a trained interpreter. The same dream doesn't necessarily hold the same meaning for different dreamers — nor even for the same dreamer at different times.

Perhaps the best answer to the question, "Do dreams predict the future?" is a cautious yes. Dreams express our wishes and feelings. To the extent that wishes and feelings motivate behavior and shape the future, such dreams are predictive. But if you hope to dream a prophetic tip on tomorrow's race results or on the stock market, the answer is an emphatic NO!

* It is the opinion of the FATE editors that this is not true. Through the years we have published numerous personal experience accounts in which the dreamer was indeed given the name of tomorrow's winner.

THE TOSS OF A COIN

By Lina Accurso

ELIZABETH Peters, the mother of actress Carole Lombard, was a strong believer in numerology. In January 1942 Mrs. Peters and Hollywood publicist Otto Winkler accompanied Carole to Indiana on a war bond selling tour. When the tour was over Miss Lombard made arrangements for the three to fly back to Hollywood on January 16.

Mrs. Peters believed that 16 was a dangerous number and she became further upset by the prevalence of the unlucky number three in their travel plans: The plane was a DC-3; its

flight number was three; she, Carole and Winkler made three; and Carole was 33 years old. She begged her daughter to delay the trip or take a train.

Carole Lombard herself also believed in numerology but she was tired and in a hurry to get back to her husband Clark Gable. She suggested that they flip a coin: heads, a train, and tails, the plane. The coin landed tails up. Carole, Mrs. Peters and Winkler boarded the plane — and all three were killed that night when it crashed in Nevada.

TURN BACK! TURN BACK!

The crew were sullen and silent, sure that I had lost my nerve and hating me for it. But somehow I knew I was right — something was terribly wrong.

By L. Anthony Leicester

AS DARKNESS settled over the steaming Bengal jungle, we climbed into the nose of our Wellington Mark X bomber, cursing our bulky flying jackets, parachute harnesses and Mae Wests. Sweat soaked our khaki shirts, irritating further the prickly heat that plagued us all. In the

India-Burma Theater of Operations, the greatest hazards we faced were the monsoon thunderstorms, heat, humidity, mechanical problems and dysentery — not the night fighters, searchlights and ack-ack which flooded the skies over Europe.

"Give me an intercom check," I called before starting the engines. Mac McNab, sitting behind his four Browning machine guns, was the first to call in.

"Rear gunner O. K., Skipper."

Fane Solomon, the radio operator, and Frank Prescott, the navigator, spoke almost simultaneously.

"Ready, Skipper."

My bomb aimer, Frank Rush, settled into the auxiliary seat beside me. It was January 26, 1944, and the five of us had been flying together for nearly a year, a long time by World War II standards. I had received my Royal Air Force pilot's wings in January 1942, when I was 18, after training in Carberry, Manitoba. Although I was the youngest of the crew, I was their skipper. We were part of a squadron of

Author L. Anthony Leicester today lives in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. He earned his pilot's wings in Canada at age of 18.



night bombers stationed at Jessore, Bengal.

That night we were setting out on a routine operational sortie to search for the hooded lights of Japanese trucks moving along the Burma roads east of the Arakan hills. We taxied slowly toward the end of the runway, an aircraft directly ahead, another behind. The air brakes hissed as I released the pressure on the control column lever; then they squealed as pressure was again applied and the brake linings protested the Wellington's lumbering weight.

At the end of the runway I lined up alongside the single line of smoldering paraffin flare pots which served as runway lights. I eased the throttles forward with my left hand, pushing the right lever slightly ahead with my thumb to hold the ungainly aircraft straight until I had rudder control.

The plane slid away from the wavering lights and rose into the velvet-black tropical darkness. Inside the cockpit, fluorescent green instruments glowed just enough to be visible. The Hercules sleeve-valve engines roared like wounded animals until I throttled back for the long slow climb to our operating altitude. As the jet-black aircraft inched upward, I raised the undercarriage lever and the wheels clunked into the engine nacelles. We were on our way.

The sky, a black star-studded dome, blinked and flickered like a field of diamonds. Other than an occasional routine report from one of the crew to me or to one another, the intercom was silent. Leaning back in my seat with the knee rest raised under my legs, I was almost mesmerized by the steady



Crew trained together in England in 1942. In front row, left to right, are Fane Solomon, radio operator, and Frank Rush, bomb aimer; back row, left to right, Mac McNab, rear gunner, Leicester and Frank Prescott, navigator.

beat of the engine — when suddenly a strange sensation came over me, a sort of unrest which I couldn't push aside. We flew on for another hour engrossed in our jobs until the gnawing sensation got the better of me. Clicking the microphone button, I broke the silence.

I said quietly to the navigator, "Frank, give me a course for Chittagong. We're turning back."

I waited for his answer.

"What's wrong, Skipper?" It was Fane talking from the little cubicle he shared with his Marconi transmitter and receiver. "You have a problem up there?"

I flipped the switch. "No, everything looks good on the gauges but I have an uneasy feeling that something is wrong. We shouldn't go on — and Chittagong is the nearest emergency strip."

There was a long pause until a sarcastic voice cut the tense silence. "Losing your nerve, Skipper?"

In the seat beside me Rush leaned forward and examined the instrument panel as if saying, what the hell's wrong anyway? I turned on the red cockpit light and noted the tightness of his jaw and the quick movement of his scanning eyes. Apparently satisfied with what he saw, he leaned back and glanced over at me.

"Do you feel all right, Skipper?"

I paused, searching for a way to explain. "I'm fine, Frank, but I have a premonition that we're heading for trouble."

Frank didn't answer. I tried to analyze my uneasiness but I couldn't. It wasn't because a gauge was flickering a warning nor because an engine sounded odd. It wasn't fear; it was just a strange sensation. I knew I had felt this way before but couldn't remember when.

I spoke to the navigator again. "Give me that heading to Chittagong. We're turning back."

When he answered I eased over the

control column, leveled the wings and settled the compass on the new course he had given me. The intercom silence was almost hostile. I sensed that the men were perturbed by my decision. Perhaps they thought I had lost my nerve . . . or feared the enemy fighters . . . or were they remembering the bad crash we had had during training back home? That one — at Chipping Warden in Gloucestershire — had been my fault. Even so, they had never before questioned my decisions. How could I explain to them the force which made me turn back?

The engines droned on as I tried to think where I had experienced the strange sensation before. Suddenly I remembered. As a little boy in Weybridge, I had put my bicycle away in the shed at the end of the garden. It was autumn, late in the afternoon and nearly dark. As I turned to leave, a strange feeling made me stop. I felt as if icy fingers had touched my skin. Was there someone or something in that dark shed with me? Afraid to look back I ran through the door, flying over the gravel path toward the safety of the lighted house. It was the same sensation of impending danger that had made me turn back.

As we descended toward the emergency landing strip beside the Bay of Bengal I gave the command to Frank Rush to jettison the bombs safe; they would fall harmlessly to earth. A moment later the aircraft lurched as 4000 pounds fell through the open bomb doors. There was a huge flash and I had a fleeting glimpse of land, sea and clouds, then blackness.

"What happened, Frank?"

"I don't know," he answered, leav-

ing his bombsight and climbing up beside me. "I left the switch on safe. It's still on safe but they all went off anyway. Lucky they missed the beach. Looked as if they hit the ocean about a mile out."

I had to turn my attention to the landing. We were on final approach and I was going to have to get the aircraft down without help from the ground. There were no runway lights. I closed the throttles and yellow flames spurted from the short exhaust stacks. The tires squealed and suddenly caught on the tarmac. It was a good landing but the usual ribald comments from the crew were not forthcoming. I glanced at Rush beside me. He was looking straight ahead, his face a sullen mask.

A wavering light appeared near a small thatched bamboo building. I taxied slowly, following the light until it signaled me to stop. Someone opened the hatch from outside and a hand reached in to pull the ladder down. Still no one spoke. Quickly undoing my seat belt and shoulder harness, I was the first down on the tarmac. I saw the double stripes on a corporal's shirt sleeve.

"God! You're lucky to be alive," he said, flashing his torch on the left side of the Wellington's fuselage. The dull black paint was glistening with oil

which was running down the side of my aeroplane and dripping onto the ground. Each of my crewmen came down the ladder and stared silently at the shiny black slime. The only sound was the creaking and crackling of the cooling engines. Then a voice called from the darkness.

"I checked the oil, Skipper. You had enough left for about 10 minutes of flying. Then the whole engine would have seized solid."

Suddenly the crewmen were talking — but not to me. The corporal was beside me again, saying, "Did you see the fighters parked alongside the runway?"

"What fighters?"

"Over there." He pointed his torch. I walked along the path of the light. Sure enough, eight Spitfires were lined up wingtip to wingtip, their wheels on the edge of the landing strip, their powerful Merlin engines stretching 10 feet out over the runway.

Those icy fingers touched me again. I couldn't believe that I had managed to land without my wingtip ripping into the marshaled aircraft.

I heard flight boots shuffling toward me.

"Thanks, Skipper," a voice said softly. "Keep that crystal ball polished. We'll take it along on all our flights."



UNDERGROUND BIRDS AND ANIMALS

GREAT BRITAIN'S 250,000 coal miners have been asked to keep an eye out for birds when they go below. Anthony Hudson of the British Museum's Department of Natural History says he is studying birds and animals that live below ground. He says there have been several reports of birds that have gotten into coal mines and stayed and bred there.

CONFRONTATION BY EXORCISM

The wind howled and a strange thudding sound filled
the dining room — and the defiant voice
of the tormented spirit shrieked, "I will not go!"

By Judith Elliott

IN 1975 WE moved into a secluded house in a small Connecticut town. About a month after our move we bought a purebred Siberian husky. When my husband Joseph and I left for work in the morning we would tie the Siberian, whom we called Tanya, to a pole in the cellar. Our other dog, a mixed German Shepherd named Brandy, was tied to another pole on the opposite side of the cellar. We gave them plenty of lead and an ample supply of food and water.

One evening when we returned home and went downstairs to release the dogs, we found Brandy tied to Tanya's pole. The chain was wrapped around the pole several times leaving little room for either dog to move.

At first we were puzzled but then we questioned our memory. Thinking that perhaps we had indeed tied them to the same pole, we dismissed the matter from our minds. This type of incident occurred intermittently for a couple of

weeks until one morning I specifically noted the positions of the dogs before I left. I made absolutely sure they were chained and hooked to separate poles with long leads and plenty of food.

It so happened that my husband returned home an hour later that morning to get something he had forgotten. On a whim he went down into the cellar and to his surprise found the dogs chained together.

It was then we began to consider other possibilities — such as that we had ghosts. My husband and I are no strangers to paranormal occurrences because we once lived in an apartment which we came to believe was haunted. Owing to our past experience we did not consider the idea particularly upsetting. In fact, as the months went by, we more or less forgot about it.

Two winters after we had moved in, we began hearing unexplained noises in our attic. Assuming they were mice,



Father Edd Schultz and entranced medium Marina Daley struggle with unhappy spirits who investigators discovered were responsible for poltergeistlike manifestations in the Elliott home.

we set traps and did catch a couple of the little rodents. But soon the noises got so loud we knew mice could not possibly be making them. One night I was awakened by a loud bang followed by a rolling sound across the attic floorboards. Yet when we investigated nothing seemed to be amiss.

Having been psychic from an early age I "knew" that the source of the nightly sounds was a woman in a plain dress of turn-of-the-century fashion.

We chose to ignore the noises but they continued, becoming ever more dramatic. In the evenings we would hear the strains of what sounded like a symphony orchestra in one of the back rooms we had added since moving in. When either of us was alone we would hear someone calling our name. Assuming it was the absent partner, we would answer only to find no one there. One morning I heard my name called so distinctly that, knowing my husband was due home any second



with an armful of packages, I rushed to open the door for him. There was no one at the door or anywhere in the yard. In fact, Joseph did not arrive home until 20 minutes later.

Another manifestation was the distinct sound of a baby crying. We also experienced a piercing cold and a strange odor in the dining room. Often we had to bring a heater into the room to supply warmth.

By the summer of 1977 the activity had become unbearable. Starting in the early spring someone or something began to lift the phones off the hooks. One evening about seven o'clock when I tried to make a phone call I discovered that I still had a dial tone even after I had dialed the number. Because this is what happens when an extension phone is off the hook, I checked the bedroom "Trimline" phone; it had been lifted off its cradle just enough to break the connection and light the night-light. Without giving it another thought I replaced the receiver and proceeded to place my call.

But when incidents like this occurred at least three evenings a week, alternating between the bedroom and study phones, we finally had to acknowledge that some supernatural force might be responsible. Knowing that negative forces breed on fear we vowed to remain calm although our nerves were becoming frazzled.

Around this time we attended a lecture given by Ed and Lorraine Warren, world famous Connecticut "ghost hunters." The Warrens introduced Father Edd Schultz, an ordained priest of the Episcopal Church, who with some associates had formed the Foundation for Christian Psychic Research

headquartered in Ridgefield, Conn. The Foundation's purpose is to investigate and interpret psychic phenomena for the Christian community.

Until now all our attempts at "reasoning" with our lady ghost had failed and she refused to leave. Seeking help I contacted Father Edd at the Foundation and on a hot sultry day in August I arrived at his office.

After I told him my story, Father Edd said he had arranged for Foundation staff members Catherine Beaufort, a psychic, and Don Maley, a photographer, to accompany him and me back to my house. Father Edd and they planned to go through the rooms and psychometrize them, hoping in that way to find out something about our ghostly guests.

Upon our arrival Don snapped some photos of the outside of the house. We then went on inside to begin our work.

Catherine, who knew nothing about the occurrences that had led me to contact the Foundation, and Father Edd went from room to room while Don took pictures. They carried a tape recorder to record any impressions they picked up.

In the attic Catherine felt the presence of a woman in white. She sensed this place had been used to keep a child hidden. Father Edd, also psychic, mentioned that the words "camouflaged coffin" were significant. He drew a picture of a large white house.

Although the words "camouflaged coffin" meant nothing to me, I did know that there had been a large farmhouse somewhere near by. The property on which our house stands was once farmland — 100 acres owned by one family for some generations —

which has long since been subdivided. Our home had been built about 20 years ago. Leaving the attic Catherine went into the bedroom and psychometrized the telephone. She did not know, of course, that it was one of the two that kept lifting off the hook. But when she picked up the receiver, psychically she "heard" a voice say, "I am the mastermind. You will not rule me."

The four of us, Don, Catherine, Father Edd and I, continued to wend our way through the house picking up psychic impressions. In the basement Father Schultz felt the presence of a child buried in a particular spot. He asked the three of us to leave the house. After we had done so he performed a light experimental exorcism and blessing in several rooms but not throughout the entire house. This was done to stir up any presence that might be in the house.

Afterwards Father Edd told me that he was about to leave on a three-week vacation and would call me after Labor Day. Immediately after their visit all was quiet and Joseph and I hoped that we were rid of our unwanted ghost.

But within a week the disturbances began anew. The phones were now being lifted three or four times a week, sometimes more than once in an evening.

We kept detailed records of the incidents as they happened. There was no possibility that these were the pranks of a child because they happened when there had been no children present for days.

One Friday evening I discovered the bedroom phone off the hook. I put it

right and went on about my business. Then it happened again — and again. The third time, mightily annoyed, I placed a prayer book on top of the receiver. An hour later when I found the study phone with its receiver set quite a distance away from the base, I decided to place small pieces of blessed palms on each receiver, fastening them with an elastic band. That was the last time unseen hands removed the phones.

Somehow we learned to live with all this. Several times each day we would hear loud unexplained crashes in the house. Whenever we heard our names called, a baby's cry or the ghostly music we would just ignore it and continue to read or talk. In fact, the only way to live with something like that is not to dwell on it.

I did take certain precautions, however. I began to avoid the attic, going up there only when absolutely necessary. The cold and odor in the dining room were so overpowering at times that I chose to avoid that room as much as possible. Each of us took to wearing blessed medals and sprinkling Holy Water throughout the house for protection.

* * *

FOR SOME YEARS I have had a woman friend named Marina Daley* who is a trance medium. I had kept her informed of the events and finally asked her to come to the house to gather what information she could from the various rooms. She accepted my invitation and after we had given her dinner Marina got to work. The first room she entered was the study.

* This is a pseudonym. The names of the medium and her husband, which are on file at the FATE offices, have been changed at their request.

"I feel as though there is a young girl on this side of the room," she said indicating the right side. "She is in a gray dress. No, a dress that is supposed to be white but is so dirty that it is gray. She is young and it is her innocence that protects her from the evil that is on the other side of the room."

It is that "evil side" of the room where the phone rests. Marina went over to the phone.

"There are spirits of the lower order here," she said. "They want the phones off the hooks to keep you isolated; they want to influence your thoughts. They don't understand these palm leaves on the phone. They only know that they are unable to touch the receiver — some power keeps them away."

She then proceeded to the dining room. "This is the center of the haunting," she said. "There is an evil presence here. She is furious that I have come."

She sat down in a corner chair.

"There is another woman here," she said. "She is in a gray dress in the style of about my grandmother's day."

Since Marina is in her 40's that would place the lady in the late 1800's.

Marina next relayed what her guides told her about the woman: "She has a mental aberration." As she said this, Marina saw another face, a man's, emerge from the woman's. She inferred from this that there was to be a battle between good and evil and that the male personality she was seeing was the personification of hatred. A question and answer session ensued between Marina and me with the medium receiving her answers either by

observation or through her guides.

"Why is she here?" I asked.

"She needs purgation."

"Purgation for what?"

"It's too horrible to tell." She is wringing her hands and pacing. It was an inhuman act."

"What is it that is bothering her?"

"He made me do it!" "the entity cried through Marina.

Now relating what her guides were showing her, Marina said, "What does a tombstone remind you of?"

"A grave," I replied.

"That's right," Marina said. "That's what is bothering her."

Remembering the impressions Father Edd had picked up when he was at the house, I proceeded to say, "Does the ground under us mean anything?" I was of course referring to the cellar where Father had picked up the impression of a buried child.

"It's hallowed ground."

"Is there a grave beneath us?" I asked.

"Yes."

"What is the connection between the attic and the cellar?"

"Spare me!"

"Ask the entity if the words 'hidden baby' mean anything."

"*'How did you know?'*" she cried. "She now has her hands up to her face and is crying," Marina added.

"Does she want forgiveness?"

"Yes!"

Marina then related her impressions of the psychic level she was now in. "I am afraid to go any further," she said. "I am not sufficiently clarified to exorcise."

We ended the evening with a prayer requesting God to send His love and

protection into the house and to all who dwell therein.

* * *

SOME DAYS after Marina's visit, Father Edd returned home from vacation. Armed with the notes I had taken during Marina's trance and the log of the phone capers, I met with him at St. Stephen's Church office.

By now Father had developed Don Maley's photographs of the house. Although most of them looked normal enough, I did find a few curious scenes. One of them, a picture of the root cellar (the section of the property directly under the dining room that had been dug up to accommodate the foundation for the addition), showed what appeared to be a series of faces. One was of a man with a long beard while another seemed to be of a mother and child. These faces and others could be seen on the wall of the root cellar.

Also, when he returned from vacation Father Edd had made an appointment with Lorraine Warren to visit our home and aid in evicting our ghosts. Ed and Lorraine Warren are life members of the Foundation for Christian Psychic Research and are on call if the Foundation needs them.

We had been living with our unseen guests for almost three years. We first had sought help from the Foundation in August and now we were in the middle of autumn and still not rid of the phenomena. We hoped the Warrens would be able to do something.

One evening in early October Father Edd, Don Maley, my husband and I met Lorraine, who had just returned from a haunting expedition in Boston, at our house.

The evening with Mrs. Warren confirmed many of the things Marina had picked up psychically although, unfortunately, due to travel fatigue and the lateness of the hour, Lorraine Warren did not psychometrize as well as she usually does. She did, however, feel an evil presence in the dining room and had an inexplicable aversion to the cellar. Of course we had told Lorraine nothing of the events that led up to her visit or of the information Marina had discovered. All she knew was that we had been having ghost problems.

Soon after Lorraine Warren's visit I spoke again with Marina Daley and reported what had happened thus far. Father Edd had left some of Don Maley's photographs with me and I took them out to show her. When she looked at the picture of the root cellar, specifically the one with the old man with the beard, she exclaimed, "That's him! That's the one in the dining room!" She hurriedly placed that picture under the others saying he was so evil she couldn't bear to look at him. I asked her if she would be willing, if Father Edd also agreed, to act as medium in an exorcism now that we had identified our ghost.

"Yes," she replied, "but only if I can have my husband present and if we take the necessary religious precautions."

We agreed to her stipulations and set an evening for laying our ghosts to rest.

* * *

NATURE HAD outdone herself on the morning of October 20, the date we had chosen for the exorcism. New England upheld her reputation

for autumnal glory on that chilly day. In the house, however, the atmosphere was bleak.

There was almost tangible tension in the air as my husband and I prepared for work that morning. We spoke very little and our one thought was to leave the house as soon as possible. The evening before we had been sitting in the living room reading in front of the lighted fireplace when the cat, asleep on a nearby chair, suddenly looked toward the entry door to the attic and got to her feet, her head moving as though she was watching someone walk past. The hair on her back was raised and she was spitting and growling the whole time. Suddenly, with a wail she jumped off the chair and ran out of the room. Although we could not see what had upset her, we whispered a silent prayer for protection.

Throughout the day I felt reluctant to return to the house until it was nearly time for the "seance." When I did get home — an hour before my husband was due to arrive and two hours before Marina and Father Edd were coming — I immediately turned on the television set and occupied my time with needlework. The tension and sense of expectancy — as if the house were waiting for tonight's confrontation — were almost unbearable. After a quiet dinner we settled down to await the medium and the priest.

The wind was beginning to pick up by the time Father Edd and Don Maley arrived. We introduced them to Marina and her husband Frank who had come a few minutes earlier. Then Don set up his camera and we entered the living room to get down to business.

Once in trance Marina said she saw a distraught young woman. Marina started to cry as she let the woman take over her body.

"I want my baby!" she cried in a voice unlike Marina's.

"What is your name?" Father Edd asked.

"Maraca," the entity responded. "I must find my baby before he comes back!"

"Before who comes back?"

"Pritchard, my uncle. I fear him."

"What happened to your baby?" Father Edd wanted to know.

"Pritchard. . . he made me kill him." By now she was weeping hysterically as she recounted the events of her baby's death. "He told me that my baby would have a disease and that we both would be outcasts in the community. I was nine months pregnant and Pritchard made me force the birth."

At this point the medium, deep in trance, stamped her foot on the floor. She pointed to her foot and cried out, "That's it! That's the one he made me use to stamp on my baby's chest! I killed the baby! He's buried near here! I want my baby back!"

Suddenly the medium sat up straight and said in still another voice, "It's time for the confrontation."

Father Edd crossed the room to get the Holy Water and the prayer book. As he did so he instructed us to recite the Lord's Prayer. While we were praying aloud the wind suddenly began blowing harder and a thud sounded in the area of the dining room.

Father Edd sat down next to Marina and placed the crucifix in her hand.

After we finished our prayer, Father said a prayer for the discernment of spirits. This is necessary because the exorcist must know what or whom he is exorcising. If it is a demon he must "bind it to hell." However, if it is an earthbound spirit he wants to release it rather than send it to eternal damnation.

"What are you doing here, Pritchard?" Father asked the new entity.

"You know my name. It's Richard! You fool, *Richard!*" At that the spirit caused the medium to raise her hand, now clenched in a fist, and strike Father Edd in the face, drawing blood. Father immediately put holy water on the medium's forehead and made the sign of the cross.

"I command you to leave, Richard," Father ordered.

When the holy water touched the medium she began to scream as if she were being burned.

"I will *not* go!" Richard shrieked.

"In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to leave and never return," Father repeated. All this time the medium was emitting bloodcurdling

screams and had to be physically restrained. At one point her writhing knocked the tape recorders off a nearby table and I was kicked by an uncontrollable spirit. The wind was now howling outside.

"In God's name and care I commend your spirit," Father said firmly. The screaming slowly subsided and the medium, by this time on the floor, felt the presence leave and asked that we all say the Lord's Prayer with her.

"He was as close to damned as a soul can get," Marina said to us. "When the holy water touched me it felt as though I was on fire."

At the end of the evening the five of us — Marina and Frank Daley, Don Maley, my husband and I — accompanied Father Edd into each room of the house as he recited prayers of blessing. Once a spirit has been commanded to leave a house it must be told specifically where it is to go — into God's hands — and the house must then be blessed to fill the vacuum with positive forces. By the time everyone left the wind had died down and it was a cool crisp autumn night.

We were free at last.



THE DOLPHINS' REVENGE

THE FISHERMEN of Iki Island in Southern Japan, who number about 2000, were catching few fish in the summer of 1978. In the spring the Iki fishermen has massacred more than 1000 dolphins on the beaches of their island. They branded the dolphins "brigands of the sea" who com-

peted for the same fish which the Iki fishermen caught for sale.

Two days after the mass slaughter of the dolphins a new tribe of these highly intelligent sea mammals appeared off Iki Island and began shooving away schools of fish on which the Iki fishermen depend for a livelihood.



THE GHOST OF MR. CHEATHAM

When I spoke the ghostly typing sound suddenly stopped and an ominous silence fell.

By Raymond B. Padgett



Author's father Gary Padgett tried to find mundane explanation for mystery.

AS A BOY I responded to stories of ghostly encounters with translucent bravado and outward derision. Yet fear and dread clutched my spirit when older people spoke of the ghost of a murdered man trying to attract attention by dragging chains through the halls of a farmhouse and pulling the covers from occupied beds. Great-aunt Anne Ramsey had invisible dog friends and was fascinatingly convincing when she petted them and talked to them. By the time I was eight years old I was thoroughly conditioned for my own encounter with the ghost of the Old Cheatham Place where we lived for several months in 1924.

The Cheatham Place was a rambling 14-room frame house situated in a 50-acre grove amid shrubbery so overgrown it concealed the house from passersby on the streets of Edgefield,

S.C. It was the ancestral home of the *Edgefield Chronicle* editor, Lewis Wigfall Cheatham, who occupied it and did most of his work there until the demise of the paper in the early 1920's and his own death a few months before we moved in.

The people of Edgefield talked a lot about the ghosts in the Cheatham house and I heard of no one whose mind was closed to the possibility. It was a natural haunt for spooks. Dad told me not to panic if I met the ghost.

"He will only be trying to communicate something of importance," Dad said. "There is no record of a ghost ever hurting anyone. I never saw one but always wished I could."

My mother told me just to act natural and ask the ghost, "What in the name of the Lord do you want?"

They are supposed to answer when asked in that exact manner.

Many strange noises could be heard in the old Cheatham house during quiet afternoons when Dad was at work and Mother was attending club meetings. Moans and creaks and slamming blinds kept the place alive. Sometimes there were sounds approximating heavy human footsteps, louder than the scuffling of flying squirrels and raccoons in the loft, louder even than the deafening hammering of woodpeckers. I nurtured my weakening determination to hold my ground but finally rationalized that ghosts cannot climb trees.

After that comforting decision most of my solitary hours were spent in a



crotch high in a giant magnolia tree. However, hungry after school, eventually I would have to enter the kitchen to get the lunch Mother always left on low heat. (She was a seamstress, practical nurse and devout church worker and when she was fitting dresses or caring for the sick, I suppose she thought that a man-child of hers, properly provided with food, could darned well take care of himself.)

The kitchen was a recent addition with two interior windows looking into the half of the house we didn't use, where cobwebs covered the library, shrouding antique furniture, office equipment, type galleys, an ancient square piano (with its own medley of sounds when the temperature changed) and a typewriter. I ate at a table placed beneath these windows. Seated there one quiet afternoon I encountered the ghost of the Old Cheatham Place. There was no doubt about it.

Suddenly the sound of a typewriter shattered the silence. I know now that the machine was handled with the professional rhythm of an expert and the invisible typist maintained a steady 75 words a minute. I could hear the clunk of the returning carriage. Remembering Mother's instructions I jumped up and shouted, "What in the name of the Lord do you want?"

The sound of typing immediately gave way to an ominous silence and the ghost did not answer. I was already out of range anyway, with empty stomach and pounding heart, safe in the crotch of my magnolia tree.

Bessie Padgett told her eight-year-old son how to word a question for ghosts.

Later, when I told my father what Mister Cheatham's ghost was up to, he said, "It was windy today. You just heard two beams rubbing together or something like that. Settle down and forget about it."

But I could not forget. I became almost hysterical as I thought about that clattering typewriter. Probably feeling harassed, Dad was somewhat rough when he grasped my shoulder, led me to the double doors opening into the storage area, unlocked them and gave me a conducted tour by flashlight.

"See?" Dad said. "There's his typewriter up there on the shelf, covered with half an inch of dust. Surely if he wanted to type he would move the typewriter to this table. You're just imagining things and I want you to get ahold of yourself."

During the long spring afternoons for months after that I could comfort myself with a visual memory of the dust-covered typewriter while I ate my lunch and listened to an entire edition of the defunct *Edgefield Chronicle* in the clattering throes of creation. I wondered how beams rubbing together could make that sound; I accused my imagination of playing dirty tricks; I prickled all over and my hair stood

erect; and in the end I became absolutely certain that I was living in the same house with a ghost.

A cat confirmed the occult presence in terms I could not ignore. On the day of our joint encounter, my huge yellow-brindle tomcat was sitting in a chair beside me when the typewriter started to clatter. Springing to emergency alert, Old Yellow stood his tail, his hair and his ears at strict attention, paused only a split second, then literally flew into the screen door with enough force to rip the wire and escape. His explosive action robbed me of all composure and I followed him at equal speed, finishing the destruction of the door.

From that day forward I adamantly refused to enter the Old Cheatham Place unless both my parents were with me. Even with their dubious protection I kept my ears and running gear at the alert. I did not care what in the name of the Lord Mr. Cheatham's ghost wanted. All I wanted was for him to keep his distance. My parents resolved the matter by moving into another temporary home until our new house across town was completed.

There could be no doubt that a ghost frequented the Old Cheatham Place. Old Yellow made that clear.

"BIBLE SAVES"

By Anthony A. Russo, Jr.

THE SMALL Bible which night watchman Robert Hanson carries in his shirt pocket saved his life on October 4, 1978, when an intruder shot him at close range. The .22 caliber bullet penetrated all but the last few pages and the leather back cover of the Bible, police reported.

Hanson, an employee of Greenly's

Real Estate Company in Charleston, W. Va., was making his final rounds in the basement of Cox's Department Store when he surprised the intruder. The man fired and Hanson was knocked down. He said later the bullet struck his chest like a sledgehammer but he suffered only a bruise on his chest. The intruder fled.

A NEW VIEW OF HEALING

Part 2

"We expect in the future to join religion and science . . . and I think we will find there is more to medicine than technology." — Dr. Robert L. Swearingen.

By James Crenshaw

ORTHOPEDIC surgeon Dr. Robert L. Swearingen was carrying on as usual one day in his clinic at a Colorado ski resort when he discovered that he was without the usual medical aids and nursing assistance which he depended on for the treatment of accident victims. A patient in great pain lay before him on the X-ray table. The man had dislocated his shoulder in a fall on the ski slopes.

"I called for the nurse to bring medication," Dr. Swearingen recalled. "She was not available — too many other patients. I looked down at my patient and saw in his face a combination of anticipation, trust and fear. I realized my total dependence on anaesthesia or some type of medication. As a physician, with all my training, I felt very weak. I really didn't

know what to do. It was somewhat overwhelming."

What happened next, Dr. Swearingen told a symposium audience in the Founder's Church of Religious Science in Los Angeles, changed his entire approach to healing. In a moment of indecision, he recalled the words of poet-philosopher Kahlil Gibran: "If not you, who? If not now, when?"

"I put one hand on the patient's elbow and the other on his shoulder," the doctor continued. "As I did so, he told me without words, 'Go ahead.' I thought, 'This is nice. I can keep him comfortable until I get the dope.' I kept pulling down, kept talking to him and kept touching the muscles and working with him in a way I really don't recall because it all comes so

naturally now. The end of the story is that the shoulder went back in place — no pain medication and no pain."

This was the beginning of a "touch and care" program that has supplemented Dr. Swearingen's medical practice ever since. He had discovered the meaning of what he calls "my own wholeness" and a method of establishing a positive environment around patients which enables them to heal themselves.

Now he teaches meditation procedures not only to members of his staff but also to the "macho men" of the ski patrol, who have begun to understand how to approach the "total being" of an injured person "instead of just a busted leg." He has taught them to take off their gloves on a 9000-foot mountain slope so that they may really "touch and care" and to approach an injured skier with a positive feeling of identification and wholeness.

"My surgical nurse can get tight ski pants off a patient with a shattered leg without significant pain," he told the audience at a program sponsored by the church's Ernest Holmes Research Foundation in 1978. "As we reduce the fracture, as we put the bones back in place, we are totally cognizant that this isn't healing; this is facilitation. The healing is what takes place afterward. In order to facilitate it, we teach the people here how to meditate. We draw little pictures, first of the broken bone, what it looks like. Then we draw a second picture of what it should look like in a week or ten days, with a beneficial blood clot formed around it.

"The third picture shows a scaffold-type of fibrous tissue forming and the fourth shows calcium being laid

down. The only thing is, we cheat! We speed up the process by having them meditate on things happening before they are supposed to!"

Dr. Swearingen treats from 50 to 80 bone fractures a season — without pain medication. "Caring, touching and talking and approaching the total being" enable patients to come through without pain.

"We expect in the future to join religion and science by studying what is the normal healing time with and without the meditation practice. I think we will find there is more to medicine than technology."

This also is the aim of the Ernest Holmes Research Foundation which sponsors research and presents reports by leading scientists and researchers to build a bridge between religion and technology.

* * *

DR. SWEARINGEN gave credit to psychologist Lawrence LeShan, who has written extensively on meditation and healing, for suggestions that have aided in combining meditation techniques with the technology of formal medicine.

Dr. LeShan, who teaches methods of healing in classes in New York, stirred a swift response during a Foundation panel discussion by asserting, "I am not sure there is any energy in psychic healing at all" — although he conceded energy might be a factor in laying-on-of-hands healing. He added, "I am not sure in most types of healing that the term *energy* is a useful concept."

Dr. Robert N. Miller, a research scientist whose experiments with healer Olga Worrall tend to show a

transfer of healing energy which can be observed and measured, took issue. "The things we know about energy in terms of our quantitative science make it a very useful building block. Everything we have seen in the world that we can talk meaningfully about is made up of patterns. Patterns are made from waves and waves are the very basis of energy, so that we can construct all things with waves." Science, he added, is getting close to the construct of healing energies in terms of waves and energy bands.

"My own feeling is that energy (in healing) is a very important concept," Dr. Miller said, "not just useful but the concept that will let it become a meaningful quantitative science of the future."

* * *

DURING the 1978 symposium Marilyn Ferguson, author of *The Brain Revolution* and editor-publisher of the semimonthly *Brain/Mind Bulletin*, reported on the work of two leading scientists, Karl Pribram, Stanford University brain researcher and neurosurgeon, and David Bohm, theoretical physicist of the University of London. She said they have concluded from their studies, theoretically at least, that "our brains mathematically construct 'concrete' reality by interpreting frequencies from another dimension, a realm of meaningful, patterned, primary reality which transcends time and space." This reality is likened to a kind of universal hologram, an invisible matrix that generates concrete reality. (A hologram is a type of photograph made without a camera in which the light frequencies are so dispersed that the

wave patterns in any fragmented part will reconstruct the whole image.)

This model of the universal whole is said to account for paranormal events on the "concrete" level of consciousness, including such phenomena as precognition, psychokinesis, healing, time distortion, rapid learning and transcendental feelings of being at one with the universe. These seem to be rooted in the "primary level" and to result from literal attunement to the universal matrix.

Both Pribram and Bohm, Mrs. Ferguson said, favor the holographic model of the universe, wherein a realm of frequencies (wave patterns) and potentialities underlie the illusion of concreteness. Pribram conceives the "frequency domain" or "primary reality" as devoid of time or space, a realm where there are only events which we have access to through the transcendental experience. (The concept is reminiscent of British mathematician J. G. Bennett's "eternity dimension" and astronomer Gustaf Stromberg's all-embracing "Soul of the Universe.")

In one of the discussions of healing energies Prof. William A. Tiller likewise spoke of different frequency bands. The healer may be able to establish an attunement of the "mental dimensions" of energy frequencies suitable for healing.

* * *

OLGIA WORRALL, a regular symposium speaker, is a religion-oriented healer who has been associated with the Mount Washington Methodist Church in Baltimore, Md., for some 30 years. There she devotes a large part of her energies, both physio-

logical and healing, to her New Life Clinic. In addition, she has time for science-based energy tests with such researchers as Dr. Miller, Dr. Thelma Moss and Dr. Wilbur Franklin, Kent State University physicist. Of all the testimonies to her healing Mrs. Worrall is perhaps proudest of that of an erstwhile materialist and ardent skeptic, psychotherapist Lynn Brailer, whom she introduced to the audience as her part-time assistant.

Mrs. Brailer, the wife of a doctor, told an engrossing story of feeling the warm flow of energy from Olga Worrall's hands and of being healed as a result thereof.

"I have been asked," Mrs. Brailer began, "to talk to you about why a straight" — she emphasized the word *straight*) — "psychotherapist would be flying around the country with a faith healer."

In 1966 Mrs. Brailer suffered injuries to her neck and spine in a car accident and had to wear a troublesome back brace. Increasing pain forced her to take considerable amounts of aspirin at first, then codeine.

"I was doing group therapy with narcotics addicts," she said. "They were very nice. They found out from the hospital pharmacy that I was on codeine. So they gave me a lot of good therapy!"

Despite a physician's warning that she would not be able to tolerate the pain of bending over books and typewriter, she decided to embark on a two-year program to obtain her master's degree. (At the time of the symposium, she was working for her doctorate.) She finished graduate school by doing her homework on her back —

with the aid of an orthopedic setup so that she could stay off the pain medication most of the time.

In 1969 she was told she had a terminal disease of the spinal cord. A long-drawn-out deterioration ending in death was inevitable. Then several weeks later her orthopedist said there had been a terrible mistake: she had only multiple sclerosis.

"I was overjoyed," she recalled. "I went whipping home to my husband, flew through the door and announced: 'Guess what? I don't have . . .' (She gave the technical name of the horrible spinal disease.) 'I have only MS!' Then I burst into tears when I realized what I was in for with that!"

But through it all, she had a "feeling" that she really had a cervical disc problem. In the meantime, muscles in her neck, back and right arm developed considerable atrophy. She was not getting any better. Finally, in 1972, a neurologist agreed she did have a cervical disc problem. Pieces from her hipbone were transplanted to the neck in a disc fusion operation.

The doctor said it would take about two years for her to recover and added, "For heaven's sake, don't have another accident. And don't fall down, because you have a solid piece of bone in your neck and you could break it."

With the help of aspirin she was feeling quite well and being very careful when on a grocery-buying trip in May 1975, "A huge car came out of what I thought was nowhere, went through a red light and hit my small car broadside."

Again her neck was badly injured. The surgeon said two discs were so damaged that another fusion and

another "chopping on the hip" were indicated. But the doctor was reluctant to operate, because a further injury might sever the spinal cord and leave her a quadraplegic. He decided to treat her conservatively so back she went to bed rest, hot packs, intense pain — the worst ever — and constant dosing with Valium and codeine.

Lynn became extremely depressed. "The only thing I could get into were the *I Love Lucy* reruns every afternoon. Then a friend told me about this woman in Baltimore who was a healer and suggested I see her.

"I thought I knew my friend Jean well and I thought she had a good head. I was moved by her concern but I thought she had really gone flaky on me. I had been director of a crisis service — an emergency psychiatric service — and I tried to thank her, but I said, 'Jean, you know damn well what we would do if someone came into the office and claimed he would heal you. We would pump him full of Thorazine and put him in the hospital. You've got to watch out. There are lots of people out there you might not want to be with, and this Baltimore woman doesn't sound like one I want to be with.'"

But Lynn was faced with a dilemma: either resign from her job or have the dangerous surgery. She had about made up her mind on the latter when she picked up a book her friend had left for her, a report on "parapsychology and medicine." In it was an article by Olga Worrall.

"She was quoting the Bible and you know, there is a little conflict between psychotherapy and religion." Lynn Brailler paused. She is a very amusing

speaker and she made the most of her next sentence. "I thought to myself, 'My God! This woman is a little too religious for me.'" But her friend Jean persisted. They were living in Washington, D.C., then, and it would be a relatively short trip to Baltimore. Lynn said she would have none of it. She said she couldn't cope with "a lot of screaming and carrying on" at a healing service.

Her friend had an idea. Why not call the healer in Baltimore and keep her in conversation long enough on the phone to do a "psychiatric diagnostic?" Lynn fell for that, although she confessed she had been alone and on bed rest so much she wasn't sure what to say to a psychotic any more! At any rate, she did call.

"This woman (Olga Worrall) said 'hello' and I explained about the accident. She said, 'Well, dear, we have this clinic every Thursday morning. You're welcome to come. There's no charge and we'll see what we can do.' Somehow I didn't have my wits about me to stall her any longer. So we hung up before I had a chance to do a good diagnostic." However, Lynn decided the healer sounded pretty rational.

So some six weeks after the car crash, she found herself on her way to Baltimore with her friend Jean. "I knew nothing could happen, but it just might be better than *I Love Lucy* reruns," she said.

Before she left, however, her doctor-husband expressed his views somewhat emphatically. "He said, with all kinds of expletives that I have to delete, 'It's not going to help you to go over there. Somehow in your mind you'll think you've tried everything,

that nothing will work, and you're going to be more depressed than ever.'

"I said, 'Look, I have my wits about me. I don't expect to get well over there. I want to see how this woman is conning so many people.' I had made up my mind that she was either psychotic or sociopathic."

When she and Jean arrived outside the church Lynn suddenly felt queasy. I thought, 'My God! I'd better do a diagnostic on myself. I think I have just flipped out. What am I doing here?'

"There I was with my arm in a sling and my neck brace on, and the pain was worse from the travel in the car. Why was I there?"

Inside the church, Lynn watched and listened for any symptoms that would help her do the "diagnostic" — but there was no "screaming and carrying on." Olga Worrall seemed to be a cheerful positive kind of woman. She spoke quietly and didn't rant or rave. "I couldn't see anything blatantly crazy," said Lynn. "Of course, that bothered me because it wasn't what I expected. I thought she would have long flowing robes and would be yelling a lot."

There was what was called a seminar (Lynn didn't remember a word of it) and then the healing service. She continued:

"I hadn't been in a church for a long time and I couldn't believe I was there. They sang a hymn and there were a couple of prayers. Then the laying-on-of-hands started. People were going up to a rail in front to be healed. I was just cracking up. I couldn't believe that there were people in this world who thought they

were going to be helped that way. I thought I had changed planets. It was just too much to cope with and I wanted to leave."

Her friend insisted she go up for the healing — practically pushed her, in fact.

"I never felt so foolish in my whole life. For me to kneel down at a rail was just too much. Olga came along and put a hand on either side of my head, and I thought, 'Humpf! Big psychic! She doesn't even know where the problem is.' But then, I knew she wasn't for real anyway."

"I was thinking, 'What a waste of time!' when suddenly I felt a deep heat going through the inside of me, through my back and into my arms. When she took her hands away from my head, the heat dissipated. It was clear there was some relationship between her having her hands on my head and that heat. It was a very big shock to me."

"My immediate conclusion was that she'd hurt me. I said to myself, 'Now I'm really injured. Now what?' I was in clinical shock. I couldn't believe it had happened. Yet I was quite sure that it wasn't some kind of psychosomatic thing I had made happen."

Outside the church Jean noticed Lynn was using both arms. She found she could raise the arm that had been in a sling without the "automatic tear response" she had suffered before. The pain was almost gone. Only an ache was left. She explained this away on the basis of her work in emergency rooms where patients in shock often do not perceive pain. The severe pain surely would return in a few minutes and she might as well enjoy the brief

respite. But the pain did not return — not during the more than an hour it took to return to Washington nor later.

"I knew I wasn't in shock any more. I didn't know what was happening, what that heat thing was, but it was delightful to be without pain for a while. I assumed it was temporary."

At home she changed from the sick-patient clothes she had been wearing to more conventional attire. When her husband came in, he growled: "Well, did you get healed?"

She couldn't pass up such a dramatic opportunity. So she "whizzed" down the hall to the room where he was. Then gesturing and flailing her arms, her neck and head free, she exclaimed: "Did I ever get healed!"

"The poor man! I really felt sorry," she said. "I just watched the color drain from his face, and he was listing a little to the left. Finally he said, 'Do that again,' and I did. You know, you always have to repeat everything for scientific validity."

"I said, 'No kidding. I'm not just controlling pain. I'm not just gritting my teeth. Something happened. I can move my arm again and I don't feel any pain.'"

At her next appointment with her surgeon, he asked her to lift her right arm and offered to help her if she couldn't make it. "I said, 'No, that's okay. I can do it.' And his eyes went out on stems. He looked at my chart to make sure it was mine and I said, 'Yes, it's Brailier.' He continued with the exam and every step of the way, he would do a double take. Finally he got so confused he was just walking around me and saying, 'How did you do that?' I didn't have nerve enough to

tell him I had been to a faith healer."

Some pain did return and she occasionally took aspirin. "In a crazy way, this was almost reassuring. That kind of sudden release from severe pain can unnerve you. Did you really have it in the first place?"

She went back to the New Life Clinic, got rid of the rest of the pain and hasn't taken aspirin (or codeine) since.

"I continued to go to Olga's meetings to see what made her tick. One day I asked Olga about a patient — a schizophrenic. She said, 'Look, kid, do what Ambrose (Olga's late husband) used to do. When a patient you think is schizophrenic comes in, get him to talk about something besides his problems, then sneak in the healing.'"

"I looked at her as if she were crazy. I thought finally the diagnostic had come through. I said, 'Olga, I don't have any healers on my staff.' She said, 'Kid, I mean you.'"

The upshot was that Lynn Brailier did sneak some Worrall-style healing into her "straight practice" and she was amazed at the results. "It seemed very weird."

In time, she was drafted to assist in the healing services. "Olga tapped me on the shoulder and said she was short-handed and needed some help. 'Come on, kid,' she said, 'Help us.' I was dressed in a slacks outfit and I didn't have a dress in the car, but she said, 'That's O.K. Come on and help us anyway.'"

Lynn Brailier has been helping ever since. She says she doesn't exactly understand what is going on. "I just know that people get healed there, and it's been an incredible experience."

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GUIDANCE I NEEDED

By Karin Lee Abraham

AN EXPERIENCE I had on May 7, 1971, changed the course of my life.

It all began with a phone call five days earlier. When I heard the somber voice on the line. I braced myself for news of the death of my grandfather Walter Degler, Sr. But instead the caller informed me that my father Walter, Jr., was at the Robinson Memorial Hospital in Ravenna, Ohio, suffering from a self-inflicted gunshot wound. His chances of surviving were not good.

The next days were almost more than I could bear. It was terrible to see Father suffer so. I prayed for death to come to relieve him of his pain. During his conscious moments we discussed his suicide attempt, his personal anguish, his philosophies and my future.

At 2:30 A.M., May 5, my prayers were answered. Because it was my first death experience I knew nothing of proper preparations. He had been an only child so there was no one but me to tell his aging parents or to handle funeral arrangements. I don't know how I managed but I somehow did all I had to do and on Friday, May 7, we laid him to rest.

About noon that same day I felt an urge to visit the cemetery. Since I had to prepare lunch for everybody, I ignored the urge. But by 3:00 P.M. I could no longer stand it. I got into the car and the next thing I knew,

I was on my knees weeping at the freshly-filled grave.

Suddenly a voice commanded, "Stop crying!" It was, incredibly, my father's voice. I stopped my tears, sure I was going insane. Dad assured me I was not. "I am alive and



Karin Lee Abraham

it is beautiful over here!" he declared in a clear strong tone. He said he regretted what he had done and would make amends. He asked me to take care of his parents. Feeling foolish for talking out loud I assured him I would.

Over the next weeks I thought often about this experience. I refused to accept insanity as the answer.

That August I accepted an invitation to a group reading and was asked to drive the reader, Lawrence Baker, to the private residence where the meeting was to be held. As Mr. Baker entered the car (which had been my father's), he pounded his chest and said, "Chest wound. Man. Death." Startled, I acknowledged that was true but gave no details. Mr. Baker said the man's vibrations were in the car and he related the story of my father's passing.

At the house I was the first person he read for. Mr. Baker described a man standing on my left; it was my father. He described another man at my right; he said his initial was "J" and "J" had been close to me when I was a child. I thought back and remembered. The description fit my Uncle John Hafford who Mr. Baker claimed had appointed himself my "guardian" upon his passing.

I needed no further proof of survival. Yet Dad and Uncle John thought I did. They visited-me in conscious awareness and in dreams and helped me to straighten out my life, which had been unhappy in many ways. Today I am a happier, healthier person because my "dead" father and uncle helped me tap my inner senses and learn that there is life after life. — *Cleveland, Ohio.*

THE CHURCH LANDLORD

By Paulis Krasts

IN 1914 MY grandfather was buried in the cemetery at Berzmuiza, Latvia. Afterwards my father took me to the nearby Lutheran church where we kneeled at the altar and said a short prayer.

As we were praying I heard another person coming up behind us. When we were finished I saw a handsome middle-aged stranger standing at the altar. He said he owned the church; he then offered to play something on the organ for us.



Paulis Krasts

I sat down on a bench to listen but my father, who had neither seen nor heard the man, got angry and led me by the hand out of the church. I protested that I wanted to hear the landlord play for us. Just then the church organ started to play. My father heard it clearly and we left the church grounds in a hurry, especially because we could hear a loud voice calling from inside

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the church, which we knew to be empty, "Jacob Elijah, Jacob Elijah." The voice called this name repeatedly.

There was no one in the town who bore that name, we later found out. We were also told that the organ was locked at all times and had been locked when I saw and heard the landlord play it. There was only one person in Berzmuiza who could play the organ and he was out of town the day of my strange experience. — *Cincinnati, Ohio.*

MY DOCTOR SAID I WAS DEAD

By Ruby L. Bryant

I HAD a bad case of influenza in December 1928. I managed to prepare simple meals for my husband Earl and our seven-year-old son J. A. but I was too weak to do more. I hired Wanda Wolf, the teenaged daughter of a friend, to come in after school to wash dishes and sweep and dust our Roswell, N. Mex., home.

One afternoon I decided to bathe while Wanda was there. As I was finishing my bath I felt as if I was going to faint so I determined to try to get to J. A.'s bed in the adjoining room. I managed to get there and crawled in, still wet. Weakly I called Wanda who came immediately to see what I wanted. I gasped, "Call Amy!"

Amy Traeder, my next-door neighbor, was a retired registered nurse and my very dear friend. She came at once and phoned my doctor. By the time Dr. Goodsell arrived I was sure I was dying. I couldn't move a muscle or speak a word.

I found myself floating upward and Jesus was coming down to get me. We extended our arms toward each other. I never expect to see Him any plainer than I did then! When we were about 10 feet apart I faintly heard Amy screaming my name. To my dismay my ascent stopped and I thought, "Why, oh, why is she stopping me?"

Amy screamed my name again and then I heard Dr. Goodsell say, "Mrs. Traeder, you a registered nurse, letting yourself go like that! Get hold of yourself. She's dead, I tell you!"

Amy cried, "She mustn't die! She just mustn't!" She had been holding ammonia under my nose and now rubbed it all over my face. (The skin all peeled off later.)

I realized that I was back in bed and Jesus was gone. Amy continued to scream my

name and the doctor continued to try to quiet her, repeating that I was dead. I thought, I must let them know I'm alive, but I couldn't speak or move my head or hands. I finally managed to move an eyelid — and Amy saw it. She exclaimed, "She isn't dead! I saw her eyelid move!"

Again the doctor said, "Get hold of yourself! You're imagining things. She's dead."

By making an extreme effort I moved my eyelid again and that time the doctor saw it. He immediately injected some kind of stimulant and here I am, strong and healthy, 50 years later. — *Albuquerque, N. Mex.*

SPIRIT REFORM

By Fred Rollosos

As told to Alice Creason

THROUGH A dense fog and thicker head the noises in my two-dollar-a-day hotel room in Little Rock, Ark., sounded very far off. My pill-deadened, booze-soaked brain refused to understand the lady who stood there flanked by two men. She seemed to be saying pay or get out.

Very soon my 40-year-old body was lifted from the bed and I had a sensation of floating as I was carried out to the parking lot and dumped into my auto. The smell of vinyl was vague in my nostrils and the cold was unfelt as I lay there helpless that Sunday morning 14 years ago. Semiconscious, I was aware of the change which only added to my misery of the night before. After three days of getting up the courage I had deliberately taken the several sleeping pills left in my bottle and then had drunk myself into a stupor. I thought I was ending what had been years of pill popping and alcohol. Now here I was, alive and wishing with all



Fred Rollosos

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my muddled mind that I was dead. Maybe death will come soon, I thought.

As I lay there in the overwhelming silence a voice from the past called to me urgently. I responded, automatically answering my mother who spoke softly from the spirit world, "Son, you can't die now. You are needed in this world and must carry out the plan for you."

A feeling of heartbreak stirred my body and spun my dazed brain into action. Had it been any voice but that of my wonderful mother I might have laughed at the spirit, but her gentle tones and meaningful words kindled a determination in me that I had forgotten could exist.

I slid from the car and crawled on my hands and knees for what seemed miles to a phone only a few feet away. My knees were battered from falling and blood poured from my torn elbows onto my fingers making dialing hard. At last I reached the operator and she rang my friend Peggy's residence in Hot Springs. I only was able to tell her the name of the hotel in Little Rock where I had determined to end it all.

Peggy was frantic with worry as she told me my mother had come to her in a dream the night before and told her I was deathly ill and needed her help. Peg said she had stayed up all the rest of the night, making phone call after phone call, trying to find me. I collapsed and dropped the telephone. It was still dangling there two hours later when Peggy arrived in the parking lot.

After many days of resting and eating, habits I had forsaken months earlier when I set out to drink myself to death, the miracle of healing occurred in my body and I recovered.

Peggy told me that when my mother's spirit came to her she knew I was dying somewhere. She was heartbroken because her dream of Mother was so vivid; yet Mother's request that she take care of me was impossible because I could not be found.

All this happened 14 years ago. Peggy is still watching over me and I know in my heart Mother's spirit is not far off. She said I was to live to carry out a plan. The plan has not yet been formulated; at least I can't distinguish it. But whatever the task, I am ready and thanks to her and Peg I feel able to meet it today. —Hot Springs, Ark.

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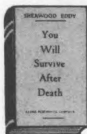
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NEWS & REVIEWS

by J. Gordon Melton



DOMAIN OF THE DAMNED

WHENEVER AND wherever Forteans — those persons who study anomalous physical and parapsychical phenomena — gather, you will find them engaged in animated discussions of lake monsters, Stonehenge, Bigfoot, spontaneous human combustion, falls from the sky, UFOs, mysterious disappearances and other such questions. Charles Fort (1874-1932), from whom this field of endeavor takes its name, brought this wide range of events together and called such phenomena the “damned.” By this term he meant not only things rejected from the present body of scientific knowledge but events damned by scientists as unworthy of their attention. Most Forteans believe that if their particular interests were taken seriously, scientists would have to change the basic paradigm by which they work and of course such a change would disrupt strong vested interests.

But whatever the reason for their exclusion from the domain of the accepted, Fortean phenomena continue to occur and Forteans continue to delight in noting that fact to an increasingly uncomfortable, defensive Establishment. Not all subjects once considered Fortean remain forever unexplained, however. One recent example is the moving boulders on the Racetrack Playa of Death Valley. These boulders which leave tracks up to several hundred feet long roll across the Playa floor apparently of their own accord, but now after studying the mystery for seven years Drs. Robert P. Sharp and Dwight L. Carey have discovered the wind pushes the big rocks on rain-slick surfaces of the hard Playa.

Fortunately plenty of mysteries remain and Forteanism is in no danger of imminent demise from lack of material.

FORTEAN TIMES

ROBERT J. M. RICKARD emerged in the mid-1970's as leader of a new generation of Forteans. His *Phenomena: A Book of Wonders*, written with John Michell and reviewed in the March 1978 FATE, is as good an introduction to Forteanism as one is likely to find. Rickard also edits the single best Fortean periodical, *Fortean Times* (c/o Dark They Were & Golden-Eyed, 9-12 St. Annes Ct., London W1, England, \$8.00 for four quarterly issues). Since its inception in 1974 it has grown from a 20-page collection of oddities to a major 50-page journal which is must reading for serious students of the unexplained.

The most recent issues include not only reports of weird occurrences from newsclips but meaty articles analyzing (and sometimes debunking) various mysteries, reviews of Fortean books and a generous supply of self-deprecating humor. (A sense of humor is essential in this field where one is as likely to encounter the ludicrous and absurd as the weird and mysterious.) The annual summary “Diary of a Mad Planet” keeps readers informed of the year’s catastrophic events. It alone is enough to cause a seismic jump in one’s paranoia level.

Rickard’s critical perspective is especially refreshing. When I first met him at the 1975 Fortfest in Chicago, he discussed his efforts to track down and explain some of the enigmas Fort had described in his classic works. Rickard understands, as

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so many Fortean do not, that Fortean studies are not a celebration of the unknown but an endeavor to bring into our present body of knowledge some understanding of the still large number of anomalous events that break into our otherwise orderly world.

If you are going to read only one Fortean periodical, *Fortean Times* is the one you want.

There are two other Fortean periodicals which you should know about, however. The International Fortean Organization publishes *INFO Journal* (7317 Baltimore Ave., College Park, Md. 20740, \$10.00 for six bimonthly issues). Now a decade old, the *Journal* has improved in quality since former NICAP luminary Richard Hall assumed the editorship.

INFO Journal's chief virtue is that each issue carries informative articles on key issues ranging from cryptozoology through ufology (editor Hall's major interest) to the Fortean view of the cosmos. Although the *Journal* publishes the inevitable column of anomalous news, the coverage is noteworthy neither for its scope nor for its depth; you'll have to consult *Fortean Times* for the real lowdown on recent phenomenal events. For those interested in wider reading, *INFO* supplies a mail-order book service with an extensive listing of titles.

Deserving a broader readership than it gets, *Pursuit* appears quarterly as the journal of the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained (R.F.D. 5, Gales Ferry, Conn. 06335, \$8.00 a year, \$10.00 a year with membership). The late Ivan T. Sanderson who founded *SITU* gained some fame as a maverick biologist after writing his classic *Abominable Snowmen: Legend Come to Life*, the first major book on Big-foot's kith and kin. Since Sanderson's death *SITU* has experienced its share of ups and downs.

On the whole, however, *Pursuit* remains a first-class journal and recent issues have covered all of the common Fortean topics — monsters, ancient monoliths, cattle mutilations and so on — but it has also reached out to examine related concerns in psychic phenomena, holograms and even cancer research. But possibly the most unexplained event of all is how *Pursuit's* editors got both Jerome Clark and Charles Berlitz to serve on its staff of contributing writers.



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SOME OTHERS

FORTEAN PERIODICALS come and go quickly. Most are produced on a shoestring and out of a desire to change the world. After three or four issues their publishers run out of money or enthusiasm or both. The quality of most of these is poor and editors fail to realize how small the audience for hard-core Fortean really is. Among three with some promise are *Chaos*, *NEARA Journal* and the *Journal of Vampirism*.

Chaos, the new "Review of the Damned" edited by Mr. X (Res Bureau, Box 1598, Kingston, Ont. K7L 5C8, Canada, \$5.00) appears eight times a year. I have seen only the first issue but Mr. X (yes, that's his legal name) has a good track record in publishing. For some time he kept his worthy *Res Bureau Bulletin* appearing every three weeks and it still comes out at fairly regular intervals. While *Chaos* is not at the forefront of Fortean thinking, Mr. X does a good job of discussing, in more depth than most commentators, modern and historical anomalies. With support the magazine can grow in both size and quality.

Among specialized periodicals the *NEARA Journal* (4 Smith St., Milford, N.H. 03055, \$4.00 for four quarterly issues), now in its 13th year, has done a surprising job of publicizing pre-Columbian remains of New England in particular and North America in general. The New England Antiquities Research Association (NEARA) is headquartered at Mystery Hill near Salem, N.H., and has tirelessly promoted the remains there as "America's Stonehenge." Important as that task is, the *Journal* reaches far beyond that one topic to report on other megalithic sites in New England, Norse-Viking remains in North

America and even American Indian items of related interest.

The *NEARA Journal* first alerted me to the extent of megalithic remnants on our continent; the number surely rivals England's. I welcome such data as a refreshing change from the endless rehashing of British rock circles. Mystery Hill challenges our imagination as much as Stonehenge.

Every three months I await thirstily for the appearance of Martin Riccardo's *Journal of Vampirism* (P.O. Box 205, Oak Lawn, Ill. 60454, \$6.00 for four quarterly issues) which explores areas which even committed Fortean might consider the "lunatic fringe." Editor Riccardo, a convinced and convincing student of the blood-suckers of history, combines serious research on the folklore and history of vampirism, reports of recent vampire attacks and biological treatises on bats with lighter material on vampire books, movies, musical comedies, short stories and humor.

Riccardo also heads the Vampire Studies Society which sponsors the *Journal*. Riccardo, whose tongue is seldom out of his cheek, assures us that the society has lots of openings for people willing to stick their necks out and is always looking for new blood.

But in his more serious moments he is an earnest student of this rather bizarre subject and I respect the time and energy he has invested in assembling as complete a collection of vampire literature as one is likely to find. Riccardo's work is continuing and he tells me that the society is eager to correspond with anyone who might be able to contribute to its research. You have nothing to lose but your fear of things that speak with Transylvanian accents in the middle of the night.



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OTHER REVIEWS

ANCIENT MAN: A HANDBOOK OF PUZZLING ARTIFACTS compiled by William R. Corliss, The Sourcebook Project, Box 107, Glen Arm, Md. 21057, 1978, 786 pages, \$15.95.

STRANGE PLANET: A SOURCEBOOK OF UNUSUAL GEOLOGICAL FACTS, VOL. E2, compiled by William R. Corliss, The Sourcebook Project, Glen Arm, Md., 1978, 269 pages, \$8.95.

The Sourcebook Project is one man's answer to the steady loss of Fortean material from the libraries of America. The man is William Corliss who in 1963 turned from a career in aerospace and nuclear propulsion programs to become a full-time science writer. He still writes for NASA from time to time but in recent years he has become increasingly involved with what he calls "outlaw science." Fascinated by the reams of seemingly sound material which lies outside the accepted borderlines of science, Corliss began to collect Fortean data and 15 years later, surveying a still-grow-

ing personal library, came to three basic conclusions:

"(1) The scope of the Fortean approach had to be broadened to include all areas of knowledge, in particular the life sciences.

"(2) The scientific community must be brought in, for only scientists are likely to come up with more answers than questions.

"(3) The older Fortean data had to be rescued quickly and organized into useful form for it was suffering attrition in the libraries. In addition, the post-Fort data (the last 50 years) had to be collected."

The reason for No. 3 is clear enough — not only do most librarians not understand Fortean but they also ease the overcrowding of their shelves by junking books and magazines on a "least used" basis. All too often Fortean winds up on the 10-cent table when libraries have their annual shelf-cleaning used-book sales.

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

New Brunswick, Canada

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This Letter of the Month was from a person who had received a Reincarnation Reading by mail — not in person — and is one of hundreds of testimonials in our office files. Open for inspection by any accredited person.)

*Akashic Records are Records of the Soul.

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bound works more acceptable to librarians than the smaller ring-bound sourcebooks. There have been two handbooks issued so far, massive volumes whose contents do not duplicate earlier sourcebooks. *Ancient Man* provides almost 400 articles and 240 illustrations from such journals as *American Anthropologist*, *American Antiquarian*, *American Antiquity*, *Current Anthropology* and *Man* as well as FATE and the publications of the International Fortean Organization, the Society for the Investigation of the Unexplained and other unorthodox sources. Articles reprinted include "The Other Pyramids," "Stone Circles, Alignments, and Henges," "Ancient Mines and Quarries," "Out-of-Place Artifacts," "Some Enigmas of Ancient Writing," "Curious Human Skeletons" and more.

Strange Planet, the most recent sourcebook, is loose-leaf like all the others, thus permitting the owner to add his own material to that provided by Corliss. Contents here include "Extinctions and Overkill," "Phantom Lands," "Magnetic Anomalies," "Ringing Rocks," "Craters and Astroblemes," "Solar, Lunar and Planetary Effects" and much more. As in *Ancient Man*, illustrations complement the text.

To date Corliss has produced 12 books. *Handbook of Unusual Natural Phenomena* is a hardcover companion to *Ancient Man* and there are nine other sourcebooks: Vol. E1 of *Strange Planet*, two volumes each of *Strange Phenomena* (unusual natural phenomena), *Strange Universe* (curious astronomical observations), *Strange Artifacts* (ancient man), and one each of *Strange Life* (mysteries of organic matter) and *Strange Minds* (unusual mental phenomena).

I find reading the sourcebooks great fun. You can dip into them at random, sampling oddments here and there as fancy strikes, or you can be systematic about it and pursue your interests via the comprehensive indices (Subject, Author, Source, Date-of-Event and Place-of-Event) at the back of each book. In either case you are in for hours of interesting reading.

This year should see one or two new sourcebooks and *Mysterious Universe: A Handbook of Astronomical Anomalies* (\$15.95) should be out by the time you read this review.

With sales to both Fortean and libraries increasing, it appears that Corliss' dream of preserving Fortean materials for future generations has become a reality. Go buy yourself a few and persuade your library to do likewise. — *George W. Earley.*

MINDS AND MOTION: THE RIDDLE OF PSYCHOKINESIS by D. Scott Rogo, Taplinger Publishing Co., New York, N.Y., 1978, 271 pages, \$11.95.

This is almost — but perhaps not quite — all you ever wanted to know about psychokinesis and its multifarious manifestations, intricate oddities and theoretical speculations. In *Minds and Motion* D. Scott Rogo, an admirable surveyor of the psychic scene with many books to his credit, has written a report that will interest anyone who wants to know about the wonderful world of mind over matter.

Whether it be Russia's Nina Kulagina pushing a matchbox around by thought power or laboratory experiments with "lucky" dice or Uri Geller's metal-bending and watch-fixing, Rogo handles his material with the facility of a pro.

He does an excellent job of outlining the history and practices of psychokinesis (PK) including early and modern table-tipping experiences and the historical experiments with Eusapia Palladino who was several times caught in fraud when in a difficult situation but who always contended that spirits directed her materializations and PK.

The author's chapter on the "Geller Effect" disputes the myth that Geller is a clever magician; far from being clever, Rogo says, Geller tends to be unsure of himself and occasionally clumsy and inept. He is continually being introduced to unusual, unexpected test situations both in and out of the laboratory, while a professional magician would never risk his reputation without advance briefing and careful preparation.

Rogo does credit Uri with some outstanding exhibitions such as the psychokinetic "repair" of a watch that had been secretly jammed by a parapsychologist-magician (W. E. Cox) so that it could not run — but it did!

(FATE readers may remember my own unplanned test of Uri Geller whom I asked to



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repair my disabled watch which he did in a few seconds. Then without forewarning, despite its faulty stem wind, I asked him to set the watch by mind power. He did, by simply holding it in his hands for a few moments. The hands of my supposedly irreparable wristwatch were somehow moved from 7:55 to 12:47, the correct time. I describe this incident in more detail in my article in the January 1974 FATE.)

The book's chapter on poltergeist PK, with references to the exhaustive studies of W. G. Roll and others, emphasizes the theory that the antics of a "noisy ghost" (a translation of the German word *poltergeist*) are due to the "unconscious" direction of troubled adolescents rather than to the activities of discarnates. Rogo, however, cites the view of psychical researcher Hereward Carrington (who later recanted the idea) that a discarnate intelligence might be able to manipulate a physical force supplied by an "agent" such as a disturbed child.

While Rogo himself favors the idea that poltergeist PK events are literal representations of acts that the agent consciously would like to perform he admits that evidence in a few cases tends to indicate a poltergeist "eventually becomes independent of the mind which has given it birth." But such unconscious creativity hardly accounts for a case the author himself describes.

A police officer investigating a poltergeist outbreak saw a heavy refrigerator lift slowly off the floor, then turn and set itself down again. After that a heavy television set "seemed to float in the air and crash to the floor." There was no one else around, the officer said. The phenomena had been preceded by raps and other incidents which frightened the resident family.

Rogo also tells of the experiences of Mrs. Amarya Fodor after the 1964 death of her husband Nandor Fodor, the noted authority on psychical research, who held cautious views about the possibility of an afterlife. (She once told me he had found only three cases that to him conclusively proved personal survival.)

According to Rogo, Mrs. Fodor for a time was beset with "telekinetic displays" which she took to be "signs" from her dead husband. But Rogo rather gratuitously dismisses her idea by saying, "It is just as like-

ly . . . that Mrs. Fodor was producing the PK herself." Unconsciously?

Yet he finds no easy definition for the singularly resourceful "unconscious" that is supposed to be behind such displays. However interesting it may be to read his examination of a number of supposedly scientific theories of PK — whether it is itself an energy or merely uses an energy or is truly "mind over matter" — it is unfortunate that such a valuable book does not also contain at least some reference to the literature, purportedly from the "other side," which details the mechanics of materialization and other PK manifestations as well as the nature of mind over matter and its interrelationship with consciousness. — *James Crenshaw.*

SCIENCE OF PSI: ESP AND PK by Carroll B. Nash, Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Ill., 1978, 299 pages, \$16.50.

Science of Psi: ESP and PK has the distinction of being the first textbook published on parapsychology since 1957 when J. B. Rhine and J. G. Pratt's *Parapsychology: Frontier Science of the Mind* was issued

by the same publisher. A great deal has happened in the field since that time, so such a textbook is needed. Carroll B. Nash, who has had a long professional association with parapsychology and is currently director of the parapsychology laboratory at St. Joseph's University, is well suited to write such a book.

Science of Psi should provide novice students with a good introduction to what we have been learning about ESP and PK. The chapters deal with the historical development of the field, the different types of phenomena psychical investigators study inside and outside the laboratory, and the relationship of ESP to mood, personality, distance, time and a host of other variables. Dr. Nash even offers two chapters on types of psychic effects usually bypassed by most writers on orthodox parapsychology: such "questionable" (to use Nash's term) but possibly valid phenomena as "direct voice" effects, augury, taped-voice manifestations and even UFOs. The book is also one of the few academic volumes on parapsychology to include an easy-to-follow guide to the sometimes complicated statistics used in modern psi research.

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Despite these undeniable virtues, however, Nash's book has its flaws. The author spends most of his time discussing what parapsychologists have learned *about* psi without instructing his readers in the methodology, experimental designs and research strategies which were used in the many experiments he cites. Although the book is 300 pages long, Nash describes not one experiment in any detail. So the reader will get little information on *how* research in parapsychology is actually conducted. This is a fatal flaw in a book which is supposed to teach the beginning student.

Another problem is that the book is inadequately referenced. All too often Nash makes a statement about ESP or PK (such as that psi is related to a particular variable) and cites only one reference to support his generalization. Yet other similar experiments could be cited which showed opposite results. Nor is the volume error-free. The chapter on the historical development of the field contains several mistakes and on one or two occasions later in the book he incorrectly summarizes an experiment.

In summary Dr. Nash's book is a handy if superficial guide to what we know about psychic phenomena, but it is hardly a comprehensive textbook. — *D. Scott Rogo*.

ALSO NOTABLE

THE HAUNTED HOUSE HANDBOOK by **D. Scott Rogo**, Tempo Books, New York, N.Y., 1978, 172 pages, \$1.95, paperback.

Veteran parapsychology writer (and FATE consulting editor) D. Scott Rogo has produced a well-written, well-illustrated book on ghosts and hauntings. Although intended primarily for a teenage audience, it serves as a fine introduction to the subject for adults as well.

ENCOUNTERS WITH ALIENS edited by **George W. Earley**, Charter House, Nashville, Tenn., 1978, 244 pages, \$4.95, paperback.

Science fiction fans will enjoy this anthology (first published in 1968) which shows how their favorite writers have treated the subject of contact between human beings and UFOs. Those who don't like science fiction will delight in Ivan T. Sanderson's lively essay which lambastes science fiction enthusiasts for their timidity and conformity and which holds forth for the moral and intellectual superiority of Fortean.

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

These columns of FATE are set aside each month for your comments. Send your opinion of articles and stories of unusual occurrences to FATE Magazine, 500 Hyacinth Pl., Highland Park, Ill 60035.

REMEMBERING GEORGE ADAMSKI

I was a close associate of George Adamski for many years and I believe I am fully qualified to comment on David Stupple's article, "The Man Who Talked With Venusians" (January 1979 FATE). Many of your author's statements are true but he also makes many errors.

First, Adamski's first contact was not near Parker, Ariz., but near the small town of Desert Center, Calif.

Stupple's second error is in stating that "no one has attempted a serious analysis of Adamski's claims" in the years since the contact. If Stupple's research had been adequate he might have said that *no one has released to the public* such an analysis. The truth is that the government investigated his claims and Adamski regularly communicated with certain officials, imparting information learned from his contacts. The government has known for years which of his claims were genuine and which were false. His photographs were always accepted as genuine, which they were.

Repeating the major error of the location of Adamski's meeting with Orthon, the man from Venus, Stupple then writes: "The two strangers communicated first by hand signals and telepathy." This is entirely misleading. Information was imparted by Orthon to Adamski over many months, not at the first meeting, as Mr. Stupple implies. This makes a great difference in the plausibility of Adamski's claims.

It is also in error to state that "Orthon

had made cryptic marks in the sand" with his boots. Adamski did not claim this; he said very plainly that the markings were made by the soles of Orthon's boots. Apparently Stupple's semantics are loose. The differences in implications of the two descriptions are vast.

Stupple calls Desmond Leslie an "occultist," possibly in an attempt to discredit him. There is nothing "occult" about an historian or his history book.

Contrary to Stupple's statement, Adamski did not accept the contact claims made by others. He openly called them frauds and discouraged any claims which were psychic in nature. Adamski always believed that "contacts" made astrally, psychically or by some other mental means were not genuine and I fully agree with his viewpoint.

Some of what Stupple calls "myths" about Adamski were not myths at all. The Straith letter commending Adamski for his work was not a myth. I have in my possession the photocopy which was telecast over a Los Angeles TV station in 1958 and I was with Adamski during its receipt, investigation and validation by the FBI.

Furthermore, Adamski did have an audience with Pope John. He was one of the last persons to be granted an audience before Pope John died. Adamski was very proud of the gold medal the Pope gave him and often displayed it at his home.

Stupple mentions me as the person who supplied the "crowning piece of debunk-

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ing" in regard to some of Adamski's claims. That paragraph of his article is 100 percent true. I still have the original "Royal Order of Tibet" material marked up in Adamski's handwriting and I have some of the cards asking: "Can you qualify for contact with the space people?" I published a complete story of all these events in my newsletter, part of which appeared in 14 countries and seven languages. I still stand behind it.

In Adamski's own words he did not "go off the beam" until many years after his original contacts. Because I am interested only in the truth I told Adamski many times that I would support only that which had been proven to be true. I further told him that I would expose my own brother if I caught him lying about UFO experiences. I meant it then and I mean it now.

Adamski turned over to me many manuscripts, most of his library and nearly all of his original files. For several years every word Adamski published came through my typewriter. His unpublished manuscripts remain unpublished because in my opinion they were "off the beam" and not compatible with what I knew to be the truth. When Adamski started having "psychic contacts" I refused to endorse them and withdrew from association with him.

I was with Adamski in 1958 during a meeting with three little people who he claimed had come to earth from Venus. I saw them and talked with one of them but I don't know if they were anything other than what I saw — little people.

On various occasions Adamski produced photographs, artifacts, recordings, laboratory reports, etc., which I examined closely. None was ever revealed to the public or press, so far as I am aware; yet all were more convincing than those things he did release. He claimed he was told not to "reveal them until the proper time." If he was fraudulent in all his claims, why didn't he reveal this stronger material? What happened to these items when he died? Why was he buried in Arlington National Cemetery?

Contrary to any claims the late Ray Palmer may have made, Adamski did not submit a story to him in 1944, nor did he write a science fiction story in 1946 called "Frontiers of Space." He did write and publish a book called *Pioneers of Space: An*

Imaginary Trip to the Moon, Venus and Mars. It is similar to *Inside the Space Ships* in that both deal with man going into space. In *Pioneers of Space* he described what space looked like from knowledge which was available at the time the book was written. In *Inside the Space Ships* he included knowledge that is common now but was undiscovered at the time the book was written. It was this knowledge which led many government scientists and officials to take a more serious look at Adamski's writings.

No doubt Adamski will one day be honored as "The Man Who Talked With Venusians," for the facts are these:

George Adamski met men from other planets and had at least one genuine contact experience. Later, after his contacts ended, he misled the public rather than admit that the initial phases of the "program" were over.

His photographs were genuine. Every scientific test to which they have been submitted gave additional proof of this.

People from other worlds walk among us today; they are established among us and

have no need to make such contacts as they made with Adamski.

Psychic contacts are products of human minds and have no meaning at all to anyone except the person who has the experience. Even then it is doubtful whether they serve any useful purpose.

Similarly, most UFO sightings are mistakes, misinterpretation of ordinary things, and the like. Genuine spaceships are physical and solid, not etheric or psychic manifestations. We don't have to go into the psychic world to explain them. Like the savages in the jungles, we seem to require supernatural explanations for anything we don't understand. Soon the startling facts will be staring us in the face. I can hardly wait. — C. A. Honey, Fullerton, Calif.

* * *

Dr. Stupple's article offers possible conclusions as to the reasons for George Adamski's experiences, dwelling heavily on the state of mind of the well-known contactee. While the article makes some very professional evaluations I feel that a further explanation of some of Adamski's experiences may shed a bit more light on

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It is unfortunate that so much information about Adamski is often obtained from individuals who have been against the man since he made his first claim. Ray Palmer, James Moseley and Gray Barker were such anti-Adamski personalities from the start. Other sources available to Stuppel were C. A. Honey and Jerrald Baker. Both of these men once were Adamski's co-workers but later discontinued their support of him and seemed to turn bitter. The reason is quite clear: both men had hoped for personal contact with the space people. For reasons beyond Adamski's control, this was not granted. After a time both men became irritated and turned against him.

While there are always at least two sides to every story, it is unfortunate that only individuals from one side were available when Stuppel and others were obtaining information about Adamski.

George Adamski had an orderly mind, as Stuppel stated, and he demanded discipline of himself. He kept his mind on the truth at all times. It is also true that Adamski was an idealist, a utopian. But he did not just dream about a better world society but actively worked to establish it. He always promoted a way of life which could be lived here and now. It is logical to assume he had a good hold on the truth, for the organized opposition to him continues — 14 years after his death. Soapbox theoreticians abound in our society and are quickly forgotten but the controversy still rages over Adamski's claims and philosophies.

In his many privately published works Adamski revealed an outstanding philosophy of life and how to make it work for betterment of society. We should consider

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his claims and his philosophy from the angle of their practicality. His philosophy, which he claimed came from the space people, envisioned a world of peace and harmony. In view of the state of our once-beautiful planet it should give us hope that somewhere out in space is a planet where people have the "utopian world" described by Adamski and which he was privileged to witness in action. Perhaps one reason the extraterrestrials chose him to contact is that Adamski indeed possessed the ability to visualize a society so different from ours.

Dr. Hermann Oberth once said that we have been helped by the "boys out there" in many of our technical and scientific developments. Along the same lines, the Hughes Tool Company has been suspected of receiving information from extraterrestrial sources.

During his lifetime Adamski attracted an impressive following, not only as the world's most famous contactee but as a teacher of the cosmic universal laws. He earned his qualification as a teacher upon graduation from the highest school of cosmic law at a monastery in Tibet which he attended for six years. Adamski taught that the cosmic Creator was an overall omnipresent intelligence which permeates all time, space and matter. Man is the Creator's highest expression. To understand the Creator we must study his works which are nature and man. It seems possible that people in other worlds have gone further in this study and perhaps they have been able to live without war, hate, greed and destruction while we have not.

I believe that Adamski's sincerity and concern for the welfare of the human race should not be underestimated. Let's give the man a chance; let's study his works to determine whether society might benefit through the application of the concepts he has set forth. We should give him at least the same consideration we have granted to many religious leaders who proclaim themselves the only true mediators between man and God.

At least Adamski was not so much of an idealist as ever to claim that. — *Fred Steckling, Vista, Calif.*

* * *

Once again George Adamski is the subject of an article written by a man who has

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never met him. And once again it is written that Adamski worked in a restaurant in the foothills of California's Palomar Mountains. Maj. Donald Keyhoe called Adamski "just a hamburger stand owner" and Edward U. Condon, in his 1969 government-paid UFO probe, copied Keyhoe. Neither man had met Adamski. There is nothing wrong with working in a restaurant, of course, but the truth is that Adamski did not work in the restaurant.

When his wife Mary was dying of cancer, the Adamskis lived in the apartment above the restaurant owned by Alice Wells. Alice had invited them to take the apartment so that she could help in caring for Mary.

Stuppel writes that Adamski "overheard six military men remark that the (1946 San Diego spacecraft) was 'not of this earth.'" He was not eavesdropping, as Stuppel implies. Adamski told me he was seated at a table in the restaurant when he heard the military men talking about objects in the skies and joined their conversation.

I handled the promotion of Adamski's first lectures in the East from 1954 into the 1960's and spent a great deal of time with him. It was not easy; he was a difficult man. He was, however, a sensitive psychic and had taught metaphysics for 30 years before his meeting with Orthon from Venus. He maintained that Orthon told him he must warn the public to remain objective about the psychic world as increased numbers of sunspots were distorting the atmosphere. Naturally Adamski made enemies in the psychic field. Ray Palmer wrote that he believed Adamski had taken a mental trip into outer space. Adamski may have taken both a mental trip and a physical trip and written about them both. Why should one preclude the other?

I was another person who received a letter from R. E. Straith of the Cultural Exchange Committee. Stuppel writes that Adamski claimed the Straith letter proved the government was supportive of his UFO activities. I do not agree. I believe it is evidence that space people are everywhere among us, trying to help us help ourselves in these horrendous times. Soon the "authorities" will have to see things as they are.

The space people, so I understand, have knowledge beyond that of our most brilliant

academicians. They do not go around waving academic degrees and trying to fit square pegs into round holes. They quietly apply their learning to living, at the same time learning from everyone.

Our "eggheads" are beginning to sit on fences, in case they may be wrong and may have to give up some of their pet theories. "Nature" does not work on earthman's schedule. There may not be time for science's method of confirming and reconfirming every new discovery before accepting it. The space people told Adamski they were coming to earth because of extreme climatic changes which will affect man's mind and body. We may be facing a time limit.

Well, at least FATE Magazine has published *something* about Adamski — even if it's negative. — *Laura Mundo, Pasadena, Md.*

THE AUTHOR REPLIES:

C. A. Honey, Fred Steckling and Laura Mundo seem to have missed the basic plan of my article in which I presented (1) four claims made by George Adamski and some of his advocates, (2) the criticisms of Adamski made by various detractors, and (3) an interpretation of Adamski's career. I did not endorse either the various claims or the exposes, nor did I conclude that he was fraudulent.

Mr. Honey makes two helpful clarifications, the first having to do with the place where Adamski's first meeting allegedly occurred. Second, most of the information Adamski is supposed to have obtained from Orthon came during meetings subsequent to the dramatic first encounter. My text blurred this fact.

The correct title of Adamski's 1949 science fiction novel is *Pioneers of Space: A Trip to the Moon, Mars and Venus*. I reported what Frank Edwards said about this book but I failed to say that he was incorrect about the book's contents. However, it is not true that *Pioneers of Space* does not resemble *Inside the Space Ships*. Compare pages 166-172 of the former with pages 64-82 of the latter. Both describe Adamski, while in a space ship, learning about the social organization of outer space and how that organization depends on inseparable physical and moral laws.

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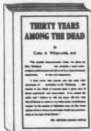
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At least on some occasions, Adamski accepted the contact claims made by others. This is apparent in his booklet *Many Mansions* and in accounts written by his supporters Bryant and Helen Reeve (*Flying Saucer Pilgrimage*) and Truman Bethurum (*Aboard a Flying Saucer*). Also of interest in this connection are Roy Stemman's *Visitors from Outer Space* and David Jacobs' *The UFO Controversy in America*. Apparently Adamski adjusted his stories to fit the requirements of a given situation — as most people do.

Contrary to Mr. Steckling's impression, several sources of information, both pro- and anti-Adamski, were available to me.

I find it interesting that only Adamski supporters commented on my article. Aren't there any Adamski debunkers out there? — David Stuppel, Associate Professor of Sociology, Eastern Michigan University, Ypsilanti, Mich.

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OGOPOGO AUTHOR DIES

Mary Moon, author of *The Okanagan Mystery: Ogopogo* (J. J. Douglas, 1977) and a story on Ogopogo which appeared in the November 1978 issue of FATE, died unexpectedly of natural causes on September 19, 1978, at her home in Vancouver, B.C.

Daughter of Lorna Moon, who was well known in the 1920's as a Hollywood screenwriter and novelist, Mary Moon was born in Winnipeg in 1914. Educated in England, she became a columnist for the *Yorkshire News* at the age of 18. Following her mother to Hollywood, Miss Moon worked in publicity departments at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and Paramount Pictures where she was attached to the Cecil B. De-Mille Productions unit.

Returning to Canada in 1971 she became
(Continued on page 127)

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 120)

associate editor and feature writer for the *British Columbia Motorist*, then editor of the *B. C. Hotelman*. She is coauthor of *Washington Calling* and *British Columbia Calling* and is widely known for her research on Ogopogo, the monster suspected of inhabiting Okanagan Lake, the subject of a television program "In Search of Ogopogo," on which she appeared. — Richard de Mille, Santa Barbara, Calif.

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE

In my story of Adolf Muhlmann ("Cheating the Angel of Death," February 1979 FATE) a small error worries me. You edited my copy to read that the book *A Grabber Koll* (misspelled *Grapper* in your magazine) "has never been published." This is untrue. The book was published in German by Abendpost in 1919. — Claire Metzger, Dixon, Ill.

A PLAIN OLD ALLEY CAT

The tracks pictured with the article "What Goes There?" (January 1979 FATE) were made by a cat — a plain old alley or house cat. I see plenty of these in my snowy yard and that's what they are — cat tracks. — Grace E. Siebel, Leavenworth, Wash.

ANCESTRAL MEMORY?

In "Doorway to a Previous Life" (December 1978 FATE) Dorothy Ann Richards seems uncertain about the circumstances of the acceptability of Sir John Manners, the second son of the Earl of Rutland, as a husband for Sir George Vernon's daughter Dorothy.

A great part of the tale of Dorothy Vernon and Sir John Manners is legend. Author Richards is correct in saying that the famous Dorothy Vernon's Steps at Haddon Hall were not there at the time of Dorothy's marriage. I quote from Graham Fisher's interesting book *Historic Britain*: "... Alas for tradition! The famous steps were not there in Dorothy's day and there was no angry father and no elopement. The bridegroom was . . . the family's choice."

While your author wonders if her remarkable experience might be "suggestive of reincarnation" I think it is more logical to assume that if she is directly descended from Dorothy Vernon and Sir John Manners (in which case she would have a fascinating ancestry going back to the Plantagenets), this is a case of ancestral memory — memory passed on to succeeding generations.

Ancestral memory has been convincingly demonstrated in an experiment with rats who had become familiar with a maze. Their offspring, unacquainted with the maze, immediately found their way through it without difficulty. — G. M. Garner, Everett, Wash.

IN FAIRNESS . . .

J. Gordon Melton's remarks on Edgar Cayce, in his review of Jeffrey Goodman's *We Are the Earthquake Generation* (February 1979 FATE), are not entirely fair. I don't claim to remember the prophecy on Atlantis precisely but it was something like this: "Portions of Poseidia will be among the first to arise. Look for it in '58 or '59!"

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Did he mean "Look for portions of Poseidia" or "Look for portions of Poseidia to arise . . . ?" If the latter is your choice, you are changing Cayce's sense to mean, "Look for it to happen" or more loosely, "Await news."

Cayce's words clearly imply that there was a chance to observe the missing realm "in '58 or '59" by looking for it where it is — under water — not in your local newspaper. — *David Ames, Watertown, Mass.*

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

In D. Scott Rogo's article "What We Are Learning About Survival" (September-October 1978 FATE) he questions whether deathbed visions indicate there is life after death. As a public school science teacher I had a chance more than 20 years ago to do a three-year-research project with eight-year-old children with results that are relevant to this subject.

Most of the children claimed they could see into the spiritual world and they described what was going on there and drew pictures for me. These normal healthy kids described many of the same things that happen to people having deathbed visions — floating out of the body, hearing music, seeing deceased relatives, etc.

Some observers mentioned in Rogo's article see a "cord" connecting the spiritual body to the physical body. According to the children, a substance flows between the two bodies through a "tube."

On hearing music, I found this written in my notebooks, dated May 6, 1954:

"The children, in class discussion today, told of hearing music . . . when there was no one around doing this singing. Some said the music came down from some place in the sky. One girl said it came from heaven.

"Several children said the sounds came into their bodies through their heads and they could hear the singing inside their bodies. Others said it could also come in through the shoulder or other parts of the body.

"Cathy told me more about what happened to her. She said she heard singing up in heaven and it started first from a flash of light in the sky. From this flash of light a huge vibration of colors came down and the next thing she knew she saw flowing colors around her body and also inside her body.

And this must have made the music because she heard it in and around her body."
— Samuel Silverstein, Torrington, Conn.

SWINDLE VICTIM SPEAKS . . .

"Is Bernadine a true prophet of God . . . or is she a con artist (deliberately plotting) to steal money?" These words appear near the end of your two-part article "Misunderstood Mystic or Clever Con Artist?" (November-December 1978 FATE). If you care for a firsthand opinion she is definitely NOT a true prophet of God.

My wife and I met Bernadine Villanueva several years ago. Like many others we were completely taken in by her charm and sweet voice. After all, a person who talks constantly and sweetly about God, who wears a beautiful cross around her neck and seems to strive only to do good for all mankind — my God, if you cannot trust a person like this, whom can you trust?

So we trusted — and the day came that all the money we had saved over the years for which we had worked so hard was gone. Bernadine Villanueva had it all — all \$20,000. And we stood there with dumb faces and not a penny left.

We can prove this. I still have copies of the money orders, of checks she made out to us which bounced and checks in different names from different banks.

Not only did we start again from scratch — and I mean *scratch* — but we also had to listen to laughter from persons who found out. We also lost faith in mankind and even today we cannot trust anyone. However, we were not the only ones who were hurt. We know other people who lost tremendous amounts of money and a man who lost his business and his wife. We've heard talk of an elderly couple who lost all their savings and committed suicide.

Bernadine a true prophet of God? No way. I feel no hate toward this woman nor desire for revenge — just deep, deep sadness. But I am glad she is in prison and I hope she remains there for the rest of her life. Not on my account — but to prevent other persons from losing their money, their faith, their businesses and whatever.

There are several charges against her here in California. Perhaps she will make the mistake of coming here again someday.
— F. R., Los Angeles, Calif.

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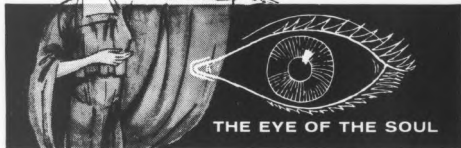
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