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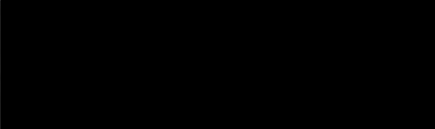
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Vol. 32 - No. 7

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New York City..... SG&A Publs. Reps.
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FATE (ISSN 0014-8776) is published monthly by CLARK PUBLISHING COMPANY, 500 Hyacinth Place, Highland Park, Illinois 60035. Second-class postage paid at Highland Park, Illinois, and at additional mailing offices. We do not accept responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts, photographs or artwork. Subscriptions: \$10.00 a year (add \$1.00 a year postage for Canadian or foreign subscriptions). Address correspondence regarding subscriptions and address changes to: FATE Magazine, 170 Future Way, Marion, Ohio 43302. Please notify Marion, Ohio, office of change of address 30 days in advance, giving both old and new addresses and Zip Code.

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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

We should not pretend to understand the world only by intellect: we apprehend it just as much by feeling. Therefore the judgment of the intellect is, at best, only half of truth, and must, if it be honest, also come to an understanding of its inadequacy.

— Carl G. Jung

I SUPPOSE it's difficult to fault success but I'm going to take a crack at it. The particular success I'm criticizing is the continuing high sales that the *National Enquirer* and similar sensational tabloids achieve each time they feature articles on predictions. You know the kind of prediction I'm talking about: "Psychics Predict Assassination Attempt on Anita Bryant" or "Jackie Onassis To Marry Again, Psychic Says."

I have many objections to this drivel — in addition to the fact that it is drivel. First of all, most of these predictions are wrong unless they are merely extrapolations of current events already underway — in which case they are informed guesses and not psychic at all. Second, they demean the whole field of the "psychic" by sensationalizing it and giving their readers a misleading idea of what psy-

chics are able to do. Third, they give the general public the clear impression that psychic abilities are confined to prediction. When we test the predictions for accuracy we get a dreary succession of failures. So if we were to judge the abilities of psychics on the basis of these public figures who claim to see into the future parapsychologists would be well advised to close up shop.

I have one prediction for you that invariably comes true, however. The next front page of the *National Enquirer* that features psychic predictions will sell better than average, all of which makes the *Enquirer's* editors better predictors than the psychics they feature.



YOU CAN PREDICT

THE MARCH 13 issue of the *Enquirer*, for example, features the predictions of 100 psychics. Where the *Enquirer* found 100 psychics is a mystery in itself but I think readers should study the kind of predictions included; any one of us who keeps up on current events could have made many of them. Here are a few of the ones you or I could have made correctly:

- Eighty-six of 100 psychics predict longer lives for almost everyone.
- Eighty-five forecast an astonishing spiritual rebirth.
- Eighty-two "forecast a dramatic strengthening" of the family unit in the United States.
- Fifty-five see a major White House scandal.
- Eighty-five believe Billy Carter will continue to embarrass the president.

Now let me give you five other predictions that are in a different category because their occurrence would not be an extension of data available to all of us. If these come true the psychics who made them may have genuine psychic abilities:

- An attempt will be made in New York to assassinate King Hussein of Jordan but it will be unsuccessful; he will survive.
- The body of Jimmy Hoffa will be discovered.
- Robert Redford will be involved in a serious automobile accident.
- New methods of powering autos will be found, providing substitutes for gas and oil. (We assume such methods will be economically viable because we already can power autos with many substitutes for gas and oil — including steam and alcohol!)
- There will be a spectacular encounter with alien beings who will revolutionize life on earth.

One year from now, in the July 1980 issue, I propose to review these predictions with you. But meanwhile, please do remember that psychic abilities include telepathy, clairvoyance, psychokinesis, out-of-body travel and many others in addition to the *Enquirer's* much touted precognition.

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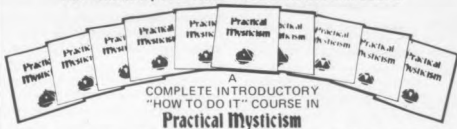
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HEALER FIRED

PSYCHIC healing is bigger in Europe than in this country and the healers often work with physicians to help diagnose disease and to add their healing efforts to those of conventional medicine. This is especially true in France and the Low Countries. However, in Italy recently a controversy led to the dismissal of a psychic healer from Di Venere Hospital in Bari.

Nicola Cutolo, 43, was hired by the head of the hospital Prof. Elio de Pergola late in 1978. One hospital official said, "We hired him as an experiment and it seemed to work out well." De Pergola and several hospital assistants all signed documents stating that many patients had improved after being treated by Cutolo.

Nevertheless, the Medical Establishment was horrified; the local medical association demanded that police investigate the "mysterious" hiring of Cutolo. The campaign to get the healer fired from the state-run, publicly-financed institution was led by Prof. Daniel Bovet, an Italian Nobel prize-winner. His efforts were ably assisted by Tina Anselmi, the Italian health minister who sent an angry message to the hospital.

Meanwhile newspaper stories referred to Cutolo variously as a "witch doctor," a "wizard," a "soothsayer," a "scandal," and a "quack." It would be difficult for any hospital administration to withstand that kind of pressure.

We don't know anything about Mr. Cutolo's abilities but from what we do know about Southern Italy local healers are usually welcome and often effective. Students of folk medicine are

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THE SAFE TRIANGLE

IS THE Bermuda Triangle one of the safest places to fly or sail across? The answer is yes, if you accept the following letter from Walter Treschuk of Bolton, Conn., which appeared in the *Hartford Courant* on Saturday, February 10, 1979:

"The Bermuda Triangle fever is here again with a recent movie version. As with past books, television and science reports, much of it hinges on the December 5, 1945, loss of six planes and crews from a naval air base in Florida.

"I was a Pan American Airline meteorologist at the Miami airport during this event. All civilian, airline route and area forecasts were covered in an office we shared with the United States Weather Bureau and staff. Naval and air force forecasts were covered by their own staff and office on the opposite side of the field.

"On the date of the so-called mysterious disappearance of the naval planes, our upper level wind chart showed an unusual high velocity wind pattern, west-east over upper Florida. While gentle on the ground, the winds increased so rapidly with height that only the lower levels were obtained with likely hurricane force in the high levels. No doubt unaware of these winds, the naval student pilots and planes were blown out to sea and lost. No airline or private aircraft entering this area had any difficulty.

"Our pilots were concerned with the loss and were shown and briefed on

this chart. The navy board of inquiry report, 'We are not even able to make a good guess as to what happened,' gave birth to the fable of the Bermuda Triangle.

"This was wartime. All weather data was classified. I did not and I do not know of any who contested this navy report. Many knew, but it would be breaking security to speak.

"Another Bermuda myth involves seaquakes that swallow ships. Our office also received hourly seismograph reports from our United States base in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. These reports pinpointed the location and intensity of any disturbances. Using this, we have for years been able to locate and track hurricanes with accuracy equal to today's methods. Any seaquake would be instantly detected. While we on occasion diverted an air-

line flight away from a possible developing storm, the well-publicized air force flights through hurricane eyes were 10 percent for weather data and 90 percent publicity and not due to the lack of accuracy of the seismograph reports.

"This letter is not an indictment of anyone. I missed too many a forecast in my day to stand in judgment.

"Unusual winds and an error of judgment or omission resulted in the tragic loss. The navy board report did its best to soften the pain. The Bermuda Triangle is probably one of the safest areas to be in."



MILESTONES

WE REGRET to report the deaths on Monday, March 19, 1979, of Dr. Gardner Murphy, 83, eminent

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psychologist and parapsychologist, and Dr. Ida P. Rolf, 82, head of the Rolf Institute and developer of the Rolfing technique.

Dr. Murphy was former professor of psychology at Columbia University and former chairman of the psychology department at the City College of New York. He later was director of research at the Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kans. He was at one time president of the Society for Psychical Research in London and was president of the American Psychological Association in 1943-44. At one time Dr. Murphy was critical of FATE Magazine but later became friendly with its editors, inviting them to witness psychic demonstrations.

Dr. Rolf was trained as a biochemist but for the past 40 years has worked in applied physiology. She attained the rank of associate at the Rockefeller Institute after receiving her Ph. D. degree from Columbia University. Her "Rolfing" technique, practiced by about 200 practitioners in the United States and Europe, is intended to promote body energy and a sense of well-being. It involves deep manipulation of the soft tissues of the body.



NOTES ON SPACE

ASTRONOMERS' understanding of our solar system is being changed dramatically by the data from the various space missions we have sent to Venus, Mars, Jupiter and beyond.

Although we now know more about Mars than about any other planet, astronomers still are puzzled by Mars' deep canyons which look as if they

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must have been made by water — or, if not water, by some other liquid. All reports from the Martian missions are not in yet but mysteries abound.

Science fiction fans who romanticized Venus as being a hot and steamy planet with dinosaurlike animals thriving in its swampy environment have to be disappointed. The surface of Venus is now known to be 865° — hot enough to melt lead; also any human being trying to land there would probably be crushed to death by the dense atmosphere before he could be asphyxiated by its poisons or incinerated by its heat. As one disappointed writer commented: "Venus is not a place to search for mankind's cosmic relatives."

One of the most exciting discoveries of Voyager I on its journey past Jupiter has been the detection of active volcanoes on one of the planet's moons, Io. Io seems to be churning with internal heat and swarming with erupting volcanoes which Voyager I photographed. Io is about the size of Earth's moon and is the closest moon to its mother planet Jupiter. Astronomers had expected to find Io cold and dead, scarred with impact craters from meteorites. Instead, Io is relatively smooth because the ashes and lava which flow from its volcanoes keep reshaping it and filling in the holes. Scientists now, of course, have ready answers as to why Io is so much different than they expected!



RAIN OF MULLET

WE HAVE a very belated Fortean report from Sydney, Australia, dated Thursday, January 31, 1973. It

seems that Arthur Porter, a caretaker at the Lismore Showground in northern New South Wales, got out of bed in the morning to find that it had rained fish during the night. Mr. Porter discovered that at least 200 mullet, some up to six inches long, were scattered over the roof of his cottage and surrounding land. Mr. Porter remembered hearing bumps on the roof about 10:00 P.M. the night before.

The Showground is kept locked and there were no footprints near the cottage. Mr. Porter stated that the fish were so scattered on the roof and surrounding property that they could not possibly have been dispersed from the ground. The fish were quite fresh and several of them had "burst heads," indicating that, if they had indeed come from the sky, they had fallen from a considerable height.

Lismore Showground is 21 miles from the coast, on the banks of the Richmond River. If and when the fish did fall from the sky they were not accompanied by rain.



THE FIRSTBORN

THE NATIONAL Institute of Mental Health is puzzled by its findings that firstborn children in small families tend to be bright over-achievers. Studies of *Who's Who in America* show a far higher proportion of firstborn on its pages than chance would allow. It shows that only children or firstborn sons are overwhelmingly successful executives. Twenty-one of the first 23 astronauts who flew on space missions fit that category, Richard D. Lyons reports in the *New York Times*.

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Broad population studies show the same thing. In addition, second-borns score better than third-borns and third-borns better than fourth-borns. Strangely enough, the order of birth has an inverse correlation to popularity. Although first-borns tend to be higher achievers, the last-borns tend to have more friends.

Of course position in the family birth order is not the only indicator of ability. These figures deal only with averages and many later-borns will out-achieve their older brothers and sisters.

"Birth order . . . is likely to be . . . less consequential by far than the impact of basic parental attitudes, values and behaviors . . . no matter what his or her place in the hierarchy of siblings," says Dr. Julius Segal, psychologist with the National Institute of Mental Health.

**HEART ATTACKS**

FOR THE past 25 years we have been assured that a blood clot in a coronary artery hardened or constricted with cholesterol is the usual cause of heart attacks. Physicians agreed that heart attacks arise because a section of the heart muscle dies when deprived of blood — the blood having been cut off by the clot in the coronary artery.

Now it seems this diagnosis may be wrong. Italian research, published in the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine*, suggests spasms of the coronary arteries are the main cause.

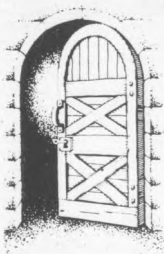
The researchers, under Attilio Maseri at the University of Pisa, studied 76 hospitalized patients who had re-

curring attacks of angina. They were continuously monitored during their hospitalization and the researchers learned that arterial spasms were the cause of all the patients' anginal episodes. In eight of the 76 patients these spasms continued to cause heart attacks. Three of the eight patients de-

veloped blood clots only after they had experienced the spasms and heart attacks and the clots formed precisely where the arterial spasms had occurred.

Preliminary conclusion: The spasms, not the blood clots, are the real cause of heart attacks.

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OUR BEGINNINGS . . .

UNTIL recently it was believed that human populations became sedentary only with the development of agriculture and that this occurred less than 10,000 years ago. Now Fred Wendorf, an archaeologist from Southern Methodist University, has discovered that humans living along the west bank of the Nile River were cultivating and harvesting barley 17,000 years ago.

The date is important in our understanding of human history because the beginnings of agriculture are believed to be the start of civilization since hunting people could not settle down and establish villages which grew into cities and developed trade. Agriculture is believed to be the step which changed man from a hunting nomad to a more or less civilized being.

However, some of the campsites on the dunes along the Nile clearly show that at least part of each year these early Egyptians were planting, harvesting and grinding barley. The dune camps are littered with hollowed-out grinding stones. And the seeds found by Wendorf's expedition show definite signs of cultivation in size, shape and other features.

Wendorf points out that the size of these prehistoric communities — around 20 persons — did not change much between 17,000 and 10,000 years ago. So where is the link between the start of agriculture with its accompanying settling down and the establishment of villages, towns and cities? "There must have been some other factor," Wendorf suggests.

Thus do the scientific theories (guesses) tumble down like tenpins.

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INSTEAD OF EGYPT

INSTEAD OF the Nile civilizations having begun in Egypt, new findings suggest that the Egyptians learned from the Nubians whose symbols of royalty were the same as those associated in later times with the Egyptians. Thus Nubia and not Egypt appears to have had the oldest monarchy in history.

This conclusion has been reached from studying a collection of hundreds of artifacts, including pottery, jewelry, stone vessels and ceremonial objects, recovered from a cemetery 15 years ago by Keith C. Seele, a University of Chicago professor who saved the artifacts from the rising waters of the Aswan Dam.

The objects were stored at the Oriental Institute in Chicago, their significance not realized until a year ago when a research associate at the Institute, Bruce Williams, began to study them. Particularly significant was an incense burner depicting a palace facade with a crowned king sitting on a throne in a boat. The carving showed a royal standard before the king and Horus, the falcon god, hovering overhead. All these symbols were used later by the kings of Egypt. However, these artifacts predated the earliest known Egyptian kings by at least three generations.



SHADOWS OF THE PAST

TRANSlation of the last and most complete of the Dead Sea Scrolls presents reasonable proof that many of our present-day puritanical laws and attitudes can be traced back to religious sects that existed a century

and a half before the time of Christ.

The recently translated "Temple Scroll," last of the eight Dead Sea Scrolls, is also the longest. It contains 19 pages which stretch 28 feet. Prof. Jacob Milgrom of the University of California, who helped Yagael Yadin, the Israeli scholar (and now deputy prime minister) to translate it, says he believes it is probably the most important scroll.

"To begin with, in this scroll, God speaks in the first person. This puts the scroll in a special category. You are dealing with revelation. His authorized word," says Milgrom.

The scroll demands purity. It bans toilets throughout Jerusalem and even prohibits defecation on the Sabbath — anywhere! The scroll says that any person "aspiring to live within the shadow of the temple in a permanent state of holiness must be leading a single life." Sexual relations are forbidden in the entire city of Jerusalem.

The king is forbidden to take more than one wife and may not remarry so long as she is alive.

"The implications are obvious," says Professor Milgrom. "Divorce is prohibited. We see for the first time that the views of marriage and divorce which were expressed in certain tendencies within the Gospels of the New Testament can be traced to teachings of this sect."



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National Council of Scientific Research in Paris since 1954, is convinced that one or more species of unknown humanoids still lives deep in the forests of Kenya.

Eberhardt has been studying the social structure of Kenyan tribes since 1966 and has lived in Kenya since 1970. Soon after she arrived there she began to hear, from the herdsmen who work their cattle near the fringes of the forest and from hunters, their stories of encounters with strange creatures.

Most of these stories come from Masai tribesmen who describe club-wielding giants covered with matted grayish hair ("gray like a donkey") or apelike humanoids who take to the trees like monkeys. During her years in Kenya, Eberhardt, who speaks Masai and Swahili fluently, has interviewed 17 persons who claim to have encountered "X" and has gathered 16 additional reports from others. Her data indicate there are five different kinds of forest creatures.

X-1, described as big and blondish or grayish, is reported to have captured a Masai youth in 1960 when the lad was 17 years old and to have held him captive for a short while. He picked up a sheep and examined it over his head before the terrified young man. He carried a large spiked club made of a hard root for attacking buffalo. Eberhardt has reports of their sightings of X-1 from 31 adults and two children in eight forests.

X-2 has been reported by 12 persons. In contrast to the hairiness of X-1, X-2 is said to be white and hairless and to roam the forests only at night, giving out piercing screams.

X-3 has been reported by five per-

sons in one forest and is described as very tall and black with white hair reaching to his heels. According to Peter Sharrock, writing from Nairobi, "he has been seen spiking buffalo through the forehead with a club or bringing them down by breaking a foreleg. He drinks blood from the jugular vein of the animal and leaves the rest of it, which sometimes has been taken by villagers."

X-4 seems to be more of a pygmy type, strongly built, with a head large in proportion to its short body. X-4 is said to have been seen with a naked female and three children who ate roots, berries and mushrooms.

X-5 resembles X-4 but carries a bow and arrows, which would indicate that he eats meat.



STRANGE WEAPONS

EBERHARDT and her Masai escort held a press conference in Nairobi at which they displayed the bow and quiver of arrows taken from an X-5 who was surprised by seven Masai. He dropped his weapons and "took to the trees like a Colobus monkey."

The bow and arrows are unlike anything used by or known to the Masai or Ndorobo people in the area. The arrows are feathered with eagle feathers and the string is of elephant sinew. The quiver is of eland skin and the arrow points have a large amount of snake venom painted on them.

The sociologist is planning to organize an extensive search. She believes she already has gathered enough data to warrant such an expedition. And she explains that "the

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herders know only the fringe of the forest. The forest-dwelling groups go in only a little farther, but we will have to go in deep and sleep in the forest if we are to make contact. I already have been assured of the cooperation of the best guides." Nevertheless, she expects the project to be greeted with skepticism.

Richard Leakey, director of the Kenya National Museum, who has made world-famous paleontological finds in that country, scoffs at the whole idea.

"These are myths," says Leakey. "North American Indians and many Africans, particularly those living close to forests, have their version of Chemoset or Big Foot, a gentle giant of the forest whose name is often interchangeable with that for a departed spirit. That leaves you with a fertile field for the imagination."

In all his numerous expeditions, says Leakey, there has never been "a scrap of real evidence as far as I am concerned."



LIVE TO BE 120

PROF. WALTER Bortz of Stanford University Medical School says human bodies should last up to 120 years but wear out much earlier because Americans are more afraid of growing old than of dying.

"The solution is in celebrating old age," Bortz declares. "Our idea of who we're going to be when we're 85 is just so grim. And if there is no value in it, then why seek it?"

He says that the key to longer life is simple: good nutrition, good exercise and good rest — "these are the three

elements of health." With an aggressive program of preventive medicine this prescription would add at least 10 years to the lifespan of the average American.

The problem is people won't do it because in their hearts they don't want to be 85, he believes. "That's not so much a conscious decision as it is a kind of abandonment and because of it we wear out prematurely.

"If I could convince you that to be 85 is really an exciting opportunity and that you will be valuable to yourself and others, then you would give up smoking, you'd run three times a week, you'd lose weight. And you'd live longer."



THE POWER OF MUSIC?

IS THERE a direct connection between longevity and musical genius? Dr. Donald H. Atlas, associate professor of medicine at the University of California at San Diego, thinks there may be.

Impressed by the fact that Leopold Stokowski lived to the age of 96, Dr. Atlas surveyed the longevity of symphony conductors. He noted that Arturo Toscanini was active until he was 90, Bruno Walter lived to 85, Ernest Ansermet to 86, Walter Damrosch to 88, and Arthur Fiedler, although recently hospitalized at 84, is still lively and vigorous.

Dr. Atlas compiled a list of 35 deceased symphony conductors and found their mean life span to be 73.4 years, compared with the life expectancy of American men in general which is 68.5 years. Although recognizing that his sample is small and that

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the comparison may not be valid, Dr. Atlas says, "I have not been able to find a single death in this group at an age younger than 58. I firmly believe that these men were protected by some undetermined factors from the modern scourge of early fatal vascular disease."

Dr. Atlas offered several relevant factors: superior intelligence, unusual talent or perhaps genius, driving motivation "and most important, a sense of fulfillment that comes with world recognition."

In 1973 United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare published a special report that concluded that the strongest predictor of longevity was work satisfaction and the second was overall happiness.



HOLISM, THE NEW MODE?

HERBERT Koplowitz, a Canadian psychologist, has a comprehensive new theory that implies holistic approaches are a higher form of intellectual development than current thought modes, including the scientific method.

As interpreted by *Brain/Mind Bulletin*, the individual adopting Unitary Operational Thought understands that the way he perceives the external universe is only one of many possible constructs.

"Opposites, which had been thought of as being separate and distinct from each other, are seen as interdependent — as poles of each other. Causality, which had been thought of as linear, is seen in Unitary Operations as pervading the universe, connecting all events with each other."

Koplowitz says there is more than one way to organize reality. Scientific concepts are only the concepts of science, they are not descriptions of reality, "The knower's world, instead of being *the* way to construe reality, becomes (only) a viable way of organizing experience."

This method of thinking resembles mystical thought, he says, which is a transcendence of science, not a rejection of it.

"Mystical thought is not opposed to Western thought and is not antirational or unscientific, but it transcends science and rationality. It is conveyed through paradoxes, meditation and experience, not through verbal description."

(*Subscriptions to the Brain/Mind Bulletin*, published the first and third Monday of every month by Interface Press, P. O. Box 42211, Los Angeles, Calif. 90042, may be had for \$15 a year.)



SCENT OF CALCIUM

HOW DO salmon return to the streams in which they hatched after years of ocean swimming many miles away?

David Bodznick of the Department of Zoology at the University of Washington has discovered that the sockeye salmon, at least, possess an extremely sensitive calcium detector.

Unlike many other salmon, sockeye fingerlings migrate to "nurse" lakes where they live for two years before finally heading out to sea. Calcium may not be the only identifying aid used by the migrating salmon but Bodznick is sure that it's one of them.

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HAS BIGFOOT MOVED TO TEXAS?

Reports over the past 10 years indicate that Bigfoot — or one of his close relatives — now has a southern home on the banks of the South and Middle Sulphur Rivers.

By Mark Jones and Teresa Ann Smith

IT'S BEEN A while since anyone in Hunt County, Texas, has reported seeing the big hairy creature. Some area residents dismiss the stories as backwoods tall tales but even scoffers admit they have reservations about entering the woods that conceal the banks of the South and Middle Sulphur Rivers. These banks and the tributaries of the rivers, the reports suggest, are the northeast Texas home of Bigfoot or one of his close relatives.

Jerry Matlock of Petulia and Kenneth Wilson of Greenville were the first to say they had seen the beast in the area. Their sightings occurred one summer evening in 1969 near a levee

which runs parallel to the South Sulphur River approximately 10 miles southwest of Commerce.

"It was about 11 o'clock and I was out there with some friends," Wilson said. "I was lying down in my car and I heard something in the bushes but I thought it was just a cow."

The two women and one man with Wilson were walking down the road near the levee when they started screaming. They ran back to the car, hopped in and took off.

Matlock recalled what followed as one of the scariest nights of his life.

"It was about midnight and I had just closed up the gas station where I



In common with witnesses elsewhere, Texans describe their Bigfoot as huge, hairy, upright and fast-moving. The creature may have migrated south along rivers.

worked when Kenneth came driving up with some friends and asked to borrow my gun," Matlock said. "They said they had seen something down by the levee and wanted to check it out. I thought they were pulling a prank or

something and I didn't want to lend them my \$100 pistol. So I went along.

"We drove down by the levee and that thing came flying over that levee tearing up everything in the world," he said. "He came over that levee squall-

ing and tearing out saplings and ripping up tall grass and heading toward the car.

"And it was big. I've seen some people six feet tall and seven feet tall, but this thing was bigger than any man I've ever seen in my life."

The creature was about eight feet tall, manlike in posture and covered with brown hair.

"You could have stretched a yardstick across its shoulders and its shoulders would've been wider than that yardstick. When that thing came over that levee and started squalling, I'd never been so scared in all my life," Matlock claimed.

Wilson said he saw the beast come over the levee but did not get a good look at it. "I just did a doughnut in my car and took off," he said. "It was big and hairy, whatever it was."

As Wilson spun the car around, the man on the right side of the front seat tried to fire at the beast with Matlock's pistol. But the gun would not fire.

"I don't know what was wrong with it," Matlock said. "He might have just been too scared to cock it properly. I know I had fired it not long before this happened and it fired all right afterwards, but it wouldn't do anything when he tried to shoot at that thing."

Wilson and Matlock returned to the scene the next day and found footprints left by the beast. "I put my arm down in one of the prints," Matlock recalled, "and that print was as long as from my elbow to the tip of my outstretched fingers. And my arms aren't small."

Matlock admits the story sounds unbelievable. "If somebody was to tell me a story like this, I would figure

they were full of bull," he says, "but I know what I saw. I was 21 years old when I saw the thing and that's too old to be scared by nothing.

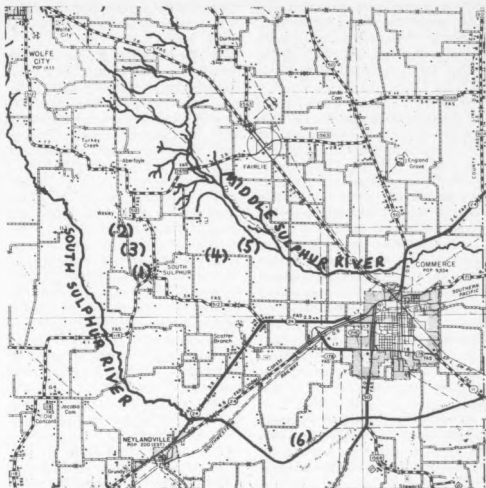
"I would've liked to have thought my mind was playing tricks on me but when four other people see the same thing, you know it's not your imagination."

More recent sightings have prompted the Dallas Bigfoot Research Society to mount an investigation. On January 7, 1978, six members of the society arrived in Paris, Tex., 30 miles northeast of Commerce, where they interviewed Kenneth Thurman, a Paris resident who claims to have encountered a hairy bipedal creature over eight feet tall.

Thurman's sighting occurred six years ago at a location 25 miles northeast of Paris. At the time Thurman delivered butane for a local gas company and the job required that he run all three of the delivery routes in the county every third weekend.

One Saturday evening in late fall Thurman received two requests for butane. He picked up a friend who worked for the same company and headed out to make his deliveries. His first delivery was to a house located at the end of a dirt road northeast of Paris. The dirt road cut through a heavily wooded area about six miles from the Red River which borders Oklahoma.

He had just turned off the highway onto the dirt road when he stopped the truck to let an annoying insect out of the cab. As the men stepped outside to relieve themselves the two noticed a foul odor in the air. Suddenly Thurman's companion saw a long shadow



At these locations in Hunt County creatures resembling Bigfoot have been sighted: (1) Harvey Garrison saw beast crossing road. (2) On McKay farm, cattle huddled near house for several nights. (3) Wayne Matlock, Anthony Wilson and Ray Rutherford saw strange beast alongside road. (4) At this point Wayne Matlock saw creature a second time. (5) Matlock and Wilson found footprints and unusual square here. (6) This is the area in which Kenneth Wilson and Jerry Matlock saw the creature in 1969.

in the moonlight. The "shadow" was moving toward the back of the truck.

Thurman's friend shouted, "There it is!" When Thurman whirled around, he found himself facing a rapidly approaching creature as tall as the tops of the butane tanks on the truck.

"That thing wasn't four feet from me when I dove into that truck," Thurman said. "Listen, I'm a hunter and I'm not scared of the woods or anything in it, but that thing reached out for me and I was afraid for my life. I don't know what I'd have done if it caught me.

"It must have come out of the woods from behind the truck. We dove in, threw that truck in gear and took off. Bet it wasn't two seconds from the time I saw that thing until we took off."

When the truck jerked forward, the cab doors slammed shut and Thurman said he got a better look at the creature in the cab's side mirror. He shot down the road at full speed and had to swerve over a cattle guard at the end of the road before he could stop. He then drove to the house where he was to deliver the butane.

"Yeah, we made the delivery," he said. "But the man that lives in that house was sitting on the porch with a gun and his coonhounds were hiding under the porch. Coonhounds aren't afraid of anything and that man said those dogs were usually out chasing at night . . . but those dogs were scared and that man knew something was going on. That's why he had his gun out."

After making the delivery Thurman and his friend hopped into the truck and took the only route back to the highway, the same road they had come in on.

Thurman tore through the area where they had seen the creature at about 50 miles per hour and swerved onto the highway — at which point they saw the beast for the second time. It was about 75 yards out in a field running in the same direction as the truck.

"I knew that road curved up ahead and I was scared we were going to cross that thing's path when we went around that curve," Thurman recalled. "I said, 'Listen, hell or high

water, I'm not going to stop this truck. If that thing runs out in front of us, I'm going to hit it.' "

But the beast ran into some woods before it reached the curve in the road. Looking back on the incident Thurman believes the creature may have escaped into the woods in order to get away from the truck.

"I was doing about 60 miles per hour and it was outrunning the truck," Thurman said.

He reported the incident to the gas company but the people there just laughed. "We decided we had better hush up about it," he said. "Listen, I'm not a jokester or a prankster. I've seen what I've seen and if people don't believe it, that's their problem. My friend and I stopped talking about it because people were just laughing."

But apparently it was one of the gas company employees who informed the Dallas Bigfoot Research Society of his sighting. "They came out here and talked to me about it and took my story down on tape, but I haven't heard anything from them since."

The society thinks Thurman may have seen "something," Ed Owens, society member and composite artist, said, but the sighting occurred too long ago for there to be any evidence that might substantiate it.

Because Thurman was sure the beast was as tall as the top of the butane tanks on the truck he was driving, society investigators measured the height of the tanks on a similar truck and found the tops to be eight feet two inches above the ground.

* * *

OWENS AND Tommie Thorneberry, another society member,

investigated a more recent sighting in Hunt County by Harvey Garrison, a Wolfe City High School senior.

Early in August 1978 Garrison spent an evening with a friend, Jeff McKay, in South Sulphur, a small community six miles west of Commerce. That evening, after stopping at a small grocery store run by the McKay family, the boys left in separate cars for the McKay residence. The time was 10:15 P.M.

Garrison was negotiating a sharp curve on the country road when he saw a 7½-foot-tall creature standing on the right side of the road.

"I slammed on my brakes and came within a few feet of hitting the thing," he said. "It turned slightly toward my car. Then in one step it was across the road! With the second step it was in the ditch and the third step took it over the fence." Because the night was unusually dark Garrison could not see the beast past the fence line.

McKay, who was following Garrison at some distance, did not see the creature.

Thorneberry and Owens went to South Sulphur on September 22 and measured the distance from the point where Garrison said he first saw the beast to the opposite side of the fence. The distance measured 42 feet.

"It's impossible," Thorneberry said. "If Garrison was right about (the beast) crossing the road and going over the fence in three steps, it would've had to take a step 14 feet long."

Thorneberry and Owens said they wanted to check out the stories of the others who claimed to have seen a similar beast in the area but were due back in Dallas that afternoon. Before

leaving South Sulphur they questioned Garrison about his sighting but he stuck to his story.

Garrison, who hasn't seen the creature since, speaks reluctantly about the experience. "It scared me," he says. "It scared me bad. I hope I never run into anything like that again."

Two days after Garrison reported seeing the creature, three other residents of South Sulphur claimed they had seen a similar beast.

Wayne Matlock, Anthony Wilson and Ray Rutherford, Commerce High School juniors, were walking down the same road Garrison had driven two nights before. The road led to a camp they had made near the Wilson home.

Around midnight the boys heard a noise on the side of the road behind a small tree. "We thought it might be a cow lying down by the fence," Wilson said.

"We crouched down to try to see what it was," Matlock said. "Anthony stood up and took two steps forward when the creature jumped up from behind the tree. We were about three or four feet away from it when it came up and we just ran."

"I don't know if it came toward us or went the other way," Wilson said. "I was too busy running."

When they had stopped running, the boys worked up the courage to return and to see if the beast was still there. When they didn't see the thing reappear, the group continued to the campsite but at a slightly faster pace.

"It had to have been well over seven feet tall," Matlock estimated.

"It wasn't a gorilla," Wilson said. "It was too big."

Several days after this sighting,

about August 19, Matlock was walking home from the McKay store in South Sulphur when he encountered the monster for the second time. This time, however, it was in daylight — at 5:00 P.M.

"It crossed the road several yards in front of me and headed off across a pasture toward the Middle Sulphur River," Matlock said. "The cattle in the pasture went running in all directions and cattle usually run together in the same direction unless they're really scared."

Matlock ran the remaining 1½ miles home.

He reported that the beast looked like the one he had seen earlier with Wilson and Rutherford and said it also fit Garrison's description.

"I don't care what other people say. I know what I saw and if that is what Bigfoot is supposed to look like," he told us, "then I believe it was him."

Two days later Matlock and Wilson searched for possible evidence along a small trail toward which the beast headed after crossing the pasture.

"We found two footprints in the left-hand ditch," Wilson said.

"Each one was over 12 inches long," Matlock added. "I wear a size 12 shoe, which is pretty large, and this thing's foot was longer than mine."

"In the road was a square about three feet square and one inch deep. It

looked as if the dirt had been pulled up by hand but it was in a perfect square. I don't know why it was there. It must have been a symbol of some kind."

But the boys say their "evidence" was lost when they accidentally drove over the footprints and the square while turning their truck around in the narrow road.

Harold Matlock, Wayne's father, believes his son's story. "Wayne and the other boys were pretty frightened by what they had seen," he said. "When Wayne came running home after seeing that thing during the day, I knew it couldn't be just their imaginations going wild. Wayne was really scared."

The elder Matlock theorized that the creature could be migrating along the rivers from some other area in the United States, such as Boggy Creek in Arkansas.

"It seems that it would be easy for these creatures to move down the Sulphur River since there is enough foliage to keep them hidden in most areas," he said.

The South Sulphur River and the Middle Sulphur River which run on opposite sides of Commerce are branches of the Sulphur River. The Sulphur runs through Arkansas where the legendary Boggy Creek monster has been reported for years.

A CASE OF MISIDENTIFICATION

HAROLD GOLDBERG of Sedalia, Mo., disappeared in the winter of 1971 and later was positively identified in a grave by his wife. She recognized a scar, a bent finger and missing teeth. Three years later Goldberg telephoned his wife from the Ozarks saying he had suffered from amnesia. The body his wife identified was never explained. (From *Among the Missing* by Robert Nash, Simon & Schuster, \$14.95.)

Randi Rides Again

... climbing the backs of
Drs. Russell Targ, left, and
Harold Puthoff, respected
parapsychological researchers.

By Curtis Fuller

PROBABLY all persons who claim unconventional abilities need adversaries to keep them honest. But in parapsychology both researchers and their subjects all too often are victimized by adversaries who seem so emotionally involved that they are unable to criticize rationally, logically, scientifically.

One of the most persistent of these adversary-critics is a magician whose professional name is The Amazing Randi. James Randi is a competent if unexceptional magician and a skilled publicist who is extremely prejudiced against the idea of the paranormal. Along with Paul Kurtz, former editor of *The Humanist*, he has led the recent

attacks on unorthodox phenomena.

Well over a year ago Randi wrote to me from Tel Aviv saying that he was in Israel "to consult with two ex-Geller (Uri Geller) confederates who have decided to tell all." Randi criticized certain FATE material both for what it said and for what it did not say. Then, reviving an old publicity gimmick Harry Houdini, another magician, perfected decades ago, Randi challenged Russell Targ and Harold Puthoff of SRI International to prove certain of their claims; if they could do so, he said, he would pay a reward.

On December 13, 1977, Randi wrote me as follows:

"I will give \$1000 to any named



the 24 "facts" they allege concerning statements made about their Geller research fiasco in my book, The Magic of Uri Geller. There is one exception, where I admit I am in error: Deutsch, the P.R. Man at S.R.I. did not quit. I had been informed otherwise by a person at S.R.I. I stand on a statement I have previously made - the so-called "scientific research" done at S.R.I. with Geller was a farce.

⑤ Matthew Manning, the U.K. "psychic" has been offered my check for \$10,000 - which is in the hands of the Cambridge Evening News - to be given to him if he is able to produce one paranormal event that is genuine. As of this writing, he has made no move to accept this offer, made to Mr. Peter Bander, his agent.

James Randi.

ought to be respectable. Parapsychologists throughout the world have looked upon the research of Puthoff and Targ as important evidence supporting the psychic abilities of the famous sensitive Uri Geller. Although controversy has surrounded many of the Geller claims because of his showmanship tactics (an ability that Randi should understand) it has been widely accepted that Geller had a solid core of talent.

Puthoff and Targ reported in part on their research with Geller in a paper

titled "Information Transmission Under Conditions of Sensory Shielding" in the respectable British journal *Nature* on October 18, 1974. In that portion dealing with Geller they reported on his ability to reproduce, under controlled conditions, simple line drawings which were concealed from him in distant rooms.

Meanwhile, Randi wrote his book *The Magic of Uri Geller* in which he criticized the quality of the research Drs. Puthoff and Targ had done with Geller at SRI. As a result of this attack

and the attacks on Prof. John Taylor at the University of London and other researchers who have worked with Geller, the whole field of psi research has been tarnished.

Puthoff and Targ published a detailed analysis of Randi's criticisms in Vol. 2 of *Psychoenergetic Systems*, 1977, pages 173-185. They listed what they believed to be 24 errors Randi made in his book. It is to this reply that Randi refers in his letter of December 13, 1977, in which he offers \$1000 if Targ and Puthoff can substantiate any of the 24 errors they claim his book contains.

It would be tedious to respond here to all 24 of Randi's errors as claimed by Puthoff and Targ, especially since Randi offers to pay his \$1000 if only one of their points is proved. We will, however, explore six of the 24 claims of errors.

CLAIM 1: Geller convinced executives and researchers at the Stanford Research Institute (now renamed SRI International) . . . that he could (among other things) distort solid metallic objects. (Leon Jaroff, Science Editor of *Time*, in Preface to Randi's book *The Magic of Uri Geller*.)

REPLY: We have a copy of Puthoff and Targ's paper published in *Nature* and find that metal bending was mentioned only once in the paper, in the following paragraph: "It has been widely reported that Geller has demonstrated the ability to bend metal by paranormal means. Although metal bending by Geller has been observed in our laboratory, we have not been able to combine such observations with adequately controlled experi-

ments to obtain data sufficient to support the paranormal hypothesis."

CONCLUSION: The *Nature* paper did not deal with the subject of metal bending. Puthoff and Targ's personal opinions of Geller's metal bending abilities are known to lean toward the agnostic and we find no indication that they thought they had scientific proof of such abilities nor do we find any such claim in any SRI report.

CLAIM 5: Randi's book says, "There seems to be developing a public belief that science approves the trend toward parapsychological research and that 'most people' believe in psychic marvels. It is a fact (however) that the vast majority of scientists today have no interest, nor belief, in these things and are content to consider the law of inverse squares, the law of averages and conservation of energy — among other laws — quite unassailable and sufficient to depend upon. (Randi: page 15.)

REPLY: In its November 23, 1972, issue the British scientific journal *New Scientist* published a questionnaire on parapsychology. Dr. Christopher Evans discussed the implications of the 1416 replies received up to January 5, 1973, in the January 25 issue. He stated, "The first conclusion to be drawn from this very large response is that parapsychology is clearly counted as being exceedingly interesting and relevant by a very large number of today's working scientists Characteristically, of the whole sample a massive 88 percent (1252 respondents) held the investigation of ESP to be 'a legitimate scientific undertaking.'"

CONCLUSION: In the United

Kingdom, at least, it is obvious that Randi is mistaken. Surprisingly, physicists, engineers and other physical scientists and technicians tended more toward belief than did psychologists.

CLAIM 6: Randi says on page 34 of his book, "Yet Puthoff, ecstatic that *Nature* had published his and Targ's paper, has reprinted the article as it appeared there, in an attractive blue folder but . . . Puthoff reprinted the *Nature* article without the page-and-a-half introduction!"

REPLY: The reprint of the article follows the standard format of all *Nature* reprints sent to authors. Puthoff and Targ say that "the so-called 'Introduction' Randi claims was deleted refers to an editorial at the front of the magazine, several pages earlier. *Nature* reprints standardly do not carry editorials, letters to the editor, etc."

CONCLUSION: Mr. Randi's charge is not especially relevant to anything except for its implication that Puthoff and Targ selectively edited the reprint in order to appear in a more favorable light. This charge does not seem to be warranted by the circumstances.

CLAIM 8: Randi writes: "There was no way I could get to see the SRI film. Only the elite of the world of science and journalism were invited, and being of a lower order of life, I received no request for my presence."

REPLY: The Columbia symposium was an open meeting as announced in *Time* for March 3, 1973. It was attended by *Time* and *Newsweek* reporters and NBC-TV representatives. According to Targ and Puthoff the symposium "was widely known to be

an open meeting to which any interested individual could come and for which no invitations were required."

CONCLUSION: FATE checked with Prof. Gerald Feinberg of the Physics Department of Columbia University who chaired the meeting. Professor Feinberg preferred to call the "symposium" a "colloquium." He explained that such a colloquium is held weekly for members of the physics department. He regarded the holding of such a colloquium as so routine an affair that no invitations were issued. This was true of the colloquium at which the SRI film was shown. However, the meeting was open in the sense that no one was excluded and anyone could have attended.

It is difficult to understand exactly what Randi is driving at unless it is to underscore his claim that no magicians were invited to participate in the research project — a claim in which he is also mistaken. In summary, while Randi (and countless others) was not invited, the meeting would have been open to him.

In regard to Randi's complaint that no magicians were consulted, Puthoff and Targ state, "One of the two responsible investigators is an amateur magician with over 20 years' experience. A local magician who specializes in exposing fraudulent poltergeist cases has been a continuing consultant from the beginning of the project, and Milbourne Christopher, a world-renowned magician and critic of psychic phenomena, was brought in to critique videotape and film of the Geller work and to suggest protocols for further experimentation."

CLAIM 9: On page 43 and 44 of his book Randi implies that the compass sequence and spoon-bending sequence of the SRI film "Experiments with Uri Geller" shown at Columbia University are examples of SRI scientists being deluded by sleight of hand. He implies that Geller had a magnet in his mouth which affected the compass. He says that the spoons did not bend while being photographed but showed bends when not on camera. Therefore he implies that the SRI people were hoodwinked.

REPLY: FATE has a transcript of the film narration for the motion picture describing the compass sequence which states, "The following is an experiment which in retrospect we consider unsatisfactory as it didn't meet our protocol standards. Here the task is to deflect the compass needle which, indeed, Geller does. Before and after the experiment he was gone over with a magnetometer probe and his hands were photographed from above and below during the following experiment so that we were sure there were no obvious pieces of metal or magnets in his possession. However, according to our protocol, if we could in any way debunk the experiment and produce the effects by any other means, then that experiment was considered null and void even if there were no indications that anything untoward happened.

"In this case, we found later that these types of deflections could be produced by a small piece of metal, so small in fact that it could not be detected by the magnetometer. Therefore, even though we had no evidence of this, we still considered the

experiment inconclusive and an unsatisfactory type of experiment altogether."

(Note: In separate experiments Prof. John Taylor has discovered that compass deflections do not occur if an antistatic fluid is applied to the outside of a transparent case containing the compass needle unless indeed there is a hidden magnet.)

Concerning the spoon-bending sequence, the transcript reads: "These are a series of unconfirmed physical effects that need further investigation. One of Geller's main attributes that had been reported to us was that he was able to bend metal from a distance without touching it. In the laboratory we did not find him able to do so. In a more relaxed protocol he was permitted to touch the metal in which case, as you will see in the film, the metal is indeed bent. However, it becomes clear in watching this demonstration on film that simple photo interpretation is insufficient to determine whether the metal is bent by normal or paranormal means.

"In the laboratory, these spoon-bending experiments were continuously filmed and videotaped. It is evident that sometime during the photographic period this stainless steel spoon became bent. However, unlike the things we have heard about Geller, it was always necessary for him, in the experimental situation, to have physical contact with the spoon or for that matter any other object that he bends. *It is not clear whether the spoon is being bent because he has extraordinarily strong fingers and good control of micromanipulatory movements or whether, in fact, the spoon*

'turns to plastic' in his hands, as he claims."

CONCLUSION: Obviously Puthoff and Targ were not "deluded" by Geller's metal bending claims.

CLAIM 15: Randi (page 63), in referring to a 100-envelope, double-blind clairvoyance test that Geller failed, asked: "And is it not curious that this Geller test series was never reprinted or mentioned by any of his SRI disciples? And that the press — so very interested in the Geller matter — never ran a story on his spectacular failure and suspected cheating?"

REPLY: The above question completely ignores the demonstrable truth. In paragraph 1 on page 604 of the October 18, 1974, issue of *Nature* Targ and Puthoff state: "On each of the three days of these experiments Geller passed. That is, he declined to associate any envelope with a drawing that he made, expressing dissatisfaction with the existence of such a large target pool. On each day he made approximately 12 recognizable drawings which he felt were associated with the entire target pool of 100. On each of the three days, two of his drawings could reasonably be associated with two of the 20 targets. On the third day, two of his drawings were close replications of two of that day's target pictures. *The drawings resulting from this experiment do not depart significantly from what would be expected by chance.*" (Italics are ours.)

CONCLUSION: Randi is clearly wrong in his statement that Geller's failures were not reported. Therefore, Puthoff and Targ are right when they state they did report on the failures of the double-blind clairvoyance test.

The damage that such blind attacks as Randi's inflict on parapsychology is obvious. The general impression left with the reading public is that the SRI studies of Uri Geller and others were scientifically invalid forays conducted by enthusiastic amateurs.

No one who has read the actual Puthoff-Targ reports can believe this. But how many persons study a scientific report? There were double-blind experiments, for example, in which neither Geller nor the experimenter knew what the targets were. Randomizers were used in choosing the targets and statistical results were achieved as high as a trillion to one. The experimenters were in control throughout. Sometimes the tests were conducted with Geller inside a Faraday cage. In other instances the target was inside the cage.

Targ and Puthoff feel that controls were more than adequate on three hidden-object experiments. These included hidden drawings in envelopes, double-blind hidden-object experiments and double-blind dice-in-a-box experiments. They also are satisfied that it is highly probable that Geller, by paranormal means, depressed or raised a weight on an electrical scale and deflected a magnetometer. "These do not seem to admit of any ready counter hypothesis," say experimenters.

If the descriptions of the tests are correct, it would be hard to disagree.

* * *

IF JAMES RANDI was serious in his letter to me, then he owes \$1000 to "any named charity." Puthoff and Targ request that the money be paid to Parapsychology

Research Group, 111 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104, a nonprofit, tax-exempt California organization which supports research and education in the field of paranormal investigation.

However, there are so many loopholes in the Randi offer that one questions whether it is just another publicity ploy.

For example, Randi's letter to me does not state *who* will be the judge of whether Targ or Puthoff have substantiated any of the 24 "facts" he refers to.

It does not state *when* the money will be paid.

It does not define *charity* and the Parapsychology Research Group may not meet Randi's subjective definition of charity.

Obviously, however, unless Mr. Randi pays the money no knowledgeable person should ever again take his publicity gambits seriously. But, alas,

memories are short. We are still waiting for Mr. Randi to fulfill his boast that he can duplicate the Ted Serios psychic photography under the same conditions imposed upon Ted. (See "Dr. Jule Eisenbud vs the Amazing Randi" in the August 1974 FATE.)

What then is the purpose of this kind of thing other than to provide Mr. Randi notoriety?

I have a feeling there is more to it than that. He and his colleagues seem to have a genuine terror that psychic phenomena will be proved even to their satisfaction — and they behave as if such proof would bring their whole world crashing down.

Is it too much to hope, however, that in the future they will confine their criticisms to the rational and be more temperate in their attacks? After all, they do profess to believe in the sanctity of the scientific method. And truth is an important part of that process.



STARRING IN THE AFTERLIFE

By Lina Accurso

EMILY MacLaughlin, star of the soap opera *General Hospital*, is the widow of actor Jeffrey Hunter who is well remembered for his portrayal of Jesus in the movie *King of Kings*. He often told his wife, "If I go across the bridge first, I'll be waiting for you on the other side." Since his death she believes that he often gives her proof that he's keeping his promise.

Hunter was a navy veteran and the flag that draped his coffin was given to his widow. Shortly after the funeral, on a day when she was feeling particularly despondent, she picked up the flag and a medal of St. Genesius fell out. Both she and her housekeeper

had handled the flag many times before and the medal had never been there. Nor did they know who Genesius was. Eventually Miss MacLaughlin learned that Genesius is the patron saint of actors and the medal is extremely old and rare. She believes it is a sign from her husband.

Both Hunter and Miss MacLaughlin were fond of pinecones and she reports finding them in strange places — even where no pine trees exist for miles around. One day when she visited his grave she found one single pinecone on it. She feels that her husband is telling her he is waiting for her.

THE MYSTERIOUS PHYSICIAN



Marie and Harold Moyer will never forget crisis which occurred after his surgery.

As Harold's life hung in the balance, a doctor
took charge — and a miracle began.

By Sylvia Blair Clark

HAROLD MOYER, without oxygen for over four minutes and on the brink of death, was saved by a mysterious physician no one had seen before and no one has seen since. Today, against all medical odds, Harold is in perfect health.

Moyer, a pleasant, straightforward man, is a plant superintendent at the printing company where my husband Harper Clark works. He lives in an attractive remodeled camp house near the Calcasieu River between Lake Charles and Kinder, La., with his wife Marie, who is office manager for a Lake Charles animal hospital.

In June 1975 Harold's physician Dr. Philip Carnes* admitted his patient to the Lake Charles Memorial Hospital for an operation to remove cartilage growths on his neck. The surgery was performed without incident and afterwards Harold slept peacefully. Marie sat next to him in his room to make certain all was well.

About five hours after the surgery Harold started fussing and feeling his throat. Marie summoned a nurse who gave him a shot. Harold fell back into a deep sleep.

* A pseudonym. The Moyers asked us not to use the names of the doctors; they are on file at the FATE offices. —
The Editors.

At 4:00 P.M. Marie suddenly realized she was hungry — she hadn't eaten since an early morning breakfast. Thinking she'd go downstairs to the hospital cafeteria for coffee, she felt Harold's forehead as a last check and started for the door to the hallway.

But when she reached the door she was startled to discover she couldn't move any farther. Although she tried to push herself through the opening it was as if some invisible barrier, an unseen door, held her back.

Marie, an unemotional, matter-of-fact woman, decided that since she seemed to have no choice in the matter she might as well resume her vigil. Almost as soon as she had sat down, Harold let out a gasp. His body stiffened and stretched. His eyes opened.

He was dead!

Marie ran screaming out into the hall — the invisible barrier was no longer there — and cried, "Nurse!" Two nurses, one a man, ran into Harold's room, Marie right behind them.

The male nurse barked an order to his companion. "Get Mrs. Moyer out of here!" he said. "He's not breathing."

But Marie already knew that. A nurse led her to the floor office to await further word.

As soon as Dr. Carnes heard what had happened, he sent out a cardiac emergency alert through the hospital.

Dr. Julian Roberts, a neurosurgeon, answered the call. He ordered a crash cart sent to Harold's room. When the two doctors discovered the cart didn't help, they sent Harold to intensive care. His heart was not beating.

As Harold was being settled into an intensive care cubicle, a strange man

walked in. The stranger sized up the situation and said, "Let me see what I can do."

The other doctors and nurses automatically stepped aside and allowed the "doctor" to try because they all thought Harold was dead. Dr. Carnes was the only one who still had any hope.

A nurse stood holding onto the foot of Harold's metal bed. The strange "doctor" snapped, "Take your hands off that bed!" The "doctor" evidently was about to use electric shock treatment on Harold.

Twice the stranger got a heartbeat on Harold and lost it. The third time the heart started up without even fluttering. Harold's heart was beating normally again!

Dr. Carnes later told Marie, "I've never seen a physician work as fast and efficiently as this one did."

After Harold was hooked up to the machines Dr. Carnes came out to the waiting room where Marie now sat and told her what had happened. He said he didn't know who the strange doctor was but he would ask Dr. Roberts. Giving her a tranquilizer he suggested that Marie go home and rest.

At 7:30 the next morning Marie was back in the intensive care unit waiting room. A worried-looking Dr. Carnes told her there was no reason these complications should have arisen after Harold's operation.

"Harold's going to be all right," Marie replied. She had the feeling that the mysterious physician had made it all right.

But Dr. Carnes kept saying, "Don't get your hopes up."

Still he couldn't hide his puzzle-

ment and fascination with the episode. He wondered how this knowledgeable "doctor" who had saved Harold's life and whom none of the doctors and nurses knew had managed to be in intensive care at the very moment he was needed. "I'm not a fanatic person," Dr. Carnes reflected, "but I have religious convictions." He seemed to think that what had happened to Harold in intensive care through the ministrations of the mysterious physician was a "miracle." "There was a lot bigger hand on Harold's shoulder than mine," he said.

For the next three days Dr. Carnes and Dr. Roberts tried to discourage Marie's hopes for Harold's complete recovery. On the fourth day they conceded, "There's a chance." But they added ominously, "There were at least four minutes when Harold didn't have oxygen which means possible brain damage."

Marie said these words didn't bother her. She knew somehow that everything would be fine. And, as it turned out, it was.

* * *

A MONTH passed. Although everyone watched for him, no one saw the mysterious physician after that night in intensive care. The stranger submitted no bill to the Moyers who eventually paid the hospital expenses and the doctors whom they knew to be involved. It had all happened so fast that no one could give Marie a description of the mysterious physician. Although Harold re-

mained in the hospital for approximately three weeks, the strange "doctor" never came back to check on his recovery.

The Moyers later learned of another unusual healing which had taken place in the intensive care cubicle near Harold's that night. An 18-year-old boy, completely paralyzed after diving into the river and injuring his spinal cord, had been there for four weeks; in all that time he had neither moved nor spoken. Because his mother's voice was thought to soothe the young man, she was allowed to read to him constantly. On the day of Harold's "miracle" the boy suddenly spoke for the first time, saying "ouch" when his mother touched his leg. Thereafter the boy began to recover and he is now back in college.

During the same period a young child was brought into the hospital with a brain tumor that was so successfully removed that the incident was described as a "miracle" in a front-page story in the Lake Charles newspaper.

Marie also learned that at the time of Harold's "miracle" still another child had a tumor the size of a grapefruit removed from his brain at the Memorial Hospital. He also recovered quickly and left the hospital before Harold did.

Looking back upon the whole incredible episode Marie remembers something Dr. Carnes told her: "There was a Presence in that intensive care section I'd never sensed before."



THE CASE FOR HOLISTIC LIVING

Message comes through loud and clear: When body, mind and spirit work together in harmony, we can function as whole persons in command of our world.

By Marcus Bach

Reprinted from *Unity* June 1978

THE NOUN IS holism, the adjective holistic, and the origin of the word is from the Greek *holos* meaning that which is total, complete and holy. The word is here to stay and the hope is that we will all live longer and be more fit because of it.

Holism is more than a word; it is a movement. Its advocates are calling it Holistic Healing, Holistic Medicine, Holistic Health, Holistic Therapy. Holistic centers are springing up across the country. Holistic conferences, conventions and workshops are almost constantly in session. It could become the most enthusiastic step to better health since vitamins or it could, as in the case of vitamins, result in just another get-well-faster effluvium, leaving us to wonder where we go from here.

Holism is based on the belief that a new and close collaboration of various technologies in the healing field is in the making and that these include certain intellectual and spiritual disciplines as well, all part of a new fitness function. To understand this trend we should have a hint on how it all began but even eyewitnesses, when asked the question, shrug and say, "Its time has come."

They refer to the sudden explosion of interest in physical well-being, new nutritional ideas that came out of everywhere, warnings against the dangers of food additives, the rising cry about the use and abuse of medication, publicity about a doctor-drug-induced disease called iatrogenics, a questioning of medical infallibility, malpractice suits, the rise of a new breed of

DR. MARCUS BACH, author and world traveler, is an authority on contemporary religious movements. He holds a Ph. D. from the University of Iowa and three honorary degrees from other universities. He has visited Russia for the prime purpose of studying the extent of religion there, and under the State Department's International Educational Exchange, he has served as cultural specialist in southeast Asia and the Orient.

His travels and research have given Dr. Bach vivid insight into world convictions. Among prominent religious figures he has interviewed are Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the late Pope John XXIII, Shoghi Effendi in Haiti, former Prime Minister U Nu in Burma and Prince Sihanouk of Cambodia.



doctors and evidence of a old breed of physicians who have suddenly become highly self-analytical.

There were earlier telltale signs that the medical profession would be compelled to examine the bounds of its limitations or redefine its seemingly unlimited territory. Psychoanalysis and psychiatry had suggested that many so-called mental diseases might be neither mental nor diseases, but rather alterations in the body's chemistry. Psychosomatic medicine had added another dimension to the healing arts: the phenomenon of interaction between the psyche and bodily functions. Orthomolecular medicine had alerted researchers to the role of nutrient deficiencies in physical and mental malfunctions. From these and other sources holism emerged as a rallying point for both a vision and a dream.

The vision was that specialization had become too specialized. Disease rather than the patient had too often been the object of treatment. The ten-

dency to focus on a "named disease" was challenged. A particularized ailment, it was now claimed, might be only one arc in the total circumference of sickness. The vision was to have doctors pool their scientific skills in a multiphasic, holistic health care system so that the total patient could be properly served.

The dream went further than the vision. It foresaw holism as a catalyst of cooperation between medical doctors and practitioners in nonallopathic fields of therapy all the way from acupuncture to spiritual healing. It felt that alternative approaches to health and well-being would be made collective and some went as far as referring to the AMA as the "Alternative Medical Association." Quite a dream! At long last, it was supposed the patient and not the sickness, the sick person and not the symptoms, the sincere seeker for health and not the case history would be the object of attention in our increasingly impersonal world

where the psychological distance between patient and practitioner had long since passed the breaking point.

Holism, rising simultaneously in the consciousness of many minds, was anticipated in both the vision and the dream to be exactly what the doctor ordered for the coming of the new person for a new age.

The first significant holistic conference open to the public was held in San Diego in the fall of 1976. There had been several previous meetings, gatherings of physicians, interprofessional seminars and so on, but it was in Southern California that 2500 persons gathered for their holistic preview. They came from practically every state. What they saw was a unanimous display of enthusiasm despite differences of opinion as to just how inclusive a holistic modality could be.

Should the new movement be under the steady control of the American Medical Association which maintained that healing is exclusively medicine's undisputed province? Or should it take note of the fact that in this first holistic conclave there were qualified healers from other fields, chiropractors, homeopaths, naturopaths, nutritionists, physical therapists, psychologists, acupuncturists, spiritual healers and the like who, though they did not necessarily speak the medical language, had the spirit and skills of healing in their hearts and hands? And how clinical, how multiphasic could a truly holistic movement be and where would one draw the line if someone believed in herbalism, for example, or trusted in psychic healing as a valid curative technique?

The tendency on the part of promi-

nent M.D.'s was one of caution. Understandably they did not want to see a holistic Trojan horse suddenly appear carrying an army of healers who had their own weapons and ways to outdo the AMA's.

The chief convention spokesman for the medical profession used a cryptic illustration to explain his feelings in the matter. He said he was reminded of the story of a farmer driving his team on a cold winter's day and spying a half-frozen bird lying in a snowdrift along the road.

The farmer figured that if he picked up the bird it might die of fright, and if he left it lying there it would no doubt freeze to death. Just then one of his horses had the urge to drop a sizable pile of steaming manure onto the road. The farmer resourcefully picked up the bird, placed it gently into the manure and observed how the miracle of warmth brought it back to life so that it fluttered its wings and began to chirp.

Now, it happened that a hungry fox nearby heard the chirping and came around and chewed the bird to bits. Which prompted the doctor to make this graphic conclusion: One, it is not always your enemies that get you into a situation, into the manure, that is. Two, it is not always your friends that get you out of it. And three, if you find yourself up to your neck in it, keep your mouth shut. And that, in effect, is what the spokesman did.

But despite this and other comments and contentions here and there, holism got off to a good start because it gave every indication of being one of those ideas whose time had indeed come and whose birth had just enough of a

mystique about it to suggest that divine order might be playing its own subtle part in its appearance.

Much of this kind of reasoning may have been mine, conjured up by my fantasy that here was the beginning of an ecumenical movement in the field of healing quite like the one to which I had been both eyewitness and participant in the arena of religion long before the charismatic impact brought spiritual ecumenism into some degree of workable reality.

However it was, the clock of time had now struck the hour of holism and the media described it as a breakthrough in the health care system, a sign of the union of once widely diversified healing arts, and an innovative approach to better health. It seemed to me that holism might have a better chance of succeeding than the ecumenical movement had, not because of holism's societal influence but by virtue of its challenge to the individual. This is where the reality factor came in. No journalist stated the case better than George Leonard who in *New West* magazine reported:

"Responsibility for your health no longer lies with your physician, but with yourself. The New Medicine holds that you are not a mere physical object vulnerable to random attacks by germs and viruses and other mysterious agents of disease. You are a capable, self-aware being with considerable command of all your interactions in this world. Doctors and medical technicians may assist you in your quest for good health, *but the buck stops with you.*"

Physician Evarts Loomis, founder of the holistic healing center

(Meadowlark) in Hemet, Calif., and coauthor with Unity minister Sig Paulson of *Healing for Everyone*, had a similar view:

"The holistic philosophy seeks to help us find and realize our highest potential through awareness of and working on our total being: body, emotion and spirit. Only by developing all these parts can we hope to fulfill the highest potential for which we are created. This philosophy teaches no single path but rather that each person can get in touch with his or her own being and journey in this life. Thus each may live in awareness of and responsibility for his own process."

To recap: the *vision* and the *dream* are inherent in *holistic healing*, a movement within society. The *reality* is in *holistic living*, a movement of responsibility and discipline within oneself. Reality demands that holism be personalized. It calls for a demonstration of the principle that total "wellness" is within you. You are physician, teacher and spiritual director in the realization of your holistic self.

Failure to inspire this kind of personal commitment retarded the ecumenical movement in religion. It could hold back the success of the holistic approach but the evidence is becoming overwhelming that the inherent power of the program in total living is getting its message across. It is communicating the truth that unless something happens to you, nothing is happening. That is what holism is all about. It is telling us that if we do not take time for health we must take time for sickness. If we shape up we will more easily stay in shape. If we get the

idea of body, mind and spirit working together in harmonious unity, we will be able to function as total persons and remain in orderly command of our world.

To make reality fit the dream and the vision is getting increased priority from holistic centers. If you work with practitioners dedicated to the philosophy of holism, they will expect you to do your part in improving your condition or conquering your health problem. They will assure you of your body's will to be well instead of frightening you with warnings about your body's limitations. They will persuade you that you must take it upon yourself to shape up and discipline yourself as you get into your holistic program. This may, of course, come as a shock to those who still insist that health can be bought as one buys repairs for an appliance, or that fitness can be farmed out as if it were an entity apart from self. "Here I am, Doc, fix me up," or "Hey, Doc, what's new in the way of miracle drugs?" may no longer be excusable cop-outs.

The holistic approach represents a new cooperation between practitioner and patient. It remains to be seen whether it can be worked out psychologically on the part of the practitioners and whether patients will be willing to accept the challenge if it means changing their life-style and giving up some of their cherished dissipations.

Leaders in the holistic field realize that the same kind of responsibility for physical fitness rests upon them. Challenged to practice what they preach, they are asked to show evidence of their own devotion to natural laws of health and healing.

One morning on a *parcours* I met a physician who was jogging with three cardiac patients, an example of the holistic concept in action. There is, in fact, an organization on the West Coast called AMJA, the American Medical Jogging Association, a group of doctors whose program and rehabilitation include physical restoration through exercise. An outstanding example of this philosophy is Tex Maule, senior editor of *Sports Illustrated*, who jogged his way back to health and wrote about it in his persuasive book *Running Scared*.

Practitioners in various areas of the healing arts, spurred by the holistic approach, take time to discuss philosophies of life with their patients, are interested in meditative techniques which they are willing to share, and admit that their lives and careers have become more meaningful because of involvement of this kind.

Whatever works in the way of a more integrative method works because people see it working. Holism is very much a matter of demonstration and inspiration. As an example, several times of late I have had a math teacher by the name of Peter Strudwick with me on health programs. Peter is a jogger who turns people on by his quiet, convincing testimony of the part that exercise, jogging in particular, plays in his life. I heard about Peter through Rudy Fahl, director of the annual Pike's Peak marathon, 14 miles up and 14 miles down the rough and rugged mountain trail. Rudy, himself a superrunner and an inspiring person in his late 70's, still conquers the high altitude run with the best of them. In telling me about Peter, Rudy

explained that while the leaders in the mid-August marathons usually cover the total course in something over three hours and 30 minutes, Peter Strudwick made it in six hours plus. When I asked what was so remarkable about that, Rudy quietly replied, "Well, you see, Peter has no feet."

Born without feet or hands, a result of his mother's bout with German measles during her pregnancy, Peter decided to make exercise, faith and a disciplined overview of life his blueprint for total living. Climbing Pike's Peak, which he calls the "Shining Mountain," jogging all the way, became an inspiring analogy on life itself for him, for me, for everyone who hears Peter's story and thinks holistically in personal terms.

So we come back to the original definition of holism as a movement in society and a stirring of consciousness within oneself. As to its place in the societal scheme, it is difficult to keep up with the holistic centers that are in development. A strictly partial list would include: San Diego's Association for Holistic Health, a founding service aimed at designing and coordinating holistic centers across the land; Los Angeles' Center for the Healing Arts; Pacific Beach's Age of Enlightenment Center for Holistic Health; Hemet's Meadowlark Holistic Center; Newport Beach's and Santa Barbara's Kaslo Medical Care Centers. These are only a few of the California developments.

In Phoenix, Ariz., there is the A.R.E Clinic, an Edgar Cayce-inspired Holistic Healing Center; in Houston, Tex., Holistic Health Association which has rallied spiritual leaders, the

lay public and members of the healing arts to create a "City of Health." In Chicago, Ill., there are *Wholistic Health Centers*; in Calgary, Canada, *Energy and Man Foundation (E.A.M.)*; in Nassau, Bahamas, *Renaissance Rehabilitation Center*.

Examine any holistic program and you will see that emphasis is placed more and more on what I call "the integrated triad," the harmonious, holistic interrelationship of body, mind and spirit. This is the basic prescription for the individual's fitness program.

Put it all together and we discover that society reflects what is happening to us and we, in turn, are influenced by what is happening in society.

At long last compartmentalized living has been exposed for what it is, a fragmented, disorderly, partial approach to life. A contemporary moment of truth tells us we cannot have a healthy body governed by a sick mind, or a healthy mind distorted by a sickly "spirit," and so on. It is *holistic living* that now challenges us and *holistic healing* is beginning to be aware that holism includes, as we have said, that which is total, complete and sacred. There is a metaphysical insight in all this that involves both society and self.

The physical body is finally being recognized and treated as the "temple of God." Mind is regarded as a channel of "divine intelligence." Spirit and the breath of life are synonymous.

The holistic seed has been sown, not only because its hour has come or out of sheer necessity, but also because of a dream and a vision. As for the demonstration of its reality, that is an option and an adventure in total living strictly up to you and me.

GIRL-GHOST HITCHES RIDE...

... on dark rainy nights around Good Friday and only in vehicle with a single male occupant.

By Cynthia Hind

IN APRIL 1978 Cpl. Dawie (David) van Jaarsveld rode for more than 10 miles with the ghost of a young woman on the back of his motorcycle.

He says, "I am a member of the Old Apostolic Church and don't believe in all sorts of psychic phenomena but the spirit of the girl who appeared to me cannot be at rest! She will keep appearing until her soul finds peace."

When it happened, van Jaarsveld, a resident of Johannesburg, South Africa, was doing his military service at a camp in Oudtshoorn. On this particular evening he had decided to ride the 115 miles to Louterwater, to see his girl friend.

"Everything went wrong with me on that overcast evening," van Jaarsveld recalls. "I lost \$23, I had a puncture and then a spare part of my bike burnt out."



On trip through rural South Africa Cpl. Dawie van Jaarsveld ran into trouble.

Dawie had taken a shortcut through De Rust which took him onto the Barandas/Willowmore Road. At its junction with the National Road he saw an attractive girl standing in the dark on the opposite side of the road. He stopped his bike and offered her a lift to the nearest town.

When he asked her where she wanted to go she mumbled the name of a street but Dawie didn't hear her clearly, partly because he had the plug of his transistor radio in one ear. He expected this device would keep him awake on the long lonely ride to Louterwater. Van Jaarsveld took it for granted that the girl was on her way to the next town, Uniondale, and assumed he could get the correct address from her when they got there.

He placed his baggage on the front of his motorcycle. He gave his second

crash helmet to the girl and also handed her one of the transistor radio earplugs.

"Put that in your ear," he said, "and listen to the music. It will keep you awake."

Ten miles farther on he suddenly got the impression that the back wheel of the motorbike was skidding. Thinking the tire had gone flat, he stopped immediately. He couldn't afford to damage one of his tires!

When he got off the bike he was stunned to see that his passenger was gone!

Concerned that she had fallen off and been badly hurt, Dawie turned back to look for her. All the while something nagged at the back of his mind — there had been something wrong!

Then he remembered — the crash helmet which he had given to the girl was now on the seat behind him, securely fixed in place with the strap. Immediately he felt his ear; the earplug he had handed to the girl was now in his other ear, despite the fact that his crash helmet was — and had been the whole while — tightly in position on his head.

Van Jaarsveld says, "I can tell you, the moment I realized these things I could feel the hair stand on end on my head and I had cold shivers up and down my spine."

When he reached the place where he originally had picked up the girl he turned around and went back, shortly afterwards arriving in Uniondale. There he went straight to the nearest cafe.



Author believes raised portion over small culvert is the spot where Maria Roux was killed in April 1968. According to area residents her ghost still haunts highway.

Uniondale is a small town in the middle of nowhere. The dust rises from its roads in summer and the village drowns in the extreme heat of the long days. Mrs. Rita Swiegelaar was behind the counter in Petros Cafe when Dawie walked in. The cafe is small, clean and crowded with the folk from the town at all hours of the day.

When I was investigating Dawie's story and arrived at the cafe, Mrs. Swiegelaar was busy serving customers and it was difficult for her to spare the few moments I needed to talk. Mr. Swiegelaar hovered in the background, anxious for his wife to get back to work.

I started to question Rita Swiegelaar about Dawie van Jaarsveld and her husband interrupted to say, "I don't believe in those sorts of things. I think it is all a load of rubbish."

But Mrs. Swiegelaar thinks differently. "When that young corporal walked in here he looked as though he had seen a ghost," she said. "And of course, he had! He asked me for a cup of coffee and I could see that something was wrong."

Mrs. Swiegelaar said the young man appeared to be nervous about his motorbike. "He kept on going outside and staring at his motorbike and I noticed he appeared to be confused and he was so white in the face. I asked him if he had had an accident and then he told me the story."

Van Jaarsveld told her that he was on his way to Johan Ackerman's farm at Louterwater to see his girl friend. According to Mrs. Swiegelaar, van Jaarsveld seemed to be in a state of shock, although she could see that he was completely sober.

Describing the girl he had picked up to Mrs. Swiegelaar, van Jaarsveld said, "The girl was dark-haired and wore dark trousers and a blue top."

I went on to the Ackerman farm where they reported that he had sat outside on his motorbike for a long time before coming into the house.

"My sister noticed immediately that there was something wrong with Dawie when he arrived," one of the Ackerman girls said. "But it wasn't until the next morning when he told the family of his experience that we realized what was wrong."

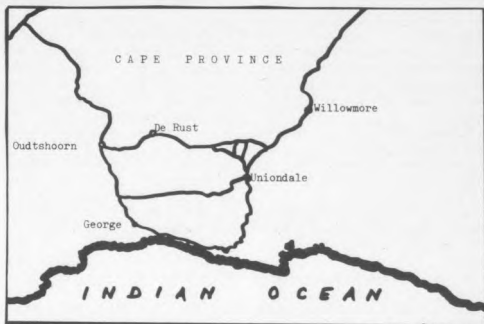
Once the Ackermans heard the story, they explained to him about the famous ghost of Uniondale. John Ackerman said it was evident that Dawie never had heard of her before.

Two years before, on May 12, 1976, Anton Le Grange of Oudtshoorn had had a similar experience when he drove past the same place on his way home. Le Grange had spent the day in Willowmore and was motor-ing back to Oudtshoorn. About 13 kilometers outside Uniondale he came upon a young girl on the roadside hitchhiking her way. By this time it was dark; the night was stormy and wet and Le Grange was amazed to see a girl along the road in such a desolate area.

He stopped and asked her if she wanted a lift. She said, "Yes."

He unlocked the car door for her and pushed it open. As she climbed in he asked where she wanted to go and she replied, "De Lange, 2 Porter Street."

For the moment Le Grange thought the address referred to was somewhere in Oudtshoorn, his own destination.



Corporal van Jaarsveld left Oudtshoorn and took a shortcut through De Rust. Some miles later, at junction of road leading to Uniondale, he offered a girl a lift.

However, he had no sooner started off again than he realized there is no Porter Street in Oudtshoorn.

He turned to the girl to verify the address and found that she was no longer there!

Le Grange immediately drove to the police station in Uniondale, not quite sure what happened.

When I interviewed him he told me, "I had a terrible fright. She could have fallen out of the car but I didn't think that it was possible and I thought the best thing would be to report the matter to the police."

Arriving in Uniondale, he found Constable "Snowy" Potgieter on duty. Potgieter comes by his nickname with good reason — he has ash-blond hair and very blue eyes. When I questioned

him about the incident, he smiled and said, "I know you will find this strange, but I am quite convinced that Le Grange saw something that evening and it wasn't a *human* being."

He went on, "He came here, into the police station, looking quite wild-eyed and distraught and at first I thought he had been drinking. He told me his story and I laughed and asked if perhaps he'd had one too many.

"Well, he leaned across the counter and got hold of my tunic and said, 'I want you to come back with me along that road and see if you can find the girl.' I realized then that he wasn't drunk and I went with him. When we reached this spot in the road I saw the back door on his far side fly open and shut, as though someone had climbed

out of the car and closed the door behind them."

Le Grange himself told me, "When the door opened and shut like that, I heard someone laugh. And I can tell you it sent cold shivers down my spine."

Potgieter admits that it is unlikely that the door of an almost new Mercedes would be faulty and open and close of its own accord, but he added, "It is always possible."

At the time Le Grange had no idea who his "ghost" hitchhiker was. However, shortly after the incident was reported in the newspapers a Lt. Giel Pretorius, a pilot in the South African Air Force, told the newspapers that on April 12, 1968, his fiancée Maria Roux had been killed on the same spot. Pretorius and Maria, 22, had been on their way to visit her parents in Riversdale when a strong wind had caught their small car as they were traveling along and hurled it over an embankment. Pretorius had come out unscathed but Maria's neck was broken and she died instantly.

Pretorius produced a picture of Maria at that time and when Le Grange saw it his reaction was immediate.

"My God," he said, "that's very like the girl. I cannot be 100 percent sure but to me it looks like the same person."

Shortly after the incident, Le Grange told me, he received a phone call from a police sergeant at Uniondale, asking him what the girl had been wearing when he picked her up.

Le Grange answered that, although he is not all that observant, he did remember she wore dark slacks and a

navy blue jacket with toggles.

The sergeant replied, "I picked up Miss Roux's body after she was killed and there wasn't a mark on her. She looked just as though she was sleeping. And she was wearing dark green slacks and a navy blue duffle coat!"

La Grange has no idea why the girl gave him the address of De Lange, 2 Porter Street. Unfortunately, although I have tried to contact the former fiancée, I have been unable to do so. I have heard that he is happily married and probably does not wish to be brought into the public eye.

I also wrote to the Cape Town Publicity Bureau who were able to tell me that only Worcester, a small town not far from Cape Town, has a Porter Street. This also led to a dead end. Two Porter Street, Worcester, is the boys' school hostel and the headmaster, who was most obliging, told me that there was no "De Lange" in the school records. So the mystery of the address remains.

Maria's mother, who is a widow, is still alive but has moved from Riversdale to Somerset Strand in the Cape and I have been unable to trace her.

Naturally, a great controversy exists in Uniondale and Oudtshoorn where the people debate whether the girl really exists or is merely a figment of imagination.

Some people in Uniondale believe that the girl appears on the road only on dark, rainy nights close to Good Friday — when she was killed — and when a motor vehicle comes by carrying a single male occupant. However, there are only two fully reported incidents on which to base these assumptions.

Dr. B. J. F. Laubscher of Port Elizabeth, who has written several books on the supernatural, says that he feels Maria Roux must have been very much in love and also involved with psychic phenomena when she was killed. According to Laubscher, such ghosts are earthbound and frequently are persons who were killed very suddenly.

He says, "The persons have no spiritual consciousness of the hereafter and they are wandering." And he maintains that these "wandering spirits" usually appear to people who have a clairvoyant aura which attracts them.

Dr. Arthur Blesley, a well-known South African scientist and psychic investigator, says psychic occurrences of this nature are not material for scientific research. "Ghosts are a subjective occurrence. The only one who is aware of the ghost is the person who sees it."

This theory is shared by Dr. D. P. Fourie of the Department of Psychology of the University of South Africa. He says that some people are more sensitive to psychic manifestations than others but that, of course, there

are great differences of opinion about the whole subject.

* * *

GHOST OR NO ghost, I wanted to see for myself! I drove along the road to the spot where the girl, whoever she may be, was picked up by both Dawie van Jaarsveld and Anton Le Grange. It was toward evening and the sun still shone from a slightly clouded sky. The wind blew across the vast uninhabited plains. There was a raised portion of the road over a small culvert; the drop was steep and I felt sure this was where Maria Roux died.

Suddenly, from behind me, I heard a thin wailing, like the cry of a child in distress. I remember feeling the fine hair rise at the back of my neck. I looked around and saw pieces of scattered cement piping lying below the level of the road on the opposite side, obviously waiting to be fitted into the ground. The wind must be howling through those hollow tubes, I thought, to cause that keening noise.

But I never knew for sure. And I didn't want to linger. I took some pictures of the place and drove off. If Maria Roux needs to find peace I don't think I am the one to give it to her!



DEATH OF THREE WIVES

IN CINCINNATI, Ohio, three elderly women who at different times were married to the same man died within a 24-hour period.

Esther Banks, 63, Nellie Banks, 77, and Myrtle Banks, whose age was not known, had been married to Samuel Banks. The marriages spanned six decades from the 1920's until Banks died in July 1978. The women did not know each other.

Relatives' memories of Banks' mar-

riages are hazy. He is believed to have married Myrtle in the 1920's and fathered two sons before the marriage ended. He married Nellie in 1943 and they were divorced in the early 1960's. He married Esther in 1966 and that union survived until his death.

On Saturday and Sunday, December 30 and 31, 1978, Banks' former wives and widow died in the reverse order of their marriages.

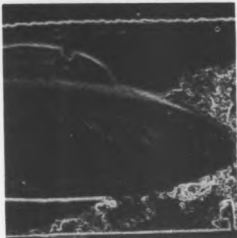


The late George Adamski called this a spaceship from Venus. Computer analysis (right) reveals it is small object close to camera, possibly hand-held.

THE MAN WHO *DIDN'T* TALK WITH VENUSIANS

When it came to telling wild tales, the sky was the limit for George Adamski, but now scientific investigation brings the facts to earth.

By Hayden C. Hewes



IN 1953 a book which was to sell more than a quarter of a million copies appeared in print, igniting a controversy which continues to this day. In *Flying Saucers Have Landed*, written with Desmond Leslie, California occultist George Adamski claimed he had experienced a face-to-face meeting with a man from Venus.*

Even before the book was

* "The Man Who Talked with Venusians" by David Stupple, January 1979 FATE.

published, however, Adamski had made something of a name for himself as a photographer of what he said were UFOs.* But his contact with Orthon, the pilot of a Venusian "scoutcraft," near Desert Center, Calif., on November 20, 1952, assured him a certain measure of immortality in the annals of the esoteric.

In two subsequent books Adamski claimed further contacts with extraterrestrials and even maintained he had ridden in a flying saucer. According to some estimates over 100,000 persons attended his lectures around the world and another 45 million heard him on radio and saw him on television. A controversial figure to the end, Adamski died of pneumonia on April 23, 1965, in a Washington, D.C., hospital.

Now, more than 26 years after Adamski made his initial contact claim, two independent scientific studies verify what a great many skeptics have long suspected: that both the meeting with Orthon and the "flying saucer" photographs are a hoax.

The first test was conducted by Forrest Erickson of Erickson Investigations. Erickson used the Psychological Stress Evaluator (PSE), a "lie detection" device that measures stress levels in the voice. A high stress level, in the view of PSE advocates, indicates the speaker is telling a conscious untruth.

On February 24, 1960, the late Charles Rhoades interviewed George Adamski about his supposed contact with Orthon. Late in 1978 I gave a recording of the interview to Erickson who subjected it to PSE examination.

* "I Photographed Space Ships" by George Adamski, July 1951 FATE.



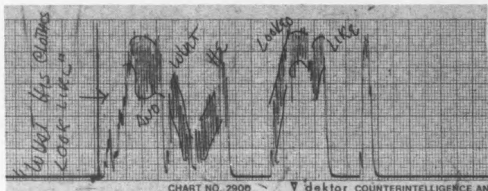
George Adamski claimed to have taken numerous photographs of spaceships.

Afterwards the investigator concluded, "Mr. Adamski does not appear to be telling the truth about Orthon."

Erickson emphasized that in so concluding he was not expressing his own personal views of Adamski's sincerity; he was measuring Adamski's views of his own sincerity. In other words, did Adamski believe he was telling the truth when he said he met with a Venusian? The answer, according to the PSE, is no.

An examination of one of Adamski's major photographs has shed new light on another aspect of the celebrated contactee's claims.

The photograph appeared on page



According to advocates of the Psychological Stress Evaluator, massed lines on chart suggest the subject is consciously telling an untruth. Adamski's PSE chart reveals he was lying in his descriptions of the Venusian "Orthon" and his clothes.

111 of *Flying Saucers Have Landed*. The caption reads: "Flying Saucer Low Over Trees This photo was made by Sgt. Jerrold E. Baker with a Brownie Kodak camera as the saucer flew away and passed rapidly over the low hill on which he was standing. The blurred effect is due to the rapid speed at which the craft was moving."

The picture supposedly was taken at Palomar Gardens, Calif., on December 13, 1952, at about 9:00 A.M.

Before his death Charles Rhoades provided me with a good-quality copy of the photograph. I forwarded this copy to Ground Saucer Watch of Phoenix, Ariz., an organization which uses the electronic digital computer in the investigation of UFO photographs.

Describing GSW's subsequent analysis, Director William Spaulding wrote, "All four major modes of computer processing were used, including: color contouring with histogram profiler, edge enhancement, high pass filtering for resolution and digitizing

of picture cell edges. Based on these output data, it is the consensus of the interpreters that the photograph represents a crude hoax. Following is some of the information resulting from the analysis:

"(1) The 'UFO' is too close to the camera, especially when compared to foreground reference points: trees and a pipe to the right of the object.

"(2) The 'UFO' measures less than eight inches in diameter and the out-of-focus image is caused by: a) the close proximity of the object (within a foot of the camera) and b) by the fixed focus of the camera to a distance of 12 feet or greater.

"(3) Part of the 'UFO' seems to have been purposely hidden by the edge of the photograph to conceal whatever was holding the 'UFO.' "

It is likely that despite this new evidence Adamski's hard-core followers will continue to believe his claims of extraterrestrial contacts. But for the rest of us, the case now appears to be closed.

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 TIME 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.

THE TRAVELING SHOES

By Monica Witni

THE "TRAVELING shoes" were just flat-soled, brown suede walking shoes, the kind you wouldn't look at twice unless your feet hurt. At the time they went traveling they were already almost eight years old, retirement age for even the sturdiest of shoes. There is nothing unusual about shoes that travel so long as their owner's feet are inside — but on their own?

In my work as Recreation and Music Therapist at Rockland Psychiatric Center in Orangeburg, N. Y., I walked several miles every day on concrete floors in five different buildings. I have always had bad feet — crooked toes, tender soles and bunions, feet that got wider every year. Finally I couldn't find shoes wide enough to fit. My trusty brown suede walkers were all I could wear. So in December 1972 I decided to have both feet operated on and get it over with.

I entered the Nyack (N. Y.) Hospital and the operations were successful — but the recuperation took longer than I had anticipated. After the heavy walking casts were removed my surgeon Dr. Joel Weiser suggested that I should wear soft rubber-soled shoes until the tenderness was gone. Knowing I couldn't walk even the short distance from the car into the local shoe store, let alone try on even soft shoes, I thought that once more the old faithful suede walkers would come in handy. I



remembered having worn them when I went to the hospital but had I brought them back when I was discharged?

I looked into every corner and cranny of my house, from attic to kitchen to porch, and found no trace of the shoes. Then it came to me. The last thing I had told my husband Jim before the operation was to get rid of the shoes, throw them into the nearest hospital garbage can. I believed I wouldn't be needing them anymore and I didn't want to be reminded of the way my feet used to look.

Once again I searched the house from top to bottom, feeling more frustrated and furious every minute. When Jim came home he found me muttering about the shoes.

"Well, you said you wanted to be rid of them," he said, "so I threw them out like you told me."

"I had no idea my feet would be so sore," I wailed. "I've got to go back to work next week." I had been away from work for several months.

On the bare chance that someone had salvaged the shoes I called the hospital to ask. I was informed, strongly, that once anything was thrown into the hospital garbage, it was properly disposed of.

Jim promised to look in all the shoe stores the next day to see if he could find something just like the old walkers.

The next morning, as I hobbled from the kitchen, I glanced briefly at the twin speakers for my electric organ. They stood solidly against a wall with about a foot of space between them. In that space was a shadowy outline which hadn't been there before — although I had looked

into that space at least a dozen times in the past 24 hours. Looking closer I felt a shiver that turned my insides numb. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I yelled for Jim and he came clattering down the stairs.

"Are you all right? What happened?" he asked.

Suddenly tongue-tied, I pointed.

"It's just a pair of shoes," he growled.

"Look again." I had found my voice. "Not just shoes. *The shoes*, the ones you threw into the hospital garbage can, my wonderful old suede walkers!"

Now it was Jim's turn to be speechless.

I don't know how this could have happened but happen it did. I returned to work on schedule and wore the shoes until my feet were tough enough to handle regular (and much smaller) footwear. But the traveling shoes will always occupy a place of honor in my closet. — *Piermont, N. Y.*

WARNING "FEELINGS"

By Karen West

MY MOTHER Zoe Bond and I were always close but I never realized how close until I was in my teens, when Mom's "warning feelings" saved me from danger on many occasions.

Like all teenagers I liked to go out with my friends and have fun, but whenever danger was in the offing, Mom would have a "feeling." Even when she didn't know where I was going, she would sense danger and refuse to let me go.

One day in 1970, for example, I wanted to go with some of my friends

to a drag race in Rockport, Tex., where we were living at the time. I was to be the one who flagged the racing cars but I didn't want Mom to know that, so I said I was going to the movies. When she said no I asked why. Her answer was that she had a "feeling." I'd heard that so many times before! Still, I was angry because she couldn't or wouldn't give me a more specific answer.

My resentment disappeared the next day when I found out that James Greeson, the boy who had flagged the cars in my place, had been hit and killed by a car that was not even in the race. If I had gone, I could have been killed.

After that happened I started paying more attention to my mother's "feelings" and it never failed that whenever she refused to let me go somewhere something hazardous would happen to the people I planned to be with.

I hope that I will have the same warning feelings for my daughter when she is old enough to be going out with friends. I want her to be as protected as I was. — *Beeville, Tex.*

UNLIKELY PROPHECY

By D. N. Visweswariah

BACK IN 1969 when I was living in Madras, India, and working with the United States Consulate General, a colleague brought to my room a Mr. Giri who was supposed to be able to foretell the future.

Before I had said anything the man shot a question at me, "Was not your daughter married in the United States on Christmas Day of last year?"

This greatly surprised me because I had not cared to tell anyone of my

daughter's marriage. In fact, my daughter and only child had deeply wounded us by defying our wishes and indeed had not told us about it until after the marriage. At that time I had not cared to ask her when or where in the United States she was married.

This man further prophesied that the pull of a grandchild would become



D. N. Visweswariah

so overwhelming that my wife Chayamma and I, although comfortable in India with considerable wealth, would unsettle our lives in order to go and stay in the United States in order to be always with the grandchild. He then went away and the matter was forgotten.

However, towards the end of 1972 our daughter Uma came with her nine-month-old baby daughter to be with us on vacation for a few weeks. By now time had assuaged our hurt feelings and everything thereafter happened exactly as Mr. Giri had predicted.

I sold my properties, prematurely retired, and by April 1973 we were already living in the United States and have continued to live here. We have

canceled trips to India twice because of the implorings of our granddaughter Madhuri who is now seven. She begs us with tears in her eyes and it always proves too much. Plane reservations are canceled!

The man who foretold these events in 1969, I learned later, was no professional, being affluent himself. He foretold only in cases when he felt an inner urge to do so and when the "image of the future" came to him absolutely clearly. — *Paramus, N. J.*

AWAKENED — 15 MILES AWAY

By Andrea LaFayette-Jones

BEFORE I was married my mother Alice LaFayette often awakened me by standing in my bedroom door and calling my name. I always awakened immediately.

When I married in 1969 and moved to New Britain, Conn., 15 miles away from my family home in Forestville, Mother decided to use my bedroom as a sewing room but she didn't mention this to me.

I had been married about a year when a strange thing happened. I awoke in my apartment, feeling as if my mother were standing in front of me and had called my name. It was about 5:00 A. M. and as soon as I realized this I went back to sleep.

Later that week I told my mother about the experience and jokingly asked her why she awoke me that early. She said that she could not sleep that morning and had decided to use the time to cut out some patterns.

It gave us both an eerie feeling to realize that she had entered my old bedroom, hesitated in the doorway and woke me as she always had —



Andrea LaFayette-Jones

although I was sleeping 15 miles away. — *Port Charlotte, Fla.*

INCOMPLETED PASS

By Jerry Buchanan

IT'S BEEN 15 years since my last really remarkable psychic experience. They don't come along very often. My most recent psychic experience happened before this year's Super Bowl game, in the wee morning hours before the game. In a dream I lived through the excruciating and humiliating experience of dropping the winning touchdown pass . . . but in my own bed, hours before the big game.

Although I've been a faithful football fan for many years I've never been a rabid fan, nor have I rooted for a particular team. And insofar as I can recall I never, in my 55 years, have dreamed of being an athlete of any kind. I did turn out for football in my senior year in high school but my position on the team was guard — not backfield, quarterback or pass receiver positions. And yet, in the early morning hours of January 21, 1979, in my dream I found myself standing in

the end zone as a pass receiver while a play unfolded before me. I didn't see any other players. All I saw was the quarterback standing there looking desperately for a receiver — his head sweeping left and right in quick jerky movements. I knew, somehow, that I was "wide open;" there was not a defender within five or six yards of me in any direction. Frantically I thrust my arms out in front of me in an attempt to gain the quarterback's attention and several agonizing seconds elapsed before he saw me. Then he rifled the ball directly at my knees — but with such force that I only barely touched it before it fell to the ground.

That was the entire dream. I didn't think of it again until I sat in front of my TV set with two young people whom I had invited as houseguests to watch the game. Then, during the first quarter, the memory of that dream came back to me and during a commercial I told them about it. I was sure it had nothing to do with this game. Usually a dream like that indicates financial insecurity or reverses in business.

But nothing of that sort was happening in my life. No, it was not a dream portending some ominous event in my private or business life. What was it then?

My young friends Kalua Ramones and her beau, a lad named Bruce, are my witnesses that I did describe beforehand exactly what happened to Jackie Smith of the Dallas Cowboys in the third quarter when the Cowboys were down by a score of 21-14. Quarterback Roger Staubach was shielded from Pittsburgh's thundering line and linebackers and defensive backs. They

had been expecting a run on a third-and-three situation. But Staubach executed a pass into the end zone . . . almost but not quite perfectly. The pass was low, directly at veteran Jackie Smith. Smith had crumpled to the ground to be in position to make the reception but somehow the ball fell to the ground, an incompleting forward pass.

It was almost exactly what I had experienced in my dream only a few brief hours before. I was stunned as I watched the play unfold on television.

The questions I keep asking myself or whoever it is that shows us glimpses of the future from time to time are: Why did you place me in the position of Jackie Smith, the totally embarrassed and humiliated potential game-winner? Why didn't you let me see the play through the eyes of a spectator? Or of a defensive back? Or even of quarterback Staubach? What was the reason for choosing that point of reference to show me the most important play of the game — in advance? And



Jerry Buchanan

why didn't you show me which team I was on? Why didn't you tell me this was the Super Bowl game of 1979, number 13 of the series?

In all truth, I did not see any of the quarterback's facial features in my dream, nor did I see any identifiable uniform, nor any of the other players. I only sensed their presence. My total attention was riveted on getting the ball thrower to see me and throw the ball to me. It was the sort of attention coaches continually drum into the heads of pass receivers.

But I also think that when someone is allowed a glimpse into the future

then what he sees is predestined. If I am right, then Jackie Smith was merely a pawn in that real-life drama and there was no way in the world that he could have held onto that ball and won the game for Dallas that fateful January Sunday.

I understand Coach Landry prays to his God before every game. And yet, it seems the Cowboys were destined to lose their championship crown this day, and all the prayers in the world wouldn't have made any difference. The final score of the game was Dallas Cowboys 31, Pittsburgh Steelers 35.
— *Vancouver, Wash.*



THE HAUNTING AT BEIL'S HILL

By John P. Bessor

IN 1880 a prim Victorian lady was visiting her sister who lived near the village of Greenville, Pa. She was riding in her buggy one night on Beil Hill Road south of Greenville when her vehicle overturned and she was killed.

Several years later a farmer hunting for a strayed cow saw a light which seemed to "melt into the ground" near the fence where the Victorian woman met her end. Soon after this another ghostly incident occurred. On a very dark night the victim's sister and brother-in-law were walking along the road to Beil's Hill and a lantern appeared before them and guided them safely to their destination. In the sister's farm home for 20 years thereafter a dim light, like that of a kerosene lamp, was often seen in one corner of the parlor.

The present owner, David Freeman, moved into the house in 1957 but saw nothing unusual until 1964 when a light "as big as a basketball" flitted eerily through a nearby woods. Since then, he reports, about 50 other persons have seen this light. Believing it

to be fox fire, men have attempted to pursue it but no one can get near it.

Freeman says that the mattress upon which he and his wife sleep once was shaken violently "like three men were jiggling it." He examined both mattress and bed but could find nothing amiss. Changing bedrooms proved of no avail; the bed was shaken in their new room as well.

Often the family is awakened at night by the sound of heavy objects falling to the floor, although nothing is ever found to account for the noises. Before such occurrences the Freemans' large dog manifests an air of uneasiness. One night the dog ran to the door, growling ominously. When Freeman opened the door no one was there so after a moment he closed it. The dog slowly walked to an empty chair, as if escorting an unseen entity, then for some time looked up at it, making low growling sounds.

I hope no exorcising psychic tampers with this haunting. Were it not for what we call "ghosts" we would have no proof of survival of the human soul.

THE DEMON STAYED ON

The landlord was glad to be rid of the drug dealers who had rented the house before we moved in — and then we discovered the evil they had left behind.

By Mary Dowd Niles

FOR THE THIRD time in as many years, we were forced to find a new residence. My youngest son Freddy, who was 16, was the leader of a great rock band — a fact which our neighbors didn't appreciate, especially when it interfered with their evening television. They repeatedly complained to the police about the noise.

My adopted daughter Sharon and her husband Robert Malavich had just acquired two huge greyhounds from the local humane society and their apartment was not large enough to accommodate the dogs. So we held a family conference and decided to double up, share expenses and lease a large house with a yard for the pets.

My oldest son Howard was due to be discharged from the army so our new household would consist of me, Howard and Freddy, Sharon and Bob, their two dogs and my lovely Odd-

Eyed Persian cat Princess with her new litter of five.

One afternoon I was cruising along in our Galaxie on my way to pick up Sharon when I passed an old house with a large yard and a "For Rent" sign nailed to the coconut tree in front. I braked to a screeching halt, backed up to the driveway and pulled in.

This was just the part of North Miami Beach, Fla., to which we hoped to move. It was close to everything and only a short walk to both Freddy's and Robert's places of work.

I copied down the telephone number listed on the sign, then took a good look around the place. Strangely enough my first impression was, "This looks like one of those haunted houses in the movies!" Little did I know . . .

The entire lot was covered with high weeds and untrimmed bushes. Apparently it had been vacant for some time.

When I peered through the windows I was pleasantly surprised to see three large bedrooms, a huge living room and a good-sized kitchen and bath. In addition there was a large utility room off the kitchen.

I was even more impressed when I noticed there were no near neighbors. The exceptionally long backyard would be ideal for our pets and there was ample parking space for our three cars.

When I told Sharon what I had found, she wanted to see it right away. We returned to the house to discover that the rear door was unlocked so we went on in to check it out.

As we entered I got a spooky feeling. So did Sharon who said, "Somehow I feel as though somebody is watching me." We attributed our uneasiness to our guilty consciences because we had entered without permission so we left quickly. I called the number on the sign and reached an attorney who agreed to meet us right away and show us around.

The rent was reasonable, in fact only half as much as we had expected, probably, we thought, because the house needed some repairs and decorating. But we thought we could handle this ourselves.

Later we showed Bob the house. He said it gave him the creeps but Sharon persuaded him that we could make a lovely home there with a little time and effort. He finally agreed to sign the lease.

* * *

MOVING DAY—July 1, 1973—the place was a madhouse. We just piled the boxes in the parlor until we had time to unpack. Since we all

worked long hours, six days a week, it took us two weeks just to clear out the former tenants' junk and get unpacked.

Three days after we moved in I had my first day off and happily set to work putting the kitchen in order. I had had business downtown and shopping to do so it was dinner time before I got started. We had all been eating out until I could get the kitchen cleaned.

It was in rough shape—so rough, in fact, that it wasn't until midnight that I started on the dirty dishes left behind by the previous tenants, some hippie types who our landlord said had given him a lot of trouble. (We later found out they had been involved in narcotics traffic.)

The kitchen window over the sink faced the long backyard and as I worked I suddenly got a creepy, frightening feeling as if some alien creature were watching me from the back alley. I prayed that someone would get home soon even though it was Saturday night. I started to sing hymns as strongly as I could and after about 15 minutes I felt the "presence"—if there was one—depart.

When the other members of the household returned I didn't mention my scare. I knew they'd say it was only nerves.

Very soon other strange things began to happen but nobody spoke about them for fear of being ridiculed.

Several weeks later two new members joined our household. The first was a 16-year-old guitar player from Guatemala named Isadore (Alex) Bustamente. He'd been living with a sister in the southwest section of Miami but now he had started work

in the Copper Penny Restaurant on 163rd Street in North Miami Beach and it was too far for him to travel. He was working the night shift and the buses stopped running after 1:00 A.M.

Next a lifelong friend of my sons', Rodman Kephart, joined us. He had started to work at the station Bob managed, Ron's Shell Service, and also worked the night shift. Rod is a musician too.

I let Rod and Alex have my room until I could convert the utility room into a bedroom for them.

The former owners had added on a large bedroom where the carport had once stood. Originally it had two entrances, one through the living room, the other through the utility room. The door to the utility room had been nailed shut and a huge antique wardrobe stood in front of the former doorway.

Freddy had chosen this room for his own because of its size. Members of the band used his room to practice and stored their instruments there. Freddy installed his beloved water bed in one corner with his dresser next to it; except for two folding chairs and a couple of hassocks, he wouldn't allow any more furniture. He needed all the space for the instruments and amps.

The first week or so the band played happily away and Freddy seemed pleased with his new room. Then he decided suddenly that he didn't want his water bed any longer. He emptied it and stored it in the utility room and moved in one of the bunk beds. The next day he took the bunk bed back to the utility room and announced that beds took up too much space; from now on he would sleep in his sleeping

bag on the floor. After one night of that he decided to sleep on the parlor floor.

From the first night they shared the room, Alex and Rod began to argue. Alex accused Rod of pulling his covers off while he slept. He would discover them in a heap on the floor, put them back on the bed and fall asleep, only to wake up later and find them back on the floor in the corner of the room. Rod, who hadn't known Alex well before becoming his roommate, said he was a crazy Spaniard who must be tossing his covers off himself.

Finally they refused to share a room so I cleared out the utility room and made it into a nice bedroom for Rod. He worked nights and slept peacefully for several days until his day off, Wednesday. On Wednesday he went to bed about 11:00 P.M. An hour later he rushed into the parlor dragging his bedclothes and pillow and announced that he'd never sleep out there again. He claimed he'd seen a big rat and a lot of palmetto bugs. I'd never seen any but we decided maybe they came out only at night. From then on Rod slept next to Freddy on the parlor floor.

When I suggested that I move the bunk bed back into Freddy's room and sleep there myself, my son threw a fit. He didn't want any beds in there because he said the band didn't have enough room for the instruments as it was.

Then I offered to sleep in Rod's room; since I worked all night, I thought the bugs and rats wouldn't bother me. Rod quickly nixed that idea. He said he was paying for that room and wanted it private.

Freddy went to stay with relatives for a while and not long afterwards Bob and Sharon had a lover's quarrel. Bob moved the bunk bed back into Fred's room and slept there a couple of nights. He had never slept with the lights on before but now he left them on all night.

After they made up Bob returned to his own room. Freddy came home from his visit and resumed sleeping on the parlor floor.

* * *
WHILE ALL OF this was going on, my lovely cat Princess was killed by a speeder. I had placed all her pretty little kittens except one, a calico female whom we naturally named Calico. Because of family allergies the cats were never allowed in the house and stayed in a nice little home I put together on the screened-in front porch.

When my oldest son Howard returned from the paratroops, he planned to sleep in Freddy's room but changed his mind when Freddy protested. So he unpacked his sleeping bag and joined Freddy and Rod on the parlor floor.

By now we had lived in the house on 159th Street for two months and it was beginning to look and feel like a cozy home. We all got along fine although some animosity still existed between Alex and Rod.

When Alex told me there was an opening for a night waitress at the restaurant where he worked, I applied for and got the job. It was so much closer to home that I wouldn't need to drive and I'd have two days off instead of one.

Alex was very fond of a portrait he

had painted of his brother and had hung it over his bed. On his day off one week he returned home to find his brother's eyeballs had been painted a bright green! Naturally he suspected Rod and the two of them had it out. At my suggestion he bought a padlock and started to put it on his door.

When the other boys saw him installing it they were furious. They asked me to intervene and were further angered when they learned that I had suggested the padlock. Although nobody had confessed I was sure Rod was responsible for this and the other pranks to which Alex had been subjected.

On Saturday night I got through work at midnight and returned home to an empty house. I had just dozed off on the sofa when suddenly a cat jumped up on my chest and walked up and down just as my darling Princess used to do. Still half asleep, I reached up to swat her away. Then I remembered she was dead and assumed immediately that Calico, who was not trained, had jumped on me. I quickly stood up and called to her. She was a good little cat who always came the moment I summoned her but this time she failed to answer.

I searched everywhere for her and finally heard her little "meow" from the front porch. I turned on the porch light and there she was, crying at the door.

I attributed my experience to dreaming and gave her a sardine from the refrigerator as a reward for coming when she was called. That done, I lay back down on the sofa to resume my nap. My eyes were closed but I was fully awake when it happened again! I

felt the treading of little paws on my chest but when I tried to swat the cat away nothing was there! I got up, checked the house thoroughly, found that Calico was still on the porch and there was no other cat anywhere.

Had Princess, who had loved me as dearly as I had loved her, returned from beyond to tell me she was all right?

The following day, Sunday, I babysat Raleigh Mirta's two little girls, April and Annie. At five o'clock that afternoon when Raleigh's parents came to pick up their grandchildren, they pulled into the front drive and parked about four feet from Fred's window. We talked for a while, in no mood to hurry our good-byes because the family was moving to Phoenix, Ariz., the next day.

The boys, who had been home that day, had just left to go out for hamburgers. The house was empty.

As I stood by the car talking with Raleigh's parents, suddenly out of the corner of my eye I saw a movement in Freddy's window. I turned and stared directly into the glass where I saw a young man about 20 looking out. The sun was still shining brightly and I could clearly see his strong hairy arm pull the drapery aside. The window was opened from the bottom because Freddy's air conditioner was broken and the bottom of the window frame covered the center of this young man's face. The sun glinted from his bright golden hair which was modishly styled in a sort of pompadour and came to his ears.

I continued talking with the Mirtas for several minutes while the young man continued to watch from the win-

dow. I was only about four or five feet away from him and could see him clearly. Unfortunately the drape hid the half of his face that showed above the window frame. I asked April, a bright, alert eight-year-old, "Who is that boy looking out of Fred's window?"

She went over and looked at him for a moment, then answered slowly, "I don't know, Aunt Mary. I never saw that boy before."

Rod also had golden-blond hair but his was longer than this boy's. "Are you sure it's not Rod?" I asked her since her eyesight was keener than mine.

"Uh-huh," she said. "I saw Rod get in the car with the other boys. I never saw this boy before."

Her grandparents called to the girls and I waved as they drove away. Then I rushed inside to see who was in Fred's room. Nobody could have left the house without my seeing him because the back door was nailed shut. That meant the only way out was through the front door and I had been standing right next to the front porch all the time. I searched the house but nobody was there.

When the boys returned awhile later I asked Freddy about the boy I had seen. When I described him they all looked at each other strangely. Irritated, I asked, "What's the matter with you kids?" They just looked sheepish and tried to evade the question.

"Will you please tell me what's going on?" I demanded.

Freddy finally stammered in an embarrassed manner, "Well, uh, you see, uh — " Then he blurted, "Ma, we got a ghost!"

I told them I didn't believe them. But they persuaded me they were serious and out came the whole long story of the weird events that had been going on. Howard explained, "We didn't tell you before because we knew you'd be afraid to stay alone in the house at night." He put his arm around me protectively as they related what had happened. When they were finished I asked, "Do Sharon and Bob know about this?"

"Yes, Mom," Freddy said soberly. "They found out when they slept in my room. Bob saw the ghost one night when he was lying in bed reading. It walked right through the wardrobe and went over to the window and looked out, just the way you saw it."

Confession seemed to be contagious; the other boys took turns recounting their experiences. Freddy spoke first. "Remember when I took out my water bed and then the next night took out my bunk bed?"

When I nodded, he said he had fallen asleep with the light on and was awakened by someone's tugging at his covers. He opened his eyes just in time to see a very real-looking young man disappear by walking through the solid wardrobe. It had happened off and on throughout the night. Fred reasoned that the "ghost" didn't like his water bed so he switched to the bunk bed the next night hoping to get some sleep.

But that didn't stop the cover-snatcher who kept at it all the next night. Finally Freddy decided that if he slept in the bag on the floor he could outwit the ghost. He said, "Ma, this is the first time I had a room all to myself and didn't have to share it with

Howie. I made up my mind that this thing wasn't going to drive me out of it."

The third night, however, he had no sooner stretched out in his sleeping bag on the floor than it grabbed him by his heels and threw him bodily against the bedroom door. Freddy said he was not afraid but he did want to get some sleep. So from then on he slept in the parlor but continued to use his room during the rest of the day. The band continued to practice there.

Although he hadn't told anybody about it, Alex was still being harassed by the cover-grabber. He also had devised a plan to outwit the ghost. The rest of us, not knowing what he had in mind, had thought it was very odd when he bought a big pool table and lugged it home. He took his bunk bed out to the utility room and announced that he was going to sleep on his pool table from then on.

Rod said that the first night he slept in the utility room, he had been awakened by a strong pair of male hands clapped across his mouth. When he turned on the bedside light the hands let go. He thought one of the other boys was playing tricks on him until he realized the head of the bed was against the wall and nobody could possibly have stood behind it. When he realized it had been Freddy's not-so-friendly ghost, he made a mad dash for the parlor and slept there from then on.

Then it was Howie's turn to relate his ghostly encounter. His first evening home he fell asleep on the parlor sofa. Suddenly a steel-like fist punched him in the jaw — on the side of his face that was pressed against the

pillow! A big, strong exparatrooper who is not afraid of anything human, he knew that whatever it was had punched him from under the couch. It seemed awfully strange. That's when he decided to sleep on the floor.

* * *

ON WEEKENDS musician friends from distant parts of the city came over to jam and some of them always slept over so they could continue playing the next day. Although the parlor was very large, it would be crowded wall-to-wall with bodies sleeping in bags.

I guess the ghost had a chivalrous streak because it never bothered little Sharon or — except for the episode with the invisible cat — me either.

Now that the ghost had begun to get "mean," as the boys termed it, we started to worry. I called the North Miami Beach Police several times, told them what was happening and asked if they knew of anyone who had been killed on the premises. They said, "No," laughed and hung up.

Soon the ghost went into a frenzy of activity. Night after night the floor in the parlor or in Alex's room resounded with what seemed to be blows from a heavy sledgehammer pounding from underneath the house.

To eliminate any possibility of a human culprit, Howie and Freddy went out with flashlights while the pounding was going on and the two of them checked under the house. Because the house is set on cement blocks there was a crawl space of about a foot and a half. Alex and Rod stayed inside to verify that the pounding hadn't stopped but Howie and Freddy found nobody under the house.

Until now Freddy had felt perfectly safe alone in his room in the daylight but then something happened that made him swear never to be alone there day or night.

He was sitting on the bar stool he used when he practiced playing his guitar when suddenly something behind him panted in his ear. He looked around quickly but saw nothing. Then the invisible thing broke out into horrid, bloodcurdling animal noises and when he bounded from the room, hideous demonic laughter followed him.

* * *

ALEX AND I were both working at the Copper Penny; he was a night cook and I was a waitress on the four-to-midnight shift. Usually I walked the two blocks home since the streets were well-lighted and heavily-traveled.

At 11:30 one night Mrs. Amsterdam, the restaurant owner's mother, called me to the phone. It was Howie. In an excited voice he asked, "Mom, were you just home?"

Annoyed at being called at work, I snapped, "Of course not. You know I don't get through until midnight."

At first he seemed not to believe me and insisted that I must be kidding. When I convinced him I was quite serious, his tone turned to one of alarm. "Mom," he said, "Fred and I were practicing in his room when we heard you pounding on the front door and hollering, 'Howie, open the door and let me in. Howie, let me in. I can't get in unless you open the door.'"

Howie said there was no question about its being my voice so he hurried to the front door. Nobody was there.

But now my voice, along with the pounding, sounded from the back door. It was no longer nailed shut; we had had it fixed. He rushed to open it and again found no one there. He toured the grounds around the house and even checked the alley and the streets but nobody was in sight. That's when he called me.

When I heard this, I felt a deep chill inside. No ghost I'd ever heard of mimics anyone's voice. Was the thing a demon?

I was so upset that I told Mrs. Amsterdam and the woman I was waiting on what had happened. They agreed that it must be a demon, perhaps drawn to the place by the drug dealers who had once lived there.

Howie would not permit me to walk home alone. He was waiting when I finished work and drove me home. When we got inside we discussed what had happened and all came to the same conclusion: a demon was responsible. The boys decided to hold a prayer meeting the next night in Freddy's room, which seemed to be the focal point of the demonic activities.

The next day, in a last-ditch attempt to eliminate any possibility that human beings were behind all the mischief, my sons searched the house from top to bottom. They suspected there must be some kind of attic and when they couldn't find any entrance from inside, they decided to go up to the roof.

In a couple of minutes they came back down, perspiring profusely and carrying two flutes, one of bamboo and the other a very expensive one of mahogany and sterling silver.

"Well, Ma," Howie announced, "I

guess we've solved the problem, all right. You'll never guess what we found up there! You can't even see it until you get up there on the roof but there is a little six-by-six room up there. You have to crawl through a small opening to get inside. When we did we found an altar top on the floor with a pentagram drawn on it and some marks that look like bloodstains. The flutes were lying on the altar top."

"Those drug dealers must have been into demon worship," Freddy chimed in. "Maybe they killed the guy whose ghost we saw an altar of their rites."

I said only one thing — "I'm calling the police!"

While we were waiting for them to arrive, the boys climbed back up and took a heavy hammer with them. They smashed the altar top and threw the pieces down into the backyard. Afterwards they dumped the pieces in the alley. When the police arrived the boys offered to show them the rooftop attic and the broken-up altar top, but they declined. "Never mind," they said. "We'll take your word for it."

As they made out their report, one of the officers remarked, "That devil worship is bad business. It's a good thing you found out about it. Now maybe you'll get some peace in this house."

That night Freddy, Howie, Rod, Alex and several of their friends held a prayer meeting in Freddy's room. They put signs up on all the walls saying, "Jesus Saves," "Resist Satan and He Will Flee" and "Satan Get Out." They stayed up until daylight reciting passages from the Bible, singing hymns and praying to the Lord.

I am happy to report that their do-it-

yourself exorcism worked fine. From then on everyone slept peacefully in his own room until the day nearly a year later when we moved out.

The house was completely rebuilt

after we moved and the room which had been Freddy's was demolished and a new carport added in its place. So far as I know, the ghost or demon has not returned.



DREAM DETECTS DIABOLICAL DEED

By Georgia Hardisty

THE *DUBLIN Magazine* for March 1813 carried a curious story of a murderer brought to justice as the result of a dream.

In the canton of Berne, Switzerland, a young bailiff was married to his third wife. His first two wives, whom he had treated well, each had died suddenly after the birth of a child. The third wife was a strong healthy woman who, after the birth of a son, seemed as well as could be expected. But within two weeks of her confinement, the third wife was found dead in her bed. She seemed to have had an apoplectic fit. Three days later she was buried.

The widower-father of the dead woman, grieved by the loss of his only child, went to the judicial authorities on the fourth day after the funeral and told the following story:

"You know that I have lost a daughter who was the wife of the bailiff. She has been suddenly snatched away and how painful her loss is to me it is impossible to express. To aggravate my wretchedness I have seen her in my dreams every night since her interment. She points to her grave and tells me that she was murdered. It is only a dream to be sure, but for my satisfaction, let me have her taken up."

The authorities were about to refuse this request which they considered improper when the bailiff supported his father-in-law's wish. The body was dug up the next morning and duly inspected by the local surgeon and midwife. Not a trace of violence

was found on the body, although some blue spots on the left side remained. These were regarded as signs of the assumed apoplexy. The unanimous verdict was that the woman had died a natural death.

Four or five days later the father again appealed to the authorities to disinter his daughter's body. He was still tortured by the idea that she had been murdered. The members of the court resented this second request and the bailiff declared, "The old man's grief has deranged his intellect." But he approved once more the opening of the grave. A second time the examiners agreed the death was due to a natural cause.

As the body was ready to be returned to its coffin once more the father suddenly exclaimed, "Well, then, I must at least be convinced of it by my own eyes and my own hand."

He lifted his daughter's body, grasping it just below the left breast. At this the bailiff cried out, "I am undone! He has discovered it!"

His ugly confession followed. The bailiff had murdered all three of his wives for their property. He waited until each had borne a living child, then pierced her heart with a large three-edged needle, inserting it just below the left breast. The nursing mothers' breasts were full and heavy and the wounds were almost imperceptible. His first two wives had died quietly; the third wife had cried out, "Oh, God! Are you killing me? My death will not go unrevenged."

LOST TREASURE & IN MEXICO PERU

When the Spaniards ravaged ancient Indian civilizations in search of gold they didn't get it all . . .

By Mary L. Lucas



GOLD HAS an elusive magic that entralls the human mind. It represents power to some, wealth to others and beauty to a few. Certainly it held a terrible fascination for the Spanish conquistadores in the 16th Century. They lusted for it, suffered, died, killed and tortured for it, and never seemed to get enough of it. The Aztecs said, "They hungered after gold like pigs."

To the Aztec, Inca and Maya gold was known as an almost imperishable

ore in plentiful supply and easily worked by their skilled artisans. The ancient goldsmiths created lovely ornaments for the kings and for ordinary citizens as well and lavish artworks for the palaces and temples of their wonderful civilizations. The South American and Mexican Indians did not use gold as money; it was too sacred for such a base purpose. They thought of gold as the sweat of the sun and silver the tears of the moon.

In modern times it is hard to

imagine the tremendous wealth these Indians possessed. Their cities were decorated with gold and silver, pearls, emeralds, diamonds, jade and other precious gems. The nobles ate from gold and silver plates; many utensils in common use, even garden tools, were made of solid silver. A dazzling array of gold and jewels adorned the temples which were so arranged that jewel-encrusted idols caught the sunlight by day and moonlight by night.

The Castilian sovereigns who created a vast empire in the Americas were motivated by a desire to extend the Spanish realm, to propagate Christianity and to increase the flow of revenue into the royal coffers. In varying degrees the conquistadores were impelled by similar motives and they could expect to be rewarded in wealth and position for their exploits. Thus, when they beheld unbelievable riches, thrones of solid gold, temples with walls of gold, life-sized statues of solid silver and gold decorated with emeralds as large as pigeon eggs, huge pearls and diamonds, lapis lazuli, jade and other precious stones, their greed knew no bounds.

The Indians thought the Spaniards were more than men, almost gods, and generously gave them gifts of great value and beauty — but these merely whetted Spanish appetites. They were not content with what was given to them — they wanted it all. Attempting to get it, they destroyed ancient civilizations, laid waste to beautiful cities, stripped magnificent temples, and tortured and killed the Indians who had welcomed them to American shores. It is interesting to speculate on the course American history might have

taken, had the dons been as congenial and friendly as the Indians.

* * *

WHEN Francisco Pizarro arrived at Tumbes on the Bay of Guayaquil in Peru, he found great temples, huge golden idols and immense wealth — his for the taking. He must have yearned to attack the city but he had too few men and insufficient supplies. He moved on to explore the area, vowing to sack the city later. Returning from his explorations, he left his men in Tumbes while he returned to Spain in 1528 for additional supplies, equipment and men. But three years passed before he was able to get back. What he found on his arrival was even more astounding than his first sight of the rich city. Everything of value had vanished; his men had disappeared and their fate is unknown to this day. The city was a barren, empty shell with no sign of either its citizens or its great wealth. The houses were empty, the streets deserted; every building had been stripped.

Angry and disappointed, Pizarro had his men pull the ornamental woodwork from the temples in search of wealth he thought must be hidden there. They found nothing except the solid gold nails that held the wood together. The Spaniards extracted these nails and melted them down, gaining more than 30,000 ounces of gold. Its value even at that time would have been a quarter of a million pounds sterling. Whatever the fate of the citizens of Tumbes, they had overlooked a storehouse full of silver worth two million pounds, earmarked for horseshoes. The Spaniards shoed

their horses and rode off, leaving the city to its ghosts.

Pizarro's brother Hernando had a similar experience at Pachacamac, a city once filled with fabulous riches which had been completely stripped. Hernando found the magnificent temples empty and foul-smelling from the spilled blood of humans and animals which had been sacrificed to the gods. Grinning at him were plain wooden idols of little value. Even so, the Spaniards, who were very thorough in their looting, managed to find treasure worth \$480,000, a fraction of what the city once had held.

Pizarro captured the luckless Inca emperor Atahualpa and held him for ransom. The Spanish leader demanded enough gold to fill a room which measured nine by 17 by 22 feet to the height he could reach (seven feet). A smaller room was to be filled twice with silver. The ransom began to pour in from all corners of the empire; often treasure worth a quarter of a million dollars would arrive in a single day.

The amount of wealth the dons might have attained as ransom for Atahualpa is inestimable but they grew impatient and foolishly executed the emperor. They had received treasure that approached \$60 million in value. To transport the gold and silver back to Spain, the dons spent a month melting the objects into ingots, thus destroying things of untold beauty and historical value.

When the Indians learned of the Spaniards' treachery the ransom payments ceased abruptly; as if by magic, the hoards of treasure simply vanished. No trace of them has been found to this day. Treasure on the way from

Cuzco, borne by 11,000 llamas, was hidden somewhere en route; its value has been estimated at 100 million pounds sterling.

Inca records show that from the mines of the Camanta Mountains 250 carriers brought more than 10 tons of gold to be used to make an immense gold chain 700 feet long for Huayna Capac to commemorate the birth of his eldest son Huascar. The chain was to be included in the ransom for Atahualpa but when word of the emperor's death was received, the chain was hidden. Legends say that it was sunk in the Lake of Urcos or possibly hidden in a cave in Sorata.

About 7000 loads of gold, each weighing 75 pounds, on the way from Chuquis for the ransom, was supposedly concealed in a pit or cavern near Piscobamba. Valued at more than \$160 million, it has never been found.

More than five million pounds sterling were to come from Chan Chan, the seat of the Chimu culture near Truxillo. The greater part of this treasure has never been recovered.

Hernando Cortez fared little better in Mexico than Pizarro did in Peru. Montezuma, the emperor of the Aztecs, was a mighty man of great wealth. He changed his clothes four times a day and never wore the same garment twice. He never ate twice from the same gold or silver plate. Tradition demanded that he give these to friends once he had used them.

The Aztecs told the Spaniards they would give them great tribute in gold if they would return peaceably to their own country. The Indians warned that the roads were too narrow for the

movement of the Spanish troops, there was not enough food to feed them, etc. However, nothing frightened the dons, once they had scented gold.

So Cortez captured Montezuma and demanded that all the gold in the area be brought to Tenochtitlan as tribute. The Spaniards were kept busy for days assessing its value; small gems removed from jewelry alone amounted to 600,000 pesos. The Spaniards were not interested in the artistry of the excellent Aztec goldsmiths. They melted the jewelry into slabs and divided these among the troops who insisted on getting their shares — although Cortez had wanted to wait to distribute the spoils.

When Montezuma was killed the Aztecs attacked the Spaniards. In a desperate, bloody battle on June 30, 1520, the Spanish soldiers, weighed down by their loot, couldn't maneuver and many drowned in the Lake of Mexico. None of the wealth which dragged them to their deaths has ever been recovered.

Cortez accidentally came upon a treasure trove. In the ancient palace of Axayacatl where Montezuma had arranged quarters for the Spaniards, Cortez found a doorway that had been covered up. When the plaster was torn away an apartment filled with gold, emeralds, jadeite, pearls and other gems was found. King Axayacatl, Montezuma's father, had hidden this great wealth for the use of the nation in crisis. In today's currency it would be worth about \$1½ million.

* * *

ACCORDING to tradition treasure intended for Atahualpa's ransom was deflected to a location known

and zealously guarded by the royal line of the Incas.

Carlos Inca is believed to have been the first guardian of the secret whereabouts of the treasure. He is known to have been living in Cuzco in 1670, married to a part-Spanish woman named Maria de Esquivel who made his life miserable complaining about their poverty. Angered by her incessant nagging, Carlos is said to have blindfolded her and taken her to the secret hiding place where she saw treasure which she later described as unbelievable. No doubt his life was made even more miserable after that! Also hounded by the Spaniards who were fiendishly wise in ways of torture, Carlos feared he might not be able to keep the secret so he went into exile and it is believed he left his secret to his heirs.

The legend of the guardian of the treasure is also supported by a manuscript in the British Museum which was written by Don Felipe de Pomares. He recorded that Pumacagua, a 71-year-old chief, wanted to lead a rebellion against the Spaniards and asked the guardian to finance his insurrection. The guardian agreed and took the blindfolded chief on a long journey up the bed of the Huatanay River. When his blindfold was removed Pumacagua found himself surrounded by bars and ingots of gold, life-sized statues of solid silver and gold, gold dust in jars and vases, and great heaps of sparkling jewels. He was given only enough to equip his army, then taken home again. The daughter of Pablo Astete, a Spanish colonel, long afterward told the British geographer-historian Sir Clements

Markham that she had seen Puma-cagua enter her father's house in Cuzco dripping wet and loaded with gold and other treasure. The chief's rebellion was unsuccessful — but he had seen the treasure trove.

* * *

THE EXACT amount of wealth the Spaniards amassed is difficult to assess, for 20 percent had to be given to the king of Spain. No doubt the dons found it advantageous to bribe an official to overlook some of the treasure or to devalue it. Nevertheless, the Spanish got away with about \$12 billion between 1500 and 1800. About five percent of this was lost at sea, for many of the top-heavy Spanish galleons were lost in the fierce storms that plague the South American coast.

The King's fifth that was paid between 1566 and 1592 on the treasure taken from the tombs of Huaca de Toledo amounted to more than \$2 million. More than \$12 million was looted from the Temple of the Sun at Cuzco in 1535. The pearls in this treasure were so large that the dons could not believe they were real and "tested them by the hammer" as they had done with pearls contained in the ransom for Atahualpa. Priests used the broken pieces of pearl to make rosaries.

The hiding places for the treasure were well-chosen — remote and inaccessible — and no doubt time has obliterated all signs of the ancient traffic. Vast amounts may have been

hidden in the Andes Mountains in areas unexplored even today. Millions lie in Mexico's vast mountain ranges, at the bottom of lakes or concealed in caverns. Gold and jewels may lie in Lake Texcoco and in Lake Guatavita, a deep mountain lake located 1200 feet up in the Andes. Lake Titicaca is supposed to hold a great cache of gold, as is the lake on Mount Sorata, and vast treasure may lie in some recess in the "hidden mountains" of Azangaro.

At the turn of the century Edward Thompson dived into a 70-foot sacrificial well at Chichen Itza in the Yucatan where beautiful young Mayan virgins adorned with valuable jewelry were sacrificed. He found many bones and a carload of precious jewels. A huge golden wheel engraved with the Aztec calendar was found at the bottom of a pond in Guatemozin's garden. (Guatemozin, Montezuma's nephew and heir, had been cruelly tortured by the Spaniards attempting to learn where treasure had been hidden.)

Even today South American Indians believe the hidden treasure is cursed and guarded by the gods and ghosts of their ancestors. Nevertheless, many a man would be willing to risk the curse of the gods and the wrath of the guardian ghosts to search for the untold wealth lying in graves and caverns, on the bottom of forgotten lakes and in the ocean's salty depths. But so far no one has found the treasure. The ghosts and the gods seem to be having the last laugh.

A STICKY WICKET

IN JULY 1978 a 19-year-old Laguna Beach, Calif., youth being pursued by police found himself in a prickly situation when he fell through the screen roof of a flower shop. The fall didn't hurt Daniel Lee Wranovics but where he landed did. Police found him straddling a big cactus plant.



REFLECTIONS OF A PSYCHIC PRIEST

Has the church ignored the
natural psychic and spiritual
faculties of mankind?

By Edward L. Schultz

AS A seminarian in the early 1970's I was caught up in the anti-Vietnam war protests, equal rights, Women's Lib and all that. I was also deeply involved in my studies at the Boston University School of Theology, where I was majoring in Biblical Studies, but I felt there was something missing from my life. Some area of spiritual development was being overlooked.

By my senior year I had changed my major from Biblical Studies to Psychology of Religion and Pastoral Care. After all, I had concluded, the Bible is important but as an Episcopal priest I will be dealing more with people than with Bibles. As I began to delve into the intricacies of the human mind and its relationship to God, many loose threads began to come together but still there was something missing.

In September 1972 I was ordained as a Deacon (a necessary requisite for entering the Episcopal priesthood). About that time a fellow clergyman

who knew of my interest in the occult and in psychic phenomena asked me to conduct a six-part lecture series at his church on the topic of "The Church and the Occult." I agreed and during my preparatory research I found many ways that the basic laws of mind tie into the life of the Church. The Bible abounds with examples of ESP — prophecy, revelation and visions. It began to be clear to me that psychic functioning is compatible with Christian tradition.

But I personally didn't seem to function psychically. Even though I

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had read Rhine's work and had tried the ESP card tests myself, I didn't seem to be able to use ESP. I read one of Harold Sherman's books and tried a few techniques but they didn't work for me. So I concluded that perhaps only a few had "the gift."

One Sunday morning in February 1973 at St. Andrew's Church in Hanover, Mass., where I served as Assistant, a parishioner named Dick MacArthur approached me and said, "Edd, how would you like to do ESP for real instead of just talking about it?" My ears perked up as Dick began to tell me about the Silva Mind Control course he had just taken. He explained the Edgar Cayce type of ESP that was demonstrated at the end of the course and urged me to attend the introductory lecture. I went, I listened and I was hooked.

As the instructor talked about entering an "alpha" level, my mind whirled. Projecting awareness to other locations, projecting healing energy, obtaining information without the use of the senses, entering an inner kingdom . . . this is what I had been seeking.

I started the mind control course in April 1973 and as I learned to enter the alpha level I began to wonder, "If a priest is functioning at an alpha level while celebrating the Mass, would it make a difference?" Finally, in May when I was ordained to the priesthood, I could try it. I did, and it did make a difference — for me, at least. There was a whole new dimension to worship. I was not just reading words, leading a service. Because of my newfound ability to enter an inner level of consciousness I felt myself in the pres-

ence of and in tune with a spiritual reality greater than myself. I could *feel* God, because I was functioning at His level, a spiritual level.

The whole shape of my ministry changed. All of the physical activities of the Church (feeding the poor, civil rights, etc.) could be dealt with much more effectively when brought into focus through meditation and prayer. I now participate in "good works" with a deeper understanding. The words of Jesus, "Seek first the Kingdom of God, and all these other things will be given to you," now really make sense. The fact that Jesus gave priority to loving God before loving one's neighbor makes sense. The idea of a Holy Spirit living within to give power without makes sense.

Prayer and meditation and a utilization of the basic laws of mind I had learned in the mind control course became the basis for my ministry. An intimate relation with God through the person of Christ and the power of the Spirit, on a deep spiritual level, became an absolute necessity for me. Nowhere in church school nor my seminary studies had I learned how really to pray. But now, because of the psychic training I had received, I was able to enter the inner kingdom.

I began to wonder why I had not learned this spiritual functioning in the Church. Why did I have to go to a commercial ESP training course to learn how to "pray in the spirit?" Perhaps through the centuries the Church had developed "tunnel vision" and ignored the normal and natural psychic and spiritual faculties of man. Many charismatics and fundamentalists see psychic functioning as "demonic," yet

they actually use ESP and call it prophecy, gift of knowledge or revelation.

My background in psychology of religion had taught me that to care and counsel properly, a priest must be interdisciplinary. Thus, in the area of spiritual development, wouldn't a knowledge of parapsychology be essential?

As I grew in understanding I began to see that others shared my viewpoint. I read the writings of J. B. Rhine (on parapsychology and religion), Canon William Rauscher, Morton T. Kelsey and others who believe the religious and parapsychological communities should work together.

Theories I have had about psychic functioning and spiritual development are proving to be accurate. Parishioners are responding with an almost desperate hunger to the message of inner awareness. The heart of the Christian gospel is rooted in a mystical relationship with Jesus Christ which can only

be achieved through altered states of consciousness — the milieu of the Holy Spirit.

I now find myself involved in a ministry aimed at bringing this kind of psychic and spiritual experience back into the Church, a ministry that attempts to work hand in hand with the contemplative, the charismatic, the parapsychologist, the mystic, the social activist, and just plain Bill — to help God's people be more open to Him and His workings in their lives.

I now find all of my early struggles and dilemmas are coming to glorious fruition. As I talk with people like Rhine, Kelsey, Rauscher, Charles Tart and others, I see new hope and promise for both psychic research and the Church. As such minds freely offer themselves and their labors to help us all grow, one cannot but be convinced that there is a God who cares intensely and who rewards those who seek Him by revealing His presence.

After all, we're all in this together.



GOD'S COVENANT WITH NOAH

By Paul Steiner

A TRAY which reflects the mingling of the arts of the Koran and the Bible was exhibited by the Jewish Museum at the 1978 National Antiques Show in New York City. Made of brass with copper and silver inlay, the tray comes from Damascus, Syria.

Depicted in the center is Noah offering sacrifices to the Lord in thanks for the deliverance of all people and living creatures after their emergence from the ark. Arabic inscriptions decorate the borders of the tray and the Hebrew inscription in the center reads:

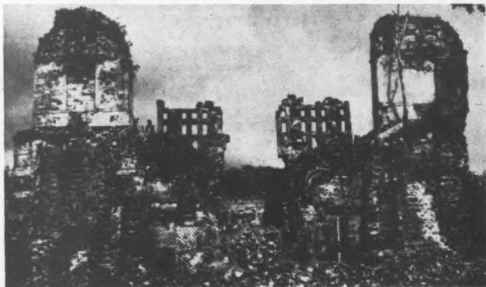
"The Lord made a covenant with him that the flood would not be repeated; that Noah and his descendants would be fruitful and people the earth; and that all the living creatures that had been preserved in the ark would also multiply and serve man for food. The cycle of nature, the Lord promised, would be restored: 'While the earth remains, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease.' (*Genesis 8:22*). Every time there was a rainbow in the clouds, it would serve as a token of God's covenant with Noah."

The Search For A Lost Mayan Temple

Part III

"Somehow I felt we were near something and we hurried forward, our excitement mounting. Then, suddenly, we reached the back wall of an oddly familiar building. . . ."

By Gillett G. Griffin



Hugh and Suzanne Johnston

Cleared of the debris of 800 years, Temple B reveals subtlety of proportion and fineness of detail, qualities which constitute great architecture anywhere at any time.

WHEN HUGH and Suzanne Johnston, a husband-and-wife team of filmmakers, conceived the idea of making a film on the Mayan civilization, they asked author Gillett G. Griffin of Princeton University's Department of Art and Archaeology to act as their adviser. In the course of a filming tour in the Mexican Maya area in August 1971, a chance meeting with a woman who had just visited the Rio Bec area in Yucatan reminded Griffin that several years previously, Michael Coe, an authority on ancient American cultures, had lightly challenged him to find Temple B, a long-lost Mayan architectural gem in the Rio Bec area.

Temple B first was found in 1912 by Raymond E. Merwin, a Harvard graduate student in archaeology, and



Photo taken May 7, 1973, first since Merwin's photographs in 1912, shows sheer back wall of long-lost temple.



Hugh and Suzanne Johnston

Elated over their find are (from left) author Griffin, Juan Briceno, Hugh and Suzanne Johnston, Andrea Seuffert. Shortest of four *chicleros* at right is Jose del Carmen.

Clarence L. Hay, the son of John Hay who served in Abraham Lincoln's administration. The twin-towered temple enchanted Merwin and Hay and haunted them forever afterward. Despite Hay's writings and despite Merwin's detailed notes, photographs and maps (which proved to be wretched), none of many searchers thereafter could find Temple B.

The idea of searching for and finding a "lost" temple and clearing away its mantle of brush became a fixed part of the Maya film project. However, the expedition was driven out of Yucatan by the rainy season in 1971. The Johnstons, author Griffin and their guide, the chiclero Juan Briceño, tried again — without success — in the spring of 1972.

In May 1973, armed with extensive research into Merwin's notes and prints of all of his relevant photographs, the group assembled again in Merida. On this occasion they were joined by Andrea Seuffert, a woman who has made fine archaeological drawings for various expeditions. They planned to spend two or three weeks searching in the Rio Bec forest, hoping to find Temple B. — The Editors.

TO TAKE proper care of our film and camera equipment we returned every night to Chetumal, a drive of about an hour and a quarter. On the way to Xpuhil in the mornings — I usually drove — we would drink fruit juice and then Suzanne would open a can of chilled "Rainbow," a miraculous imported Dutch chocolate drink. It settles stomachs and quenches thirst and above all is



Rio Bec temple pictured on page 48 June 1979 FATE was almost a twin to Temple B. South tower of B shows resemblance.

delicious. As we arrived at Xpuhil each morning, the rising sun caught the three great towers of the ancient building, dramatically etching them against the pale colors of the morning sky.

It was May and the time for burning *milpas* (cornfields) was ending. Great stretches of blackened land by the side of the road revealed the contours of site after site. After we breakfasted at the Oasis at the Xpuhil crossroads, Hugh always drove the rough track to where we would begin our search.

At the end of the day, after visiting the Oasis, I would drive back along

the paved highway while the others rested. As we left Xpuhil, the red ball of the setting sun often hung between the ruined towers of the ancient building. In the settling darkness, we saw flames flickering eerily in isolated tree trunks in burned-out *milpas* along the way. Then, when we got to Chetumal, always later than we had planned, we would have to buy food and ice before the shops closed. The search for ice was important because we were always thirsty in that inexorably hot climate.

Suzanne revived in Chetumal, exploring the shops to buy exotic things for the next day's noonday meal, al-

ways a smorgasbord. She wanted to buy things the *chicleros* would enjoy: Danish ham, Dutch cheese, Spanish tuna and *chiles adabado con mole*. It always seemed to be nine o'clock before we could get to the privacy of our hotel rooms and the dreaded ritual of searching for ticks.

Andrea Seuffert, well versed in the life and ways of the Peten, had prepared her own surefire tick extractor: grain alcohol in which she steeped the vilest tobacco obtainable. The result made the ticks fairly bow in deference as they backed out with that stuff burning their tails.

Our second day in the forest, May 7, we walked to the trail marker (a palmetto leaf inserted into a crack in a tree) where Juan Briceño had guided us north the day before to the twin-towered ruin. Seven is a good number for the Maya and as we started out Hugh said to Juan, "Do you think that we will find Temple B today?"

Juan grinned broadly and shrugged. "B," said Hugh, "B for Briceño!"

Andrea said her sun-god would point the way. (She always wore around her neck a greenstone Maya head of the sun-god *Kinich Ahau*.)

Hugh carried four compasses.

We set off in an easterly direction to find the Temple of the Half Columns. Soon it seemed to everyone that we had walked well beyond the 500 meters (3/10 of a mile) which Juan had said would bring us to the Temple. Yesterday's experience had put the capstone on Hugh's distrust of Merwin's mapmaking and Juan too was disturbed by the distance we had traveled. So he and the *chicleros* stopped trail-blazing and held a conference.

Photo of northeast corbeled room shows mask support of front of roof comb which originally supported stucco human figure.



Hugh and Suzanne Johnston

Suddenly, before our startled eyes, one short muscular Maya took off his boots and shot straight up a tall *zapote* tree. He scanned the surrounding landscape, then pointed to the south. A big building was very near, less than 200 meters, he said.

Hugh and Suzanne got out cameras to film his descent. The man was an aerialist, so much at home in the tree that it was a joy to watch him. Every graceful movement seemed effortless. Down he came, barefoot, as naturally as most of us sink into an easy chair. The gringos in the crowd cheered and Suzanne, who kept meticulous notes on every aspect of the venture, asked his name.

"Jose," he said, "Jose del Carmen." As we walked off on the new track, he continued, "Moreno," and around a bend he finished, "Alvarado."

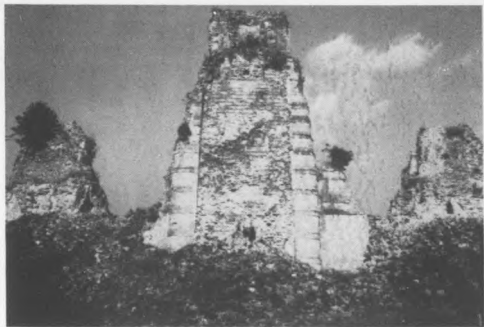
Our crew began to emerge as individuals — nice, quiet, competent people, each with his own specialty. Reynaldo Solis Domingo, tall and slim, had just come in December from the state of Puebla where, to the awe of the others, he said streams of clear water flow all year round. He was quiet, gentle and shy, with beautiful eyes and a beatific smile. Jose del Carmen was the extrovert of the group. He, like Juan, had worked as a *chiclero* and a logger but he also had been a truck driver and a mechanic. These men were always attentive and good-natured. They worked loyally and hard.

Jose del Carmen led us to a crescent-shaped quarry. Hard by, invisible in the thicket, was the building he had seen from the tree. It stood on a high platform. A small corbeled passage-

way led into the middle of the back of this curious structure. Juan, naturally, had been there before; he had seen two baby jaguars at the entrance to the building 16 years ago.

I scrambled up to the door and crawled in. Suzanne joined me because it was cooler inside. The day was considerably hotter than our first day in the woods; each day seemed to get hotter. All of a sudden we heard Jose del Carmen's voice above us. He had skipped up a tree and thought he saw a building on the horizon. Looking east one could see an odd clump of trees atop a distant ridge which could conceal a twin-towered temple. One by one we convinced ourselves that it was a temple. We took photographs and compass bearings; it was 76 degrees northeast of us. The *chicleros*, for reasons we still do not understand, maintained that it was not very far away, but the rest of us thought that it looked like several kilometers. Only Juan Briceño remained unconvinced that it was a building but he agreed to go in that direction.

We found a shady place to have lunch, then set out to the northeast. Juan followed the course intuitively and Hugh followed, constantly checking one of his compasses. The way led over the corner of a large platform with three high buildings on its south end, then down over other man-made levels and finally to a complex of two courtyards. We ascended a steep mound on the western side, cut our way across a plaza dominated by three high walls on its eastern end, made our way up the steep eastern wall and descended into a larger courtyard at a higher level than the previous ones.



Built on a rise and dramatized daily by the rising and setting sun, the temple at Xpuhil is the only Rio Bec-style building which has three towers. Its front is in ruins but the back (shown here) still conveys the majesty the building once had.

We went east through the upper court and then clambered up another steep wall, arriving at the top of a parapet which dropped almost vertically 40 or 50 feet. From this vantage point Suzanne was able to pick out the shape on the ridge toward which we were heading. It seemed to be a little nearer and we were still directly in line with it at 76 degrees northeast. We made a precipitous descent to the forest below and then we seemed to be descending into a gentle hollow.

Somehow I felt we were near something — and Hugh told me later he felt the same way. Our excitement mounting we hurried forward — and then, very suddenly, Juan and I were at the back of an oddly familiar building.

Why was it familiar? From the photographs I had studied so intently?

"I think it's Temple B!" I shouted. "I'm sure it's Temple B! We've got it! B for Briceño!"

The others were arriving and there was a momentary flurry of doubt because from that close perspective the roof combs and towers disappeared behind the massive back wall. After a quick study of Merwin's 1912 photograph of the back wall Hugh and Suzanne agreed that we had indeed rediscovered Temple B.

* * *

THE REST is a happy blur. I know that I forced my way through dense thickets to peer into chambers, to look for ancient graffiti and drink in

the heady fact that we were actually there. My hat was in shreds, my right shirt-sleeve was nearly ripped off, my right pant leg was torn and one of my large ears was mysteriously bloody.

Were we the first human beings to see Temple B since Merwin turned his back on it in 1912? No, Juan, of course, had been there 16 years before. A few days later he led Suzanne into the brush and showed her a rusted beef tin he had discarded there — but he had forgotten the place until now. And of course the building then and now was overgrown, its details deeply shrouded.

We did not feel tired that day as we retraced our steps. The Oasis was full: workers from the University of Tennessee mapping project, Jack Eaton, his staff and various local people. The little place exploded with excitement when we told everyone our news. That we had found Temple B on our second day, after 61 years of sporadic but intensive searches, astounded everyone, ourselves included. We recalled that we had been prepared to muck around the forest for two weeks, before resigning ourselves to go back and clear the temple similar to Temple B which Juan had shown us.

Why did we find Temple B when everyone else tried and failed? When Jose del Carmen climbed the tree he distracted us from our easterly path and sent us toward the high building. What we all thought we saw on the ridge to the east may well have been a freak of nature, a mirage, an accidental clustering of tall trees. But that phantom bait drew us in an absolutely straight line to Temple B where it lay concealed in a densely thicketed

hollow. Andrea swears that her green-stone sun-god pointed the way. However that may be, we now know we were chasing shadows when we stumbled upon Temple B, no matter how logical our course seemed to us then.

As the building was exposed to Hugh's viewfinder and the forest mantle retreated, the wonder of the place grew day by day. Its condition miraculously remains little changed since 1912. Graffiti that Merwin photographed in 1912 are still there and no new ones defile the building. Temple B is everything that Merwin and Hay described, and more. The subtlety of its proportions, the fineness of its details, the qualities which constitute great architecture anywhere at any time — these set it apart from any other building we encountered. In Maya architecture it ranks with the Temple of the Sun at Palenque, Building 22 at Copan and the Governor's Palace at Uxmal. It compares favorably with any great piece of architecture in the world.

Temple B is hardly a fitting name for so special a building. In 1936 Maya authority J. Eric Thompson noted that the *chicleros* called the area "Aurora" for the Greek goddess of dawn. The temple indeed faced east and the Maya word for aurora, *Zazhalcab*, had been suggested by Michael Coe as more appropriate.

Like its dry name, Temple B stands for a world of misconceptions. It is not one isolated temple lost in the bush of central Yucatan. It is the archetypical example of a fascinating and rich regional style, for it is obvious to anyone who ventures into the Rio Bec

"What we thought we saw on the ridge
to the east may well have been an
accidental clustering of trees.
But that phantom bait drew
us in an absolutely
straight line to
Temple B. . . ."



area that this was one of the most densely populated areas in Classic Maya times. And it is one which has been ignored by modern scholars in favor of areas which are easier to get to or better known.

The rediscovery of Rio Bec B should change all this. It is to be hoped that the Mexican government will set the area aside as a national park, for Temple B is only one of

many interesting structures there.

For us it was one of the most exciting experiences of our lives. It was the same for the *chicleros*. When their work was finished and they put down their machetes, they looked up at the building and one of them exclaimed, "*Que lindo es eso! How beautiful it is!*" They took immense pride in uncovering the heritage of their ancestors.



IT'S NOT "ALL IN YOUR HEAD"

IN THE next few years brain research may prove that many old notions about human behavior have a solid basis in brain chemistry.

Marilyn Ferguson, editor of *Brain/Mind Bulletin*, points out that observations old in the history of psychology become credible when a biological basis is discovered. Brain researchers are excited about the roles of the brain's so-called opiates — the endorphins and enkephalins.

Endorphins seem to modulate states of consciousness, clarifying them in the same way that the twist of a dial tunes a radio. Endorphins relieve mental and physical pain and they may contribute to relegating experience to the unconscious mind. They are known to be involved in the learning process and erratic fluctuations in the endorphin system may be at the base of almost all mental disorders.

Two new findings are especially significant. Researchers have evidence that food may ease psychic pain by triggering the release of these natural opiates; this may lead to an un-

derstanding of compulsive overeating and the dynamics of obesity. Another series of experiments underscores the importance of social bonding. Laymen and psychologists alike have long known that isolation "hurts," that loneliness is "painful." Apparently the brain opiates produce a sense of well-being in the presence of social bonding and this chemistry is reversed when an individual is socially isolated. In animal experiments separation of mother and infant seems to disrupt the release of endorphins and cause literal suffering.

Researchers are seeking the circumstances and attitudes which enhance the optimum functions of the endorphin system with a view to finding drugs to help balance an erratic system.

Most important, writes Marilyn Ferguson, "Perhaps we can deal more wisely and humanely with one another once we realize the extent to which individual feelings and motives — anguish, attachment, loneliness, compulsion — are not just 'all in the head.'"



ILLEGAL ALIEN?

THE FAMILY *Cyclopedia of Useful Knowledge*, printed in the late 1800's, contains a report that a capricorn beetle was found to be alive, although imbedded in a solid piece of wood in the hold of a ship at Plymouth, Mass. — Jeanne Horn.

MY PROOF OF SURVIVAL

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SNOW SPECTER

By Donald J. Welbourn

IN 1949 I worked a trapline in northern British Columbia. My partner was Amos Winterhawk, a grizzled veteran of the north woods who had supported himself and his wife by hunting and trapping for over 60 years. But Amos' wife had died the previous summer and Amos frequently told me that this would be his last winter in the woods.

Our trapline ran for over 100 miles. We visited each set weekly by dog team, sleeping in small cabins placed every 20 or 30 miles along the route.

In February of 1949 we were sledding at 10 degrees below zero across a frozen lake. Amos was breaking trail when suddenly he plunged through the ice into the frigid waters below. I managed to pull him out onto solid ice but of course he was soaked to the skin. I knew he had to get warm and into dry clothes or death would follow in minutes. Our nearest cabin was 10 miles down the lake. I bundled him onto the sled, tucked a coat around him and prepared to make a dash for it. But the intense cold took its toll and he soon lapsed into unconsciousness.

Suddenly the dogs stopped running and stood cowering in the snow. It was then I became aware of a white vaporous cloud rising like a column of steam from the snow about 200 feet to my right. Desperately I

tried to get the dogs moving again. But the whole team swung sharply to the right and made straight for the cloud column. I was sure it was just a patch of open water steaming in the cold and I lunged at the traces to turn them. They refused. The vaporous cloud drew them like a magnet. I could only follow in their tracks, sure that they were headed for disaster.

Then I noticed the cloud seemed to be moving ahead of the team.

As the team rounded a point of land I lost sight of the sled. When I caught up with them the white cloud had disappeared but straight ahead in the trees was a cabin I had never seen before. Inside was a stove, plenty of firewood and a cache of food. Quickly I lit a fire and bundled Amos inside. In no time the cabin was cosy and



Donald J. Welbourn

warm. When Amos opened his eyes I told him about the white cloud. He simply grunted and replied, "That was my wife. She's gone ahead. My time isn't up yet."

We finished the winter without further mishap.

That June old Amos died peacefully in his cabin. I attended the simple funeral. It was not until afterwards we realized that all of Amos' dogs were missing. And they were never found.

The only clue came from a young Indian who lived upriver. On the morning that Amos was buried he reported seeing several dogs on the trail chasing two whitish clouds that seemed to be leading them onward. — *Claresholm, Alta., Canada.*

LITTLE LOST GHOST

By Lari Sprouse

SINCE OCTOBER 1970, when my husband Buzz, our four-year-old son Larry and I moved into a small duplex in Tyler, Tex., I have not doubted the existence of ghosts. A duplex may not sound like a likely place for a ghost but we had one anyway.

From the beginning the walls seemed alive with sound and movement. I tried to convince myself it was mice from the field next to us, so we got a cat. The cat got the mice but the sounds continued.

Several nights I was awakened by a soft rustling next to the bed but I saw nothing. Then one night I felt somebody or something touch my shoulder. Opening my eyes I observed a small shape standing next to the bed in the darkness. I thought it was my son and I called his name. In response the



Lari Sprouse

formless shape floated out of the bedroom, leaving me confused and perplexed.

Had I been asleep and just dreamed it? No, I knew I was awake and I had seen something.

I rose to check on Larry. I found him snoring softly, blankets tucked tightly around him. I returned to bed and listened. Nothing else happened that night.

A few days later I was talking with my neighbor Donna Simpson who told me the tragic story of a family which once occupied our duplex. She said they had moved suddenly after their daughter was killed. She was playing behind their car and her father had backed over her.

I didn't tell my neighbor about my visitor because I was sure she wouldn't believe me. But when I told my husband he wasn't a bit surprised. He had seen her too! — *Wheatland, Wyo.*

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"DO IT NOW"

By Loretta Griffin

I REMEMBER falling asleep that night feeling apprehensive about my health. I hadn't been feeling too well. I was run-down and weak from loss of blood. My last couple of menstrual periods had been terrifying and made me recall the slow, miserable cancer death my mother had undergone just three years before.

Perhaps she was on my mind as I drifted into slumber. Perhaps her death and all the suffering which led to it, still so fresh in my mind, stimulated my unconscious mind to imagine what I thought I saw that cold March night in 1963.

I awoke about 3:00 A.M. to the sound of a voice calling my name. As I looked to the open doorway leading to the hall, I saw my mother outlined in the shadows. She was dressed all in black in a capelike affair which covered her from head to foot. The only features visible were her face and her right hand which was clutching the hood of the garment at her throat.

Her face was drawn and sad and clearly showed the torment of her suffering. Her eyes were weary as they looked across the room into mine and pleaded with me to understand. She knew I was frightened of such things; as a child I had had other strange visions.

She spoke three clear short words: "Do it now."

I stifled a cry and clenched my eyes tight together until they burned. I flung my body next to my husband's and lay there in the dark too frightened to move or to cry out.

I don't know how long I lay there trying to control myself. But at last I found enough courage to open my eyes and awaken my husband John.

He held me close. As I trembled I told him what I had seen.

"You were just dreaming," he said to me. "You know the dead can't come back. It was just a nightmare."

I knew John didn't believe in psychic phenomena. We had always disagreed about that question but that night I took comfort in his skepticism and finally let sleep overcome me.

But several days later I was still thinking about my mother's pleading eyes and her troubling words. I was beginning to realize



Loretta Griffin

what she wanted. She wanted me to see a doctor immediately.

I made my appointment and the next day I was in Sewickley Valley Hospital for a D & C. I had a long cylindrical slit in my cervix with a serious infection.

My mother's cancer had started in her cervix. Was she concerned for me even after her death? I like to think so. I think her love and protection reach out and span the gap between my world and hers. I know she will continue to protect me and mine until we have no further need for her vigilance. — *Aliquippa, Pa.*

AT THE END OF THE FUNNEL

By Lily Gross

I HAVE always believed that the spirit survives the death of the body and I have had an experience that confirms this belief.

On July 12, 1978, I entered Sherman Hospital in Elgin, Ill., for kidney surgery. I was in so much pain that my physician immediately ordered an injection of a powerful painkilling drug. A few minutes later my body began to convulse. I felt burning hot, then icy cold.

I rang for the nurse who came and assured me that I was having a natural reaction to the drug entering my bloodstream. Everything would be all right — but she called in three other nurses to try to calm me down.

I could hear the nurses talking as I found

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Lily Gross

The Camel's Den consists of a single room with a wide mouth protected by an outcropping of rock. The cave is named for this overhanging rock which is shaped like a camel's head. Its entrance is in a cliff about 200 feet above the Patapsco River. We could sit by our fire and look out over the tops of trees and watch the sun set behind the mountains.

When night fell the cave took on an eerie atmosphere. Because of the irregular surfaces of the rock walls, our shadows were so distorted they did not seem human. In the flickering light of our campfire we talked about the cave as a home for the Indians. Would they have closed in the entrance? How would they have defended it? How did they get water up the cliff face?

Finally my wife Evelyn and the boys Fred and John grew sleepy and curled up behind me. I remained by the fire smoking my pipe and thinking about ancient man for a while before I fell asleep. I don't know how much later it was that I came suddenly, harshly, wide-awake. An alien presence had invaded the cave.

It was bitter cold. The fire was now only a bed of smoldering orange coals and smoke hung in distinct horizontal layers in the air. Through the haze I saw the Indian squatting on the other side of the fire. He was staring into it just as I had done a few hours earlier. A cloak of squirrel skins was draped over his shoulders and he carried something in the crook of his arm. At first I thought it was a hatchet or a war club but soon I saw that it was a long-stemmed clay pipe. He did not seem to be aware of me and although he made no threatening gesture I was too frightened to move or speak.

As dawn approached a drizzling rain began and the orange reflection of the fire and the black atmosphere of the cave blended into a uniform gray mist. As the sky lightened the Indian faded.

The bustle of dressing children and getting breakfast drove away thoughts of the strange night. Only later in the day could I reflect on the experience. Was it a dream? Was it the effect of an underdone potato, an undigested bit of beef? I know the Indian was there — and I wonder if in prehistoric times he had had a vision of some strange white man smoking a pipe by his ancient fire. — *Jacksonville, Fla.*

myself slowly drifting away from them. I felt a tremendous jolt, then seemed to be entering the large end of a funnel. Everything was dark and frightening and I knew I was dead — although I was moving through the funnel at an incredible speed. I could neither stop nor slow down.

When the small end of the funnel appeared I realized I was going to go through it — but I was just as sure I couldn't get back. Through the end of the funnel I saw a beautiful countryside in colors that were brilliant and inviting. Everything appeared light, airy and peaceful — but it was not a place where I wanted to stay. The image of my eight-year-old daughter Tanya came to my mind and I didn't want to leave her motherless. As I thought this I found myself back in bed, the nurses still working over my body.

Maybe the place at the end of the tunnel was heaven but I felt no desire to remain there. My work on earth had not been finished. — *Fox River Grove, Ill.*

PIPE DREAM?

By John W. Cowart

I LIVED in a cave once. It was only for a single weekend and it was a dozen years ago but believe me, that was enough — for there I saw the ghost of a long-dead Indian.

In November 1967 I took my family to Camel's Den, a cave near Granite, Md., to dig for arrowheads in the debris on the cave floor. The cave had been inhabited by Indians for many centuries long ago.

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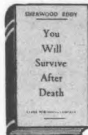
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NEWS & REVIEWS

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ANCIENT ERRATICS

HAVE HUMAN footprints been found in rocks alongside dinosaur tracks? Could the pre-Columbian Incans possibly have discovered a process of melting platinum (which requires a temperature of 1790 degrees)? Did Babylonians really have electric batteries and sulphur matches?

Brad Steiger's *Worlds Before Our Own* (Berkley, New York, N.Y., 1978, 224 pages, \$8.95) is an almost encyclopaedic collection of facts that don't fit our standard ideas about ancient civilizations and prehistoric times. Steiger searched the literature of archaeology, anthropology and geology to find numerous "erratics." Like the clock in Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar* erratics are artifacts that appear out of sequence; they show up long before they are supposed to have existed or been invented. The oldest go back to the dinosaur age; more recent ones date "merely" to ancient Egypt.

One must approach the ancient past in a somewhat playful spirit. The few artifacts upon which we base our knowledge of what has gone before are just scattered pieces of jigsaw puzzles. This means we have not only to put together each picture but also to discern the whole that all the pictures taken together reveal. Perhaps more than anything else, the study of ancient history requires a creative imagination.

As one might expect, with so little to work from, conclusions must be tentative and subject to change as new data become available. In recent decades scholars have had to revise their views of man's early history because of new discoveries of

hominid remains and also because of our growing knowledge of the pre-Columbian civilizations of the Americas.

But the items Steiger discusses suggest that the human past may have been radically different from the past any established scholar has ever suggested. These artifacts imply, incredibly, that a technologically sophisticated culture flourished during the Stone Age and maybe even earlier. Steiger, discounting the currently popular ancient astronaut hypothesis, revives an older one: that unknown forces destroyed an advanced earthly civilization. By "advanced" Steiger is arguing that this hypothetical civilization had developed television, airplanes, surgery and even computers.

Worlds Before Our Own is a useful compilation of odd pieces of history. That is not to say, however, that its explanation for these curiosities is persuasive. Some of the erratics are so isolated (for example "manufactured" items found in coal seams) that they tell us nothing. Other items, such as the alleged footprints found mingled with those of dinosaurs, may not be all that they appear to be; until more solid evidence (specifically bones) comes to light I for one am not going to throw out the conventional paleontological view which holds that dinosaurs preceded human beings by many millions of years. Moreover, we need to know more about the context of the finds. What other items were found with the anomalous ones? Perhaps, if we knew the answer to that important question, the erratics would be considerably less mysterious.

The consistent refusal of advocates to

consider the cultural context of "advanced" artifacts weakens their case immeasurably. After all, how technologically sophisticated can a people be who still build primarily from stone and have not yet discovered the arch? The purported discovery of an "advanced" artifact in the midst of such a primitive people's cultural refuse is bound to raise any number of properly skeptical questions.

But legitimate mysteries about our past remain and they are not just the "respectable" ones of which the historians and the archaeologists approve. *Worlds Before Our Own*, in the tradition of the best Fortean writing, reminds us of things we are not supposed to ponder. Steiger documents the worldwide range of erratic finds and the broad span of time they fill. He also provides a 40-page bibliography for those who want to go back to the original sources. Some of these erratics are going to prove important eventually and *Worlds* may help prepare you for the next revision of history.

LATEST ON STONEHENGE

AT LEAST one chapter in Steiger's book — the one that treats Stonehenge as an astronomical computer — appears to have been rendered invalid. Leon E. Stover and Bruce Kraig, authors of *Stonehenge: The Indo-European Heritage* (Nelson-Hall Publishers, Chicago, Ill., 1978, 212 pages, \$19.95), thoroughly demolish Gerald Hawkins' much-publicized theory (advanced in *Stonehenge Decoded*) that the various stones at Stonehenge were aligned astronomically. Stover and Kraig draw on more recent research as well as their own considerable anthropological and archaeological investigations to show that

Stonehenge was a monument to tribal chiefdoms in southern England.

The two researchers concede that Stonehenge did have an astronomical function but it was both more limited and more practical than Hawkins had suggested. Stover and Kraig write that Hawkins read modern thoughts and needs into a past in which such concerns did not exist. They further point out that while many continue to see the inner set of stones as an incomplete circle, it is in fact a horseshoe, a good luck symbol which derived from its similarity to a set of cow horns. In ancient times the cow horns symbolized the power of the chiefs.

Fully documented and soundly reasoned, *Stonehenge* provides us with the most credible picture of the famous monument yet to appear. You will find it a welcome relief from the wild speculations of Atlantologists and other daydreamers.

SURVIVAL?

FOR SOME TIME we have needed a good survey of recent findings in survival research. While interesting and readable, Ian Currie's *You Cannot Die* (Methuen, New York, N.Y., 1978, 298 pages, \$9.95) is not quite it. It covers the broad range of the field, from ghosts to possession to reincarnation, but it suffers from one very serious flaw: it is uncritical.

Much that passes as survival research is not worth serious consideration, as any sophisticated student of the subject knows; yet Currie accepts without question dubious "evidence" from questionable mediums and he even seems to believe that Helen Wambach's reincarnation fantasies offer as compelling evidence for survival as does Karlis



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Consequently the reader should not be surprised when Currie's indiscriminate acceptance of just about all survival claims causes him to overstate the case for life after death. He says that science has now come to four "inescapable" conclusions:

- (1) We survive physical death.
- (2) We continue to exist at varying levels of awareness and creativity after death.
- (3) We reincarnate periodically.
- (4) Reincarnations are patterned by karma.

Of course if Currie is correct, we would all be reincarnationists and psychical researchers would not be fighting for their life at gatherings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. In fact, Osiris' excellent work contradicts Currie's claims; Osiris has found no evidence for either karma or hell.

In reality survival research gives us not conclusive evidence but material that suggests a continuance of life beyond death. There is a difference, and the difference is such that the evidence has failed to persuade most "unbelievers;" some of the evi-

dence, such as that for reincarnation, hasn't even convinced most psychical researchers.

We are not, as Currie optimistically suggests, the last generation that will have to fear death. Surely the survival data will cause at least some of us to approach death with less trepidation and more assurance. But there still will be questions. At the very end we will be wondering, just as we are now, if we accepted the right evidence or if we were too quick to believe what we wanted to believe.

OCCULT SOURCES

THE OCCULT SOURCEBOOK by Nevill Drury and Gregory Tillett (Routledge & Kegan Paul, Boston, Mass., 1978, 238 pages, \$9.95, paperback) invites us to explore the occult world. The occult, no longer confined to the sinister world of satanism and Rosemary's baby, encompasses all of humanity's hidden potential from magic to expanding consciousness to faith healing to vampires.

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OTHER REVIEWS

ATLANTIS: FACT OR FICTION? edited by Edwin S. Ramage, Indiana University Press, Bloomington, Ind., 1978, 210 pages, \$10.95.

In recent years the general public and many establishment academicians have accepted the theory that Minoan Crete, which perished about 1450 B.C. when the Thera-Santorini volcano blew its top, was the prototype of Plato's Atlantis.

This theory, along with a number of others, is examined in the five essays which comprise most of *Atlantis: Fact or Fiction?* and which developed out of a panel discussion on Atlantis sponsored in April 1975 by the Department of Classical Studies at Indiana University. The rest of the book consists of a specially prepared paper on "Glacial Fluctuations, Sea Level Changes, and Catastrophic Floods" by geologist Herbert E. Wright, Jr.

If the book's approach seems pedestrian, it is well to remember the alternative: the sentimental fantasies which hold that the fabled lost continent was a land of grace and beauty, whose science far surpassed ours and whose people lived happy, meaningful lives until, led astray by evil leaders, they were destroyed in a vast cataclysm which left no artifacts and only a fragmentary oral history which in time came to Plato's attention.

Thousands of books about Atlantis have appeared since Plato first told the tale about 350 B.C. Most have been pro-Atlantis although their authors, with a studied disregard for what Plato said, have placed the vanished landmass in scores of different locales and peopled it with a variety of races from Cro-Magnons to Minoans to the Lost Tribes of Israel.

Edwin Ramage's anthology attacks the legend from historical and geological perspectives. In the end there isn't very much left for believers to hang on to.

The historians have sorted through the literature of the past to determine if Plato was reporting an actual event preserved in oral transmission over many generations or if he was simply weaving together a fable to dramatize his own social and political views.

Irish classicist John Luce is the most pro-Atlantis but even he fails to make a really convincing case, in the light of what is now known, for the Crete-was-Atlantis hypothesis. Indeed, Prof. Casey Fredericks states bluntly, "Plato never connects his Atlantis with Crete in any sense . . . and Plato's description . . . has no resemblance to Knossos or to any other Minoan site." Prof. Rufus Fears is even harsher: "Even at a superficial glance, the equation of Atlantis with Minoan Crete is revealed as a tissue of fabrications, a flimsy house of cards, constructed by piling dubious hypothesis

upon pure speculation, cementing them together with false and misleading statements and with specious reasoning."

With Minoan Crete disposed of, let's turn back to the Atlantic Ocean which is where Plato located Atlantis in the first place. Wright's study of glacial melting shows that although the ocean has indeed risen about 350 feet since the last ice age, it took several thousand years for it to do so. This being the case, the rise from one generation to the next would be scarcely noticeable. In short, no catastrophic rise here to give birth to legends of a universal deluge.

An analysis by volcanology specialist Dorothy Vitaliano of the United States Geological Survey is even more devastating. "In the light of what is known today about the ocean floors," she writes, "we can definitely rule out the possibility of a sunken landmass of any substantial size in the Atlantic, or, for that matter, in any other ocean basin. . . . Nowhere in the ocean basins is there any sign of a large mass of continental-type crust which could

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represent a submerged continent."

She goes on to point out that "even if one invokes some extraterrestrial agency to explain how a large island could be destroyed in a single cataclysm, it does not help; its remnants would be recognizable." And that demolishes the theory of the late Otto Muck, a German scientist whose posthumously published *The Secret of Atlantis* claims Atlantis was destroyed when a huge asteroid smashed into the earth in the so-called Bermuda Triangle area.

There is much, much more in *Atlantis: Fact or Fiction?* than can be covered here. For me, this book settles the question of whether or not Atlantis was an historical reality. Before you disagree, read Ramage's book. — *George W. Earley.*

THE PARANORMAL by Stan Gooch, Harper & Row, New York, N.Y., 1978, 313 pages, \$10.00.

It cannot be said that Stan Gooch thinks predictably. In some ways he is more conservative than the most cautious parapsychologists; in other ways he is radically iconoclastic, willing to embrace such exotic and "unrespectable" concepts as the "chance barrier," alternate universes and other such things.

In *The Paranormal* Gooch is often interesting, even provocative, but in my opinion he is plainly wrong on a number of points. Frequently, where he should be open, he is skeptical; where he should be cautious, he is uncritical.

While he accepts ESP, healing and (reluctantly) poltergeists, he dismisses ghosts in a chapter entitled "Ghosts and Hallucinations," which begins with this incredible sentence: "There seems to me virtually no valid evidence for the existence of ghosts." Still, prudence does raise its feeble head when we next read that we "cannot in all honesty slam the door completely on ghosts at this stage." This view, even when qualified, is so astoundingly archaic that I cannot imagine any knowledgeable parapsychologist making such a statement. Quite aside from the voluminous, well documented evidence in the literature, available to anyone who cares to read it, I can state flatly that I *know* Gooch's remark is absurd; on two occasions I have seen

apparitions — and I am not prone to hallucinations.

The author does not care for the phenomena attributed to either Puharich or Geller. He points out correctly that much of the "evidence" for Geller's effects is either worthless or suspect. But I am not prepared to say *all* of it is. I am convinced that metal bending is a real although rare effect which I once saw occur under excellent conditions with Uri Geller. Still, again from my personal experience, I agree with Gooch that the considerable majority of metal bending is fraudulent.

He is also right, I think, in rejecting psychic surgery. In fact, when it first became known in this country, I was among the first to warn publicly that a new fraud was about to be unleashed in the United States.

But Gooch's views of "physical phenomena" are hopelessly archaic, as he would know if he had done his homework. He considers taped-voice phenomena to be blasphemous. Here at least his error is shared by the general parapsychological community. Too bad — Gooch's iconoclasm would have served him well here.

He does have a number of interesting and thoroughly controversial observations to make about the use of probabilities and statistics in parapsychology. He points out that mathematicians have charted theoretical roulette runs which are so ridiculously beyond possibility, statistically speaking, that the laws of probability as they are known seem to have gone awry. As he remarks, some of the presumably non-paranormal runs are theoretically possible but can never occur as long as the universe exists; he concludes that the science of statistics is still not fully understood nor are its applications to parapsychology. And here he discusses what he calls the "chance barrier," a quite interesting concept.

Gooch has a number of curious ideas including one which will amaze (and maybe anger) some of his readers. He believes that Asiatics, hippies, dropouts, women and artists possess a more active cerebellum. Such movements as Christianity, Spiritualism, feminism, psychoanalysis, the Romantic movement and even Communism were born, he claims, from that old devil the cerebellum, the "seat of the unconscious." Needless to say, men and those of a more

logical, scientific bent are children of the cerebrum. I hope that the author puts his hat on a stick and pokes around corners before going through doorways!

On the plus side Gooch is acutely aware of the problems of fraud and error. He does not lack the courage to call a spade a spade — even at times when I would have called it a hoe. On the minus side his treatment of mysticism and religion is superficial.

To sum up, *The Paranormal* is a strange mixture of ignorance, creativity and courage. A curious book — and an interesting one! — *Raymond Bayless.*

THE ESP EXPERIENCE by Jan Ehrenwald, Basic Books, New York, N.Y., 1978, 308 pages, \$13.95.

The ESP Experience is Dr. Jan Ehrenwald's third book on parapsychology. A psychoanalyst by training, Ehrenwald has long been interested in the psychiatric aspects of psychic phenomena but until now he has written mostly on how ESP manifests in early childhood or between the therapist and his patients and on the role

psi plays in the delusions of schizophrenics and other disturbed persons.

In his new book he has taken a step forward, writing what amounts to a comprehensive introduction to parapsychology especially geared to the psychiatrist or medically-oriented reader. He discusses ESP, the out-of-body experience, psychokinesis, the poltergeist, survival, Uri Geller, psi and the drug experience, healing and a host of other topics.

The first and in many respects most provocative section of the book consists of 10 essays on the psychodynamics of ESP. Ehrenwald criticizes laboratory and experimental approaches to the study of ESP and PK and argues that these studies can tell us next to nothing about the nature of psi or what nurtures it. To back up his assertions he presents a series of fascinating vignettes on how psi manifests between infant and parent even during the child's pre-verbal years, on how ESP works in dreams and how it functions within interpersonal relationships. He highlights these discussions with a number of interesting anecdotes and goes on from there to engage in

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some provocative armchair speculations about the nature and meaning of psychic phenomena.

Ehrenwald picks up these same theses in Part Three of his book, entitled "Theories," in which he argues that psi is a normal part of human perception habitually censored by the brain. He shows that the perception of telepathically-sent messages and images is very similar to the type of distorted drawings brain-damaged patients sometimes make when they try to reproduce simple pictures.

He suggests that ESP might similarly be an impaired form of perception automatically inhibited by the brain. Like many parapsychologists Ehrenwald also tends to think that ESP might be a function of the right hemisphere of the brain, which is the seat of artistic and intuitive emotions. Unfortunately he glosses over the fact that so far laboratory experiments have failed to clearly establish whether or not the right hemisphere has anything to do with ESP.

But despite the book's appealing freshness some of Ehrenwald's chapters are downright snow jobs. In one of them he dis-

misses cases of demonic possession as nothing more than a form of hysteria, apparently unaware that several authorities on the subject have shown a number of psychological and parapsychological differences between hysterical possession and true demonic possession. Likewise Ehrenwald would have us believe the out-of-body experience is nothing more than a fantasy during which the percipient symbolically proves his mastery over death. He fails to take into account the wealth of research findings, collected chiefly by Karlis Osis of the American Society for Psychical Research and Dr. Robert Morris and Blue Harary of the Psychical Research Foundation, which indicate that some element of the mind actually does "leave the body" during the OBE. Ehrenwald also unnecessarily downgrades the importance of studying such phenomena as deathbed visions and mediumistic communications.

So while this book will serve as a fine psychiatric and neurophysiological approach to the problems of parapsychology, it is not a wholly satisfactory or unbiased guide to the field. — *D. Scott Rogo.*

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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.

"THE SOONER ONE IS SHOT . . ."

I have a message for John Green whose book *Sasquatch: The Apes Among Us* was reviewed in the March 1979 issue of FATE. Your reviewer George W. Earley writes, "Green believes the Sasquatch . . . (is) not 'endangered,' hence the sooner one is shot, the better."

Since I have no evidence that you, Mr. John Green, exist, I think the sooner you are shot or captured and used for laboratory experiments, the sooner the world will have conclusive proof that you exist. — Michael J. Betlow, Medford, N. Y.

MARTIAN PUZZLES

The ad on page 12 of the February 1979 issue of FATE headlined "City on Mars?" offers an 11x14 photo of what appear to be streets in an ancient destroyed Martian city for \$5.00. From NASA for the asking you can obtain a 10 x 12 copy of the same photo and one of what appear to be pyramids plus any other information you desire.

I have both of these photos. What seem to be streets are much farther apart than streets on any earth city, ancient or modern. Yet it is difficult to say what else they could have been. I know of no natural formation on earth like them. Dr. Carl Sagan published at least two articles in which he attributed the pyramidlike structures to sandstorms. We have sandstorms on earth but so far as I know they never have shaped rocks into pyramids. Furthermore, Dr.

Sagan does not explain how his hypothetical storms managed to set these huge pyramidlike structures on a grid.

Photos of Mars show, among other things, that it once had rivers. Where there is water, there is very likely oxygen — so why not advanced forms of life? Martian photos show that the planet was hit by some kind of catastrophe that thoroughly pockmarked its surface and probably at the same time boiled away its water and oxygen and killed whatever life may have existed. — W. T. Black, Georgetown, Ky.

THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK HOAX

I must take issue with E. A. March ("Enchantment by UFO," April 1979 FATE) over her comments on the Indian rope trick. She argues that this trick is actually an hypnotically-induced illusion and that photographs of the "trick" have proved as much.

This "explanation" and the photographic experiments your writer cites are a hoax. It was dreamed up in the 1890's by a newspaper writer, F. S. Ellmore, who published the story along with several photographs. Richard Hodgson, an investigator for the American Society for Psychical Research, broke the case and showed that the photographs were nothing but doctored woodcuts.

The story was resurrected in the 1830's when a Viennese professor, Dr. Pilcz, claimed to have carried out these experiments himself. However, his account seems



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to have been lifted from the original Ellmore story. No one has ever found any documents at Pilecz's university showing that any such experiments were tried or even contemplated.

I hope we can now lay the Indian rope trick to rest. Anyone who wants to know how the trick is performed can learn the answer in Hereward Carrington's book *The Story of Psychic Science*. — D. Scott Rogo, Northridge, Calif.

TOWARD AN UNDERSTANDING . . .

I obtained the Rev. Willard Fuller's address from Betty Luna's letter ("Report from the Readers," February 1979 FATE) and I wrote to him. He answered my letter with a form letter stating his accomplishments and saying that his work is supported by donations and as soon as he heard from me again (with donation) he would start immediately.

I again wrote to him telling about my condition and I put \$5.00 in the letter. I soon received the identical form letter again with a short line of thanks for the \$5.00 — nothing else.

What a way to use religion. I don't like to see FATE Magazine made a party to it. — F. Morse, Cottonwood, Ariz.

THE REV. WILLARD FULLER REPLIES:

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human error cannot be completely ruled out. I prefer to spend my time dealing with the physical and dental problems, not the correspondence. To date 25,000 people have been helped so I must be doing something right. If I could afford a half-dozen secretaries perhaps I could reduce the incidence of human error.

The form letter also includes this sentence: "If you cannot send an offering, please know that your request will be cared for the same as all others."

There is no fee for my work, never has been — and never will be. — *The Rev. Willard Fuller, Jacksonville, Fla.*

DEPROGRAMING — A DEAD END?

In the interview titled "Jim Jones and Cults of Death" (March 1979 FATE) J. Gordon Melton presented only one side of deprogramming and omitted contrary perspectives. I know and respect Dr. Melton but we part company regarding the cults. I agree with some of his viewpoints but his omissions are conspicuous.

The article does a disservice to young people. I personally know former cult devotees who were deprogrammed and as a result were extremely grateful to their families. They are now well, working, in touch with reality and relieved the experience lies behind them. Dr. Melton ignored their experiences.

He also fails to point out that legal terrorism has forced deprogramming and rehabilitation units to close, depriving former devotees (many of whom left the cults of their own accord) of a halfway house, an environmental bridge to help them find their way back. Families have been torn apart and financially ruined by lawsuits and cult traumas.

Many Peoples Temple devotees swore almost to the moment of death that they were happy and content. How many of them would be alive today if there had been support of efforts to rescue kids from cults?

The decision was not left to individual families. It became a "cause" of clergy and cult opportunists who recognized that each lost devotee took dollars out of their coffers. Primarily through the American Civil Liberties Union and other do-gooders hostile to families and defensive of cults, efforts toward government investigation of



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cults were blocked. At issue were the cult practices, not their beliefs. Some ACLU attorneys quit the organization in disgust when their own children were trapped in cults.

Not until the horrors of Guyana and public arousal was there any possibility of government investigation of cult practices. Even then the Moonies, as usual in complete obedience to their Master, disrupted proceedings during the Dole hearings.

By his omissions Dr. Melton slanted the facts. That he is a member of the board of the Alliance for the Preservation of Religious Liberties helps explain his position. The APRL is anathema to informed people. It is a creature of the ACLU and the National Council of Churches, a manipulative device to trap unwary clergy, and a means of centering all criticism on First Amendment issues, whether or not they apply.

It also should be noted that the ACLU established a so-called Religious Subcommittee consisting of APRL members and cult supporters with no differing representation to my knowledge. Is that reflective of an organization nobly presenting itself as the defender of lost causes? *It is blatant manipulation and exploitation of the law and public trust.*

Tremendous forces are aligned against the families who have demanded that the cults shape up. Countercult forces do not have access to coffers full of money skinned off the hides of our young people. Cult opportunists, on the other hand, accumulate tax-exempt capital and establish enterprises that often compete with wage earners and employees who don't have public subsidy, free health care and slave labor.

The cults have taken our best and brightest, our future leaders, conditioned them to totalitarian environments and taught them obedience to opportunistic and fanatical leaders whose true intents are obscure. As a journalist, as the Director of the Institute of Propaganda Analysis, as a concerned parent and an active member of countercult groups, I take severe issue with Dr. Melton's published attitudes.

My deepest concerns, however, lie with young people whose minds may be influenced by your interview to travel in the same direction as Dr. Melton's. He is pre-

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sented as an "authority" on cults; perhaps you should publish a dissenting view, one which more fairly informs your audience. — M. Jaffe, *Institute of Propaganda Analysis, Chicago, Ill.*

DANDER UP

Several recent reviews of books on the ancient astronaut theory and UFOs got my dander up. J. Gordon Melton's review of Erich von Daniken's latest book *Von Daniken's Proof* (December 1978 FATE) is an unwarranted attack on this famous writer. Dr. Melton claims that such incredible mysteries as the Piri Re's map, the Nazca plain and the methods used in building the pyramids, which are used by von Daniken to show the advanced state of ancient technology, can be explained by "conventional hypotheses." Conventional hypotheses are those officially approved by the scientific establishment. Dr. Melton is quick to dismiss von Daniken's "proofs" but he neglects to inform the readers that these official hypotheses are only guesses on the part of scientists who conveniently forget the facts when creating their "conventional hypotheses." Von Daniken has done his homework well and the scientists are having a difficult time discrediting his theory of the ancient astronauts.

It is surprising that Dr. Melton is so quick to dismiss the Piri Re's map as a joke when the only scientific book on this subject — *Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings* by Prof. Charles H. Hapgood — backs many of the statements made by von Daniken in *Chariots of the Gods*? Indeed, the maps in the latter book originally appeared in Professor Hapgood's book. While Professor Hapgood does not state that the authors of the Piri Re's map came from the stars, he does prove that this map came from an advanced ancient technology and its grid system is similar to air navigation maps.

Von Daniken's attacks on the so-called conventional hypotheses have caused the scientists to try to destroy him. The Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, an organization of famous scientists dedicated to the total suppression of the occult sciences, has named von Daniken as its greatest enemy. The Committee tried to get the Federal

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Communication Commission to prevent NBC-TV from showing *Exploring the Unknown*, a program which documented many of von Daniken's theories. One of the leading members of this committee, Dr. Carl Sagan, has attacked von Daniken repeatedly; he wants him totally silenced.

Again, there are many mistakes in James E. Oberg's review of Jack Stoneley's *Cauldron of Hell: Tunguska* (January 1979 FATE). Oberg claims that the radio signals heard by Soviet scientists in 1973 which they classified as extraterrestrial have long been identified and Stoneley had no right to include these data in his book. He forgets to say that the people who identified these signals are the same American scientists who have consistently attacked the idea of UFOs and extraterrestrial civilizations. These scientists claimed in 1974 that the Soviet scientists were so stupid that they didn't know they were really hearing the signals of secret United States spy satellites over the USSR. It seems strange that these ignorant Soviet scientists are the men who used a giant laser beam two years later to burn up two of these spy satellites passing over Soviet territory. If the Soviets know the precise locations of our spy satellites, it is logical to assume that they are not as stupid as the American scientific establishment would have us believe. When the Soviets state that those signals were extraterrestrial, we have to accept their evidence.

In this same review Oberg unfairly attacks Dr. Aleksey Zolotov, a leading Soviet scientist who has stated that the Tunguska explosion was caused by a nuclear-powered spaceship. In contrast to the mad Soviet scientist Oberg praises the United States and British scientists who claim the Tunguska explosion had to be caused by "natural" means. If the Soviet scientists are so dumb, how come they keep winning Nobel prizes?

FATE should have book reviewers who are objective and sympathetic toward the occult sciences and who have deep understanding of the corrupt scientific establishment. This is especially important at a time when the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal is determined to gain control of the mass media and totally suppress such books as

those reviewed in FATE. Unjustified criticism of the new occult books just plays into the hands of power-mad scientists. — *Michael Cohen, Bronx, N. Y.*

THE UNBELIEVABLE ADAMSKI

The Adamski article is unbelievable because of the pictures ("The Man Who Talked With Venusians," January 1979 FATE). The picture on page 31 is a light fixture. We had one just like it in an old house we rented years ago.

I wonder if anything about Adamski can be believed. He looks at his own light fixture and sees a spacecraft. Hah! — *Jerri Frint, Seattle, Wash.*

SECRET UNVEILED

The search for the secret of "The Mysteries of Eleusis" (February 1979 FATE) seems to have ended prematurely. A new book, *The Road to Eleusis* by R. Gordon Wasson, Carl A. Ruck and Albert Hoffman, claims to have unveiled the secret of the Mysteries. It is published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich in paperback for \$4.95.

Rebirth from death was the secret of Eleusis. The rites celebrated the divine gift to mankind of cultivated grain by dramatizing the myth of Zeus' abducting Persephone at Mysa and her triumphant return from Hades with the infant son she had conceived in communion with the spiritual realm during her sojourn. The rites culminated with a mass initiation into the awesome power of the netherworld via an orchestrated hallucinogenic experience induced by a potion containing ergot of barley.

Poets describe incredible effects, including death, from drinking even modest amounts of undiluted wine. *The Road to Eleusis* explains that the Greeks infused wine with various botanicals and fungi to produce a variety of desired effects. The wine's potency came less from its alcoholic content than from these other inebriants. To be drunk safely the wine was usually diluted with at least three parts of water. — *C. Leroy Ellenberger, Staten Island, N. Y.*

KING NETZAHUALCOYOTL, AUTHOR

In addition to designing aircraft, Netzahualcoyotl ("Aztec Aviators," April 1979 FATE) is supposed to have written a source

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book on Aztec magic. The book was considered so holy that only the *Tlatoani* (priests) were allowed to touch it. They were forbidden to turn the pages by hand and used a sacred staff instead.

In 1530 Bishop Juan de Zumarraga arrived in Netzahualcoyotl's old capital of Texcoco and destroyed 500 temples and 20,000 Aztec idols in a bloody auto-da-fe. The Book of Netzahualcoyotl was publicly burned in the plaza of Texcoco. Yet it is rumored that a copy survived and was buried in the area by the Otomi Indians. If the Book of Netzahualcoyotl ever surfaces, it may knock our ideas about pre-Columbian America into a cocked hat. — *Joseph Trainor, Attleboro, Mass.*

TREATS AND RETREATS

The Northwestern Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship Retreat in Seattle, Wash., from July 16 to 21, 1979, will feature impressive speakers on prayer, love and healing; an outstanding musical program; and salmon barbecued Indian style. FATE readers who wish to attend may register with Celia Erickson, 2406 207th Pl., S. W., Alderwood Manor, S. Lynnwood, Wash. 98036. — *J. A. Julius, Everett, Wash.*

The theme of the Northeastern Spiritual Frontiers Fellowship Retreat is "Encounters of the Soul." Lectures and workshops will offer both guidance and training for the search within and the implications of recent scientific findings for man's spiritual nature. The Retreat will be held July 8 to 14, 1979, at Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa. Additional information may be obtained from Mrs. Joyce Love, Registrar, P. O. Box 365, Harrisburg, Pa. 17108. — *Leonard H. Dykes, Charlottesville, Va.*

ABRAHAM AND THE TIME MACHINE

A glaring flaw shows up in Terry Jacobsen's letter titled "Glaring Flaw" in the March 1979 issue of FATE. Jacobsen writes: "We know that the *Book of Abraham* in the *Mormon Pearl of Great Price* was supposedly translated from Egyptian papyri . . . Why would a Hebrew abandon his efficient, compact native style of writing in favor of a clumsy, space-consuming alphabet alien to his

(Continued on page 127)

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 120)

culture and religious background?"

According to my encyclopaedia, Hebrew was a viable language from about the 12th Century to the Second Century B. C. Abraham lived 2000 years before the birth of Christ. He could not have had any knowledge of the Hebrew language — unless he had a time machine.

I am not a Mormon, for I find their beliefs a bit off the wall, but it is not possible to discount this religion on simplistic grounds. Also it is entirely possible that the founders of Mormonism did indeed have some kind of mystical experience that encouraged them in their beliefs. — Frank Magnus, New York, N. Y.

THE TORCH STILL BURNS

We have learned that an inquiry about the continued existence of Borderland Sciences Research Foundation was published in "Report from the Readers" in your March 1979 issue.

Yes, we're still carrying the torch for borderland research lighted by Meade Layne in San Diego, Calif., in 1945. Our *Round Robin Journal of Borderland Research* is now up to Volume 35 with an annual subscription rate of \$9.00 for six issues.

Our headquarters were moved to Vista in 1959 when we took over from Mr. Layne. His writings on flying saucers are still in print and listed in our 34-page catalog of publications, tapes and borderland gadgets which is \$1.00 a copy.

BSRF advocated the extraterrestrial hypothesis for the origin of flying saucers early on. Mr. Layne called it the 4-D hypothesis because the mysterious UFOs were seen to materialize into our 3-D continuum and to dematerialize into their 4-D state. This hypothesis which he put in writing in 1946 still makes good science and good sense and has held up as the only tenable answer to the mystery. — Riley Hansard Crabb, Director, BSRF, P. O. Box 548, Vista, Calif. 92083.

NATURAL HEALTH CARE

Bravo to Bessie Goldstein and Stuart Burdick for their positive stand on cancer treatment ("Report from the Readers,"

February 1979 FATE). I have been practicing in Mexico City for almost two years. Here I can continue my longtime psychic research and I can apply the things I know to save the lives of people who otherwise would die.

The fact that there are several cures for cancer is not new. I recall a dedicated German doctor, Max Gerson, who came to the United States about 1937 with a very successful program. In his book *Is There a Cure for Cancer?* he documented 50 of his cases; of these he lost only one.

Dr. Gerson came to America full of enthusiasm and the desire to share with the world a cure that he thought would be happily received by the doctors. Instead he received a lesson in power politics. He was kicked out of the New York branch of the American Medical Association. The cold hard facts are that his program did not include surgery, drugs, radiation or other death-dealing forms of treatment. In general what his program amounted to was (1) thoroughly cleansing the gastrointestinal tract and (2) using a rigid diet which excluded animal products, salt, refined sugar, alcohol, tobacco, caffeine, etc. The various adjuncts we now have were not in use in Dr. Gerson's time. Vitamins B15, B17 and even the new B19 are known to help but they must be used as part of a complete program. They can produce negative results if a bad diet is continued.

Dr. Gerson was not the first to find a natural cure for cancer. About the turn of the century a Dr. John Warren made a statistical study of his results in his first three years in practice using conventional medicine. He made the shocking discovery that his treatments had done more harm than good. So he set about researching the values of herbal remedies, fresh fruit and vegetables and spinal manipulation. Two things resulted: (1) He became tremendously successful with his patients and (2) he was shunned by his colleagues.

The innocents of our society will ask, "Why must it be that way?" The answer lies in the chain of command in the medical business. First, the drug business is one of the most lucrative in the world at \$15 billion a year in the United States and growing rapidly. Drugs get sold primarily through doctors' prescriptions. The doctor

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is a product of a medical school which usually gets some financial support from the drug industry. (This is also true of many hospitals.) By the time a medical student gets through school, internship and residency, he has been totally brainwashed. He almost has to be a "team player" to make it all the way through and to retain operating privileges in a hospital.

I don't mean to imply that all medical people are without integrity. However, the effectiveness of modern medicine was dramatically illustrated a few years ago both in Los Angeles and Montreal when physicians went on strike. Statistics for the period of the strike showed sharp improvement in general health and a great decline in the death rate.

Intelligent people should ask what can be done about the rotten treatment the public is getting from such government agencies as the Federal Drug Administration which tends to protect the drug industry and not the public, about fund-raising agencies such as the American Cancer Society which tends to promote cancer by spreading the fear of it.

I would like to be back in my old office in San Mateo, Calif., helping patients get rid of cancer, renal insufficiency, etc. But I'm doing it in Mexico City instead. In the United States I have two strikes against me. I am a chiropractor and I have psychic healing abilities. How much of an outcast can a person be?

I changed my mind about supporting Ted Kennedy (should the opportunity arise) after he showed himself to be anti-chiropractic. After *Reader's Digest* published an antichiropractic article, written not by anyone who knew anything about it but by a medical doctor, I vowed not to have the magazine in my home.

There is a bright spot on the horizon, however. A few years ago two Canadian doctors had the fortitude to try megavitamin therapy on some patients with very positive results. Thus Drs. Abram Hoffer and Humphry Osmond pioneered what is now known as orthomolecular medicine.

I hope some FATE readers will share my resentment over the horrible way cancer victims are dealt with in the United States. Resent it enough to do something about it. Ask some of the health food stores in your

area if they know of an organization fighting to legalize natural cancer therapy. Formulate specific demands and present them to your congressmen with lots of signatures. I would like to come home and treat patients safely. —*Jim Mondier, D. C., Calle Tecamachalco 92-1, Mexico 10 D. F., Mexico.*

ASTRAL ASPIRANT

I am trying to learn astral projection from books but have had no success so far. Is anyone teaching this in a class or on a one-to-one basis?

What about teleportation? Has anyone ever been known to do this under laboratory conditions? I think this might be the next step after astral projection. —*James C. Shelton, 1510 McKennie Ave., Nashville, Tenn. 37206.*

AND THE BLIND SHALL SEE

Many FATE readers will remember Bill Foos who believed the blind could learn to see through the use of extrasensory perception. He died several years ago, never having convinced the scientific community to endorse and develop his teaching procedure so that it would be made available to the blind on a large scale.

His daughter Margaret married and lived in California where she attempted to set up a school for the blind. She ran into resistance from the medical establishment and eventually gave up.

I learned the procedure six years ago from one of Bill Foos' students. Since then I have taught several people to "see" without using their eyes. I worked with my sister Dacia and my nine-year-old daughter Ann-Dee and both can now function as normally sighted when blindfolded. They have demonstrated before countless people including doctors and psychiatrists.

I have tried for four years to bring this procedure to the attention of persons in a position to provide it for the blind. Like Bill and his daughter I have failed. As they did before me I came to the realization that it is not yet time for anything as "far out" as ESP-aided sight. —*Gladys B. Spearrin, Richmond, Maine.*



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∞ Investigators were sure an arsonist had set fires in the man's home — until a parapsychologist suggested another explanation. D. Scott Rogo tells the strange story of a fire poltergeist.

∞ Isaac Bashevis Singer, winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, believes in extrasensory perception and deals with it in all his works. In fact, Martin Ebon writes, "It is fair to say that all his life Singer has carried on a love affair with the supernatural."



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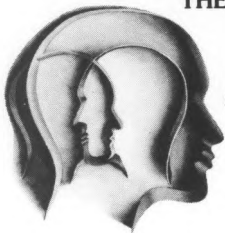
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