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I SEE BY THE PAPERS

by Curtis Fuller



QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Detractors of psi point to the extreme marginality of psi effects that have been demonstrated. But small anomalies in science may have far-reaching implications, and phenomena that seem trivial may sometimes overturn long-established assumptions. The fact that critics of parapsychology are prepared to go to extreme lengths to discredit the evidence testifies to its subversiveness and proves how much is at stake. . . . For if any parapsychological evidence should stand up to the scrutiny of the strongest critics, nothing in science or philosophy would ever be the same.

— Dr. John Beloff in
Human Nature

ARE WE mistaken or is there presently a lessening in emotion-laden attacks on parapsychology and a greater willingness to accept it as a scientific discipline worthy of serious consideration?

Recently a section of the American Physical Society, the Forum on Physics and Society, heard Dr. Helmut Schmidt, himself a physicist and researcher with the Mind Science Foundation in San Antonio, Tex., present findings on psychokinesis. It is signifi-

cant that Schmidt spoke to a standing-room-only crowd composed mostly of physicists.

Schmidt's research is done with "an electronic coin flipper" which is triggered by the random decay of radioactive atoms registered by and switched through a Geiger counter. The switch signals are actually read out by lights but the exact method of the readout does not seem to affect Schmidt's results.

The purpose of Schmidt's tests is to determine to what extent the minds of his subjects can influence the results. Some of his subjects are psyched up to believe they can influence the way the lights will work and others are "psyched down." He has a long-term result of 49.1 percent which indicates that his subjects' wills have a small but real effect. His best subject, a girl, scored 52 percent (against a chance of 50 percent) in a series of 6400 tests over 10 days.



OPEN MINDS

SSCHMIDT, along with the other physicists present, would agree that the differences against chance are small but nonetheless real. He estimates there is only a 1000-to-one

chance that his results could occur by accident.

Equally as important as his results is the fact that the other physicists present at the meeting seemed to agree with the view of Paul Horowitz, incoming chairman of the Forum: If the effects described by Schmidt can be repeated and established on a normal scientific basis, then the violation of such physical laws as the law of causality would challenge the foundations of physics. However, a few physicists present, including Mike Casper, former chairman, and Ray Hyman, a professor of psychology at the University of Washington, did not agree that Schmidt's work had a place on the Forum.

And it is easy to understand why physicists would be upset by Schmidt's

work and claims. First is the implication that psychokinesis works only on random, acausal processes, not on strictly determined ones. Another problem is that the attitudes of the subject seem to make a difference. The so-called experimenter effect is a dirty word in scientific experimentation but it has a place in Schmidt's work.

In the long term, replication of Schmidt's results by operators who are not emotionally attached to the results needs to be done — if such operators exist. -



A DIFFERENT VIEW

FROM THE safety of our leafy grounds in Highland Park where FATE is published we have two comments to make.

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First, in regard to the assumption by Paul Horowitz and others that if Schmidt's results are correct the law of causality has been violated: The whole point of the argument is that if psychokinesis is genuinely at work, the law of causality has *not* been violated — that somehow the mind *caused* the effects that are measured.

Having stated that, we hasten to add that perhaps the law of causality has been violated if the effect was *not* caused by psychokinesis. We don't have the protocol of the experiment before us but it would seem as likely that another parapsychological phenomenon was in operation as that psychokinesis was the explanation. We refer to precognition. Isn't it equally possible that the successful experimental subjects "knew" in advance how the "electronic coin" would flip rather than that they influenced it with their minds?

But perhaps to consider the alternative of precognition at this stage of the research would be too much for the Forum on Physics and Society.



MYSTERIES OF "BPM"

DOWSING is in as bad a reputation as the claims of parapsychology and for the same reasons — attempts to replicate the claimed results usually fail and no acceptable scientific theory has been offered.

For 10 years more or less it has been known that scientists in the Soviet Union had developed a new method of making mineral surveys to supplement the usual photogeological, geophysical and geochemical methods. The method was known as "BPM." In

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1974 two Soviet scientists from the All-Union Scientific Research Institute of Hydrogeology and Engineering Geology in Moscow emphasized the advantages of BPM in pinpointing several worthwhile ore deposits. More recently, one of the geologists, N. N. Sochevanov, with three other scientists, listed other applications of BPM, particularly in locating water wells.

BPM, it turns out, stands for "Bio-Physical Method" — a new and respectable name for dowsing! Conferences on BPM were held in Moscow in 1968 and 1971; the latter was attended by more than 100 scientists from 40 research institutes.

The Soviets seem to be having the same difficulty defining the physical mechanisms of dowsing as do diviners in other countries. One theory is that mineral veins, flowing groundwater and various geological anomalies cause small changes in magnetic field strength that may account for the dowsing reaction. In one case a hand-held BPM frame was monitored along a series of flight paths. The angles of the frame dip were recorded in conjunction with aerial photographs and BPM contour maps were prepared which resulted in mineral discoveries.

Despite whatever is lacking in theory, Sochevanov and his colleagues report that in one region near Cheliabinsk 1120 wells had, by 1973, "been dug on sites suggested by four BPM operators compared with 158 on sites located by geophysical methods," according to *New Scientist*. "The proportions of dry wells in the four BPM-sited groups ranged from six to 8.5 percent, while 12.7 percent of the geophysically sited wells were dry."

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Tom Williamson, writing in *New Scientist*, says that although some Soviet geologists oppose BPM because of its lack of a theoretical basis and its "alleged links with the occult," further investigation by Western countries is indicated.

"It does seem that only careful experimental work by a multidisciplinary team of the kind suggested by the Soviet geologists will ever make any progress in solving a problem that involves so many different sciences," writes Williamson. "The thesis that dowsing should be investigated in the context of electromagnetism surely deserves a more comprehensive experimental treatment."



BOOM TIME

WE HAVEN'T heard much more about those mysterious East Coast aerial booms which were so confidently traced to the flights of the Concorde when they first upset folks from Rhode Island to the Carolinas.

The noise died down after the United States Naval Research Laboratory examined the various suspected causes of the booms and concluded that aircraft alone were responsible. The navy looked at a lot of other potential causes as well, including nuclear explosions, ship disasters, high explosives, missile launches, meteorites, winter lightning and biogenic and tectonic methane but gave everything a clean bill of health except supersonic aircraft.

Now an organization known as the Mitre Corporation, based in Virginia, has published a book which says the navy is wrong in its identification of

the sonic booms. About 30 percent of the booms come from sources other than aircraft and seem to be associated with water.

They have been heard since biblical times, says Mitre Corporation, and have carried such romantic names as "the sounds of Morecambe Bay," "the guns of Seneca," "the mist pouffers," and "the Bay of Fundy Sea Farts."

The Bay of Fundy noises are said to be well-known to seamen. One of the booms caused a reporter to exclaim, "An earthquake!" to which his doctor companion replied, "No, it's an air-quake."

All of which leaves booms in the still-unsolved-mystery class.



EARTH FLIPS?

DURING OUR more than 30 years of publishing FATE we occasionally have referred to the theory that from time to time the earth has "flipped" — the north and south poles have changed place. One of the most persistent theorists was Hugh Auchincloss Brown who predicted the earth was momentarily about to capsize.

One of the latest in this group of catastrophists is P. Warlow, an amateur theoretician, who has put together data sound enough to be published by the *Journal of Physics*. Warlow believes that these earth flips account for the phenomenon of geomagnetic reversals. It is known that throughout history the earth's magnetic field has reversed itself many times.

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



EVELYN M. MONAHAN is one of the most progressive modern authorities in the field of metaphysical (unconventional) healing and medicine. Her unique insight into the mind's awesome self-healing power dates from her own blindness, which was healed after nine years. She is currently an Instructor of Parapsychology at Georgia State University and has been affiliated with the School of Special Studies since 1971. She has lectured widely in the United States and Canada on the subject of Mind Power.

for help. I gave Bobby's mother this healing secret. She began using it immediately. One hour later Bobby dozed off into peaceful sleep for the first time in four days. He awoke to say, "It doesn't hurt anymore." He never experienced any more pain.

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Through the power of Metaphysical Healing, you can bring cures to diseases and injuries which traditional medicine considers virtually "incurable."

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believed) called "Metaphysical Healing" which was supposed to bring miraculous healings when doctors could offer no hope. In 10 days, my eyesight returned INSTANTANEOUSLY!

That's not all! The same injury which caused the blindness had left me with epilepsy. I suffered as many as 12 epileptic seizures a day. The same day my eyesight came back, I noticed I was not experiencing any epileptic seizures. I have not had a single one since that fateful day—5 years ago! Doctors who said it was impossible, ran tests and found I was cured!

Incredible as it may seem, in 1965—when I was still blind, with epileptic seizures—I was involved in another accident which left my right arm paralyzed. (And I am right-handed!) Eleven medical specialists, ranging from GPs to neurosurgeons told me I could not be cured, and I would never move my arm again.

WITH THIS SECRET, one week after the return of my eyesight, my right arm was free from the paralysis which had held it immobile for several long years! I was able to move my arm freely—without pain—and was COMPLETELY CURED!

What Worked For Me And Countless Others Must Work For You!

I vowed to make this secret available to every man, woman, and child on this planet. You may have already seen me on NBC-TV's "TOMORROW" Show or the David Susskind Program—or read about me in Time, Newsweek, Midnight or the National Enquirer. Now I've written down the exact method I used that has worked for countless others.

• **ULCERS**—This method will guarantee you and your loved ones freedom from ulcers. It will completely heal any ulcer no matter how severe it may be. It not only rids the body of pain associated with ulcers, but heals the ulcer itself!

• **ARTHRITIS**—If you or one of your loved ones happens to be one of the thousands suffering the pain and restriction of arthritis, you must not delay another minute, for you possess at this moment the power to rid yourself of all traces of the disease.

• **HEART**—Whether you use this miraculous technique for yourself or your loved one, it will restore perfect health and harmony to the heart and circulatory system. With it, you will be fully prepared to handle any emergency involving heart attacks! And it will also allow you to restore damage done by previous heart attacks and to return the heart victim to perfect health!

the damage healed overnight! One week later, she was 100% okay. In another case, shattered glass had entered both of a woman's eyes. Metaphysical healing was used. Two days later, when bandages were removed, she could see clearly—the wounds were almost completely healed. She was soon sent home with 20/20 vision!

Breast Surgery Avoided!

Jean L. had just learned she would have to undergo breast surgery for the removal of a non-malignant tumor. Her husband asked me if Metaphysical Healing could help. I said, I only ask that you follow it three times a day. I didn't hear from him again until Jean's final examination. He called to tell me the amazing news—Jean's tumor had dissolved and she would not need surgery!

Heart Attack Relieved!

Phyllis C.'s husband suffered a serious heart attack (his second). Immediately, she began to use this secret. James regained consciousness. Soon he was removed from intensive care. The doctors and nurses were amazed at his recovery. He now had better than a 50-50 chance. Doctors said he might be out of work 4 months. He returned to work in 1 month.

"In my 15 years of practice in cardiology I have never seen anyone recover from a massive heart attack so quickly," said the doctor. Examination showed there was no heart damage due to his second heart attack and (strangely) much of the damage from his first one had also disappeared. The man was stronger than ever.

Cured Of Kidney Disease!

Patricia R. was suffering from polynephritis. There was no kidney machine available. "Teach me what I need to know to cure the 'incurable'," she said. I showed her this method. When all her tests were done, the polynephritis was gone! "The doctor says I'm in excellent health—and there's no evidence of disease of any kind in my body," she reported. "I am in 100% perfect health!"

Burns Are Quickly And Miraculously Healed!

Bobby C., 15, had suffered extensive 2nd and 3rd degree burns in an auto accident. Large doses of drugs were needed, but had to be stopped to avoid addiction. He screamed in agony, begging

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• **EPILEPSY**—I can show you the exact method which worked for me and countless others in bringing a complete cure from epilepsy. It's guaranteed to work, used faithfully!

• **BURSTITIS**—You will feel the miraculous powers of this simple method for curing bursitis immediately. In a very short time you will find yourself free not only of the pain but the bursitis itself! X-rays showed that Katherine T., was completely healed in 3 days!

• **GOUT**—Donald E. suffered from gout for six years. Nothing helped. With this method, in 3 weeks, he was completely cured according to his doctor! You can join the hundreds who have been cured with this method!

• **PARALYSIS**—Guaranteed to bring freedom of movement, this method cannot fail to work for you just as it worked for me and countless others! David L.—totally paralyzed for 5½ years—was walking, completely cured, after using this method!

• **ALLERGIES**—Joseph W. was cured of 8 different allergies in 3 weeks with my method. It has worked for hundreds of others, and will cure all allergies quickly and easily.

• **SINUS**—It makes no difference whether your sinus problem is caused by hayfever or an infection, you need never suffer another sinus headache again!

Evelyn M. Monahan

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sal, even when earth manages a near-miss with a cosmic body.

The fact that the earth's magnetic poles have reversed hardly requires the true north and south poles to flip-flop. Magnetic polarity can reverse without the occurrence of such a catastrophe.



DREAM OF AIR TRAGEDY

FOR 10 nights before American Airlines DC-10 Flight 191 crashed killing 274 persons just outside Chicago's O'Hare Airport last May 25, David Booth of Cincinnati dreamed the same devastating dream. Booth's dream was so vivid that three days before the tragedy he felt impelled to do something about it and he talked with various aviation authorities.

The dream was always the same. Booth sensed an airplane was in trouble because its engines did not sound right. Then as the dream continued he looked across an open field and saw a three-engined American Airlines plane bank to the right, flip over and crash to the ground in a ball of orange and red flames that then disappeared behind dense gray smoke.

Booth is the office manager of a car rental agency. He became so distraught because of the repetitive dream that he first called Greater Cincinnati Airport authorities who relayed the story to Federal Aviation Administration officials in Atlanta. Booth also called American Airlines and a psychiatrist at the University of Cincinnati.

"He was sincere — that was my impression," Ray Pinkerton, FAA assist-

ant manager, told the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. "There was a slight tremble in his voice. Of course I was concerned. But what can you say when somebody calls you like that?"

Jack Barker, public affairs officer for the FAA's southern region, said, "It was uncanny. There were differences, but there were many similarities."

The discrepancies are as follows:

- Although DC-10s have three engines the American Airlines DC-10 that crashed on May 25 had lost one.
- Booth believed the crash in his dream occurred on landing instead of on takeoff.
- Booth also said the number "40" kept popping into his head, as did the name Danbury, N. C. Neither number nor town was part of the disaster.

Booth's dreams stopped after the fatal accident. But there was never any doubt in his mind that the dreams were going to come true — that the crash would happen. "It wasn't like a dream. It was like standing there watching the whole thing — like watching television."



THE UNEXPLAINED

THE *NEW YORK TIMES* reports that "several leading investigators" of UFOs believe that the flying objects sighted over New Zealand last December and reported in detail in Rocky Wood's article "The Greatest UFO Film Ever Made" in the June 1979 issue of *FATE* provide "the strongest example to date of an episode that could not be explained by conventional means." The investigators examined film made during air-



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Author of **REFLECTIONS FROM AN ANGEL'S EYE**, an internationally known psychic, teacher and private counselor. The subject of a multi dimensional beings cover story in an April **NATIONAL ENQUIRER**.



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plane flights and interviewed witnesses including radar operators and other persons who said they had seen the objects.

Among the supporters of the case are Jack Acuff, president of NICAP, and Dr. Bruce Maccabee, a civilian specialist in optics for the navy who is an investigator for NICAP. Dr. J. Allen Hynek of the Evanston-based Center for UFO Studies reported that 19 scientists who had examined the evidence were unable to come up with conventional explanations.

In some ways the film made over New Zealand resembled a bright planet whose image was continuously distorted and colored by atmospheric effects, according to Dr. Maccabee. But Venus was below the horizon at the time and Jupiter was in another segment of the sky.

The film was made by a TV crew on flights from Wellington to Christchurch and back on December 30, 1978.



VALLEE OFFERS THEORY

ARE UFOs the product of some earth-based occult or similar group which has stumbled upon an advanced technology that makes it possible for it to project images from a distance, to extend human consciousness out of the body or perhaps even create local distortions of the space-time continuum?

Such a hypothesis of "Esoteric Intervention" is possible according to Jacques Vallee's newest book *Messengers of Deception: UFO Contacts and Cults*. Although only excerpts from the book have been published at this

writing, UFO fans are already lining up on both sides of this question.

Vallee plays with his concept very subtly. He proposes the idea, then dismisses it as having serious shortcomings, "the major one being that it assumes the human manipulators to be much more clever than is typical of the human race." So he drops the proposal. But then he picks it up again to describe "an interesting variant" which he believes should be explored further. Perhaps some unknown but influential group is using various cults as a front for its own purposes. Perhaps it is using the UFO phenomenon as a device to project an image of the future destiny of man "that transcends war, poverty, disease and national government."

And how could a human group manipulate us? By creating confusion; by planting fake evidence; by distorting or magnifying the reports of contactees; by discouraging serious scientific research into the problem. The armed services' obsession with secrecy and classified information would help it with its task.

What can be done about it? Vallee doesn't trust UFO groups, it seems. He advises researchers to make "renewed individual efforts to document the phenomena in the field and *outside the framework of any UFO group.*" He also advises us to make the public aware of the contradictions contained in the claims made by UFO contactees.

He asks the following question: "Is there a group which understands and practices deception, and which is trying to mold our collective future?" Vallee says there are several historical precedents for such an hypothesis and

SECRETS OF THE MASTERS

The ONLY training of its kind in the world! By Ted Owens, the UFO Prophet. See Feb. 1979 FATE Magazine article by Jeffrey Mishlove, scientist (re Owens' psychic work).



Read about Ted Owens in "Mysteries," by Colin Wilson, Putnam's, hardcover; "Occult America," by John Godwin, Doubleday, hardcover; and "UFO Trek," by Warren Smith, Zebra paperback.

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the evidence does not exclude such a view. "I hope that my remarks can serve as a warning to any future research effort."



PEOPLE'S THERAPY

WITH increasing frequency middle- and upper-class persons are using Brazilian folk healing systems according to a study by Ann Tiller of the University of St. Thomas, Houston, Tex. Tiller describes how patients in Brazilian psychiatric hospitals take short leaves with the help of relatives to visit folk healers. On the other hand, the practitioners of popular medicine often refer their clients to physicians.

Tiller's report was part of a symposium at UCLA where it was suggested that a system which integrates that which is most useful in all (health) systems may be evolving in Brazil. Panelists agreed that it may be indicative of a trend toward synthesis in the Western world.

The Brazilian supplement to conventional medicine is known as *cura* which means "curing." It attempts to deal with social and psychological as well as medical problems. Tiller defines it as similar to the principle espoused by the World Health Organization, "namely that health is a state of complete physical, mental and social well-being and not merely the absence of disease or infirmity."

David Sweet, an historian at UC-Santa Cruz, added, "These are dynamic phenomena." He said Brazil's popular medicine represents "vibrant, imaginatively conceived strategies . . . a people's therapy. This remark-

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able product of the Brazilian people should take center stage for those interested in the struggle for health."



WONDERFUL ANIMALS

BIOLGISTS never cease to surprise us — and themselves. Researchers at the University of New Hampshire have isolated a bacterium (called Spirillum) which will grow crystals of magnetite when cultured in an iron-rich medium. These crystals turn the cells into magnets!

Why would bacteria need to act like magnets? The biologists aren't sure but they propose that the magnetite may enable the Spirillum bacteria to move vertically in the mud in which it lives and locate exactly the correct depth demanded by its sensitive oxygen needs.

Having discovered this, the biologists also note that magnetite is found in the abdomens of bees and in the skulls of pigeons. Can it have any relationship to their remarkable feats of navigation?

Before we leave the wonderful world of animals we wish to report that a giant (8¹/₂-foot) sea worm was recovered by the research submarine *U.S.S. Alvin* while the scientists aboard were investigating the heavy and exotic sea life clustered near the 9000-foot-deep hot-water vents of the Galapagos Rift.

The worm is remarkable for many reasons. It is pink with a reddish tip. It lives in a tube which is attached to the bottom of the sea. It has no eyes, mouth or gut and probably absorbs nutrients directly from the ocean, according to biologist Frederick Grassle

of Woods Hole Oceanographic Institute. Two other specimens have been found and these worms are so different from anything else known that they may represent a separate phylum, adding another primary division to the animal kingdom.



DOLPHINS' SEARCH

BECAUSE sophisticated electronic gear has not convinced searchers that the Loch Ness monster is impossible to find, Robert Rines, a Boston patent attorney, has come up with new search tools — camera-carrying dolphins.

Rines has led unsuccessful expeditions to the loch each summer for a decade; late in March he announced plans to have the deep waters of the loch surveyed by two camera-carrying dolphins. Rines says the dolphins will carry cameras fitted with strobe lights attached to shoulder harnesses or vests. Tests show the dolphins are able to find, track and photograph large underwater creatures such as sea turtles and sharks but they will have to be acclimated to the cold water of the Scottish loch. Rines says experts at the United States Navy's San Diego Research Center assure him the dolphin project is feasible. The expedition is being sponsored by the Academy of Applied Science of Boston.

On reflection, it seems to us that even if the Loch Ness monster should be found and photographed by the dolphins the event will hardly be as marvelous as the ability of the creatures who track it down!



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EVEN STATUES WEPT

ON A GRAY stone pedestal in the living room of Allen Demetrius' town house in the South Hills area of Pittsburgh stands the bronze bust of a Japanese girl. The bust appears to have been cast in France and Demetrius believes the artist used a Japanese model. "I think the girl is Japanese royalty, part of a family that visited Paris long ago." Demetrius says.

But there is a more important mystery about the statue than its origins. Demetrius swears that on the day the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima the bronze statue wept. "That night I looked at the statue and saw tears in its eyes. The teardrops ran down the cheeks. I was astonished. I can't explain how it happened," he told Jim Lewis of the *Pittsburgh Press* recently.

After the tears dried, of course, there was no trace left of Demetrius' "miracle."

In 1969 he gave the bust to his daughter Annabelle Sollon of Canonsburg, Pa. One day while Mrs. Sollon was doing her housework she noticed green streaks on the cheeks of the bust exactly where the tears had run down. Demetrius examined the statue and concluded that the stains are a result of oxidation from the tears.

Demetrius, now 72, is a retired businessman who collects artworks, antiques and bric-a-brac. He told neighbors about the "miracle" and they were soon besieging Mrs. Sollon's home asking to see the weeping statue. She returned it to her father to ease the traffic problem.

Now Demetrius would like to display it in the United Nations as "a warning against war."

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PSYCHIC ATHLETES

MICHAEL Murphy, who founded the Esalen Institute and is called the "father of the encounter movement," has written a book, *The Psychic Side of Sports*, which offers a fascinating insight into previously neglected areas of human behavior. In retrospect, however, it seems natural that the physical, psychological and mental stresses of competition would make athletes especially open to altered states of consciousness.

Murphy says that Sugar Ray Robinson dreamed of killing Jimmy Doyle the night before he killed him in the ring. And Lee Evans, 400-meter Olympic champion, visualized every step of the world record race he ran in 1968 before he ran it.

When she hits a perfect tennis shot, reports Billy Jean King, "I am able to transport myself to some place of total peace and calm."

A long-distance swimmer told Murphy that whenever his physical body is exhausted during a marathon competition he relaxes it by floating overhead in his "double" while continuing to swim.

Patsy Neal, national AAU basketball free throw champion, talks about being in "a state of grace . . . I would have found it hard to miss, even if I wanted to."

Murphy also suggests that some successful sports figures have psychokinetic or clairvoyant abilities. Arnold Palmer seemingly wills the ball into the hole; football back Walter Payton seems to float away from tacklers. Bobby Orr, the great hockey player, appears to have a mental picture of where everyone is on the ice.

Diane Nyad, the marathon swimmer who failed last year to swim from Cuba to Florida, says she swam in two oceans. "One was the ocean I swam in; the other was in my head. I watched myself swimming from above."

"The mind has many rivers flowing into it, many crosscurrents," Murphy writes. "Adrenalin flowing, team spirit, natural forces alone cannot explain what happens. The dials and gauges are there for us to read and they all point to parapsychological experiences and altered states of consciousness."



NEWS AND NOTES

• After a seven-year investigation, L. Ron Hubbard, American leader of the Church of Scientology, was found guilty of fraud by a French court in

February 1978. Hubbard was sentenced to four years in prison and fined \$8,000—but Hubbard was not there to hear the sentence. He was, according to British sources, "cruising on his luxury yacht outside territorial waters off the Bahamas."

The French judge, Andre L'homme, made clear that he was not ruling on whether Scientology is a religion. He said that the church promised followers social success, wealth, health and a happy love life. At the same time he called the French section "a well-run commercial business whose aim is to extract money from its gullible followers." He termed the sect a cruel, harsh organization which stifled self-expression and criticism. Members were caught in a double machinery which consists of promise and punishment.

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Crystal River: The Mexican Connection



In 1903, from deck of *Gopher* steaming upriver, Clarence Bloomfield Moore saw this obviously man-made bluff. On its north side, 80-foot-long ramp leads to summit.

Ancient Florida culture has obvious connections with Mound Builders of the Ohio Valley — but astonishing findings have revealed it also has Mexican roots.

By Russ McCarty

AN EXOTIC conglomeration of structures — temples, burial mounds and truncated pyramids in careful alignment with incised stone stelae — was discovered on Florida's central Gulf Coast in 1867. For more than 100 years, the "Crystal River site," named for the river on which it sits, has sparked the imagination of archaeologist and layman alike, pos-

ing questions that grow more intriguing with time.

The Crystal River site is located in an area where lush subtropical forest meets the saw grass of a saltwater marsh. Here has been found evidence of an ancient ceremonial center which had trade and cultural connections with the great civilizations of southeastern Mexico and with mound-



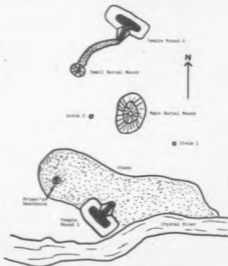
Ripley Bullin, left, directing excavations at Crystal River, is a Florida State Museum archaeologist who first suggested the flow of culture northward from Mexico.

building cultures of eastern North America. The stelae found at Crystal River are of a type never seen outside lowland Mexico and adjacent areas of Central America. A growing number of archaeologists now believe that Crystal River was the center for the diffusion of new ideas from Mexico — feathered gods, the death cult, the art of pyramid building, even the growing of maize.

The man who first reported the "huge shell heap" on the shore of Crystal River was Dr. John Kost, a Florida state geologist, but chances are he never set foot on the site. Even if he had, in 1867 many scholars considered such shell middens to be natural in origin. Kost reported it as a mineral resource, material which could be used for making roads or cement.

Many years passed before the first serious investigation of the Crystal

River ruins was undertaken by Clarence Bloomfield Moore. A wealthy dilettante, Moore was one of a number of self-taught amateurs who dominated 19th-Century American archaeology. While his methods were





not always up to modern standards, he did make important contributions to the knowledge of Florida's prehistory. When Moore did his fieldwork, most of Florida was sparsely settled and few roads existed; he conducted his sur-

Stelae, discovered in 1964, altered archaeologists' view of Crystal River site, for they are almost identical to those found in Central America. Sketch at left clarifies carving on Stela 1, now protected by grating.

veys from a paddle-wheeled steamer named *Gopher*.

Surviving journals and notes tells us that in the spring of 1903 Moore and his crew steamed southward from the mouth of the Suwanee River on a course that would take them to Tampa Bay. The trip was to be one more leg in Moore's systematic survey of coastal Florida. The captain of the *Gopher*, an experienced pilot named Raybon, had been instructed to follow the coastline closely and when navigable rivers were encountered, to take the *Gopher* as far upriver as possible. Moore spent most of his time on deck near a mounted spyglass scanning the

terrain for any sign of aboriginal remains. When he sighted a promising feature, the *Gopher* would anchor in deep water while Moore and a complement of Negro laborers put ashore in small boats to investigate. A prominent American scholar and colleague of Moore's, Frank Hamilton Cushing, had reported seeing truncated pyramids faced with conch-shell masonry along this stretch of coast and Moore was eager to examine them if indeed they did exist.

The first week of their expedition proved uneventful. They stopped several times to excavate small burial mounds along the coast but little of importance was found. By the time the *Gopher* approached the mouth of

Crystal River, Moore was growing impatient. He thrived on the spectacular and the voyage thus far had been singularly lacking in that respect.

Captain Raybon steered the *Gopher* eastward to head upriver while Moore and the crew kept watch for any unusual features on the landscape. The numerous small islands at the mile-wide mouth of the river were covered with a thick layer of shell — now known to be a sure sign of prehistoric occupation. And Moore knew that Dr. Kost's "huge shell heap" was somewhere in this vicinity.

The river narrowed rapidly as it wound its serpentine course through the saw grass on both banks. For five miles the *Gopher* moved cautiously



Stela 2 is so eroded due to damage or greater age that any carving it may have had is now unrecognizable. Nevertheless, with ceremonial deposits at its base and in orientation to second temple mound it is exactly like the more impressive Stela 1.

through this monotonous sea of green broken only occasionally by a palm-studded hammock poking out of the marsh. Then around still another bend in the river they came upon a high bluff which closer inspection showed was composed of white material which reflected the sunlight. Although obscured by the massive live oaks that grew on its summit the bluff looked man-made. Moore was ecstatic. Was this one of Cushing's pyramids?

The landing party quickly established that it was indeed a pyramid or, in the parlance of the modern archaeologist, a platform temple mound. Only a few hours of daylight remained and because of the difficulty of getting through the dense underbrush they made only a cursory examination. But this was enough to convince them that they had found an enormous relic of the past and of a magnitude never before encountered in Florida.

The summit of the platform was 40 feet above ground level and its base measured 150 by 200 feet. It was built primarily of shell mixed with humid earth and limestone rubble. From the rectangular platform at the top which measured 107 feet long and 50 feet wide, a graded ramp 80 feet long descended to the ground below. Clearly the ramp once had led to a wooden temple on the top of the mound. It had long since rotted away in coastal Florida's humid climate, leaving only humus-filled postholes. North of the temple mound beneath a dark canopy of forest, other brush-enveloped forms could be seen. This was "spectacular" even by Moore's standards. A permanent camp was set up and excavations began the following day.

MOORE spent three seasons working at Crystal River — in 1903, 1906 and 1917. In the immediate area he found a second large temple mound with a ramp, a plaza, a house mound (probably a priest's residence) and two burial mounds. All were arranged in an ordered pattern over an area several acres in extent.

The temple mound which Moore had discovered from the boat was the "shell heap" described and visited 36 years earlier by the Florida state geologist and may also have been Cushing's "conch-shell masonry" pyramid. But the existence of the other structures was unknown so the site had remained undisturbed.

Moore's excavations focused on the burial mounds. The larger one, a circular sand structure 16 feet high and 270 feet in diameter, was so rich in artifacts that it occupied Moore's crew for all three seasons. In Moore's time the bulk of information about extinct cultures came from examining burials and their grave goods, the artifacts that accompanied the dead in their journey to the afterworld.

In the large mound Moore discovered 411 burials and a rich and varied inventory of grave goods. The plentiful metal artifacts showed a marked similarity in design and motif to those of the Hopewells, those prolific Mound Builders of the Ohio River Valley. The list includes silver-plated copper earspools,* copper plummets and beads, sheet copper tablets decorated in repousse, conjoined

* A predecessor of the modern earring, an earspool looks like a small copper yo-yo with a thick, long shaft. It was buttoned through a hole in the earlobe. The Hopewells are among the ancient peoples known to have made and worn earspools.

copper tubes like panpipes and copper discs engraved with imaginative human and animal designs. The excavators also found finely-worked artifacts of many other materials: pendants of quartz and amethyst crystal, figures cut from sheet mica, ceremonial tools and objects made from slate, granite and soapstone. Except for flint and shell, the materials used for many of these artifacts are not native to Florida; their presence here implies trade connections with distant areas.

Moore found pottery almost identical to Hopewell types and triple-necked water jugs and negative painted vessels that bespeak Mexican origin. He was aware that the evidence he had found supported a possible link between Crystal River and the Mound Builders of the north but he did not suspect Mesoamerican ties. He had not found the stelae.

Not until 1964, almost 50 years after Moore's last visit to Crystal River, were the stelae discovered. Workers found them while clearing brush during the construction of a state park at the site. Crystal River suddenly took on new importance as archaeologists from the United States and Mexico came to view these remarkable stelae. Information from previous excavations here and elsewhere in the country now was viewed in a different perspective.

In their spatial relationships and ceremonial aspects the two stelae are almost identical to those erected by the Mayans and people of the La Venta culture near Veracruz. Both Crystal River stelae are located about 600 feet from their respective temple mounds in a direct line with the ramps. Their

horizontal axes face away from the ramps, as do the incised faces. Other aspects reminiscent of the Maya are the food and chert chip caches buried at the feet of the stelae.

Stela 1, associated with Temple Mound 1, stands 5½ feet high; its maximum width is four feet, narrowing to 27 inches near the top. Carved into the soft limestone is the torso of a human figure with a long featherlike headdress flowing from a bunshaped nob on the top of the head. Facial features can be clearly seen and something resembling an earspool shows on the right side of the face. Incised lines clearly delineate the shoulders, left breast and arms; the left arm is bent at the elbow. The stela is buried in the ground to a depth of 18 inches.

Stela 2, associated with the second temple mound, is less impressive. It is somewhat irregular in shape, possibly due to damage or greater age or both. It stands almost four feet high and its base too is buried 18 inches deep. The soft limestone of Stela 2 is so eroded that any carving it may have had is now unrecognizable. However, in its orientation to the second temple mound it is identical to Stela 1 and it too has ceremonial deposits at its base.

Radiocarbon dating of food remains found at the base of Stela 1 give a date of about A. D. 440 as the time of its erection. A sample from another part of the site was dated to A. D. 80. This was not from the earliest levels so the site is clearly much older.

* * *

POTTERY from Florida has been found in Ohio and ceremonial flint objects from Ohio have been found in Florida. Artifacts with simi-

lar motifs and designs are found in both areas. These obvious connections between Crystal River and the Hopewells of the Ohio Valley led archaeologists to believe that an ancient unknown Florida culture was influenced by the Hopewell culture in a southward flow of ideas and trade. But since the discovery of the stelae and the radiocarbon dates attributed to them, a number of archaeologists now argue that the reverse was true. They say that Crystal River, through its contacts with Mexico, was the center and stimulus for new ideas that flowed northward.

The cultural and religious ideas of both the Florida and Ohio Mound Builders have much in common with the civilization centered around Veracruz on the Mexican coast. La Venta, located on an island in the Tonala River, may have been the point of origin of the ideas that influenced the

developments at Crystal River.

The ceremonial center at La Venta, although more elaborate, resembles the Crystal River site. It has flat-topped clay pyramids, courts, plazas and stelae marking buried deposits of gemstones, figurines and monuments. La Venta appears to have been a holy place, a residence for the priests of a strange cult of the dead. After it was abandoned in A. D. 800 it continued to be regarded as a sacred shrine and was visited regularly by worshipers who came to bury their offerings. La Venta is only a few hundred nautical miles across the Gulf of Mexico from Crystal River. Traders and colonists could easily have made the trip in their large seagoing canoes. It seems likely that the concepts of pyramid-building and a cult of the dead marked by rich grave offerings took root at Crystal River and later spread to the Ohio River Valley.



DOG'S NUMBER WINS TRIFECTA

ARHODE Island man who nurtured his cancer-stricken dog for two years was compensated for his expenses, if not his heartache, one month after the animal died. Timmy, a black and white mongrel, died of a liver tumor in June 1978, having been kept alive a year longer than veterinarians said he could be.

Owner Robert J. Aronne, aged 43, of Bristol, went to Narragansett Park, a horse track in Pawtucket, on July 7, 1978, and decided to bet on the dead dog's former license tag number: 931.

He played the \$2.00 trifecta, betting that horses numbered nine, three and one would come in first, second and third, respectively. They did — and Aronne returned to his home with winnings of \$4,747.20.

Aronne said that taxes ate up \$950 of his winnings and he planned to give \$500 to the Animal Rescue League and \$500 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. And part of what's left will go to pay for his new dog, a German shepherd named Tammy.



RELAX — BE AWARE — COME ALIVE!

You can achieve serenity, love and
clarity if you let your mind, body
and spirit work together in harmony.

By Bernard Green

THE DESIRE to develop the higher aspects of oneself is a deep human craving, a need that ancient cultures understood and explored. In antiquity people sought and found ways of escaping physical reality to reach another plane of existence, a plane they accepted as an important part of everyday life. They developed techniques of concentration and meditation so that they might perceive and control nonphysical energy, ways that are being rediscovered in modern times. Through methods that I call "psychic games" (although they are much more than games) you can learn to alter consciousness, integrate all parts of your mind and gain inner knowledge of your higher self.

Integrating the inner workings of the mind demands purifying the body, for the mind and body must work together. This is the "holistic" approach (from the Greek word *holos* or whole). To achieve the positive well-being that encourages the development of the higher self, mind and body need

sound nutrition and a comfortable regimen of exercise and meditation combined with free expression of one's feelings.

For my clients who wish to develop higher consciousness I set out three requirements at the start: (1) good fresh food (raw vegetables, eggs, fruit, salad, fish and poultry, nothing canned or preserved) and daily vitamin supplements; (2) no coffee, cigarettes, drugs, alcohol or sugar in any form; (3) jogging or yoga asanas for the sake of the circulatory and respiratory systems.

The ingestion of unrefined sugar, food additives, drugs such as tranquilizers, coffee and tobacco deadens natural thoughts, feelings and emotions. Such harmful substances burden the body and keep the mind occupied with its physicality, thus impeding the subtler mental powers which come from the right side of the brain.

The brain has two hemispheres: the left which is logical and analytical and views external events in a step-by-step

sequence; and the right which is intuitive and appreciative of music, art and space and immediately grasps whole pictures. The highest moments of inspiration from the right side of the brain can come only when the busy voice from the left side is quiet. One must make a conscious effort to quiet that voice and the "telepathy game" is a start. It brings about a state of relaxation, evokes pictures and feelings, and sets you on the way toward exploring your higher self.

You need a partner for this game and before you begin you decide who is going to be the sender of telepathic messages and who will be the receiver. You both lie on the floor and relax completely. Consciously relax your feet, your ankles, your calves, now your knees, your thighs, your genitals. Concentrate on the parts of your body as you relax them — your stomach, the small of your back, the middle back, the upper back, the chest, shoulders, upper arms, elbows, lower arms, wrists, hands, neck, chin, mouth, cheeks, nose, ears, eyes, brows, top of the head, back of the head and finally your mind.

With eyes closed, try to clear all thoughts from your mind. Observe them but don't get involved with them. Your goal is to have a completely *silent* mind. When this is accomplished you are in the highest possible brain wave — high theta. From this state of consciousness come telepathy, psychokinesis, out-of-body experiences and in fact all psychic powers.

Every activity, both inner and outer, has its own sound. The deliberate cultivation of silence means suspending normal activities so that more sub-

tle sounds can emerge and be recognized. We are ambivalent about silence. We yearn for peace and quiet and at the same time we yearn for activity and excitement. By quieting the noise of our inner lives, we develop a calmer and more accurate perspective on outer events. We see our own actions more clearly and our tolerance of others increases. And silence is the path to high theta and high theta is the doorway to psychic powers. If you relax for 20 minutes, clearing your mind of all thoughts, you will be in high theta.

Now the sender thinks a color and concentrates on that color. The receiver will pick it up and name the color. Next the sender will think of a flower and the receiver will know which flower. This may not happen immediately but as you play the game it will happen frequently. After a few successful transmissions, you can go on to a more complex message — a movie or a television show. After still more successes you can take the final step: think a whole thought which the receiver will get.

Another game which will help you realize some of your hidden aspirations is the "awareness game." This is a game you can play alone whenever you are free to concentrate with little likelihood of being disturbed.

With your eyes closed, focus your awareness on your breathing. As you inhale, imagine you are breathing in awareness. Concentrate on awareness; think of it as extending over an hour, a month, a year, a lifetime, an eternity. Now visualize yourself the way you want to be. Make that picture part of you; visualize the qualities you want

to have and draw them into you as you inhale. Doing this, you will start to energize those qualities. Whatever you concentrate on you energize and so make it happen. Whatever positive quality you want to bring into your life, internalize it and make it part of your being.

Now visualize expressing that quality under specific circumstances in your life. Ask yourself where you would like to begin expressing that quality. How and when would you like to do it? Think about the practical steps you can take to introduce this ideal into your life; then take those steps. As you begin to express this new way of acting or being, resolve daily that you will continue to do so.

Don't be disheartened if you fail at first in this resolve. Sometimes mental and physical pollutants — old mental blocks or physical toxicants — can hold you back temporarily. These can be worked through, however, and meditation can help. At the same time, don't neglect the mind and body's nutritional and physical needs.

* * *

THE VALUES of relaxation, sound nutrition, the "awareness game" and the "silent mind" — which are all part of the holistic approach — are well illustrated by the case of Richard whom I treated in my New York office between March and December 1976.

Richard was six feet tall and handsome. He usually wore a dark blue suit with the customary white shirt and silk tie. He was a stockbroker and like many thousands of others he was suffering from an overdose of medication. His medical doctor had



BERNARD GREEN attended Trinity College, Dublin, Ireland, taking his Ph.D. from Sussex College of Technology in England.

He is an Associate Member of the Academy of Orthomolecular Psychiatry and a member of the National Institute for the Psychotherapies. He has spoken at the Fryer Research Center at a conference on nutrition sponsored by the National Council of Episcopal Churches. A chapter about Dr. Green appears in *Putnam's House and Garden Guide to Health* and he is listed in *Prevention's* "Nutritional Professional Directory." His own book *Whole Health* is soon to be published.

Dr. Green is in private practice at 108 E. 91st St., New York City. (Photo by Jon Naar)

told him he had high blood pressure and was risking a coronary. Reluctantly Richard came to my office and told me right off he didn't have time for therapy.

When Richard awoke in the morning he had to drink a pot of strong black coffee before he came alive. Then he needed Dexidrine, an "upper," to counteract the effects of the sleeping tablets he had taken the night

before. About 11:00 A. M. every day, as the stress began to mount, he took the first of many daily Valium tablets. At lunch he numbed himself with two martinis and rarely had any appetite for real nourishment. He polished off two packs of cigarettes a day. In the evenings he escaped the real world; he sat before the mesmerizing flicker-box until the late hours every night.

Like many of us Richard handled stress by subjecting his body to more stress. Valium creates stress because it robs the body of vitamins and the coffee and alcohol routine provides counterstresses. Richard had subjected his system to all of these stimulants and depressants over a period of time and their combined negative effects had escalated to the danger point.

Imperative in Richard's case was a nutritional diet with daily vitamins. This came first. Then I got him to take up meditating and jogging. By using meditation to transcend the discomfort of withdrawal from his "fixes" he gradually developed the strength to wean himself from all of them.

This regimen, along with psychotherapy, began to make a marked difference in Richard's life. After three months his doctor found Richard's blood pressure normal and it seemed likely that he would live out a normal life span. His marriage improved; he found his wife's company more enjoyable than television.

Richard had identified himself with the image of the hard-drinking, high-pressure stockbroker. Meditation opened up whole new areas of his being. In a matter of months he felt calm and peaceful and as he put it, he had "found a new me."

BETTY CAME to me shy and insecure and 50 pounds over her normal weight. Her long black hair fell in an untidy mess over a face spotted with eczema.

"I just can't stop eating," she said. "I feel so old and ugly. My husband is away on business most of the time and all I do is eat. I can't seem to stop."

Betty "ate" her feelings. The layers of fat were an attempt to sheathe her problems. If negative feelings surfaced she ate them away, too shy to let them out.

I told Betty she had to start talking about her feelings — and she did.

"After my son Joe was born," she said, "my husband wasn't interested in me sexually anymore but I was afraid to discuss it with him so I started eating!"

Betty talked out her repressed anger and hidden frustrations, took vitamins daily and jogged a few times a week. Daily meditation gave her the peace to break the cycle of craving more and more sugar and starchy foods. Soon all she felt like eating were salads, fruits, fish and chicken. For the first time she was able to examine her dependency on food and without depriving herself she was satisfied with an appropriate amount of fresh nourishing food.

In June 1976 she had been on the new regimen for six months. She came into my office one day and announced, "I've lost 50 pounds and I feel like a new person. Now it's time to have a talk with my husband about why he's not interested in me sexually since the baby was born."

It turned out her husband had some problems of his own. She told me he said, "I was a real fool. All the time I

wanted you but I didn't know how to say so nor how to communicate when the new baby was always crying or needing attention." After they had shared their feelings, they were soon embarked on a second honeymoon.

Betty is maintaining her normal weight and no longer identifies herself with the downtrodden housewife image. Now Betty and her husband share psychic games in the evening. It's more fun, they say, than watching television.

* * *

COMMON TO these case histories is a phenomenon which is crucial to the development of higher con-

sciousness: *disidentification*. We tend to identify ourselves by the specifics of our appearance, our jobs and our credit card numbers — but each of us is much more than that.

We all are related to a larger scheme of things. Underlying these psychic games is the same premise found in the practices of Zen Buddhism, Yoga, Taoism and many other disciplines: it is possible to transcend ego if the mind is calm. Freed of negative thoughts, emotions and sensations, such positive forces as serenity, love and clarity can take over — and the mind, body and spirit can work together in harmony.



ANCIENT TECHNOLOGY IN THAILAND

IN MAY 1976 scientists from Thailand and the University of Pennsylvania announced the discovery of a Bronze Age culture that may be the oldest evidence of sophisticated technology in man's history. The site, at Ban Chiang in northeast Thailand near Laos, shows evidence of the use of metal alloys as early as 3600 B.C. and perhaps 1500 or 2000 years earlier than that. By comparison, the Tigris-Euphrates River valley in the Near East, generally accepted as the cradle of modern cultures, dates to about 3000 B.C.

Joint excavation of the site by scientists from Thailand and the University of Pennsylvania's University Museum has uncovered 18 tons of artifacts, including pottery, ivory and bronze jewelry, spearheads, weapons and skeletons from several burial

mounds. The artifacts have been dated through the use of the carbon 14 method.

The discovery of the Ban Chiang site supports earlier theories proposed by scientists from the University of Hawaii who excavated another Thai site in the 1960's, but many scientists would not accept these findings. The discovery also challenges the generally held belief that Asian culture developed in India and China and spread from there. According to Dr. Froelich Rainey, director of the University Museum, while the peoples at Ban Chiang were flourishing, the cultures that later became ancient Egypt and later still Hellenistic Greece were just beginning. The scientists believe that the culture at Ban Chiang flourished until about the time of Christ, then died out.





“THE KID MUST HAVE BEEN DREAMING”

Did the boy's intense love for his injured dog cause him to undergo an “impossible” experience?

By Violet M. O'Brien

MY DOG WAS dying! As we were playing she had leaped over a barbed wire fence and slashed her belly open. I was only six years old and the sight of blood spreading a stain over Smokey's soft white underside frightened me. I felt sick.

I rushed home through the dry field. Mom was just leaving for town. She patted my shoulder and promised to have Jim, our neighbor, come over. I was crushed. My dog was dying and

nobody cared. I ran back to Smokey and a few minutes later I felt a hand on my shoulder and looked up at the tall rangy figure of Jim Pedersen. He leaned over and gently picked up Smokey and headed for his house. I ran home sobbing and hid behind the house.

Then through my tears I peered around the corner and saw Jim putting my dog into the seat of his truck. I sat on the steps and watched the dust

swirling behind the car as it took off down the road.

Then it seemed I was in the truck cradling Smokey's head in my lap, rubbing her ears and trying to keep my eyes off the terrible gaping wound. Jim didn't say a word.

We pulled into the parking area. Jim took Smokey and walked toward the oblong light-yellow building. Following him through the door I sidled into one of the chairs lined up against the wall. A little dog kept yapping; a guinea pig held by a little girl squealed repeatedly. I could hear the yelping of dogs down the dark corridor to my right. Jim talked with the vet and carried Smokey through another door. I glimpsed white walls inside as the door swung closed. I cried silently.

Soon Jim came out with the vet. They were talking. I saw Jim take out his wallet — and the next thing I knew, I was sitting on the steps of our house and Mom was driving in.

A few days later I went with Mom to pick up Smokey. I showed her the way and even though I had been told I did not go with Jim that day, I knew the parking lot, I knew the building, I knew the office, I knew I had been there before.

Even now, over 30 years later, with a university degree in science and numerous courses in logic and scientific methods behind me, I remember vividly that trip to the vet's office with Jim and Smokey — the trip I never made.

On a warm summer's day in 1945 our six-year-old son Denis came running into the house.

"Smokey cut her stomach open and

all her insides are falling out!" he shouted. "She jumped over the barbed wire fence!" His face was white and he was sobbing uncontrollably. Smokey was his dog and his whole life.

I had bought a home with an acre of ground, two miles from Medford, Oreg., thinking it would be a better place for our three boys while their dad served overseas during World War II. It had helped the older boys, Richard and Patrick, but not Denis, a quiet little boy who harbored intense feelings about anyone he loved. He felt his father's absence keenly and his canine friend became the focus of his affection.

"How could she do that?" I asked Denis. Even though he kept on sobbing, I was sure it wasn't that serious. I remembered how upset he had become when as a puppy Smokey loved to hang onto his pants leg and invariably broke a tooth. Once Denis rushed inside with the tooth-filled jaw of a rodent, positive it belonged to Smokey. It had taken me an hour to prove to him that his dog's teeth were intact.

Not terribly concerned, I told Denis I was in a hurry but would ask our neighbor Jim Pedersen to take care of it.

Jim, who had three children of his own, was very good with boys and animals. He was out fixing a fence when I drove up and explained Denis' problem. He dropped his work immediately and left for the house. Relieved, I tried to push the slight feeling of guilt out of my mind for not taking the time to check on Smokey's condition.

I thought of the time I had brought the dog home. An Australian shepherd type, hardly more than a big ball of

fluff, she won Denis' heart and the two became inseparable. As the dog grew out of puppyhood she seemed to take on Denis' personality. They seemed to be of one mind and both reacted the same way to any given circumstance. If I scolded the boy he quietly went behind the house and hid for an hour or two; if I scolded Smokey she did the same thing.

Denis was the only one who could feed her. He would lie on the grass for hours watching her, a soft smile on his face while the dog stood like a statue, her little flaglike tail waving rapidly back and forth, her eyes glued to the ground, hypnotized by the flickering shadows made by the leaves of a tree or a butterfly.

On that day when the dog jumped over the fence I was already late for a dental appointment. During the war years it was almost impossible to get an appointment and I couldn't afford to miss this one.

When I returned Denis was sitting on the steps. His face was streaked with tears; he was the picture of dejection.

I sat beside him and held him close. "How's Smokey?" I said.

"She had to have 13 stitches," he answered, his voice breaking into sobs.

"Where is she?" I asked softly. I felt that I had let the boy down when he needed me.

"In the dog hospital." He covered his face. "Doctor said she would have to stay there for a while."

"That's going to cost money. Do you know how much?"

Denis looked at me. "I think Jim paid," he said. "I saw him take out his wallet but a little dog kept barking and

I couldn't hear what they said." He began to sob again.

"Were there any other animals there?" I said, hoping to take his mind off Smokey.

He broke into a small smile and his eyes glistened through his tears. "A little girl had a guinea pig." He laughed softly. "Every time the dog barked it would squeal, real loud." For a moment he was happy remembering.

"Is Smokey at the same place we took her for shots?"

"No, it's on the other side of town. Jim thought it was better than the other one." He began to cry again. "There's blood all over the truck seat."

I examined Denis' clothes but there was no blood on them. I hugged him and said, "Don't worry. I'll go and talk to Jim and maybe tomorrow we can go and see Smokey." He gave me a flicker of a smile and nodded.

I went over to see our neighbor, whom I found unloading some bags from his truck. "How much do I owe you, Jim?" I asked.

He shook his head. "Nothing," he replied. "The doc said to pay it all when you pick the dog up. She'll have to stay for a few days."

"But Denis said he saw you take out your wallet."

Jim looked perplexed. "I did — but how did he know? He didn't go with me. He ran around to the back of your house. He was very upset. I didn't want to take the time to go after him because I knew Smokey needed attention right away."

"Denis said Smokey had to have 13 stitches. You must have told him."

"I just got back — haven't seen Denis," he said. "Made a couple of stops on the way home." He shook his head again. "Smokey *did* have 13 stitches. Kid must have been dreaming."

By then I was completely confused. "You took her to the animal clinic on the other side of town?"

Jim frowned and glanced at me as if I had lost my mind. "Yes," he confirmed. "I know the vet there and he's really good. Smokey will be fine in a couple of days."

"Were there any other animals in the waiting room?" I realized I was sounding more foolish all the time.

Jim laughed. "Yes, a little black poodle barking its head off," he said. Then he added, "Oh, there was a little girl with a guinea pig. It squealed so loud I couldn't hear myself think."

"I know," I mumbled. "Denis told me."

"Don't know how he could. He sure didn't go with me."

I thanked him and left. I was trembling. Walking past Jim's truck I didn't want to look but I knew I had to. The seat was covered with blood!

"Haven't had time to wash it off," Jim called over to me. "Don't worry about it."

I hurried home to Denis who was

still sitting on the steps looking forlorn. My heart went out to him but I knew there was nothing I could do to ease his pain. I took him in my arms and held him. "What color was the little dog that barked so much?" I asked him. I had already divined his answer but had to hear him say it.

"Black and curly all over," he whispered.

"Did you go with Jim?" I held my breath.

He stared at me for a moment, a confused frown on his face. "No, but I saw it," he said uncertainly. Then he added, "I don't know if I did."

I decided not to press him. He'd had enough emotional upset for one day. A few months later, however, I asked him the same question and got the same answer.

From that time on I have tried to find a rational answer to the strange event. Did a child's intense love for his dog enable him to accompany his pet mentally while physically he stayed at home?

Smokey survived her ordeal and lived to a ripe old age. Denis is a grown man now with a family of his own but he still remembers the day he went to the veterinarian with his dog. We never cease to wonder about that strange and wonderful event.



THERE GOES THE NEIGHBORHOOD

MEMBERS OF a Japanese crew put the capstone on their pyramid outside Cairo on Thursday, March 16, 1978, proving you can still build a pyramid. The Nippon Television Network sponsored the project and the pyramid cost approximately \$1 million and took a little more than six weeks to build. It is about 1/14 the size of the Great Pyramid at Giza — and observers say it looks a little ragged compared to the old ones.

RADIO LINK WITH THE DEAD

Strange voices speaking in different languages
appear on tape recordings when
no one is present — do they prove survival?

By G. Gilbert Bonner

IT IS LATE and no sound disturbs the stillness of the night. I sit alone in my flat with just the light from a small desk lamp illuminating the radio cassette recorder before me. It is tuned to a spot on medium wave between transmissions, where only a hissing sound or white noise can be heard. The fader control is set halfway between radio and microphone input, so that I can record from both at the same time. Headphones also are

plugged in so that I can monitor everything; this cuts out the recorder speaker, preventing feedback, at the same time. A new cassette is in the recorder which is controlled by the microphone switch in my hand.

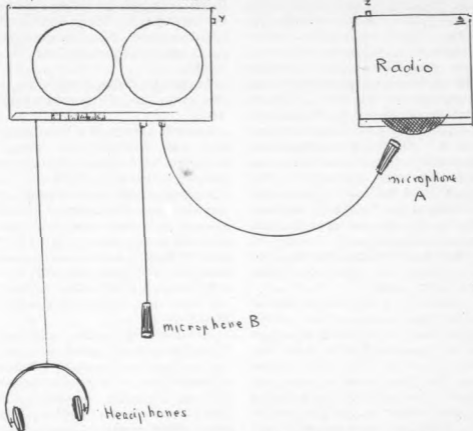
I speak quietly into the microphone, give the date, time, method of recording (radio-mike) and introduce myself by name. Then I ask if unseen friends can hear me and will record tonight on the tape. I record for about 20 minutes, then express my thanks for any communications received and switch off. It now is late and because the next task requires an alert mind I go to bed.

Next morning I rewind the cassette and place it in another recorder with special quick repeat keys, which is linked to still another recorder having an automatic recorder. This second machine holds another unused



G. GILBERT BONNER is the only full-time British researcher studying EVP (electronic voice phenomena) and has made approximately 10,000 recordings. Born in Toronto in 1924 and educated in the United Kingdom, he worked from 1954 through 1969 as a painter and art critic. He now lives in England.

Tape or Cassette Recorder.



One can monitor EVP with a stereo recorder, which uses two microphones, or a mono recorder, which uses one, in which case microphone "A" is used for both speaking and recording; otherwise connect recorder input "Y" to radio input "Z" as above.

cassette. Headphones are plugged in; I now play back last night's recording. I hear my own voice and there are new voices which address me by name, showing that they both heard and saw me. And the important thing is that they are on tape for all to hear, thus proving they are real and not hallucinations.

I have been speaking to entities from another dimension. This is EVP

— or electronic voice phenomena. Such recordings have been made for nearly 20 years now, in many parts of the world.

THE FIRST successful recordings of paranormal voices were made by Friedrich Jurgenson in 1958 and '59. Jurgenson, a onetime opera singer, writer and film producer with an interest in archaeology, is now in

his seventies. Russian-born, he lives near Stockholm in Sweden. Accounts of his discovery of the voices tend to differ slightly but in fact before recording the voices he had noted some unexplained technical trouble with his filming equipment which suggested paranormal interference. It was while he was playing the birdsong of a finch he had recorded near his home that he detected other, extraneous sounds including the voice of a man discussing birds, apparently in Norwegian, and the voice of a woman, speaking in German, which Jurgenson felt was the voice of his mother who had been dead for years.

With these accidental recordings the investigation of mysterious voices from space began.

Jurgenson set out deliberately to record these elusive voices and in 1964 he enlisted the aid of Friedebert Karger, research physicist at the Max Planck Institute in Munich. Karger, like Jurgenson, soon became convinced these voices were not random radio intrusions and sample tapes of the recordings were taken to the Central Office for Telegraphic Technology in Berlin. Here visual voice prints demonstrated that the taped voices had the characteristics of human voices.

About this time Jurgenson published his first book *Voices from the Universe* in Swedish. Jurgenson told how he had recorded the voices of dead relatives and friends, and also the voices of such persons as Hitler, Goering and many others.

As a result of reading this book Latvian psychologist Dr. Konstantin Raudive, then living in Germany, con-

tacted Jurgenson. At that time Raudive thought the voices must be the result of radio pickups or the product of some sort of unconscious input — a view already held by Prof. Hans Bender.

In 1965 Dr. Raudive met Jurgenson and soon came to share Jurgenson's beliefs.

I should add here that both Jurgenson and Raudive were Roman Catholics and Jurgenson, through his film work, had direct links with the Vatican. No doubt as a result of this he was able to make known to Vatican sources his views on the voice phenomena. Apparently he got a sympathetic hearing because a few years later, in 1969, Jurgenson was decorated with the Commander's Cross of the Order of St. Gregory the Great by Pope Paul VI.

Meanwhile Dr. Raudive, convinced of the paranormal origin of the voices, set up his own research project and some time later wrote his own book, in German. Translated, the title is *The Inaudible Becomes Audible*. This book, which eventually covered the study of over 70,000 voices and included the views of leading electronic experts to support it, was translated and published in 1971 by Colin Smythe in England. Taplinger brought it out in America a little later.

Jurgenson also published a second book, *Radio Link with the Beyond*, this time in Swedish and German. However, my own knowledge of the voice phenomenon came directly from Dr. Raudive's work and it was not until 1975 that I learned that Jurgenson felt his work had been wrongfully usurped by Dr. Raudive. I feel that

some of the responsibility for this rests with Jurgenson himself. First of all, his books were not published in English and second, Jurgenson does not give us many data on his methods of recording so that without Raudive's textbook on the phenomenon many of us would have remained totally in the dark.

Jurgenson records only on medium wave on or near 1445 kHz. He admits this carrier wave cannot be obtained in the United Kingdom due to blocking by the BBC for political reasons. It is on this frequency that Jurgenson obtains loud clear voices which can be heard without replay. Some years ago it was promised that these extra loud dialogue voices would be issued on two LPs by Philips but the world is still waiting.

The early voices received by Jurgenson were no louder than Raudive's according to Professor Bender's reports. Therefore, I feel that if Jurgenson now is obtaining exceptional voices it well may be that only he can obtain them and that he is in fact clairaudient. I further believe that the Jurgenson spot on medium wave eventually will be found, in the UK and possibly also in America, to be subject to massive radio intrusion. It still would be possible, by careful analysis and sifting, to come up with paranormal voices that can be identified by content but this requires special techniques and involves the Raudive replay method.

In the past it was noted that the recorded voices had certain basic characteristics by which they could be known: (1) polyglot; (2) rapidity of speech; (3) peculiar rhythm and pitch;

(4) telegramlike sentences; (5) poor, sometimes confusing grammar; (6) abundant neologisms.

All of Dr. Raudive's recordings were received in polyglot, meaning the words came from many languages, but Dr. Raudive was multilingual. Although this helped separate these recordings from possible radio intrusion, it did create problems of translation, especially when there was disagreement concerning a particular word. This became one of the obstacles — one word in a sentence out of place or wrongly interpreted could totally alter the meaning. Correct interpretation, especially of weaker voices, has always remained a problem.

On the basis of my own research I believe that the once standard characteristics displayed by the voices no longer can be expected. I believe the voice entities now try to speak in the native tongue of the researcher. Polyglot is seldom heard. The voice entities also are trying to slow their very rapid speech and some words may even be recorded too slowly. Sentence construction is more normal. Sometimes the peculiar singsong rhythm is pronounced; at other times it is hard to detect. Sentences often contain symbolic content.

Prof. Corrandino Corranini of Italy believes the most characteristic thing about the other-dimensional voices is their wide modulation of the frequency above the range of human speech. I have established that noise can be a source from which voices can manifest, possibly by modulation. In a series of tests I made use of the Doppler effect in recording voices. This pro-

duces a change in the frequency of sound or electromagnetic radiation due to the relative motion achieved between the sound source and the listener. Early in 1977, using mechanical vibrations, I recorded a manufactured voice that said, "We are here."

Some of the voices we record sound perfectly natural, others have a husky rasping quality, and some sound mechanical or fabricated. Like the American Lamoreaux brothers, I find that weak whispering voices often contain a wealth of information but many researchers discard these in their search for loud voices.

I believe that the voices stem from an extradimensional source and after careful consideration I have rejected the unconscious PK theory which fails to consider logically the psychological and physiological conditions and assumes the existence of some Jekyll and Hyde personality, a total split between the ego and the id. It would mean that somehow the id impersonates male and female voices, speaks in unknown languages and makes use of modern electronics in order to delude the superego.

I think this is asking too much of our credulity. It totally fails to consider the physiological signs of stress observed in persons using psychokinesis. I believe the unconscious may be the link between researchers and voice entities but the unconscious does not originate the voices. Many of the voices claim to belong to persons who we know are dead and who tell us they are dead. Indeed, the bulk of the evidence indicates the voices come from the so-called dead and of course this suggests survival.

It is impossible, however, to offer definite proof either that these are the voices of the dead or that they come from some other intelligence — spiritual beings or living inhabitants of space. Of course, we must consider that different voices may come from different levels or planes of existence. The concept of a parallel universe is already espoused by many physicists.

As long ago as 1936 Attila von Szalay tried without success to record voices he heard clairaudiently and through the ages men and women have claimed to hear these "Ariel" voices which others always dismissed as imagination or hallucination. Indeed, Jurgenson himself distinguished such voices in dripping rain, rustling papers, etc. Professor Bender regarded these claims as functional hallucinations. I am not so sure. I believe they may be actual audio phenomena as my own recordings of weak sounds that can be modulated would seem to prove.

At the Congress of Paranormal Voices held recently in Recanati, Italy, a Soviet researcher contributed a paper although she did not appear in person. Mrs. Ivanova said in her report, "We believe that information registered on the sound band originates from beyond."

Many hundreds of research workers around the world are actively engaged in studying paranormal voices. In West Germany some 300 researchers are reported to be thus engaged. In the United Kingdom, however, only a handful of researchers are working in isolation, unfunded and with few channels open to publish their data. In general they are ignored by parapsy-

chologists who perhaps fear the implications of a phenomenon that could destroy the hypothesis of Central State Materialism.

In his book *Mind and Body* Keith Campbell says he is convinced of the mind which supports Central State Materialism. He does, however, admit that if paranormal phenomena were to be found genuine they would provide a good reason for believing in the spiritual nature of the mind. I mention this because I submitted a recent tape of voice recording for analysis to a known British researcher and member of the SPR. His verdict was that most if not all of my recordings were undoubtedly paranormal. If this is so, surely it renders invalid the materialist hypothesis that the mind and the brain are the same. Can the evidence of voice phenomena, of deathbed experiences; of reports from persons revived after clinical death, of out-of-body experiences, and of the vast records on mediumship all be dismissed as imagination?

Of course it is necessary to consider alternate explanations. For instance, the evidence from mediums is open to doubt because the medium's own unconscious is always present between the medium and the alleged spirit guide or communicating voice. The information might be obtained through telepathy, clairvoyance or some other paranormal source. But the tape recorder has no unconscious and so the discovery of voice phenomena would seem to mark a tremendous step forward, even a major breakthrough into the unknown.

Researchers worldwide are trying to perfect electronic equipment to over-

come the problems encountered in our present recording methods. These are yet early days and we have much to learn!

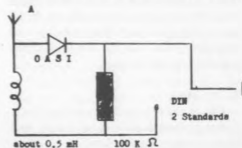
The three basic methods for recording taught by Dr. Raudive are (1) diode, (2) microphone, (3) radio-microphone or interfrequency. The interfrequency methods of Raudive and Jurgenson differ. Jurgenson sought a carrier wave which would be modulated by the voice entities. He would be told by a voice often addressing him as "Fried" whether or not he would receive a message. Like Jurgenson, I found the diode method of little value. Microphone voices are weaker, speak in shorter sentences, but are free of radio intrusion.

Here are some instructions for those readers who would like to try this fascinating experiment:

THE DIODE METHOD

I never was impressed by this method and no longer use it.

A diode is rather a primitive radio receiver like the crystal set of old. It receives radio signals provided the aerial picks them up. Tuning is impossible. Normally it would be fitted with many feet of aerial but for our purpose the aerial length need be only four inches of stiff wire. In theory, by



this method the voice entities could choose, within limits, their own frequency. Voices recorded by this means are weak but are received against a clear background. Diodes have to be made up but they are simple to construct as the diagram on the previous page illustrates.

MICROPHONE METHOD

A microphone often picks up faint sounds that normally escape our attention. Indoor microphone recording should be done in a room free from echoes. Point the mike away from the recorder so that it will not pick up the mechanical noise of the motor. The technique for these recordings is the same as for normal recordings. One introduces oneself with volume turned down and then the volume is increased to capture even faint sounds.

One should record for about 10 minutes. Obviously nothing can be heard until the replay. Microphone voices are usually weak and are naturally free from radio intrusion and it is seldom that more than a few words are received. Great care in listening is needed. I have recorded paranormal voices in an empty room using this method. Experiment with different types of microphones if possible and also try making recordings out of doors, somewhere in the countryside away from people. If you have them, use more than one microphone and recorder when making the recordings and then compare tapes.

RADIO-MIKE

The radio-microphone method produces the best voices, in my view. As I have already noted there are differ-

ences of opinion as to the correct or best use of this technique. Therefore let us consider both. One way is to have a radio set and a tape or cassette recorder or a radio cassette recorder. The radio is tuned to a spot between stations where only a rushing or hissing sound is heard — this is white noise and can be found, for example, when a station has closed down. On medium wave it is difficult to find such a space free from radio intrusion. As a consequence many researchers use shortwave, trying to keep clear of ham radio stations, etc. Introduce yourself on the microphone and ask your questions. You can monitor through headphones but no voices will be heard until replay. Some persons try recording on VHF (Very High Frequency) and even on UHF (Ultra High Frequency).

Jurgenson disapproves of this. He insists on medium wave only and selects a spot near 1445 kHz where he finds a special carrier wave that can be modulated by the voices. However, as previously noted this is not possible everywhere. Yet if one is prepared to accept massive radio intrusion and record at any cost on this frequency, voices that analysis proves are paranormal can be received. But it requires patience to separate such voices from the mass of radio programs, often in German, Russian, English or other languages. I have made some interesting recordings in this way.

I suggest that you try to find a free carrier wave. I often move slowly along the dial asking the voices for instructions as to when to stop or when to record. But it is very easy to lose a

contact already established but not noticed until the replay of the recording.

One can make good recordings on medium wave late at night and also on shortwave around 41 meters. The voices themselves have stated they prefer radio and refer to "radar" suggesting some process of homing in to us. Whether they hitch a ride on a radio carrier wave or in some manner remodulate a radio signal we do not know.

In a brief interview in 1975, Jurgenson spoke of modulation of a carrier wave, yet said he was not interested in the frequency characteristics of this wave and casually mentioned ground waves. But his scant references to his methods can hardly be called helpful. I have adopted variations of the methods advanced by both Dr. Raudive and Friedrich Jurgenson. Some researchers experiment by providing their own carrier wave, using a signal generator.

There is some doubt whether everyone can obtain these paranormal voices or whether one needs to be a natural sensitive. I feel that with time and patience — this could mean months or even years — with the right attitude and technique, two out of four persons should be able to record paranormal voices. With improved techniques this will probably rise to three out of four. It's a matter of time, patience and the desire to succeed.

There are other experimental methods of recording being used by experienced researchers but they are too complex for the average person. The three basic methods described here should at least provide a start.

Unless one is unusually fortunate like Jurgenson and receives loud voices that do not require taping and replaying in order to be heard, then the secret of successful recording of voices is in the copy-repeat process. Sometimes it can take months to adapt your hearing to these fleeting voices. We are conditioned in our hearing habits; we hear what we want to hear and automatically shut out of our consciousness unpleasant sounds and noises. Because these voices can manifest buried in noise it is obvious that we must train ourselves in new listening habits if we are to pick them out. Not only can the voice entities make themselves heard by modulating noise, at times they also can wipe out the content of normal radio transmissions and substitute their own message. They can do this with speech, music and Morse code.

Just how the voices home in to us is not known for certain and tests using a Faraday cage to screen out radio waves have not been conclusive. Various theories have been put forward but I hesitate to adopt any one hypothesis. I believe we are dealing with some new kind of energy which is able to link us for a short time with entities from another dimension.

I record at a set time each and every week, in addition to making experimental recordings outdoors.

The electronic voice phenomenon thrusts upon us totally new concepts of awareness, of the nature and meaning of life. It deserves careful study by the best scientific minds we have. Since the discovery and proof of this paranormal voice phenomenon nothing ever can be exactly the same again!

by Harold Helfer

STRANGE TO SAY

Ted Kwiatkowski, who owns a Hamilton, Ontario, meat market where he also sells lottery tickets, sold one to his wife. It won \$1,000,000.

In a movie he's making Sid Caesar plays a man confined to a wheelchair — and it's a good thing he does. The motorized chair ran over his foot and broke it.

Martha Hoff, an Alliance, Ohio, housewife, was so short of money she had to save to buy a postage stamp — but the stamp paid off. She used it to mail a contest coupon and won a \$40,000 first prize.

Without knowing whose palm he was reading, Tom Corbett, the British palmist and clairvoyant, studied the photo and said, "I see conceit, leadership, stubbornness, showmanship, lots of money, a sense of responsibility, integrity and honesty, a faithful family man." The mystery hand belonged to Jimmy Carter.

A doorbell ringing at midnight can be irksome but the W.J. Duhe family of Mobile, Ala., didn't feel that way about it. The doorbell waked Mr. and Mrs. Duhe in time for them and their

five children to escape their burning home. Fire officials said the flames shorted out the electrical circuit leading to the doorbell, causing it to ring continuously.

In East Palestine, Ohio, two centenarians, Mrs. Lizzie Faber, 100, and Mrs. Bertha Egli, 103, live on the same street, less than 100 yards apart.

While Noel McCabe of Yorkshire, England, was listening to the record "Cry of the Wild Goose" a live goose crashed through his bedroom window.

If Douglas Henegar, a Prince Georges County, Md., policeman, was pleased with a present his wife gave him he was simply ecstatic about it a few months later. Doctors and police officials agree that the gift — a bullet-proof vest — probably saved the officer's life when he was shot twice by a man whose car he had stopped.

Sheila Doxtader gave birth to a girl in an Eaton Rapids, Mich., hospital. Less than an hour later Sheila Doxtader gave birth to another girl in the same hospital. So far as the two Sheila Doxtaders know they are not related.

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 FATE 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 ANSWERS"

By Steve Cottage

EARLY ON A Sunday morning in the summer of 1969 I had a vivid dream in which I walked past a vacant lot with tall weeds, large pieces of broken concrete and some rusty cans. Passing a number of old, shabby stores and buildings such as one finds in poor neighborhoods, I came to the doorway of a structure which had long since outlived its time.

After hesitating for a few seconds I pushed the brown door open. Inside was a roomful of people sitting on benches. My attention was immediately drawn to a young black woman wearing a purple and lavender blouse. Then I heard a voice in or around me say that the object in front of her was a "clicker" and she would have "the answers."

That was the end of the dream. I awoke soon afterwards.

Later that morning, feeling restless, I drove from my Audubon, Pa., home

to the P&W station, parked my car and took the electric train to 69th Street in Upper Darby. Not knowing what to do there, I took the subway-elevated to Philadelphia.

Then I decided I didn't want to go to the inner city, so I hustled out at the next stop and walked down the stairs to the street. In a few minutes I found myself in a strange neighborhood. It was a pleasant time of the day and taking in the big city smells and rush of noise I pressed on. Soon I came upon a vacant lot in the midst of all the build-



Steve Cottage

ings. A faint memory stirred as I recognized the weeds, broken pieces of concrete and rusty cans. I felt comfortable and at ease as if I had been there before.

I kept walking on the north side of the street looking eagerly at the old dilapidated stores until I came to a familiar doorway. I was about to go on when I saw a sign saying "QUAKER MEETING." I had never been to one, so I pushed open the brown door and stepped inside.

The room was full of people with their eyes closed and their heads down. I found a seat on a bench and bowed my head. After a long period of silence I decided to look around. I immediately spotted the young black woman with the purple and lavender blouse — the one I had seen in my dream.

When the silent period was over she started typing on the machine in front of her. I almost burst out laughing — so that's what a "clicker" was!

I stayed for a while and then left. As I was going up the street in the direction of the elevated station, I heard a voice call "Hello!" from a parked car. Assuming it was for someone else, I kept walking but then the voice called again. This time I went back and peered into the car, where I saw the woman in purple and lavender.

"Are you going to the meeting tonight?" she asked me. "People are coming to ask questions. You can too."
"Oh, no," I said, a bit taken aback.
"I don't think I can."

"I've got the answers for you," she replied almost teasingly.

As I resumed my walk up the street I wondered what she meant by "the

answers." I still do. — *Farmington, N. Mex.*

SHADOWED REVELATION

By Adell Rodgers

AFTER buying a mobile home in January 1973 I had to telephone the sales agency to discuss certain defects. We lived in Jay, Okla., and had purchased the mobile home in Siloam Springs, Ark., just across the border. When I called I reached a man whose name I remember as Thompson. I had never seen him but I knew he was in partnership with the man with whom we had begun our business dealings the day before.

Suddenly I saw against the wall the shadow of a tall man wearing a hat — but the chest area was missing. I felt a sudden chill and my hand holding the receiver began to shake. The shadow was visible for about 60 seconds and then it slowly faded.

I was immediately and astonishingly certain that the man with whom I was talking had a serious health problem involving his heart or lungs. I felt a strong urge to tell him to see his doctor immediately but I ended our conversation without doing so.

My husband Stanley probably knew both men in the mobile home sales agency. As soon as I hung up I asked him if he could describe our salesman's partner. Stanley said he was perhaps 40 years old, short and stocky, and he appeared to be in excellent health. When I told my husband about the shadow and how certain I felt that the man should be warned, Stanley scoffed and insisted that I say nothing.

Although the man might be amused or annoyed with me I nevertheless

meant to drive the 40 miles to his home the next day to warn him. I lay awake late that night trying to dispel my apprehension but it only became stronger. I remained completely certain that I was right.

As it happened, our salesman called the next morning to say that he and his partner would come to our home to complete the business transaction. When they arrived two hours later, our salesman stepped out of the car, followed by a tall older man wearing a hat. The weather was cold and after hasty introductions, the older man asked if we might go into the house quickly. He said he did not feel well and the cold bothered him severely since he had received his pacemaker five months previously.

My husband looked at me strangely. My husband knew Mr. Thompson and I recognized him from having seen his shadow — but since he was already under medical care I did not have to tell him of my strange experience. — *Lancaster, Calif.*

WHO CALLED?

By Ilene Morrison

AN INEXPLICABLE thing happened to my husband Calvin and me on Saturday, September 5, 1964. Obviously it made a great impression on me since I remember the 15-year-old date so clearly. It was a Labor Day weekend and our son Jim was coming home from Lackland Air Force Base for a month's leave before being sent out to Okinawa.

He had written us that he would call from the Portland, Oreg., International Airport. He was flying on standby which meant he would come



Ilene Morrison

when a seat on a plane was available. After getting his call we would drive into Portland and pick him up.

I do not drive and my husband works every day except Saturday afternoon so it was always necessary for us to do our weekly shopping on that afternoon. I wrote Jim that if he arrived on Saturday afternoon when we were not home he should call our Eagles Club. There is always someone there who can and will take the message.

On the Saturday we did our shopping as usual and then checked at the Eagles Club for a possible message. Sure enough! Jim had called and left word that he was waiting in Portland. We picked up our son's girl friend Sandra and left immediately for Portland which is about a 2½-hour drive from our hometown of Astoria.

When we arrived at the airport in Portland we found a very downhearted, worried-looking son. He had called and called our home without getting an answer. He had not received my letter instructing him to call the

Eagles Club. As a consequence *he had not called* the club.

The manager Ivan Kennell knew Jim very well and always maintained that he would have known Jim's voice anywhere. However, our son swears he never made the telephone call Mr. Kennell received. No one at the club, not even Manager Kennell, even knew that we had asked our son to call there in case we were not at home. We checked with all our friends named Jim and with others not named Jim. But to this day we do not know who made that telephone call. — *Astoria, Oreg.*

CLOSE CALL

By R. Sandra McNally

IN THE WINTER of 1964, during my senior year in high school, I attended night classes which were conducted in a private home in Saunderson, R.I. One evening, as the class was engaged in a lively discussion of American history, I suddenly felt as if I were somewhere else: in a car with my father Louis Couchon who was on his way to pick me up after class.

I could see that a car had left the opposite lane and was moving at high speed toward our sedan. I could not warn my father — I could only feel the horror of knowing that within seconds there would be a terrible crash.

Then abruptly I was back in the classroom. No one had noticed my "absence."

I rushed out of the room and called home, hoping I could reach my father and tell him not to pick me up at the usual time, but my mother said he had already left. I waited fearfully until I heard his car pull into the driveway.

When he came into the house he started to tell me about the car that had almost hit him but I interrupted and continued the story, all except the ending. As it turned out, my father had been able to pull off the road in time to let the other car fly by.

I have never been able to understand how I came to share that experience with my father, unless it was because we were so close. Perhaps when my father pulled off the road and was safe, he no longer felt the fear that had bound our minds together for a few moments, so I "returned" to the classroom without knowing the outcome of the experience. — *Melbourne Beach, Fla.*

DAMNED ODOR OF DEATH

By Ramona Chrystal Martin

IFIRST encountered the psychic in 1933 in a San Francisco after-hours tavern owned by a man-about-town called "Big Clarence." In the wee hours of the morning Big Clarence, a plainclothesman on the vice squad named Hayes and my fiance Lewis Marks were sitting around the deserted bar. The men were engaged in man talk and I sat with them quietly listening.

Suddenly I began to smell a sickeningly sweet odor — like the smell of wilting Cape jasmine flowers. I could find nothing to account for it and it grew stronger by the minute. Then I felt something else: a cold ugly premonition of death! Then the odor vanished as quickly as it came.

I was badly shaken. Turning to the men I said, "I'm getting out of here. Someone here is going to die. I smell death!"

Big Clarence scoffed and Lieutenant Hayes accused me of having too much to drink. But I was not drinking. Then Mark suggested we leave and we did. The incident was soon forgotten.

Within a month all three men were dead. Big Clarence succumbed to cancer, Lieutenant Hayes had a fatal heart attack and my beloved Mark was found dead from an overdose of toxic medicine.

Years passed and on occasion I have gone through the same experience — first the odor of those damned wilting Cape jasmine flowers, then the premonition of death. Each time someone near me has died.

In October 1978 the odor of death came again, only to be followed minutes later by a phone call. My sister-in-law Peggy Strader had died suddenly in Phoenix, Ariz. — *Cotati, Calif.*

PROTECTING POWER

By Gladys R. Pease

ONE OF THE most troubled people who visited The Mission in Farmington, Maine, was an elderly alcoholic named Frank Peters. A rugged woodsman who stood over six feet tall, he had the largest, strongest hands I had ever seen.

Sometimes he would stagger into The Mission from his woods camp and say he could only drink whiskey because food or any other beverage would choke him. I would always prepare a meal and he would eat ravenously as long as I sat beside him and prayed; otherwise he choked.

When sober he was courteous and appreciative but when drunk he was violent and vulgar. One day as I was



Gladys R. Pease

walking by his chair he suddenly grabbed me and pulled me into his lap.

A strange thing happened. Instead of struggling to free myself I felt every muscle in my body go limp. In his surprise that I had not resisted him he relaxed his crushing hold on me. Then suddenly, without any thought on my part, the muscles of my body propelled me from his lap and I found myself facing him from the corner of the dining room. He had become a raging madman, his insane eyes were glaring and his big fists were raised to strike me.

A great calm came over me and I said gently, "You can't hit me, Frank." Over and over he struck at me but it was as if plate glass separated us. His fists stopped about 15 inches from my face. After repeated attempts to break that barrier, he cried out, "My God, Jesus Christ won't let me hit you!" His shoulders drooped and he returned to his chair.

Thus I learned that today, just as in Bible times, there exists a miraculous protecting power. — *Farmington, Maine.*

"I'VE GOT A FEELING..."

By William Lee Hall

"BILL, I've got a feeling. Don't go."

That's all my mother has to say to me. She has visions. I don't understand it but I don't fight it. She's been right too many times.

Several years ago when I lived in Asheville, N. C., she warned me not to take a flight to Hartford, Conn. I laughed it off. I wasn't a believer then — but circumstances prevented my making the trip. I went numb several days later when I read about an airliner blowing up outside New York City. It would have been my return flight!

There have been other startling incidents.

I narrowly missed death in an automobile accident on the night of August 28, 1959. My wife Beverly and I decided to keep the accident a secret because we didn't want to worry the family.

Weeks later, my mother described the wreck in hair-raising detail, giving the location (six miles east of Wadesboro, N.C., on Highway 164), the date and precise time it occurred!

The night of the accident she had been kneeling beside her bed praying.



William
Lee
Hall

"All of a sudden I saw your face," she said. "Then you went out of focus, covered with a redness I can't describe. I prayed, 'Oh, God, I don't know where Bill is but he's in trouble. Please be with him and help him!'"

The investigating officers said it was one of the worst accidents they had ever seen and it was a miracle that anyone had lived through it. As near as we can determine my mother's prayer came at the exact moment of the accident. Coincidence? Psychic power? Divine intervention? I don't know.

I don't understand it at all but if Mother calls me and says, "Bill, I've got this feeling," I don't go. — *Rutherfordton, N.C.*



CANAL GOES DOWN THE DRAIN

ACCORDING to a UPI report from London, workmen accidentally pulled a plug and a mile and a half of England's Chesterfield Canal went down the drain. A dredging team, removing old bikes, car parts and other odds and ends from the 10-foot-deep canal, came across a length of chain that wouldn't budge. The crew attached it to their dredger and yanked; then they took a break for tea. When they came back the water was gone.

"I've never seen anything like it," said waterways foreman John Rothwell. "The wooden block on the end of the chain was a plug and we pulled it out."

Had By A Healer

Before we ever met him, the Philippine psychic surgeon had cost us a bundle but when he came he was to cost us a lot more.

By Kay Hurlburt

THROUGHOUT the spring of 1974 members of The Chapel of Light listened eagerly to promises of a healer to come from the Philippines — a psychic surgeon, in fact. Usually the message concerning his advent was given by copastor Barbara Ludwick in her bright, saucy way. Also it usually contained an apology that the man was not yet on his way and a request for additional funds to get him started. A collective sigh and some muttering would pass through the congregation as they released the hope they had clung to so tightly during the preceding week.

The Chapel of Light was a Spiritualist church at 1925 North McClellan Street in the Kenton district of Portland, Oreg. After it moved into the lovely chapel, membership increased steadily. Hard work on the part of a faithful few plus the classes and the unifying pleasure of eating together at Sunday lunch and the coffee hours which followed all gatherings had brought about a wonderful feeling of fellowship.

During the preceding year much concern had been felt for the worsening health of copastor Morris Lud-

wick. Finally he had gone to the Islands to see a psychic surgeon. On his return he seemed brimming with good health and joy. This all apparently stemmed from his having been initiated into the mysteries of psychic surgery. He told the many healers at the church that they too could learn it. The Rev. Morris Ludwick's treatments had been for such diverse things as hiatal hernia, a bad eye, an injured back and leg trouble. He also told of the exorcism of an obsession.

But his greatest enthusiasm was reserved for "The Great Plan." Because the Federal Trade Commission had issued a restraining injunction on the several Seattle travel agencies which had promoted psychic surgery tours, we would bring the healer he had seen, Feliciano Omilies, to The Chapel of Light. If he obtained a 30-day immigration permit there would be time for all of us to receive help. Some of us could learn the techniques and even share our great good fortune with other friends. In return we would ordain and train Feliciano in Spiritualism while he was here and when he went home we would send monies for his mission branch church

in the Philippine Islands. The Plan sounded wonderful, especially to those like me to whom the doctors said, "Do the best you can. We can't help you at this time." There was small hope of either orthodox healing or funds to travel to the Philippines for some of us; no wonder we liked The Plan!

Even when the calls for more money came almost weekly we curtailed our other expenditures and scabbled for dollars. Besides money for transportation, money was needed to support Omilies' family while he was gone, to buy clothes for him, for his trip to Manila to see the immigration officials, for wires and calls — the list was long and varied. We gave our money week after week, month after month. When we heard Omilies had waited to plant cabbages on his farm we suspected that we had financed the plants! We were becoming increasingly disenchanted.

And then he came! My diary carries a brief notation for Sunday, September 1, 1974: "Feliciano Omilies, P. I., here now. Started magnetic healing 2:00 P. M. I stayed to 7:30."

By 2:00 P. M. our church was packed with strangers and in the long hours they worked that day and on into the early morning these out-of-towners received preferential treatment. But Omilies and his helpers did not use psychic surgery. The small handsome 35-year-old man declared that his "guides had not yet caught up with him."

Despite being persuaded to let the visitors have first call on "our" healer's services we were happy. At last the psychic surgeon was here and we could be healed. Then we learned the

bad news. As one by one we went into the office to sign up for our turns we were told we must pay \$250 in cash. I was stunned. I am a disabled widow doing menial work for minimum wages and the price was out of my reach. Even more than that, I felt betrayed. Having donated week after week, I had managed to put more than half that amount into the funds necessary to get the man here; now I was told I had to pay more. I stared at the men who told me this. Two strangers returned my look. I was bewildered. Why were they setting up fees and appointments in our church office?

Joe Galazan looked like the promoter he was. A tall Israeli immigrant, he owned one of the Seattle travel bureaus temporarily restrained from promoting psychic surgery tours by the Federal Trade Commission. The FTC held that false claims made for the Filipino healers kept some people from seeking orthodox medical help until it was too late to prevent their deaths. The presence of Galazan, coupled with his role in our church office, made me realize that we the parishioners had been had. This was no simple relationship between a pastor and his congregation; this was a money-making scheme conducted with the certain knowledge and contrivance of church officials. The joy I had been feeling ebbed.

I stood staring at Galazan and at his office manager Tom Muchlinski, a retired sea captain from Aberdeen, Wash., who had visited the Philippines and had psychic surgery on his heart. He claimed his heart had been removed from his body while it was worked on. Following this he had em-

barked on a lecture tour during which he showed slides and exhorted others to go to the Philippine Islands. Rumors suggested he got a percentage — the connection suddenly seemed obvious!

Realizing they were awaiting my answer I told them of my contributions and that this was all the money I could spare. They assured me in a kindly way that I could write a promissory note and pay a bit at a time. When I demurred, Galazan offered me a chance to work for wages (without paying extra for my psychic treatment) as a checker to see that persons entering the treatment room had a card and a number. Later both the Reverends Ludwick affirmed that I was not to pay for my psychic treatment. And to this day Galazan never has paid me for the hours I put in as an aide.

Then the entire Portland operation went sour. All the careful planning and scheduling was thrown off by two things. First, Feliciano refused to use psychic surgery on most of the supplicants who came from Canada, Colorado, New York and everywhere between. Because of the FTC restraint, psychic surgery had become a no-no and this slightly built Filipino said he was onto more money than he had ever dreamed of and he meant to be exceedingly careful. He was not going to use psychic surgery on the rank and file. Both Barbara Ludwick and church-worker Lois Patterson said he used psychic surgery on one Canadian matron with bleeding hemorrhoids, on 83-year-old Carrie Porter, on the Ludwicks and on several others of the chosen. Carrie Porter herself told me Feliciano excised a cancer from her

foot with psychic surgery. To date the foot still troubles her a bit but it has never worsened.

As an alternative, Feliciano used magnetic healing and acupressure together with massage. To flavor this assortment he used Bible quotations. Once in a while Feliciano also used the fairly spectacular technique of cupping or did an occasional exorcism but mostly he stuck to the first three. These procedures more than doubled the time Feliciano spent with each person. So instead of the estimated 10 to 15 minutes, a treatment required 20 minutes. Galazan was extremely perturbed; this cut the total by more than 50 percent. But despite Galazan's fussing Omilies held firm. He would not use psychic surgery, true, but also he would not skimp the treatment he did use. As Galazan was so large and Feliciano so small it was like watching a tom turkey and a banty rooster when they argued.

The second monkey wrench in the operation stemmed basically from greed. The Rev. Barbara Ludwick prettily "confessed" she had "leaked" the arrival of the healer to *Oregonian* writer Ann Sullivan in return for favorable publicity which would help bring in-church members at \$5.00 each. Sullivan had a field day with her (almost) exclusive stories. On September 4 she wrote that 63 persons had been through the healing room on Monday, September 2, and as many again on Tuesday. This totaled 126. On the same date Oz Hopkins, reporter for the *Oregon Journal*, quoted The Rev. Morris Ludwick as saying 250 had been treated. I had worked on both days and I questioned both figures. We

started at 9:00 A. M. and expected to work until midnight, but an extra two hours often was added to take care of the overflow. This, with an hour off for lunch and another for dinner, meant we worked an average of 15 hours. Many treatments ran longer than the minimum of 20 minutes so that this figures out to approximately 45 persons treated a day — tops. Nor was it taken into account that many persons were told to return for second, third, or more sessions at no extra charge. For those with whom I helped this seemed to be the rule, not the exception.

But with the publication of the number of persons supposedly being treated at \$250 apiece, the district attorney stepped into the picture and on September 6 Circuit Judge Clifford B. Olsen issued a 10-day temporary restraining order as a result of a complaint filed by District Attorney Harl Haas of Multnomah County. The complaint named Feliciano Omilies, Joe Galazan, Tom Muchlinski, Barbara and Morris Ludwick, John (Bob) Doe and The Chapel of Light, alleging that they constituted "a threat of immediate harm to the public health, safety and welfare."

The Rev. Morris Ludwick protested that their religious freedom was being violated and vowed to fight the issue in every court if necessary.

When Howard Bobbitt, executive director of the Oregon Medical Practices Board, announced, "The exemption for people treating illnesses in the church was intended for Christian Science churches," he provided a rallying point for an unprecedented unification of creeds which banded together to

take umbrage at this high-handed statement. Leaders who normally would not have recognized a Spiritualist Church except to damn it joined less prejudiced leaders in reading the handwriting on the wall. Because if this statement held up in regard to The Chapel of Light, then whose turn would come next?

On September 8, 1974, Feliciano was ordained a minister of The Chapel of Light and appointed its missionary to the Philippine Islands. In defiance of the restraining order Morris Ludwick and other church officers continued the regular magnetic healing services, so sure were they that healing in the church is a part of religious belief and practice and as such protected.

On Monday, September 16, Circuit Court Judge Alan F. Davis ruled the healings could continue but that all payments for this service must be purely voluntary. He further ordered church officials to give receipts for all payments and to report the names and addresses of all receiving treatment to the Multnomah County District Attorney's Office.

Although it had been claimed that, to insure privacy, no records were kept, in fact a system had been set up at the very beginning. Names, addresses, payments, promissory notes and copies of signed statements that participants were engaged in research were kept by Tom Muchlinski, Helen Oliver and other helpers. But now an amazingly convenient robbery occurred at the church in which only these records were stolen. This action was variously attributed to eager-beaver news media and/or the District

Attorney's Office but by this time the credibility gap was so wide that few if anybody believed such facile statements.

Apart from the unpleasantnesses about fees and legalities, the church seemed alive with love and goodwill as people from many places exchanged information on psychic experiences, herbs and health foods. At first I worked from 9:00 A. M. to 6:00 P. M. as a checker. I was to let no one enter the treatment room without a card and to maintain proper order according to number. This last was violated as often as Tom Muchlinski found it profitable to slip a group in ahead of those waiting.

I never saw any evidence that psychic surgery was used during the hours I was on duty.

I received my first treatment on September 2. The massage was done by John (Bob) Doe from Denver, Colo., who claimed to be a trained operator. Morris Ludwick applied psychic energy to my feet and Feliciano used acupressure. His fingers were the size of a child's but, oh, how they could hurt when pressing on an acupuncture point — it was all I could do not to cry. Later when I assisted in the treatment room I saw grown men cry out.

When I left the room after my first session I could raise my feet higher than I had been able to do for years. For someone who frequently tripped over pebbles and scatter rugs it certainly was an improvement. But they never did treat my two main problems. And grateful as I was for the release of muscles and nerves so that I could walk better, I felt it was not worth \$250 — especially since the effect

lasted for only a few weeks.

By Friday, September 6, I was helping in the treatment room. Reporters made much of the fact that no one was allowed in this room except the patient, his or her spouse or child or parent, and the workers. There were good reasons for this: the room was long and narrow; it contained an examining table, a side table with a basin of water, a water jug and a few other items, a chair and a stool. With at least three workers in the room, plus the person accompanying the patient, there simply was not room. It was hot in there, too. My special chores, other than that of chaperone, were to sit at the patient's head and project magnetic current through his system when Feliciano called, "Charge." After a minute or two Bob would start massage and Feliciano would begin the acupressure. Sometimes we were able to suggest to patients that certain mental attitudes had contributed to their problems and that these should be changed. Patients seldom removed any of their clothing except shoes, although I did see one man strip to the waist while Omilies used cupping on his back.

Cupping involved lighting a bit of alcohol-soaked cotton laid on a coin. When the flame flared a glass was quickly put over the ensemble and left until the cooling of the glass released the created vacuum. The vacuum meanwhile had pulled the flesh into the glass. This treatment was for injured nerves. When Feliciano felt a session was complete he'd call, "Discharge." Then he and Bob each stood by the patient stroking an arm until water poured from their snapped

hands. Feliciano claimed this was the poison leaving the patient's body. In the absence of any other explanation this may be an answer but it seemed weird.

I learned several methods of healing and I could see how they did indeed make those seeking relief feel much better. Undoubtedly a few healings took place when the persons involved understood that they must change their habits and thoughts but I doubt if many of them were lasting. I believe there could have been more true healing if the original hope and faith had been sustained. Instead, I believe, the healing climate was gravely injured when greed opened the door to its fellow travelers, jealousy, faithlessness and meanness. I do know that everyone who entered that room when I was assisting, by his own testimony, came out feeling better.

After the Portland project failed to be the money-maker the originators of the scheme had hoped, Omilies was taken to several other places to conduct healings. The word from Barbara Ludwick was that it was unbelievably profitable.

After missing his immigration permit deadline for leaving the country we were told Feliciano pleaded ill health. He was allowed to continue on to Mexico and Barbara Ludwick accompanied him. Together they traveled in the southeast United States and have been back to Portland at least once. The Ludwicks have been divorced and I understand Omilies and his wife also are divorced. As a result of the legal hassles and the changes in the church after Omilies' visit many members dropped out.

Feliciano Omilies was to have been the first of five psychic surgeons to come from the Philippine Islands. Had he proved a legitimate source of healing, an addition to orthodox healing, we could have given extended life and hope to many. Instead of fulfilling that bright promise Feliciano's 30 days added up to hectic, destructive months which undermined our church and our belief in psychic surgery.

For most of us September 1974 climaxed our months of waiting, praying and financing — but it was not the climax we were expecting as we waited, prayed and paid.



HOW TO KEEP UP WITH THE JONESSES?

ST. JOHN Medical Center staff members in Tulsa, Okla., are trying to keep up with the Joneses but it's very, very complicated.

It wasn't difficult at first when Jim Jones' wife Pam gave birth at 4:26 P.M. November 4, 1978, to a baby boy and the Joneses No. 1 named him Jeremy Lyn.

Matters became confusing when Tim Jones' wife Jan gave birth to a boy the next day at 4:25 P.M. The

Joneses No. 2 named their son Jeremy Tim.

When hospital staffers discovered two Jeremy Joneses in the nursery, they called both sets of parents' attention to the coincidences.

The couples had not met previously but they soon discovered still another coincidence. Jim and Pam (Joneses No. 1) had just moved into a rental home in Tulsa that Jan and Tim (Joneses No. 2) had recently vacated.

OUIJA YELLED, **FIRE!**

When we asked the cause of the fire, Ouija's answer was quick and to the point: "Oil."

But we had a new gas furnace . . .

By E. A. March



THE OUIJA BOARD, a Christmas present for my daughter Marilee, helped us pass the hours in our Ipswich, Mass., home during the bitter winter of 1969. As the wind howled outside and the snow blanketed the world, we would sit snugly inside and amuse ourselves with the board's "messages." While we had no trouble getting the pointer to move across the board and answer our questions, it never provided us with any verifiable or significant information.

All that changed one April afternoon that year.

Our daughter Sherilyn, then 12, and her girl friend Julie McMinn placed their hands lightly on the planchette. In a spirit of playful anticipation they

asked the ritual question, "Is there anyone here who has a message for us?"

In response the pointer moved slowly across the board, meandered for a time, then stopped at "yes." Asked the identity of the communicant the board spelled out "the spirit of Ouija."

Entering into the mood of the game we all waited expectantly for the message but none of us really anticipated anything momentous. Although we were interested in psychic phenomena, none of the three adults or half dozen children gathered there that afternoon had the slightest idea that we were about to experience an eerie and inexplicable event.

"Ouija, what is the message you have for us?" Sherilyn asked. Under the children's hands the little planchette slid easily over the board.

"Moving," it said. "You will be moving out of this house in two weeks."

The response could hardly have been more unexpected. We had bought the wooden frame house, located in the heart of Ipswich's picturesque historical district, only the year before. It provided plenty of room and privacy for my husband Roland and me as well as for our four children and my mother Marian Rogers who was then living with us. The house was charming and more than adequate for our needs. We had no intention of moving in the foreseeable future.

"Ask Ouija why we will be moving in two weeks," I said to my daughter. I still wasn't taking any of this seriously.

The pointer moved purposefully across the board. "Fire," it spelled.

We could almost feel the sense of urgency it was communicating as it raced back and forth to spell out the rest of the ominous message: "Fire, fire, the house will burn."

At that point the girls lifted their hands from the planchette as if it were burning hot. In the silence that followed we looked at one another uneasily. Although we didn't really believe it, there was no denying that the message was disquieting.

After some discussion we decided to ask the board where in the house the fire would start. Scarcely had the two girls placed their hands back on the pointer than it began to move.

"In the cellar," the pointer an-

nounced. "The fire will start in the cellar."

Reading these words I found myself thinking back to my grammar school days when during the annual fire-prevention week I had watched innumerable movies and listened to visiting firemen describe the most frequent causes of home fires. I had participated countless times in childhood fire-prevention programs and earned a handful of shiny badges which proclaimed me honorary Junior Fire Chief. Now my mind raced down the well-remembered list of fire hazards.

Matches? Doubtful — there were probably none in the cellar.

Oily paint rags? Maybe. We were involved in an extensive do-it-yourself remodeling of our 100-year-old house. We had resanded and refinished the wide pine floorboards, removed and added walls, installed and varnished heavy antique barn beams, and recently repainted walls and woodwork. Although we were reasonably conscientious about not leaving paint-soiled rags around, perhaps we had been careless and over-looked some.

Or could it be the wiring? Faulty wiring was another major cause of household fires, I knew. The house was old — it had been built at the end of the Civil War. The wiring was also old. How much of it had been replaced? I didn't know.

Suddenly feeling silly I reminded myself that the Ouija board was only a game, certainly nothing to take seriously. Still, unable to contain my curiosity, I said, "Ask what the cause of the fire will be."

The answer was quick and to the point: "Oil."

At that I relaxed and smiled. Most New England houses are heated by an oil-burning furnace as our house had been when we purchased it. But when our first major New England blizzard prevented the oil trucks from making their scheduled rounds, my California-born husband decided to switch to natural gas. A month after we had moved in, we replaced the oil burner with a gas furnace.

So that, I thought, was that. No more worries about a flaming house.

"We don't have to worry," I said happily to my husband. "Since we've switched to gas, we don't have any oil in the cellar, do we?"

"Yes, we do," Roland replied. "The old tank is still down there with about 100 gallons of oil left in it."

We exchanged glances. "Better check on it," I said. He went down into the cellar for a few minutes.

"I've shut the furnace off," he said when he returned. "There's a puddle of oil collecting on the floor under it. When the gas company changed the burner they disconnected the copper tube which runs under the cellar floor and transfers the oil from the tank to the burner. Evidently they shut off the valve at the oil tank and crimped the end of the tubing back a few inches. The valve is old and will no longer shut completely off. Oil is leaking through the tube, which is badly corroded, and it's dripping out a few inches from the burner.

"Eventually the end of the tube will corrode through and oil will pour from the tank to the burner of the furnace. If the oil should catch fire the ensuing heat could cause an explosion of the gases in the half-full oil tank. Even

without an explosion there's enough oil to start a really devastating fire.

"All in all, it's a dangerous situation and I'm glad it's been brought to our attention."

I regarded the Ouija board with something akin to awe. How could it have known?

"I've moved the tubing so that it no longer points right into the burner," Roland said. "Now I'd better clean up the spilled oil. Tomorrow I'll call the oil company and have them come and pump the remaining oil from the tank and haul away the tank itself. That should eliminate the danger completely."

When we checked with "Ouija" it agreed.

I once heard a Hindu swami say that a successful prophecy is one that doesn't come true. By that he meant that foreknowledge of an undesirable event should enable one to change the circumstances leading to the event and thus prevent its happening.

In our opinion the information the Ouija board gave us that April afternoon was an example of a completely successful prophecy. The danger of fire was certainly present and growing daily. None of us had been in that room of the cellar recently, nor were we likely to be unless the furnace malfunctioned. Probably none of us would have discovered the leaking oil until it was too late.

There is of course no way to verify the two-week time limit the Ouija board suggested, but in view of the fact that "Ouija" almost certainly saved our house and possibly our lives as well, we think it would be ill-mannered to quibble about the matter.

Marcello Truzzi Talks About . . .

THE CRUSADE AGAINST THE PARANORMAL

PART 1

Fearing that interest in psychic phenomena heralds a new age of irrationality, a group of Humanist scholars marshal forces to save civilization — and woe to those who get in their way.

By Jerome Clark and J. Gordon Melton

MARCELLO TRUZZI, who heads the Department of Sociology at Eastern Michigan University, has long been interested in paranormal claims. Neither a fervent believer nor a hostile critic, he occupies a middle position as an open-minded skeptic who seeks to facilitate rational discourse between the two camps. His highly regarded journal *Zetetic Scholar* examines astrology, catastrophism, parapsychology, ufology and other protosciences (as Truzzi likes to call them) and provides a forum for conflicting views on these questions.

In 1976 Truzzi helped form the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal and for a time served as cochairman with Dr. Paul Kurtz, professor of philosophy at the State University of New York at Buffalo, and as editor of the Committee's periodical *The Zetetic* (since retitled *Skeptical Inquirer*). But the following year, after a much pub-

licized dispute concerning the direction the organization was taking, Truzzi withdrew from the Committee.

A member of a prominent European circus family, Truzzi was born in Copenhagen, Denmark, on September 6, 1935. He became an American citizen in 1961. He holds a Ph. D. from Cornell University and has published widely in professional journals dealing with sociology, psychology, anthropology, folklore and popular culture. The editor of several sociological textbooks, he has taught at the University of South Florida, Cornell University, the University of Michigan, New College and of course Eastern Michigan University. He is married and has two children.

We interviewed Dr. Truzzi at his Ann Arbor, Mich., home on the evening of December 14, 1978.

* * *

Jerome Clark: Do you agree with those persons who claim that the

growing public interest in paranormal claims is a sign we are entering a new era of irrationality?

Marcello Truzzi: No. I do not see the so-called occult revival as a throwback to supernatural medievalism, an explosion of irrationality or an assault on science, as various critics have called it. I see most paranormal claims as *protoscientific*, not antiscientific, because I think most of them aspire to be scientific.

Clark: Many critics say that interest in UFOs, ESP and other such controversial phenomena — whatever its scientific pretensions — is in fact based in mysticism. This is not your view?

Truzzi: Certainly some people see things in mystical terms but it is not true that everyone interested in unorthodox claims does. For example, there are protoscientific groups which aspire to a truly scientific approach to UFOs. They make statements that are amenable to investigation and justification just like any scientific statement. I think Allen Hynek's Center for UFO Studies is one of the groups that represent such an approach.

At the other end of the spectrum are people who wait on mountaintops for angels of the Lord. This represents of course a mystical response to the idea of UFOs. A man like Hynek has nothing to do with the latter and the latter, I'm sure, has nothing to do with Hynek.

This basic problem exists in other areas as well. For example, some people who call themselves parapsychologists are not doing any serious scientific research. They just like the label: to them it means somebody interested in strange things. Since there are no

degrees, anybody can claim the name; for this reason some of the real parapsychologists, the people who belong to the Parapsychological Association, don't want to call themselves parapsychologists any longer. They're tired of being confused with hacks and charlatans.

In astrology Michel Gauquelin's protoscientific claims of cosmobiological correlation are entirely different from those of persons who say that Mars, the red planet, symbolizes blood and its presence in the chart means the individual is pugnacious.

J. Gordon Melton: If we are to believe its organizers, the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal came into being to combat a "rising tide of irrationality." Was that the real reason the Committee was formed?

Truzzi: That was part of the reason. The difficulty is that the origins of the Committee are shrouded in confusion. Paul Kurtz, then editor of *The Humanist* magazine, had issued a manifesto against astrology and persuaded 186 scientists and academics, all claiming to be experts in the area, to sign it. The manifesto stated that astrology has no scientific basis and asserted — falsely — that there is no scientific research that supports astrology.

There was enormous media response to the manifesto, enough to suggest to Kurtz and some of his colleagues that they should form an organization to deal with what they saw as an explosion of irrational, anti-scientific beliefs. Consequently Kurtz contacted a large number of people, one of whom happened to be me.

Earlier I had told him that for the last year Martin Gardner, The Amazing Randi, Ray Hyman and I had discussed forming something to be called Resources for the Scientific Evaluation of the Paranormal, more to evaluate claims than to investigate them. We thought of expanding my newsletter *The Zetetic*, which dealt with academic research into the occult, into something that would provide resource material for teachers and other persons who really don't know what the facts are. I do not mean just negative facts. I mean *all* the facts: historical, sociological, psychological and so on. But of course most of the facts would be negative since we started with the assumption — shared, I think, by thoughtful proponents of the paranormal — that 90 percent of the occult explosion is intellectual and scientific garbage. We thought it important that people be given valid information from which they could make their own judgments.

Anyway, when I told Paul about this, he asked me for back copies of *The Zetetic*, which he'd never heard of. Then the next thing I knew, he asked me if I would cochair the committee and edit its publication. Apparently he believed my special experience and scholarly interest in this area at that time exceeded his. Otherwise I don't know why he asked me to be co-chairman.

I told him that I had serious reservations about *The Humanist's* antiastrology manifesto — not because I believe in astrology, at least not traditional astrology, but because I felt the kind of authoritarian approach the manifesto exemplified was simply not the way to

deal with the problem. I pointed out that other persons shared my view. Carl Sagan, for example, had written *The Humanist* to explain why he would not sign it.

So I said to Paul that I was concerned that we be not a debunking operation but a truth-seeking operation. Because he was a Humanist philosopher, I was sure he would appreciate my concern on that score. He seemed sympathetic and insisted that *The Humanist* was not the same thing as the Committee, that the magazine merely sponsored the Committee to get it off the ground, that we would soon become separately incorporated, that we would have a diverse membership and so on.

Clark: But at this point the American Humanist Association was sponsoring the Committee?

Truzzi: The AHA at this point was the patron but the sponsorship was merely temporary. We were supposed to separate soon after. As I remarked to Paul, I am not a Humanist because I happen not to believe in the possibility of a truly rational ethic. I also suggested that other people associated with the Committee very likely were not Humanists.

Then as soon as the Committee got started, we faced an immediate problem about membership. Initially I was in favor of having a core of trustworthy scientists in charge of the Committee, predominantly skeptical, not because of abiding disbelief in or dogmatic disdain for the occult but rather because of science's proper skepticism about extraordinary claims.

Clark: In a letter to Theodore Rock-

well, one of the Committee's earliest and most articulate critics, Committee Fellow Dennis Rawlins said you wanted to bring in "proponents of the esoteric" — your words, he says — on the grounds that their money is as good as anybody else's.

Truzzi: Dennis keeps insisting that's what I said. I may have said *something* like that but not in quite the way Dennis puts it.

What I originally proposed was that we have a broad spectrum of persons involved with the Committee. A number of the people involved with my newsletter were individuals whom I considered highly responsible believers. I had the greatest respect for them even when I disagreed with them. I wanted them because they were tremendous repositories of useful information. Gordon Melton is a good example.

Furthermore, as I kept pointing out to the most skeptical Committee members, just because a person believes in X, this does not mean he is not skeptical about Y and Z. In fact, I often find that you get some of the best debunking stuff from people who are believers but who dislike somebody else in the discipline. The best way to find out about bad witches is to talk with other witches. And you find out about bad astrologers by talking with other astrologers. So it seemed ridiculous to screen those people out.

Kurtz and his crowd were concerned, and so was I, that the organization be basically a skeptical scientific organization. I want to emphasize again that by "skeptical" I do not mean denying. That's an important distinction; unfortunately it got lost.

Dogmatic denial and skepticism are not the same. Most parapsychologists I know call themselves skeptical.

I wanted a variety of members so that we could avoid some possible problems. I thought that we should have — and I suggested the term — Fellows. They would be the people in control, in the sense that they would be responsible for the money, the by-laws, the journal and so on.

I suggested that we have members as well, people who would not vote or participate directly in decision-making but who might be given certain special privileges. We left that open. They would be people with credentials, with experience in the field, but about whose ethical purity we might disagree. Some of them were making a living from these claims and it was difficult to know their motives. But we had to recognize that these people were specialists; it would be ridiculous to pretend they didn't know anything.

I also suggested there be associate members, basically interested laymen.

I wanted the biggest base possible. I did say to Dennis that if we were to have any real impact and were to sustain this thing — we knew that even the *Journal of Parapsychology* and the *ASPR Journal* each have only a couple of thousand subscribers — we could hardly expect to influence the media if we couldn't get everybody interested in these topics to read our journal. Therefore it seemed economically sensible to allow everybody who would respect the Committee's control to identify in some way with the organization.

Melton: But obviously the Committee

decided against that approach.

Truzzi: Well, at this stage the bylaws hadn't even been drafted. We announced the formation of the Committee at a seminar on pseudoscience Paul was holding at a *Humanist* conference in Buffalo, N. Y. Then two months later, when we met in New York City, the executive council — composed of about eight persons — voted against my proposal. Martin Gardner, Dennis Rawlins and Randi in particular took a hard line against it, arguing that the pro paranormal people would cause more trouble than they were worth.

I was disappointed but I accepted the decision. I did take comfort from the fact that we were soon to separate from *The Humanist*. I also had played a significant role in the writing of the Committee goals and as far as I was concerned the goals were something I could live with. So when I was told to start on the first issue of the journal I used these goals, which I believed represented the Committee's true intentions, as my guideline.

Well, the trouble started with the first issue of *The Zetetic*, as we were calling the journal. I had asked Ron Westrum, a colleague of mine at Eastern Michigan University, to write an article in response to the antiastrology manifesto. I knew he had negative feelings about it, as I did. I sent a typeset copy of his article for Paul to see. When I got no response I assumed everything was okay.

I thought Ron's piece was important because it showed we were self-critical. Since the Committee had already come under some attack and I'd been busily trying to reassure people I knew and respected that the magazine

should be judged on its own merits, it seemed to me essential, from a psychological point of view, that the article be the first one in the journal.

Then six weeks later, just before the journal was to come out, I got a frantic call from Paul, who apparently had just read Westrum's article. He was upset because *The Humanist* was helping to launch *The Zetetic* and here the very first article in the very first issue attacks a *Humanist* project. Paul said it was a case of biting the hand that feeds you and I had to agree.

To his credit Paul did not urge me to delete the article. He did insist, however, that he be allowed to reply to it and that it be published farther back in the issue. And so that's the way we did it.

I think that from that point on the differences between Paul and me became more evident because it was clear I differed with him on something of consequence. Maybe I was suspected of being some sort of closet occultist. In their view I was too "reasonable" in my approach to esoteric claims.

When it came time to do the second issue I felt sure everyone would be pleased. I thought the tone of the journal was obviously skeptical, not only in my meaning but in Paul's as well.

So in August 1977, when we got together for our press conference in New York City to present the second issue to the public, I assumed everybody would be relieved to see I was not a secret occultist, that I was trying to be fair.

But to my surprise, when the executive council of the Committee met, there were a number of problems, the

first of which concerned my cochairmanship. As cochairman I was unhappy because at this same conference Paul had issued some press releases about the rise of irrationality and pseudoscience. It was in the tone of the *Humanist* attacks but this time it was presented in the name of the Committee. He hadn't cleared this with me and he knew I disagreed with him. Not only did I disagree with him privately but I disagreed with him in my past writings. In fact, several years ago FATE reprinted an article of mine* in which I expressed a point of view directly *opposite* Paul's.

Also much of what was in the press releases was factually, sociologically wrong. You could just as well connect Winston Churchill with the rise of occultism in England as you could connect Hitler with the rise of occultism in Nazi Germany. It is preposterous to claim that occultism leads to fascism; the relationship is not that simple.

So I complained that I could hardly remain cochairman if nobody co-did anything with me. I asked for a vote of confidence and announced I would resign if I did not get one. In response I got some warm, loving comments but no vote of confidence. So I resigned.

The second problem concerned the journal. *Reader's Digest* had just published a positive piece on parapsychology and this had upset them. They were saying, "Look at all the millions and millions of people this is reaching. All we're reaching are a couple thousand people. They're on the newsstands and we're not."

I thought this reaction was a bit

peculiar, although of course I had always known that some of them were very, very hostile to paranormal claims. But I didn't think that was too bad because I still assumed the Committee — and even the executive council — was balanced with more open-minded people on the other side. Yet now they were making a motion to the effect that the journal be changed into a popular magazine which would be, to use their term, "hard-hitting" — that is, more negative, more debunking.

I told them that I did not edit the journal that way. I wanted *The Zetetic* to be a responsible scholarly publication. I wasn't being paid to do this, after all; this was a labor of love. I didn't see much point in doing something I didn't want to do. So I tried to persuade them to produce *two* magazines, one popular, the other scholarly. In other words, if you want to have *Science News*, you've got to have *Science* too.

The majority didn't like my idea and they also didn't like it when I said I wanted nothing to do with an operation oriented toward debunking. I informed them that I would resign as editor if they voted that way. They voted that way and I resigned.

Clark: Do you think they were consciously trying to squeeze you out?

Truzzi: That's a very difficult thing to assess. Even after I resigned as editor and cochairman, I remained on the executive council and was there when a new editor, Kendrick Frazier, was brought in. I had always thought well of Ken; we had had a good relationship when he edited *Science News*. I had — and have — nothing against

* "The Old and Nouveau Witch," February and March 1973 FATE.

him and I think he is the kind of editor they were looking for.

When I resigned the two positions I had held I told the council that I hoped to start a scholarly journal. I thought one was needed; in fact that's one reason I got into the Committee in the first place. Most of the council members told me that sounded like a good idea; they wished me luck and some offered to help. That was nice.

So after I returned home I wrote Paul and asked for the mailing list because I wanted to see if I could persuade some publisher to pick up a scholarly journal. Since the Committee didn't want one, I figured it would be happy to help me out. The project wouldn't cost the Committee anything and presumably a publisher would be delighted to have a journal with 2000 potential subscribers — the number of people on the Committee mailing list.

Paul sent a ballot to all the executive council — with a covering memo telling them why he thought they should not approve my having the mailing list — because it would be a competitive journal and so on. On top of that, although I was still a member of the executive council, I did not get a copy of that ballot and memo; I heard about them from another member of the executive council. In fact, if I hadn't known better, I probably would have voted against my own pro-

posal because Paul made such a good case without ever allowing me to give my side of the story.

I wrote to Paul and demanded an apology. He did not bother to respond.

So I came to a belated realization: the members of the executive council, not the Fellows, were running the show. As I read the bylaws — really read them for the first time — I saw that the executive council was in power because the executive council put itself there. No one else voted on the bylaws for the executive council except the executive council.

It was all perfectly legal, outlined in the bylaws which I'd had for months and merely scanned because it had never crossed my mind that a well-known Humanistic democratic person such as Paul Kurtz would ever dream of doing things that way. All along I thought they had closed off the membership so that the Fellows could stay in control and it turned out the Fellows didn't even vote on the bylaws; only the executive council voted!

That was it! Because there was nobody except the council to whom I could appeal — and Ray Hyman was the only council member in sympathy with me — I had no choice but to get out, to sever totally my connections with the Committee.

This is Part I of a two-part article.



A BEWITCHING SOLUTION

THE UNITED STATES Office of Technology Assessment has hit upon a novel way to keep weapons-grade nuclear material out of the hands of persons who shouldn't have it. A volume published by the House Foreign Relations Committee on "nuclear diversion controls" includes a chart listing such deterrents as "sanctions, political pressure, curses, spells and incantations."

DEATH

SETTLES AN ARGUMENT

Gus told us we were crazy to believe in psychic phenomena and survival after death. We couldn't change his mind — but something did . . .

By Hugh Lynn Cayce

“YOU'RE NUTS, Cayce,” Gus Elias said firmly, “to believe your old man can talk accurately about people at a distance. And you, Sugrue, are just as bad to believe in miracles.”

And that was how Elias concluded our argument that had been going on for over two hours. Students at Washington and Lee University, Gus, Tom Sugrue and I met frequently at the post office in Lexington, Va. This time a chance remark about a letter from my father Edgar Cayce had triggered our discussion concerning psychic phenomena, about which Gus, who prided himself on his agnosticism, was decidedly skeptical. Tom had been drawn into the conflict because of his interest in the miracles of Lourdes, the Catholic shrine in France.

Gus was sharp. It usually took both Sugrue and me to keep him at bay. But on that day he came out ahead. When the argument was over, Tom and I returned to the dormitory to study and Gus went off to a dance at Natural Bridge, a trip which in those days of 1926 took him over many twisting roads.

As I fell asleep that night, our debate with Gus was still raging inside my head. How could I overcome his pigheadedness and persuade him to accept some of the stories of my father's experiences as valid evidence for psychic power?

Suddenly I became conscious — yet I wondered if I were dreaming. I looked down to see my physical body asleep on the narrow bed in my dormitory room but somehow another part

of me was sitting up. It seemed as if my conscious mind were several feet above my body.

I felt a strange exhilarating sense of freedom. By willing myself to move my consciousness I was able instantly to be in any part of the room. I moved to the molding near the ceiling and examined at close range the dirt that had accumulated there.

Remembering something I had read somewhere that said one could enter the physical body only through one of the holes in it, I tried to get my consciousness back into my sleeping form. It was easy and I didn't have to use any of the holes. I could slide in and out at will, even come up and into the body through the very solid mattress.

At that point the room began to fill with a kind of cloud. While my physical body slept and even snored, my consciousness moved to the middle of the floor. The cloud moved down on me. Without warning I heard Gus' voice exclaiming, "Cayce, come up

here! This is terrific! I gotta show you."

Then a hand — I assumed it was Gus' — extended from the cloud. I tried to move up to follow it as it was withdrawn. But as my consciousness touched the cloud, I became frightened and snapped back into my body.

Now all of me — mind and body — sat up in bed. What kind of crazy dream was that? I turned on the light and noted it was just after 2:00 A.M.

While I sat there pondering the bizarre events of the past few minutes, someone pounded on the door. I got up to answer, and a friend of Gus' who lived on our floor told me, "Cayce, you may want to go over to the hospital. They're bringing Gus' body in. He was killed at 12 o'clock in an automobile accident."

Through the years the memory of this strange experience remains with me. Had I indeed left my body? Had Gus changed his mind about survival of bodily death? And did he come to tell me?



MAN AND THE MOON

PROF. RALPH Morris, a University of Illinois pharmacology professor, says that doctors should make a point of checking many of their patients when the moon is full. He claims that recent studies show that many types of medical crises occur during the full moon phases.

One survey of 88 heart patients found that 64 percent of them reported that their angina attacks almost always occurred during or immediately after the full moon. Another study on rats discovered a

certain heart drug was much more toxic, sometimes even fatal, when administered during the full moon.

Morris points out that police and fire departments have noticed for years that murder, rape and arson rates increase sharply when the moon is full and other strange human behavior correlates with the phases of the moon.

He adds, "We don't want to scare anyone or make them afraid to go outside during a full moon but it is something to consider."

The development of psychic powers enriches your life in many ways but best of all, it enables you to teach others to help themselves.

WHAT SEEING THE FUTURE MEANS TO ME

By Carol Parks

MY BIRTH in January 1935 was not a joyous occasion for my family because it represented the fulfillment of a two-fold prophecy which had been made five years before by a woman who was reported to have "second sight."

My brother was barely a month old in February 1930 when Mrs. Potts came to visit. While chatting with her my mother remarked that the baby, my brother, would be her last since she had just recently recovered from tuberculosis. Mrs. Potts seemed to withdraw into her own inner thoughts, then slowly focused her eyes on Mother and said, "No, the baby will not be your last. You will have another baby in five years and it will be a girl."

Mother laughed and shaking

her head said that was out of the question.

But Mrs. Potts continued, "When the girl is only six you will succumb to an illness from which you will not recover."

My father overheard this statement and grew so angry that he asked Mrs. Potts to leave. But Mother was confident of her own strong constitution and dismissed the prophecies without a second thought. As the years passed if Mrs. Potts' name was mentioned at all it was only to remember that she was a bit eccentric.

My birth came as a pleasant surprise, my mother said. And the timing, she assured Father, was only coincidence. She lavished the same abundant love upon me that she had provided

for her other two children.

During my early years Mother grew plump and rosy-cheeked. She was filled with youthful vitality and enthusiasm for life. Our house rang with her laughter and our hearts were filled with her joy. Mother had many friends and our home constantly was filled with company.

Mother looked and felt wonderful and no one, not even the doctor, was prepared for what turned up on a routine X-ray. Her TB had become active again and she was forced to return to the Glendale Sanatorium in Maryland.

I was five years old at the time and three months later, in May 1941 when I just had passed my sixth birthday, Mother died. Naturally, our family grieved terribly but I didn't, because I sensed she was still with us.

I tried to explain this to my father but after a few futile attempts I gave it up. He insisted she was buried in the cemetery, while I felt confident she was right with us, watching over us.

There was always a protective force around me and on several occasions I was literally snatched out of the jaws of death. Some people would say it was just luck but I think it was much more than that.

One morning in the spring of 1943 when we lived in Washing-

ton, D.C., and I was only eight I was rushing to school because I had gotten up late. I stepped off the curb and was about to cross the street when suddenly I turned and darted back onto the curb. Just then a truck rounded the curve out of control and smashed into the lamp post. I was terrified but completely safe.

The driver of another vehicle who had been waiting at the stop sign witnessed the whole sequence. Leaping from his car he rushed up to me. "Are you all right, child?" he asked. I felt stunned and could only nod. "You don't know what a miracle it is that you moved back the way you did!" he continued, patting me on the head. "If you had continued across the street you would have been crushed by that truck!"

I have no idea why I darted back, particularly when I was so intent on getting to school on time.

About a year later my life was saved again by someone who cared. It was the summer of 1944 and we were visiting friends on a farm near Bealeton, Va. I decided to take a walk down a long winding dusty road, led on by a child's inquisitiveness and eager desire to explore the countryside. I had walked a mile or more, crossing and recrossing a

IN HELPING my friends develop their psychic powers I recommend regular periods of quiet meditation. I encourage them to be open to the silent voice that speaks inwardly, to pray for guidance and then to trust that it will come. I also encourage them to experiment with psychometry.

I always suggest they start with this experiment: have someone write the name of a living person on one small sheet of paper and the name of a deceased person on an identical sheet of paper. The developing psychic then holds one in each hand and concentrates.

Before long, almost always, a difference in the feeling between the two papers will be picked up. It is up to the sitter to determine which paper contains the name of the living person and which the name of the deceased person. I have found this works 98 percent of the time. Often the person trying the experiment will say, "Oh, I misinterpreted the sensations. . . . Please let me try again!"

I believe every one of us has psychic powers but they have been buried under years of education. The unearthing process is up to us as individuals. With the will and the determination we can reclaim our natural inheritance. — *Carol Parks.*

stream, when I arrived at an old wooden gate. I could see that the road continued beyond the gate so I started to climb over. Suddenly, I felt as if I were shoved and I toppled over backwards into the dirt. I sat in the road a second gathering my bearings and only then did I become aware of a brisk rattling sound above me. Looking up I saw a huge rattlesnake coiled for action on the gatepost. His tail was fanning the air wildly. Apparently he had been dozing in the late afternoon sun and I startled him as much as he startled me. He was coiled on the exact spot where I would have thrown my leg across the fence.

I scrambled to my feet and started back toward the farm-

house. En route I met my father and our friend. They were frantic. When they missed me they had set out to follow my footprints in the dust on the road. My father said that when they crossed the stream they saw two poisonous water moccasins and one rattler. I didn't mention my own experience because Father was angry enough, but I have never forgotten it.

The years passed slowly and when I was 13 my father remarried. My brother joined the army and was stationed in Europe; my older sister married and moved away. My teen years were very lonely so I fantasized a "dream love." It was amazingly easy and the picture I saw was very vivid: an exceptionally

handsome man, above average in height, slim, well built, with beautiful blue eyes and dark brown hair. I named him David.

Whenever I felt lonely or blue I'd go to my room and whisper his name. Immediately I would feel his presence and he would console me with kind understanding words. I pretended that we were to marry someday, would raise a family and live happily ever after. By the time I was 16 my "dream love" was as real to me as any other member of my family. I started dating then and I had a lot of boyfriends but no one was like David!

When I was graduated from high school in Arlington, Va., I returned to Washington, D. C. to attend college. I lived at a YWCA and had very little time for a social life because I was under a lot of pressure to keep my grades up. But one Friday in January 1954 my roommate insisted that I go with her to a USO dance. I danced several times, was rather bored and preparing to leave when someone tapped me on the shoulder.

I turned to see a familiar face looking down at me. I couldn't believe it! I thought I had imagined him! This carbon copy of my "dream love" invited me to dance. I could hardly bring myself to ask him his name al-

though I knew it had to be David. And it was!

He took me home to the Y that night where he shook my hand and bid me a pleasant good night, saying he hoped to see me again sometime. I was heartbroken that he had not asked me for another date.

I spent a restless night, feeling I had found and lost him all in one evening. Finally, I fell into a fitful sleep only to be waked by the telephone at 7:00 A.M. Groping for the receiver I wondered who could be calling so early. It was David! He was downstairs in the lobby and wanted to know if I wanted to go on a hike!

This was the beginning of a whirlwind courtship, for we were married four months later, in April. Thinking back on what at one time I thought was a youthful fantasy I now believe it was a glimpse of the future, provided for me when I needed it most.

Shortly after we were married David received his discharge from the service and we moved to St. Helena, Calif. A year later our first child, Laura, was born. She was beautiful and we adored her but I felt a certain uneasiness I couldn't explain. Every night I kept her bassinet close beside my bed and always woke several times during each night to touch her, to make sure she

still was perfectly all right.

One beautiful spring day when she was two and a half months old I fed her, burped her and propped her up in her crib while I went to take a shower. Before getting into the shower, for no reason at all, I walked back into the baby's room. When my eyes fell on her I could not believe what I saw. She had changed from rosy pink to a deep purple-black. Her tiny eyes bulged in her face; her tongue protruded from her mouth. In terror I grabbed her up. Her body was rigid. I shook her; I pounded her on the back. Then I thrust my finger down her throat but could feel nothing. I turned her upside down and shook her some more. Still there was no change in her condition. Desperately I sensed time was running out but we lived in the country, with no telephone and our closest neighbor a quarter of a mile away. Nevertheless, in a panic I rushed toward the door with Laura. But suddenly, something stopped me. I turned and walked over to the dining room table. There I lifted the baby up over my head and dropped her on her back onto the table.

The sharp impact dislodged whatever was in her throat. She immediately sucked in her first precious breath and then lay gasping. Gradually her pink

color returned and she broke into loud frightened crying. She bawled at the top of her lungs, beat the air with her tiny fists and kicked wildly. It was a beautiful sight to see.

I gathered her up in my arms and walked over to the sofa where we both cried together. I knew then, as I know now, that I must be forever grateful to that special "someone" who led me back into the baby's room at that precise moment.

When our daughter was two years old our son Vince was born. We were thrilled with our family but decided that if we were to have any more children it should not be for several years.

But when Vince was only five months old I dreamt I gave birth to identical twin boys. The dream was so real that when I awoke I fully expected to see the twins. During breakfast I told David about the dream and we chuckled over it. Two small youngsters were a handful; twins on top of that would be impossible! Besides, we assured ourselves, there were no twins in either family so we had nothing to worry about.

Two months later I discovered I was pregnant. I reminded David of my dream and he said, "I am sure the doctor can tell if it's twins." On each visit the doctor insisted I was carrying only

one baby. During my fifth month I again dreamt of twin boys — sitting in highchairs at our table. Still, it was only a dream, perhaps fostered by a wish, the doctor said.

Nevertheless, in January 1959 I gave birth to identical twin boys. I alone was not surprised. I had purchased two of everything!

Keeping up with four active youngsters was not easy, even though I always felt I was receiving extra help from an unseen source. And the day came when my invisible helper again would have to take control to avert disaster.

It was a Saturday in June 1961 and on Saturdays I left the children at home with their father while I shopped for groceries, household items, etc. On this particular Saturday I had planned to treat myself to lunch and maybe a matinee. However, I had not been in town for more than an hour when I was seized with the conviction that I had to return home. I racked my brain for a logical explanation while I found myself leaving the store, getting into my car and driving at top speed toward home.

We lived 10 miles from Napa, Calif., which seemed like a long way to go on a wild goose chase but I had no control of the situation. The car sped along the narrow winding road as if it were

under automatic control and as it swooped over the last rise I saw our three toddlers wading waist deep in our neighbor's lake. I knew that at the exact spot where they were standing was a 40-foot plunge. And not one of them could swim!

Thank God, on seeing their mommie's car they ran from the water, waving gleefully, innocent of the hideous fate they were escaping.

When I entered the house with the boys David was shocked to see us. He had thought the boys were still in the yard playing.

After this experience I began to explore books on psychic phenomena. After reading a book on precognitive dreams in September 1962 I decided to follow the directions in the book. I swiftly fell asleep and dreamt I was standing on the edge of a two-lane road. It was dark but I could see the building across the road clearly. There appeared to be a party in progress there and in a moment an older woman emerged carrying what appeared to be dishes. As she descended the steps, apparently preoccupied with her thoughts, she was oblivious to the oncoming headlights. I screamed to warn her and the name I called her was Rhinebold. But it was too late! She walked right into the path of the car which tossed her

into the air like a rag doll. She fell on the embankment across the road. I knew she was not dead but that she would die within two hours.

I woke up in a cold sweat, shaking all over and feeling sick at my stomach. It was 11:30 by the bedside clock. I was sure it was nothing more than a nightmare but I wrote it all down on a paper I had set out — the time, the place and the name Rhinebold.

Next day I recounted the incident to my husband and showed him my notes. We agreed that it was something I shouldn't fool around with, that even if it had happened as I had seen it, it could have taken place in another town or state. How could I alert anyone?

But on the following Monday night our local newspaper carried the whole story just as I had witnessed it, except the name was not the same. Our local paper customarily placed all the local accidents in the same column and as I read on down I saw that a young man, returning from Lake Berryssa at about the same time, apparently had fallen asleep behind the wheel of his car but, he claimed, he had heard someone call his name and had waked just in time to swerve his car back from a steep half-mile-deep embank-

ment. He had then hit a tree but was unhurt. His name was Rhinebold!

I do not understand any of what had happened. Why was I able to warn the young man and not the older woman? Why one and not the other?

As the months and years have passed I have experimented in other areas of psychic phenomena and am fortunate to have discovered I have a small amount of talent in each area. I feel everyone has these latent abilities and that they can be developed.

When my friends learned I sometimes can foresee the future and solve current problems through psychic means they came to visit me in carloads. I have enjoyed helping people whenever I can. I consider my gifts sacred and never would consider taking money.

Eventually, however, I came to realize that solving people's simple everyday problems through psychic means does not help them. They relied too heavily on me, not using any of their own resources. In short, it was stifling their growth as well as draining me. So more and more I refused to do it for them; instead I encouraged them to develop their own powers. Some did so with great success; others found someone else to act as in-

termediary between the psychic and the physical worlds.

One case I felt particularly good about concerned a woman I never had met before. She came to my home in November 1968 with a friend of mine. She was very worried about a personal problem. She wrote her question on a slip of paper which I held in my hand while I concentrated. I received no mental pictures but the paper itself came alive in my hand. It wiggled, squirmed and throbbed so I actually had difficulty hanging onto it.

I told the woman exactly what I was feeling. She wept as she told me her only daughter was expecting her third child. Two previous babies had been still-born and the question was, "Will the baby be born alive?" I felt the answer was obvious and assured her everything would turn out fine.

Four months later I received a phone call from this woman at seven o'clock in the morning. She wanted to tell me the baby had just arrived, that he was fine and the doctor had said he was so active he almost slipped out of his hands!

On another occasion in December 1968 I was able to turn a sworn skeptic into an avid believer in ESP. Donald W. was a friend of my husband's who

laughed at my supposed abilities. Finally he decided to test me and wrote something on a piece of paper. Holding it I told him the question concerned the birth of a baby. He grinned and said, "Good guess!" I told him the baby would be a boy and that in two years it would be followed by a little sister.

He threw back his head and laughed heartily. He said the question was about his old maid sister who had married only a few months before and much to her surprise, just had learned she was pregnant. The shock was almost too much for her and her 50-year-old husband and another baby in two years was out of the question.

Nevertheless, the first child, a boy born in May 1969, was followed two years later, in August 1971, by a sister. Donald W. now talks of nothing but ESP when he comes to visit and even is working at developing himself along these lines.

I cannot honestly say I am always correct in my interpretations. Too often I attempt to employ logic and the two do not go together. When the rational mind steps in the psychic voice fades out. An example of this is an incident in which I failed to help a friend because I used logic.

In June 1969 the woman, whom I thought I knew fairly well, asked

me to read for her. She wrote her name on a piece of paper and held it. The experience which followed was a strange one. I began to feel dizzy and mentally confused. I actually felt I was losing touch with reality, slipping further and further into a black bottomless void.

Instead of telling her what I sensed I attempted to evaluate it and finally decided she must be coming down with the flu. I cautioned her to take care of her physical health. She smiled and said she never had felt better.

Less than a month later she had a complete mental breakdown and had to be hospitalized. She was diagnosed as schizophrenic. Looking back I wish I had told her what I picked up and urged her to see a therapist.

Another friend, with whom I met once a week to discuss books on psychic phenomena, has proved life after death to me.

Ollie was much older than I and the question of survival was foremost in her mind. I could tell her only that I was convinced my mother was always with me and on numerous occasions had warned me of danger. Ollie wanted proof but I could not provide it.

I saw Ollie for the last time on a June morning. She was anxious about something and wanted me to give her a reading. I

stuck to my decision to give no more readings but now, looking back, I wonder if I could have foreseen the future events and prevented them.

About three weeks later when we were en route home from a two-week vacation but still about 70 miles from home, I received the message that someone I cared about had been killed in an automobile accident. I told David what I had picked up. He could see I was alarmed and reassured me in his gentle way. But the message grew stronger and the information more detailed — a friend had been killed in an automobile accident and the news had been in our local paper but I had not seen it because we had been away.

Just outside of town a new cemetery had been opened and there were not more than a couple of graves in it. As we drove past the voice said, "She is buried there."

I arrived home feeling depressed. I sat down at the telephone and for some reason, felt I needed to call Ollie.

Her husband answered the telephone. I asked for Ollie and he told me the entire story I had picked up shortly before. Ollie had been killed on July 23, 1968.

Why didn't I pick up her name or the picture of her face? I do not know unless she no longer

identifies herself with either.

For there is no doubt in my mind that Ollie contacted me. I was the only person with whom she discussed ESP and I was the one person with whom she shared her doubts whether life

continued after death.

I am eternally grateful to my dear Ollie who thought she had no psychic ability and yet took the time to come back and tell me that physical death is not the end.



BELATED REUNION

YOUNG WILFRED Grayson was only 10 years old and his sister Connie four when the English youngsters were separated during World War I. Each believed the other had died and so for 55 years they made no attempt to find one another, reports United Press International.

In August 1975 Grayson was in the post office in Rotherham, England, when he overheard a

woman customer discussing a pension payment in his sister's name. He went and called at the address the woman gave him. "Even after all these years," he said, "we recognized each other straightaway."

Wilfred and Connie were startled to discover that for decades they have lived on adjoining streets, "I still can't believe it," Wilfred remarked. "I can see her flat from my house."



A PERFECT MATCH

By Gloria Doan

IN 1948 I went to a rummage sale sponsored by the United Presbyterian Church of Weed, Calif. There I found and purchased a beautiful pair of earrings shaped like pansies. They were so real in form and color you could almost smell them. I wore them for years and received many compliments on them.

Almost 20 years later I was

visiting another rummage sale, this time at the Oak Park United Methodist Church in Sacramento, Calif., where to my amazement I discovered and purchased a pin that perfectly matched my pansy earrings. They are identical and I am sure they must have been a set. I can only marvel at my finding the matching pieces 20 years and 250 miles apart.





HANDPRINT ON THE JAILHOUSE WALL

"This handprint will remain here for all time as proof of my innocence!" he vowed as he was led to the gallows.

By **Barrie E. Schlenker**

IN 1968 Paramount Pictures of Hollywood moved into the small northeastern Pennsylvania town of Jim Thorpe. Along with the cameras, lights and crews came noted actor Richard Harris who was to play the lead role of a Pinkerton detective named James McParlen in the film *The Mollie Maguires*. The movie was based on actual historical events. But the strangest episode in the history of the Mollies did not appear in the Hollywood production — yet the story proves once again that truth is stranger than fiction.

I arrived in Jim Thorpe on the afternoon of February 21, 1978. As I stood in front of the old courthouse and gazed up at the mountains surrounding

the town, I felt as if time had stopped and preserved the village in all its pre-Victorian splendor. The streets of Jim Thorpe (once known as Mauch Chunk before being renamed in honor of the famous Indian athlete now buried there) have changed little since the time of the original Mollie Maguires.

A short walk from the courthouse to the Carbon County prison brought me to my scheduled meeting with Sheriff Peter Hoherchak. As it turned out the sheriff had been called out on duty for the afternoon and left word of my arrival with Warden Mike Lazar and Correctional Officer Ferdinand Herman. These two men told me the details of the bizarre story.

In June 1877 four men were hanged

inside the jail. Edward Kelly, Michael Doyle, "Yellow Jack" Donohue and Alexander Campbell were members of a secret society of Irish coal miners known as the Mollie Maguires. They took their name from a mid-19th Century secret society whose members often dressed in women's garb in order to ambush their rent collectors.

The American-based Mollie Maguires used terror and violence to combat the oppression of their English and Welsh foremen. The average daily wage for hazardous work in a coal mine amounted to about 50 cents. The power of the Mollies was at its peak in the 1870's, during which they are supposed to have murdered about 150 persons and incited the mining communities to periodic mob violence. The Mollies were the first labor organization to strike against the mining companies. Although the strikes proved unsuccessful, the Mollie Maguires laid the groundwork for what would eventually become the United Mine Workers of America.

There was so much violence that finally the mine owners, hired the Pinkerton Detective Agency which dispatched undercover agent James McParlen to the anthracite region. McParlen managed to infiltrate the Mollies and later testified at trials in Carbon and Schuylkill Counties. His testimony sent a dozen members of the Mollie Maguires to the gallows.

In 1871 "Yellow Jack" Donohue was convicted of the murder of Morgan Powell, foreman of the Lehigh Coal and Navigation Company. The other three men, Campbell, Doyle and Kelly, were judged guilty of killing John P. Jones, another mine foreman.

As the story goes, Donohue, Doyle and Kelly went to their deaths showing no remorse. Only Campbell protested his innocence. As his executioners dragged him from his first-floor cell, number 17, Campbell rubbed his left hand in the dust on the floor and pressed his palm against the plaster wall.

"This handprint will remain here for all time as proof of my innocence!" he cried. He shouted his vow over and over again as he was led struggling toward the hangman's noose.

Campbell dropped two feet six inches through the trapdoor and took 14 minutes to die. After the county coroner pronounced him dead, his body was cut down and removed for burial.

The years passed but the print of Alexander Campbell's hand remained as if declaring, "Not guilty!"

In 1930 a Pennsylvania Dutchman named Robert L. Bowman was elected sheriff of Carbon County. Determined to put an end to the so-called miracle in cell 17, he brought in a work crew on December 15, 1931, and had the section of the plaster wall containing the handprint torn out. The crew then put in a new wall of fresh plaster.

Confident that the print had been obliterated for good, Sheriff Bowman entered cell 17 the next morning to inspect the work. He was appalled to find that he could see a faint outline of a hand in the still moist fresh plaster. By evening a black palm print was clearly visible on the cell wall!

In 1960 the rumor spread that Sheriff Charles Neast had covered the shadow hand with dark green paint, only to find that within a short period

of time the handprint reemerged.

When I contacted him, ex-Sheriff Neast, who still lives in Jim Thorpe, told me that the story isn't true. But he did attest to the continued existence of the palm print during his tenure in office. He said the cell was kept locked and opened only to allow visitors to inspect the handprint.

Sheriff Neast, who was in office during the time *The Mollie Maguires* was being filmed, showed me a series of still photographs which an advance photographer for Paramount took of the interior of the prison. Among them is a close-up of the handprint.

Now again in 1978 the old prison was being repainted. A week before I arrived in Jim Thorpe, a painter, who was hired under a government man-

power program and who wishes to remain anonymous, sneaked into the cell when prison officials weren't looking. Curious to test the old story for himself, he painted over the handprint with light green oil-based paint, then stood back to watch. A few minutes later the handprint reappeared on top of the fresh paint!

The jail is still being used to house prisoners but the cell which contains the handprint is always left empty. The heavy steel door is opened only for the benefit of tourists.

"People come from all over to see the handprint," Officer Herman says.

Whatever the power that keeps the handprint on the prison wall, its purpose seems clear: to testify to the innocence of a condemned man.



ASTROLOGY ON TRIAL

By Lina Accurso

EVANGELINE Adams, a direct descendant of two presidents of the United States (John Adams and John Quincy Adams), was the first astrologer to win respect for astrology in America. She did this by continually proving the stars' accuracy when people tried to challenge or trick her.

In one case a woman gave Miss Adams two birth dates and asked her to forecast the future for the two persons to whom they belonged. The astrologer quickly cast the horoscopes, then looked up. "There's no point in continuing this," she said. "Both of these people drowned when they were children." Her visitor gasped. She had give Miss Adams the birth dates of the

children of famous dancer Isadora Duncan. The two children had drowned in a car that went off a bridge.

On another occasion, Miss Adams and astrology literally went on trial. The state of New York charged her with "fortune-telling" and she charged right back that she could do an accurate reading of any randomly-selected horoscope. Judge John Freschi gave her the date and place of birth of an anonymous person. Right there in the courtroom Miss Adams cast the chart and began to interpret it. When she finished the judge said, "Everything you said is true. That's my son's birthday."

The case was dismissed.

How your Personal Horoscope can bring you wealth, love, success and happiness.



LIBERACE — MAY 16, 1919
8 7 2 5

SUN TAURUS EARTH
MOON SAGITTARIUS FIRE
MERCURY TAURUS EARTH
VENUS CANCER WATER
MARS TAURUS EARTH
JUPITER CANCER WATER
SATURN LEO FIRE
URANUS PISCES GREAT WATER
NEPTUNE PISCES GREAT WATER
PLUTO LEO TALENT FIRE
SUN TAURUS MOON SAGITTARIUS
MR. SHOWMANSHIP

Whether you create or not you have nice taste in a bold sort of way, and you are fond of bright colors and new combinations which you manage to pull together artistically perhaps against all of the established rules of color and design. You are a #3 person and you have lived four other lifetimes. You will be born again in 2063 (1919 + 144 = 2063)

SAMMY DAVIS, JR. — DEC 8, 1925
3 8 8 1 0

SUN SAGITTARIUS FIRE
MOON VIRGO EARTH
MERCURY SAGITTARIUS FIRE
VENUS AQUARIUS AIR
MARS SCORPIO WATER
JUPITER CAPRICORN EARTH
SATURN SCORPIO WATER
URANUS PISCES GREAT WATER
NEPTUNE LEO TALENT FIRE
SUN SAGITTARIUS MOON VIRGO
POSITIVE OR EXECUTIVE GROUP

This is a combination for intellectual power, the capacity to bring generalizations down to details in their relationship with broad concepts. You are a realist without being hardboiled, a romanticist without being impractical. You are a #10 person and you have lived nine other lifetimes. You will be born again in 2069 (1925 + 144 = 2069)

LAUREN BACALL — SEPT 16, 1924
9 7 7 5

SUN VIRGO EARTH
MOON TAURUS EARTH
MERCURY VIRGO EARTH
VENUS LEO FIRE
MARS AQUARIUS AIR
JUPITER SAGITTARIUS FIRE
SATURN SCORPIO WATER
URANUS PISCES GREAT WATER
NEPTUNE LEO TALENT FIRE
SUN VIRGO MOON TAURUS

This is one of the outstanding positions in life. Material problems rarely trouble you, though out of nervousness you may create your own worries. You are a #5 person and you have lived four other lifetimes. You will be born again in 2064 (1924 + 144 = 2068)

ELVIS PRESLEY — JAN 8, 1935
1 8 8 9

SUN CAPRICORN EARTH
MOON PISCES WATER
MERCURY CAPRICORN EARTH
VENUS CAPRICORN EARTH
MARS LIBRA AIR
JUPITER SCORPIO WATER
SATURN AQUARIUS AIR
URANUS ARIES GREAT FIRE
NEPTUNE VIRGO EARTH
SUN CAPRICORN MOON PISCES

Conscious of your own worth, you none the less have true humility of spirit. Intellectually you are profound, broad, intuitive, able to cope with large generalizations better than with details. You are a #9 person and you have lived eight other lifetimes. You will be born again in 2079 (1935 + 144 = 2079)

JOHNNY CASH — FEB 26, 1932
2 8 8 7

SUN PISCES WATER
MOON SCORPIO WATER
MERCURY PISCES WATER
VENUS ARIES FIRE
MARS PISCES WATER
JUPITER LEO FIRE
SATURN CAPRICORN EARTH
URANUS ARIES FIRE
NEPTUNE VIRGO GREAT EARTH
SUN PISCES MOON SCORPIO

Your best talent is professional, artistic or musical, for you need self-expression of a personal sort. You are a #7 person and you have lived six other lifetimes. You will be born again in 2076 (1932 + 144 = 2076)

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BY KARYN MEHRS

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GRANDPA'S LEGACY

By Rogers L. Barnes

ONE COLD night during the winter of 1978-79, one of the coldest Los Angeles has ever been through, our friends Stephen L. Downs and Tracy Martin were visiting us in our San Fernando Valley home. We had settled down over coffee and brownies and somehow the conversation turned to ESP. After a few personal ESP experiences had been related, the wind whistling outside seemed to bring on stories of ghosts and things that go bump in the night.

As the stories continued I found myself becoming more and more silent and withdrawn. My wife Polita's eyes kept asking, "Are you feeling all right?" I smiled at her to indicate that I was fine. In reality I wasn't. The talk of ghosts had jarred a sleeping memory, one I kept hidden deep inside.

Later, when everyone had gone and my wife was sound asleep, I sat alone before the dying fire. My mind drifted back to Coulterville, Ill., the little town where I was born in a great white Victorian house and where I lived until I was 18 years old. During my childhood I had one true friend, Henry L. Barnes, my great-grandfather. He was a tall, robust, handsome man with a gleaming white beard and a thick shock of snowy hair.

I remember the summers best. Every day

Grandpa would drive in from the farm where he lived with my Uncle Amos Curry and his daughter, my Aunt Minnie. I would run into his strong arms and off we would go — fishing, walking in the woods, or gathering berries or hickory nuts. My favorite times of all were the days he would



Rogers L. Barnes

take me to Mr. Perry's General Store where he would buy me a sack of rock candy and himself a pint of whiskey. Returning home we would sit on the cistern while I happily munches and Grandpa happily sipped.

The summer of 1945 was the most wonderful summer of all. World War II was ending and even the start of the school year could not dampen the spirits of an eight-year-old. But that autumn Grandpa fell ill. The grownups wouldn't tell me much about it and discussed his illness in low voices. I didn't know until years later that he was being destroyed by cancer.

I saw him only once during his suffering and that was a brief glimpse through his bedroom door. His great frame was reduced to skin and bones and his once-bright green eyes were lusterless. It was a crushing moment. When I asked to see him I was always told that it was best not to disturb him.

The months dragged on until early one morning, two weeks before Christmas 1946, I had my first encounter with the continuance of the human spirit.

I rolled over in bed and looked toward the window where the chill rays of the winter sun penetrated the drawn shade. I could hear Uncle Amos in the kitchen. He came in once a week with eggs and other produce from the farm. Suddenly there was a movement at the foot of my bed. I rolled onto my back and saw — Grandpa! He was standing with his great arms stretched out, his hands on my bedposts.

"Hi, Grandpa. I'm glad you're feeling better."

He looked better than he ever had and there was a radiance about him that I'll never forget. He walked around to the bedside and knelt, taking my small hand into his large one. With his other hand he tousled my hair. It was the happiest moment I have ever known.

I must have drifted back to sleep because it was much later when I wandered into the kitchen where Mother was busy washing dishes. I plopped down at the table and said, "I knew Grandpa was going to get better. Did he come in with Uncle Amos this morning?"

My mother froze. When she turned to face me I knew what she was about to say.

"Grandpa passed away early this morning."

I didn't wait to hear more. I jumped up and ran to my room. I had seen him. I really had. They would never believe me.

After a while I put on my mackinaw and mittens and went out to the snow-covered cistern where Grandpa and I had whiled away so many summer afternoons. I waited for sadness but it did not come. Instead I had a warm feeling — my grandpa had left me a gift of love. — *Hollywood, Calif.*

LOVE CONQUERS ALL

By Betty Douglass Jansen

IN OUR family some members are thought of in terms of their counterparts in the animal world.

I had two aunts to whom I was very close throughout my life. They lived together in their later years, after the older one retired as a college professor. She was quiet and scholarly and thought of as the wise old owl; she kept late hours and so was also a night owl. Through the years I gave her owls, until she had quite a collection — an orange candle owl, a tan ceramic owl, a brown wooden pin owl with glistering eyes, every kind of owl I could find.

Her younger sister whose husband was dead was just the opposite; she was effervescent, outgoing and sociable. She loved to dress up and to decorate her house with silks and satins of all colors. So, of course, we thought of her as the social butterfly. Through the years I gave her a white sweater appliqued with colorful butterflies, iridescent butterfly scatter pins, stationery decorated with butterflies, etc.



Betty Douglass Jansen

But now no gift could reach her. I had been called by her older sister and told she was not expected to live very long. And although I left immediately, Aunt Anne was in a coma when I arrived; she did not even know I was there. I returned to my home in Pomona, 50 miles away, that same evening since no visit was possible. It was a sad, heartbreaking drive. Once there I packed an overnight bag in readiness for the return for Aunt Anne's funeral which I felt would be soon.

Two days later I went to an all-day Half-Yearly Meeting at the Friends Meeting House in Claremont, Calif., not far from Pomona. Many persons were attending from many other towns and cities. I arrived early at the Meeting House and because I was the host for my group that day I saw that there were not going to be enough seats for everyone indoors. So I took a seat on an outdoor bench; a few others had done the same. I sat enjoying the beautiful garden, but knowing that the meeting was scheduled to begin at 9:30 I kept checking my watch in order to know when to enter into the silent meditation.

My attention was captured by a beautiful butterfly as I sat there waiting. First it lit on a nearby hedge where it sat waving its wings at me; then it fluttered and soared gracefully into the sky. At the same moment I had the strong feeling — almost a message — that all was peaceful, all well.

The meeting continued throughout the day. There was a potluck luncheon and then the smaller groups met in the afternoon, indoors. So it was late in the evening when I returned home.

I found a telegram at my door. It stated that Aunt Anne had passed away that morning at 9:30 A. M. I was and am so grateful that the sender stated the time Anne departed this life — it proved death had not separated us but rather had brought us together. The butterfly messenger had come to me at the Friends Meeting House at the precise moment of Aunt Anne's departure from this life. — *Pomona, Calif.*

IT'S NOT GOOD-BYE

By Richard H. Rosenberg

AUGUST 19, 1946, started off just like any other summer morning. I had turned 14 that June and Dad had bought me



Richard H. Rosenberg

the bike I had hinted for all winter. Dad was that kind of man; even when things were bad he tried his best never to disappoint me.

My parents Samuel and Belle Rosenberg had rented a small house in Atlantic City, N. J., which we shared with my Aunt Theresa and Uncle Willard and their children — my cousins.

It was my father's custom to spend only the weekend with us but on this Monday he decided to close his business for a week and stay with us. So Mother asked me to ride over to the bakery to get some fresh rolls for breakfast. As I was returning to the house I passed a billboard that read, "Dad's getting a Nash."

As I stared at the sign the word "Dad" seemed to be draped in black and I had a sudden terrible feeling that something was wrong. I rushed back to the house and found my cousin Harriet in tears at the foot of the steps. She told me my father had been taken ill and the doctor was with him.

"There is nothing the doctor can do," I answered dully. "He is dead."

At that moment I heard my mother scream and I knew my worst fears were realized. Father died on August 19, 1946.

A few days after the funeral, on August 24, my father appeared to me and said, "I am not as far away as you think I am. I will always be near to advise and protect you."

That was 33 years ago and he still comes to me. — *Hempstead, N. Y.*

STAGE WHISPER

By Alice Graham

MY FRIEND Katie Darling was happily expecting her fourth child. When

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1951	
No. Month	Supply
24, Nov.-Dec.	90



1952	
No. Month	Supply
28, June	460
30, Sept.	135
32, Nov.	75

1953	
37, Apr.	150
40, July	230
41, Aug.	320
43, Oct.	225
44, Nov.	200



1954	
47, Feb.	100
48, Mar.	370
52, July	95
54, Sept.	25
56, Nov.	460
57, Dec.	180



1955	
58, Jan.	35
60, Mar.	75
61, Apr.	175
62, May	220
63, June	80
64, July	230
66, Sept.	150
67, Oct.	145
68, Nov.	35
69, Dec.	300



1956	
71, Feb.	235
72, Mar.	35
73, Apr.	260
74, May	290
75, June	65
76, July	75
78, Sept.	85
80, Nov.	60
81, Dec.	85

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84. Mar.	160
87. June.	130
88. July.	70
91. Oct.	145
92. Nov.	90
93. Dec.	145



1958

No. Month	Supply
94. Jan.	220
95. Feb.	270
96. Mar.	230
98. May.	130
99. June.	400
100. July.	170
101. Aug.	340
102. Sept.	150
103. Oct.	260
104. Nov.	250
105. Dec.	270



1959

106. Jan.	265
108. Mar.	230
109. Apr.	230
110. May.	235
111. June.	260
112. July.	130
113. Aug.	225
114. Sept.	270
115. Oct.	270
116. Nov.	260
117. Dec.	275



1960

118. Jan.	70
119. Feb.	180
120. Mar.	130
121. Apr.	30
122. May.	130
123. June.	180
124. July.	260
125. Aug.	40
126. Sept.	220
127. Oct.	200
128. Nov.	200
129. Dec.	90

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asked if she dreaded the labor pains, she would reply, "No, my babies come naturally. I'm luckier than most women."

So when her husband Mike called that November morning in 1947 I expected him to say, "It's a boy" or "It's a girl!" — never to tell me that both Katie and the baby had died.

Driving over the icy roads from Lansing to Big Rapids, Mich., for the funeral, I found my rage exceeding my grief because of the circumstances of her death. An impatient doctor, speeding the labor, had caused Katie's uterus to rupture; both mother and child bled to death.

In the funeral chapel the hymns which I usually found comforting now seemed out of place, even irritating. I was too angry to cry. I could only sit and stare at the wall above the casket as I waited for the services to begin. Strangely, that plain wall became a stage with a backdrop showing a road leading to the horizon. From the left side people were entering the stage and walking along the road. There were old people, young people and even children. Soon I saw Katie join the group; she was carrying her infant. When she reached center stage, she paused, turned to look at me and whispered, "It's all right. Don't grieve so."

The picture faded and finally my tears fell. Katie had managed to give me peace from beyond, making me realize that what may seem to be tragedy here may not be so bad there. — *Phoenix, Ariz.*

ON THE PORCH SWING

By Mary Anderson

ON A STEAMING hot midsummer day in 1944, when I was a very small child, I sat on the top step of the large front porch of my aunt's old farmhouse near Illinois City, Ill. The shimmering waves of heat seemed to muffle all sounds except the squeaky rocking of the worn wooden swing at the other end of the porch.

Sitting in the swing was a frail old man with fine white hair and a white beard. Leaning against the wall of the house near the swing was a heavy wooden cane.

I climbed up beside him, noticing for the

first time that he had only one leg. He smiled and gently rubbed the top of my head with a gnarled hand. Neither of us said anything as we rocked squeakily back and forth to create our own breeze in the stifling heat. With the sound of women's voices in the background, the buzzing bees and the rhythmic creaking of the swing, I dozed and soon I slept.

I had nearly forgotten the pleasant little incident until one day 26 years later when my mother Mary Virginia Anderson happened to be going through a trunkful of old photographs. Near the bottom of the trunk she found a faded photograph of an old man with white hair and a long white beard. He was leaning on a cane. I recognized him immediately.

"I remember him," I said. "He sat with me in the porch swing at the old farm."

Mom looked at me strangely. "You can't possibly remember him," she said. "That's my great-grandfather Coleman Brayton. He died in 1927 when I was a little girl. You weren't born until 1941."

She said she remembered him only as a 90-year-old man who had fought in the Civil War, then came home to his farm to become the village blacksmith. When a minor injury became infected and gangrenous, his leg had to be removed above the knee. He continued to farm and work at blacksmithing until the last few years of his life when, frail and weak, he could not walk beyond the front porch. There he would sit for hours and pass the time telling humorous anecdotes about his boyhood to his adoring grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

I said nothing more to my mother but I could remember the old man as lovingly as she. Perhaps he returned for a little while to sit in his favorite place with a lonely hot little great-great-granddaughter who missed her dad who was far away fighting in another war.

I hope that wherever he is there is a porch swing where he can watch the children playing and perhaps, sometimes, tell them wonderful, funny stories of long ago. — *North Henderson, Ill.*



BOOKS

NEWS & REVIEWS

by J. Gordon Melton



UNCONVENTIONAL SCIENCE

THE INTENSE debate over the reality or unreality of paranormal phenomena continues. The debate began, at least in its most recent phase, when the American Humanist Association persuaded a group of scientists and academics who knew little about the subject to denounce astrology. The resulting manifesto, while widely criticized even by those who do not believe in astrology, had at least one beneficial effect: the controversy helped usher in the appearance of a number of new publications which examine the way science deals with unorthodox claims.

Science, it turns out, is dealing with such claims in surprising ways. The holistic health movement, for example, tells us just how many scientific types are buying into psychic paradigms. At the same time the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal is finding it necessary to suppress research data and to avoid mention of the best parapsychological research. Playing it safe, the committee and its journal, *Skeptical Inquirer*, continue to trumpet such tired issues as ancient astronauts and Uri Geller.

While Paul Kurtz and his small band of skeptical inquirers ridicule unorthodox ideas, the American Association for the Advancement of Science takes them seriously enough to produce *The Reception of Unconventional Science* (Westview Press, 5500 Central Ave., Boulder, Colo. 80301, 1979, 137 pages, no price listed). Editor Seymour H. Mauskopf contributes a lucid introduction to the book whose papers, originally presented at an AAAS Symposium, deal with four major attempts

to get scientists to accept an unconventional concept. The first two papers, on acausal physics and continental drift, recount the way science came to acknowledge the validity of these radically new ideas. The other two papers report on debates-in-progress, one on acupuncture, the other on parapsychology. Mauskopf, the author of this last study, reveals the surprising fact that the scientific debate about the validity of parapsychology developed initially over the issue of statistics, not over the "unconventional" nature of its paranormal claims.

Sociologist Marcello Truzzi, who has the final word, tells us something many of us have long suspected: that scientists are not always purely rational in the way they respond to new data.

Kurtz and company habitually label anything not rational as "irrational," which is neither a true nor a helpful way of viewing the world. The world is not so simple. Besides rationality and its antithesis irrationality, there are *arationality* (which is not rational but does not contradict rationality) and *metarationality* (which transcends reason's realms of discourse). Love, for example, is arational and mysticism is metarational. If we see scientists as human beings with human foibles and follies, we can better understand the problems psychological research and paranormal studies face as they strive for a fair hearing.

ASTROLOGICAL ILLUSIONS

PPROMETHEUS BOOKS (the American Humanist Association's publishing house) has just released Michel Gauquelin's *Dreams and Illusions of Astrology* (Prometheus Books, Buffalo, N.Y., 1979,

158 pages, \$14.95). It is a vast improvement over Prometheus' last book on astrology, Lawrence E. Jerome's *Astrology Disproved* (reviewed in the May 1978 FATE), a truly awful effort whose numerous historical errors and thorough disregard for experimental methodology are positively staggering.

Dreams and Illusions, on the other hand, proves that Prometheus can publish a worthwhile book. Gauquelin provides us with new information which bears on the validity of astrological claims. In particular he takes on the computer-produced horoscopes which have become a rage in popular astrology over the last decade. Mincing no words he labels the computer-horoscope business a fraudulent enterprise.

In the course of his research Gauquelin submitted 10 names and birth dates to a computer-horoscope firm which then prepared a 10-page astrological profile of each individual. All of the names submitted were of notorious criminals whose personality profiles were easily available. But in no case did the horoscopes note any criminal tendencies. One man who had been convicted of 27 murders was described as being "bathed in an ocean of sensitivity diffusing out to the infinite and crossed currents of love for mankind. . . [and host to sentiments] which usually find their expression in total devotion to others, redeeming love, or altruistic sacrifices. . . ."

Gauquelin then placed an advertisement in a French periodical offering a free horoscope reading to anyone who wrote in. Over 150 persons responded and each received the same horoscope that had been prepared for the mass-murderer. In the envelope with the reading, each respondent received

a questionnaire. Of those who filled it out and returned it, 94 percent said they recognized themselves in the psychological portrait; 90 percent said friends and family recognized them; and 80 percent said the horoscope's outline of good and bad periods followed those they actually experienced!

Dreams and Illusions may not be the final word in the astrology debate but it is an important contribution. Gauquelin's last chapter is especially interesting. In it he expands on the theme that has made him famous: the *real* cosmic correlations between human life and planetary positions in the birth chart. Do you know that Mars has a significant position in the birth charts of military men?

THE JOURNALS

OVER THE PAST year and a half I have noted the appearances of a number of psychic, UFO and Fortean magazines. As I predicted, many have not lasted long, but of those that have made it into their second year, I think you can trust *Zetetic Scholar*, *MetaScience Quarterly* and the *Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick* to be with us for a while and worth your investment.

The latest issue of *Zetetic Scholar* — a journal so packed with interesting material that I am tempted to review each issue as it comes out — is a hefty 138 pages, a good share of them devoted to symposia on Velikovsky and on astrology. Following editor Marcello Truzzi's commitment to presenting both the pro and con positions on the issues, Velikovskian Joseph May argues his mentor's case and eight scholars give their responses, some favorable, others unfavorable. The astrology symposium centers on a new book, *Recent Advances in*

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Natal Astrology, by Geoffrey Dean, et al. (available from ParaResearch, Whistlestop Mall, Rockport, Mass. 01966, \$25.00), whose 598 pages summarize 20th-Century research on astrological influences. Participating in the debate are astronomers, astrologers and researcher Michel Gauquelin.

Truzzi's excellent journal is well worth the \$10.00 subscription price. Order it from *Zetetic Scholar*, Department of Sociology, Eastern Michigan University, Ypsilanti, Mich. 48197.

The Journal of Occult Studies has kept its format and its editor (Howard Smukler) but not its name. It's now called *MetaScience Quarterly* because readers objected to the word "occult." The spring issue covers holography, Kirlian photography and the paranormal debate.

To those who have not seen it, *Meta-Science* is hard to describe. Although its format is that of a scholarly journal, its articles are aimed at a popular audience. The articles are rather less exacting than one is likely to find in a journal that is more "serious" or "uptight" (choose your word). But at \$14.00 a year, it is worth your time and money. Order it from MetaScience Foundation, Box 22, Kingston, R.I. 02881.

The Cincinnati Journal of Ceremonial Magick has grown into an 84-page magazine of more substance than any other periodical devoted to the current practice of the magical arts in America. The latest issue contains ritual instructions, meaty articles, pagan poetry, book reviews and attractive artwork. Copies of the *Journal* are \$4.00 apiece and may be ordered from the Conquering Child Publishing Company, Box 1343, Cincinnati, Ohio 45201.

Among the new periodicals *Gnostic Review* and *Second Look* are by far the most worthwhile. *Gnostic Review's* editor, Russell Thorne, who runs the Occult Book Shop in Chicago, obviously has absorbed a great deal from the shelf stock. The first issue of what he promises will be a semi-annual magazine carries book and record reviews, articles on occult matters, and features on ritual and the kaballah. The *Review* is available from Godanisti Press, 3230 N. Clark St., Chicago, Ill. 60613, and costs \$2.95 a year.

Second Look is the most exciting fron-

tier-science periodical to appear in many years. In the seven issues published as of this writing (November 1978 through May 1979) it has dealt mainly with astronomical controversies, extraterrestrial intelligence, UFOs, ancient astronauts and the nature of consciousness. Its contributors speak from many points of view and the magazine is intended for thoughtful, intelligent readers who are interested in all sides of the issues; those persons seeking superficial sensationalistic treatments of these subjects would do well to look elsewhere.

So far *Second Look* has published articles by Isaac Asimov, Colin Wilson, J. Allen Hynek, Jacques Vallee, Fred Hoyle, Robert Temple, Erich Von Daniken, Victor Marchetti, Robert Anton Wilson, Stan Gooch, John Michell and others. Need I say more? It's \$15.00 for 12 monthly issues and the address is *Second Look*, 10 E St. S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

OTHER REVIEWS

MYSTERIES by Colin Wilson, G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N.Y., 1978, 667 pages, \$15.00.

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Mysteries is Colin Wilson's most ambitious attempt yet to identify the occult powers latent in human consciousness which he thinks will raise man to an evolutionary pinnacle of perfection. Everything and everybody is covered in this dazzling, sprawling, cyclopedic giant of a book: Stonehenge, UFOs, ESP, dowsing, primitive religion, mediumship, astral travel, demonic possession, psychosis and split-brain experimentation; Gurdjieff, Swedenborg, Blavatsky, Ramakrishna, Rasputin, Eliphaz Levi, Aleister Crowley, Carl Jung, William Blake, W. B. Yeats, Erich Von Daniken, Cleve Backster, Robert Monroe, John Lilly and Gopi Krishna.

This fascinating, brilliant odyssey was inspired by a series of panic attacks which threatened Wilson's sanity during a period of overwork in 1973. In struggling to subdue his panic, he found that it was not merely a matter of his willpower — something he had long considered the philosopher's stone of spiritual well-being — but a problem of establishing dominance over a defiant "schoolboy" self in his unconscious by a higher conscious self he called the "schoolmistress." This led him to the idea that we are each a "ladder" of multiple selves. On the lower rungs we are sleepwalking slaves of whim and habit; in its higher reaches we are endowed with paranormal powers of action and cognition.

Scaling the ladder of consciousness and linking up with these higher selves, Wilson argues, is the inevitable next step in man's evolution, the natural outcome of consciousness' tendency to seek fuller awareness. Once mankind learns not to fear and resist this expansion of mind, it will reach a "feedback point" at which human beings

see that the rewards of mind-growth clearly outweigh the liabilities. "When that happens," he concludes, "the first fully human being will be born." Is this the voice of prophetic wisdom, one wonders, or just the Pied Piper speaking?

Spectacular as Wilson's concept may be, it is gravely weakened by his naive belief that the answer to man's problems lies in his acquiring more powers. It seems never to occur to Wilson that the solution lies rather in sharing whatever powers we *already* have for mutual benefit. It is for this reason that his prescriptions for "relaxing into a wider personality" and the like smack uncomfortably of narcissistic self-preoccupation.

Despite this and other blind spots in his reasoning — and there are many — *Mysteries* may be invaluable to the student of the paranormal who seeks a general guide to the field. It also serves the specific, if subsidiary, purpose of introducing the American reader to the work of the late Tom Lethbridge, whom Wilson hails as "the only investigator of the 20th Century who has produced a comprehensive and convincing theory of the paranormal."

Sandwiched between the more theoretical first and last chapters is great source material on paranormal phenomena and what has been said about them, arranged with a view to fleshing out Wilson's "ladder of selves" theoretical model. All of this is written in Wilson's delightfully shrewd, anecdotal and readable style. A commendably detailed table of contents, bibliography and index help the reader keep his bearings as he wends his way through the maze of detail. — *Stanley Fisher and John Edminster.*



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WATSEKA by David St. Clair, Playboy Press, Chicago, Ill., 1979, 311 pages, \$1.95, paperback.

In his authoritative *Encyclopaedia of Psychic Science* the late Nandor Fodor describes the "Wateksa Wonder" as "one of the most remarkable cases of continued spirit control" on record, a possession that lasted approximately 16 weeks, from early February to the third week of May 1878.

Psychic research books habitually summarize the case in perfunctory terms and miss most of its narrative and dramatic value. David St. Clair's *Wateksa* is the fullest, most satisfying account of this bizarre episode to date.

Two young girls in the Illinois town of Wateksa apparently shared one body — or at least exchanged control of it — until it was strong enough to support the one who naturally owned it. At the beginning of this three-part history of Mary Roff and Lurancy Vennum, St. Clair makes the declaration in bold type:

"This is a true story. The town is real. The people are real. The events are real. And what happened to Mary Roff and Lurancy Vennum was very real indeed."

Yet the Library of Congress cataloging data lists the book under each of the girl's names as "fiction!"

The reason obviously is that it is written like fiction rather than in the matter-of-fact manner of a formal psychical research report. St. Clair has drawn on his own knowledge of Midwestern characters and customs plus the available documentation (which he supplemented with a personal fact-finding visit to Wateksa) to present what the television industry would call a "docudrama." He uses liberal exchanges of realistic dialogue and detailed descriptions of the people and places. St. Clair makes the reader feel as if he were living in Wateksa and partaking of life as it was lived in that small town a century ago.

The story often moves along routinely from episode to episode, the author deceptively preoccupied with uneventful details; then suddenly, just as things seem to be getting a little dull, St. Clair jolts you with another of the incredible events that comprise this extraordinary history.

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Wateka Wonder, this version devotes a great deal of attention to the parallel experiences of the two girls prior to the time they are joined into one phenomenal manifestation. Both at different times exhibited possession symptoms. Each behaved so violently that she was almost shipped off to the state insane asylum in Springfield.

Mary Roff, the daughter of one of the well-to-do founders of the town, died toward the end of the Civil War just before she was to be "sent away" to Springfield. A dozen years later Lurancy Vennum, who never knew her, began to exhibit similar aberrations so frightening that alarmed townspeople pressed to have her committed, just as they had done with Mary when she was alive.

Shortly afterward Mary took possession of Lurancy's body, announcing that undefined forces on the "other side" had decided she should control the body until Lurancy could be nursed back to health in the "spirit world."

With Mary in charge of Lurancy's physical frame, she insisted on "going home" to her own parents, Asa and Ann Roff, explaining — not without complications — that Lurancy was safe and under treatment on the Other Side. Mary insisted all along that eventually Lurancy would return. And she did, healthy and happy. She married, had 11 children and lived until the late 1940's.

Wateka is a dramatic writer's dream subject and a reader's delight. St. Clair has made the most of his material. Few readers will be able to put the book down before they have come to the denouement, when the possessing spirit of Mary Roff tearfully leaves her family for the second time and Rancy Vennum happily returns to her own body and to the family who temporarily gave her up for one of the strangest "rest cures" ever recorded. — *James Crenshaw.*

WORLDS BEYOND edited by New Dimensions Foundation, And/Or Press, Berkeley, Calif., 1978, 302 pages, \$6.95, paperback.

If read and heeded, *Worlds Beyond* could be one of the most important books of the decade. Indeed, for anyone interested in space flight and the future of mankind, the

book is more than just highly interesting reading; it is a clear call to participate in mankind's drive into outer space.

Divided into five "phases" — "Reaching Outward," "Space Industries," "Extraterrestrial Life," "The UFO Phenomenon" and "Space Age Myths" — with each phase containing a number of shorter "sequences," *Worlds* examines virtually every facet of man's future in space. While *FATE* readers may find the last two phases pretty tame stuff, they should keep in mind that the book is aimed at a general audience.

Contributors include such well-known persons as Buckminster Fuller, former astronaut Schweickart and Mitchell, California governor Jerry Brown, Jacques-Yves Costeau, ufologists Hynck, Vallee and Friedman, and a number of others whose names you'd probably not recognize but who are actively working to liberate man from Earth.

At a time when we seem to have pulled back from manned exploration in favor of robot spacecraft and a certain amount of cautious low-orbit activity (the space shuttle), *Worlds Beyond* says we can go into

space on a large scale and shows the reader how he can work to bring about the future the authors have envisioned. Reading accounts of space colonies, space industries, space politics and life-styles and seeing the authors provide answers for many, if not all, of the objections more earthbound mortals may raise, one can only wonder at the loss of vision that kept us from building on the successes of the Apollo program. Indeed, had we done so, many of the future challenges envisioned by *Worlds Beyond* contributors might well be realities today.

That is not to say that the authors agree with each other on everything. Gerard O'Neill's grandiose vision of "Building the First Colonies" contrasts with Richard Johnson's low-key "Space Shack" concept while John Billingham's negativism about UFOs is countered by Stanton Friedman's strident positivism.

If, like me, you have a vision of man in space but you haven't known exactly how to make that vision come true, *Worlds* can steer you in the right direction. The book concludes with a "resource directory" that is not a mere bibliography of familiar

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books but "a list of resources focusing on magazine articles, advocacy groups . . . (and) . . . information organizations" which you can join to help in shaping an extraterrestrial future. — *George W. Earley.*

TIMEWARPS by John Gribbin, Delacorte Press, New York, N.Y., 1979, 205 pages, \$8.95.

Timewarps is a fascinating book on a mystery as old as mankind: time. But it is not just another pedestrian book on the subject since John Gribbin, a scientist by training, culls his information and speculations from a wide variety of sources, from Einsteinian theory through the new frontiers of quantum physics and astrophysics to parapsychology. Dr. Gribbin argues that time is basically elastic in nature and can be expanded, compressed and, in a way, even transcended. His ideas are not necessarily new but his treatment is certainly novel.

The first part of the book discusses the phenomenon of time from the standpoint of physics. He shows how such mind-boggling occurrences as black holes, white holes and other extraordinary phenomena have called into question our "commonsense" view of time. At the same time Gribbin shows how that "commonsense" view came into being.

In a particularly interesting section of the book the author considers the concept of parallel universes. Many quantum physicists, notably John Wheeler, have argued that there may exist a multitude of worlds situated layer over layer with our own or breaking off from it at right angles. Building from this premise, Gribbin argues that every time we make a conscious decision, the universe we perceive may "split" into two parallel worlds, one in which the decision is acted on and one in which it is not. Wheeler already has suggested this idea but Gribbin goes on to speculate that "timewarps" may really occur when an individual somehow gets caught up in the interplay between these various worlds.

This leads him to the world of psychic phenomena, a subject with which he seems less familiar than he is with physics. Such phenomena as precognitive dreams and "past-life" recall support his views, he

believes; these phenomena occur when one accidentally "tunes in" to these parallel worlds and gathers information (past and future) from them.

This is a novel idea but it is based on an imperfect understanding of what parapsychologists have learned about psychic phenomena. It does not explain, for instance, why many precognitive dreams do not relate to the dreamer's own life but to the life of someone else whom he may or may not know; often these dreams concern a totally trivial event. (Gribbin states erroneously that most precognitive dreams pertain to events of emotional importance to the dreamer.) Nor does this theory explain why certain people tend to be more "psychic" than others.

On the subject of reincarnation Gribbin suggests that past-life recall occurs when one mind tunes in across some opaque time-barrier and accumulates information from a mind manifesting in distant time and not necessarily in the subject's own past life. This theory, striking as it is, cannot explain why many people who have verified memories of their past lives (such as those investigated by Dr. Ian Stevenson of the University of Virginia) often have personality characteristics and "phobias" that seem to have been inherited from these alleged past lives. Some even have the same birthmarks!

Despite these problems with Gribbin's theories I don't mean to imply that the speculative thinking in *Timewarps* is unimportant or capricious. Gribbin's ideas, based on firm scientific facts and parapsychological data, deserve careful consideration.

In short, Gribbin's book is a fascinating excursion into the paradoxes of time. It is clearly reasoned and written in an impressively lucid style. It is also an entertaining book which turns science-fictional ideas into real scientific possibilities. — *D. Scott Rogo.*

ALSO NOTABLE

SWEET SPIRITS by Kenny Kingston with Brenda Marshall, Contemporary Books, Inc., Chicago, Ill., 1978, 259 pages, \$10.95.

Kenny Kingston, "psychic to the stars" (oh yes, that Kenny Kingston), tells all and dedicates it to his mom. Maybe the dumbest book of the year.

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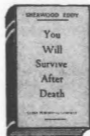
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REPORT FROM THE READERS

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

ERRORS OF FACT?

There are some errors of fact in "The Amityville Horror Hoax" which was written by Rick Moran and Peter Jordan (May 1978 FATE).

First, George Lutz, the owner of the Amityville Horror house, has told me that the FATE article itself is a "hoax." He is joined in this opinion by Ed Warren, a well-known demonologist who lives in Monroe, Conn.

Second, I am told that Jordan and Moran did not interview "Father Mancuso" and that the statement that he "flatly denies" he was in the Lutz home is untrue. According to my information he has been in the Lutz home and has witnessed the phenomena. — *Jim Schuster, Boston, Mass.*

THE AUTHORS REPLY:

Rick Moran and I ask FATE readers to consider the fact that Father Mancuso, who is credited with a baffling array of hair-raising antics by Jay Anson (author of *The Amityville Horror: A True Story*), angrily denies reports of having experienced any paranormal phenomena in the Lutz home, according to Thomas Steers, formerly an assistant editor for *Saga*.

While researching Anson's claims about Father Mancuso, Steers telephoned the priest at the Rockville Centre Diocese in November 1977 and interviewed him briefly. According to Steers, the priest was "enraged" over allegations that he was plagued by demonic forces and planned to take legal action against "several" in-

dividuals who were responsible, Mancuso believed, for implicating him in what he termed an elaborate "hoax."

I myself tried more than a dozen times to speak with Father Mancuso directly but was prevented from doing so by his secretary who informed me that he was irritated by the innumerable telephone inquiries about what was, in her opinion, a "total fabrication."

As I have said before, the so-called Amityville horror was a case which originally involved some putative, low-level psi manifestations, but, bloated by a lethal megadose of hype, it became one more spurious, ambiguous and circuslike sensation, further fouling the atmosphere of survival research.

I would welcome an opportunity to discuss my findings and opinions with George and Kathy Lutz and with Father Mancuso. However, their *continued* refusal to grant me interviews lends all the more force to the view, unfashionable as it may be, that the "Amityville horror" has been fueled by gross distortions, lies, exaggerations and flamboyant dramatizations, all designed to culminate in a major motion picture scheduled for release in June 1979 and screenwritten by Jay Anson. Is this the way to run a legitimate scientific investigation? — *Peter A. Jordan, Union, N. J.*

* * *

I wish there were some way to give a concise rebuttal to critics of the research I've done on the Lutz case, but it is much too complex for that. I could write a book



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about the Amityville horror hoax; it is that complex a matter. However, it is complicated because of human involvement, not because of anything supernatural!

First I must respond to the comment that there are some "errors of fact" contained in our article. I am a journalist, not a ghost-hunter or demonologist (whatever that is). I do not take exception to many things a critic might say but I will not have anyone take potshots at my professional reputation as a reporter! I do not perpetrate hoaxes — I simply report the facts as I find them and inconsistencies where they lie.

I have not made a penny out of the Amityville case. The money I made was immediately donated to a fund for the founding of the Association for the Study of Unexplained Phenomena. It was hoped that this group would be able to set standards for field investigations so that another Amityville could not happen. It should be noted that ASUP has ceased operation because of the tremendous pressure brought to bear over Amityville and the public's demand for more information. Instead of setting standards, ASUP got bogged down as an Amityville information center and quickly ran out of money. ASUP did not charge for its services and information was free for the asking. It is obvious that neither ASUP, Rick Moran nor I made a red cent out of Amityville. How many others can say the same?

As to the charge that I did not interview Father Pecorara ("Father Mancuso" in the book) directly, that is true. My part of the investigation centered on the phenomena that reportedly were associated with the priest. To that end I talked to his secretary, his fellow priests and his bishop. Father

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Pecorara would not talk to me directly but the others would. They reported that the Sacred Heart Rectory never had to be surrendered to an unearthly stench, nor was the priest seriously ill during the period in question, nor did he ever quarrel with his pastor.

Peter Jordan, who is a field investigator with the Psychical Research Foundation at Duke University and coauthor of the articles on Amityville, did have information on the priest's "denials." We did not go to press with the denials, however, until Tom Steers of *Saga Magazine* was able to confirm Father Pecorara's statements.

That came about this way: Steers called the diocese and asked to speak to the priest. When asked what he wanted, he simply said, "It's a very personal matter." The priest's secretary, who usually was very good at blocking all inquiries about the Amityville case, put this call through, assuming that Steers was calling about a counseling matter. When the priest came on the line and Tom explained his reason for calling, Father Pecorara confirmed Jordan's information.

The priest is no longer in the United States. Partly because Amityville made his job as counselor and judge of the marriage court impossible, he relocated in Europe. His reputation has been compromised by the Amityville fairy tales.

My interest in Amityville was as a journalist. My colleagues told me that the story of the Lutz family was a fairy tale designed to make someone rich, nothing more. Newsman Paul Hoffman, who reported the first Lutz family accounts of their ordeal, was one of the first to denounce the "horror" as a hoax. After he interviewed the Lutzes for 10 hours, his only comment on the validity of the story was, "My God, Rick, you don't believe any of this, do you?"

Jay Anson, author of the best-seller *The Amityville Horror: A True Story*, is quoted on the cover of *Writer's Digest* concerning the truth of the book: "I don't know. . . . I only wrote it!" Anson has amended the book several times to correct inaccuracies. He admits that he was never in the house and that what he wrote is a dramatized version of the Lutzes' taped reports. Those tapes hold as much fascination for me as

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Watergate ever did. I often wonder what the Lutzes really said.

I personally believe that George and Kathy Lutz believe that they were harassed by something in the house, but was that notion a product of something unearthly or the concept of other persons who interpreted what the Lutzes originally reported? The Lutz family was in constant contact with PRF at Duke and other psychic organizations during its stay in the house. Its reports to Jerry Solfvin, PRF Project Director, were about *feelings*, not about talking pigs, red glowing eyes, green slime or giant monsters. In fact, there is no trace of most of what was written by Anson in the original stories by Paul Hoffman.

Jay Anson is a fine writer. He admits to juggling dates and occurrences and to changing names when it suited him and according to what he told us, he doesn't believe the story he wrote. *The Amityville Horror* is good writing, a good novel, but it is by no means an example of investigative journalism or a true account of a parapsychologist's findings.

Ed and Lorraine Warren, a pair of East Coast "demonologists" who can find an unearthly explanation for anything they become involved with, say they can prove the "hoax" is really fact. They sat with Peter Jordan on a popular New York television program, *Midday Live*, and told Peter that they had documentation to prove we were in error. They promised that the documentation would be made available to us and that George and Kathy Lutz would sit down with us to discuss the "facts" of Amityville. A year has passed, dozens of letters and phone calls have been made to the Warrens, but not one shred of evidence has come forth to disprove our findings.

As a journalist I have no use for those who make large sums of money from the field of parapsychology. A person who is making good money in the field is more than likely a showman, not a scientist. Scientific investigations are not profitable; hoaxes are. I have learned that true scientists like William Roll at Duke and Karlis Osis in New York are few in number and hampered every step of the way by people like those involved in the Amityville case, people who call themselves religious mediums, vampirologists or demonologists,

people who create their own vocabulary to confound their audiences and who hinder the seekers of truth.

I have no intention of making Amityville a life's work. I stand on the statement I have made over and over, "If anyone can disprove my contention that Amityville was a fraud, perpetrated to gain financial profit, I will apologize for my error."

In summation, let's have the Lutzes and Ed and Lorraine Warren face me in a public forum and prove our reports wrong. They have always refused such invitations before; perhaps they will favor us with the facts now. If they can prove me wrong I will retract my statements and apologize publicly. Until then I will continue to tell anyone who asks that the Amityville horror is a hoax. — *Rick Moran, Flushing, N. Y.*

BABY AND BATHWATER

In "Report from the Readers" (July 1979 FATE) Michael Cohen writes that Gordon Melton dismisses the Piri Re'is map as a joke, thus discrediting Erich von Daniken. I hope with my comments to save the baby while throwing out the bathwater.

In the November 1974 *INFO Journal* published by the International Fortean Organization of College Park, Md., Charles Hapgood, author of *Maps of the Ancient Sea Kings*, gives his view of writers who invoke the Piri Re'is map in support of their extraterrestrial visitation hypotheses.

Hapgood says that "the evidence . . . has been distorted by a number of writers to support conjectures of their own which in my opinion are unjustified." He goes on to say that the Piri Re'is map is composed of about 20 separate maps which apparently were drawn at different times and finally compiled into a general map. There are many errors in the map (errors made by earthmen) and careful regard for the facts precludes any interpretation of the map as having been based on aerial observations.

On the other hand, the maps which Hapgood identifies in his book contain facts that defy conventional ideas of history. How could Antarctica, which was discovered in 1820 according to historians, be shown on maps drawn in the 1500's and claimed to be based on sources thousands of years older? Hapgood concludes, with sound reasoning and irrefutable data, that

the maps indicate that an ancient people was sufficiently civilized perhaps 10,000 years ago to develop scientific surveying and to use trigonometry in mapmaking.

This doesn't rule out the possibility that the earth has been visited by extraterrestrials but it certainly shows that the Piri Re's map and others like it cannot legitimately be used by von Daniken and other ancient astronaut theorists to support their position. — *John W. White, Cheshire, Conn.*

FOUL TYPO

As a resident of the Cape Ann area, I liked John Bessor's story, "Phantom Guerrillas Invaded Cape Ann" (June 1979 FATE). But I find the opening line "In the summer of 1962" a bit odd. Is this a typographical error? — *Tom Lind, Gloucester, Mass.*

In the Cape Ann caper I never called the visitors "guerrillas" (which denotes malicious individuals) and I put the year down clearly as 1692, not 1962. People believe what they read and many will think

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my brains stopped at eye level. — *John P. Bessor, Butler, Pa.*

BEHIND THE TIMES

Reading "Freak Radio Signal May Affect Health" (June 1979 FATE) I was shocked that you labeled it "freak" when everyone knows that it is coming from transmitting stations in Russia in an effort to change weather conditions here. The experiment, begun by a Yugoslavian about 25 years ago, deals with electrically charging the atmosphere.

There is no mystery about it at all. Three powerful Russian transmitters are carrying on this work with the aim of using altered weather conditions militarily. Our CIA and the top military brass know all about this. It came out in the newspapers last year; you are behind the times. — *Leon Thompson, Kent, Wash.*

GROWING UP TELEPATHIC

In 1925 an Englishwoman visiting my mother and relating some of her psychic experiences looked at my palm and said that if I wished to, I too could be psychic. A few years later, a friend of mine wanted to stay home and listen to the Baer-Schmeling fight on radio. Anxious to have him go out with me, I said, "Oh, come on, Schmeling will win this one and on a rematch Baer will get his title back. It's all fixed." My double prediction proved correct. Another time I told him Pittsburgh would win the baseball pennant and it did. However, when I try to bet, my intuition goes far astray. It's as if someone on the other side speaks for me but not for my own gain.

In 1929 I predicted the Depression. My brother-in-law, who worked as an accountant for a now-defunct steel corporation, said we would have a boom in business which would extend for a 10-year period. I said I didn't know anything about business but I had a feeling that we were all in for trouble. The feeling was so strong that I did not take up my father's offer to buy me a new suit before I returned to college that fall. A few weeks later the stock market crash came and bank failures occurred. I got through school that year owing my landlady \$50 — which took months to repay.

In 1941 I entered the Veterans' Adminis-

tration service. With 15 other doctors I had three months of training in a psychiatric hospital in Waco, Tex. In one session we were seated in a semicircle facing the manager and his department heads who were to teach us something about hospital budgeting. I was interested in practicing medicine, not in hospital budgets, and sat there half-asleep while the department heads spieled out their requirements for the first quarter of the coming year.

Finally the manager asked, "What does that come to?"

I chimed in, "\$17,850.75."

A clerk tapped an adding machine, pulled out the tape and said, \$17,850.75."

The hospital manager looked at me as if he thought I should be in the hospital as a patient rather than as a doctor.

This experience provides a good example of the flow of unconscious power emanating from the hypothalamus, which is the calculator for all of the body's needs. It probably is also the source of energy for telepathic communications which rarely if ever occur on the conscious level, probably because the cortex, the organ of inhibition, when it is awake, blocks the unconscious.

In 1950 I was flying from Chicago to the West Coast over a solid blanket of clouds. When I saw a hole in the clouds with part of a town showing through I asked the passenger next to me (who was in the uniform of the airline) whether the town was Hastings, Nebr. He said tersely, "It could be. It's about that time." Just then the captain came on the intercom and said, "If you look through the hole in the clouds you will see the town of Hastings, Nebr." I am satisfied that I picked up in advance the captain's message. In no way could I have known we were anywhere near such a town. I'm not even sure I knew there was a town of that name or that we were flying anywhere near it.

In clinical pathology conferences I made a number of brilliant analyses, not because I was all that brilliant but because I evidently learned the diagnoses telepathically from the pathologists who knew the answers.

I have written a science fiction story about calming schizophrenic excitement with an electronic hood which screens out multiple telepathic radiations. My thesis is

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that these cause the vulnerable recipient to be confused and frightened. An editor rejected my story, saying he found it hard to believe that sanity depends on screening out telepathy. It amazes me that a supposedly rational man can deny something exists simply because he has not experienced it.

I have had no evidence of telepathy for a long time. Is it possible that arteriosclerosis and the aging process eliminate or obfuscate the receptive part of the brain? — *Robert S. Cunningham, Bellevue, Wash.*

TREASURED TEKITE

In "I See by the Papers" (December 1978 FATE) Curtis Fuller discussed the source of tektites. I'm sure that I have one in my possession.

About 10 years ago my cousin took a trip to Texas and went fishing off Padre Island.



While standing on the beach she saw a piece of glass embedded in the sand and dug it out.

It looks like a piece of molten glass. It measures 17 by 20 inches and weighs seven and a half pounds. It is irregular in shape and it looks as if it is full of tiny bubbles. I have no doubt that it is a tektite. — *Louise M. Kelly, Shawnee Mission, Kans.*

RAMPAGING LEVITATOR

May I clarify an ambiguously worded sentence in my account of the "Poltergeist on a Rampage" in the June 1979 issue of FATE?

I wrote that Jane Harper "was seen . . . to levitate through the window of her bedroom in broad daylight."

She did not levitate *through* the window but was seen floating around her bedroom by persons in the street below who were looking through the window.

We have detailed signed statements from two independent witnesses to this incident.

(Continued on page 126)

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REPORT FROM THE READERS

(Continued from page 120)

A third was so shaken that she refused to talk about it. From our calculations based on witnesses' testimony, we reckon that Jane was some 28 inches above her bed. — *Guy Lyon Playfair, London, England.*

SAGA OF THE 10 WITCHES

Now about the loud sonic booms ("I See by the Papers," June 1979 FATE):

*Ten witches while flying and
messing around*

*Quite often exceeded the fast
speed of sound.*

*An unfortunate pilot who flew
Allegheny*

*Was thought to be zapped or at
least slightly zany,*

*When, questioned concerning the
loud sonic booms,*

*Said, "I'll swear it was witches
riding on brooms."*

This is from my *Saga of the Ten Witches* and I find myself invading their territory whenever I need comic relief from today's really terrible mysteries. — *Mary Roe, Winchester, Ind.*

EXPLAINING THE PARANORMAL

I read with interest Curtis Fuller's comments on John G. Taylor's experiments with paranormal activities and their relationship to electromagnetic fields ("I See by the Papers," April 1979 FATE).

In my book *Gifts of the Crystal Skull* (Vulcan Books) I covered the research done by my collaborator Frank Dorland on the reaction of pure rock quartz crystal with human energy. Dr. Dorland studied the crystal skull for several years. It is a priceless artifact with intricate carving that shows an incredible degree of scientific knowledge.

In *The New Soviet Psychic Discoveries* (Prentice-Hall) Henry Gris and William Dick write: "Soviet scientists working in Novosibirsk had apparently shown that ultraviolet rays carried information, just like radio waves. These scientists had placed living cells in two hermetically-sealed tubes, with a 'field' of quartz between the two tubes. Only ultraviolet light passes through quartz. When the living cells in one tube were deliberately killed,

the cells in the other died immediately, leading the scientists to conjecture that the second group of cells had received the 'death information' via ultraviolet light from the first group. . . . The scientists wondered, was there any link between the ultraviolet emission and the Krivorotovs' healing hands? (The Krivorotovs are a father and son healing team.)

"The two healers were tested under different temperatures and in different emotional states while they attempted to heal. Various scientific instruments were used to gauge the ultraviolet radiation emanating from their hands. At the end the scientists announced the incredible facts. When the Krivorotovs were in a normal condition their hands radiated very little emission but when they concentrated on healing people, the ultraviolet emissions increased 1000 times."

A definite physical sensation is connected with mental healing. In my new book written in collaboration with mental healer Audrey Farley (*Spiral of Caring*, not yet published) we show how to get to the alpha-theta levels where paranormal experiences occur. Farley says, "Healing is an exceedingly simple technique available to everyone. Healing energy flows when the

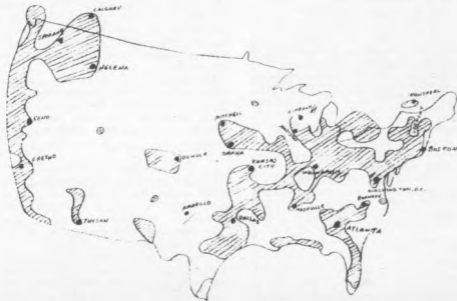
mind is quieted . . . and a strong desire for healing is expressed. This can be done by a healer or by the individual desiring healing. . . ." *Alice Bryant, Denver, Colo.*

MAPPING PARANORMAL INTERESTS

I selected 2000 names from FATE's "Report from the Readers" as a cross-section of people interested in the paranormal and plotted their cities on a map. It bears out a startling conclusion: Interest in the paranormal does not necessarily match population!

It seems irrational to me that such interest was not congruent with population, so I began to try to find out why. The one comparison that I stumbled on was among Edgar Cayce's predictions for earth changes involving the United States.

Although it may be inconclusive evidence, there is a startling correlation between paranormal interest and those areas which Cayce mentioned were due for geographical change. Notable predictions are: (1) New York City and the West Coast will drop away. (2) Nebraska and Montana will gain seaports. (3) The Great Lakes will flow south. (4) Portions of South Carolina and Georgia will sink. (5) Parts of the Mississippi River valley are due for



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change. All of these areas reflect high interest in the paranormal. — James A. Fruth, McGregor, Minn.

SASQUATCH SPECIMEN?

In regard to W. Ritchie Benedict's "Kill a Sasquatch?" (June 1979 FATE) it may have already happened. In February 1870 hunters shot and killed a carnivorous animal of unknown species near Silver City, Idaho. The creature, nicknamed "the man-eater," weighed an estimated 100 pounds. It had short legs, short ears, large feet and a bushy tail 10 inches long. At least that's what it says in the Silver City *Avalanche* for March 12, 1870. — Joseph Trainor, Attleboro, Mass.

PEAK-IN-DARIEN CASES

The Peak-in-Darien experiences discussed in "What We Are Learning About Survival" (September 1978 FATE) during which the dying person sees an apparition of a dead relative coming to greet him date back well before the 19th Century. An intriguing incident is related in the *Zohar, the Kabbalist's Book of Splendours* written about A.D. 1300.

Rabbi Isaac is convinced that he is dying and expresses his fears to his old friend Rabbi Judah who asks, "Have you this day seen the face of your father? For we know that when the time comes for a man to leave this world, he finds himself surrounded by his father and his departed relatives . . . and they escort his soul to the new abode."

The *Zohar* is believed to be a compilation of ancient wisdom. It seems that Peak-in-Darien experiences may go back to the dawn of history and even beyond. — Michael Arton, Harrow, Middlesex, England.

DEBUNKING UFOs

I am amazed at the ridiculous lengths to which supposedly intelligent and responsible people will go in their efforts to debunk UFO sightings — as discussed in "The Greatest UFO Film Ever Made" (June 1979 FATE).

Otherwise competent scientists and technicians, reputable businessmen and government officials and politicians (who, one would presume, would be adept at "creat-

ing logic where none existed before") all seem to become babbling idiots when explaining UFOs:

"The planet Venus (or Saturn)" comes from an astronomer yet! Any high school kid can tell the difference.

"Weather balloons" is an explanation not so easily discarded, for they do take erratic shapes and behave strangely to the unpracticed eye. Yet they conform to known laws of physics which many UFOs seem to ignore.

"Atmospherics" — again not so easily dispelled except by experienced pilots and aircrews who have encountered these phenomena and can seldom be convinced of their similarity to UFOs.

"Optical distortion (of camera lens, Plexiglas window, etc.)" is a stupid explanation. Competent photographers are aware of these phenomena and recognize them instantly.

I can't help putting myself in place of the "alien beings" aboard mysterious sky craft. Surely they must be having the laugh of their lives at the way our "experts" carry on! — *C. V. Blaine, Eugene, Oreg.*

A COUPLE OF JERKS

Curtis Fuller's item in the May 1979 issue of *FATE* titled, "Now There's Chessie," clearly demonstrates the country's need for gun control. Myrtle Smoot saw some creatures swimming in the river and got frightened when she didn't instantly recognize them. The creatures were innocently swimming in the Potomac River, menacing no one. So what did hero-husband Howard Smoot do? This super-bright genius shot one of the smaller creatures in the neck.

His attitude — "It's strange so I think I'll shoot at it and see if I can hurt it or kill it" — is dangerous. People like him kill beached porpoises and baby seals. Mr. and Mrs. Smoot are a couple of jerks. — *Robert B. Gillis, Denver, Colo.*



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